

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

Archdeacon Farrar interests me a good deal in what he has to say of Charles Bradlaugh. "I have not uttered a syllable of disrespect about your father," he says to Mrs. Bonner. Why should he? That big man won his way to respect in the teeth of the most determined antagonism ever offered to a representative of unwelcome ideas from the most critical audience that ever man faced. I do not envy the mind that, disagreeing with his beliefs, can withhold a tribute of admiration to the exponent of them. It is necessary, inevitable, that such an age as ours should sometimes be rudely shocked. For myself I would not have it otherwise, for I am sure that this awakening is very good for those who are only too apt to slumber. We forget—do we not?—that the prescription of the past is apt to become so familiar that truth loses its force. It needs restating. For I, as far as my humble opinion may be stated without offence, wholly believe in the inherent value of the truth which has been inherited by us. I would cherish it and defend it as a jewel. But that does not prevent me from desiring that it should be polished and reset so that the jewel may shine out the better and we may see its beauties more fully. "This blasphemer saith" was a cry of old against the Christ. But He gave us a restatement of essential truth that the world has agreed to prize, and there are with us now men who, having drunk deep at the fountains of knowledge, are adapting that truth to the wants of a new age. God-speed them, say I.

Mr. Lamont also interested me much when he said in his address the other evening to the London Spiritualist Alliance, that his attention had first been stirred by some letters that I addressed to the "Liverpool Mercury" on my then fresh experiences. The letters were entitled "Spiritualism: Fancy, Fraud, or Fact." They were printed in the paper in its daily issue, and again in the weekly one. I had no object in writing them beyond the desire to testify to the truth of what had suddenly become a great factor in my life's experience. Spiritualism was new to me—I am referring to the year 1872—and I was in the full tide of a new and strange experience. Most engrossing it was, and I was forced to keep a strong hand on myself lest I should be swept away. The effect then made has never passed. I have seen no reason to alter the conclusions at which I then arrived. And though I have read much, thought much, and listened to much that others have considered to be explanatory of what I then witnessed, I am as I was, a convinced Spiritualist. I kept a tight hand on myself and maintained a level head, as I hope I still do. I have had

many promising pupils, but I did not reckon Mr. Lamont in their number. Great is the power of a truth so realised as to vitalise.

If I might speculate a little, I should say that the difference between those times and the present is that we are not influenced as strongly as we then were. Has familiarity bred contempt? Is it that the facts, so impressive then, are less impressive now? Were we wrong in thinking that the objective phenomena, then so profusely presented to us, were as we interpreted them? We *know* more now; is that the reason that we *believe* less? The inherent powers of the incarnate spirit were little thought of then; our *deus ex machina* was always ready. Were we wrong? Or, to take another point of view, had the long desuetude made us mouldy? We had crushed out spirit-action, ruled it out of our life and our world. We had killed the witches, abolished the mediums, "slain the prophets of the Lord," and the tradition had died out. When it revived we did not know what to make of it. We were so startled, as a child aroused from sleep, that we are still clamouring for more, more, more. The supply is not equal to the demand. What we want now is a careful tabulation of our facts, some attempt to understand them, more than to repeat them, and the formulation of a philosophy which will comprehend them. That is the work set for the present age.

There are some striking pieces of evidence in this present number on the subject of materialisation. In the discussion that ensued after Mr. Lamont's paper I expressed my entire inability to explain the phenomenon, while equally unable to resist the cogency of the testimony in its favour. The average weight of an adult being about 154lb., how is that matter collected from medium, circle, and atmosphere of a small room? The answer is, that it cannot be so collected by any means conceivable by or known to us. When collected how is it organised? The human body is a very complex machine, and the temporarily materialised bodies that I have been able to observe do not appear to differ from the ordinary human body. How is that complex organisation built up? To that question I can return no satisfactory answer. Simply, I do not know and I cannot conceive. The evidence is, as I have said, very weighty, and the reality of the phenomenon has been proved by experiments which show the growth and disappearance of the form under conditions where it is hard to conceive collusion or error. The case that I recently quoted, where collective hypnotism must be held to be an explanation of what seemed to take place, the camera showing that the Fakir was alone, and the imagined dismemberment of a boy a mere hallucination, is not a case in point here. There is no question of hypnotism, and the evidence of multitudes of observers is as conclusive as any such evidence can be. But as to explanation, it is significant that the operators themselves have none to give.

I hope that much more may be heard in "LIGHT" of the Double; but this week's contribution is instructive. I

have never felt myself able to solve that problem of the lady and her daughter who presented themselves in materialised form at a séance in America while they were alive and in the flesh in England. I do not attempt to criticise the various explanations given, but I avow that they do not satisfy me. The many cases of the double will come up for comment later on. But meantime it may be noted that what I, at any rate, had come to accept as a governing rule of action in all cases must be abandoned. The mother who yearns to see her children in a distant land before she dies; the friend whose compact with one left behind presses on him; the miser who gloats over his gold—these cases supply intelligible causes to which we may refer abnormal action of spirit. But what are we to say of the man who sits at his window after his luncheon and then goes wandering about his house to the terror of his relations? *There is a problem which we have not yet solved.*

THE DOUBLE.

The letters subjoined are an instalment of what we hope to print on this subject. Any information or records of personal experience will be welcome:—

SIR,—About two years ago I wrote you an account of the appearance of my double on four different occasions. At that time it had also been heard once, but within the last fifteen months it has been heard three times, and I think, therefore, that the details may be worth recording. In January, 1890, I was staying at Kensington, and on a certain Sunday night missed the last train from another suburb. This caused me some annoyance, but I walked home, arriving after midnight, when I was surprised to learn that my footsteps had been heard ascending the stairs nearly an hour previously, namely, at the time when I found the last train had gone. The lady relative, whose guest I was, had been sitting in a breakfast-room upstairs, while her maid was in a small conservatory on a lower landing. Both had simultaneously heard what they believed to be my footsteps (I was wearing heavy boots), but the steps seemed to commence only at the landing, close to the maid's side, and went up to the bedroom which I was occupying at the top of the house.

In February last, my wife was in her bedroom, while her mother and a middle-aged woman (a nurse) were together in the dining-room, which adjoins the hall. I was expected home about three o'clock, and somewhere about that hour all three persons heard me come in at the hall door, walk down the passage, and enter a room at the back of the house. At the same time they all recognised my cough. Of course, they were startled to find that I was not really in the house, but I arrived home about twenty minutes later.

The third case occurred in Kensington ten days since, when the lady and the young woman above-mentioned both heard my knock at the front door. I have a peculiar knock, and the maid remarked, "That is Mr. K.," and hurried to open the door, but only to discover that no one was in sight.

I had, in fact, been leaving another house about that time, and got back home about half an hour after I had been heard.

Now, I have had this experience eight times altogether, as well as having seen the doubles of other persons on two occasions, and I begin to think that the phenomenon attaches to the person.

In most of the cases I was more or less in haste to reach the place where I was seen or heard; and in the three instances narrated above I was heard by more than one person. There was no effort to project the double: once or twice I have tried to do so, but unsuccessfully.

It is to be noted also that my arrival generally took place about half an hour after that of my double. I am not in the ordinary sense a medium, or, if I have any psychical faculty, it is undeveloped.

G. A. K.

SIR,—Your editorial note in "LIGHT" of last week on the subject of my letter, entitled "The Garb of the Liberated Spirit," leads me to think a few more words, in possible elucidation of the phenomenon therein recorded, may not be unacceptable.

To be as brief as possible, I will at once say that I have a very firm belief, built up by many curious circumstances in my life, as well as by spirit-teaching, that only part of the spirit is incarnate at one and the same time.

I am not now alluding to the dual half, which I conceive always runs its educational course on earth, distinct from its dual-complement.

But I am alluding to one's own half of the dual spirit, whether male or female, and I entirely believe that a large portion of that half remains in the spirit-world during the incarnation of the other portion on the earth.

This being so, the elucidation of the phenomenon of my appearing in spirit-robes in daylight, and when wide awake, to my friend seems to me to be shorn of difficulty, inasmuch as it is not that part of my spirit that is incarnate that appears, but that which is in the spirit world, and which being equally part of my very self would instantly sympathise with my thought of my friend by appearing to her, provided the sympathetic current was on her side also, I, "Lily," remaining at the same time in my normal condition on the earth.

I am fortified in this belief by the oft-repeated remark of my friend, that on these occasions my countenance assumes a greater spirituality in harmony with my spirit-robes.

Now, reasoning by analogy, may we not also find the cause of the state of sleep, or unconsciousness of the body that is usual when the spirit of the double appears in earth-dress; namely, that it is then the incarnate part of the spirit that appears, leaving the body for the time vacant?

I do not think the examples you give in "LIGHT," from Mr. Hawthorne, of the appearance of his own double, as also of that of his friend's double to himself in daylight, and when awake, militate against my explanation, if my theory of the division of the spirit is correct; as in each case a momentary sub-division of the incarnate portion might have taken place, when it would assume—as it did—the earth-dress and appearance; sufficient of the spirit being retained in the body to prevent unconsciousness, or even noticeable depletion.

April 20th, 1891.

"LILY."

SIR,—Having read with much interest your correspondent "Lily's" account of spirit-robes I think an experience of mine may be of use. My husband and myself were standing by the bedside of my sister shortly before her transition. She, having been quite unconscious of all external conditions for more than a week, put out her hand close to me, grasped what seemed to me a *spirit-robe*, holding it up looking at it with great admiration, but taking no notice of either my husband or myself.

I remember also when Mrs. Richmond was communicating in our circle her spirit-guide—I think the name was "Ouina"—saying to me, "How beautiful! your robes are white and gold."

Richmond, April 19th, 1891.

CLARA ROWE.

A PROTEST AND DISCLAIMER.

