

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

It is becoming a distinctive note of science to deny everything that it cannot understand. Science is rapidly becoming nescience. Now what right has Professor Ray Lankester to express any opinion about the divining rod and the lad Rodwell? Here is the account in the *Echo* :—

Professor E. Ray Lankester, having recently expressed some doubts upon the alleged powers of a boy "waterfinder" who has been in the employ of the Grinton Mining Company, in the North of England, the chairman of the company, Dr. M'Clure, has replied to them, denying emphatically that the boy, whose name is Rodwell, is an impostor. He says that the lad when tested never fails to find either water or mineral veins, the lodes having always been found exactly at the places indicated. The "divining rod" which he holds moves only in obedience to the muscular contractions of his hands, and a rod of any kind of wood, or even of any material substance whatever, can be used, provided it be a conductor of electricity. Rodwell usually walks with his hands tightly clasped before him, and as soon as he steps upon a mineral vein or water, he is powerless to unclasp them until he moves away from the region of the lode or conduit. The lad is about fourteen years of age.

The plain truth is that science—whose magnificent work I should be the last to decry—must enlarge its borders. It has or it ought to have outgrown its cradle of materialism, and it would be well advised now to cultivate acquaintance with Spiritualism. If the term is nauseous, I am willing to say "with those inner forces of nature of which science has hitherto known little or nothing." Professor Ray Lankester is in grave danger of being distanced in the future by the younger generation of scientists whose eyes are open.

People will miss the significance of the present age if they fail to see that it is an age of reconstruction. The best and clearest thought of the age is avowedly non-materialist. It would not be too much to say that it is (not yet avowedly) Spiritualist. We are living in one of those epochs, in which (if I had been consulted) I should like to have been born. New birth is all around us. It is the spring-time of thought. "The old order changeth, giving place to new." Old truths, never more venerable and venerated than now, are being restated, and attention is being called to what had become familiar, and therefore little regarded. What is of more profound import is that men's minds are being so directed to these subjects. The eating and drinking and dying to-morrow do not engage nearly as much attention now as the question—"and after?" For myself, I unreservedly avow that the mere fact of the large and widespread attention to these great facts that is being directed from the most unlikely sources is to me an omen of happiest augury for the age. As long as our

best minds were materialistic—not knowing, perhaps, what that term connoted, certainly not knowing what its antithesis might mean—I should despair. Now I thank God and take courage.

For I am wholly sure that the man who fixes his mind on the accidents of this earthly existence, whatever good he may do in his day and generation—and I am disposed to exalt rather than to minimise his work—must miss the true significance of his life. This is a stage in eternal progress. The body is an accident which conditions the spirit. The training got, the work done, "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on." And exclusive attention to that which will lie mouldering, or even which concerns this life only, is a blind use of opportunities. And this I say with a very determined desire to make the best of both worlds. I do not think any care can be too great to condition the spirit here to the best possible advantage. Hence all forms of hygiene seem to me to concern us as Spiritualists. Hence I concern myself with all that makes for human happiness. Hence the problems that beset the race have an abiding interest for me. And hence I am not afraid to look ahead and solve some of them by what seems at the moment to be a method that should be avoided. Of all men the Spiritualist should widen his horizon and take large views. To-morrow must not bound him, and the concerns of to-day, while they must interest him, should not be all that he is concerned with. That seems to me to be so clearly true that I am almost ashamed to put it into words. *Yet it wants putting.*

The above considerations, which seem to me to form the very kernel of Spiritualism, gain an added interest from a perusal of the articles by Mr. Podmore and Mr. Myers in the current *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*. Mr. Podmore—a secretary of the Society—attacks "Phantasms of the Dead," and causes in my mind some mild wonderment why he should any longer concern himself with any phantasms at all. For amid all his cataract of words one thing alone is clear. He has entirely failed to grasp the underlying truth and has embraced a phantasm, which now possesses him. The substance has eluded him, and he has grasped a shadow. He finds that "the authentic ghost, with any characteristics to distinguish him from a subjective hallucination, is rarely recognised: that he rarely brings any message from the dead to the living: that his connection with skeletons and tragedies is obscure and uncertain (!). He is, in fact, usually a fugitive and irrelevant phantasm. He flits as idly across the scene as the figure cast by a magic lantern, and he possesses, apparently, as little purpose, volition, or intelligence." From all which it will appear that Mr. Podmore has formed quite an opinion about ghosts, and we may probably anticipate that his position as secretary to a society which still thinks them worthy of attention will not be long maintained.

I ought not, however, to omit to notice that Mr. Podmore concludes by saying that he wants more evidence.

"On this point, at any rate, I find myself at one with my colleagues. We are all alike anxious to receive more evidence." They are : they are. And I for one am at one with them too. The only objection I make is to the use to which they put their evidence. To a man who has lived nearly twenty years among daily and hourly evidence of the facts which Mr. Podmore finds so difficult of belief, nothing but a smile is possible. It would be absurd to argue where there is no common ground. Anger would be wholly out of place. Perhaps the prevailing sentiment left on the mind is one of wonder how such conclusions could be arrived at in the teeth of facts. Mr. Podmore concludes by saying that "without a far wider basis of ascertained facts our rival hypotheses [his and Mr. Myers's] are but houses built upon the sand." It would be worth while to consider whether a mind that has made so little of the accumulated facts of half a century is likely to make much more of those which may accrue in the future.

Mr. Myers defends "Phantasms of the Dead" against his colleague. He states with admirable clearness the views of Mr. Podmore which, I confess, have created in my mind some amusement combined with some astonishment, when he sums them up as "far-fetched and improbable," but (in his opinion) "less far-fetched and improbable than the supposition that anything in man survives the tomb." Mr. Myers does not regard Mr. Podmore's "intermediate position as permanently tenable." In that view I agree with him. Mr. Podmore will drift, and has probably got very near the length of his tether. Mr. Myers—whose deeper insight one recognises at once and without any cause for defence or justification—tells us that the difficulty in collecting evidence "would be increased if possible informants were to suspect, however groundlessly, that these narratives were examined with any kind of prepossession" such as Mr. Podmore shows. One must be allowed a rather wide smile at such an expression, after the Eglinton pronouncement by a very prominent member of the Society of which Mr. Myers is an honorary secretary. "Human testimony is on its trial," says Mr. Myers. I demur. I should prefer to say that some human interpretation of testimony is on its trial. And in my opinion—*valeat quantum*—it is not the testimony but the treatment of it that has broken down. For it is important to note that this craving for facts by Mr. Podmore, who views them through one pair of spectacles and makes nothing of them, and by Mr. Myers, who is much more level-headed in his treatment of them, is, after all, of little moment to us. We want, not so much accumulations of facts, sifted like a dust heap, as the ability to interpret and to correlate them. If the Society for Psychical Research is really anxious—as I do not question—to look facts in the face, their view should be rather retrospective than prospective. Facts, by all means. But this cry for new facts and this neglect of old facts is becoming wearisome.

I can do no justice to Mr. Myers's argument. I must offer an apology for meddling with it, for it really does not appeal to my readers. It is addressed to another order of mind. But the difference between Mr. Myers and Mr. Podmore is capable of being stated clearly. Mr. Podmore complains of Mr. Myers that he postulates "that the dead still live, and that they can communicate with survivors. Elsewhere he assigns me a third assumption, that the dead are conversant with the aspect of their body after its death." This strikes me as very funny. Perhaps Mr. Myers's rejoinder does not lessen my amusement. "I prefer to put my theory in my own way, as a single postulate which will carry with it all that I am endeavouring to show in detail. I assume that the individualised energy which generates veridical phantasms is not coeval with the body. . . . It may have pre-existed and it may survive."

That is where these learned doctors differ and where they leave the question on which so much light has been thrown by Spiritualism.

But Mr. Myers has something to say at the close of his argument which is important. He says, "My own belief as to the attractive effect on men's minds on such prospect of survival of death as this evidence implies has undergone an important alteration. In the introduction to *Phantasms of the Living* I insisted on the supposed danger which Mr. Podmore still fears—the danger of 'taking advantage of men's hopes or fears,' of gilding our solid arguments with the radiance of an improved surmise." That fear has, Mr. Myers tells us, been modified by experience. "I believe now that there is no danger lest arguments such as mine should be too eagerly accepted as falling in with my readers' wishes. I suspect, on the other hand, that if they are to take real hold, they will need to be driven home with far more of appeal and insistence than I can give to them." He is disposed to think that there is a growing class of mind which "regards the present without enthusiasm and the future without eagerness." There is "a kind of shrinking from the magnitude of Fate." It is so : and it is the note of the age that Mr. Myers discerns. It is here, on this very spot, that evidence of sustained existence after physical death comes home and furnishes what faith is no longer strong enough to support and maintain. Mr. Myers's questionings, which are more intelligent than many that perplex us with a war of words, have their sufficient and final answer in the evidence that Spiritualism furnishes.

COINCIDENCES.

No. III.

We are indebted for the cases which form our contribution to the subject of Coincidences this week to the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. Some we have abbreviated, most we print as they appeared in the *Journal*. It will be observed that some of these records are only second-hand, or, at any rate, the original authority for them is not specified :—

In the April number of the *Popular Science Monthly* for this year (1879) (writes Dr. Beard), I discussed the subject of coincidences as one of the six sources of error in experimenting with living human beings, and stated in substance that this department of logic had been most imperfectly studied, and that the mathematical doctrine of chances especially had been abused and misunderstood, to the great detriment of science.

The following very remarkable correspondence illustrates my position so forcibly that I beg leave to present it to the readers.

The first letter is a so-called "April Fool's" letter, as the date suggests, and is wholly imaginative. It was written for amusement purely, and obtained a very different reply from what was expected.

The author of the communication is a well-known merchant of this city, and a friend of mine. The person who replied is also well known in the region where he resides.

This coincidence is certainly one of the most remarkable of any recorded in the history either of logic or of delusions.

202, Columbia Heights, April 1st, 1879.

