

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

No. 555.—VOL. XI. [Registered as a Newspaper.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1891. [Registered as a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

An interesting item in news is the "human voice made visible." The result is something like a shell with symmetrical spirals. Beginning with (or should I say ending with?) a large aperture the sound waves terminate with a point like the end of a whelk shell. The pamphlet of Mrs. Watts Hughes to which I refer is published by Hazell, Watson and Viney. "Voice Figures" it is called. I remember Mr. Crookes showing me some most beautiful patterns of sound-vibrations a long time ago. The point I want to make is that we are all parts of one universe and that everything we do is impressed on the material part of it. Will anybody tell me what the material part is?

I make no apology for reprinting this. Gordon was a Spiritualist if ever there was one, and the conjunction of the names of Tennyson and Gordon is surely fortunate. What would astrologers say?

"HAVE WE FORGOTTEN GORDON?"

(From "PUNCH.")

[Lord Tennyson, under this heading, writes appealing to Englishmen for subscriptions to the funds of the "Gordon Boys' Home" at Woking, which is in want of £40,000. Contributions should be sent to the Treasurer, General Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., Marlborough House, Pall Mall.]

Are we sleeping? "Have we forgotten?" Like the thrust of an Arab spear

Comes that conscience-piercing question from the Singer of Haslemere.

Have we indeed forgotten the hero we so be-sang,
When across the far south sand-wastes the news of his murder rang?

Forgotten? So it had seemed to him, as alone afar he lay,
With the Nile to watch for laggard friends, fierce foes to hold at bay;

Though the tired red lines toiled onward up the Cataracts, and we

Dreamed of the shout of the rescuing host his eyes should never see.

When chivalrous Burnaby lay slain, with a smile in the face of death,

And for happy news from the hungry wastes men yearned with bated breath;

When Wilson pushed his eager way past torrent-swirl and crag,

Till they saw o'er Gordon's citadel wave high—the Mahdi's flag.

That shame was surely enough, enough, that sorrow had a sting
Our England should not court again. The Laureate's accents ring

With scorn suppressed, a scorn deserved indeed, if still our part

Is to forget a purpose high that was dear to Gordon's heart.

"This earth has borne no simpler, nobler man." So then sang he

Who sounds a keen reveille now. "Can you help us?" What say we?

Oh, out on words, that come like Wolseley's host too late—too late!

Do—do, in the simple silent way that made lost Gordon great.

Surely these Boys that Gordon loved in the Home with Gordon's name

Should speak to every English heart that cares for our England's fame;

And what be forty thousand pounds as an offering made to him

Who held so high that same bright fame some do their worst to dim!

Fit task for patriot poet, this! Tyrtæus never stood
More worthily for heroic hearts or his home-land's highest good.

Give! give! and with free hands! His spirit's poor, his soul is hard,

Who heeds not our noblest Hero's appeal through the lips of our noblest Bard!

The "Freeman's Journal" is funny. It devotes a whole column to "LIGHT," a paper which surprises its critic greatly. Much must be forgiven to articles written in the small hours of the morning by people who seem to have no sense of responsibility. There is in them no value and in the silly season they pass. But it is one of the impertinences of journalism that any man who has nothing else to do can write about what he is clearly ignorant of. It will not be till this is remedied that the Press will have its proper power. It is the greatest power we have now. The power of the Pulpit has waned. Let the Press cultivate some of the moral accountability of the Pulpit. It is a disgrace to a respectable paper that any man should be paid a penny a line to write the stuff that the "Freeman's Journal" is not ashamed to print. It is an abuse of the privilege of the Press to print such nonsense. A medium, I learn, publishes "Lucifer." Also I read that they are "prosecuting a poor devil" in London. I wish I could get a devil, poor or otherwise; I should like to see what he is like. But time and patience fail to do any sort of justice to the ineptitudes of this article. They are merely silly and are probably written by the office boy. It cannot even spell "psychometrist." But yet it is "an instructed Christian." Let it go to school for some more instruction. When the time comes we shall see that in "the great unseen world there is an accumulation of human folly, vanity, and error." They are my own words, and I adopt them on mature consideration. When the writer joins the majority there will be one more specimen. Also I observe that the "medium" has some offensive utterances on this matter. Wholly beneath contempt.

I must say a word of regret at the death of James Russell Lowell. I have no title to bring his name in here, but he was a charming man and I am sure he would not have forbidden me when he left us, to say "God bless you." Mr. Lowell had a large heart and a wide mind. He was one of the best talkers I ever listened to. Orators are scarce. We have only a few in one generation. Lowell was not an orator, but he was an extremely good talker, and he had a great amount of material on which to talk.

Four hours a day he spent in getting together the straw for his bricks. And very good bricks they were. Mr. Lowell was the best speaker, the most thoughtful, that I ever listened to except John Bright—the greatest compliment I can pay him.

I may add what I think an excellent estimate of Lowell. He was a many sided man and the world appreciated him more than it usually does living people.

Lowell's real strength lies here. When he was not a satirist he was greatest as a rhetorician—which, after all, is only the same thing in another form. Satire and rhetoric are very near akin, and they are constantly found side by side in the "Biglow Papers" and in Lowell's other poems. His best-known passages are among the noblest specimens of rhetorical verse this century has seen. There is both oratory and poetry in the somewhat hackneyed lines from "The Present Crisis," or in the even finer passage from "Mason and Slidell":—

O strange New World, that yet wast never young,
Whose youth from thee by gripin' need was wrung,
Brown foundlin' of the woods, whose baby bed
Was prowled round by the Injun's cracklin' tread,
An' who grew'st strong thru' shifts, an' wants an' pains,
Nursed by stern men with empires in their brains,
Who saw in vision their young Ishmael strain
With each hard hand a vassal ocean's mane,
Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by great events
To pitch new States ez Old-World men pitch tents;
Thou, taught by Fate to know Jehovah's plan
That only manhood ever makes a man,
An' whose free latch-string never was drawn in
Against the poorest child of Adam's kin.
The grave's not dug where traitor hands shall lay
In fearful haste thy murdered corse away.

His rhetorical prose is quite as fine in its way as his verse. We can recall few passages in modern English which surpass, in oratorical effect, some of the exhortations put into the mouth of the Rev. Homer Wilbur:—

In God's name let all, who hear nearer and nearer the hungry moan of the storm and the growl of the breakers, speak out! But, alas! we have no right to interfere. If a man pluck an apple of mine, he shall be in danger of the justice, but if he steal my brother, I must be silent. Who says this? Our Constitution consecrated by the callous consuetude of sixty years, and grasped in triumphant argument by the left hand of him whose right hand clutches the clotted slave whip. Justice, venerable with the undethronable majesty of countless æons says,—Speak! The Past, wise with the sorrows and desolations of ages, from amid her shattered fanes and wolf-housing palaces, echoes—Speak. Nature, through her thousand trumpets of freedom, her stars, her sunrises, her seas, her winds, her cataracts, her mountains blue with cloudy pines, blows jubilant encouragement, and cries—Speak. From the soul's trembling abysses the still small voice not vaguely murmurs,—Speak! But, alas! the Constitution and the Hon. Mr. Bagowind, M.C., say,—Be Dumb!

Mrs. Boucher writes that the Rev. C. Lambert, having published "A Vicar's Ghost Story"—he is the vicar of Baydon, Wilts—requires thirty shillings for attesting the authenticity of two headless ghosts. He will attest a single one for a guinea! How foolish these folk are. They know nothing about ghosts except by chance, and then, thirty shillings for an attested ghost! Is one not justified in saying that a more flagrant abuse of a position—he is a clergyman—could not be conceived? At any rate I will say so, and leave the reverend gentleman to make what he can of me. Thirty shillings for two cases; one guinea for one. No reduction on taking a quantity. But what is his Bishop doing? And why is not this man treated as fortune tellers are? Let us have fair play. There is no exclusive reason why a man should be honest because he is a clergyman. There are many reasons why he should be, but there may be just one why he is a little short of it, and this one seems to have been operative in this case.

DEATH.—Frightful to all men is Death; from of old named King of Terrors. Our little compact home of an Existence, where we dwelt complaining, yet as in a home, is passing, in dark agonies, into an Unknown of Separation, Foreignness, unconditioned Possibility. The Heathen Emperor asks of his soul, "Into what places art thou now departing?" The Catholic King must answer, "To the Judgment-bar of the Most High God!" Yes, it is a summing up of Life; a final settling, and giving in the "account of the deeds done in the body"; they are done now; and lie there unalterable, and do bear their fruits, long as Eternity shall last.—CARLYLE.

NOTES FROM MY SPIRITUAL DIARY.

By F. J. THEOBALD.

PART XII.

[It was whilst visiting my friend Mrs. G. S. that I received several communications from her husband, who passed away some years ago. They were of great interest to Mrs. S., because, as she told me, they were fully characteristic of him, so that she felt satisfied as to his identity. On one occasion he gave his peculiarly characteristic signature, "which would be recognised at once by any of his friends," as Mrs. S. told me. I did not know him at all, as my introduction to Mrs. S. only took place a short time before these messages came. She has kindly given me permission to publish the following extracts, thinking they will be of interest, and perhaps helpful to any who read these "Notes from my Spiritual Diary."] First was written:—

"Let not your hearts be troubled. In the time of tribulation and of perplexity, there is a Guiding Hand which will lead you gently on. It may be by a way you least expect. It may be even by a way that is dark, lonely, sad, and sorrowful, but—shall not the Judge of All do right? Take heed, both of you. Go on prayerful, ever trusting. So will the Father lead His loved ones into the desired haven."