Mr. Gerald Massey sends us the following protest:—

"A lively sense of the ridiculous is one of the most saving intellectual virtues. It is a pity that those who need its protection most should so often cultivate it least. A proposition or suggestion has lately been made in print to found a 'Gerald Massey Society,' and invite me to preside over it in person, with the view of popularising my books. No doubt this is well meant, but before such a thing is attempted I should be glad to get out of hearing. The circulation of my prose writings must necessarily be small, so few people are aware that they want them; nor will the Press do anything to make them known. That will wait to blow the trumpet when the battle is won. No society could possibly make them popular. As I have before said, they are warranted to wait; besides which, I have not finished yet. They get peeped at round the corner; and the particular truths which I maintain will probably be acknowledged piecemeal under other names. It is something to know that the truth (as one holds it) is considered worth the stealing. As for the name under which it circulates, that matters nothing. All I ask is to get my work written and printed. Whatsoever is true in it will survive and reach its own audience at last."

THE power of man's virtue should not be measured by his special efforts, but by his ordinary doings.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR AND MRS. BRADLAUGH BONNER.

The following letter is going the round of the Press. It is written in response to a letter addressed to Archdeacon Farrar by the daughter of the late Charles Bradlaugh:—

DEAR MADAM,—I do not know a single reasonably educated Christian who takes the mere *symbols* of Heaven for Heaven. We do not suppose that Heaven is a cubic city, or a pagoda of jewels, or even an endless sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies. Long ago a Christian poet sang—

"O for a deeper insight into Heaven;
More knowledge of the glory and the joy
Which there unto the happy souls is given;
For it is past belief that Christ hath died
Only that we eternal psalms might sing,
That all the gain Death's awful curtains hide
Is this eternity of antheming,
And this praised rest: shall there be no endeavour?" &c., &c.

If I could find a printed sermon of mine entitled "What Heaven Is," you would see that we regard it as a place of progress, of fruition of all that is noble, of growth and progress upwards and onwards, of endless and beneficent activity, of a love which knows no fear and no hatred, of a growing more like to God because we shall see Him as He is. In Browning's poems you will see this view of Heaven constantly set forth; and the eminent theologian Whichcot said, two centuries ago, "Heaven is a *temper*." I have often quoted with approval the saying of Confucius, "*Heaven means principle*." The old detestable notions of happy souls rejoicing over the torments of the lost have long been exorcised, and if you have time to glance at my "Eternal Hope," or "Mercy and Judgment," which now represent the best opinions in the Church, you will see many proofs that the Calvinistic horrors of an unnatural theology have been never authorised by many men, even by greatest Christian Fathers and canonised saints of the Mediæval Church.

Let me add, I for one have not uttered a syllable of disrespect about your father, though I am a sincere and convinced believer. I only met him once, as chaplain of the House of Commons, and we exchanged a courteous greeting. Had I been able to show him Christianity as I see it, I do not think that he would have wished to be counted among the foes of our Gospel—if such was his attitude. But Christianity has been more sorely wounded in the house of its friends than by its enemies.—Yours faithfully,

F. W. FARRAR.

This letter is worth preserving and is a sign of the times. Archdeacon Farrar is a representative Broad Churchman, he is also Archdeacon and Canon of Westminster. We have not heard that he has been yet prosecuted for heresy, and his opinions are, therefore, permissible to a beneficed clergyman and dignitary of the Church. We are unfeignedly glad to think so, though we suspect that in this, as in other cases, "one man may steal a horse while another dare not look over the hedge." We have no desire assuredly that the Archdeacon should pay any penalty for his outspoken utterances.

But when he affirms that he does not know "a single reasonably educated Christian who takes the mere symbols of Heaven for Heaven," we must ask him what "a reasonably educated Christian" means in his mouth. Who wrote the hymns now in regular use, and sung with much unction in our churches? "Reasonably educated" were the writers? We know of no protest against their literalness from those who use them. We are glad, on Dr. Farrar's authority, to learn that the "city that lieth four-square" is not to be literally interpreted as "a cubic city," the various jewels of the Apocalypse are not to be constructed, however imaginatively, into a pagoda, and that "an endless sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies" is not an equivalent for the familiar word "Heaven." But when he tells us that no single "reasonably educated Christian" so believes, or is disposed to construe the Apocalyptic vision literally, we must demur. Only recently we have had evidence that a literal interpretation of the Gospel narratives is held by one reasonably educated Christian to be so essential that its absence from our own pages pains our correspondent. Our acquaintance with Churchmen is wide enough to make us pretty sure that most of them still cling to the letter of the Bible, and are afraid of the "private interpretation" of Scripture. If Archdeacon Farrar's pronouncement—almost as startling as the recent judicial decision in the matter of matrimony—is to be assumed to be serious, it reaches as far in its destructive tendencies as that definition of the law. For the Archdeacon has given us

"Eternal Hope" in place of hell, and now he is giving us a life of progressive development in place of eternal hymns. Where is he going to stop? Not, we hope, till his zeal has purged the Church of its odd survivals of belief and replaced them with something truer.

DR. EUGENE CROWELL.

Hudson Tuttle contributes to "The Better Way" some account of a visit lately made to Dr. Crowell, a name well known in Spiritualism. Dr. Crowell has published one considerable work, which I had the pleasure of introducing to English-speaking Spiritualists outside of his own country. I should welcome another from his pen.—"M.A. (Oxon.)"

NEW YORK.

Among the most pleasant hours I passed in the city were spent with Dr. Eugene Crowell at his sumptuous apartments in "The Chelsea." He is at present not in good health, but strong enough to go on with the work which he regards as the crowning glory of his life. His name is familiar to every Spiritualist as one who has given the later and ripest years of his life to the investigation and promulgation of Spiritualism.

He is a native of New York City. His father was a Methodist clergyman, and he received a religious culture which is manifested in his writings. He graduated as a physician in 1848 at the University of New York. In 1851 went to California, where he remained until 1868, when he removed to Brooklyn, retiring from practice, in which (by his intuitive perception of disease) he had been eminently successful.

From eighteen to fifty-five years of age he was a Materialist, despite his early religious culture, and was converted to Spiritualism through Mesmerism, and a profound study of the laws of spiritual forces, facts, and phenomena.

A long and laborious investigation, from which most would have shrunk in discouragement, resulted in his great work on "Spiritualism and Primitive Christianity," which exhausts the field of its research, and fills a niche of honour in the library of spiritual literature. He saw that spiritual communications of all ages and races must of necessity be amenable to one common law, and that the explanation of one age was true of all others. He held the key to the mysteries, and alternately interprets the Bible by the light of Modern Spiritualism, and Spiritualism by the Bible.

No Church member can read candidly a single chapter of the great and exhaustive work without being convinced that whatever may be the cause of the so-called modern phenomena of Spiritualism, his own revelation flows from the same fount, and whatever affects or explains one affects and explains the other.

Dr. Crowell shows how grandly and beautifully the golden strands of Spiritualism are woven into the warp of human history, sometimes disappearing beneath the vulgar materialism of mortal life, obscured by the opaque strands of ignorance, or glistening distorted through the overlying error, only appearing as the pattern, imparting more glowing lustre by the dark and earthly background against which it is revealed.

Dr. Crowell did good work for Spiritualism when it was assailed by the charge that it filled the asylums with the insane. He gathered reports from every asylum in this country, and compared the statistics thus furnished. The result he published in a tract which completely and finally settled the question. He proved that according to statistics, Spiritualism was one of the least productive causes of insanity; that it does not compare with religion in this respect, and that its tendency is directly the reverse. Of 23,328 patients, only fifty-nine were reported as insane from Spiritualism, and 412 from religion.

In 1880 he published a work that called out a great deal of criticism, as the author had anticipated. It was entitled, "The Spirit World: Its Inhabitants, Nature, and Philosophy." It was the result of long and patient study, and startling as are some of its views, he maintains them with acumen and a large array of facts.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Crowell will remain to complete the present, greatest work, which will contain his ripest thought and most profound investigations.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

THE HOME AND MINISTRY OF ART.

AN ALLEGORY.

By "BERYL."

Methought I saw, and behold:—

The King beloved was enthroned on high among His angels in the Kingdom of Heaven, whose atmosphere is love, and whose light and beauty satisfy all souls. The melodies of those spheres, who shall describe them! They are Love incarnate in song, singing to the heart, and filling it with joy unspeakable!

The ear in that Kingdom is satisfied with hearing, the eye with seeing, the hand with executing. It is the birth-place of all genius, the home of all inspiration. No hand flags in its task, no voice trembles with fatigue, no eye droops with weariness, for Love feeds the nerves of the senses with divine power and energy; and the work of the singer and dancer, the painter, the poet, the sculptor, the dramatist, the architect, and the artificer, are an enthusiasm and a joy, compelling sympathy and infusing delight.

Poets, painters, musicians, dancers—angelic powers that swell the glory of Incarnate Love dwelling in purest souls ever near the throne—were thronging round the King beloved, rejoicing in the Author of their joy, and rendering back their gifts in triumphant efforts of ever-new and surprising creations, that made all hearts glad because of the ever-new delights that flowed to them through the King beloved to His children.

Methought in their gladness one came up to the throne and knelt in tender, reverent love. He also was a Worker, but not an artist. His function was to watch and tend the world of our dark Earth.

And behold, the King beloved smiled lovingly on him and bade him rise and speak—and he spoke:—

"O Loving Father, hast Thou not seen, Thou Whose eyes are in the Heavens and on the worlds of the Universe, hast Thou not seen the sorrow of Thy creatures upon the Earth; how they mourn in their blindness, not seeing Thee; how they murmur in their hearts, not knowing Thee; how they grovel in their darkness, having no light, because they have blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts; how when I touch a soul and it awakes and rises on the wings of Thy Spirit unto Thee—how straightway its fellows shout and cry out against it and would injure and destroy it? Dear Father, the Power of Evil is so strong I cannot combat it alone. I mourn for help." . . .