MY DEAR SISTER VELINA,—You will no doubt be somewhat surprised to receive a letter from me, but I have a little matter of business, and if you will attend to it you will place me under obligations to your good self.

Some time ago a man by the name of John Nasium lived in New York. His father was a Southerner, and died last summer of yellow fever. He had two brothers, James and George. The former, some years ago, went to California, and the latter, I understand, resides somewhere in Kansas.

This John Nasium seems to have been the black sheep of the family, and when he left New York he did not leave a very good record behind him. He went from here to Toledo, Ohio, and afterward, we hear, he went to Tecumseh, Michigan, no doubt thinking that in a quiet country place he would be more secluded than he could be in a city. I and several of my friends would

like to get track of him, if it can be done quietly, and without exciting any suspicion. He may have changed his name, and so I will describe the man, as nearly as I can, which may be some help to you. John I never knew very well, but his brother Jem, as they called him here, I knew very well indeed. John is rather tall, weighing about 180lb., I should think. He stoops a little, and is slightly lame in the left leg. You would not observe his lameness unless you were to pay particular attention to him while walking. His hair is a dark sandy colour, in fact almost a red, and his side whiskers are almost the same colour, but a little darker. He is about thirty-eight years of age, but really does not look over thirty. His eyes are a very dark brown, and the left eye looks a little peculiar, i.e., unlike the other—looks as if some time or another a cataract had been removed by an operation. To look at him, you would at once see a difference in his eyes, and yet I cannot describe the difference any better than I have done. While he lived here he usually wore his hair rather long, and carried himself in a style peculiar to the Southerner.

Now, perhaps the best and most prudent way for you to do would be for you to go up and read this letter to Uncle Hiram first. He is a very careful, discreet man, and he can make inquiries and excite less suspicion than you could.

There is one other mark which may aid you, which is—this man was in the rebel army, and his forefinger on his left hand was shot off. His nose is quite prominent, and he has a very mild and quiet look, and he is the last man you would pick out for the scoundrel that he is.—Yours very truly,

R. T. BUSH.

Shortly after this letter reached its destination, Tecumseh, Mr. Bush received a telegram stating that the man had been found, and asking if they should arrest him. The correspondent had not observed the date of the letter, nor suspected that he was reading a novel; and in a few days the following letter was received:—

Tecumseh, April 18th, 1879.

MR. R. T. BUSH—DEAR SIR,—Velina read to me a letter Wednesday evening from you, describing a certain man that was wanted in New York, who had recently left Toledo for this village.

The next morning, after hearing the description, I informed our Marshal of the fact, and requested him to keep a look-out for such a man. In the course of half an hour he came to me, saying that he had just seen my man—with sandy whiskers, rather tall—would weigh 170lb. or 180lb.—wearing specs, and the front finger of the left hand missing; and was very anxious that he should be immediately arrested, as he was then at the livery-stable, for a saddle-horse to ride away. I told him we had better wait and be sure that he was the one we wanted, and also find out, if we could, whether you wanted him arrested, should he prove to be the right man. I saw the man, and he answered the description so well, even to the finger, that I thought best to telegraph you for instructions. The Marshal, in the meantime, was to keep his eye on him (as he failed to get a horse). Seeing him walk down to dinner with one of our townsmen, the first opportunity he made some inquiries of this townsman, and found that he was not the man—that he was the cousin of this man that took him to dinner, and was brother to a Mrs. Palmer, whom he was visiting—that he lives in South Cleveland, Ohio, and is a lawyer by profession.

That he answered the description, both in size and the loss of the finger, as well as the colour of his whiskers, there could be no doubt. Wearing specs we supposed was to hide the defects of that eye you mentioned, and he looked as though his side-whiskers had recently been cut or shaved; but if, as we were told his home is in Cleveland, and his name is Hick, why, of course, we were deceived in the matter. And, if his friend has not informed him, he is still ignorant of our suspicions.

Now, as this is my first experience in the detective business, you will pardon the blunder.

H. RAYMOND.

The one striking feature of this coincidence is of course the loss of the forefinger in the left hand.

Both the imagined and the real case possessed this very exceptional peculiarity. This is a subject on which statistics cannot be gained; but it is certain that in the whole continent not a small roomful could be found possessing precisely this deformity at the age specified; and it may well be doubted whether in the whole world there is another person thus mutilated and at the same time possessing all the general physical characteristics of the individual described in the letter.

More striking still is the fact that this individual did not reside in the place where the letter was sent (which is not a large place), and was there by chance only the day that the letter reached there.

Those who believe that the mathematical doctrine of chances can solve the complex problems of coincidences will find in this case material for consideration.

GEORGE M. BEARD.

New York, July, 1879.

"I am not a pious man. Indeed I rather incline to agnosticism," said a well-known La Salle-street business man. I say this by way of preface to the following: One day, when I was young, and short of funds, a friend of mine in the same condition of body and finances came to me in great distress, saying he had been in decidedly hard luck of late, and that if he did not get hold of 300dol. that very day a mortgage upon his household effects would be foreclosed, and he and his family thrown out upon the street. He was well-nigh distracted.

He was honest as the day is long, and my heart was touched at his affliction. He was a praying man and deeply spiritual. Upon my telling him regretfully that I had not the money, and did not know where to get it, he bade me be seated. He remained quiet for a few moments, whether praying or communing with himself I know not, when all of a sudden his face became radiant.

"It's all right," he declared. "The money will be forthcoming."

He spoke with absolute confidence. An hour later a man owning an express waggon, who, as I thought, had all he could do to make a living, approached me on Clark-street over there, saying:

"A man in the suburbs owes me 300dol. The money is not due for several months, but he has the money and wishes to stop interest. It struck me you might know someone who wishes to borrow the amount. If you do, I will take the money and accommodate him."

Just think of it! the precise amount, and from a man who was the last of all my acquaintances whom I should have approached expecting to find the sum. Indeed, I did feel I knew one from whom I could borrow to save my friend from ruin. I named my friend, saying he wished precisely the amount named. The expressman started quickly, as soon as the name was called as though he expected it, and said quickly:

"Why, he's the very man of all men I'd like to have it." Thus was my friend helped out of the slough of despond. What was it whispered absolute confidence to my friend in my office? What led the borrower to wish to pay on that day, months ahead of time? And what induced the expressman to seek me out of all others when I was not a borrower of money? And what, finally, led him so readily to accommodate my friend, who was not possessor of adequate security for the loan?

It has remained for a Virginia family to outdo all previous coincidences of this nature. The father and mother were married October 14th; they have had nine children, all of whom were born on October 14th; five of the children are dead, and all five of them ceased to breathe on October 14th. The name of the head of this family is Joshua Franklin, and their residence Glade Mountain, W. Va. Mr. Franklin says that he was a confederate soldier, and that he was captured twice by the United States troops, and that he lost two brothers in the war; and that all four of these misfortunes occurred the memorable October 14th. In the neighbourhood the family is regarded with superstition, and not a human being can be prevailed upon to stay in the house or on the premises either day or night of the fatal date.

IMMORTALITY BEFORE AND AFTER.

I vex me not with brooding on the years
That were ere I drew breath: why should I then
Distrust the darkness that may fall again
When life is done? Perchance in other spheres—
Dead planets—I once tasted mortal tears,
And walked as now among a throng of men,
Pondering things that lay beyond my ken,
Questioning death, and solacing my fears.
Who knows? Ofttimes strange sense have I of this,
Vague memories that hold me with a spell,
Touches of unseen lips upon my brow,
Breathing some incommunicable bliss!
In years foregone, O Soul, was all not well?
Still lovelier life awaits thee. Fear not thou!

—THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH in the *Century*.

REMARKABLE MANIFESTATIONS.

The following narrative duly signed by a responsible name we take from the *Better Way*, and have slightly abridged it. It certainly presents material both for criticism and thought.

I went to San Francisco a short time ago, and at 2 p.m. I visited the rooms of Mrs. Fairchild's for the purpose of attending a materialising séance. It was the first time I had met the medium. A gentleman with whom I was acquainted was seated in the room when I entered. I whispered to him not to mention my name, as I desired to wait and see if the spirit friends would not call my name, as they had previously done at another place. Immediately after I had spoken to my friend Mrs. Fairchild came in and said to me: "You are a stranger to me, but Gracie says her papa is trying to fool you, but tell him he can't fool me" (Gracie). Gracie is my little daughter who passed to spirit life about eight years ago. After all had arrived we were invited to examine the cabinet, which was a covered framework on rollers, and stood some four or five feet from the wall. The only openings from the front into the séance-room were a window and a door, and when either was opened a flood of light was admitted. Another room was connected by folding doors. The sitters were so arranged that it would be impossible for anyone to gain an entrance without being seen; in fact, in order to reach the séance-room they would have to force their way past the sitters, who were so close together as it was possible to be. Soon after the séance opened my little Gracie materialised and approached me, calling her own name, and addressing me as papa. I stepped up to her and kissed her, and after a few words had been exchanged, she said to me, "Papa, I want to bring you a flower, but I will have to go out in the yard and get it; stay here and I'll come back soon." I stood where I was, near the cabinet door. She disappeared, and in ten or fifteen seconds returned with a Calla lily, with a stem about twelve inches long. These flowers grew in the yard, but none were in the room. I wish to say that the medium does not go in the cabinet, but is all the time walking about the room in plain sight of everyone. She only went into the cabinet twice, and then only for a few minutes to assist weak spirits to materialise. No form appeared while she was in the cabinet. Black Hawk, one of the cabinet controls, called my name from the cabinet; this was the first time it was mentioned that afternoon. My spirit wife came out, gave her name (Christina) and gave me one of the best tests I ever received in my life. She told me of a business transaction that I had no knowledge of whatever, and could not believe it to be so, and told her positively it was not the case, but upon my return home I found out every word she had told me was true.

I am very certain no one in San Francisco could have known anything about the transaction whatever; names and facts were correctly given. Much more that was interesting and convincing transpired at this séance which I will not take space to narrate. Some thirty-five or forty forms came out, but many were recognised.