[There was a sudden change of influence, and to Mrs. S. came the following from G. S.:—]

"I am by you. F. J. T.'s beloved grandpapa wrote the above; a beautiful, bright, angelic spirit, breathing out peace and love. It is good to be by him. I will now try to let you know what I can of my progress on this side. I found all here wonderfully like the earth-life, in being so very real. You know I always liked bustle and human life in preference to lonely, quiet country life, for which you yearned. So I was satisfied in having a home in a very busy place, in a city. I met all my old friends. I have not yet seen the One who is the Christ of this part. I cannot explain this. Good folks talk of 'departing to be with Christ.' Now only they who are already in and with Him, at one with Him, will meet Him here at once! To live with Him, to know that in Him, as in God (for He is the representation of the Deity), we live, move, and have our being, it is not necessary for them, to depart, to be with Him. For He is in them. But though I loved good men, good books, though I should have been very angry if I had been point-blank told that I was not a Christian, whilst I was on earth, still, when I got here I found at once that as I had not, in so many ways, been really Christ-like, I should have to attain to the Christ-sphere before I could know Him in very truth. But I am growing near, nearer, and oh! my dear M., He is drawing to Me."

[On another occasion this message was continued as follows:—]

"The hidden wisdom of the Father is coming to me. My nature, my interior spiritual nature, is developing, and now I can grasp much that when on earth came, as it were, on the surface only.

"You see there was very much in my earthly desires, inclinations, and training, to suppress the inner, whilst, at the same time, the latent love of the mystical was an inherent part of my many-sided character.

"I begin actually, to enjoy the glories of the country, to revel in, to feed upon them, as you used to; or so I thought, and wondered at!

"I am ever true to my love of city life, and live in a whirl of it! But oh! how different to what that life is in your London! You cannot compare the two, because having risen, having gradually cast aside the earthliness which clung to me, I now see the spiritual truths in the architecture; and in the intense life we lead here.

"In the lower sphere, where I have been to look and learn, there are places almost identical with London city life. In fact it is full of city men who have lived a low life therein, and they have to outlive and outgrow it before casting it aside."

[A few days later G. S. writes:—]

"I have by me at this moment a congregation of loved, honoured men of God. William Law, Lynch, T. Jones, and several of the Morells, all in harmony; their one teaching being to bring all to Oneness with the Father God, through the mediatorship of Christ the Son.

"And there is in each soul created by the Father, the germ of Christ-spirit which constitutes the Son-ship of His children, and makes all heirs to Eternal Glory.

"Never be discouraged. The time is even hastening for all the marvellous development of every form of philosophy, science, and all that for brevity's sake we will call 'the march of civilisation.' All, all tends towards the highest good; the development all round of the human soul and spirit. . . ."

[The next time Mrs. S. and I sat *en séance*, she was saying she would like to know whether her husband had yet seen T. J. He passed away a very short time before G. S. went. Very rapidly was written:—]

"We met quickly. He, my much-loved pastor, scarcely recovering from his spirit-sleep, came to welcome me. He is still in his own groove. As an inspired man when on earth, he has grand powers now, being still inspired by the higher spirits.

"I need not tell you that I am as ever one of his most constant hearers. For we have our places of worship and holiness here, in correspondence with your churches and chapels.

"I gain far more from him now than I could when on earth. I am thankful, oh! so thankful, to say that I am now more receptive, and able to grasp the hidden, wonderfully mystical teachings.

"That grand spirit, William Law, is I cannot tell you how grand and good: indeed, one of God's own inspired. For the mediumship of earth is but a faint foreshadowing of mediumship here. I do not know how to express it. . . ."

MEDIUMSHIP.

[G. S. continued.]

"No doubt, where there is a great amount of open vision there is some physical peculiarity which aids it. For though our friend F. J. T. declares to you that mediumship is latent on every side, still there are degrees of it, and of so widely different types that in comparison to some such mediums as W. Law, Thomas Jones, Lynch, amongst the spiritual teachers, and Lord Bacon, &c., amongst the philosophers, doubtless there are those of so low a degree as to be scarcely useable; therefore I should call such useless; that is, for any practical use in Spiritualism. Naturally there must be mediumship in all, for by it is kept up the current of what I will call the Divine Spark of Life and Love, which keeps our life going."

[I will now give a few short extracts from messages I have received from different spirits, showing the difficulties they have to contend with on their side. Perhaps, they may help us to know how we may assist in removing some of them ourselves.]

"Spirit-communication is made more difficult by reason of the disbelief prevalent. The great, great difficulty of conveying to the different spirits, in the body, the truth as we see and wish you all to see it.

"Each mind wants a different kind of *rapport* to bring conviction; but when the truth of the communication between the two worlds is established more unwaveringly, why we shall then, more and more, get at one with you all!

"Separation will not be recognised. The truest presence is that which is spiritual. . . . Live more and more in the belief of our power to aid you, always by the Father's permission and loving care. Even as Christ's life and resurrection threw down the barrier of death, and opened up a glorious spiritual reign, so now in His second coming does He bring fresh *rapport* between the two worlds, and establish the fuller, fresher communion which He really promised to His disciples when on earth."

[A young relative writes:—]

"How limited are these expressions! . . . If I speak of my spirit-home I can but use your earthly words, and oh! how poor they are! . . ."

"I want language of the spirit!—of the essence of the Divine, to express fully all I want to say. I can but thus give you a narrow glimpse,—a small rift in the veil which lies between the mortal in fleshly garb, and the spirit freed from that. . . ."

"We are watching and feeling for and with you. Aware of the anxieties which weigh you down, and on that very account, we are quite unable to get good control over your medial powers.

"It is very trying for us here, and for you in your earth, to be so very near, and yet so far! For if the wires of the telegraph are loosened, or broken, no use can be made of them. . . . Many things tend to loosen, and then we wait, but we also deeply sympathise. . . . Do not yield to sadness. Above all at this glorious Easter, when all around teaches of the resurrection of new hopes, and tells anew of the Father's triumph over all things sad and gloomy."

SO-CALLED "WITCHES."

[Whilst visiting some friends and speaking of the strange life of Joanna Southcott, and others, the following was rapidly written:—]

"Joanna Southcott was but one of the many mediums called at one time 'witches.' Not knowing anything about the Laws of Correspondence, error in interpretation crept in. Never mind. It belongs to God's way of clearing the road for His ministering spirits. Do not ever be troubled (over much) at what looks like deceit. Pray against evil,—take what comes,—weed it (as in all soils weeds spring up);

then take to your own soul all that is good for its nourishment.

"Remember that in all communings with our loved ones, we do our best to be truthful—that is, to express truthfully all we would say. But even then we find great difficulty in bringing a message pure and, so to speak, unadulterated to your own soul. Never mind! Remember the words 'always through a glass darkly,' but afterwards face to face. And the day will come when this 'afterwards' will be the present, and the truth of the glories of the home of those 'who rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him' will be fully given and known. Oh! rest in Him, lie passive in the Everlasting Arms which never fail. In the midst of storms and trials, of sorrows, of deceit,—in the midst of the weakness of the flesh which frustrates and unnerves you, yes, always rest in Him, and be content."

FROM THE SPIRIT OF A HIGH CHURCH CLERGYMAN.

I wish X. could be brought into the belief of our power to come. But he and Y. are too much like me as I was on earth. They are strictly conventional, and this, whilst it has its advantages, tends greatly to bar the mind against any truth presented in a novel aspect. It is true our Church preaches "the communion of saints," and of the "cloud of witnesses"; but the members of that Church do not act as if they did believe; and, you know, if I had lived on earth until now I should probably have been a disbeliever in the Spiritualistic marvels now going on in your midst.

I cannot tell . . . We see all things from the vantage-ground of the spirit home. It is now impossible to doubt. . . .

I know that I passed out of the body; that I—as you say—died. I was greatly surprised—nay, almost shocked—to find myself the same! I was not at all better spiritually for the marvellous change. I did not find myself in the Heaven I had so vaguely pictured! I found myself a man, sympathising with your grief, watching with keener interest than ever the events of my home life.

Then I found myself in a real spirit home, with my dear Z., who helped me by teaching me of these wonders. . . .

THE PAUPER'S DEATHBED.

Tread softly—bow the head,

In reverent silence bow—

No passing bell doth toll;

Yet an immortal soul

Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,

With lowly reverence bow;

There's one in that poor shed,

One by that paltry bed,

Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof

Lo! Death doth keep his state;

Enter—no crowds attend—

Enter—no guards defend

This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold

No smiling courtiers tread;

One silent woman stands,

Lifting with meagre hands

A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—

An infant wail alone;

A sob suppressed—again

That short, deep gasp, and then

The parting groan.

Oh! change—oh! wondrous change—

Burst are the prison bars—

This moment there so low,

So agonised, and now

Beyond the stars!

Oh! change, stupendous change!

There lies the soulless clod;

The sun eternal breaks,

The new immortal wakes—

Wakes with his God.

IF we will but listen attentively, we can hear in all religions a groaning of the spirit, a struggle to conceive the inconceivable, to utter the unutterable, a longing after the Infinite, a love of God.—MAX MULLER.

THE INCOMING AGE AND ITS LIFE THOUGHTS.

BY THOMAS POWERS.

As the old age recedes, and the new incoming age casts its shadow before it, we reach a period in the history of the embodied human race when our scientific savants, having pursued their investigations into the vast domain of nature, find themselves confronted by an impenetrable mist which proves to them an insurmountable barrier, and from that mist is heard a still small voice, whose mysterious utterance is "Hitherto hast thou come, but no further canst thou go," for they find themselves face to face with the grand problem of life itself; and this mystery they call "the unknowable," for they cannot enter upon the domain of the scientist of spirit.

And the surmises of these intellectual giants are verily true in part, for the great ubiquitous life is in and of itself unknown and unknowable; and to finite beings, however vast their acquirements, this one secret as to what life itself really is must ever be covered by a veil that never can be lifted.

Nevertheless it is given us to know somewhat of the qualities and outworkings of life, and the new incoming age we may herald as the bright and morning star which precedes the dawn of the more effulgent glories of a perfect day; and even the star itself is a sun whose luminosity shall cause the luminary of the passing age to pale, for it is already flinging its dual ray athwart the shadows of the past, and imparting its genial light to many who have been sitting in darkness, and its increase of life to those who were long in the bondage of the fear of death.