All at once a cry of Heavenly sympathy rang out from those around the throne, who echoed the word "Help."

But the King beloved had no need to be invoked to help, for it was His love that filled all hearts—as the sunshine fills the flowers on earth—and their cry was but the echo of His fulness overflowing and surrounding them.

And the King said:—

"The Power of Evil, which is incarnate Self, is strong; but the power of Love is stronger—yet evil reigns in the Earth supreme."

"Cast it out, cast it out," they pleaded.

"And where would be the conquest were there no foe to conquer? Blessed is he that overcometh," said the loving voice of the King. "I must prove and test these children of Mine, to see what heart is in them. I give them the power of Love; with Love they can conquer all foes if they will but combine for good as now they combine for evil."

"But the Power of Evil wrests Love in its descent and turns it into hate."

"Blessed is he that overcometh," said the King once again. "Man is not left desolate. To him that calls, My ear is open. My hand is not shortened that it cannot save. Find Me the humble soul, the pure in heart, the guileless, the gentle soul, have I not a resting place in each of these? I know My own. They hear My voice and obey and love."

Suddenly a glorious singing broke forth from one of the Heavenly choirs. It sang out "Peace on Earth and goodwill towards men" in such divine harmonies that the soul was entranced.

Then the worker from the earth said:—

"O King beloved, if their ears on Earth could but hear those blessed sounds they must surely forsake the Power of Evil that rules over them. The melting strain of Divine

melodious Love would penetrate their hearts as it does ours, and speak to them with compelling attraction."

"Have they no music below?"

"Nay, my King; not Heaven's music; only warring discords."

Then the King of Heaven said:—

"Know you why there is no music—none of Heaven's joys of art—on earth?"

And the angels listened; for although they had once lived in other worlds—and some of them on Earth, still they knew of no life but the one they now enjoyed. The memories of life's trials and efforts were forgotten, as all sorrow is forgotten in the presence of joy.

Then the King of Heaven told them that art was a Heavenly gift, and that if it were profaned the Power of Evil would be increased in strength, and the Spirit of Evil would seize upon it as a weapon for his own service. For this reason many beautiful blessings and Divine Truths are not permitted to be revealed, lest in their profanation the children of earth should do themselves irreparable injury.

"But like Thine Own love, O King adored, may not the faithful soul entertain it, find joy in it, and thus diffuse joy on the earth?"

And the King paused—for He loves to be entreated; not because He is hard to be moved, but because, being Incarnate Love—the supreme source of Love—He would lose no loving thought of those around Him, whose voices He rejoices to hear pleading for others. When Mercy offers her heart to Him it is the sweetest song that is sung before His throne.

"Give to man the power of uttering the thoughts that we will whisper to him," pleaded one.

"Give to him the eye, and to his hand the power, to execute the visions we will picture to his mind," cried another.

And the King beloved smiled lovingly on them, and His voice was somewhat sad—for even in Heaven God's heart feels the sorrow of unwilling man—as He said:—

"Man is but an earthen vessel, and between your thoughts and his execution there will be such a mighty difference that you will not recognise your inspiration, and grow discouraged. Can you bear this? And then the Power of Evil will wrest your divine inspiration as he has wrested all Heavenly light, and will use it for his own purpose. Men will hear his voice, and possessing gifts will worship themselves in their possessions, and pride will fill their hearts, and their gifts will be debased, and the Power of Evil will prevail, because of the incarnate love of Self in man, which is opposed to My love in them. Can ye bear this?"

And the angels grieved for the sorrows and sin of man and the triumph of Evil; but Hope whispered:—

"A soul here and there among the ages will be holy, just, and true. For this one we will seek—and then the King's gift flowing through him will be imperishable, because Thy Hand hath made and fashioned him, O King beloved. And men will gather, here and there in the interval of the centuries, glimpses of Thine Eternal Truth and of our Kingdom of Light as the seat of Inspiration and the home of Art; and it will revive their drooping souls, and be unto them as a joy in life and a light in the darkness."

Then the King said: "Be it as ye will; go forth into the darkness of Earth and sow the gospel of Heavenly Art. Give men power to become even as ye are. Let the mystic seven form music for them, to which their steps shall glide in the joyous dance. Inform both ear and eye of the power concealed in their use; but remember always, your divine message will lose in transmission, by being poured into earthen vessels not yet—even the purest—wholly purified from sin and self. But my Love yearns for the sorrowing sons and daughters of the fallen planet. Go forth! speak to the heart; inform the brain; instruct the eye; give dexterity to the finger, love to the voice. Shower on men the gifts of heaven! But know, O my beloved ones, the gifts will be wrested from them by the Spirit of Evil to increase his inheritance and magnify his power. Nevertheless, for the sake of the ten or twenty who may be found honest, faithful, and true to their Heavenly gifts, and for those who will recognise their divine source and be glad, I will not withhold them longer from the sons of Earth. Go forth, my beloved ones, in My Name, to bless and to be blessed."

Methought they all rejoiced that power and permission had been given them to accompany the Ambassador of

Heaven to Earth, and work with Him for the sons and daughters of men.

But behold the Spirit of Evil saw them from afar and knew them, and it was even as the King beloved had said. But not at first. For the angels sought out the pure in heart, the loving, the humble souls, and to these they imparted their Heavenly secret. And, behold, it was even as the King had said: the fruits were feeble in comparison to what the angels knew they might be. Still, the Spirit of God overshadowed them, and they looked and they read in their Holy Book, and drew pictures of the King as a little child in His mother's arms. They followed Him throughout the story of His life because their love could find no higher theme than illustrating the Divine Humanity that had taken them captive and sent them gifts. They painted sometimes on their knees, and sang and wrote their thoughts in hymns and praises—in the spirit of devotion and adoration—until men wondered at the birth of art, and were glad because the musician, and the poet, and the painter, and the actor, and the dancer taught the delights of Heaven to give gladness to the heart of man, and spread a new joy and beauty upon the earth, and these Heaven-taught men were the framers of all rules of art which had come down to them out of Heaven.

And it came to pass that when any among them finished a picture, or a poem, or a song, straightway he grew sad, because he had heard the angel's whisper—and because of the earthen vessel into which the voice was poured—he could not deliver it as he heard it. He saw the wide distance between his performance, and what had been painted on his heart and brain by the loving, helping angels, and his soul thirsted to be able to give it out; but he could not, for he was only a child of Earth, and they had passed beyond into the Kingdom of Heaven and Light. And they wept, and yearned, and wrestled, sometimes so fervently, to grasp the Truth as they saw it, that the spirit broke from its chain of flesh, and they fled away to their true home with the angels above and became in turn inspirers of the sons of Earth, whom they taught to excel themselves.

And behold, the Spirits of Evil saw this new power which had come upon the Earth, and they assembled a council to debate upon it. And the chief among them said:—

"Do ye not see what this will do if we suffer it to remain unpolluted? Men will grow purer, and further removed from the sphere of our influence. Let us devise how we can steal these gifts and convert them to our purpose, and so pervert them until they become as tools in our hands to allure and prostitute the hearts of the people by inflaming them with unholy passions and base desires by which we live. These men paint, sing, dance, and speak as angels dictate—filled with enthusiasm for their subject, but let us go forth and stimulate men to envy them, to imitate them, falsely yet so closely, that they will scarcely be recognised by the mass of the people at large from the true. Let us raise up a set of men who shall buy and sell and traffic in these false gifts, and cheat, and lie, and rob, until the true child of art will be crushed because the false has driven the love and discernment of the true out of men's minds; and the true artist will be left to starve and die. And when he is dead, then shall we teach the traffickers that he was the true man. And, straightway, they will fall to devouring each other over the question who can make the most money out of his remains, and they will lie, and rob, and cheat to get a portion of what, in his lifetime, they would not look at, because I held them in my grasp!"

And the Spirits of Evil clapped their hands, for they gloried in their chief, he was so subtle; and when they had finished, he continued:—

"And the soft voiced men and women who sing, and the musicians: Let us be busy with them, and sow such envy among them that they shall hate the sound of any voices or any music but their own, until their art shall be like their love, a thing of the senses—not the soul. Out with the Soul! which it is our delight to deaden and destroy. And when the poet sits to write, let his words inflame men's passions to impurity and madness, and teach the mother how to loathe her young because her heart is ours, filled with love's counterfeit that is so like love it deceives and ruins and leads souls into infidelity and blasphemy against all that is taught in Heaven, where dwells mine Enemy! And let us raise up a set of men and women who will devour the artists' work with evil words as soon as it is born, speaking

falsely against the true and lauding the base, until men grow bewildered, and shall lose all power of judgment because the world is ruled by a lie! They shall seek for Truth and shall not find it, because I, the Spirit of Evil, am Prince of this World, and ruler of the Darkness—and none shall prevail against me."

And behold, it came to pass even as the King of Heaven had declared. The Spirit of Evil perverted the power of art to his own evil purpose, and wickedness grew tenfold in consequence; for art—like the Serpent in Paradise—crawled on its belly and ate the dust. And the men of this world were busy with art, from morning till night, and the Earth grew full of it until men's hearts became so deceived that they called evil good, and good evil, and thought of nothing but the price thereof.

And the King beloved saw it all from Heaven, and said to those about Him: "See ye not that it has come to pass, even as I said!"

And the angels were sad; but not without hope; they knew their King. He was Incarnate Love, strong to save. So they answered:—

"It is even so, O King beloved; but Thy love is stronger than hate, and will prevail. There is yet a remnant who have not bowed the knee to the Power of Evil. And these are the leaven who will keep alive the truth and spread it; and they hunger for thy Presence to deliver them from the Evil, for Thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory."