The following day at 2 p.m. I attended another materialising séance held by Elsie Reynolds. She has been accused of fraud, but I have attended some fourteen or fifteen of her séances, and must say I have never detected fraud, but I am certain I have seen very many genuine materialisations, and have known her to give the most convincing tests from the platform. I do not believe there is to-day a medium living who has greater medial powers than she. There were only eight of us present, all gentlemen and all Spiritualists except one, who was neither bigoted nor prejudiced, and left the séance-room fully convinced that he had talked and met with his relatives and friends, for a number came to him and conversed in German, his native tongue. Many forms came to us when the room was almost as light as day. Very many came; men, women, and children. Some walked around the room and shook hands and conversed with each of us. I got another remarkable test here. Little Effie, one of the cabinet spirits, called me, stating she had been in my pockets and found a letter there. She gave the address on the envelope, also the signature at the close of the letter correctly. It was a letter of introduction given to me by a lady in Watsonville, 100 miles from where we then were, to her brother, or, rather, half brother, of different names, who resided in San Francisco. The letter was at that time in my inside coat pocket, and no one had seen it since it was given to me. I would be pleased to see some of those smart fellows who claim they can duplicate anything done by mediums

try to duplicate this. I will give anyone 500dol. who will do it and show that it is done by any kind of trickery.

The following day I had the most convincing slate-writing test I ever witnessed, Dr. Wood being the medium. Before I left home (Santa Cruz, nearly 100 miles from San Francisco) I took two of my own slates and securely fastened them together with screws. A friend also did the same with two of his slates. I had two questions in a sealed envelope. The questions were addressed to my spirit wife, Christina. Dr. Wood was an entire stranger to me, and was not known to him until the sitting had ended. After a trial of about half an hour the spirits rapped three times in answer to his question, "Are you done?" I took a screw-driver and opened the slates in his presence. The first question was: "Did you and Gracie sit upon my knees and upon the lounge at 846, Mission-street when I was last in San Francisco?" The answer was: "Yes, Gracie and I were both there, and sat upon your knees and upon the lounge at 846, Mission." The second question was: "When shall I leave Santa Cruz, where shall I go, or shall I remain in Santa Cruz?" The answer was: "Don't leave Santa Cruz yet; soon I will direct you where to go; Christina." These were the questions, answers, and signatures.

No one but myself touched these slates until I went to the medium; they were never out of my hands or sight; the questions were sealed and never opened till I returned to Santa Cruz; no one else but the medium and myself were in the room at any time during the sitting. Who will duplicate this and explain the trick? The man or woman who will do it can have 500dol.

We then took my friend's slates and obtained a message upon them, as was proven by my friend opening them himself after my return to Santa Cruz. The message was intelligible and purported to be from his brother, although no name was signed.

I also sat with Lizzie Fulton, another independent slate writer, and obtained three messages, written upon slates lying upon the floor. One of them was signed by six of my relatives—father, three brothers, and two sisters; another was from my wife and daughter, in which appeared all of the colours of the rainbow, though no pencil or crayon is ever used by this medium.

W. CAPPS, M.D.

President First Society of Spiritualists, Santa Cruz, Cal.

"THE WHIRLWIND."

Not a meteorological article, but an attempt to estimate a rather aptly-named paper, of which the first number lies before us. What is to be said of it? The first feature in it is a portrait of Mr. Bradlaugh of an astonishing nature. We await the news that he has proceeded against the "proprietor-editors" by an action for libel. We observe that these gentlemen consider themselves "especially fortunate" in being able to give this remarkable caricature of a man who, whatever cause he may have given for offence to those who disagree with him, has not deserved this treatment. Then we have "Letters to Absurd People." The absurd person this week is Mr. "Leo" Stanley. The letter is, perhaps, the best part of the paper, and says in frank, outspoken language some truths which have been omitted at recent banquets to Mr. Stanley. We gather, amidst much perplexity, that the gentlemen whose portraits adorn the pages of this very badly-printed paper are embarked on a "new crusade against the new journalism." Their printer might take a lesson from it, but if they can laugh out of hearing the mixture of pruriency, Paul Pryism, and vulgarity that goes under that name they have our cordial good wishes.

THE LITTLE MAID.

In *Good Words* there is a quaint little poem by A. H. Begbie, on the death of Susie, a little girl of sixteen.

Listen! God fashioned a house—He said
 "Built it with care";
 Then softly laid the soul of a maid
 To dwell in there.
 It grew, I say, as your lilies grow,
 Tender and tall;
 Till God smiled, "Now, the house is too low
 For the child, and small."
 And gently He shut the shutters one night,
 And closed the door;
 "More room and more light to walk upright
 On a Father's floor."
 More room and more light for the maid you know—
 Only sixteen;
 And, on God's High Row, where angels go,
 She smiles between.

LUX IN TENEBRIS.

To study the Bible in the Kabbalistic method without committing oneself to Kabbalistic opinions may seem a difficult problem to some minds. "Let that abide in you which ye heard from the beginning" is the precept which should be before our eyes, and especially is it needful when we have mastered the system and are confronted with it as applied by writers of other books than the Bible. These observations are, it is needless to say, only intended for those who may feel inclined to study the Kabbalah as an intellectual exercise, without making "shipwreck of the faith" by so doing. Whether such a feat is possible each student must decide for himself; the experiment is worth trying, at all events. An ingenious idea has been propounded, namely, that the Kabbalistic numbers are a method of self-magnetisation. It is certainly true that in studying them an exaltation of mind is produced which must be experienced to be fully understood, but there must be a determination that this magnetism should be the highest. We must turn neither to the right nor to the left, remembering the only true Magnet: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Myself." With this safeguard we can appreciate all that is beautiful in the Kabbalah, while rejecting thoughts that are not subordinate to the Christian ideal.

With regard to the practical working of the system, my own method has been unconventional. There is nothing new under the sun, and I do not claim any originality for my ideas. I simply wish to record the fact that I have not heard or read of a like method, although it may be well known to experienced Kabbalists. In order to explain my meaning I will give some examples.

Each number is reduced to the lowest; finals are not given increased value; the Hebrew letters, following an excellent example, I shall give in Roman characters. The first illustration is changing Water into Wine. M I M, Water=90. I I N, Wine=70. $90 + 70 = 160$. $1 + 6 = 7$, the number of Wine. Another example: A V R, Light; the lowest number=9; CH SHK, Darkness; the lowest number=4. Added together the total=13; $1 + 3 = 4$; Darkness. The idea occurred that every letter in a word might be significant, and acting on this principle I took the first and last letters of both words, Darkness and Light. CH-K=28; $2 + 8 = 10$. A-R=201; $2 + 1 = 3$. $10 + 3 = 13$. $1 + 3 = 4$, Darkness again. Now let us consider the inner numbers. They are, for Light, V=6; for Darkness, SH=300. $3 + 6 = 9$, the number of Light. The names of Leah and Rachel give these two numbers, 9 and 4. R CH L is 4; L A H, 9; they change in the same manner. The outer numbers are as follows: R-L=230; $2 + 3 = 5$; L-H=35; $3 + 5 = 8$. The total is 265; lowest number 4, Rachel's. The inner numbers: CH=8; A=1. $8 + 1 = 9$, Leah's number. I could give many more instances, but space is limited. One of the best is afforded by the names of Michael and Uriel, the lowest numbers of which are respectively 2 and 5, "the evening and the morning." The words "Love" and "Wisdom" are interchangeable in the same manner. A H B H, Love, =13; $1 + 3 = 4$. CH K M H, Wisdom, =73; $7 + 3 = 10$. The outer letters=4 and 6, giving the total 10, Wisdom; the inner letters, 6 and 7=13; $1 + 3 = 4$, the number of Love. Adam and Eve are 10, and eastward in Eden is 4, showing that Paradise is a state, not a place, in the first instance. This example is interesting, as demonstrating the fact that 4 is the outward expression of 1, its Nephesh, as it were. There are many inferences to be drawn from the numbers I have given; one is, that the outer is quite as important as the inner. Indeed, there is, strictly speaking, no outer or inner, for they are interchangeable. This consideration may be useful as applied to controversy concerning the esoteric and exoteric interpretation of the Bible. The New Jerusalem, according to this theory, is spiritualised matter and materialised spirit. In conclusion, I may add that a veiled allusion to the method above mentioned is given at p. 60 of the *Kabbalah Unveiled*. Eliphas Lévi must also have used it, as he says, "There is light in gold, gold in light," and he speaks of gold and light as the same thing. The outer letters of Z H B, Gold, =9, the number of A V R, Light. Added to the outer letters of A V R the number 12 is obtained; $1 + 2 = 3$. The inner letters, respectively H and V, give 11; $1 + 1 = 2$. The full numbers of the two words, Z H B, 14, and A V R, 207, give the total 221; $2 + 2 + 1 = 5$, the number of Gold. Therefore, what seems to be at first sight a mere flower of speech of the great Kabbalist's turns out to be literally true when analysed. As Water and Light have the same number 9, the *aurum potabile*

of the Alchemists is sufficiently explained. But for all that, the true, just, and lawful alchemy is infinitely higher and nobler, and it is to be found in the Bible under the symbol of the number 8. LEO.

SOME BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Rambles in Rhymeland, by J. D. Parley (printed for private circulation), is good enough to warrant publication. The connection of our author's rhymes with our subject is not sufficiently close to warrant an extended notice, but we are sure that our readers, who value "a little book of unpretentious lays," sweet and pleasant to the ear, will read this little volume with advantage.

The Inquirer (June 28th) contains a report of an important sermon by Rev. W. C. Gannett on "The Higher Unitarianism." He has no sympathy with the cramped methods of thought that are represented by the etymological derivation of the word Unitarianism. The preachment of Mr. Gannett is worthy and good. We have nothing to do with the specialities of Unitarianism, but we have more than once found that its preachers talk what seems to us very sound sense.

