

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

No. 529.—VOL. XI. [Registered as a Newspaper.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1891. [Registered as a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way	85	My Soul to my Body (Poetry)	92
Spiritualism and Faith	86	Letters on "LIGHT"—IV.	92
The Magazines	88	Swedenborg, the Illuminant	94
Apparition at Time of Death	89	What do Phenomena Mean?	94
Iconoclasm in Spiritualism	90	Is the Future Fixed?	95
Mr. Husk on his Defence	91	The Exposure	96

NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

In the "Agnostic Journal" Saladin pays a touching and eloquent tribute to the memory of Charles Bradlaugh, "one of the most indomitable and self-reliant men who have ever lived." He was all that. I think "massive" is the epithet which I should be disposed to apply to him, for that ponderous body enshrined a spirit as massive. In passive resistance the waves of opposition beat upon it in vain; in motion it swept all before it with a sense to the onlooker of resistless might. No one can have watched the eleven years' fight for a seat at Northampton, and the subsequent five years' struggle in the House of Commons for the right to take the seat which was his, without admiration for the untiring energy, the masterful resource, and the indomitable courage of the man fighting alone against terrible odds. And no one can have seen how he mellowed after victory until a unanimous vote of the House expunged an obnoxious resolution and testified to the respect which he had gained, without recognising that there was more in him than the mere massiveness of resistance. He had great powers of adaptability, and he soon learned to influence the House of which he became an eminent member. He was a born and cultivated orator. When he pleaded his cause at the bar of the House—no slight ordeal for any man—he spoke so nobly and eloquently that Mr. Gladstone, being asked what he thought of the speech, replied in one word, "consummate." It is not necessary to agree with the opinions even of Mr. Bradlaugh's mellowed years in order to lift the hat to a great man. Far as the poles asunder from my beliefs were those which animated his life; none the less I recognise his talents and admire the tenacity of his purpose. Only once I had the advantage of talking with Charles Bradlaugh. Our subject was Spiritualism. He was courteous, inquiring, somewhat argumentative and disputatious, interested in facts that I had to tell him, and that was all. As Dr. W. B. Carpenter (a much less man) once said, "He had no niche in his mind into which they would fit." I soon found that out, and confined myself to talk about phenomena, which he seemed to think might be indicative of conclusions as to a new development of force, such as Crookes had set forth. The subject had no interest for him beyond that of mere curiosity. How could it?

Mr. Tindall is contributing to the "Agnostic Journal" some papers on "Occult Problems and Their Solution: a Plea for Further Investigation." By all means let us have investigation, but my own sense of what is most needed runs in the direction of co-ordination and interpretation.

The tricksters affect the proven facts no more than a smasher affects the mint. He may circulate base coin for a while, but it is soon discovered. I have no "pet theories" to defend, though I have my opinions, which have not been materially affected by recent investigations. "Investigation" is an elastic word, and the acceptance by the world of the results of any given investigation depends largely on the opinion formed of the competence of the investigator and of his methods of investigation. There are, as Mr. Tindall points out, many vexed problems which have not received adequate attention. The objective facts seem to me adequately established. It is the interpretation that is to be put upon them that should engage our unbiassed attention. We shall not gain knowledge by the mere heaping up of fact upon fact. Nor shall we advance far if we are not ready to bring to the study of them an unprejudiced mind that is not weighted with "a pet theory." Mr. Tindall has my sympathy in his desire for persistent investigation, though my own special inclination lies somewhat in another but not opposite direction.

The following curious narrative is translated by the kindness of a friend from the Paris "Figaro" of January 24th. I append it with some of his comments:—

A neighbour of mine (the article is signed "Honoré Sélafer") was out quail shooting when a country lad ran towards him shouting to him to come quickly to see a snake milking one of his cows. My neighbour followed the lad in all haste, and was witness of an extraordinary scene; a large adder, wound round one of the hind legs of a cow, was sucking the milk with a good appetite. The cow appeared to submit to the operation with evident satisfaction. On this, the writer says, he no longer treated the stories often told him by cowherds and goatherds as fables, but endeavoured to find out from them the *modus operandi*, and this is what he got. The cow once charmed, instead of repelling the snake goes to it of her own accord, leaving the rest of the herd for the purpose. Arrived at the hole of the snake she makes a gentle and dulcet lowing, exactly as when calling her calf, the adder comes at once, and climbing up the leg of the cow fastens its mouth to the orifice of the udder, and by pneumatic action, the snake's mouth not being formed for suction in the ordinary way, extracts the milk. Moreover, a cow *suggestionnée* by an adder prefers her snake to her calf and allows the latter to perish.

But this pleasant mode of hypnotisation practised by the snake on cows and she-goats is quite different from that exercised on small birds, field mice, and frogs. These small creatures do not wish to be swallowed, and yet cannot resist, it is not without a struggle that the suggested will overcome their own will. The snake rises up, its mouth wonderfully enlarged, before the terrified bird, which begins to tremble and to twitter, trying to escape from the sphere of action, first jumping to one side and then to the other. Always brought back, however, to the fatal line, it never ceases to get nearer and nearer to the gulf, and when at a little distance, about a foot off, it plunges into the snake's open mouth at one plunge. When close to the horrible chasm the bird is seen to plunge into it of its own accord, first one foot backwards and then the other. And here it should be remarked that the prey is always attracted and swallowed backwards. A lizard or a frog may be seen to fix its fore paws on the ground in its last endeavour to avoid being swallowed. Every time that a shepherd has told of one of these little dramas he has never failed to insist on the march backwards of the victim. It follows, therefore, that we must renounce the notion of fascination by the serpent's eye; the two adversaries in this struggle for existence never being face to face. On these grounds the "Figaro" writer claims for the ophidian the honour of being a hypnotiser and to have used suggestion long before the time of Charcot, just as the

swallow knew how to build before Vitruvius, and beasts of prey were mighty hunters before the Lord, even previous to Nimrod's time.

Are these assertions of the "Figaro" true? or has M. Sélafer's imagination, excited by recent events in Paris, carried him quite away? The account is sufficiently curious to prompt the inquiry whether Science knows anything of this milking of cows by adders, and this reverse fascination of birds. I certainly imagined that the bird was fascinated by the eye and movement of the snake, rendered motionless, and then struck by the snake in its helpless condition and swallowed.

ASSEMBLY OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

A meeting was held at the rooms of the Alliance on the evening of Tuesday, the 10th inst., when amongst those present were—Miss Austin, Mr. J. T. Audy, Mrs. Bell, Mr. T. Blyton, Mrs. Brinckley, Miss Bainbridge, Mr. F. Clark, Mrs. K. Clarke, Mr. J. F. Collingwood, Miss A. M. Collingwood, Mrs. Damer Cape, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Carden, Miss Carden, Mrs. Despard, Mr. T. Davies, Rev. C. Maurice Davies, D.D., Mrs. T. H. Edmands, Mr. G. Gunn, Mr. J. H. Mitchiner, Mr. C. Pearson, Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, Mr. E. Robinson, Madame de Steiger, Mr. Scobell, Mr. Sunderland, the Misses Taunton, Mr. and Mrs. Morell Theobald, Miss F. J. Theobald, Mr. and Mrs. J. Torre, Miss Rowan Vincent, Mrs. Western, Miss Withall, Mr. H. Withall, Mr. H. Wright, Miss Wiffin, Miss Young, &c., &c.

Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, in the unavoidable absence of the President, occupied the chair, and introduced the Rev. Dr. Davies, who delivered the following address on

SPIRITUALISM AS A HANDMAID AND HELP-MEET TO FAITH.

If I understand rightly the function of such a paper as you have done me the honour of asking me to read to-night, I should say that its suitability depends rather on the degree in which it is provocative of a good debate than on its own intrinsic excellence.

Such a view is an encouraging one for the reader of the paper, and is not nearly so modest as could appear at first blush. If I were simply to carry out the programme involved in my title—which title, by-the-way, is not my own, but was suggested when the invitation was given me to read the paper—that is, if I were just to speak of faith in vague and general terms, and to be no more precise as to the Spiritualism which is to be its handmaid and helpmeet, you would probably give me a more or less otiose assent; your chairman would possibly say something neat and appropriate by way of thanks at the conclusion, and there would be no debate worth speaking of. We should simply resolve ourselves into a sort of Mutual Admiration Society for the time being; and so, in my humble opinion, a valuable evening would be wasted, and an admirable opportunity for discussion lost. There would, in fact, be nothing to discuss.

Against such an error of judgment I wish carefully to guard. I want to hear your views, and not to ask you simply to listen to mine. I shall do my best, therefore, to provoke you—of course, in the inoffensive sense of that ambiguous word—by narrowing somewhat my definition of faith, and of that Spiritualism by which such faith is propped and buttressed. It is here I proceed to demolish any little graceful edifice of modesty which you may have thought I reared at the outset. I am forced, by the line I have elected to adopt, into something which will, I fear, strike you as within measurable distance of egotism. That is, I shall have to talk more about self than I like—or, perhaps, than you will like.

Ten years ago I wrote and published, first in the columns of "LIGHT," and afterwards in pamphlet form, a letter to the then Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Tait), under the title of "Spiritualism and Anglican Orthodoxy," and directly I mention that word "orthodoxy" I know I shall have begun to succeed in my efforts to provoke you. It is a word in which I claim a sort of vested interest; and I

know none other that could so fitly discharge the office of the traditional red rag shaken before a bull.

In my archiepiscopal letter (which, of course, his Grace ignored) I claimed that Spiritualism, as I understood it, instead of militating against my faith and practice as a Church of England clergyman, afforded the very best possible basis for such faith and practice. That same position I assume to-night. And whilst I might have expected an Anglican Primate to sympathise with it, I devoutly hope and expect that some of you, being neither Primates nor Anglicans, may be irritated by it, so far, at least, as to sit upon me severely. When I speak of "faith" I mean *my* faith. When I allude to "orthodoxy," I mean (according to the accepted definition) my "doxy." Let us see what that is, so that some one or more of you may be prepared at once to enter his or her emphatic protest against it.