Then the King beloved said: "Their hearts are hard, and their ears dull of hearing. Even now I am among them, and they see me not, they hear me not: and because my Presence is among them the world grows terrible to them; for the Light of my Presence in their midst reveals its foul iniquities, and the hearts of my little ones are filled with sadness and fear. But let them take heart and courage. My Spirit shall not always strive with man. With a mighty hand and outstretched arm I am delivering them. Though they know it not, already I am among them, and My love is prevailing. As a consuming fire it will finally burn up all counterfeits of Truth and Love, and all deposits of sin; until at length, cleansed and purified, I shall find mine own, the lost piece of silver in my universe of worlds, for which I have searched so long! And the children of Earth shall all know and love me, even as I have known and loved them, from the least unto the greatest, throughout all the Ages."

And there was great Joy in Heaven. For the King beloved had gone forth conquering and to conquer—to wrest His own from the Evil one until all the kingdoms and people of the Earth, with their wealth of possibility for power and wisdom and beauty, should be perverted no longer, but become the home and children of the King beloved for evermore!

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

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

"The Ludgate Monthly." Contributions by Rudyard Kipling, Florence Marryat, James Greenwood, &c. Vol. I., No. 1. Price 3d.

"Save Me from My Friends. By E. F. KNIGHT. (Longmans.) 6s. [An impeachment of Spiritualism and Theosophy. "Many are the strong men and innocent women it has wrecked. It has its car of Juggernaut for its faithful."]

TO DIE IS GAIN.

O Death, dear Death! who lays a tender hand
Upon our sin-sick souls so full of strife,
To rouse us from our fever'd dream of life
And ope for us the gates of Morning Land!
Why do we dread thee, and in fear withstand
Thy kind advances as a terror rife
With woe? Thou dost conceal thy keen-edged knife
To free the soul that flies to join the band

Who come to greet it from the other shore,
And lead it home to joys "eye hath not seen
Nor hath ear heard" of Life for evermore!

O Death, dear Death! Steal softly while I wean
My soul from Earth's embrace that folds me o'er,
And I will kiss thy hand with joy serene!

—BERYL.

ERRATUM.—The title of the novel reviewed on p. 203 should be "Love: the Key."

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

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Light:

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

SATURDAY, MAY 2nd, 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.

SOME MAGAZINES OF THE MONTH.

"THE LUDGATE MONTHLY."

The newest born—place to it—is *The Ludgate Monthly*, a threepenny illustrated of sixty-four pages. A cynic might say that we are getting somewhat too much of these ventures, that threepence will not furnish forth a magazine of merit, though it may be good at the price, and that a concentration of effort is better than this scattering of seed. However, rivalry rather than concentrated effort is the sign of present times. It will take much to rival the *Strand Magazine*, and we are not at all sure that any considerations of half-price will weigh much with the reading public. Good matter can be given at the price, but good illustrations too? We are doubtful.

"LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE."

"A Theory" is a pretty fancy.

Why do violins shudder so,
When across them is drawn the bow,
Sob for anguish and wild despair?
Human souls are imprisoned there.

Souls are shut in the violins,
They are the souls of Philistines.

And their souls in the violins
Mourn on bitterly for their sins.
Since not one of them is aware
Here is he and his soul is there.
So how often in life and art
Soul and body must dwell apart.
Great is the Master's soul, no doubt,
Twenty Philistines go without.

Marion Crawford commences a new novel, "The Three Fates." How he writes, how he writes, since Sam Ward persuaded him that he could if he tried! Miss J. A. Taylor is interesting, writing with charming style, on "Autographs,"—"the ghosts that rise to meet us" from these dead letters—Mr. Gladstone dating from the Carlton Club: Carlyle writing of coming "days with sun in them," and promising a photographer that he "shall have a stroke at his face," if only he will, "as the Latins say, hasten slowly": Jenny Lind professing to be "tired of life. I have lived through twenty lives. . . . I often think of the sunsets I saw at Havannah—the half of the sky was golden long after the sun was set. So I find life: so much is golden if we only see it, and the sufferings turn into gold too."

"THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED."

"Divination by a Daffodil" is a graceful page, illustrating Herrick's quaint verse:

When a daffodil I see
Hanging down his head t'wards me,
Guess I may what I must be:
First, I shall decline my head;
Secondly, I shall be dead;
Thirdly, safely buried.

Lewis Morris's "Voice of Spring"—

Let us not all forget
The treasure of long hope redoubled by regret:
The Springtides of the Soul, which in that strange new birth
Shall blossom once again, if never else on Earth—

is sweet, and full of grace. Ham House, the Earl of Dysart's stately mansion, is described by Lady Sudeley, and illustrated amply. "Recollections of Grasse" is a timely paper, and "The River Cherwell" with its pretty vignettes is enticing reading to all who love Oxford. Marion Crawford is here too. His "Witch of Prague" is continued. How he *does* write!

"CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL."

Old and by no means straining after effect, the seven-penny magazine with its familiar orange cover seems to us quite as good as many young rivals. Our readers will appreciate this, which we take the liberty of quoting:—

Plenty of Time—Plenty of Time!
O what a foolish and treacherous chime!
With so much to see, and so much to be taught,
And the battle with evil each day to be fought;
With wonders above us, beneath, and around,
Which sages are seeking to mark and expound;
With work to be done in our fast passing prime,
Can ever there be for us "plenty of time"?
Our schooling at most lasts a few score of years,
Spent in sunshine and shadow, in smiles or in tears;
While none are quite equal, howe'er they be classed,
And judgments too often are faultily passed.
'Twixt Eternity past and its future to stand
Like a child sea-surrounded on one speck of land,
There to work out the duties that make life sublime,
Oh, surely there cannot be "plenty of time!"

CAMILLA CROSLAND.

"HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

How dainty and beautiful the illustrations! And hardly an article that is not bright and readable. The Warwickshire Avon is beautiful, "Guy's Cliffe Mill" most charming of all, though perhaps the illustrations to Colonel Dodge's article, "Some American Riders," may be thought by some to run it hard. The "White Trapper," a scene where two horses are knee-deep in a running stream, and one is drinking, is especially fine. The water is running, one may see it as it gurgles into the horse's mouth. Fine, too, is the "Modern Comanche," with the striking figure of the Indian and his horse thrown in relief against a stormy sky. And quite in another way, the Wessex village choir of olden time asleep in various attitudes, worn out with heat and musical efforts, the "sackbuts, psalteries, and all kinds of music" tucked under their several arms. All very good.

DR. GEORGE WYLD

will address the members of the London Spiritualist Alliance at the rooms of the society on May 12th. The title of the address is slightly modified. It reads, "Faith-healing: its Place in Medicine."

MR. MORSE officiated at the funeral of the late Moses Williams at Cardiff. Mr. Williams was an old Spiritualist, and the last rites were in accordance with the recommendation of the Cardiff Psychological Society.

Mr. Punch has caught the infection, not the influenza. He: "Do you belong to the Psychical Society?" She: "No: but I sometimes go out on my brother's machine." This is of the order of the ancient jokelet. "Have you been abroad?" "No: but I have a brother who plays the German flute."

PSYCHICAL PROBLEMS.

SIR,—Seeing in "LIGHT" of April 4th an invitation to your readers to give their experiences with regard to the subject mooted in a private letter, and quoted in your always interesting "Notes by the Way," I beg to forward you the enclosed, and should my "experiences" be of any service to you, you are quite welcome to make any use of them you may deem desirable.

Nearly twenty-six years ago, I had many matters troubling me and causing me great anxiety. By chance, I happened to meet some one who informed me that she knew a very clever fortune-teller—a woman who made her living by this means—not a private lady. I at once decided to consult her. I found her living in an extremely humble way, and at first rather hesitated to knock at the door, wondering if it would be safe to enter such a dwelling; however, my strong desire to hear what she might be able to tell me overcame my fears. I was eventually shown upstairs to a very doubtfully clean room, its sole occupant the fortune-teller.

The woman had never seen or heard of me before. I was requested to shuffle the cards, and cut them, and then she began to interpret them to me, relating almost every incident of real moment in my early life and family trials, connected even as far back as my grandparents. She then continued by telling me what was going to happen shortly, and in the future, her words had seemed to me nothing short of magic, so strictly true in every detail had they been. She told me of my marriage—gave me a most vivid description of my future husband's personal appearance, character, and disposition; told me of undreamt of incidents that would shortly take place (and which did), she told me what my health would be, and what it would eventually become; that my family would give me great anxiety—through being so delicate; that my first-born would be a son, and very many other things needless to relate here. But although it is very nearly twenty-six years ago now, there is not a word that woman told me that has not been quite true.

Some years after my marriage, I called to see if this strange woman was still living. I found she had removed to the opposite side of the street. I called on her, and found an agreeable transformation scene in the form of a scrupulously clean little home—a very tidy respectable middle-aged woman in place of the untidy, unkempt individual I had previously known. When I told her the object of my visit, she said she was very sorry indeed that she could not comply with my wish, as her husband, on his death bed, had made her promise to give up this mode of making money as it was attended with so many risks of severe punishment in this country. She had, therefore, complied with his wishes, and had become a sick-nurse ever since, and had never touched a card since her husband's death.

I must also add that at the time of my first visit to this woman, a friend of mine consulted her also. When we met she told me she had been thoroughly startled by what this woman had told her, for she had divined things in the cards that she knew not a living soul had any knowledge about but herself.

These statements I can fully vouch for. Were I to enter more closely into details, it would simply be to give a full account of my life from childhood up till the present time; which I feel sure is more than you require to enable you to accept my little "brochure" of facts as true. Be this power of divination of past and future events the result of psychical or any other power, the fact remains that it certainly merits inquiry, and I am glad you are courting it in your invaluable and most interesting journal. A. M.

We are indebted to the "Banner of Light" for this record of a presentiment, extracted from the "Syracuse Standard" of March 16th ult. :—

A STRANGE PRESENTIMENT.