The Universal Review has an article by Count Tolstoi on "Marriage, Morality, and Christianity," which is an excellent example of the way in which this age mixes up such questions. Count Tolstoi is in grave danger of meditating till he becomes morbid. He wants shaking up.

Geometry in Religion is worse than a nightmare. It is "based on the teaching of the Ancients by the cube, square, circle, pyramid," &c., and we have never felt quite well since we tried and failed to read it.

The Religion of Licence: Notes on Hinton's Lawbreaker, comes to us from Mrs. Penny. (Exeter: Thomas Upward. Price 2d.) The criticism that our correspondent feels impelled to make on Hinton's doctrines is that they have much in common with some of the Mormonites. He burned some MSS. as the end of his life drew near. Mrs. Penny heartily wishes that he had burned the *Lawbreaker*.

The Carrier Dove has one of W. Emmette Coleman's perennial articles attacking Theosophy. When the time comes to sum up the causes which have kept this subject before the public mind Mr. Coleman will be a considerable factor in that result.

"Do the phenomena of Spiritualism demonstrate a future conscious existence for man?" was the subject of a long debate between Mr. Hall and Mr. Putnam. It is reported at wearisome length in the *Carrier Dove*, and inspires us with a very positive dread of any existence in which such debates are possible.

Giles B. Stebbins is about to publish a book entitled *Upward Steps of Seventy Years*. Its concluding chapters will be concerned with Spiritualism. The publishers are John W. Lovell and Co., New York.

MASONIC SIGNS AMONGST THE DRUSES OF LEBANON.

The Rev. Haskett Smith, a close friend of Laurence Oliphant's, has returned with some interesting addition to our knowledge of the Druses:—

After a sojourn of many months among the Druses of Lebanon, the Rev. Haskett Smith, M.A., rector of Braunton, in Lincolnshire, is about to return with an important discovery, made under romantic circumstances, concerning that mysterious people, who are supposed to be lineal descendants of the Hittites. It appears that Mr. Smith was admitted to the most secret intimacy with the Druses through having saved the life of a popular young man by sucking the venom of a deadly snake-bite from his body. He was initiated into a number of mysterious rites, hitherto unknown to any foreigner, and among these the natives startled him, as a Freemason, by passing the most characteristic of Masonic signs. Hence this adventurous clergyman augurs that the Druses are none other than a branch of the great Phœnician race, whose ancestors supplied the Lebanon cedars to the builders of King Solomon's temple.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"
3, DUKE STREET,
ADELPHI, W.C.

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Light:

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

SATURDAY, JULY 5th, 1890.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 3, 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.

Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 3, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to the Editor.

CURIOUS FACTS IN RECENT EXPERIENCE.

The following details in the recent experience of our correspondent "Edina" are worth careful attention.

On June 7th we received from this gentleman a letter enclosing a communication written through the hand of his deaf daughter, of whom mention has been previously made in "LIGHT." The value of the messages written through her hand is enhanced by the fact that her infirmity prevents her from hearing the conversation that may be going on near her. "Edina" sent to us (June 7th) a transcript of the message so written. He described it as what "seems to be an inscription on a tombstone in Southampton which my daughter wrote automatically yesterday. We know nothing of Southampton, but, if there is anything in it, you may be able to get it inquired into on the spot."

This is the transcript of the message so given automatically:—

In Holyrood Southampton church, once a lively image of human nature, such as God made it when He pronounced every work of His to be good. To the memory of Elizabeth Stanley, daughter of George and Sarah Stanley, who to the beauty, modesty, and gentleness of nature, without vanity, pedantry, at the age of eighteen, after a tedious painful illness, with a Roman spirit and a Christian resignation she endured so calmly that she seemed insensible to all her suffering except that of her friends, gave up her innocent soul to her Creator and left to her mother who erected her monument where she rests sweetly, perfect rest, sweetly than here a world below.

In answer to some inquiries of ours "Edina" stated that the message is not in his daughter's handwriting, "but is such as might be written by a school girl who has got past the copy-book stage. It came one forenoon along with five or six other messages, some good and one very ridiculous from Sir Isaac Newton, which, however, gave his correct age and the date of his death. It also contained (so I take it) a reference to some articles contributed by me to the *Scottish People* on old cases of witchcraft and events in Scotch history which were unknown to my daughter. The handwriting is almost identical with that of the Southampton message."

"Edina" adds that the source of this message is unknown. His daughter saw no spirit, no name was given, and she had had no other communication of a similar kind.

Nothing led up to it. It came amidst five or six others, *apropos* of nothing. "Edina" adds that he thinks *Holyrood* may possibly mean *churchyard*.

We forwarded the communication thus received to a correspondent acquainted with Southampton, and requested that it might be verified, if possible. The following is the material part of our correspondent's private letter.

I have only to-day been able to make this extract from this Stanley monument in the chancel of Holy Rhood Church, Southampton. I have given a rough sketch of the tablet, at least, the lower part of it,* and the lines and words are copied exactly as they are printed on the tablet of marble. There is no date on it, only on the one immediately beneath it, which are laudatory lines to "Stanley," who died when he was eighteen years old.

Your correspondent's copy of the epitaph does not contain all the words I have copied which are now on the tablet; but it is very near the truth.

The tablet in this church is said to belong to the Sloane Stanleys, who now live at Poultons, in the New Forest.

And the following is an exact transcript of the inscription on the monument:—

E. S.†

Once a living Image of human nature
Such as God made it
When He pronounced
Every work of His to be good.

To the memory of Elizabeth Stanley
Daughter of George and Sarah Stanley,
Who to all the beauty, modesty and gentleness of nature
That ever adorned the most amiable of Woman
Joined all the Fortitude, Elevation and Vigour of Mind,
That ever exalted the most heroic Man.
Who, having lived the Pride and Delight of her Parents;
The Joy, the Consolation, and the Pattern of her Friends.
A Mistress, not only of the English and French,
But in a high degree of the Greek and Roman Learning.
Without Vanity and Pedantry
At the age of eighteen.

After a tedious, Painful and Desperate Illness
Which, with a Roman Spirit and a Christian Resignation,
She endured so calmly that she seemed insensible
To all the pain and suffering, except that of her Friends
Gave up her innocent Soul to her Creator,
And left to her Mother, who erected this monument
The memory of her virtues, for her greatest Support.
Virtues, which in her Sex and Station of Life
Were all that could be practiced, and more than will be believed,
Except by those who knew what this description relates.

It will probably suggest itself to most readers that there are problems involved in this case which are worth careful thought. There is no transcript of what might have been copied down. As in cases recorded by the Editor of this journal there is substantial quotation without verbal accuracy. There is no doubt that the lady through whose hand the message was written had not seen the Southampton monument. And the curious fact is that no authority was given for the message.

"Edina" has forwarded to us another record which is appended;—

On June 19th last my deaf daughter wrote automatically three messages on one sheet of notepaper. The first of these is the one I now give; the remaining two were personal messages from friends who have "passed over," and although possessing much interest to us, are not worth reproduction here.

The first message was as follows:—

Grace Wilson married George Cashel, Esquire, Ireland, died 1835.

Jane Wilson died unmarried, 1835.

Margaret Wilson, married John Ferrier, Esq., W.S., Edinburgh, died 1831.

John Wilson married Miss Jane Penny, died 1854.

Andrew Wilson married Miss Aitken, died 1812.

Elizabeth Wilson married Sir John McNeill, G.C.B.

All relatives to me, John Wilson, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. I liked Mrs.

* Which we do not reproduce.—ED. OF "LIGHT."

† Below this is a tablet with verses in praise of Stanley who was born in 1720, and died in 1738. These are the only dates given to these two monuments.

Gordon, who erected a monument in memory of me. Will you care to write again when I will come back again?

Mrs. Gordon was my daughter.

This message was certainly a "new departure" in connection with the automatic writing of this girl, and I at once observed that it purported to be from the redoubtable "Christopher North," the leading writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* at the date of its formation, in 1817, and the author of the *Isle of Palms*, *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, &c., one of the most notable literary men of Edinburgh during the first half of the nineteenth century; and I was, consequently, extremely sceptical as to the *bona fides* of the "communicator," though I had no doubt that it was automatically written by my deaf daughter. I had read Wilson's works and was familiar with the fact that Mrs. Gordon was his daughter; but beyond this my knowledge did not extend. As for my daughter, I am perfectly clear that she never heard of such a person.

The result of a prolonged search among the almanacs, annual registers, old newspapers, and other material, extending over the period in question, which I obtained at my club gave me the following tangible results:—

1. Professor John Wilson died in 1854.
2. He married Miss Jane Penny, of Liverpool, in 1810. She died in 1841.
3. In 1833 there was a John W. Ferrier, W.S., Edinburgh.
4. Another relative of Professor Wilson by marriage was the late Professor Ferrier, of St. Andrew's, who married one of his daughters.
5. Mrs. Gordon, the daughter named in the message, was the wife of the sheriff of Midlothian, and I knew had written a biography of her father somewhere about the year 1860. This book I had been unable to obtain at two local libraries near my house on the afternoon of the day following that on which we got the message. Through the kindness of a friend, however, I got the book on Monday, June 23rd, out of a larger library, and took it home. I showed the likeness of the Professor in the frontispiece to my deaf daughter, and asked her among all her "ghostly visitors" from the "beyond" (and they are now not a few) if she had ever seen any person like that. Her answer was in the negative. A signature was appended below the portrait, being a fac-simile of the original, and the handwriting in our message bore no resemblance to it. I then sat down to peruse the book, which was published in 1862, and which I remembered having read with much interest at the time it appeared, now some twenty-eight years ago. Then came a surprise.