The indawning age brings with it a response to the soul-yearning of humanity to know something more of life, of God, and of man, for the knowledges of the age now passing away have been discovered to have their base only in the "appearances of truth," knowledge only in part, shadows of good things to come; and when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part must be done away; and those sincere souls who have examined the foundations of the old systems of thought have found themselves compelled—perforce—to eschew the husks of creed and dogma, and the speculative theories of a blind, confiding faith, and are athirst for truth, pure truth, in contradistinction to "appearances."

To all sincere seekers after pure truth, and ardent students of the laws of life, the secrets of the angels of the incoming age are imparted as conditions of reception are evolved.

To those who have the ear to hear, the dual ray of angelic light and love thus speaks: "Know then, there is but one life, and that is the great infinite ubiquitous life, which is the same in all worlds, spheres, and universes, and beside it there is none other."

The qualities of this one grand life can be but faintly and imperfectly portrayed in the language of the mortal; and those terms most comprehensive for this one life are infinitude, ubiquitousness. It is infinite: wisdom infinite, love infinite, power infinite, and nothing finite can comprehend that which is infinite. It is ubiquitous: wisdom ubiquitous, love ubiquitous, and power ubiquitous; and what that is finite can comprehend that which is ubiquitous? And inasmuch as this grand life is infinite, is ubiquitous, therefore there is and can be but one life, and that is the great infinite life power; and all known forms or expressions of life are but manifestations of this one grand life, whether it be the life of the gods, angels, or men, and even all forms of life below the man, who is, in his embodied state, a microcosm of the universal macrocosm.

Although life itself is unknown and unknowable, yet some of its grand qualities can be and are known, for every form of life is an expression or manifestation of some specific quality, and the variety of expression is as the life itself—infinite. Yet nothing can be known except in and by its manifestations, and from the grand centre of life even to the infinite circumference the manifestations or outworkings of life are in due order of sequence, perfect unfoldment of its own sublime qualities in harmonious adaptation to all planes of conscious and self-conscious being.

Life is made manifest in conscious and self-conscious forms. All forms of life are conscious, and the seeming difference of consciousness is a question of degree or

development; for, from the densest mineral to the sweet unfolding flower; from the crawling worm or sprightly horse that moves upon the surface of a mundane earth to the feathered warbler or the bird of Paradise that floats upon its atmosphere, each and all are conscious. But all forms of life are not self-conscious. There is a mighty difference between conscious and self-conscious forms of life, and in this is found the line of demarkation, the great gulf that divides, the evidence of the differentiation of a specific quality of life.

It is at this juncture we come face to face with the momentous question, "What is man?" To external appearance man is the most perfect of animal forms, the lord and crown of all the forms of life cognisable by mortals.

So far, so good, for the physical organism of man is indeed the most perfect of animal forms of life; but he is something more. He is an animal form of life *plus* that which constitutes him man, and that *plus* is a somewhat that contains within itself the principle of self-conscious life.

As the angels know man in his time conditions, he is the "central miracle of the universe," for his physical organism is a microcosm of all forms of life below himself, and that *plus* of which we speak is a microcosm of those forms of life above himself. For the human principle which constitutes him man contains within itself—in germ, 'tis true—the angel and the God; and this *plus* is the specific somewhat that is carried forward to unfold in other states of self-conscious life where conditions will be found congenial to its quality, in which it may evolve a self-conscious outcome of its own specific idiosyncrasy, with an experience all its own.

The most illustrious Swedenborg when here, a man with men, gave ultimatum to the thought "that not a single angel is there in the universal heaven but was once a man or woman like ourselves." This thought, infilled with the life influx of the new incoming age, unfolds to man the mystery of himself. Birthed into differentiation in the heavens by Father-Mother God, a life thought, then a germ of life-angelic, he starts upon the journey of the descending scale of life, to gain the knowledge by experience of the tree called Good and Evil; and on a mundane earth he searches there the nadir point; then from this point there lies ahead the journey in the scale of life ascending, at whose zenith is the Tree of Life, the fruit of which he will partake and so become as one of those majestic forms who birthed him into differentiation.

If this be true, then life is worth the living, although the heavenly heights be gained alone by states of peregrination through the hells.

And are these potentialities of life, self-conscious life, the vested privilege of a favoured few? Nay, emphatically nay! but what is true of one is the heritage of all.

Such, then, are some of the teachings of the angels of the new incoming age, teachings based upon a knowledge of the actuality gained in the school of life's experience, an embodiment of truth in contradistinction to the appearances of truth.

He that hath the ear to hear, let him hear what the spirit saith to the church within him—herself.

Manchester, July, 1891.

Obituary.

At 7.20 a.m., on the 14th inst., Chas. J. Atkinson passed away, to join the more numerous company on the other side of the thin veil. He was a most enthusiastic Spiritualist, and under favourable conditions would have been widely useful. He came to Plymouth, some years ago, to find and help a then flourishing Society. Always full of interest in its development, and activity in its promotion here, he has crossed the valley and shadow of death to unite with those who, relieved of the body, are more actively and effectively engaged in ministerial work. To him it was not a valley of darkness, but of light from the Sun of Righteousness. Death came to him as an angel of mercy, with relief from much pain and sorrow in the body, and a glad introduction to the great spirit-world and condition of those out of the body, who live in the light. With an unflinching faith in Christ Jesus his Lord he was upheld to the last.

Plymouth,

August 17th, 1891.

E. MICKLEWOOD.

WITCHCRAFT IN ITALY. *T*

The "Saturday Review" reproduces from the "Secolo," of Milan, a vivid sketch of a remarkable scene witnessed in that town, which illustrates the extraordinary extent to which a belief in witchcraft is carried in Italy.

In Via Ripa Porta Ticinese, No. 61, in a modest room on the fourth story dwells the family of a journeyman varnisher named Malattera Franciosi, with his wife Virginia, aged twenty-five, glove maker; and two children, one of whom has been ill for a month with some obstinate and strange disorder. A female neighbour who pretended to some knowledge of medicine declared that the child was bewitched, that it was needless to have recourse to physicians or priests; the only means of cure would be to discover the witch who had done the mischief, and that this done the cure would be immediate. The woman, as a great secret, after much entreaty, taught them how to do it. It was to take the clothes of the child, put them in a pot of water, and heat it. The instant it would begin to boil, the witch would be forced by an irresistible diabolical power to appear, and thus be compelled to make herself known. This was done, and the Franciosi awaited in anxiety the result.

By chance, just as the pot began to boil, a certain Angela Micheletti, aged thirty-four, living in the Via Tortona, No. 14, wife of a workman, *enceinte* for seven months, who was on the way with a pair of wooden shoes to have them mended, came in. She was a friend of the Franciosi, and called to inquire as to the health of the child. Seeing her, Mrs. Franciosi cried out, "Give it to the witch!" Mrs. Micheletti, thinking her friend was mad, tried to calm her; but the other, raging, roared loudly, "Help! The witch!" And in an instant all the neighbourhood was out in a crowd, and attacked Mrs. Micheletti, seeking to tear her to pieces. The poor woman fled, pursued by the raging crowd, which cried, "*Dalli alla strega!*" (Give it to the witch!). Mrs. Micheletti, more dead than alive, took refuge in the Church of Santa Maria del Naviglio, and the crowd rushed in, crying out and seeking a *squarciagola* (to tear her to pieces). The wretched woman, kneeling at the grand altar, raised her hands in supplication, sobbing, trembling, begging for mercy. In vain. The wildest of the *Megære* pulled out her hair, treated her disgracefully, and beat her without mercy. The priest (*parroco*) ran at the cry, and tried to shield her, but in vain, and was near being trampled on himself by the impetuous crowd. With every abuse, the poor victim was dragged to the house of the Franciosi, and hurried upstairs. In vain the wretched woman, weeping, protested her innocence. She only received curses and blows. Finally, the delegate Omodei, with aid of *guardie*, succeeded in dispersing the crowd, when Mrs. Franciosi, perceiving too late her unpardonable folly, threw herself at the knees of her friend, begging her forgiveness, declaring that another woman had counselled her, and that what she had done was for love of her child.

In the afternoon the poor woman, accompanied by her husband and Signore Omodei, was taken to her home in a brougham and put to bed. The women who had torn the hair from the head of Mrs. Micheletti, burned it, uttering incantations, and then ran to the house of the Franciosi to find if the child had recovered. And as it was, according to them, much better, they cried, "See if it was not bewitched."

The following details of the mystic ceremony of boiling the clothes were obtained in 1888 from a woman who had been regularly educated as a "witch":—

"*Quando si ha uno bambino stregato*" (when a babe is bewitched). "Take the clothes of the child and put them in a pot to boil, just at midnight. All the garments must go in, with the shoes and stockings. Then take a new and very large knife and sharpen it at a table and say, '*Non nfilo questo coltello,*'" &c. :

I do not sharpen this knife,
I whet the accursed witch,
That she cannot resist coming
Until unto my child
She again restores health.

"Then the witch will probably appear at the window, or it may be at the door, in the form of a cat, or dog, or spectre. But be in no fear, for these are but shifting forms (*forme cambiate*). And do not take the knife from the table, nor let the clothes cease to boil till three a.m. And being

by this charm compelled to appear and obey, the witch being ordered will remove the illness of the child." There are several incantations to be pronounced on burning the hair of any person whom we may wish to injure. The ceremonies, and especially the incantations, are jealously guarded as great secrets among the *alepti*.—"St. James's Gazette."

THE AUGUST "ARENA."