Many stories, often stranger than legend or fable, are always incident to any great events, but one tale which comes from a source positively without the slightest chance of exaggeration or prevarication has come to light concerning a recent fire. A well-known lady, a member of St. Paul's Church, wrote a letter to Bishop Huntington, Friday,

March 20th. In it she said that while listening to the concert at the Alhambra on Thursday afternoon, a strange presentiment came to her almost like a divine revelation. Something seemed to tell her that Syracuse was on the eve of a great conflagration, and that St. James's Church was to be destroyed. So strongly did the impression remain that she left the Alhambra, went over to the church and prayed for an hour that the disaster might be averted. Her forebodings were not dispelled, and so on Friday, the day before the fire, she wrote to the Bishop, telling him of her vision. Bishop Huntington, when he read it, laid it on one side almost without a thought, thinking that it was only the result of a diseased imagination. To his amazement the very disaster prophesied happened, almost to the smallest detail. Such presentiments are not strange to us. Nine times out of ten they come true. We have had just such experiences, several accounts of which have appeared in "The Banner," the most remarkable one being the terrible railroad disaster at Revere, Mass., when many persons lost their lives.

And to the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" for this:—

SAVED BY PRESENTIMENTS.

"I want to tell you a story," said Dr. Molière, a well-known physician, to a reporter of the "San Francisco Chronicle." "I'm not a superstitious man, nor do I believe in dreams, but for the third or fourth time in my life I was saved by a premonition. I got aboard car No. 81 on the Sutter-street line at the ferry yesterday, to ride up to my office. As usual, I walked to the forward end of the car, took a seat in the corner with my back to the driver, and, pulling a paper from my pocket, was soon deeply engrossed in the news. Suddenly something said to me, 'Go to the other end of the car.' Acting on impulse, I changed my seat, and so rapid were my movements that the other passengers in the car noticed them. Remember I was sitting in the first place with my back to the driver. I was paying no attention to anything but my newspaper, and the premonition, if I may so call it, could not have come from any outside influence, such as seeing approaching danger, but I had not been in my new seat more than five seconds when the tongue of a heavily-loaded waggon crushed through the side of the car just where I had been first seated, and had I not changed my seat my back would have been broken by the waggon tongue.

"As I said," continued the doctor, "I am not superstitious, but the incident I have just related, taken in connection with other incidents of a similar nature occurring in my life, make me believe in spite of myself, that there is 'a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.'"

In answer to a question as to what similar warning or premonition of danger he had ever received, Dr. Molière said: "Well, one time I was riding on the Michigan Central Railroad. It was a bitter cold night, and when I entered the car my feet seemed frozen. I walked forward and took a seat next to the stove in the forward part of the car, putting my feet on the fender, in a short time a gentleman changed his seat and came and sat beside me. The train was running at a high rate of speed, and the draught soon made the heater in the car red hot. Suddenly there came to me a premonition of danger, and, turning to my companion, I said: 'If we should meet with an accident, a collision, for instance, you and I would be in a bad place. We would certainly be hurled on a red-hot stove.' At the same instant, and before my seat-mate could reply, the impulse to grasp the end of the seat came upon me so strong I could not resist it, and hardly had my fingers closed upon the rail of the seat when there came a crash, and the car we were in was thrown violently from the track. I clung to the seat, and my companion, when thrown forward, narrowly missed the stove. My position in the seat was such that had I been pitched headlong as he was I could not have missed the heater. A broken rail caused the accident, but what caused me to grasp the seat as I did I would like to know."

Speaking of Dr. Molière's story to a sporting man, the latter said: "Well, I've had the same sort of experience once or twice in my life. I'm superstitious. I admit it. Of course fellows laugh at me, but for all that I believe I've got some sort of a guardian angel that whispers to me when I'm in danger. Maybe it's one of the wrong sort, for they

do say the devil takes care of his own; but wrong or right as to kind, I know one thing certain, that my life has been saved more than once. One time I was at a race course and was up in the grand stand. I was broke and wanted to keep away from the boys. There were not many people on the stand; it wasn't half filled, but suddenly I felt an impulse which fairly drove me out of the place. I had not got clear down the stairs when the whole stand went down with a crash, and the fellow who was sitting right next to me was crushed out of all semblance to humanity by a great big beam that smashed the whole row of seats we were in. That is not the only time that I have been warned, and if the what-is-it would only whisper to me when I go to put my money on the wrong horse I'd be a millionaire in a month."

The subjoined may well be treated as a psychical problem. We have heard hints of the matter before, and shall be glad to be referred to any authentic records that may have been published:—

AN EASTERN MYSTERY.

What is known as the "secret mail" of India has for more than a generation perplexed the English mind, and is still a profound mystery, although numberless attempts have been made to explain it. Every one who has lived long in Asiatic countries is aware that the accurate knowledge of important events at a distance is often possessed by the natives a considerable time before it is obtained by the Government, and even though special facilities had been provided for the transmission of the news. This was frequently and conspicuously illustrated throughout the Sepoy rebellion. Events occurring hundreds of miles away were usually known in the bazaars hours, and sometimes days, before the news reached the authorities, and the information obtained was regarded as so trustworthy that the natives speculated upon it even to the full extent of their fortunes. Indeed, upon one occasion the "secret mail" beat the Government courier by fully twelve hours, although every endeavour had been made to secure the swiftest dispatch.

The Hindus themselves say, when they consent to talk about it at all, that they depend neither upon horses nor men, and have no secret code of signals, but that they do possess a system of thought-transmission which is as familiar to them as is the electric telegraph to the Western world. Any one may accept this explanation that will. But though most people, with less fondness for the mysterious and a better knowledge of the weakness of the Hindus for making riddles of the simplest facts, will look for a more prosaic explanation, it remains to be said that none has been forthcoming. The "secret mail" is an indubitable reality, and no Westerner has ever succeeded in solving its mystery. If news is transmitted by signals, no one has ever seen the signallers; nor if there is a vast system of stages in operation, covering hundreds and thousands of miles, has anyone ever come across any of its machinery. And, indeed, it would seem that some means of communication must be at the command of the natives more rapid than horses or runners.—"Providence Journal."

The "Echo" gives us the following. It has also appeared elsewhere:—

A Plymouth correspondent says a strange incident is reported in that town. On Tuesday evening a young man, residing at Devonport, called upon the editor of a local paper and begged to be informed if any telegrams had been received giving the names of Englishmen killed during the day in Alexandria. He was informed that no such message had been received. He thereupon mentioned that during the afternoon the mother and wife of a petty officer named Revington, serving in Alexandria, had what they regarded as a token of his death. They were sitting together in their house, talking and working, when they heard, or thought they heard, the voice of the absent son and husband say, "Mother!" three times. With forebodings upon them, the brother was at once despatched to the nearest newspaper office, with the result indicated. On Wednesday, however, the relatives of Mr. Revington received a telegram from the Admiralty to the effect that he was shot in the streets of Alexandria on Tuesday, whilst serving on police duty.

PRESENCE AT A DISTANCE.

In connection with the story of the materialisation of two living persons at a long distance from their place of abode—at a séance in the United States—and subsequent correspondence arising out of that recital it is interesting to read the following letters contributed some years since to "The Spectator." The Bishop of Bedford, who writes one of the letters, is the well-known W. Walsham Howe.

(To the Editor of the "Spectator.")

SIR,—May I be allowed to contribute, in illustration of the mysterious brain or "will"-power supposed to exist, a story which appears to me more remarkable than any of the narratives that have yet appeared in your columns. A friend of mine told me that it was related to him many years ago, by my mother—the "Ann Taylor," of "Original Poems," "Hymns of Infant Minds," &c.—and that she mentioned the name of the family concerned; but this, unfortunately, he had forgotten. Certain circumstances lead me to believe that the family referred to was that of the Watsons, spoken of in the "Autobiography, &c., of Mrs. Gilbert," Vol. I., p. 26, as resident in her childhood—1786 to 1794—at Lavenham, in Suffolk. The story is as follows:—

A son of this family had gone to America. One summer Sunday afternoon they were attending service, and occupying a large, square pew near the pulpit, in what I take to have been a meeting-house. It was hot, the door of the small building was wide open, and one of the party, who sat looking down the aisle, could see out into the meeting-house yard, which was shaded by tall trees. Suddenly, to his intense surprise, he saw the absent brother approaching through these trees, enter at the chapel-door, walk up the aisle, come to the very door of the pew itself, and lay his hand upon it, as if to take his seat among them. At this moment others of the family, sitting so that he was only then within their sight, saw him also, but at that same moment he vanished.

This strange occurrence naturally raised sad forebodings, but in course of time a letter arrived from the subject of them of later date than that of the vision, and it appeared that he was still alive and well. He was then written to, and asked if anything peculiar had happened to him on that particular Sunday? He replied that it was odd he should remember anything about a Sunday then so long passed, but that certainly something peculiar had happened to him that day. He had come in, overpowered with heat, and had thrown himself upon his bed, had fallen into a sound sleep, and had a strange dream. He found himself among the trees before the country chapel; service was going on; he saw them all, the door being open, sitting in their pew; he walked up the aisle, then put his hand on the pew door to open it, when he suddenly, and to his great chagrin, awoke.

I am bound to say that, so far as I know, my mother's family—what remains of them—do not remember her speaking of this strange incident; but my friend has a clear memory for such things, and is certain of her having done so. It would be interesting, however, to know whether such a story is known to any one else. If authentic, the question arises,—Can sleep release the soul like death?—I am, sir, &c.,

Marden Ash, Ongar, Essex.

JOSIAH GILBERT.

(To the Editor of the "Spectator.")

SIR,—Mrs. Gilbert told me the story which Mr. Josiah Gilbert has contributed to your columns under the above title (p. 1,138), in 1848 or 1849. As his account agrees closely with my remembrance, except that I should have substituted the general name "America" for the particular one "Canada," I should not ask the favour of a line from you, but that I understand a subsequent correspondent has considered the whole story disposed of by the difference of time. Perhaps, then, I may just add that to myself she distinctly took account of this. Even at that time, there were a few persons aware that a clock at the same moment in England and America does not record the same hour.