In a footnote to a paragraph in chapter 1, at page 3, of the first volume, I found the following note given of the Wilson family of ten sons and daughters, including the Professor himself:—

1. Grace Wilson married George Cashel, Esq., Ireland, died 1835.
2. Jane Wilson died unmarried 1835.
3. Margaret Wilson married John Ferrier, Esq., W. S., Edinburgh, died 1831.
4. John Wilson married Miss Jane Penny, died 1854.
5. Andrew Wilson married Miss Aitken, Glasgow, died 1812.
6. Henrietta Wilson died young.
7. William Wilson died in infancy.
8. Robert Sym Wilson married Miss Eliza Penny.
9. Elizabeth Wilson married Sir John McNeill, G.C.B.
10. James Wilson married Miss Isabella Keith, Edinburgh, died 1856.

Now, this is a most extraordinary coincidence; for the written message we got gives almost word for word the names, marriages, and deaths of six of the Wilson family, though not in the exact order given in the footnote to Mrs. Gordon's *Life*, which, of course, contains the whole ten. A sceptic might perhaps say that my daughter must have borrowed the book and copied the message to the extent given. To this I reply: her whole life and character negative such a supposition, and further I would remark: (1) She never heard of such a person as Professor Wilson. (2) She could not have got the book, as neither of the two libraries with which I deal have it, and she knows no other, except a small Church library from which she gets *Sunday at Home*, &c. (3) The mass of other messages she has written, which I have verified, removes from my mind any doubt of the one in question having been automatically written. As to its genuineness, that is, its being a message from "Christopher North," I will not dogmatise; I only state facts, so far as coming under my observation.

There remained one other point, viz., the tombstone. The memoir stated that Professor Wilson was buried in the Dean Cemetery, and thither I proceeded a few nights ago. It was only by the aid of the gatekeeper, or rather the gatekeeper's wife, who had been there all her life, that I found the stone. It is back several feet from the pathway, and I should never have found it without assistance. It is of red granite, and contains simply the inscription:—John Wilson, Professor of Moral Philosophy, born 1795, died 1854. The inscription is barely legible, owing to the letters having got "filled up." There is no reference on it to the person who erected it, so I am unable to confirm or verify the statement in the written message to the effect that it was put up by Mrs. Gordon. As, however, she was his favourite daughter (at least, common report says so) I have little reason to doubt that the tombstone was erected by her.

I have also to add that there is a public statue to Professor Wilson in Princes-street Gardens, Edinburgh, erected by subscription. The inscription only contains the name "John Wilson," and date of birth and of death.

I have stated plain facts regarding what is certainly an extraordinary coincidence between a written message obtained in the manner above detailed and a footnote in a book which the girl who wrote the message never had seen; and I leave your readers to form their own opinions on the subject. Should any other message come purporting to be from the same quarter you shall have it with full details. "EDINA."

There are in these facts many reasons for speculation. That a deaf lady, who could not have heard any facts by normal means, should write out facts respecting a man with whom she was quite unacquainted is in itself singular. That she should also write parts of an inscription on a tombstone at Southampton which she had never seen is also singular. What is the explanation? If the author of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* inspired the message about his own family, what is the sufficient cause for such a course on his part? If he did, then who is responsible for the Southampton inscription? If he did not, and if the liberated spirit of the medium did all this, what light does this throw on the genesis of messages received through automatic writing? It seems to us that we have, in these undoubtedly authentic facts, much food for reflection.

THE SWEDENBORG SOCIETY.

The eightieth annual meeting of the above Society has been held. The committee report the issue of 3,354 volumes of the Society's publications.

The following resolution received the unanimous support of the meeting:—

Recognising the changed form of the thought of the present time, and in this country especially, as no longer that of openly declared Materialism, but of Materialism in the newer and more interior form of Agnosticism; perceiving the recent and increasing efforts of its chief teachers to secure its position in the minds of men; and seeing in these changes the gradual approach of the crucial contest between belief and no belief;

RESOLVED:—"That this meeting, holding, in contra-distinction from the Agnostic fallacy, that spiritual principles can be verified as the only rational foundation of life and action, seeks, by the exhibition of this fact, and in view especially of the deepening conflict, to strengthen the hands of the Swedenborg Society and its committee in the great work of printing and publishing those books in which that fundamental fact is unfolded, and by which alone the ever-imminent battle of principles can be convincingly decided."

THE UNSEEN BATON.

Amid an orchestra we play our parts,
An orchestra of untold living things;
All have their instruments of throbbing strings,
Or wind-blown horns, whose deep metallic hearts
Pour stirring notes; here are the viol that smarts
In anguish exquisite, and throat that sings
A dulcet grief; but He who ever swings
The baton is unseen—the score that charts
Each strain unknown, and yet obeyed. Too loud
We hear ourselves and neighbours, while the whole
Is dim and fitful; but the receding soul
Who leaves our planet can perceive the round
Of that vast concourse of close-braided sound,
As of a perfect upborne rainbow cloud.

MARY W. GALE.

THE "GOD IDEA."

However often sitters in Spiritualistic circles ask questions concerning God, no information can be given them that is satisfactory to the orthodox Christian who looks forward to the time when he shall "see God face to face." None of the returning dead can or do assert that they have seen Him, nor do they personally know anyone who has. They can only give to their hearers the ideas current in their own society, or spheres, concerning the nature of God. Some will say that they are not high enough to have that privilege. Others will say that only the very highest spirits know and see Him. No account is to be got of the nature of the Almighty that transcends ideas already received among men. The reason for this seems very clear. The very existence of God implies absolute perfection, i.e., infinite perfection. But all beings that have existence as individuals are necessarily limited; and between a limited being and infinite being, no matter how high or exalted the former may be, the difference is infinity minus one, which is infinity still.

Infinite perfection is a state that no individual can fully appreciate, for if it were attempted it would result in limitation of that perfection, and so fall short of infinity. Hence the highest ideal possible to any individual is necessarily less than infinitely perfect. Which is the same thing as saying that the "God idea" of every individual must necessarily be less than infinite perfection. Intellect tells us that God is unbounded in every attribute; but ideation fails to picture to the mind's eye the full meaning of that truth. These considerations go to prove that it is beyond the power of any creature to form, or describe to its own satisfaction, an idea of God that shall satisfy the logical faculty.

During the early years of a soul's existence in the human period, its idea of the Divine nature is necessarily a low one; because his mental powers are not sufficiently advanced to allow him to conceive of an ideal being, even as defective among the many "God ideas" as that of the early Jewish Jehovah. The same principle is true all the way up the scale of evolution; souls on a lower level cannot form so exalted an idea of a world governing power as those on a higher. But as all men differ in development one from another, it necessarily follows, if they trouble themselves at all to think about the matter, that the God idea of every man differs from that of his neighbour. And such is the fact. Many men intellectually agree to the formulæ of the various religions of the world, "that God is infinite," for instance, or "God is Spirit," but they fail to grasp, that is, to ideate all that those formulæ contain. Every individual forms for himself a "God idea" according to his ability, and that idea will be a mental picture of the most perfect being his powers can draw. The Infinite is too much for imagination to deal with; that power requires something less, it needs limitations ere it can act. The more perfect the imagination, the less cramped and rigid are the limitations. It would seem as if a great many persons thought that they had so far refined that cramping and rigidity as to have reduced it to a minimum. But when they have progressed a little further they will look back and see that though they could not before perceive that their idea was cramped and rigid, they can now; and they will begin to see that as they advance for ever the cramping and rigidity are there, but are ever and ever losing their restraining force over the God idea; which expands for eternity, but can never reach the Infinite.

Hence, for every man and every spirit the God idea is the highest conception he can make. The failure to recognise this is one of the reasons that keeps mankind at a standstill, and necessitates the recurrence at intervals of spiritual interference, in order to promote among the masses new notions and thoughts, that will commend

themselves so strongly to those masses that the people will rise up against the orthodoxies, and compel them to follow the new revelations, or go to the wall. The present moment is one of those periods of spirit activity in which wider and nobler views of being are disseminated among the nations than have ever before become public property. It is to be feared, and all workers should be warned, that in time the unseen powers that are now at work so vigorously among us, will probably cease the open communion. A new period of darkness will supervene, like the one from which we have just emerged, and it behoves us not to hand on to posterity a new orthodoxy, a new unbending creed. We should guard ourselves from uttering aught that savours of bigotry or dogma; but should remember that perfect elasticity is one symptom of a Divine truth. The want of this elasticity in the teachings of the Christian churches is one of the reasons why her adherents have so fallen off. There was, it is true, more extensibility introduced into the doctrines of the Church at the time of the Reformation than existed before. But the time has passed when that degree sufficed to satisfy the cravings of the heart towards God. And thinking men recoil now with the same abhorrence from orthodoxy as did the reformers from the Romanist. As the "God idea" of the latter was too cramped and rigid for the Protestants, so now has the Protestant idea become too narrow for the Spiritualist. Divine truth became clearer with the increase of elasticity brought about by the ardent preaching of the inspired prophets of the middle ages; and it is our duty to make it still clearer by a further increase. Divine truth is the same from the infinitely small to the infinitely great: and that which does not possess the power of stretching from the infinite on one side to the infinite on the opposite is subject to limitations, and is less than infinite perfection. A "God idea" to be true must fulfil these requirements, but that is impossible of attainment for individuals; hence relative truth is the only thing we can possess, and no man can justly claim more.

"1st M.B. (LOND.)"

DR DAVIES'S LECTURES AT HANOVER ROOMS.

A sharp shower of rain which occurred just as people were presumably starting for church somewhat thinned the members who attended last Sunday evening's special service. The choir, however, were at their post, and were increased both in numbers and efficiency. The subject of the lecture was "The Enfranchised Spirit"; and Dr. Davies prefaced it by reading a long extract from the Bishop of Durham's work on *The Revelation of the Risen Christ*. On Sunday next the third of the series of special services and addresses will be given. The discourse, based on Tennyson's stanza:—

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead!

will resolve itself into the subject of "The Ethical Bearings of Supernaturalism." The "Story of the Cross" is to be sung on this occasion.