The failure of a young lady to enter Yale, after signally proving her intellectual capacity to cope with the most brilliant young men with whom she would come in contact, has called general attention to the essentially conservative character of our great educational institutions, where above all places we should find progress and liberality. As if in answer to the hostility of conservative thought to woman's progress in the intellectual or educational sphere, "The Arena" for August presents no less than eight leading papers from representative thinkers among women of America and Europe, discussing political, educational, social, sociological, economic, and scientific themes, together with two literary papers, one by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the famed Egyptologist and novelist, who in a most delightful paper writes of her own home life. An excellent portrait of Miss Edwards accompanies this paper. The other, a semi-historical story of Tennessee, entitled "Old Hickory's Ball," by the young southern author, Miss Will Allen Dromgoole. The heavier essays by women are, "The Unity of Germany," by Madame Blaze de Bury, of Paris, one of the most brilliant essayists on the European continent. "Where Shall Lasting Progress Begin?" by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, one of the most thoughtful and sensible magazine essays of the month. A very fine portrait of Mrs. Stanton forms a frontispiece of this number. "Individuality in Education," by Professor Mary L. Dickinson; "Psychic Experiences," by Sara A. Underwood, with introduction by Benjamin F. Underwood, an extremely interesting contribution to "The Arena's" series of psychical papers, to which we shall recur; "Working Women of To-Day," by Helen Campbell, in which the well-known author of "Prisoners of Poverty" appears at her best, and "A Decade of Retrogression," by Florence Kelley Wischnewetzky, in which the daughter of the late Congressman Kelley, of Pennsylvania, discusses the problem of education and crime in New York. Never before in the history of any great review has there appeared such a brilliant coterie of women discussing such varied themes as appears in "The Arena." Among the men who ably discuss problems in this issue are C. Wood Davis, whose arguments in favour of national ownership of railways are probably the ablest and most conclusive that have been presented. Rev. Minot J. Savage replies to Francis Bellamy's defence of Nationalism in a brilliant, witty, and very able paper entitled "The Tyranny of Nationalism." R. B. Hassell presents the cause of the Farmers' Alliance in his paper on "The Independent Party and Money at Cost" in the clearest and in many respects the ablest manner that has appeared. His paper will doubtless form the substance of many political addresses in the near future. Another feature is added to this issue of "The Arena," entitled "Books of the Day." It consists of several pages of critical book reviews which are given in addition to the 128 pages of essays which appear each month. In this department able criticisms by the editor, Mr. Hamlin Garland, Professor Buchanan, Rev. Howard MacQueary, and other critical writers will appear, which will greatly add to the value of "The Arena" and are a clear gain to the readers.

HOW THE SAINTS DO THINGS.—The fair in aid of the Utah University closed last night, and although no count of the receipts is yet made, it is estimated that over 2,000dol. will be turned into the University from the fair. The voting last night resulted as follows: The most popular married lady, Mrs. Judge Henderson, prize, an elegant painting. Miss Nettie Nelson, most popular single lady, jewel casket. Little Katie McManis, the most popular little girl, an elegant French doll. Mr. Jack Conlick, the most popular married man, hat rack. Harry Stone, most popular single man, fine gold watch.—"Salt Lake Tribune."

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Light:

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

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22nd, 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.

NOTABLE MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRIT-POWER.

BY ROBERT COOPER.

In a former article I mentioned witnessing the movement of a table without contact. This was a novel experience to me at the time, but I afterwards witnessed several remarkable instances of the movement of heavy bodies without contact. Thus, in my own house, in the presence of Mr. Herne, a very striking case of the kind occurred. Whilst the company were seated round a table, all hands joined, a heavy piano was conveyed a distance of several feet—moved, in fact, from the side of the room to the end, its back being placed against the wall. This occurred in the dark; but in the house of the late Mr. Martheze, at Brighton, I saw a piano moved in the light, under the following circumstances: Mr. Martheze, his daughter, myself, and Mr. Herne were taking lunch at midday, each seated at the side of a square table. At the back of Mr. Herne stood a cottage piano. Whilst we were thus seated the instrument gave a sudden jerk and came forward from the wall about six inches. We were not expecting any manifestations at the time, the medium being engaged in eating at the time the phenomenon occurred.

But the most astounding exhibition of spirit-power of a physical character I have ever witnessed occurred at Brighton about the same time and with the same medium. Mr. Herne gave several sésances in that town under my direction. At one of these, which took place in the Quadrant Hotel, after most of the company had left, a movement of the furniture was noticed. I remarked that the spirits were still present, and suggested putting out the light to see if anything would take place. No sooner was this done than a great commotion ensued, lasting about three minutes, when all was quiet. On a light being struck everything in the room was found displaced. The piano had been drawn forward from the wall, and two of the legs of the table placed upon the keyboard. The sofa was standing on one end, and a heavy fender drawn from its place into the room; the chairs were turned over, all lying scattered about the room, and the pictures were turned towards the wall; in fact, everything in the room was in a state of disorder. Besides myself and the medium, there were present Miss Hay and Mr. William Gill, residents of Brighton, who stood together holding hands. The room was left in the state described until the following day, when it was visited by about a hundred persons.

Whilst in Boston, U.S.A., Mr. and Mrs. Holmes came to the city and gave sésances nearly every evening during a period of seven or eight months. Living close by and being on friendly terms with them, I attended their sésances three or four times a week, and consequently had every opportunity of judging of the genuineness of their mediumship, and during the whole time I never observed the slightest departure on their part from the strictest integrity. On the

contrary, I witnessed night after night the most conclusive manifestations of spirit-power, principally the culminating phase materialisation. Many of the forms that appeared were recognised as deceased friends of those present; whilst others were what are known as "cabinet spirits," forming the band that attend and control the mediums.

A long article would be necessary to record the various interesting manifestations I witnessed at both the light and dark sésances of these mediums. I propose, therefore, only to refer to a few of their most striking features. The cabinet used was a small space partitioned off in the room, large enough to contain a cage and admit of access at one side and at one end. In this wooden structure Mr. Holmes was secured by a padlock placed on by one of the company. The cage was only high enough for him to sit in, a hassock being provided for that purpose. When thus confined it was impossible for him to shift his position to any extent, yet on one occasion the cage was found reversed, the door end being placed against the wall—a feat for the medium to have done himself very much like lifting oneself by the waistband.

Most of the materialised forms that came from the cabinet retired backwards, possibly the front part only being materialised. In one instance a form, instead of returning to the cabinet, appeared to sink through the floor. Almost on all occasions a form, said to be that of a courtier of a former Court of France, appeared. He was tall and handsome, dressed in a black velvet coat, with an elaborately embroidered shirt front. His hair and beard were dark and bushy. He wore knee breeches and white stockings, and had buckles on his shoes. On one occasion he went to the door, unlocked it, and by a motion of the hand invited persons to inspect the back of the cabinet. Another form that constantly appeared was that of "John King." He was of stouter build than the French courtier, but, like him, wore knee breeches and low shoes. He spoke in a good strong voice, most of the spirits speaking only in a whisper. At one of the sésances a lady placed a bouquet on the mantel-shelf, and when "John King" came she told him it was for him. He walked across the room and took it from the vase that contained it and commenced smelling it, which he continued occasionally to do during the time he remained. When he left, he placed the bouquet on the table, declining, at the request of the lady, to take it with him. He then requested the company to stop after they had "got through" with the materialisation, as they wished to try an experiment. It was this: we were each requested to write a sentence on a card and enclose it in an envelope, packets of which had been provided for the purpose, the lady, a well-known test-medium, going to the end of the room during the while. She then came forward, and taking the envelopes containing the cards one by one, and placing them on her forehead, and speaking under the influence of one "Alice," read them correctly without hesitation. My own was a sentence of twelve words. This experiment appears to me not only interesting but important, as throwing light on clairvoyance. It was the controlling spirit of the medium who read the cards, and not a mental operation on the part of the medium herself.

It was the custom for Mr. Holmes to have a guitar inside the cabinet. This was forgotten on one occasion, and immediately on the curtain being let down, a long naked arm came forth and took the guitar which stood on a table close by.

At Mrs. Holmes's dark sésances very striking phenomena sometimes took place, but I can only refer to one or two that occur to me. A spirit, one "Dick," whilst talking in an audible voice, would carry a guitar about the room which could be heard by the twanging sound produced. On one occasion a gentleman requested some phosphorus to be placed upon it. A light having been struck, Mrs. Holmes, sitting in her chair, proceeded to rub some phosphorus on the instrument. "Here, take it, Dick," she said, throwing the instrument away from her. Instead of falling, as it naturally would, it took a direction upwards, and the light being simultaneously extinguished it was seen gyrating overhead in all directions. One of the best instances of "spirit-lights" I ever witnessed occurred at one of these sésances. Above the medium, who sat at one end of the room, a beautiful design appeared, formed of little points of brilliant light, resembling those at a general illumination, only on a much diminished scale. It was about two feet long and one foot in height.

THE SCIENCE OF SPIRIT RETURN.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

(Continued from p. 392.)

Let me by another illustration make this point yet more clear. Here is a telegraphic sounder and its operator, whose swift finger you watch as it is vibrating the electric flash. In yonder distant city sits another operator equally skilled, awaiting that message; unless his sounder be in exact harmony of vibration with the other instrument, he can see plenty of movement and hear a ticking sound, but the intelligence, struggling for expression, will remain silent to him. The distant thought cannot reach his mind.

Our brains are "sounders"; they are instruments for the interchange of thought; but the human brain is far more delicate than any telegraphic instrument of brass, since thought power regulates its beat and orders it to move fast or slow. We do not think what we are doing, but it is our own will power which makes each atom vibrate with thought. If you have the mesmeric power you can make another brain come more or less to the speed of your own thought, for that is what mesmerism means. But if you have a friend whose brain instrument is tuned to the same pitch as your own, you will often think the same thought even when you have not spoken. And when any event happens you will feel alike about it, and act alike, till folks may call you "twins." So the difference between the instrument of metal and the brain is, that you can see one worked by the operator's fingers, whilst the other gives an answering tick to every thought of the spirit.

Some very interesting experiments by the English Psychical Society have proved that thought waves travel from room to room and across space. The children of a clergyman living in a rural parish in Yorkshire proved to be unusually sensitive. The published report of the committee shows that skilled scientists were able to demonstrate in that country manse that there can be a direct but invisible road by which thought travels from brain to brain without language, written or expressed. In an upper room, one of these young girls sat with two members of the society; she had paper and pencil and made many little sketches. They were usually very absurd and suggested by the committee. The form of a pig but with a tail at both ends was drawn, and many similar grotesque ideas were pictured. In a room downstairs, and as far from the upper chamber as the old-fashioned house with its long corridors permitted, sat another sister with two other members of the society. This young lady also had paper and pencil, and sketched anything that occurred to her, whilst the committee sat silent, making no suggestions whatever. Several pages of the report exhibit first the sketch as made by the one sister upstairs, and then the almost duplicate drawn by the other sister in the lower room. These sketches, made under such conditions, seem to prove that thought waves travel from room to room and across space. Still we must remember that, just as with telegraphic sounders, unless brains are in harmony of vibration there will be no interchange of intelligence.