In the year of the Great Exhibition (for my treatment of the subject forces me to be chronological as well as egotistical)—in the year 1851—something like forty years ago—I knelt in the Cathedral Church at Exeter, and received imposition of hands from the then Bishop of that diocese, the celebrated Henry Phillpotts. I had been sent by letters dimissory from Bath and Wells, where I had satisfied the somewhat rigorous theological demands of the Venerable George Anthony Denison, so I was presumably, at that period, a Pharisee of the Pharisees, though I had only just attained the required age of twenty-three years; and as such I exercised my ministry, with acceptance—as the phrase goes—first in a country curacy, and afterwards in London. At last I offended my Pharisaic friends by "choosing," as the High Church organ, "The Union," expressed it, "the lower life"—in other words, I got married. I am sorry to trouble you with these autobiographical details (which would look better in an obituary notice, I know), but they are necessary for my present narrative.

Well, directly I had degenerated into this "lower life," and about five years after my ordination, I took what some of my kind friends considered a lower step still—I became "converted" to Spiritualism. Should anybody desire details of that "conversion" I will give it afterwards in the "heckling" process which I hope will ensue. It would make my paper too long were I to insert it here.

It was, no doubt, a piece of retributive justice that my wife was the indirect cause of my conversion, as she had been the direct cause of my "degeneracy." I say so because she was the only "medium" present at that crucial seance; and indeed, in my then infallible condition of Pharisaism, I feel sure I should not have credited anybody else. The Pharisees and the Sadducees are not without some points in common.

I may just say that I sat down with her, my brother, and a young pupil, for the express purpose of demonstrating to them, from my position of Pharisaic infallibility, that there was nothing in this so-called Spiritualism which was the fashionable "fad" of Paris, where we were then residing, in 1856; and I rose up convinced, on the evidence of my own senses, that there *was* a good deal in it. I made the salutary discovery that I was not quite so infallible as I had fancied; and to that extent I ceased to be a Pharisee.

So, then, perhaps somebody will be ready to suggest from the Pharisees you shot off to the Sadducees.

Now, that is exactly what I did *not* do; that is what I feel it is so illogical for people to do. If I had done that, I should not have been in a position to speak to you to-night of Spiritualism as a helpmeet and handmaid to my faith. It would have been destructive to my previous convictions had it been synonymous with Sadduceeism; but it turned out to be nothing of the kind—to be, in fact, the very reverse; to give me a tighter grip on all that was worth holding in what I held before, and, negatively, to make it easier for me to let go what was not tenable, or not worth keeping. That is how I forestall the imputation of a fallacy, which I can see you are ready to bring against me. I did not exemplify the Horatian maxim that fools when they avoid one extreme rush off into the opposite.

It is only natural—it is, in fact, inevitable—that, bearing in mind my so far continually recurring first person singular somebody should say, "You are just taking the usual narrow, parsonic view of the case. If your Spiritualism—whatever it might be—tightened your grasp of the Pharisaic notions imbibed from Archdeacon Denison or Bishop Phillpotts, what relevance has this to me? I do not believe in

your bishops and archdeacons." It is a dreadful thing to contemplate; but some persons, in these sceptical days, do not believe in archidiaconal, or even archiepiscopal, functions. Here comes in the provocative element. I still believe in the abstract archdeacon and archbishop, whatever I may think of them in the concrete. You, possibly, believe in neither the one nor the other, in which case the question inevitably arises: If Spiritualism sanctions my faith, can it sanction yours also? Yes. In this way: It corrects those crude notions—I used that word advisedly—which we unduly dignify with the name of faith. It takes off our attention from petty details, and fixes it on the great essentials. The truths which Spiritualism, if it be worthy the name, enforces are not the truths of Episcopalianism or even of Christianity only, but of that more Catholic faith which is common to all religions the wide world over, and which Christianity shares with them.

That, after all, is the great desideratum—is it not?—the possession of a universal solvent for all the vast problems which theology, *quâ* theology, is so impotent to answer yet so loud in professions of its own infallibility for solving.

And let us be just. That fact seems dawning not only on the episcopal, but on the archiepiscopal mind—the fact, I mean, that there is something bigger at stake than mere dogmas, or liturgical observances. Shall we be so bold as to attribute this to that unanswered Lambeth letter about which I spoke, and which may still be laid up among the archives of our English Vatican?

What did Archbishop Benson's recent judgment in the Bishop of Lincoln's case amount to—a case turning entirely upon dogma and its outward expression in ritual? It was substantially nothing more than a re-statement of Mr. Toots's celebrated formula, "It doesn't matter." Nothing that the Bishop of Lincoln was accused of doing did matter according to Archbishop Benson; and I, for one, cordially agree with his Grace. It does not matter. None of these petty details do matter, and Spiritualists are the very people to recognise their immateriality. What is it these good people are fighting for? Lighted candles, and the mixed chalice, and the sign of the Cross, and a genuflexion, or an Agnus Dei more or less. I thought these things mattered once, until this handmaid and helpmeet came to my aid. Then my view broadened. Then I saw that these things were dwarfed into their proper dimensions, that (to recur to the archiepiscopal phraseology) they mattered nothing in comparison with spirit-culture here, and proved immortality beyond. Those I take to be the main objects of any Spiritualism worth the name; the development of the inner life here, the demonstration of the larger life beyond.

So far I may, perhaps, carry you with me; but now I part company again, and once more do my best to provoke you to join issue with me. Reverting to my favourite first person singular, I confess I believe in those ritual observances which the Archbishop declared to be immaterial or damned with faint praise. I do not believe Pharisaically as I did before this gentle handmaid, this stalwart helpmeet, came to my aid, but I still believe in the efficacy of these outward adjuncts for myself and for those constituted as I am. In those little conventicle services which we have been carrying on for the last six months, on Sundays and weekdays, we adopt a cultus which even the lax—shall we say latitudinarian?—judgment of the Archbishop would scarcely tolerate, and from which the majority of you withhold your approval. We—a fraction as insignificant as the historic tailors of Tooley-street—find them compatible at once with our position in the Anglican Church and (what is more to the purpose here) with the added interpretation of that handmaid and helpmeet who has discovered for us meanings in these external observances which they never possessed before when we took them on trust. We no longer take them on trust, or at second-hand only. We take them because we have proved their efficacy and satisfied ourselves of their certainty by the evidence of our senses. You will find the same sanction for your own individual "ism," whatever it may be, no doubt; but if you would be consistent, you must allow the same "liberty of prophesying" to us. And here again, all I have seen of Spiritualism comes in to teach toleration. I have never met with anything like religious disabilities in the system. If there is one thing made clear to us by this revelation it is that there is no infallible Church beyond; that opinions differ there as here. There is only one "ism" against which our "ism" is Protestant to the

backbone, and that is Agnosticism. We claim to possess the *gnosis*. Our faith deserves the name. It is not credulity. It is conviction based on reasonable evidence. We do not believe, we know.

Now apply this method, which, of course, can only be sketched in faintest outline here, to any of the vexed questions of theology, especially to that question which, by the irony of ecclesiastical history, has come to its climax in the so-called sacramental system, and see how the difficulties really melt away instead of being merely shirked and shelved by the *laissez-faire* Lambeth policy.

Take that institution which it seems almost a misnomer to call the Communion. It is about this that Churchmen differ and wrangle so long as they judge it simply by articles and formularies, or even by texts which may be twisted anyhow to suit foregone conclusions.

Apply to this matter the theory so boldly advocated by Mr. Haweis in the pulpit of St. James's Church, Marylebone, within the pale of our elastic Establishment; and stated fairly enough by Victor Rydberg in his "Magic of the Church," and the difficulties have vanished. This is, of course, only one instance out of many, but it is a thoroughly typical one; so much so that to rest one's case upon it scarcely lays one open to the charge of making an imperfect induction. You see on one side the merely creed-bound, article-loving or formulary-favouring Churchmen squabbling over what they misname "Communion": you see, on the other hand, Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Protestant Dissenter kneeling and partaking of this solemn ordinance in the true spirit of the Founder, according to the time-honoured traditions of the Upper Room where first it was instituted. I will only say I am not drawing on my imagination when I sketch this picture for you.

Of course, the one clause in our Creed to which the method I am advocating most directly applies is that wherein we say we "believe in the Communion of Saints." I pass over that with mere mention, because the application is so obvious, and because we are all of us so largely agreed as to its obviousness. As Mr. Morell Theobald has so well said "That which is rather an incidental tenet than a practical fact in ordinary Christian services becomes in this case the primary motive; and the declaration of the Creed 'I believe in the Communion of Saints' puts all the other articles into the shade."

It is of set, deliberate purpose I pass over that Communion and speak of the other Communion around which controversy has grown up so thickly that I scarcely expect you to follow me into its mazes, or if you do follow, it will probably be to condemn. I only remind you I am speaking of *my* faith now—who shall presume to speak of another man's?—and speaking in the earnest hope of inducing you to point out wherein you think I am wrong.

And now, lastly—that word which comes so happily at the end of a tedious discourse!—it is just possible that some exoteric listener, some outsider that may have strayed into this sanctum, shall be inclined to say "What is this Spiritualism which leads you, or keeps you, to such eminently orthodox conclusions? Do you get all these far-fetched deductions out of tilting tables and telegraphic raps, and that kind of thing?"

Well, yes, I own the soft impeachment. It was a tilting table, neither more nor less, that first arrested my attention. It made me see that there was "something" in these things, and so far drove the Pharisee out of my system. An undignified, an apparently inadequate method truly; but this was not the first, nor will it be the last, time when foolish things have been used to confound the wise—and I was very wise then in my own estimation. I was negatively, exhaustively wise. I knew, like Sir Charles Coldstream, there was "nothing in it."

Beside the other miracles which star over the New Testament record, that marvel of Pentecost was undignified and apparently inadequate—just the lambent spirit-lights and the rushing mighty wind and the strange speech.

What was the comment of the orthodox critics of the Establishment then? They said these men were drunk with new wine. Even a living archdeacon (you see I cannot get on without my archdeacon) explains the Pentecostal gift of Tongues by saying the Apostles were not indeed drunk with new wine—that is not an archidiaconal expression—but were elevated, excited, ecstatic, though how that enabled each of the foreign Jews to hear those unlearned Apostles speak in

his own vernacular tongue the archdeacon does not condescend to explain. Yes, the table began it; but the table did not finish it any more than those Jews went on talking in the language of the "Parthians, Medes, Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia, &c."

It would be as obviously unfair to make table-tilting represent Higher Spiritualism as to take this Pentecostal miracle as a type of Modern Christianity, and some people, you know, are so far from taking this latter view that they fail to find any parallel at all between Pentecost and the existing state of things in the Church.

I do find such a parallel; though, what I should have done, had my Pharisaism died out in that lower life to which I had gravitated, and no such handmaid or helpmeet come to my aid, I am at loss to guess.