CARDIFF PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY, LESSER HALL, QUEEN-STREET ARCADE.—On June 22nd two orations were given by Mr. Victor Wyldes, in the morning, on the "Scientific, Moral, and Religious Aspects of Modern Spiritualism"; and in the evening, "The Pulpit, the Stage, and Spirit Mediumship—their Relative Influences in the Realm of Thought and Morals." The attendance was good and the subjects were ably dealt with. The latter was a particularly appropriate one locally, having regard to the heated discussion of the subject "Church v. Stage" in the current local papers. On the 29th an able paper was read by Mr. Edwin Adams on "Scientific and Religious Spiritualism."

THERE are three sorts of heads: firstly, those which acquire knowledge of things and comprehend them by themselves; secondly, those which recognise the truth when it is shown them by others; and thirdly, those which can do neither the one nor the other.—MACCHIAVELLI.

PSYCHOMETRY.*

FROM *Neue Spiritualistische Blätter*.

TRANSLATED BY "V."

A phase of mediumship, at present comparatively little known, is that of "psychometry"; we say "comparatively" little known, because, though it is one of the first phases which appeared, few mediums have been well developed for it in comparison with other phases. The word "psychometry" (soul-measure or definition) is far from correct, but it is difficult to find a good name for these peculiar gifts, which must remain inexplicable in this world. We will try to make clear by a few examples what is really understood by psychometry, and will only add that the soul, or psyche, of many under certain conditions, possesses the power to place itself in connection with occurrences which have taken place at shorter or longer intervals of time, and have left their spiritual impression upon objects which the psychometric medium touches with his hand. Such an object may be the hand of a person or a piece of cloth that he has worn, or it may be a stone, a piece of wood, a fragment of an ancient ruin, a coin, a button, a letter, or an envelope; in short, anything by touching which the psychometrist is placed in spiritual rapport with the surroundings and period with which the object is connected, and is able, in a manner, with his mental eye to behold all the events connected with it pass before him like scenes in a panorama, as well as to experience the mental impressions called into by action it. The following examples will best demonstrate what is understood by psychometry.

As a professor at the School of Medicine, we remarked that a male and female student were both extraordinarily sensitive and therefore determined to make some experiments on their psychometric powers. We selected two different medicines and poured a few drops of tincture of arnica, from Germany, into the hand of the male student, and some drops of ipecacuanha tincture into that of the female. Both of the students described the effects of the two medicines upon the human organism so correctly that the other students were able to recognise the medicines by their description. But this was not all, they each gave a description of the neighbourhood where the plants were found from which the medicines were produced; in the case of the arnica, the mountains of Thuringia, near the Inselberg, were described, and in that of the ipecacuanha, the tropical district of Brazil, and so graphically, that you could almost imagine yourself there. The lady was the more especially sensitive, and we therefore experimented principally with her, and only used the male student to describe the medicines poured into the palm of his hand. With two medicines, *pulsatilla* and *secale cornutum*, the different effects upon the male and female organism were shown in such an extraordinary way, that it seemed as if the experimenters had really taken them in large quantities. A Californian febrifuge, at that time little known, *Cinchilagua*, produced all the symptoms of intermittent fever, although the students had never even heard its name. The lady was so highly sensitive that I at last tried her by placing a little bottle of medicine in her hand, the cork only of which she touched with her finger, when the results followed, at first rather slowly but soon as quickly as with direct contact, and with extraordinary certainty. Another medical man gave this lady a morsel of lint in her hand, and after a short time she described a railway labourer, with the injuries he had received, the surgical operation, and the nature of the accident, as well as the place at which it occurred.

The late Dr. Blöde received from Texas two drawings, produced by an old lady under spirit control; they portrayed several figures and a slate with peculiar characters in writing. These drawings were laid before three different psychometric mediums enveloped in covers, without either of them having any idea what the cover contained, and all three had the same sensations, impressions and visions. In Leipzig, we had similar experience with a psychometric medium, without the lady knowing what it was she held in her hand. Dr. Blöde sent us the drawings to experiment with them and they are still in our possession.

Professor Buchanan, the actual discoverer of the psychometric power, experimented with hundreds of female sensitives, more especially with his own wife, and obtained truly wonderful results. A small piece of stone from the grave of a Hindoo and morsels of marble taken from different ruins of Greece

called forth descriptions of the neighbourhood, buildings, persons who had lived in them, and wars, as soon as the mediums took the objects in their hands. A bit of paper torn from a letter was enough to place the medium in mental connection with the writer, while a piece of driftwood taken from the sea enabled a medium to see and describe the whole terrible scene of a shipwreck.

In conclusion, we will recount the astonishing results obtained by Professor Denton, author of *The Soul of Things*, with meteoric stones. Professor Denton has travelled much in different parts of the world for the purpose of geological study. Once he was so fortunate as to dig up a meteoric stone, which fell quite close to him, as soon as it was sufficiently cool, and to break off and take a piece away with him. This piece he divided into twelve morsels, which he sent to so many psychometric mediums, without either of them knowing anything of the others, and without most of them being even able to guess what they were, as the morsels were sealed up in paper. Eleven out of these dozen mediums described a heavenly body, which was suddenly destroyed, with the animals, plants, and human beings, like men, upon it at the time, the forces which operated there, and how the bodies of the inhabitants had attained such a degree of refinement that those still living on the planet were scarcely to be distinguished from those who had gone over to the spirit realms. Some of the mediums were able to follow the course of events up to the moment of the catastrophe of the destruction of the planet, the fragments of which now revolved round the sun as meteors, whose path is crossed by the earth in the month of November.

As the psychometrist, by holding the hand, is capable of physical as well as mental impressions, it follows that psychometry in the future must be of great value in the diagnosis of diseases, as thereby not only the condition at the time of the whole mental, spiritual, and physical being of the patient can be ascertained, but the most remote causes and their effects, as well as the previous history of the malady; while at the present time the mental and spiritual condition of the patient is far too little known and taken into consideration.

THE NEW THEOLOGY.

The following pregnant remarks are from an article in the *Forum* by the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, who has succeeded Beecher in the pulpit of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. They are worthy of attention on their own merits, and interest us also as bearing upon some points that have been mooted in "LIGHT." We are indebted to the *Review of Reviews* for the subjoined extract:—

The New Theology has certainly departed from the old dualistic conception of the Incarnation, though it is not yet perhaps prepared to formulate a new conception. Mediæval theology assumed an inherent and essential difference between God and man. It built up a succession of mediators to fill the gap between the Father and His children—a Son to intercede with the Father, a Virgin Mary to intercede with the Son, saints to intercede with the Virgin Mary, and priests to intercede with the saints. This whole system depended, and still depends so far as it exists, on the dualistic conception of the universe. Now the Bible knows no such dualism. It represents man as made in the image of God; our experiences are the glass in which we see God darkly. It is true that the vision is often very dim, but it is an image of the Divine. The difference between God and man—that is, the ideal man—is quantitative, not qualitative; it is of degree, not of kind. God is ideal man, *plus* infinity; ideal man is God, *minus* infinity. This conception of manhood and of Godhood—of God as the Father whose spiritual offspring we are, of man as a partaker of the Divine nature—gradually growing into the consciousness of the Christian Church, is gradually expelling the old dualism and all that grew out of it. In Protestant theology, the Virgin Mary, the saints, the priests have already gone. With them is going the mediæval conception of Jesus Christ as God and man; not really an image of God, for God could not suffer; not really a perfect model for man, for man cannot hope to be as God. In place of it is dawning a conception of Jesus Christ as God in man; the Divine Spirit filling a human life with its presence and power, so that His life is a perfect type of what God means human character and life to be; so that His character is a perfect revelation of what God is, in the infinite and eternal sphere; a conception of Jesus Christ, as God manifest in the flesh, as man in whom

* From *On Mediumship*, by Dr. Cyriax.

dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily; a conception of Jesus Christ as God translated into terms of human experience. And this conception fits in with the conception we are gradually forming of the mystic, because spiritual relationship between God and His children. This is a relationship of His indwelling. The "all things" that proceed from the infinite and eternal energy are not merely physical things; they are as well the spiritual experiences of man. There is a unity in life. Were there no unity there could be no science of man, no true history, no evolution of either individual or race, no coherence, no continuity. That unity is God, and all development of humanity is the development of the life of God in the soul of man. This is what we call religion; this is what Jesus called the Kingdom of God, or the Kingdom of Heaven. It is the reign of God, not over man, but in man; as He reigns, not over nature, but in nature. We begin dimly to see—it requires a clearer vision than mine to see it clearly, a more eloquent pen than mine to state it adequately—that the Incarnation is not an isolated fact; that it is continuous and progressive; that Jesus Christ is the ideal Man because God dwelt in Him as He has dwelt in no other life before or since, but that He so dwelt in Him that He might show us what we shall all become when He fills us with His presence and His power, and we are one with Jesus Christ, as Jesus Christ is one with the Father, and Paul's inspired prayer is answered and we also are filled with the fulness of God. Then, too, will be consummated all that we mean by atonement, when separation from God—the only dualism that philosophy can recognise, and that only to declare eternal war against it—is at an end, and God is at one with His children, not merely because of some enmity appeased or some penalty remitted, but because God and man are truly at one, man in God and God in man, in an eternal spiritual unity.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Records of Phenomena.

SIR,—I promised some time ago to give you a short account of phenomena with Mr. Eglinton, which have not yet been published. Although to old Spiritualists these records are no longer of interest, we must remember that a new generation is arising which must, in a great measure, acquire conviction without themselves witnessing phenomena, and therefore all evidence is of value if attested by reliable persons. As Mr. Eglinton lived in our house for six weeks we had many opportunities given us of seeing manifestations under the very best conditions. Sometimes when we were sitting after dinner in the drawing-room, not thinking or caring for any demonstrations of power, something would occur. One evening, I remember, Mr. Eglinton said the spirits wished to give a message, and asked me if I had a slate handy. Now it so happened that before Mr. Eglinton came to us I had bought two common slates, with a view to some experiments of the kind, and had put a very clumsy piece of pencil in between them and tied them together; they at the time were in my bedroom, and had never been out of it since he came to us. Remembering that I had these I went and fetched them, and was beginning to untie the string to put a better piece of pencil in, when Mr. Eglinton having his hand on them, I heard writing begin, and presently three raps on the slates notified to us that the message was finished. This all occurred in the well-lighted room, and the slates were never out of my hand. On untying the string I found a communication from "Joey," telling me something which Eglinton certainly did not know, and mentioning a relation of mine by name, of whom he had never heard.