If Mr. Gilbert is right in his belief that the place of worship was a country meeting-house, afternoon service was the rule, rather than the exception, in such gatherings in

1820-30. "What were you doing at such an hour, your time and ours?" was the inquiry; and all the circle saw the letter, to assure themselves that no clue was given. If the family were in their chapel in the afternoon in England, and the son, oppressed with his headache, threw himself on his bed in the morning in America, where is the difficulty?

But the chief value of the story is for those who knew Mrs. Gilbert. If there are clearer, more intelligent, and more veracious persons than she was, I have never met them.—I am, sir, &c.,

Bregner, Bournemouth.

HENRY CECIL.

September 21st.

(To the Editor of the "Spectator.")

SIR,—May I add my contribution to the stories illustrative of the above, especially as my story bears some resemblance to that told by "Josiah Gilbert" in your last number?

When my father, Mr. W. Wybergh-How, was a young man, he left his home, which was at Isell, near Cocker-mouth, to settle in Shrewsbury, one of his two sisters accompanying him. After some time, he revisited Cumberland with his sister, staying with his father, the Vicar of Isell. They had arranged to leave on a certain Monday, and to spend that night with a former governess, who was married to a Mr. Forrest, and lived at Everton. On the Sunday, after church, Mr. and Mrs. Wybergh, my father's uncle and aunt, who lived at Isell Hall, told them they had invited a party of young people for the Monday night, and would not hear of their leaving that day. They were persuaded to stay, but could not write to Mrs. Forrest, there being no post which would reach her sooner than they themselves would on Tuesday night. The party was a very merry one, a large number of their old friends being there. The only fact I need name at present is that a Miss Fenton, a young lady who had lately lost her mother and was in deep mourning, sat most of the evening alone upon a sofa, not joining in the amusements of the rest. My father and his sister reached Everton by the coach on the Tuesday night, and when they explained the reason of their delay, Mrs. Forrest told them, when the coach had come in the night before without them, she had gone to bed, and had dreamed it was a party for which they had stayed, and that she had dreamt of being there. A little later, while they were at supper, she said she must tell them her dream, as it was so wonderfully vivid; and first of all, she told them who were there. As she had been governess at the Vicarage she knew all the neighbours, so this excited little surprise. She then, however, went on to describe the most minute circumstances of the evening, saying she had seen them all dressed up in fancy dresses and dancing about in them; that they had got a dirty round table into the drawing-room, and were eating something out of a bowl upon it (they had a syllabub, and some one saying it must be eaten from a round table, one was sent for from the kitchen); that old Mr. and Mrs. Wybergh and old Mr. and Mrs. How, who were playing cards in the inner drawing-room, came in and asked what they were doing, and were not allowed to come to the round table or taste the bowl; with other minute details. Mrs. Forrest had told her husband the dream early in the morning in bed, and had afterwards told her children, one of whom corrected her in her narrative saying: "Oh mamma! you told us so-and-so this morning," the correction being the true version of what had occurred. My father and his sister were very greatly startled and astounded as Mrs. Forrest went on, but were still more so when she ended by saying, "And I was sitting all the evening on the sofa, by the side of a young widow lady!" This was the only mistake; but years afterwards I met this lady (then Miss Fenton), and we spoke of this wonderful dream, and she told me it was not so very far from being all true, for she was at that time engaged to be married, and did marry very shortly, and her husband died on their way out to India, directly afterwards.—I am, sir, &c.,

W. WALSHAM BEDFORD,
Bishop Suffragan for East London.

(To the Editor of the "Spectator.")

SIR,—Will the story of Mr. Josiah Gilbert, in your last issue, tell? The absent man's sleep in America must have been after midday, for "he had come in overpowered with heat." By that time, the Sunday in England was over, and

the congregation all in bed. The difference in the clock renders it impossible that the two occurrences could happen at the same time. Did the friends in England see the American's dream some hours before it actually occurred?

I am, sir, &c.

LANARK, N.B.

PSYCHIC VISIONS.

(Continued from p.202.)

The philosophy to which I have made reference, may be summarised thus:—

The universe is pervaded, if not entirely made up, by centres of vibration, called in ancient Sanskrit *tatwas*. It is these centres of vibration which impart the powers of the senses, psychic or corporeal. By the *tatwas* as they exist in the ocean of *prana*, or life-current of this planet, and of the living organisms upon it, we may explain all the phenomena of dreams, illusions, delirium; or of the true and orderly concepts of the mind; of health and disease. The *tatwas* possess form, colour, sound, odour, and may be felt; they are classified as five in number, and are named in correspondence to the five senses. "The Indian Science of Breath investigates and formulates the laws, or rather the one universal law, according to which this current of life, this motive power of universal intelligence, running, as Emerson so beautifully puts it, along the wire of thought, governs evolution and involution, and all the phenomena of human life, physiological, mental, and spiritual. In the whole length and breadth of this universe there is no phenomenon, great or small, which does not find its most natural, most intelligible, and apposite explanation in the theory of the five modes of manifestation of this universal motion—the five elementary *tatwas*." (P. 89.)

In connection with the subject of this paper, "Psychic Visions," I will make a few pertinent extracts, which I hope will induce others to refer to this book for still further reflection and profit. I cannot do better than begin with Chapter x. "The Cosmic Picture Gallery." "Not one organism only, but all the smallest points, the most imperfect beginnings of organised life, as well as the most perfect organisms—all are pictured in this imaginary sphere. It is a magnificent picture-gallery; all that is seen or heard, touched, tasted, or smelt on the face of this earth has a glorious and magnified picture there. At the limit of this terrestrial *prana*, the picture-forming *tatwic* rays exercise a double function." "It is these pictures which the attentive mind sees in its noonday gaze into vacancy; and it is these pictures, seen in this mysterious way, which give us the finest food for our imagination and intellect, and supply us with a far-reaching clue to the nature and working of the laws which govern the life of the macrocosm and microcosm. For these pictures tell us that the smallest of our actions, on whatever plane of our existence, actions which may be so insignificant as to pass unnoticed even by ourselves, are destined to receive an everlasting record, as the effect of the past and the cause of the future. These pictures, again, tell us of the existence of the five universal *tatwas*, which play so important a part in the universe. It is these pictures which lead us to the discovery of the manifold constitution of man and the universe, and of those powers of the mind which have not yet received recognition at the hands of the official science of the day." But it is only the well-trained Yogi who can read these pictures by the light of spiritual science, and obtain from them a knowledge of the hidden things of Nature—those of divine wisdom which can be revealed only to the spiritual man.

"It must be understood that everything in every aspect that has been, or is in being, on our planet has a legible record in the book of nature, and the *tatwic* rays of the *prana* and the mind are constantly bringing the outlines of these pictures back to us. It is to a great extent due to this that the past never leaves us, but always lives within us, although many of its most magnificent monuments have been for ever effaced from the face of our planet for the ordinary gaze—but may be viewed by the psychometrist—by the open vision of an enlightened seer. As the author relates in a most interesting manner further on, "It is no myth to say that the practised Yogi might, with a single effort of his will, bring the picture of any part of the world, past or present, before his mind's eye. And not only visual pictures, as our illustration might lead the reader to think.

The preservation and formation of visual pictures is only the work of the luminiferous ether—the *taijas tatwa*. The other *tatwas* perform their functions as well. The *ākāśa* or soniferous ether preserves all the sounds that have ever been heard on earth, and similarly do the remaining three others preserve the records of the remaining sensations. We see, therefore, that, combining all these pictures, a Yogi in contemplation might have before his mind's eye any man at any distance whatsoever, and might hear his voice *also*." (No need of telephones in such a case.) "Glyndon in Italy, seeing and hearing the conversation of Viola and Zanoni in their distant home, is therefore not merely a dream of the poet, it is a scientific reality. The only thing necessary is to have a sympathetic mind": (*plus* long years of purification of the lower nature and cultivation of the inner sight. These wonderful powers are not obtained in *purity and perfection* quickly, or with ease. There are cases, it is true, of a spontaneous exhibition of inner sight; but to rank high in the employment of this power, to be able to obtain reliable knowledge of a scientific nature, a very careful training is necessary). The author continues: "The phenomena of mental telegraphy, psychometry, clairvoyance, clairsaudience, are all phases of this *tatwic* action. Once understood it is all a very simple affair."

With a few extracts from chap. ix., "The Manifestations of Psychic Force," I must close this paper.

"*Psychic Force* is the form of matter known as *vignana*" (psychic matter and its manifestations) "in active connection with the mental and life-matters." "The *tatwas* of *prana* move with a certain momentum. The mind has greater velocity, and psychic matter greater still." "Ordinarily this psychic force does not manifest itself either in the *prana* or the mind in any uncommon phase. Humanity progresses as a whole, and whatever manifestations of this force take place, they take place in races as a whole. Finite minds are, therefore, slow to recognise it. But all individuals of a race have not the same strength of *tatwic* phase. Some show greater sympathy with the psychic force in one or more of its component *tatwic* phases. Such organisms are called 'mediums.' In them the particular *tatwic* phase of psychic force with which they are in greater sympathy than the rest of their kind makes its uncommon appearance. This difference of individual sympathy is caused by a difference of degree in the commissions and omissions of different individuals, or by the practice of *Yoga*. This psychic force might in this way manifest itself in the shape of all the innumerable possibilities of *tatwic* combination. Therefore, so far as theory is concerned, these manifestations might cover the whole domain of *tatwic* manifestations in the visible (and also in the invisible, which, however, we know not) macrocosm. These manifestations may violate all our present notions of time and space, cause and effect, force and matter. Intelligently utilised, this force might very well perform the functions of the *vril* of 'The Coming Race.'"