Something was evidently wanted, if one may reverently say so, to post Pentecost up to present date; and with the demand came the supply. That is surely a common-sense explanation of that wave of Occultism which has come over our century and inundated every utterance from the sermon in the pulpit down to the three-volume novel and the shilling shocker. The "spook" is as much a necessity in current literature as the archdeacon has been in my little egotistical autobiography to-night.

Now I have concluded that autobiography, and I pause for your reply, or I will cheerfully answer any question on points I may not have made clear.

I am not at all sure, as I read over what I have written, whether I have justified the confession which I make in St. Paul's words—"That after the way which they"—the orthodox people—"call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and in the prophets."

I am like the old man in the fable: after all, very likely. I have, perhaps, pleased nobody—that was a contingency on which I calculated before I began—but neither have I pleased myself, because I do not feel that I have made the matter so clear to you as it is to my own mind, or that my *Apologia pro vita* has been adequate to convince an outsider how it comes about that the same handmaid and helpmeet, which sends some persons flying off at a tangent from previous beliefs and practices, has sufficed to keep me to the old moorings, and to suggest as the motto of my life-work, "*Stare super antiquas vias!*"

The address was followed by an animated and interesting discussion, in which Mr. Mitchener, Mr. F. Clark, Mr. C. Pearson, Mr. E. Robinson, and the Chairman took part, the opinion generally expressed being that Spiritualism naturally led to a more liberal faith than that expressed by Dr. Davies. The lecturer having replied, the proceedings closed with a vote of thanks.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

Any acknowledgment of books received in this column neither precludes nor promises further notice.]

"The Lyceum Banner." No. 4. [Seems to us well adapted to its purpose.]

"Phrenological Magazine," January and February. (L. N. Fowler, Ludgate-circus.)

"Phrenological Journal and Science of Health." (Fowler, Wells and Co., London and New York.)

"The Sixth Sense; or Electricity." A story for the masses. By MARY E. BUELL. (Colby and Rich, Boston, U.S.A.)

"The Dawn of Perfect Love." The weekly discourse of MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND, delivered at Chicago, U.S.A., January 18th, 1891. [Will be found on our library table, where it can be read. Too long for condensation.]

"The American Nationalist." A magazine devoted to Universal Reform. No. 1. (Published at Las Vegas, New Mexico, and Chicago, U.S.A.) [The key-note is struck in the following lines entitled "The Vengeance of Despair":—

Beware the hands that beg in supplication now;
Their time will come, and then God help us! God help all
Who through their years of plenty paid not all they owed
To Want. Want's hands are pale and thin; but there's a force
That's stronger far than flesh and blood—it is a pow'r
That's slow to concentrate; but crushed it strengthens as
It grows, and hardens through long years of pressure—years
Of cold, and sweat, and hunger—years of children's tears!
And when its time is come, Pity will not be near,
Nor Fear, but set hard lips whence tremblings have all fled,
And eyes in whose dry depths the light of Hope is dead.
Ay, cruel as the tiger's claw from out the lair
Is hopeless Hate! Beware the vengeance of Despair!

—ELIZABETH CARTER GROVER, in October "Arena."]

SOME MAGAZINES OF THE MONTH.

"THE NEW REVIEW."

"The New Review" maintains its excellence. Of its kind it is unapproached for literary merit by any of its contemporaries at the same price. Swinburne contributes some fine verses in memory of Sir Richard Burton:—

Night or light is it now, wherein
Sleeps, shut out from the wild world's din,
Wakes, alive with a life more clear,
One who found not on earth his kin?

A living soul that hath strength to quell
Hope the spectre and fear the spell,
Clear-eyed, content with a scorn sublime
And a faith superb—can it fare not well?

A wider soul than the world was wide,
Whose praise made love of him one with pride,
What part has death or has time in him,
Who rode life's lists as a god might ride?

Bradlaugh's last words find a place in an essay on "The Individualist Ideal in Politics." The Hon. Mrs. W. R. D. Forbes writes on "Chiromancy's Chart" much that, if not new to us, will be fresh to the readers of the "New Review." For the rest the articles are all brief and full of interest. The editing strikes us as extremely good.

"THE STRAND MAGAZINE."

A very different publication is Mr. Newnes's "Strand Magazine." One hundred and nine pages, almost every one illustrated, every one thoroughly readable, printed in excellent type on paper that we do not find so good even in magazines that call themselves first-class—this is a marvel indeed. Moreover, there is no padding, but a most judicious selection of interesting matter: bright stories, instructive papers (such as that on the Mint), reminiscences of great men past and present (such as the portraits at various times of their lives of Manning, Ruskin and Gladstone; and the facsimile notes of one of John Bright's speeches)—all this and much more should satisfy the most exacting reader. If Mr. Newnes can keep up to his present standard he will have conferred a real benefit on readers of magazine literature.

"THE COSMOPOLITAN."

Contrast with these an excellent American magazine at double the price—"The Cosmopolitan," edited by John Brisben Walker. The illustrations, it must be admitted, beat anything we can do yet, though our own art is vastly improved. We could not get the effect of that dripping young man (p. 303) who has chased his lady's runaway hat into the water and hands it to her, a limp and formless object. One can see the water running off his dark clothes, a silvery shower. He is the ideal of a man who has had a ducking, but by what means that liquid dropping from his coat is got is a mystery to the uninitiated. The stories have a distinct transatlantic flavour, but it is very enticing and piquant. The blending of literary, instructive ("The Language of Form," for example), and comic ("Our Riding Party") is well managed.

"THE ARGOSY."

Here we revert to ancient days, and can compare old things with new, and study the stupidities that were thought good enough for magazine readers in good old times. Poorly printed on indifferent paper, the "Argosy" sticks close to the old traditions. A serial story continued from month to month, with sparse illustrations that are ridiculous beside such as we have been noticing, make the magazine dismal. It is sold at the same price as the "Strand," and is intrinsically worth, perhaps, one-tenth of the value. There is only one paper that at all concerns us, and that but slightly, on account of the ignorance displayed in it. It is called "Mediums and Mysteries," by Narissa Rosavo. From it we learn that Spiritualists are "for the most part persons of inferior mental calibre, of somewhat unrefined instincts; but, on the other hand, I have known mighty intellects lose themselves in the maze," &c. Hence arises conjecture. Is the mightier intellect than the mightiest enshrined in Narissa Rosavo commissioned to put these mental giants right? It can hardly be, for the article under notice is mentally of the suckling type and could not possibly put

even a child right. Or is it that Narissa Rosavo has rushed into print on a subject, profound and mysterious, of which she is ignorant? That is the truth, we suspect. It would be amusing but profitless to pursue this erratic person, with her "wills-of-the-wisp" (*sic*), her "inhabitants of lunatic asylums," her remarkable assumptions, and her still more remarkable conclusions. She is not worth more space, and we leave her, in her own expressive phrase, "plucking at a tambourine" by way of explaining all mysteries.

"LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE."

If several degrees below the "Strand," "Longman's" is at any rate high above the "Argosy." We find in it the vice of the serial novel, but there is only one. The articles are generally readable, especially the "Portrait of Concitta P——." The versatile banter, interspersed with some information, retailed by Andrew at the Sign of the Ship is always readable.

"THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE."

The same indictment, only double, lies against the "Cornhill." Two serial novels are running, one in its twenty-fourth chapter. We wager that no reader keeps the previous twenty in mind or could give any intelligent account of them. "Illustrations of Animal Life in Tennyson's Poems" is a good, solid, painstaking article, which might easily have been made more readable. "A Phantom Portrait" is a good short story, well told and keeping its surprise undiscovered till the closing words. For the rest, there is nothing.

"BLACK AND WHITE."

As we have received more than one copy of this new venture we imagine that some expression of opinion on the first number is desired. It is, as our readers know, a rival, on somewhat different lines, to two existing illustrated weekly papers, the "Illustrated London News" and the "Graphic." These run on similar lines, but profess chiefly to provide pictorial illustrations of current events. In this they will catch the popular attention in a larger measure than "Black and White" is likely to do, unless the first number is very considerably modified and improved upon. For it is so good in some ways that it ought to be very much better. The illustrations are beautifully printed, but we doubt whether they will catch the popular taste, and it is to the people that the venture must appeal if it is to be a success. Mr. Mortimer Menpes's crayon sketch of Cardinal Manning has an academic interest and no more. The same may be said of the wonderful Rembrandt—the picture of the number. Linley Sambourne fails altogether in his "Black and White—a Medley." The "Four Stages of a Ball Supper" jars horribly on the other refined pictures. There are two good landscapes (one very good), against which the same indictment of want of general attractiveness must lie. It remains to praise unreservedly Herkomer's "Confession," a picture that tells its story vividly and picturesquely. But this is not enough to float a newspaper. Nor do excellence of type, smoothness of paper, and a general pleasingness to the educated eye suffice. For the literary part of the journal is dry and jejune. There is no grip, no imagination, no vivacity, except in Payn's "Rebecca's Remorse." The editor must catch hold of the literary matter and lift it up to a higher standard. It does not fulfil our reasonable expectation nor the prospectus promises. It will not do—not in this style. But we do not forget that we are criticising a first number—one decidedly better than most first efforts are—and the promises of amendment will, we hope, be fulfilled.

"WHITE CROSS LIBRARY."

Prentice Mulford discourses this month on "Economising Our Forces." He points out that a wasteful expenditure of force over small matters leaves the body depleted and generates in the mind a habit of hurry and flurry which is antagonistic to level success. It also produces slatternly results and defeats its own object. He translates, in fact, the conservation of energy into matters spiritual and counsels moderation in all things. "Hatred is the wildest extravagance in the use of our force. It injures the body sadly to hate anything." "Sympathy or love wrongly bestowed drains away the force. . . . The Law of Life demands that there be an equality in interchange of thought

when parties are in close alliance. We become literally parts of the minds we are most drawn to." There is nothing new in all this, and Mr. Mulford repeats himself greatly. But perhaps it is necessary to be reminded even of obvious truisms.

"THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

There is no diminution but rather an increase in the variety and merit of the matter that Mr. Stead's consuming energy collects in his monthly synopsis of magazine thought. Now that we do not write books at long intervals, but contribute ideas fresh from the mint of the mind as they rise eager to claim expression, some such digest of them as is here given is essential to even an ordinary reader; to a busy man it is indispensable; to a writer who must keep himself posted in what the world is thinking it is invaluable. In the current number we have a full account of the now celebrated "Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens," with a facsimile of the papyrus in the British Museum. Madame Olga Novikoff ("O. K.") furnishes the character sketch. The editor does full justice to the attractive and picturesque personality of this "very patriotic leddy," as Carlyle called her. The leading articles on the Reviews are summarised briefly but very lucidly. Among them may be mentioned "Koch and His Secret: How He Discovered It and What It Is"; "How Christ Visited the Exile: a Story from Siberia" ("Paternoster Review"); "How Did Christ Rise Again?" (Dr. Abbott in the "Contemporary"); "Are Women Worse Than Men?" ("Leisure Hour," Mrs. Mayo. What a question! and the answer in the affirmative!); "The Future of Poetry" (Edmund Gosse, in the "Forum"); "A Plea for the Birds" (Dr. Jessopp, in "The Nineteenth"); "Are These Objective Apparitions?" (Mr. Alfred R. Wallace in the "Arena"); "Vital Statistics of the Jews" (Dr. John Billings in the "North American Review"); "Revolt Against Matrimony" (Mrs. Lynn Linton in the "Forum." A more inveterate maligner of her sex hardly exists on the face of this planet.) These are articles of very general interest and of sufficient variety to tickle all palates. Space forbids further notice. The handy and cheap *vade mecum* to periodical literature should be the sufficient guide of every reader.

APPARITION AT TIME OF DEATH.

This is direct from a personal friend:—

My little daughter, Lily, then two years and four months old, was in our house at Liverpool, on the evening when her father died at Calne, in Wiltshire. I was with him and learned the facts that I am narrating from the nurse and servants, and from my child, whose memory was perfectly clear. She was on the evening of that day playing about, and went into a room used as a day nursery. There she saw and conversed with her father, just dead. He wished her to send her elder sister, five years of age, to say good-bye to him. She went back to her sister who was with the nurse and said quite naturally, and as though it was an ordinary remark, "Papa wants you to come and say good-bye. He is in the other room and has just kissed me." The child so spoken to was frightened, and the servants would not allow either of the children to leave the room.

On being asked years after when she last saw her father the child said over and over again that she "last saw her papa in the nursery in the dark, and that he looked very pretty." She had not really seen her father at that time for some six months, as he had been away ill. H.

"He did not wish to know what is the life after death, what the internal man, what Heaven and hell, what the Divine is other than dead nature, what Providence is other than the blind fate of nature and chance. He had confirmed himself against these. But because the imaginative power which he possessed in the body still remains, therefore he learns and teaches there how various things can be created, such as birds, mice, cats, also human infants. He does this by a working-up and formation of some mass and then by means of ideas of thoughts, there thence appear such things. For, in the other life, thought can represent such things with anyone; but it is a something aerial that appears thus, and nothing real. He was shown that all others, by means of imagination and phantasy, can present a similar effect, an that this is child's play; but still, he continues, as it stupid, to fashion such things, and new ones, from his mass."—Swedenborg's "Spiritual Diary," 4,722.

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

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Annual Subscription for "LIGHT," post-free to any address within the United Kingdom, or to places comprised within the Postal Union, including all parts of Europe, the United States, and British North America, is 10s. 10d. per annum, forwarded to our office in advance. All orders for papers and for advertisements, and all remittances, should be addressed to "The Manager" and not to the Editor. The Annual Subscription, post-free, to South America, South Africa, the West Indies, Australia, and New Zealand, is 13s. *prepaid*. The Annual Subscription to India, Ceylon, China, Japan, is 15s. 2d. *prepaid*. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, and should invariably be crossed "— & Co."

ADVERTISEMENT CHARGES.

Five lines and under, 3s. One inch, 5s. Column, £2 2s. Page, £4. A reduction made for a series of insertions.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

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

Light:

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

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21st, 1891.

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

Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to the Editor.

ICONOCLASM IN SPIRITUALISM.

In a recent number of the "Two Worlds" the Editor has some remarks that command our assent. Having pointed out the spirit of Iconoclasm, of what is strictly and properly called Heresy, that is abroad in the land, Mrs. Britten inquires—

"What do these iconoclasts leave behind?" "Let the false perish"; and to this every good and true human being will cry "Amen!" But, whilst the hammer of the iconoclast shatters every fragment of the hideous idolatries which have ruled the world so long with the rod of fear, is true, hopeful, and well assured religion to be utterly extinguished? and shall we henceforth live as Solomon suggests, only to "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die"?

This, as we have never tired of insisting, is a very pressing question. The ground must needs be cleared; but we are not to leave it choked by the broken fragments of ancient faiths, creeds outworn, fallacies of man's device. We have devoted attention enough, in all conscience, to exploding what we believe to be error; let us try if we cannot be at least as successful in disseminating what we believe to be truth. It is an apparently congenial task to many minds to unloose the fetters and let the oppressed go free. They have themselves usually come out of darkness into what is for them marvellous light, and they are in no hurry to put on any yoke again. So little are they minded to incur obligation that even the ordinary claims of duty are neglected. The hammer of the iconoclast is wielded with a will; but the still, small, silent work of the artificer is not to be discovered. We do not find any trace of that constructive plan which dignified and glorified the work of the Christ on earth. He found formalism, and He left a life that yet survives; He found cant and hypocrisy, and He left the spirit of truth. His work was silent, but it was permanent. "The inconceivable work was done in calmness; before the eyes of men it was noiselessly accomplished, attracting little attention. Who can describe that which unites men? Who has entered into the formation of speech, which is the symbol of their union? He who can do these things can explain the origin of the Christian Church. For others it must be enough to say, 'the Holy Ghost fell on them that believed.' No man saw the building of the New Jerusalem, the workmen crowded together, the unfinished walls and unpaved streets. No man heard the

clink of trowel and pickaxe, it descended out of Heaven from God."

We are fully aware that much of such constructive work as is going on amongst us is as yet underground. It must needs be so for this generation. But we miss the steady purpose out of which comes eventual success; the self-denial which purifies the nature; the self-sacrifice born of fruitful conviction. A man's capacity for belief is often in inverse proportion to his capacity for action. And though a man may believe all that everybody tells him, he is only so much the worse for his credulity, if he have not sufficient sense of responsibility to sift and try before he accepts, and, having accepted, to translate his faith into works.

Our contemporary continues an argument and appeal, to which we refer our readers with cordial commendation, thus. Having stated the deep questionings as to God and the hereafter that meet us on every side,

It is in answer to these deep and earnest questionings that we find the iconoclastic words of the new and ever increasing school of advanced thought are wholly deficient, neither is that deficiency supplied by the cold logic of the philosopher, the "goody goody" talk of the moralist, or the materialistic talk of the Socialist. If man is an immortal being, and in any sense responsible in the hereafter for his life, deeds, and words here, every instinct of his nature makes a demand for something more, something of religion as a motor power towards promoting morality. Something of assurance that there is an all-wise and all-just Providence over man, whose laws will tend ever upwards and onwards. Something of proof that this mighty battlefield of human life is not the all of existence, but that there is another and a better world, where the seed sowings of this life, whether for good or evil, shall bear inevitable fruit, and all earth's mistakes and shortcomings shall be corrected in the ceaseless marches of eternal progress. Spiritualists of the nineteenth century! it is you then, and you alone, that can supplement the tremendous iconoclasm of the present "advanced" pulpit teaching, by the reconstructive demonstrations of a true, pure, and exalting religion. Religion in the sense of the present writer's apprehension is: The knowledge of a First Great Cause; the effect of earth life in continued existence beyond the grave; and such a standard of life practice on earth as will prepare the arisen spirit at death to enter into conditions of happiness and progression.

And what can furnish the facts of such a religion but Spiritualism? By demonstrating the existence of spirit as a deathless and all potential cause and effect of life, we necessitate the recognition of *God the Spirit*, not only as a cause adequate to the effect of being, but it is thus, and thus only, that we can prove that there is a God at all. A source of intelligence to account for the existence of intelligence, an immortal being to give birth to immortals; an Alpha and Omega of all spiritual powers and functions.

By the test communications of one single spiritual being who has survived the shock of death we can prove that the soul of man is deathless; and by the censuses of millions of communications given in different parts of the world by spirits, under the most crucial test conditions, we know, for ourselves, that good deeds are the factors of our heaven hereafter, evil deeds our only hell, and progress from suffering and sorrow only attainable by personal atonement and the substitution of good for all the evil we have ever wrought on earth. Spiritualism alone can reconstruct the religion of the divine, the true, and the beautiful in place of the false, the mythical, and the superstitious which is even now falling into ruin at the hands of its own votaries.

All that Spiritualism needs now to make it the anchor of hope for the soul, the motor power for all good, and all reform, is—Spiritualists—true, faithful Spiritualists, strong in unity, powerful in combination, irresistible in their test facts and demonstrations of spiritual existence, and pure enough in their dealings to show that they recognise the fact of their personal responsibility both here and hereafter.

We entertain no doubt that the right note is struck there, and we echo it with perfect confidence. Enthusiasm is what we want. Zeal, Determination, Self-sacrifice, Spirituality of life in ourselves, Cohesion in our ranks.

There is a passage of surpassing beauty in Mr. F. W. H. Myers's essay on George Eliot, in which he describes an interview with her in the Fellows' Garden of Trinity when she, "stirred somewhat beyond her wont, and taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet-calls of men—the words *God*, *Immortality*, *Duty*—pronounced, with terrible earnestness, how inconceivable was the *first*, how unbelievable the *second*, and yet how peremptory and absolute the *third*. Never,

perhaps, have sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing law. . . . It was as though she withdrew from my grasp, one by one, the two scrolls of promise, and left me the third scroll only, awful with inevitable fates. . . . I seemed to be gazing, like Titus at Jerusalem, on vacant seats and empty halls—on a sanctuary with no Presence to hallow it, and Heaven left lonely of a God."

We do not so believe. We do not seek to define the Inscrutable, but we recognise His Presence all around us in nature, His phenomenal manifestation. We *know* nothing yet of immortality, but we do know that man survives the assault of death, and we thereby establish a strong presumption in its favour. Duty we regard with George Eliot as of "peremptory and absolute" obligation, for the discharge of it is the nutriment of the Soul, which gives it growth.

It will be a fair day for Spiritualism when it shall so hold up these great truths in the lives of its votaries that men may see and know them.

MR. HUSK ON HIS DEFENCE.