The facts in this message were known *only* to me, and afterwards on going to the table we got another message in which certain circumstances were mentioned—and I am *perfectly certain* that nobody in India but myself and the writer of the letter in England knew anything about the matter, which related to a recent illness of one of my family. While on the subject of slate-writing I may as well say that I have had numberless manifestations of that kind; have sat out in the broad daylight in a verandah and got message after message, cleaning the slate between each. Sometimes we put red pencil in just to prove that the writing was done there and then. Wishing to have a permanent example of slate-writing I bought a hinged double slate, and in daylight, the slate having never left my custody, I got both sides filled with a message purporting to come from Benjamin Coleman, a name well known to Spiritualists in the early days of the move-

ment. That slate I have still, preserved with other curiosities connected with phenomena, among them the "Vega" letter, and the one which came to Mr. Meugens from London to Calcutta by occult means, on January 15th, 1882. I hope the day will come when these relics will be looked upon with great interest by a less sceptical generation; for we know that the phenomena will be accepted in the course of time, as is every well-proved truth.

One evening, sitting quietly in the drawing-room, Colonel Gordon, Mr. Eglinton and myself, we were told by Mr. Eglinton that the spirits wished to do something. Presently he asked my husband to write the name of some departed friend on a piece of paper and fold it up. To do this it was necessary to go to a writing table at the end of the room, a long way from where we were sitting. My husband went to the table, wrote a name, and folded the paper, no one but himself knowing the name that was written. The paper was then set light to, on a small tray on the table, and burnt slowly through the several folds. When it was quite charred Mr. Eglinton bared his arm, and taking the paper ash in his hand rubbed it on the front part of his arm. I was closely watching, and after he had removed his hand I saw a smeared black mark on his arm, and presently this appeared as though gathering itself together and forming itself into words. By degrees three lines of writing were distinctly visible, the first was "My dear Gordon," the second, "I want to communicate with you," and the third the name in full.

These words were quite distinctly traced, and I looked particularly to see whether the name was written as my husband must have written it.

It was not; neither had the writing any similarity to that of our deceased friend. In putting such facts before the public my object is not to prove that a certain deceased friend of ours communicated with us—of that there may be reasonable doubt—but to give evidence of the truth of the phenomena. An inquiry as to what more is true and what really underlies the whole of occult phenomena opens up an immense field of research, and those persons are rash, to say the least, who too readily assign causes or too easily believe theories which fit in with their own preconceived ideas.

So far as we can convince people that such phenomena occur, so far do we give some intelligible explanation, or rather corroboration, of the so-called supernatural of past ages; and we must be prepared to study carefully and patiently the theories that have been put forward by the learned of all times before we bind ourselves down to accepting any of these. But it will be a long while before we shall understand (if we ever can) the true meaning of even the merely physical phenomena which the pages of "LIGHT" record.

A. GORDON, F.T.S.

Coincidences.

SIR,—One day last summer, just before the first postal delivery, I was talking to a lady about an interesting letter which I had received years ago from the late Rev. R. Barrett, B.D. I said, "I wonder if he was related to Professor Barrett, of Dublin." In less than five minutes the post brought me a letter from the Professor, to whom I had never written and from whom I did not expect to hear. In my reply I mentioned this coincidence to Professor Barrett, and this elicited the information that there was no relationship between them.

J. HAWKINS SIMPSON.

Simple Questions Simply Answered.

SIR,—I proceed now to answer Mr. Harpur's "very simple question." His poser is put in these two sentences: "It has crossed the infinite." "It has measured the immeasurable." "Here, then," he triumphantly exclaims, "we have a contradiction in terms, and there must be such a contradiction, let the philosophers express their theory in what terms they will."

Let us keep in mind that just now we are speaking of infinite duration. We maintain that the matter which composed the sheet of paper he mentions never had a beginning, i.e., as far as duration is concerned, it is illimitable or infinite—it never had a beginning and it will never have an ending. Now, I should like to ask Mr. Harpur when he said, "It has measured the immeasurable," immeasurable to what? That the infinite is immeasurable to the finite I grant him, but is the infinite immeasurable to the infinite? Or, is the infinite measurable to the infinite? If the latter, then the matter of his sheet of paper being infinite in duration measures infinite time or eternity; and his argument breaks down. If Mr. Harpur maintains that

the infinite cannot measure the immeasurable, i.e., that the infinite duration of a thing is not co-extensive with immeasurable time, then, instead of the sheet of paper, let us take God, or the Infinite Mind, and apply to Him his formula.

Let A stand for "no beginning" and B for June 3rd, A.D. 1890. Now, God, or the Infinite Mind, has come down or existed from A to B. He has crossed the infinite. The Infinite Mind has measured the immeasurable, which, of course, is an absurdity if the infinite cannot measure the immeasurable. Therefore, if Mr. Harpur's argument against the eternity of matter is valid, it is equally valid against the eternity of the Infinite Mind, or God. In the one case it breaks down, or in the other it proves that nothing is eternal.

17, Kelvinhaugh-street, Glasgow.

OPTIMIST.

[This gets somewhat perplexing and had better stop.—Ed. of "LIGHT."]

How Do "Spirits" Sense Us?

SIR,—One interesting item in the address of Mr. Desmond G. Fitzgerald at the London Spiritualist Alliance is as follows, and occurred during a séance he had held:—

QUESTION.—"Can you see us?"

ANSWER.—"No."

QUESTION.—"Hear us?"

ANSWER.—"Yes."

Is it generally understood that the unseen intelligences which hold converse with mediums are unable to see those with whom they are in contact?

If this is so it explains many things hitherto obscure. As an inquirer I should like to hear something further on this point, as it opens a wide field for thought and investigation. Is it to be presumed that, though they cannot see matter, they can see the spirit or "Ego" of those they hold communications with?

W. H. S.

[Spirits do not see us: they see our spirits. They hear our words and are in rapport with us. But our senses they do not appear to have.—Ed. of "LIGHT."]

Mediumship not Dangerous.

SIR,—Perhaps you will permit me a word on this subject. My opinion is based on a practical acquaintance with such phases of mediumship as "writing," "inspiration," "impersonation," "healing," and "trance," which at one time I undoubtedly possessed. Regarding my experiences in connection therewith, I will at once aver that mediumship, *per se*, is not dangerous. Moreover, I believe its proper exercise and cultivation beneficial. That it has been and may be subject to abuse I doubt not. Can this be legitimately used as a proof that mediumship is dangerous? Nor should the fact that certain persons—living or dead—endowed with certain gifts of mediumship, have strained these gifts to mercenary and other ends, and thereby, in a measure, injured their health, be taken as an indication of the injurious nature of mediumship. I think not. Again, if these people, notwithstanding their mediumship, have lived irregular lives—and in consequence have exhausted their vital resources—and "break down in nerve and brain," it is scarcely just to lay the result at the door of their mediumship—confounding causes with a vengeance. "We should not speak evil of the dead," but putting it mildly, Washington Irving Bishop was a reckless liver, a creature of impulses, utterly without the guidance of moral or any principles. His epilepsy was of the hysterical type, due to other causes and not his mediumship. Of Slade I cannot say much, only his principles were not too high to palm his unaided efforts on the public betimes as mediumship. Charles Foster had little of the moral and spiritual about him, was "a man about town," and so lived freely. His insanity cannot be traced to his mediumship. D. D. Home was constitutionally weak, and it cannot be said, save in fits and starts, he did much to prolong his life. Of the Fox Sisters, the less said the better. Dipsomania is rarer among mediums and Spiritualists than among any other class of the community. If the wife of a douce Presbyterian elder was afflicted with it, would it be right and just to charge her Presbyterianism with being the cause? Yet Mr. J. T. Campbell, who ought to know better, indirectly charges mediumship with being the cause of epilepsy, insanity, spinal disease, and of dipsomania. The gifts of the Spirit are profitable, the use of all our powers contributes to our well-being and happiness; while their misuse or abuse lead to much misery.

In the latter sense mediumship is dangerous and in no other.

With the promiscuous circle, dark séances, vitiated atmosphere, elementary beginnings, where sitters and mediums were thoughtless or ignorant, evils were possible and did arise. These latter are less possible now as the conditions have been largely improved. The careless and indifferent drop off. Mediumship becomes protected; loving friends on the other side as well as common-sense on this side contribute to the result.

Devotion to any cause requires special efforts, attention, and self-denial. A pastor may exhaust himself, or a Mrs. Booth may literally lay down her life in her labour of love, and godly men and women everywhere suffer in head, heart, and purse for this devotedness, and leave sacred memories behind them, like Dr. Anna Kingsford. We do not say their labour or calling was dangerous. Neither is mediumship, whatever its abuse or prostitution may be.

Combe Lodge, Rothessay.

JAMES COATES.

Thoughts are Things.

SIR,—I came across the following passage in one of George Eliot's books, which may interest those concerned in the above discussion:—

Ideas are often poor ghosts; our sun-filled eyes cannot discern them; they pass athwart us in their vapours, and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made flesh; they breathe upon us with warm breath; they touch us with soft responsive hands; they look at us with sad, sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones; they are clothed in a living human soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power, then they shake us like a passion, and we are drawn after them as flame is drawn to flame.

9, Irene-road, Fulham, S.W.

R. V. HOLTON.

Vivisection.