We realise that certain feelings and emotions must be associated with certain movements of the brain. Thus the man who is a thief is in harmony with all who selfishly grasp the property of another. The fact that one may be an honoured church deacon or city alderman, and the other a twice convicted felon, makes no difference, if their brains vibrate to the same thought. They are own brothers in the great family of robbers. The man who steals a railroad or a nation's vote is simply a more successful thief than he who borrows your purse; one goes to Congress, the other to State prison, but nevertheless both are thieves. Yet each may have emotions of love or gratitude or unselfishness that in occasional hours may bring him into harmony with other brains that express a higher manhood. And to that extent there is universal brotherhood, but it is expressed through this universal law of vibration of atoms of matter.

Now we will try and trace this interchange of sensation a step further, and try to discover how nature overcomes the apparent impossibility of communication between two brain instruments, one visible to the mortal and the other used by man the spirit.

You have been investigating Spiritualism and have received test after test that would be deemed satisfactory

by most sceptics. But you remain unconvinced, claiming that your brother loved you, and if spirit return be true, he would come to you himself, and not compel you to talk to him through a stranger. This is a most reasonable objection, and is entitled to an answer that shall explain why your brother cannot come to you with the old direct manifestation of his love.

You have already seen that your brother's power to talk to you clairvoyantly, or through you as a medium, must depend upon whether your brain and his can come into harmony of vibration. As a spirit, he has already discovered that his thought flies far too fast for mortal brain to catch the intelligence. Recognising this as a law of nature, his first step must be to learn how to will his own brain to a slower movement, so that mortal thought and mortal language may be possible to his spirit organism. This must be his first step, and if he fail, then all direct intercourse is impossible to him. He must then send his message through some spirit of greater will power and skill. It is probably a natural gift, as is a talent for mathematics or music, and capable of like cultivation and expansion. But we will suppose your brother makes the attempt and finds that he possesses the desired power. He cannot possibly come to the level of the mortal, for that would be to become a mortal once again. So he has travelled but half the distance, and done but half the work.

He must now discover a mortal brain whose movement may be quickened to a point at which some harmony may be possible between the two brains. Such a mortal is called a "medium." His brain vibration is capable of being quickened, till it can more or less harmonise with the lessened vibration of the spirit brain. Unless the medium have a brain already trained for spirit use, your brother would have to practise and experiment for months and possibly for years; his object being to develop and increase the sensitiveness of the mortal to a point at which it could think and express his thought.

We will now suppose that you are a sensitive, capable of becoming a medium for your spirit brother. You have become interested in Spiritualism and seek development. You are eager to help the spirit, and your own will power, working ignorantly and unconsciously, causes your brain atoms to vibrate rapidly to-day, and perhaps freezes them into silence to-morrow. You wonder at the nonsense which results. Development is a process that cannot be made a success, if there are two minds at work in the same brain at the same time. The spirit tries to impress you to hold yourself passive. You catch the thought, but all the same you try to help feeling that you must do your part to make yourself more sensitive. So instead of the two brains vibrating in harmony, your spirit brother can neither give nor receive thought. He can shake you, perhaps tumble you round, giving you magnetic sensations and a headache, but not a single thought. It may be that across the street, down perhaps in yonder basement, is a poor woman at the washtub and a half-grown child playing with a rag baby. They know nothing of science or of spirit, but your brother can play on either of those brain instruments and talk right out the same bright, loving thoughts by which you knew him in the past.

Suppose we let another truth come home to us right here. Perhaps your brother finds that he can bring your brain and his into harmony, but that in order to do so he must make you unconscious. You now become a trance medium and complain bitterly because, although you talk to others, you know nothing about it for yourself. You go to sleep and wake up again; that is all such mediumship seems to do for you. But it is the result of this wondrous law of vibration of matter. There must be harmony between two brains, or there can be no exchange of intelligence. If to produce such harmony your will must go to sleep, then your discontent will no more alter the facts than it will stop an earthquake or start a cyclone.

Up to the present, we have been speaking of control, born of the spirit. Now I want to carry you into a phase of the subject most carefully avoided on our platform. I want to talk about spirit control born of the mortal, which I deem the most important thought of this paper.

You have already seen that when you raise or lower the rate of movement of your own brain by your own will, you cannot help also changing the level of your spirit surroundings. You cannot help coming in impersonal contact with

all influences that belong to the sphere in which you have placed yourself for the time being. The two worlds may thus be in psychological harmony of thought without any actual blending of the individualities of mortal and spirit. The sinner and the saint, the mortal and the spirit may, under this law, affect one another in their several spheres, and yet the influence remain impersonal. For good and ill, for weal and woe, there is a brotherhood to humanity, not limited by colour or race. But we have now to notice that if you are sufficiently sensitive, this same universal law of harmony will bring to you direct personal control from other minds, to the limit of your development as a medium.

There is no person of sane mind who will not acknowledge he can think his own thoughts, if he so choose. Those who cannot do this belong to the asylum. The great mass of men and women have thoughts like the second hand of a watch, flying all round and jumping from one point to another. This mental indistinctness or confusion gives no grasp to any spirit will, and probably brings no personal influence good, bad, or indifferent. The law of harmony cannot work under such conditions. But as soon as you give way to a ruling thought or desire that holds your brain to a chain of equal vibrations, then you offer foothold to some personal spirit, whether you be conscious of it or not. And if you are already a medium, then in such an hour you are offering yourself to spirit control without regard to your outward life or expressed desire. Even your guardian angel, if he fail to induce you to exercise your will, must bow to this law so long as you thus keep yourself by your thought in harmony with a particular sphere.

So by thought you invite control. It is nonsense for you to think the thought and yet object to the control, for if you be a sensitive, they go together. Whether your thought attract impersonal influence, or individual control, will depend upon the degree of your own development. But if no thought of yours turn to liquor or gluttony, no spirit of that sphere could obsess your brain, and if what the Church calls the devil control you, then in the secret chamber of your own life you have by your own thought become a member of the sphere in which that devil lives and moves and has his being.

If you find yourself in so unfortunate a position, your remedy is to think yourself into another sphere. But if, as is too often the case, you have already lost your power of will over your own thoughts, you must at least desire freedom, with strength enough to give a stronger will than your own power to change the vibrations of your brain.

Under this law of harmony, the inventor is sure to have a working spirit brother; the lover of music will have influence from the sphere where sweet sounds typify soul-aspiration. The earnest thinker will surely enter, by virtue of his thought, into the sphere of knowledge and wisdom, and may find there spirit friends who have gathered the treasures of that sphere, and hold them for their brother man.

But although your thought may be constant, yet if it be without aspiration it may hold you unprogressive, although your life be pure and unselfish. Suppose you belong to a church and have experienced the hypnotic suggestion, or magnetic emanation called "conversion"; and your thought is all of God and angels and sinners perishing in hell. By this law of harmony, you draw to yourself the powerful influence of the sphere where dwell spirits who think as you do. And if you are a medium the influence will presently become so personal that though you name no name but Jesus and curse Spiritualism, your utterances will be inspired and your thoughts have double power. You may become a Beecher, a Talmage, a Spurgeon, and all unconsciously have spirits furnishing thoughts for you to mould into the shape that draws the crowd, eager to listen to your eloquence. And if you be clairvoyant, they may show you visions of Peter and Paul, and the Lamb of God Who taketh away the sin of the world. Perhaps you may even be favoured by a glimpse of the great "I Am" sitting on a throne, listening to music and answering prayer. But by just so much will you be obsessed, as much as the poor wretch who, under the same law, seeks companionship in groggery and brothel. For all spirit control is obsession, if it hold you to-day to the standard of yesterday, whether it be in the name of God, man, or devil.

I have endeavoured to show in this paper that we make our own manhood. We have a power inhering to our own individuality, which is the power to think. The effort of the

Church and its bigot has ever been to stop man from using this power. "You must believe," they say, "and not use your reason." That means forego your one divine privilege and descend to the animal. The man who thinks himself into company with the thief and the murderer has more true manhood than the church member who does not think at all. One uses his manhood in the wrong direction. Point him to the right road and you may soon find him climbing to a higher level. But the other actually prides himself that he thinks just as his father and his grandfather and as Peter and Paul did before him. He keeps his mind without motion, like the Indian fakir who stands holding out his arm for years, with the result to both arm and mind that the world sees a poor, shrivelled specimen of humanity, instead of the divine manhood that knows its own fullness.

I trust that we now understand that the reason a man's thought determines his manhood is because by thought he is in harmony with a like movement of matter throughout the universe. When our thought is stirring our brain atoms into activity, the angels can listen and will tell us they can hear us think. But alas! that which they hear is often more in harmony with devil than with angel.

Guard your thoughts, if you would guard your manhood, for they are gateways through which foe and friend may alike enter. Should a spirit appear to you as of dazzling brightness, I counsel you to beware of him, unless he urge you to higher thoughts and increased mental activity. For true manhood is ever seeking more of knowledge and wisdom, with no shackles of the dead past to cripple the freedom of an immortal soul.

San Leandro, California, U.S.A.

SUPERNORMAL WARNING.

From "Sphinx," July, 1891.

TRANSLATED BY "V."

In June of 1890, the Bishop, Dr. B., during his visitation journey, was obliged to spend a night at L—tz. The bed he was to occupy was placed by the wall; by the head of it stood a night pedestal with a rather high back, and over the latter on the wall hung a clock in a glass case, with weights attached. Before going to bed, Dr. B. laid his spectacles upon the pedestal and placed his watch, which was apt to stop if laid in a horizontal position, leaning against the back of the pedestal.