Every man, however seriously incriminated and apparently conclusively proven to be guilty, has a right to be heard in his defence. We, therefore, print the material part of a letter received from Mr. Husk, eliminating only that which is not material to the point at issue. After requesting a hearing, which we readily concede, Mr. Husk proceeds:—

On Tuesday, 3rd inst., there was an unusually large attendance at Lamb's Conduit-street, many present being strangers. After the customary manifestations, "John King" materialised, showing himself to each one in the circle three or four times. Here I beg to call attention to the fact that this manifestation was not in any of the newspaper reports. After "John" had left there was a lull. I felt myself going into trance, and remember nothing until, in a semi-conscious state, I found myself sitting in my chair looking at what I thought a beautiful spirit light; then I became aware that something was touching my face; I put up my hand and discovered my pocket handkerchief. Then the fearful thought struck me that I had been used; nearly everyone declared me to be a cheat, and signed their names to that effect. I can only attribute my unfortunate condition to the presence of mischievous spirits, or, as I am keenly sensitive to hypnotic influence, I may have been made to act whilst in that state. However, I must have been sitting in my chair with the light upon me long enough for all present to see that there was no attempt at disguise, and the face was my own. The article in the "Star" of last Saturday states: "Discovered the materialised form of "Gladys" to be Mr. Cecil Husk himself masquerading in flowing draperies and a wig." Now, in the first place, the spirit "Gladys" has never shown, and a lady and two gentlemen, who were present, and whom I have since seen, say the form that was showing was that of a young man with a slight moustache. I have rather a full moustache, which must have been seen with the light full upon me. Everyone saw a pocket handkerchief over my head; why, then, if a wig were necessary to disguise should a pocket handkerchief have been placed over it? for then the wig would not have been seen. The report states also that Mr. Rita's arms were folded, but several persons present declare Mr. Williams's hand was joined to that of Mr. Rita. Many of your readers are aware I have been frequently decorated with a lady's cloak and bonnet, brought from the other room during the sitting. Visitors likewise have been so decorated. No doubt, if some suspicious person had struck a light on any of those occasions we should probably have been accused of masquerading. In conclusion, I must appeal to the sympathy of those who have known and trusted me during my long service in the cause—a period extending over sixteen years, and during which time I have never flinched from undergoing the most rigid tests—experience which includes my services to the Société Psychologique in Paris, to which I gave about sixty sittings from October to December in the year 1881, and from where I brought testimonials stamped with the seal of the most learned societies; my visit to Amsterdam and the Hague. I beg also to draw the attention of your readers to the hundreds of materialised forms that have been recognised through my mediumship and the number of languages that have been spoken at my sittings, which include Russian, German, Greek, Spanish, Italian, French, Hindoostani, Swedish, Arabic, Celtic, Welsh, and others which have from time to time been reported. The iron ring

made for Dr. Wyld, which I have had for some years upon my wrist, must be proof of the truth of my mediumistic power. I am not guilty of the charge brought against me.

29, South-grove, Peckham, S.E.

CECIL HUSK.

February 11th, 1891.

Mr. Husk also encloses a "Report of a séance held under the mediumship of Mr. Husk at the rooms of the Society for the continuation of the spiritual works of Allan Kardec," which can be seen at the library in Duke-street.

We have also received the following letter making in the direction of a defence. We print the material part, omitting irrelevant matter:—

SIR,—On Tuesday, the 3rd inst., I was present at the séance given by Messrs. Husk and Williams at 61, Lamb's Conduit-street.

With regard to the first part of the séance there could be no possible doubt about the genuineness of the phenomena, but concerning the latter part, as you have probably received information from others and have seen the reports in the daily papers, it may perhaps assist you in forming a judgment upon the matter to have the testimony of one who certainly did *not* go to the seance with the deliberate intention of upsetting it.

It is about two years since I attended Messrs. Williams and Husk's until this last occasion, but I have been present at many seances of a like character as regards phenomena. I have always objected to the holding of seances by advertisement, thus rendering them accessible to persons utterly unacquainted with the laws governing such phenomena, and I apprehend that if a number of persons attend, bringing with them doubts and suspicions and a desire to upset the meeting, the conditions thus produced may cause great disturbance and interference, the collective will of the adverse party being probably stronger than the passive contentment of the ordinary sitters.

Soon after the candle was extinguished lights were observed by all in different parts of the room, and large and small musical boxes were played and carried about the room. Direct voices were heard, and I held a conversation with a spirit who is seldom heard in these rooms, and whom I recognised as one of the guides of a well-known medium with whom I have frequently sat. I am positive that this phenomenon was thoroughly genuine, for the room was uncomfortably crowded, and moving about was a matter of impossibility. Anyone venturing to leave his seat in the dark must have touched some of the sitters and have been detected.

At a given signal one of the company used an electric lamp, and what I saw certainly appeared to be the head of one of the mediums with something white upon it. The meeting then came to an abrupt termination, and some hard words were said to the mediums.

Doubtless most of your readers are aware that a medium must be used—indeed, what else is he for? And as in the case of a trance medium all the organs of the body are used, what is more natural than to suppose that some part of the medium should be used in the phenomena of materialisation at a dark seance? It follows, therefore, that the form or forms must return to the medium at the close of the seance. The electric light flashing instantaneously upon the scene may have made it appear to the uninitiated that the medium was perpetrating a fraud upon the sitters; but, as I before stated, it was a matter of sheer impossibility for any person, medium or not, to have moved about the room in the dark as all the forms did on this occasion; moreover, all hands were joined, and it was admitted certainly that the lady sitter next the medium in question had never once let go of his hand. As to the gentleman on the other side of the medium, he was, I am informed, unconscious of the fact that he had loosened his hand, and as he is also a medium this is not to be wondered at. Therefore, before any adverse judgment is pronounced by any of your readers I do sincerely hope that they will carefully inquire into the laws which regulate all phenomena, and that the whole matter may be then clearly and satisfactorily explained is the confident opinion of

FRED SIMPKIN.

London, February 9th, 1891.

The *Star* (February 17th) prints the following letter from the expositors respecting Mr. Husk's exculpatory letter sent to the editor. That letter was of a similar nature to that addressed to ourselves. Messrs. Rossiter and Robinson's, jun. reply is as follows:—

We trust you will allow us space for a brief reply to Mr. Husk's "letter of defence" in last Friday's issue. In view of his assertion he was sitting in a state of semi-trance, we address more particularly the readers of your valuable paper who are Spiritualists, as we can safely leave his letter to the common-sense of the general public. We were seated directly opposite the medium, and naturally our observation was not distracted by the sudden flash of light that so startled the

other sitters. We are prepared to testify on oath to the following statement:

"The light revealed the supposed spirit to be Mr. Husk, with a white cloth wound around his head, standing with his body bent over the table to enable him to face toward the sitters on his left, and still grasping the phosphorescent slate in his right hand. He looked toward us, sank back in his chair, pulled off the disguise, and secreted it behind him, presumably in his coat-tail pocket."

We think Mr. Husk acts wisely in declining to discuss the trivial and immaterial fact of one or two handkerchiefs being on his person at the time, especially when that part of his person happened to be his head. We would point out the term "handkerchief" is an elastic one. The cloth, arranged turbanwise, with the ends hanging loosely down each side of his face, appeared more of the nature of a long strip of muslin. We are unable to deny its possible use as a handkerchief. The material formed an exceedingly effective disguise when viewed by the aid of a phosphorescent slate, and with the ends folded in various ways across the lower part of Mr. Husk's face did duty, we feel confident, in the personation of other spirit forms. Owing to the mysterious disappearance of the candle which was placed on the table at the commencement of the séance, the only light in the rooms after the *exposé* was that from the lamp in the scarf. This electric lamp, although effective for throwing a straight line of light, did not afford sufficient illumination to enable a search for apparatus or other disguise to be made. Finally we refer your readers, who are interested, to the columns of the journal "LIGHT" of the 14th inst., in which a statement made by Mr. Husk to an eye-witness, and sworn to by him, differs materially from that given in his "letter of defence."

Of many letters printed in the *Star* we can find room only for the following testimony from an eye-witness:—

"A. Z." writes—As I see Mr. Husk is attempting to refute the evidence as to what occurred at his séance, as one of those present, and an independent witness who does not know Mr. Rossiter, I beg to state that I had my eyes fixed on the pseudo-spirit before and when the light was turned on, revealing Mr. Husk standing, not sitting, as he states, and leaning over the table, with some white drapery somewhat of an Eastern character falling from his head, the same as what the "spirit" had on. He remained in this attitude for some moments, then seeming to recollect himself he took it off and sat down, speaking not a word. It was a most complete exposure, and I only wonder at Mr. Husk's audacity in trying now to rebut facts.

We reserve further comment till our correspondents have furnished such evidence for comment as they see fit.

THE NEXT ADDRESS AT THE ASSEMBLY OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

On Tuesday next, February 24th, Mr. Paice will deliver an address on "Pythagoras and Some Others." We trust that a large attendance may welcome our always instructive and thoughtful speaker.

MY SOUL TO MY BODY.

So we must part, my body, you and I,
Who've spent so many pleasant years together;
'Tis sorry work to lose your company,
Who clove to me so close, whate'er the weather,
From winter unto winter, wet or dry;
But you have reached the limit of your tether,
And I must journey on my way alone,
And leave you quietly beneath a stone.

They say that you are altogether bad
(Forgive me, 'tis not my experience),
And think me very wicked to be sad
At leaving you, a clod, a prison, whence
To get quite free I should be very glad;
Perhaps I may be so some few days hence;
But now, methinks, 'twere graceless not to spend
A tear or two on my departed friend.

But you must stay, dear body, and I go,
And I was once so very proud of you;
You made my mother's eyes to overflow
When first she saw you, wonderful and new;
And now, with all your faults, 'twere hard to find
A slave more willing, or a friend more true;
Ay, even they who say the worst about you,
Can scarcely tell what I shall do without you.

—COSMO MONKHOUSE.

Of all the lights that you carry in your face, joy is the one that will reach farthest out to sea.

LETTERS ON "LIGHT."

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

- I. (January 24th.)—How much can we bear to Know?
- II. (January 31st.)—Can Spiritualists Organise? Not on mere Belief in the Unseen. Our Father and our Mother.
- III. (February 14th.)—Why are we not all able to Communicate with the Unseen? Chiefly addressed to those who cannot get a Message. Suggestions on Guides, Tasks, Loves, the Soul's Home.

IV.

INEQUALITY EXPLICABLE BY THE LINEAGE OF SOULS.