The chapters upon the "The Soul" possess a fascination of their own for minds prepared by inclination towards the study of Eastern metaphysics. A few extracts may be acceptable here as illustrating in a small degree those higher powers innate in man, and in which the human race, as a whole, is beginning to take its first infantile steps. "*Yoga* is a power of the soul. *Yoga* is the science of human culture in the highest sense of the word. The purpose is the purification and strengthening of the mind. By its exercise the mind is filled with high aspirations, and acquires divine powers, while the unhappy tendencies die out." "So far as the nature of *Yoga* is concerned, I may say that mankind has reached its present state of development by the exercise of this great power. Nature herself is a great *Yogi*, and humanity has been, and is being, purified into perfection by the exercise of her sleepless will. Man need only imitate the great teacher to shorten for his individual self the road to perfection." But as there is always the reverse to every picture, one must not forget to point out the fact that there are two kinds of *Yoga*, *Raj-Yoga* and *Hatha-Yoga*; the former leading to the highest spiritual condition, and at-one-ment with the Deity, and the latter to a debased magic, which is the death of the soul. Any form of cultivation of the psychic powers, or, as it is commonly called, "mediumship," pursued for selfish purposes, worldly gain, or to inflict injury upon others,

would be nothing more nor less than the dangerous practice of *Hatha-Yoga*.

The extracts I have made can only give a very inadequate impression of the wealth of ideas contained in this book; but they will serve, I hope, to lead earnest students to seek its pages. It is a complete setting forth upon the ground of science (to put it in plain words) of how a man may save his soul—by the evolution of the divine nature held as a germ within him; and details in lucid language every stage of that progress. But there are minds upon whom the beauty and sublimity of the teachings in this book will fall perfectly flat. They can never rise to its height—being possessed of no *intuition*. As the author says, in speaking of intuition, "Let the reader think of a mind in which no colour is evoked at the sounds of scientific words. Let him think of thousands of those men in whose minds the sounds of their own language full of high and great ideas is as strange as Hebrew. Take an uneducated English peasant, and read to him 'Comus.' Do you think those beautiful words will carry to him all they are intended to convey?" "With such a mind let him compare the mind of a really educated man, a mind which almost intuitively takes in the true sense of words. To take in the full sense which words are intended to convey is not an easy task, even for the highly educated. Prejudice, deep-seated antagonistic theories, the strength of one's own convictions and, perhaps, some other characteristics of the mind prove an insurmountable obstacle. Even Mr. John Stuart Mill could not understand the philosophy of Sir William Hamilton."

Sir Walter Scott dipped rather deeply into works upon "demonolatry." It is presumable the author of "Zanoni," Lord Lytton, was enabled to pursue his researches into the occult spheres of being upon higher ground, judging from certain evidences scattered throughout his pages. Professor Stowe, led by his extraordinary faculty of inner vision, gathered about him "an elaborate and valuable collection" of books on the subject of "diablerie." Alas! that his wife could employ no better term regarding a gift which, had the world been ready at that time for the instruction upon the higher occultism which is now being poured into it, might have led this able and worthy pair to investigate the Professor's tormenting visions in such a way as to produce for him life-long happiness and comfort, and incalculable good to his fellow-creatures. We may, however, be thankful we possess the records of his extraordinary power, as one additional and very weighty proof that psychic vision is a gift latent in humanity.

AN IMPROMPTU SEANCE.

BY AUGUSTUS HATCH.

(From the "Golden Way.")

As I was gazing out into the north-east snowstorm now raging in all its fury, and watching the vain efforts of the horses in the street to shield their eyes from the pitiless elements, my thoughts turned for relief to the West. As my experience there passed in panorama before my vision, I remembered an afternoon at Mrs. Fairchild's, on Larkin-street, San Francisco, and that the "conditions" were not favourable for good manifestations, much to our regret. I am impressed to attempt a description of a séance with Mrs. H. B. Fay, at Onset, Mass., feeling that my powers of pen-painting will fail to do justice to the event. As some of the circle may be known to you, and would gladly give evidence of the truthfulness of my account, I will give the names: Dr. Storer, former president of the Onset Society; Mrs. Coffin, Mr. Fulke, Dr. Musso and Dr. James Richardson, with five others, including my wife and myself.

The séance was an impromptu one, and the room in which it was held was in Major Griffin's cottage. The cabinet consisted of a curtain across the corner of the room. The medium was seated in the cabinet and in a second a form appeared and was recognised as Emma, the wonderful cabinet spirit, who after speaking to us retired, and the form of an Indian woman, who said she was a control of Mrs. Coffin, came out, and was introduced by her medium to the circle, and she took each one by the hand; she was succeeded by a coloured lady, who gave the name of Chloe, and claimed Dr. Storer as an acquaintance; of course, this raised a laugh at the expense of the Doctor; which subsided,

however, when the Doctor remarked that she was the nurse of his early years and held in great respect by him. Next came an Indian chief in full regalia to me, and began speaking in an unknown tongue, but upon my saying I did not understand, spoke in English, and made me know him as Golden Rod, guide of a local medium here. Many others came: Dr. J. P. Greenleaf, Allen Putnam, and a number we had known in earth life. We can say they were easily recognisable and no mistake as to identity could be made. Wonderful as all this was, a still greater wonder was in waiting, and it came.

The spirit Emma came out and borrowed a handkerchief of one of the circle, then, calling for more light, took Mr. Fulke to the centre of the room and by a few passes and movements of her hands enlarged the handkerchief and made a garment which completely covered Mr. Fulke. She then dematerialised, but in an instant she again came from the cabinet and removed the garment from the bewildered Mr. Fulke, made a few passes, and presto, there was the article as she received it from the owner. Returning it to him, she bade us good-night. We had begun to rise when the hoarse voice of Auntie said, "Wait; bring the lamp into the room and turn it up all it will bear." This was done, and there between the curtains stood a beautiful spirit for at least two minutes.

Such is an impartial description of one séance with Mrs. Fay, and because I thought you might know Dr. Storer or others, I have selected it; but we have been present at many séances still more wonderful.

Mrs. Fay is a German lady of a deep religious nature, honest and true above deception; a grand woman, loved for her womanly qualities and respected for her sterling worth. Tried for fifteen years and proved true.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

What Dreams Portend.

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent "G. F. Kemp," the dream detailed was certainly prophetic as its fulfilment testifies.

The vision of surrounding waves, which did not wet the dreamer, symbolised trouble affecting friends or relatives, calling forth anxiety and sympathy. The waterfall sparkling in the sunshine portended good arising from evil. The friend looking through a window denoted a desire to communicate some intelligence, and as the white garment is a symbol of safety and rest no doubt the passage was a pleasant one.

KATE BURTON.

Confirmation Wanted.

SIR,—Some weeks ago I sat at planchette with a lady with whom I have had several remarkable communications. Planchette began by dashing to and fro across nearly the breadth of the paper, making a horizontal ground-work, and on this it proceeded to erect an upright drawn in like manner. On the left was something connected with the upright in three places, but so rudely drawn we could not guess its meaning. Underneath, in an oval, A. G. 1605.

Finding that we were quite at sea, planchette made another attempt, and, without changing the general contour of the drawing, filled in the details with so much distinctness that we easily recognised it as the representation of a woman burnt at the stake. The guiding influence of the pencil claimed to be Alice Grimbolt, who was condemned at Leicester in March, 1605, for the murder of her mistress, the landlady of the Blue Boar Inn, in that town. The murder of her mistress by a woman amounted at that time to petty treason, a crime punishable by burning alive; and such was the fate of Alice Grimbolt, though only an accomplice in the crime. The principals were named Harrison and Bradshaw. The execution of a woman for petty treason must always have been so rare an event that notice of Alice's death may be preserved somewhere, though I have little hope of it coming to light. But some confirmation is possible on an incidental point. Alice informed us that crookbacked Richard had once slept at the Blue Boar. Now I am told that there is an old house at Leicester near the bridge with an inscription on it relating to King Richard III. Can any of your readers give us a copy of this inscription, or inform us of its purport?

94, Gower-street.

H. WEDGWOOD.

April 26th, 1891.

Spirit Communication.

SIR,—The enclosed communication from the well-known author and poet, S. C. Hall (who was editor of the "Art Journal" upwards of forty years), I received through a young lady medium, two years ago, viz., on March 22nd, 1889, the evening before his funeral, as his secretary's letter (enclosed) informs me.* The expressions used in his communication are very characteristic of him; for my late wife and myself often visited him, as he lay on what proved to be his "death-bed," before he received his reward in the "Higher Life"; and we had received scores of letters from him, in which he often avowed his impatience to join his "darling in Heaven"!

The ladies of "Kenmare" and scores of others whom he had benefited will be glad to receive the assurance of his happy state!

40, York-place, Portman-square, W. G. MILNER STEPHEN.

Friday, March 22nd, '89.

No separation! United now for ever! I am so glad I was called away. I can come and add value to your communications now, dear friend, and my dear young lady (the medium). While I think of it, accept our warmest thanks for the lovely flowers (a funeral wreath) sent to my earthly residence. I am so much obliged to you.

I have little poems to give you later on. I shall still have an active life, and continual progression. I will strive always to be a benefit to those below me, *as well as to the angels immediately connected with us.*

I thank God I am relieved of the burdens of my flesh. I am so grateful for it. My darling (his wife, the authoress) was so pleased to meet me *here*! I longed to go to her. Now, thank God, I have all the happiness I can wish for. Many will miss me, many will regret my change; but through those whom I can convey my messages and words of love to, I shall never lose the opportunity of doing so.

My darling wishes her affectionate greetings made known to you, my dear friend.