Although the venerable gentleman was much fatigued with his journey and the day's business, he could not go to sleep, and thought this might be owing to his being in a strange bed. So, having remarked a sofa in the adjoining room, he got up and went to see if it could be converted into a bed. Finding it suitable for the purpose, he arranged some portions of his bedding and coverings upon it, lay down, and soon went sound asleep. Suddenly he was woke up by a loud noise and clattering in the next room, and, as during the evening the talk had fallen upon a robbery and murder which had lately been committed in the neighbourhood, he listened some time, thinking someone might be breaking in, as a burglary had really some time ago taken place at the vicarage, during a Bishop's visitation. As, however, nothing further was heard, he again went to sleep, and did not awake till daybreak. He then got up, and went into the next room to ascertain the cause of the nightly disturbance; there he found that the heavy clock had fallen down, and in its fall had broken the high back of the pedestal, so that it fell over the watch, projecting over it like a pent-house, the watch remaining quite uninjured. But the clock had fallen first on the bed, which was strewn with fragments of the broken glass, and from there to the floor. The spectacles had fallen down on the floor without being injured. Had the Bishop remained in the bed, if he had not been killed he might have been seriously hurt. The unaccountable restlessness which made him seek another couch was the cause of his safety.

On inquiry, he learnt that the pastor himself had affixed the clock to the wall the previous day. He thought that he had fastened the nail quite securely, and had, indeed, tried if it was quite tightly fixed in the wall; this trial may, indeed, have loosened it.

Having been told of this incident, as well as having read an account of it in the paper, I took an opportunity of asking the Bishop himself about it, when he kindly told me the particulars, which corresponded in all essentials with what I had previously heard.

B., November 7th, 1890.

A. R.

DREAMS.

No. IX.

The following addition to our series of Dreams we borrow with all due acknowledgment from "The Better Way."

The diary of Mrs. Florence Hibner, *née* Acer, who recently passed to a higher life at Hoboken, N.J., contains the following:—

In 1865 I was engaged to a young man, but for good reasons the engagement was mutually broken, unbeknown to my mother, who had, unbeknown to me or my intended, deeded him a house and lot in Rochester, N.Y. After the engagement was broken, this young man left for the West. In 1867 my mother passed over; I was the only child. I took charge of the estates as best I could. Seven months after my mother passed over I dreamed that she came to me and told me that the house and lot belonged to Frank, and that I must pay the taxes and insurance, and invest the rentals for him until he returned. I was very much impressed with the dream, and on looking up the records found that the property was in his name as she had told me in the dream. So impressed was I that it was my sainted mother who appeared to me that I at once deposited all rentals of the place to his credit, and up to this entry, January 1st, 1890, not one dime has ever been appropriated out of the earnings of the property. I don't know if he is in the land of the living. But I have done what I believe my mother in spirit-life directed.

On one occasion I was told he was very sick at a hotel in Coldwater, Mich. I took first train for the place, and on my arrival there, two days afterwards, found that a gentleman by the name had been very sick at a hotel there, but had left for parts unknown the day before.

In 1868 I dreamed he was on board of a boat coming from Milwaukee to Grand Haven, and that he was in great peril. In fact, I saw him on this occasion. I immediately wired to the company, and learned that a man by that name had taken passage on the steamer Detroit which had foundered off New Haven the night I had seen him.

Again in 1870, on several occasions I dreamed I met him in Canada at various places. In every instance I knew the name of the hotel he stopped at, and in every instance an answer came to my inquiries that such a man was there at that time but left the following day. I have never been in Canada, and know nothing of the hotels or places, yet in every instance the names given proved correct.

In 1872 I dreamed I saw him at the Osburn House, Rochester, N.Y.; he was at the dinner table. I was then living at Syracuse. I wrote to the proprietor, and from him learned that on that day a young man had registered by that name and taken dinner.

Later in the fall of the same year I dreamed I met him on Main-street, Rochester, N.Y., and accompanied him to the University building, where he unloaded from the vehicle a box containing a large tiger. I made inquiry by letter, and learned that on that day a young man by that name had sold and delivered to the University a large American lion shipped from Brockville, Canada.

In 1879 I went to Europe, and while there located him in several places in the United States. In every instance I saw him and noted the surroundings, even to the name of the hotel at which he stopped.

In 1883 I saw him in the City Hall at New Orleans, La.

I was then in Boston. He did not appear as the beardless boy of eighteen years before, but wore a full beard. I knew it was he, and had a long conversation with him, but nothing was said as to the past or the property. The conversation seemed to be directed by others, earthly matters were not touched upon. He bade me good-bye and said it was our last meeting on earth. When I awoke I felt exhausted and frightened; it was a reality to me. Again I wrote and learned that a man by that name was at the hotel at that date, and that he was connected with the exposition soon to be held there, but I could learn nothing more. I have never seen him in my dreams since that time, I have written hundreds of letters in order to find him, that he might claim the property my mother gave him. Spirit friends tell me he will learn all after I pass over, and not till then. Are these dreams, or are these scenes enacted through spiritual agencies? Who knows?

"THERE IS MONEY IN IT."

The writer of fiction has told no tale more extravagant than that connected with the personal history of Mr. James Treadwell, the quicksilver millionaire of California. Twenty-five or thirty years ago the Treadwell brothers, John and James, left their places in St. Andrew's, New Brunswick, determined to win fame or fortune, or both, in the far West. California was their goal, and it was the goal of many another New Brunswick lad. But it has remained for few New Brunswickers to acquire the immense fortunes that these two brothers now own. John found his wealth among the gold hills of distant and forbidding Alaska. Going thither on a prospecting tour, he fell in with the owner of a gold claim, who was willing to sell out for a mere trifle. He bought the mine, secured the capital to develop it, and it is now producing more riches for its owners than any other gold mine in the world. But the story of John Treadwell's fortune is commonplace when compared with the mysterious manner in which his brother James claims to have acquired his wealth.

This is the story as gathered from the lips of himself. Chief among his friends in California were a young married couple. The husband was a native of New Brunswick, Mr. and Mrs. R.—a fact which will probably account in great measure for the warmth of the friendship existing between them. Husband and wife were ardent believers in Spiritualism, and were devotedly attached to each other. Mr. Treadwell had little faith in their Spiritualism, and did not hesitate to make known his scepticism. But subsequent events caused a complete change in his opinion. Some years ago Mrs. R. became ill and died. Though removed from her husband in the flesh he claims that she held frequent communion with him in spirit. During one of these conferences she expressed a desire to meet Mr. Treadwell, intimating that she had a communication of importance that she wished to make to him. After some coaxing from the husband of the departed woman Mr. Treadwell consented to meet the spirit. The form appeared to him at the hour and place indicated, and, through the medium of the husband, informed Mr. Treadwell that if he sought in a certain quarter he would find a rich bed of quicksilver.

At first he had little faith in the announcement, but when it was repeated twice he determined to investigate. He had little trouble in locating the spot of land where the spirit had indicated the quicksilver deposit lay. Excavations were begun, resulting in quicksilver being found in immense quantities. Mr. Treadwell pressed upon the husband of the departed spirit to accept a share in his great riches, but he strenuously refused, declaring that he had ample to live upon until he should join his wife in the spirit world. A year ago death visited him, and his desires in this direction were realised. The mine still continues to be worked and is yielding fabulous wealth to its possessor.

A QUESTION.

If, in the great Hereafter, we shall reap
As in this world—God's garden—we have sown,
We, who the Lamp of Faith still burning keep,
With Reason's lesser ray obliquely thrown
Across our path,—to light our trembling feet
Through doubt and darkness to God's "Mercy-seat."
If we with tender consciences within
(God speaking to the individual soul),
To prick us at the very thought of sin,
Find it most hard to press towards the goal.
Then, what of those whose consciences may be,
Are deadened by the fiend—Insanity?
Faith's a *five lettered* word for them—no more—
Nor has it any meaning in their ears.
Reason has dashed her lamp upon the floor,
And all is darkness, till that dawn appears—
Which for each one of us shall surely rise
Beyond the utter silence of the skies.
They are mad sowers, dropping chaff for grain,
Or the good grain where it would never grow;
What of their harvest, we would ask again,
Who with the hand of Wisdom could not sow?
Peace! He will hold them guiltless, as we trust,
Who was their Maker and is wholly just.
Their souls would seem to keep fair holiday,
Whilst pent in flesh—the mental gear awry,
The soul cannot be reached in any way,
Nor can it own responsibility!
But when the silver cord is cut, what then?
For the soul's rest they may be nobler men.

F. B. DOVETON.

THE METHODS OF MIND READERS.

From "The Age," Collins-street East, Melbourne, Victoria.

Dr. Charles Gatchell, in the "Forum" for April, describes the methods of mind readers in an article in which he maintains that no mind reader has ever read a thought kept in mind by another person. He says:—The mind reader succeeds by virtue of two conditions: (1) he always has the use of vision when vision is necessary to the accomplishment of his object, even when he is supposed to be blindfolded; (2) he always requires his committee men to part with whatever they have in mind, either by tracing or writing it, or by communicating it to others." The following is his account of the way in which Mr. Bishop did one of his cleverest tricks:—

MUSCLE READING AND TRICKERY.

Of modern mind readers of late Washington Irving Bishop was best known in this country. Mr. Bishop was at the same time an expert muscle reader and a clever trickster. His most famous feat, the one from which he gained the greatest notoriety, was that of driving a team of horses while he was ostensibly blindfolded at break neck speed by a circuitous route through crowded streets, and finding at a distant point an object or a name in a book, previously selected by a committee. For the amusement of my friends I have several times performed this seemingly impossible feat, and in no instance have my methods been detected. Its successful accomplishment depends upon two things; the fact that the one who is apparently blindfolded can see distinctly all the time, and the fact that the members of his committee are betrayed into becoming his unwitting accomplices.

HOW THE TRICK IS DONE.