Letter III. assumed as an accepted fact that Spiritualists are as willing as outsiders to confess themselves unable to account for inequality in the distribution of psychic privileges; we are not all mediums, and nobody can tell us why. Organisation (see Letter II.) must be at a standstill until this inequality can be properly explained. For how can it be possible to invite to membership of an organisation when its main idea (communication of Seen with Unseen) is dependent upon a small minority of the human race (mediums, psychics, sensitives), about whom we can only say that we neither know how to discover them in the first instance, nor how to explain their charter of privilege, so strangely does it vary? "M.A. (Oxon's)" "Advice to Inquirers," published in every number of "LIGHT," is the best that can be given, but it only amounts to this: "Nobody can tell who is able to communicate with the Unseen; you must experiment." If the power of such mediums were free from fluctuation, we might regard them as a privileged caste; and we might even do this if we could account for the fluctuation in their power. But D. D. Home says his powers would be withdrawn for a time, notice being given, but no particular reason; "M.A. (Oxon.)," in commenting, says his own treatment has been similar; Mrs. Watts testifies in this sense about her spirit drawings. The difficulty is not to multiply such instances, but to explain them.

In Letter III. I dealt chiefly with the case of people who cannot get any message through another person, and said that in Letter IV. I should deal chiefly with that of people whose grievance is that they cannot themselves communicate with the Unseen; and that having (III.) illustrated the need of making the most of such doctrines as have been long presented to the notice of Spiritualists, I should (in IV.) proceed to tell of doctrines I believe to be new, and capable of yielding answers to questions arising in every field of philosophical inquiry. I will, however, state them as though their main or only purpose was to answer the Spiritualist's question: *Why cannot we all communicate with the Unseen?*

Let me give the reader opportunity for leading up to the answer in the same way as I was led. Think over all the inequality of privilege or treatment you have noticed in life; classify a little; "own fault"; "bad surroundings"; "accident of birth," or other headings which may occur to you. From childhood I had pondered over the value placed upon some people and the indifference with which others were treated. Of course, people are not equally valuable or acceptable, but it struck me that the treatment had no relation to real worth; and I resented it, whether I gained or lost by the treatment of myself or others. It was unjust and it was arbitrary; yet after long years I could see a subtle something running through it all, which, while it replaced the arbitrariness by consistency, intensified the sense of injustice tenfold. I noticed this subtle something in the nursery, the playground, the school, the country house, the picnic, the merchant's office, the University, and the literary world; in everybody's home; in many countries and all ranks of life; it struck me even among animals. "One man may steal a horse, but another may not look over the hedge" is the best short description of the situation to which I would call attention; and doubtless, every wideawake person knows of its injustice. To observe it is nothing new, nor to desire its removal, or even propose effecting this by social re-organisations; indeed, such efforts and upheavals should all be noted as facts whose explanation will be given in this and later letters; and promoters of new social schemes will learn why failures took place in the past, why they threaten in the present, and how to avoid them in the future.

Those who would make Bellamy's "Looking Backward" a reality and know little of Spiritualism, need what I have to

say as much as the students of Spiritualism, to whom I am offering a deeper philosophy than before in answer to "Why cannot we all communicate with the Unseen?"

I could not explain widespread injustice while I had only my intellect to work with. Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Karl Marx, Beccaria, Jeremy Bentham, Mill, Sir Henry Maine, and many another, only contributed confirmation of humanity's struggle. The poets were no better than the social philosophers, the educationists, or the historical evolutionists. Each proved to be a sign-post and not the open road itself. There had been savages who treated their women and old people badly; others who treated them well; there was Tacitus describing the old German women as seers and leaders; there was Xenophon describing the Greek wife as good in proportion to her seclusion; there was the noble savage of Chateaubriand or Fenimore Cooper, and the ignoble savage who killed Captain Cook. There were ancient Indian village communities described by Maine, theories of Aryan wandering shown by Max Müller through language; it seemed possible to observe every kind of social or spiritual order in every historic or pre-historic period; possible to prove we were progressing; equally possible to prove we were retrograding from some golden age.

And I had only my intellect until 1883. I recollect turning a table and a hat in 1864; but it taught me nothing; I had my long intellectual wandering in spite of that telegram. In 1883 I read of the Unseen, doctrines, theories; experiences came too; but no firm ground. 1885 was a very blank year; 1886, brighter. In 1887, sitting much with a friend who was clairaudient, and suited me in other ways which Lineage and Karma explain, I found I became clairaudient too. From that time my progress has been uninterrupted, though at times very painful. When clairaudience came, my first impression was that of a teacher; partly true, no doubt. But I soon found it was my own power which, being stimulated by this communion, enabled me to see things (with interior vision and not as materialised objects), and to know these things with the conviction of contact.

In the early days of this clairaudience, June, 1887, I reopened on the psychic or spiritual plane my life-long study of human evolution, and said, It has always appeared to me there must be two lines of people in the world, of which one has currency, vogue, success, the chances favouring it, and the chance of getting opportunity to try, as well as credit for having tried or succeeded, while the other line has not, or has only second best in each of these particulars; yet, not justly is the one acceptable and the other disregarded. Let me see it as a question of the soul's life, now I know the soul better. And since what I have in mind is not just on earth, the injustice must date further back; it looks to me no fairer when called "Karma" than while called "human inequality and injustice"; or, "God's unerring wisdom." It looks to me as though due to foul play in the management somewhere. It looks to me that "Karma" is a true doctrine, and that you may find here and there a soul illustrating its supposed absolute fairness; but that most souls exhibit a series of choices interfered with, choices made on false evidence as to what the soul had done in the past and had a right to do next, or must do, or had better do, in reparation; or else choices made haphazard; this confusion being also encouraged by the management. I see this injustice as bearing very hardly on one of these lines of souls, and not at all on the other line. But what constitutes them a "line" is some choice anterior to all the injustice. The original choice did not carry with it the certainty that the one line would have success and the other line have inferior chances all the way through their evolution; but did create the possibility of this occurring under management of one particular sort. Let me give a short name to the two lines as I see them. "Line" is the right word. For it is a question of

THE LINEAGE OF SOULS.

Let me call the people who have all the favourable chances "Correct Lineage," and the others "No Lineage." For I perceive there is a series of choices which some managing power has determined shall prove to be "the paying thing," thus depreciating any other series of choices.

I also see that the word "Correct" did not occur to me without good reason; for the Correct Lineage souls tend to desire not Right in itself, but what is conventional; hence they never improve things. But the No Lineage souls tend to desire the Best wherever it may be found. Why, then,

do they not count more heavily? for Good is the only thing that is and can never be destroyed. There is unfair management; and this tells against those of Correct Lineage who desire to do good; it makes it harder for them to do right or see what to do; it blinds them to their faults and dangers; its name is "Spiritual wickedness in high places," and there will be no certain progress for humanity until this old wrong is set right. This is one of the State Secrets of the Universe; it will have to become an open secret on earth and in the Unseen; here and on all earths.

For the Lineage of Souls is true on every earth, though it does not work out everywhere precisely as it does here.

If you have ever acquired one single idea for yourself, felt one true emotion, you will know how one's heart stands still then with joy and awe; if you have lived much and deeply, you will know this awe is a guarantee of genuineness so far as yourself is concerned, yet no proof you have found anything new, or that would be of startling interest if proclaimed. Your own soul has had a birthday, it is true; but what else is the soul for? Has not every living soul, quickened of the spirit, a birthday ever-recurring? "I may not have got it right just yet," you think of your new idea; "I will be silent awhile."

To test "Lineage," I wrote out the Karma of as many people as I could; for I found I could read it easily, though it came to me only in fragments, at odd moments. I kept a notebook by me, and jotted each down as it occurred to me, effortlessly, and amid literary work, social chat, or when out of doors. I found that for reading Karma this doctrine of Lineage was indispensable; with it all was clear; without it, nothing was. I tried it on lives I had known dating back to 1779; on traditions of others reaching back through several centuries; also on my most recent acquaintance; on people I had known in several countries; on public characters living and dead, some of whom I had known, some of whom came to speak with me on my new psychic plane; on spirits who came to converse with me, no previous link between us existing. A few spirits knew that there is a Lineage of Souls; most of them neither knew nor could apprehend.

Within eight weeks I noted facts about the Lineage and Karma of five hundred people at the very least. Since then I have "read" so much Karma that I now only record new or salient points in my diary. Those inquirers in "LIGHT" who say, "Come! you who believe in Karma and Re-incarnation, give us some piquant specimens of what you know or fancy," are little aware they are asking for something they would dislike to receive. Bad and incorrect presentations of these doctrines abound in novels, now; they are, to my mind, so evidently worked up from the bare statements "we have lived before," and "we reap as we sow"; the novelist takes these statements and makes out that a father may re-incarnate through his own daughter; or that clairvoyance has to be toiled for through many lives and martyrdoms; or that Tiberius returns as a wicked French Count, again commands all this world has to give, and again dishonours humanity in every available person or occasion. These novelists are only like other devotees of intellect; they never see it cannot suffice for psychic operations.

I have told a few people on earth about the Lineage of Souls; I wanted to see how far it was a light to them; how far they could use it; how far they would conclude it to be one of those ideas we never let go when once we have heard them; and I find it is either this last or nothing; also that it cannot be used intellectually, or by the reason, or by guess work; or explained to a non-psychic person. You may write down your crude conclusions as boldly as you please in your diary; doubt is useless and killing; but if time justifies them, you will see they were peeps into the soul, bits of insight, flashes of intuition which you could only analyse to the satisfaction of some fellow-psychic. No doctrine about human evolution is of use to a person who is hopelessly unobservant even on the material plane; and even where intuition is fairly good, it may be too narrow and superficial to read a soul's history. When I have "read" Family Life, marriage, children, success or failure as affected by the Lineage of Souls, I have often interested people; but that was because they knew the souls I was "reading." I cannot show you how to read Karma and how to look for the Soul's Lineage unless we can take some half-dozen persons we both know, and discuss them freely. But if I do it, I tell you the secrets of their evolution, and I do not think that is right. That is why I said the readers of "LIGHT" who

clamour for some original specimens of Karma-reading to show how it looks to adherents of the doctrine, are asking for what they would dislike; they would stigmatise it as impertinent intrusion upon individual privacy, if I gave names; and sketches without names will only help the ready, not the unready.