SIR,—I have been sent a cutting from your issue of June 21st, in which you say, or rather, seem to say, that many statements of the anti-vivisectionists are exaggerated and hysterical. I fear you, in thinking thus, are judging others by yourself. You would not do the things the vivisectionists do, and do with a light heart; you, therefore, and naturally, cannot bring yourself to believe that the charges against them are true. They do not seem in every day life worse than other men, and you cannot readily credit them with an inner life from which men like yourself would shrink with horror. If you will, however, but cast your eyes over the Croonian lectures by Dr. Ferrier, reported in the current and recent numbers of the medical papers, you will, I think, convince yourself that the man who could deliberately destroy piece-meal the brain and faculties, as he reports himself as doing, in animals, mutilating the brain, taking out the eye, allowing the blinded animals to knock themselves about, so as to convince himself they could not see, destroying the hearing, treating in this manner animals who, he admits, were fond of him and of his laboratory attendant, is not a man whose proceedings can very well be exaggerated. Yet he is but one of many, some of whom have done even worse things, and his account of his work was listened to by an audience of scientific men, and is reported in the medical papers, without one word of reprobation. I think, sir, that you would yourself find it hard to describe such doings calmly and quietly, but would rather use the scathing language of William Lloyd Garrison, when he, as we are now-a-days, was accused of hysterical and exaggerated statements.

A. GOFF.

[Beside that expression of opinion we place one from an old and valued correspondent who, at least, thinks before speaking, as we do before writing:—]

(Saturday, June 28th.)—"Till this morning I had not read your Notes about cruelty. They have given me such deep content that I must have invaded you with heartfelt thanks. It is just as you say, and yet I never knew a human creature in an Englishman's skin allow that hunting and shooting are brutal pleasures, and that no one enjoying those ought to dare to say one word of the theoretically useful teachings of Vivisection. I thank you very heartily for putting it just as you did. Your force has always the penetrative element of perfect good temper, and more—good humour."

Thomas Lake Harris.

SIR,—The statement you make in the current number of your usually well-informed journal under the heading of "Jottings," concerning the health of Thomas Lake Harris, is inaccurate in every essential particular. Many poems of a nobler mould than those you refer to have been penned by Mr. Harris during the past ten years, and one of the tenderest, sweetest, and most profoundly philosophical was written in May last, and is now in the hands of his personal friends.

As for the property of the Brotherhood of the New Life, that belongs to the Brotherhood in a legal manner and cannot become the property of the State of California. Mr. T. L. Harris legally renounced control years ago.

16, Mark-lane, E.C.

C. W. PEARCE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. D.—You will see that we have practically said already what you wish to say.

F. W. R.—Very sorry; but it is not, in our judgment, wise to open the questions you discuss. The mere discussion of them would give offence, which we desire by all means to avoid.

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.]

ASSEMBLY ROOMS, BEAUMONT-STREET, MILE END.—Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Cohen on "The Demonstrable Basis of Evolution."—C.

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, STRATFORD, E.—Meetings free every Sunday at 6.45 for seven o'clock. The speakers for July will be as follows:—July 6th, Mr. J. Butcher; 13th, Mrs. J. Record (Miss Keesee); 20th, Mrs. Yeales (late of Wisbech); 27th, Mr. James Veitch.—M. A. BEWLEY, Sec.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—On Sunday last Mr. Humphries, who was one of the pioneers of Spiritualism in this district, gave a brief outline of the spiritual interpretation of the "Opening of the Seven Seals" and the "Sounding of the Seven Trumpets" given in Revelation. Next Sunday Mr. Veitch. Séances every Thursday at 8 p.m.—Geo. E. GUNN, Hon. Sec.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH, 14, ORCHARD-ROAD.—On Sunday last at the formal opening of our new rooms, after a short introductory speech by Mr. Mason, Mr. James Burns delivered a very instructive address on the duty of Spiritualists to their fellow men and women, after which Mr. W. Goddard gave some clairvoyant descriptions. Mr. Mason thanked Mr. Burns for his address on behalf of the audience.—J. H. BANGS.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION, CLAREMONT HALL, PENTON-STREET.—Next Sunday, at 6.45 p.m., Mr. Reed will deliver a lecture on the "Fallacies of Theosophy," in which he will deal with the controversy in the *Agnostic Journal*, especially with reference to an astronomical mistake in the *Secret Doctrine*, and Mr. Mead's subsequent attempt to explain the same. Next Sunday morning, at 10.45, Mr. Rodger will open a discussion on "Should Spiritualists have a Creed?"—A. M. RODGER.

MARYLEBONE ASSOCIATION, 24, HARCOURT-STREET, W.—On Sunday afternoon, at the Lyceum Sessions, the usual programme was gone through, the attendance being good. On Sunday evening the quarterly meeting of the new association was held. The result of the work done during the quarter has been most satisfactory. Thursday evening, séance at 7.15 p.m.; medium, Mrs. Wilkins. Saturday evening, séance at 7.15 p.m.; medium, Mrs. Treadwell. On Sunday next, July 6th, Mr. Towns, Psychometric Readings. Members are reminded that the second quarter's subscriptions are now due.—C. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

WIMBORNE HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM, S.E.—On Sunday last, Mr. Audy, sen., gave an excellent paper upon "The Book of Revelation," and many friends took part in the discussion which followed its reading. Mr. T. Everitt, in the evening, spoke upon "Appearances," in a manner which pleased all present, giving us much information from a scientific standpoint. July 6th, at 11 a.m., Mr. Yeates, "The Book of Revelation"; at 7 p.m., Mr. W. Wallace, the Pioneer Medium.—J. VEITCH, Sec., 19, The Crescent, Southampton-street, S.E.

KENSINGTON AND NOTTING HILL SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.—A general meeting of the Association was held at 34, Cornwall-road, on Thursday evening, June 26th, and it was agreed that for the present the association should hold a social meeting at least once in each month until the autumn, when a meeting will be called to decide whether and where we shall continue our Sunday meetings. The first of these social meetings will be held on Thursday evening next, the 10th inst., at 34, Cornwall-road. Spare Spiritualistic literature for free distribution in Hyde Park is solicited, and should be sent to Percy Smyth, Hon. Sec., 68, Cornwall-road, Bayswater, W. A good meeting was held in Hyde Park (near Marble Arch) on Sunday last; the speakers, Messrs. Utber Goddard and Bullock, discoursing upon "There is no Death," and "What is Spiritualism?" They were listened to with evident interest and a good deal of discussion took place after the meeting. Next Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, various speakers will be present.—PERCY SMYTH.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, CHEPSTOW HALL, 1, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday last Mr. R. J. Lees delivered really instructive addresses. The morning subject "Healing," with especial reference to heredity and inoculation, will be the means of supplying a want much felt, as on Friday evenings at our rooms (30, Fenham-road) we intend to hold a healing meeting at 7.30 p.m. Sufferers will be treated and explanations and instruction offered. Mr. Lees and others will be glad to welcome friends on these evenings. On Sunday next, at Chepstow Hall, Mr. John Hopcroft; and on July 13th Mrs. J. M. Smith (of Leeds) will give addresses and clairvoyance at both services. On week evenings at our rooms strangers may attend Wednesday open circle at 8.15 p.m., and on Saturday a circle for members is held. The half-yearly report of the Society shows a membership of seventy (an increase of thirty), and many inquirers are attending our meetings. Financially we are well on the right side, and united in our work we look with confidence to the future. Please note change of secretary's address.—W. E. LONG, 36, Kemerton-road, Loughborough Junction, S.E.

"AND THIS IS THE VICTORY THAT OVERCOMETH."

On a great mountain, many days
I stood alone.
I heard no sound of blame or praise,
Of mirth or moan,
I saw no more the glistening rays
From God's white throne.

Below—the vale was crowded thick,
Men everywhere
Toiled with an aspect sad and sick,
Of want or care,
The dead seemed bound against the quick,
The false with fair.

I marvelled at them, for the plain
No bounds divide,
But sudden as I looked again,
Hell opening wide,
Let forth the powers of sin and pain,
In seething tide.

Vast, silent forces, o'er the vale
They swept and swirled,
On sunken reefs they drive the sail,
To ruin hurled,
On vile or hopeless quests they trail,
A helpless world.

Forgotten sins dog fierce and fleet
The pleasant hour,
Bodiless hates ensnare men's feet,
With hell for dower,
God! can no strong deliverer meet
Their deadly power?

Strange quiverings struck the dusky land,
A line of light,
Bound two, within a magic band,
Before my sight,
These straightway walking hand and hand,
Had all delight.

Seeing the twain become as one,
In perfectness,
Holding all bliss beneath the sun,
That years compress,
Complete the golden currents run
Nor more, nor less.

Scarce had I marked them brightly bound,
One heart, one will,
When sudden, without shock or sound,
Or sign of ill,
Lo, one sat moaning on the ground,
And one lay still!

Yet, where the love-chain late had been
About the pair,
Clung links like moonlight clear and keen,
All unaware
To him, with pale, distracted mien,
Who sorrowed there.

After dead nights of loss and pain,
He rose at last,
Joyful, I saw the golden chain
Still held him fast,
Like fluttering pennon all astrain
From wavering mast.

I, watching from the higher ground
His weary face,
Saw that the chains about him bound
Urged on his pace,
As who should lead some captive, found
In cursed place.

And still the quivering links expand
And stretch before,
Cleaving the dolors of that land
A mile or more,
To where a luminous river spanned
A golden shore.

Vanishing in a flood of light,
Whose waves rejoice,
In multitudinous, quick delight,
Of equal choice,
As though God's infinite love and might
Had found a voice.

Far spreading, as it passed along,
Its might supreme
Drew lesser rills, a quivering throng,
With waves agleam;
These, merging in the current strong,
Swelled high the stream.

Before—the powers of Hell are driven
Like streaming mist,
Below—all woeful souls forgiven
Arise love-kiss't.
A new earth in a newer Heaven
Was there I wist.

The sound of many voices break
Upon my ear,
And one in ringing accents spake,
"Lo, Christ is here!"
And now I wait for who shall make
The vision clear.

M. L. HANKIN.