The trick is performed in this manner:—The mind reader selects a number of persons—three, for instance—to act as his committee, or they may be selected for him by others. One member of the committee remains with the mind reader; the other members, preferably in an open carriage, drive to a distant hotel, where they select a name in the register. They have been instructed to note also the day of the month on which the name was entered. They then return, driving by a circuitous route, but observing carefully every block passed and every corner turned. On their return to the room where the first member of the committee has carefully detained the mind reader, they proceed to blindfold the latter; or rather, he blindfolds himself, while permitting the committee to think they take a leading part in the operation. He first produces a heavy hood, or bag, which he offers for the inspection of the committee. They scrutinise it, outside and in, pull it over their own heads, find themselves in utter darkness, and then return the hood, with no discoveries made. The mind reader next places two balls of cotton, or folded kid gloves against his eyes, and over these a folded handkerchief is bound about his head. He pulls the hood, the mouth of which comes to his shoulders, over all, and announces that he is ready for his task.

A COMMITTEE ALWAYS OBEYS A MIND READER.

At this stage the mind reader goes through a process that he calls "testing the committee." He informs them that a necessary condition of mind reading is that all three members of the committee shall have exact knowledge of the route, the date, and the name. He gives plausible reasons why the communications should not be made by word of mouth, and instructs the two members of the committee who possess the knowledge to impart it to their fellow committee man by making silent tracings with the finger against a blank wall. They obey; a committee always obeys a mind reader. By means of this pantomime the mind reader gains, through his previous hood, all the knowledge that he wishes, and the rest is easy. After some little by-play, he rushes with his committee to the surrey, takes the reins, drives at a furious rate over the carriage route, enters the distant hotel, opens the register, finds the name, writes it on a slip of paper, and is greeted with ready applause.

BLINDFOLDING THAT DOES NOT BLIND.

The peculiar method of blindfolding must now be described. The handkerchief that is bound about the head

exerts its greatest pressure upon the brows. By calling into action the muscles of the forehead, the handkerchief and the gloves are elevated, and vision is permitted beneath the lower margin. The hood is of peculiar construction, and is calculated to deceive the very elect. It is made of four thicknesses of black cloth, of which the second and third have apertures opposite the eyes. The outermost layer is always of some thin material. The innermost, which may be of heavy cheviot, has about the crown a circular seam, which comes in front of the eyes when the hood is on the head. At one place the seam is so constructed that by proper manipulation, known only to the mind reader, it will open to the extent of half an inch. Through this aperture vision is easy, for nothing remains between the eye and the light but the thin outermost layer. When the hood is removed from the head the temporary aperture is closed, and it cannot be detected even by the closest scrutiny and the deftest manipulation. The mind reader's feat of opening a combination lock is accomplished in a similar manner. The committee, while being "tested" in the committee-room, reveals the combination to the mind reader by the usual pantomime.

[We have no doubt that performing persons like Irving Bishop did what they could without regard to honesty; but the article we print gives no full account of the matter.—Ed. "LIGHT."]

A ROMANCE BY CARL DU PREL.*

BY DANIEL VON KLARBACH.

TRANSLATED BY "V."

From "Sphinx," July, 1891.

In November, 1889, we pointed out in an article in this journal, that the valuable matter contained in the "miracles" of hypnotism, somnambulism, &c., was already beginning to be utilised by writers of fiction in Germany, as well as elsewhere, unfortunately rarely with good results. We then said: "It is indeed but natural that the gifts pertaining to a writer of poetry or romance and those required by one who devotes himself to scientific research should seldom be found united in the same person. At the present time, we ourselves only know of one writer who has published, besides scientific works, a highly interesting book of travels "Under the Firs and Pine Trees." Whoever has read this book, which appeared in 1875, and who remembers the lively and graphic descriptions of nature, as well as the philosophical views it expounds, which even at that time, penetrating beyond the surface, pervade every line, cannot doubt that du Prel, more than any other author, unites in himself the two qualifications of a scientifically critical mind and a poetical nature in an unusual degree.

Du Prel's last book, "Das Hypnotische Verbrechen" (literally "The Hypnotic Crime"), noticed in this journal, and his recently published work in two volumes, "Studies in the Domain of Occult Science," lead the way, almost as a matter of course, to the utilisation of the ideas set before us in such a masterly and attractive manner, in a work of imagination. And now, in fact, we have presented to us a "hypnotic-spiritistic romance" by Carl du Prel, entitled "The Cross on the Ferner," which far surpasses the expectations we had formed of it, grounded on a tolerably familiar acquaintance with the author's previous writings. The publication of a "hypnotic-spiritistic" novel by the "Cotta" publishers is not only in itself a recommendation of the work but a sign of the growing reaction against the materialistic tendency of the last decade.

"The Cross on the Ferner" is a novel with a purpose, as the author without disguise avows his intention of making his readers acquainted with the highest and latest results of his explorations in the regions of occultism in the pages of an exciting story. Our reading public has, and with reason, a great respect for romances with scientific annotations; du Prel has given us such in an appendix to his novel; but not only does this in no way hinder the plot, which is quite complete without it, but the reader will eagerly peruse it, for in it he will find proof that the most extraordinary and marvellous passages in the book are not simply products of the author's unfettered imagination, but are founded on

* Slightly abridged.

real facts, derived from an arduous, long-continued study of experimental psychology.

We reluctantly refrain from narrating the interesting plot of the novel, but we feel bound to do so in order not to diminish the charm of novelty and excitement to the reader; besides which, no description, however detailed, could give any idea of the power and originality of the tale. We will only point out in a general way the method adopted by the author to attain his twofold purpose, that of both entertaining and instructing his readers. Du Prel begins his romance with a love story, the scene of which is laid in his beloved mountain regions, which he knows so well how to depict with truthfulness and beauty; the story, apart from its mystic background, is followed up till its unexpected and tragic *dénouement*. Marietta or Moidele, the beloved of the young Count Karlstein, meets her death upon the Ferner, at the very moment when all impediments to the union of the two lovers are removed, and when her lover is hastening to join her up the well-known mountain path. A false step precipitates her down the crevasse of a glacier. At this point, where our interest, which has been excited to the highest degree, seems to be at an end, the most important part of the story really begins. Grief at the loss of the beloved one and an earnest longing to communicate with her draw the Count into the regions of mysticism. Just as to the author himself the study of dream-life has opened the gates leading to the realms of mysticism, which he has since, in his "Philosophy of Mysticism," so boldly explored, so does his hero, through dreaming of his beloved, voluntarily enter upon a mystic region upon which, in the course of the story, more and more light is thrown. The castle contains a curious collection of works on occult subjects left by some ancestor. A friend of Count Alfred, whom the latter has invited to the castle to assist him in his studies, loses his life, in the course of one of his chemical experiments, after having succeeded in establishing communion with Marietta by spiritistic methods, aided by these experiments. But Alfred himself, in the meanwhile, in order to lose no time, has followed another path to the same goal and has travelled in Egypt and India, where, through the powers of fakirs and Brahmins, he obtains information regarding his future fate, though given vaguely and metaphorically. At the cross, which he has erected to the memory of his Moidele on the Ferner, he would meet his fate; there he would again find her and his son, whom he had lost shortly after his birth, through a fatal series of misfortunes. No stronger proof of the unusual narrative power of the author can be given than the fact that although the reader, about the middle of the book, can guess at the *dénouement* from this prophecy, his interest is not only sustained but keeps on increasing.

As, in the first part of the book, through the experiments in the laboratory of the castle and the residence of the Count in India, we are introduced to the obscure and in many respects questionable domain of Spiritism and the wonders of Indian Occultism, so, in the second part, we are told of a crime committed by the means of hypnotism, which apparently will prevent the accomplishment of the fate already shadowed out before us, but which in reality works towards its fulfilment. All the heights and depths of the human soul are here explored, but in the end shines forth in all its glory "the misty cross on the Ferner, round which, like a memorial wreath, is entwined the fate of the two lovers." We lay down the book with a feeling of sadness and yet of deep peacefulness. A rich mass of stirring incidents surrounds the slight sketch of the plot here given, which, as we said before, we had no intention of revealing.

Schopenhauer, speaking of romances, says that their tendency is the higher and nobler the more they relate to the inner and the less to the outer life. Real art consists in depicting the inner life with the least possible admixture of the outer, for the inner life is the true object of interest. Du Prel has not only satisfied this requirement, but he has likewise had the art to depict incidents connected with the life of the soul, which are too generally overlooked and ignored by men of learning, in the course of a thrilling tale, and to set them plainly before all his readers, who are not fettered by the strongest prejudice.

We are glad to say that although the work has only been out a few weeks, and the dominant materialistic Press scarcely deigns to notice the work of its adversary, it already begins to make its way, and we hear that the Empress of Austria, who is conversant with the works of the author of the "Philosophy of Mysticism," during her recent visit to Munich, has made its acquaintance, and has taken several copies home with her.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Dream Visions.

SIR,—Under this heading I report two dream or trance visions prophetic of public events to take place some months hence. The symbolism is as follows:—A red or fiery spot on the sun concealed by red-tinged clouds. No. 2: A gate of massive iron bars some seventeen or eighteen feet high opening on to a roadway. The gate was unclosed, and seemed to open and shut with the wind. Dark-coloured animals passed the gate on the road. Directly beyond the gate and road rose a steep rounded mount of 1,500 or 2,000 feet high. It was covered with dry bleached grass—such grass as one sees on the hillsides of India in the months of February and March, before it is burned away, as it generally is. The sun was intensely hot and bright. On the top of the mount was a collection of large white birds. These suddenly swooped down the hill in the direction of the gate; their flight was close to the ground, and exceedingly impetuous. The birds were very large, but I could not identify the class to which they belonged. The heat and altitude of sun, the withered grass, all pointed to a tropical or sub-tropical region, and the direction from point of observation seemed south-east. The mount, the gate, and the birds point to some sudden military movement in the south-east about February or March next.

W. S.

August 12th, 1891.

Spiritualist Propaganda.

SIR,—A few days ago in London, S.E., near Peckham Rye, I was privileged to stand on the platform over which hung a banner with the words printed, *Spiritualism Expounded*. Having casually joined in this endeavour to step with truth from the first, it was a source of immense delight to me to witness the proof that the seed then sown—since cultured and watered by others—has produced marvellous fruit. Literally four or five years ago, at the beginning of this work, the ground was indeed "fallow" or worse, over-grown with ignorance, prejudice, and hatred.