But there is no reason why these Letters to "LIGHT" should not stimulate effort to use psychic faculty more methodically, observing a person on these hints of mine (and further ones to follow) as to what true psychic science is. Try how far you can read Karma or the Lineage of Souls. My illustrations, even if I give no names, will be sketches of character quite clear enough to help you forward.

But I ought not to encourage you to go to work without telling you to equip yourself with a knowledge that every soul has its fellow, "twin," "mate," "counterpart." I had read of this in 1883, but the presentment had seemed to me confused, and the source of information tainted. In 1887, I learnt for myself that it is true, just at the same time as I learnt about the Lineage of Souls, and that your twin and you choose your Lineage *before* you part for your separate careers of evolution, as we know it on earth, but *after* some kind of experience or vision, such as makes your choice of Lineage not unfair.

My earliest studies, in 1887, showed me that the Lineage of Souls explains formal Magic, who can work it and who cannot; the same of all secret societies; all formalities; the degradation of woman and man's consequent abasement, for all his pride of sex; and why some can communicate with the Unseen, while others cannot. I saw consequently that Lineage must have been one of the "secrets" or "mysteries" of all ancient priesthoods and of secret societies ancient and modern; it appeared to me not only one of their secrets, but one only entrusted to chief office-bearers, and never explained to a beginner; I saw how they would test for Lineage as a chemist does for the presence of a substance suspected to be present. I saw how rare the power to read Lineage intelligently must have been. But these facts came to me in fragments and intuitionally. I could not lead another person along that path. To tread it, you need the facts of Lineage presenting in the most self-explaining sequence which can be devised.

This shall be my next endeavour.

SWEDENBORG: THE ILLUMINANT.

"Souls in the other life seem, indeed, to themselves to have lost the memory of particulars, or the corporeal memory, in which merely material ideas were, because they are unable to excite anything from that memory, while yet the full faculty of perceiving and speaking remains as in the life of the body. But this is owing to the fact that the Lord has so ordained that the soul shall not be able to draw forth anything from that memory, as then it would excite the same things as it did in the former life, and would live in like manner, and so could not be perfected. Still that memory remains; not, however, as active, but as passive, and it can be excited, for whatever men may have done, seen, or heard in their lifetime, when they are spoken of to them with a like idea then they at once recognise them, and know that they have said, seen, or heard such things, which has been evinced to me by such abundant proofs that I could, in confirmation, fill many pages with them. As such then is the state of the case, it appears that spirits retain all their memory of particulars, so that they lose nothing, only that for the causes above-mentioned they cannot draw anything from it, as they are now led onward into their interior life, and thus no longer act from externals. Souls* are not at all aware but that they speak from their own memory, and do, in fact, sometimes thus speak, as I have heard; but then it is from the interior memory through which the things in their corporeal memory are excited. They confessed, however, that they had lost the memory of particular or material things, at which they were indignant. It was only given them to remember those things which they could excite from my memory. Spirits also do the same, and thus speak in a manner suitable to their own life, the life which they have contracted from the life in the body, for they can excite nothing else."—"Spiritual Diary," 1662.

* Souls here spoken of as other than spirits call for the explanatory note in Vol. I., p. III, of Swedenborg's "Spiritual Diary": "The difference to be observed is that souls are those who are recently deceased and who are not yet inaugurated into spiritual societies; whereas spirits are inaugurated."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

What do Phenomena Mean?

SIR,—In a recent issue there is a letter, signed "Rs.," which tempts me to ask the writer to kindly supply readers of "LIGHT" with some detailed accounts of the séances at which he obtained those cherished convictions which, as he deplores, "LIGHT" attempts to brush away from its pages.

"Rs." must have had an extra-remarkable experience to entitle him to use the striking remark contained in the fourth paragraph of his letter. Speaking of evidence for identity, he compares the mysterious occurrence at the séance-room, of a "temporarily returned friend from spirit-land in materialisation," with the every-day experience of having a friendly chat with a friend, just returned from Australia, in his own house! Now, I would venture to ask, has any Spiritualist ever met with so striking a case in his séance-room experience? Of course, I mean the case of a true materialisation of a form, obtained under conditions where fraud was impossible, and where the investigator had sufficiently satisfied himself that the "form" was not the medium in person in a state of temporary transfiguration. Personal experience, close and repeated observations, have caused me to arrive at the conclusion that nearly all the so-called materialisations of the full "form" are no independent beings at all, but always the medium himself in a state of transfiguration or transformation. The supposed resemblance to a deceased friend would be a very important addition to the evidence in support of the assertion that the "form" was animated by the spirit of the deceased friend, if the conditions for observation were more perfect. Séances are held in semi-darkness, "forms" are only partly seen, and the period of their exhibition is too short to enable the observer to closely scrutinise their features; in short, it is, to my mind, utterly impossible to recognise any seance-room "full form" in the same convincing manner one meets and knows a friend in the flesh.

I think that with the recent discoveries of facts connected with the trance-state, on the one hand, and the ever-recurring cases of detection of fraud on the other, "LIGHT" can follow no better course than to allow the attempts of those whose observations are more likely to be correct to brush away from its pages the most cherished ideas of a few orthodox out-of-time Spiritualists, whose evidence rests chiefly upon motives of affection, and who sacrifice their heads to heal their broken hearts.

What has astonished me most is that although cases of sudden transfiguration, observed in perfect light, have frequently been recorded in your pages, no one seems to have thought this phenomenon a possible explanation of the recognised "form" as it appears in the case of a physical medium being present but not seen. There can be no doubt, every investigator knows it, that all mediums in whose presence certain phenomena occur are, when in a condition of trance, in a state different from their normal state, speak with an altered voice, behave like a different person, and sometimes change their features and expressions in such a degree as to have apparently become a "some one else."

Now, let us consider the other side of the question. Whenever a "form" is caught hold of, no matter how much it differs from the medium, it is always the medium that is found to have been seized! When a beard or drapery, forming part of the spirit's apparel, are found on the medium's person he is forthwith accused of fraud. But one of the most celebrated mediums of the present time once frankly informed me that he could not get under control of, say, spirit A, unless he had both the beard and the drapery ready. Another celebrated medium tells me (in confidence) that all full forms are frauds from a certain point of view, "but," said he, "if I wanted to go in for that kind of business I would be sure some one (spirit) would make use of me, and I would never know what he might not lead me to!" It is a most remarkable fact that the very king of physical mediums, Home, never submitted his person to spirit influences of the "form" exhibition kind. In the presence of Home, the most celebrated medium of the age, no so-called fully materialised "forms" ever occurred, which is probably the reason why he was never detected in conscious or unconscious fraud.*

* But partial materialisations (e.g., of hands) were common; and we have more than once seen in his presence shadowy but distinctly defined full forms.—[Ed. "LIGHT."]

I will quote a few examples to illustrate my thesis against materialisations more closely. At a dark séance, the medium sitting apart from the circle, a "form" recognised as the late Prince Imperial appeared. The features were those of the medium, although a kind of rejuvenation of the face was undoubtedly visible. This "form" held a luminous slate in the right hand; by the light of the slate a small mother-of-pearl button on the wrist could be seen. A few minutes after the "form" had left, a second "full form" entered, and spoke in the voice of an aged man, in a strong Yorkshire dialect; he was recognised by the peculiar language he speaks, for "he rarely materialises," say the sitters. The features were still the medium's; but now a reversion of the mode of changes had taken place, for the features looked, well, say like an elder brother or the father of the medium. As there was some doubt amongst the sitters whether the "form" really represented the materialised spirit of the old man (he did certainly not look like an old miner, as he said he had been in earth-life) he (the "form") insisted that the sitters should examine his poor teeth. "Don't you see I have only a few stumps left," said the "form." Yet there was a perfect set of teeth before us; and, more remarkable even than that, there was also the glittering button still on the wrist. When a few minutes later a third "form" entered, showing itself with a light, the composition of which is a mystery, I still noticed the same glittering button, and although the features of this third "form" somewhat resembled those of the medium, there is something connected with this apparition which proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that it is not the medium in his normal state we had before us. For the latter is nearly blind, without any expression in his eyes; whilst the "form" looks straight in your face with the piercing eye of that class of people to which, in earth-life, he claims to have belonged, viz., the "pirate."

I am afraid my letter is getting too long, but, with your permission, I will give some more examples of cases in demonstration of my theory that "full forms" at the séance-room are no spiritual beings assuming the mortal flesh once more, but the medium acting under the influence of both extraneous spirits and self-suggestion.

J. G. KEULEMANS.

SIR,—As one among your readers "who have enjoyed the illuminating influence of your brilliant paper from its birth," allow me space for a few remarks on the letter of Mr. Bevan Harris, in a recent issue.

The one great central point of illumination which I have received from your teaching in all the years of "LIGHT's" existence, and from your earlier work extending to nearly twice that period, is that each investigator must make what use he can of facts coming under his own observation, of other facts collected and properly recorded by other investigators, and of the interpretation of those facts so far as he possesses the ability to form a judgment. That which is true to one mind may be false to another, and *vice versa*. One man may learn more from a fraud than his friend can see in a truth. There is no royal road to right conclusions. Unless the inquirer into things occult is prepared to work long and painfully, to spend much time, counted in years, and to exercise patience both in observation and thought, he had far better remain in ignorance. It is necessary to wade through mire in some instances before a fact can be captured. In many cases of doubt it is essential that the truthseeker shall be thrown into company which he would rather shun if he is to pursue his investigations with any hope of solution. But he takes the good with the bad and makes the best of the opportunities he seeks. Man being a free agent, he may search for hidden knowledge and no harm can come to him if he is imbued with the spirit of truth. Let his environment be even vicious he must maintain his equilibrium and sustain no injury. If, however, he is wise he will delay his search in the shady paths until he has found some few treasures in the highways. It is not everybody who is a born "medium," or has been spontaneously developed as was Swedenborg. Such men do not need the schooling that we require. Our way involves climbing, struggling, hard effort to grasp the thing that seems to elude us; and when we are at last in possession of something worthy of all our labour we have to see to its retention, and that, too often, is no mean effort. Meanwhile we have grown in strength of observation, in sound judgment, in patience, in humility, and

in further knowledge of self. Well ascertained simple facts in our psychology carry to those who are prepared a tremendous potentiality. Our work is now and here. We may, indeed, learn much from Swedenborg, but his life's lesson can be no substitute for our labour. No authority such as his will do good to your correspondent unless he is fortified with his own spirit of independent effort in this "boundless subject." Let him take heart. He should read largely, converse with all whom he can meet, make his experiments at home with his instructed mind, and then go into investigations outside, as opportunities present themselves.