I have a little weakness remaining, but, thank God, I am freed—freed from the earthly body. All earthly ties are broken, but through *you*, and the kindness of God, I shall ever communicate with you and those dear to you; and at last we greet you *here*, not until your valuable labours are finished; not until the day of your noble work closes; then we meet you *here*.

Then at once you are one with Jesus,
And our spirit works begin;
At the close of earthly labours
The light of Heaven comes in!

Farewell! God bless you!

S. C. HALL.

Leila Thomson.

SIR,—The more I reflect on the events of the past, the more convinced I feel that the fatal seasons when there has been no communication between the two worlds, no "open vision," have arisen, not from the want of power or the want of will of the Heavenly hosts, who work the behests of God, but through the selfishness and perversity of man himself, through the unwillingness of those in worldly prominence that so it should be. From the king on the throne to the lowest underling of the magistracy; from the Pope or the Presbyter in his sanctuary throughout the whole ranks of their lofty calling, their object, for centuries, has been to put down in all but very exceptional cases, that which at length a good Christian woman, Leila Thomson, has presumed to call "Modern Miracles." We have all read and shuddered at the cruelty of inquisitions on both sides, such as made the angels weep and withdraw from their *protégés* rather than allow them any more to be subjected to torture and death. When kings act as religious persecutors, they are apt to mix it up with some act of absurdity, as was the case with our James I., and the sleeping preacher of Oxford, an act well worthy of the satire which it elicited, and when Louis XIV., in his mightiness, commanded that "no more miracles should be performed at the tomb of the Abbé Paris"; he, too, brought upon himself the ridicule and contempt he deserved in a witty lampoon:—

"De par le Roi! défense à Dieu
De faire miracles dans ce lieu."

* Mr. Milner Stephen encloses a letter, which shows that the funeral of the late S. C. Hall was to take place on the Saturday succeeding the date of the letter, March 19th, 1889.

Nevertheless, worldly power prevailed, and what was the result? "Modern miracles" ceased for so long that people began to deny that miracles, so-called, had ever happened, or that there was a future life, and thus freedom of thought having got a footing, the angels felt that they might come back again without the old slaughterings. So Leila Thomson for one has written her "Modern Miracles," and they have been now accepted, to a certain extent, in the churches, which so long repudiated them and persecuted their recipients.

I have taken Leila Thomson's little work as my textbook for "Soul-hearing" and "Soul-seeing." Let me now say a few words on another subject that she makes prominent: "Faith-healing." Now, as I have endeavoured to show, the two former faculties are spontaneous; there is no invocation, as Milton puts it, thus speaking:—

"Of my Celestial Patroness, who deigns
Her nightly visitations *unimplored*."

Now, "Faith healing" is all the other way; it is mainly, if not all, "implored." It is the invocation of God. What is most singular with regard to the Faith-healing at Männedorf, of which she writes, is that it has been not only effective, but successive, and not in the hands of two persons only, as we had been led to suppose, but in those of three, for by far the greatest part of this century, probably throughout the century; for it was the mother of Dorothea Trüdel with whom it commenced, and Dorothea herself died an elderly woman in 1862. It was also carried on during her life, and has been perpetuated ever since by the same person, Professor Zoller, and is still, so far as I know, in active operation by the same good and able practitioner.

Here is Miss Thomson's account of the advent of Professor Zoller: "Patients flocked to Männedorf from all countries—many epileptic cases, many far gone in consumption, many insane received healing of body, mind, and soul. After a time Dorothea took a friend, Professor Zoller, to help her, praying that the same gift of faith might be bestowed on him; and when she died he became her successor, and carried on her work at Männedorf." That Professor Zoller has been and is a most successful successor, Miss Thomson abundantly proves.

In my next letter I propose to write a short account of Dorothea Trüdel's mother, with whom the Zurich Faith-healing began.

WM. R. TOMLINSON.

SOCIETY WORK.

[Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible and by appending their signatures to their communications. Inattention to these requirements often compels us to reject their contributions. No notice received later than the first post on Tuesday is sure of admission.]

SHEFFIELD.—We are requested to state that Mr. W. Towns, of London, will be in Sheffield from May 3rd to May 10th, and that letters may be addressed to him at the Midland Café, 175, Bond-street, Sheffield.

CORDWAINERS' HALL, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mr. J. J. Morse lectured on Charles Bradlaugh and his lifework, from the Spiritualists' standpoint. A resolution was proposed and well supported, expressive of the thanks of the meeting for his noble service in fighting the battle of freethought.—B.H.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—On Sunday last Mrs. Spring occupied this platform and gave some marvellous tests to many of the audience. After the meeting the secretary read his report for the past year and gave in his resignation, which was accepted. Mr. Brunner was unanimously elected to the post.—GEO. E. GUNN, late Hon. Sec.

311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, NEAR THE GREEN.—On Sunday last we had a good audience, and strong manifestations of spirit power and presence. Next Sunday spiritual services at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Wednesday, public reception at 8.30 p.m., subject, "Mediumship"; Thursday, free healing at 8.15 p.m.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec., 8, Orchard-row, Camberwell.

MR. A. F. TINDALL requests us to announce that the "London Spiritualist Federation," of which he is secretary will meet on Sunday, May 3rd, at Copenhagen Hall, Copenhagen-street, Caledonian-road. In the afternoon, at 3 p.m., there will be a Conference, at which Mr. Tindall will read a paper and make suggestions as to future work in the direction of greater unity combined with liberty. He adds that the "London Occult Society" will hold a meeting at Harcourt-street during the week after May 3rd, time to be announced.

24, HARCOURT-STREET, MARYLEBONE.—On Sunday last Mr. J. H. Bowens delivered an interesting address on the Transition State, &c. Mr. Hopcroft followed with successful clairvoyant descriptions. He was also controlled to depict a death scene which was acknowledged by one of the audience as that of his long risen father. Sunday, at 11 a.m., Mr. Portman; at 7 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell, trance; Thursday at 7.45 p.m., Mr. Hopcroft; Saturday at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Wilkins.—C. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

CARDIFF.—On Sunday evening last, at the Psychological Hall, a service was held in commemoration of the passing away of Mr. Moses Williams, and to the fraternal regard in which his memory is held. Dr. Charles Williams, our esteemed president, testified to this in a touching way, as did also Mr. Rees Lewis, with whom, perhaps, more than any other Mr. Williams had for many years been intimately associated. The address given by Mr. Lewis consisted of communications from Harriet Martineau, Horace Greeley, &c., descriptive of life in the spirit spheres.—E. A.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday last Mr. R. J. Lees spoke morning and evening to good audiences. We would specially return our thanks to the London Spiritualist Alliance (its president and officers) for the kind gift of a number of Hellenbach's "Birth and Death," which have been highly appreciated by our members. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., Mr. J. Veitch; at 7 p.m., Mr. Cyrus Symons, "Matter, Life and Spirit." Monday, May 4th, at 8.15 p.m., Mr. J. Cartwright, "What is Evil?" adjourned discussion. Friday, May 8th, at 8 p.m., free healing, Messrs. Lees and Duggan.—J. VEITCH, Sec., 19, Crescent, Southampton-street.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—At last Sunday's service we had a good attendance. Mr. W. O. Drake gave an able discourse upon the general aspects of Spiritualism, explaining its many phases to the great satisfaction of all present. Mr. Astbury followed, commenting upon the rapid progress of the movement. Sunday next at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mr. J. Hopcroft; Tuesday at 8 p.m., séance—Mrs. Mason; Thursday at 8 p.m., developing circle; Saturday at 8 p.m., séance—Mr. Norton. The Lyceum on Sunday was well attended, when Mr. Wyatt presented prizes to Alice Cope and Sidney Cusdin for good conduct and regular attendance. We have to thank Mr. J. J. Morse also for a gift of Lyceum banners which were greatly prized by our little ones.—J. H. B., Secretary.

OPEN AIR SPIRITUAL MISSION.—The first meeting of the season of the workers in this mission was held in Hyde Park (near Marble Arch) on Sunday afternoon last, when some interesting speeches were made by Mr. Bullock and Messrs. A. M. Rodger, T. Emms, and E. Bullock, under the presidency of Mr. W. O. Drake. A good number of "LIGHT" and other journals were freely distributed. As we expect to meet with extended opposition this season, we shall be glad of help from all Metropolitan Spiritualists, both as regards action and in the dissemination of our literature, quantities of which can be brought to our meetings, and will also be received by the undersigned. Next Sunday at three o'clock sharp. Offers of assistance, and inquiries as to our mode of work, will be received and answered by Percy Smyth, 68, Cornwall-road, Bayswater, W.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

It having been repeatedly requested that all communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor of "LIGHT," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to any other address, it is now respectfully intimated that letters otherwise addressed will not be forwarded. Foreign correspondents are specially desired to note this request. It does not, of course, apply to proof sent from the printer and marked to be returned to 13, Whitefriars-street, E.C. So much expense and delay is caused by neglect to read the standing notices to correspondents that it is hoped attention may be paid to the plain directions therein laid down.

SOME well-meant attempts to overtake my correspondence have failed, in consequence of a recurrence of the Russian pest that has so often plagued me. I hope it may be only a temporary affliction, and that I shall soon be able to reply to what demands attention.—EDITOR "LIGHT."

RUSTICUS EXPECTANS.—Yes: automatic writing is best obtained alone. "Spirit Teachings" were so given and many have got messages in the same way. The plan is to sit at the most convenient time, early morning or late at night, in perfect passivity, occupying the mind by some light reading, so as to keep it free from active thought. The hand should hold a pencil, and plenty of large paper should be near. The movements of the hand should be unchecked, and, as far as possible, unnoticed.

WE do not take possession of our ideals, but are possessed by them. They master and force us into the arena where, like gladiators, we must fight for them.—HEINE.

COMING events cast their shadow before; and past events cast their shadow on the life; that is, they influence the destiny. Acts create habits; habits make character; character is permanent.—"Spirit Teachings."