I remember well the first two Sundays when I and my friend Mr. Butcher were sorely taxed to keep on our feet against a rush that was made to hurl us down the hill side amid violent abuse and execration. All this has now gone.

Our orthodox friends sometimes boast of having converted an "atheist"; here is a whole community converted—saved from degrading fanatical ignorance and fatuous violence, the rabble of the past gone and replaced by calm, thoughtful, intelligent inquiry.

To what do I ascribe this manifest improvement? First and foremost to the spirit world, who obey the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Second, to their training and fitting workmen to build a Spiritual Tabernacle on the Rye that will gather in multitudes that all the Metropolitan Tabernacles in the world could not hold.

Why, our Brother Lees and his helpers have probably carried the "Gospel of this Salvation" into more hearts and homes than any other preachers in the land; all honour to them. "Great is their reward," not in gold and silver, but in conscious "service of their generation" according to the will of God.

BEVAN HARRIS.

"Unifying Philosophy."

SIR,—Everyone must agree with the author of "Letters on 'LIGHT'" that a "unifying philosophy" is needed, but the samples of philosophy presented to us by writers of this school of thought seem to leave us very much as we were before. There may be others who, like myself, are unable to take in an idea unless it is presented in a definite form. I have in my mind's eye, as I write, a system of philosophy which appears to me to satisfy every possible aspiration of the human heart. Every step of this system is distinct; lovers of formlessness and chaos might object that it is too "cut and dried," nevertheless, by means of this ladder or winding staircase we may pass "from glory to glory." I know by experience how intensely irritating it is to be directed to some universal panacea, the explanation of which is couched in language impossible to understand. Therefore I must ask the readers of these words not to jump to the conclusion that the thoughts expressed therein are meaningless. There is a real process, as real and straightforward as carpentering or wood carving, by which this system can be grasped. It is now necessary to "make shipwreck of the faith." In this system faith indeed is merged in knowledge, but it does not die, for death is swallowed up in victory, and nothing dies, for all is immortal. In this system there is only one way, one door, and one Shepherd. There is only one word, which contains all.

LEO.

SOCIETY WORK.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL.—On Sunday last we had an earnest and instructive address on "Spiritualism and its Uses." Sunday, August 23rd, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Spring. Thursday, at 8 p.m., séance, Mrs. Bliss.—H. W. BRUNKER, Sec.

24, HARCOURT-STREET, MARYLEBONE.—On Sunday evening Mr. Veitch delivered an interesting address on "Psychometry," followed by satisfactory experiments. Saturday, Mrs. Treadwell, at 7.45 p.m. Sunday, at 11 a.m., Mr. Pursey; and at 7 p.m., Mr. Everitt, on "Direct Writing."—R. MILLIGAN and C. WHITE, Hon. Secs.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST SOCIETIES' OUTING.—A combined outing to Epping Forest (Chingford Station) has been arranged for Sunday next, the 23rd inst. Trains leave Liverpool-street at intervals of about twenty minutes, commencing at 9.12 a.m. North London friends can go from Barnsbury and King's Cross Stations. We assemble at Rigg's Retreat for tea at 4.30 p.m.—S. T. RODGER, for the conveners.

PECKHAM RYE.—Mr. Lees' lecture last Sunday was upon the proofs of spirit communications. He showed that the evidence upon which we rest our belief in Spiritualism is the same as that upon which we rest our belief in history, in all natural phenomena around us, in everything outside ourselves. He had so securely fixed his position that no one cared to attempt to argue it. Next Sunday, at 3.15 p.m., "The Atonement from an Orthodox Point of View."—J. HAWES.

OPEN-AIR SPIRITUAL MISSION, HYDE PARK (NEAR MARBLE ARCH).—We had a very good meeting on Sunday, when Mr. Drake boldly proclaimed the consistency of our principles, attracting a good number of listeners. Mr. E. Bullock also spoke and we were glad to welcome a worker in the cause from Burnley, viz., Mr. W. Mason, as the few words he spoke tended to show the audience the devotional side of the sublime teachings that our departed friends bring to us from the life beyond. Several opponents used our free platform, and a large amount of literature was disposed of to eager recipients. Next Sunday, at 3.30 p.m., as usual (weather permitting).—PERCY SMYTH, 34, Cornwall-road, W.

311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—On Tuesday last, under the direction of a spirit friend, a case of obsession was successfully dealt with. We hope to extend our knowledge and to practise the power it gives us in all needful cases which come to our notice. On Sunday, August 16th, Mr. Long gave an impressive address upon "Death," and the usual open spiritual meeting followed. Thursday, August 20th, at 7.30 p.m., healing; at 8.30 p.m., phrenology, by Mr. Coote. Sunday, August 23rd, at 11.15 a.m., mutual improvement meeting; 3 p.m., Lyceum; 7 p.m., spiritual service. The quarterly tea party and social gathering will be held on Tuesday, September 8th. Tickets for tea and social meeting, 6d.; for social meeting, 3d.; tea at 7 p.m., after which songs, games, and dances will form part of our "happy evening," to which we heartily invite our friends.—A. L. WARD, 59, Trinity-square, Borough, S.E.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday last the controls of Mr. R. J. Lees gave us an exposition of the laws which govern spirit communications, and showed us how we might better the conditions which will give the higher intelligences the power of using us. In the evening he gave us an address upon the last command of Jesus (Mark xvi. 15, 16) explaining what the Gospel of Jesus was, and how we could not preach it by words, but by deeds of Christliness; that the Christ Spirit to-day must save men from social oppression and the wrongs under which they groan, and make injustice impossible. They who do this are saved by the fact of saving others; they who do not stand already condemned. Friday, at 8.15 p.m., healing. Sunday, 23rd, at 11.30 a.m., Mr. Richards, "Some Spiritual Incidents and Lessons Therefrom"; at 7 p.m., Mr. Stanley.—J. HAWES, 36, Tyrrell-road, East Dulwich, Sec.

PSYCHOLOGICAL HALL, CARDIFF.—On the 9th and 10th inst. addresses were delivered to good audiences by Mrs. Green (of Heywood), followed on each occasion by clairvoyant descriptions, most of which were recognised at the time. On Wednesday afternoon a "ladies' guild" was opened by Mrs. Green, its object being to aid the work of the Society, financially and otherwise, by needlework, &c. This occasion was also selected for the naming, by Mrs. Green, of the infant child of our respected members, Mr. and Mrs. Billingsley. On Thursday evening a limited number gathered to listen to clairvoyant descriptions, which were given by Mrs. Green with great readiness and clearness. The fluent and happy choice of simple language in her addresses, combined with her peculiarly sympathetic manner, never fails to fix the interest of her hearers, and has made an impression in Cardiff from which we trust much good will result. On Sunday, August 16th, the rostrum was occupied by Mr. F. B. Chadwick, who delivered an excellent address upon "Our Spirit Homes, Where and What are They?"—E. A.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. M.—Many thanks. I cannot give any account of myself that my friends would be pleased with.

W. A. (Ballarat.)—My thanks for your kind words. It is, indeed, a comfort to find that one so far off from me in the body cares for me in the spirit.

THE TRANSITION FROM INFANTILE RELIGION TO RATIONAL.

[ADVERTISEMENT—NO. II.]

An essential difference being, the one set of ideas are of this Earth only. The other set derived from contemplation of the Heavens, of the universe around us.

In the first, the beings spoken of were supposed to be Earth Beings, Earth Spirits, Earth Gods. None other were contemplated, for no other world was contemplated.

Now we know of other worlds, systems of worlds, and that our Earth is neither the universe, nor its chief centre. It is itself a mere atom, and Reason suggests that as our Earth is but an atom compared with what we now know of, so all we now perceive may be atomic to the unknown beyond.

As our ideas of the Heavens are enlarged, so should our ideas of the intellects therein, or the ruling powers of space be enlarged. Our Gods should no longer be Earth Gods. Our imagery should no longer be limited, fixed, graven. Our imagery should grow with our knowledge of the universe. As that increases, so should our ideas of possible dwellers in the universe, of space-intellects. Our imagery should be vital, growing, changing with our own growth. Imaging a Creative Intellect, our ideas of Him should grow with our knowledge of His works.

Now supposing, as the Bible implies, our civilisation was started by higher intellects, by some not of Earth-origin, but possessing experience derived from countless worlds, in the infancy of our race all their teaching would be supposed to relate to this Earth only. The nascent race would think of no other.

If we have traditions of such teaching, which hitherto have seemed unintelligible, we might try if they became more intelligible if we regarded them as from actual Space intelligences: beings capable of travelling from world to world and system to system, and who would be thinking of *their* Universe and *their* mode of life when talking to us.

Instead, therefore, of studying the ideas of Old Saints and others in the times of intense ignorance, we might study the Heavens and our own Earth in its Space-history, its long past, and try to enlarge our own ideas, in hopes, the less cramped our own minds are, the more easily we may form ideas about things said to belong to universal or Space-society.

The whole of our education needs reforming. To understand a Space-society, to form any ideas thereof, we must first form ideas of Space itself and its contents, beginning with the worlds, systems, forces, &c., we now know of. Give up the trumpery teaching, and "Beggary Elements" of our present education, and seek an enlarged education, suitable to children of the Supreme intellect, for we are told to regard ourselves as such.

All the prophetic and symbolic portions of our Scriptures are now going to be re-interpreted on the supposition that they were originally communicated by Space-intellects, and were instructions to us as infants of infinite societies: a teaching utterly intelligible to minds trained in the cramped mould hitherto used.

Let all who would be children of the Supreme study His works as best they can. Let the educated consider the less educated, and aid in teaching, writing for them works suitable to their understanding, not full of long words, but in simple, clear language adapted to children.

Soon we hope to state the tasks the learned must work at. But let us aid the mass of men to understand as much as possible, and to follow our work with interest. They in their turn must aid fellow workers, each in his capacity.

REJECTED.