In such way have I learnt to benefit from the "illuminating influence" of "LIGHT," and for what it is worth I beg to offer my experience to Mr. Bevan Harris.

February 9th. 1890.

M.A.I.

What do Phenomena Mean?

SIR,—In your last week's issue you offer some remarks upon my letter which appeared in "LIGHT" of the 7th inst. With some of your strictures I entirely disagree, but as the objections you raise have reference to points which I regard as of minor importance, I do not care to enter into a controversy with you in regard to them. I had quite another purpose in view. From some of the remarks which you had made from time to time, I had concluded—and others of your readers, I know, had thought the same—that you wished to convey the impression that materialised forms were in all cases mere "counterfeit presentments," and that in no case were they the real beings that they represented. I am glad now to have your assurance that you "had no other end in view in opening this question for public discussion than to regard it from all sides"; that you "have no wish to discredit a belief held by a great number of Spiritualists," a belief which you say is largely your own; and that in regard to the tests of identity afforded by such manifestations you "have never said and never thought that there is not evidence such as would establish so strong a presumption as to amount to a working certainty." These assurances, I am certain, will both satisfy and gratify many of your readers.

Rs.

SIR,—In your reply to the letter of "Rs." you suggest the improbability that the spirits of persons asleep should have "wandered" and presented themselves to a friend "of whose whereabouts they were ignorant." I should like to say that in my experience there is in such cases no question of "wandering" and no question of "whereabouts." Indeed, I thought that most Spiritualists believed that spirits are not bound by the laws of time and space, as we are on the material plane; and that thought, or affection, or some other subtle influence of the nature of which we may know little or nothing, gives presence. "Rs." referred in his letter to the fact that the spirit of Miss G., while she was in a mesmeric sleep, "presented" itself at a séance at my house, and by physical raps told us of something which had just occurred in her room while "Rs." was present. Her body was a hundred miles away, and the "whereabouts" of the friend to whom her communication was addressed was unknown to her; and yet her spirit found him. I will give you another case in point. On one occasion Mrs. Everitt, on coming out of a trance, remembered some of her experiences. She told us that she had visited the home of Mr. M., and she gave us a minute description of the house and its surroundings, the garden, and the family, and how she saw them engaged. Of all these particulars she knew nothing in her ordinary consciousness—and yet we learned by correspondence that in every particular she was correct. Moreover, she had no feeling of having had to "wander" to find Mr. M.'s "whereabouts." If she did she was very quick about it—only a few minutes at the most—and yet Mr. M. lived many thousand miles away! I could give you several more instances, but think one is enough. I hope you will excuse my troubling you on the question.

Lilian Villa, Holder's Hill, Hendon. THOMAS EVERITT.

[But was there not close rapport in these cases? And was there in the case under notice?—ED. "LIGHT."]

Is the Future Fixed?

SIR,—You have among the readers of your very interesting paper many who seem to be well versed in all the occult sciences. Some of them, doubtless, are able to give information on fate. May I ask to be told the belief deduced

from their knowledge of astrology, palmistry, clairvoyance, &c. ? Surely, if it be possible for one's future to be foretold it must be pre-arranged and fixed, and one need not worry and fret oneself over the future of one's children as if the whole responsibility of their welfare in life were left in our feeble hands. We know what weighty consequences often follow trivial actions, and how one apparently little mistake may mar a career; if one could only feel certain that these things are beyond our control, it would be a great comfort to me and, perhaps, to other anxious parents. L. H.

The Exposure.

SIR,—I am sorry to see "Thames" was so easily taken in at the séance on February 3rd he writes about. As I was sitting next the gentleman who tried to stop the musical-box by talking to it, I can emphatically deny that any effect whatever was produced by commanding it to stop or to go on.

Certainly once when it was told to stop the music ceased for a moment, but only until the barrel got round to the next tune.

It would be interesting to know whether Messrs. Husk and Williams still hold séances at 61, Lamb's Conduit-street. I am informed that they do! I can confirm substantially the account of the *exposé* given by Messrs. Rossiter and Robertson.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

February 16th, 1891.

SIR,—As one of the persons present at the séance at which the mediums, Messrs. Williams and Husk, were exposed, I think it right for the public good to give my testimony as to what occurred there. Some eighteen persons were present; after the light was put out music shortly commenced, the instruments apparently floating about in the air. The familiar spirits, viz., Uncle, Christopher, &c., addressed the circle, and phantom faces appeared; one purporting to be John King was being gazed at by the company, when suddenly a brilliant light was thrown upon his features, which were at once recognised as those of the medium Husk, who stood bending over the table, his head draped in white. The exposure was complete; the medium stood dazed and shaking for a minute, then took the drapery off and sat down. This man had previously shown me an iron ring around his wrist, which, he said, had been put on by spiritual agency, while Dr. Wyld held his hand, and that it was a test experiment of Dr. Wyld's. I believe many who attended their séances, through the force of imagination believed that they saw the materialised features of friends or relatives dead. Several present, I am sure, had been imposed upon for a long time. It seems a pity if Spiritualism be true that men of this class are not exposed by genuine Spiritualists. It would be a great good if professional mediums were tested as to their powers by some reliable committee or society, and if found genuine a certificate given to that effect; true mediums would, no doubt, be only too pleased to stand the ordeal for the sake of the testimonial. It would help Spiritualism and save much discredit to the cause. Many people attend public séances, being quite unable to get friends to form a private circle. This was my case, having become an inquirer through experiments in the curious phenomena of Thought-reading and Mesmerism. If any of your readers could assist me to witnessing anything genuine, and which could be fairly tested, I should feel greatly obliged.

X. Y. Z.

February 11th, 1891.

TALE OF ETERNITY.

The dim world of the dead is all alive;
All busy as the bees in summer hive;
More living than of old; a life so deep,
To you its swifter motion looks like sleep.
Whether in bliss they breathe, in bale they burn,
His own eternal living each must earn.
We suck no honeycomb in drowsy peace,
Because ennobling natural cares all cease;
We live no life, as many dream, caressed
By some vast lazy sea of endless rest—
For there, as here, unbusy is unblest.

—GERALD MASSEY.

A MAN of free intellect thinks of nothing so little as of death, and his wisdom is not a meditation of death, but is a meditation of life. —SPINOZA.

SOCIETY WORK.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION.—Mr. A. M. Rodger, 107, Caledonian-road, has been appointed treasurer, and Mr. A. F. Tindall, 4, Portland-terrace, Regent's Park, secretary.—A. F. TINDALL, Secretary.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—On Sunday last the guides of Mrs. Treadwell gave an address on "Prayer as the Key to the Kingdom of Heaven." Mr. Davies also spoke shortly on the same subject. Next Sunday, Mr. Hopcroft.—GEO. E. GUNN, Hon. Sec.

MARYLEBONE, 24, HARCOURT-STREET, W.—Mr. Hopcroft delivered an interesting address, on Sunday, on "The Different Phases of Mediumship," replying to questions at the close. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., open service; at 7 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell, trance address. Monday, at 8 p.m., social. Tuesday, at 8 p.m., Captain Wilson, "Explanations of a New System of Thought," based on the Nos. 1, 3, and 16." Thursday, at 7.45 p.m., Mr. Hopcroft. Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., Mr. W. E. Walker. Membership, one shilling per quarter.—C. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM, S.E.—On Sunday last Mr. R. J. Lees gave two addresses upon "The Sleep State" and the "Evolution of Worship." As is usual when Mr. Lees speaks, good audiences were present, and thoroughly appreciated the teachings enumerated. On Monday Mr. Lees gave his experiences as a medium, the address being highly interesting. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., Mr. J. Veitch, "Coincidences"; at 7 p.m., Mr. R. J. Lees, "Spiritual Salvation." Monday, February 23rd, at 8.15 p.m., discussion. March 16th, at 5.30 p.m., tea and public meeting; tickets for tea 1s. each, to be obtained of J. VEITCH, Hon. Sec., 19, Crescent, Southampton-street, Camberwell, S.E.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any opinions expressed by his Correspondents. He declines respectfully to enter into correspondence as to rejected MSS., or to answer private letters except when he is able to give specific information. He further begs to say that he cannot undertake to prepare MSS. for the press. Communications sent should be written on one side of the paper and be without interlineations and underlining of words. It is essential that they should be brief in order to secure insertion. Matter previously published can be received only for the information of the Editor. MSS. cannot be returned. All matter for publication and no business letters should be addressed to the Editor at the office of "LIGHT," and not to any other address. Communications for the Manager should be addressed separately. Short records of facts without comment are always welcome.

THE Editor, in reply to many kind inquiries, is glad to state that his progress is maintained without further relapse. Great care is still required, and this necessitates his absence, much to his regret, from the evening assemblies during the present weather.

PRESSURE on space crowds out all letters, &c., received later than Monday. We cannot promise insertion to any contributions otherwise acceptable that arrive after that day. It is impossible to give insertion to a number of letters and articles that have reached us. Some delay, in view of pressure on space, is inevitable.

G. M.—Next week. This week the pressure on our space prevents.

A. B.—Your MSS. received; shall have early attention. Very full just now.

W. D. (Rio de Janeiro).—So much has been written on the subject that we cannot pursue it further. It is little acceptable to the modes of thought current among us, and we have given more than ample space to it.

J. B. S. (Toowoomba, Queensland).—Your subscriptions (£1 3s. 10d.) for 1891 duly to hand. With thanks. We continue sending to Plymouth. Charing Cross is the most convenient post-office for us.

W. G.—Your letter is marked for next week. This week we are overcrowded and can find no space for many important letters. We make no comment till all has been said, beyond assuring you of a desire to hold a just and even balance.

C. L. H. W.—We will ponder your proposal and communicate with you. Just now we are overwhelmed with correspondence and urgent matter. Certainly, when we revise our list, your book among many others shall be included. We could not put all in.

AN OBSCURE INDIVIDUAL.—We give, according to our invariable practice, a hearing to both sides. We must respectfully decline to enter into theoretical argument with persons who were not present on the occasion referred to, and who are not in a position to know as much as we do of the circumstances.

E. W. L. B.—Very likely indeed; but it depends on the hypnotiser, and we know no one to whom we should recommend you to go from personal knowledge. See our advertisement columns. Mr. Milner Stephen (not a hypnotiser) has made many cures; Mr. Omerin also. Madame Greck is also well spoken of.

THEY are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts.