

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

"The Strand Magazine" is as good as usual, if I may except an article on Ghosts by Mr. Irving Montagu. One must make allowances. Ghosts are in the air, and Christmas is coming on. So it is open to a man to write nonsense when he can get some taking pictures to relieve his monotony. I do not just now remember whether Mr. Montagu illustrated his own articles. If he did I should venture to recommend him to drop literature and stick to pictures. His drawings are as good as his article is bad. To judge by his pictures, one would almost imagine that he knew something about Ghosts, and even that he might have seen one. A perusal of his article, however, dispels that idea. It is appropriately prefaced by an owl, and the author avows that he has "been present among Spiritualists at the raising of Ghosts—"objectless ne'er-dowells—Hindoos who have spoken English with an Irish accent, and French marquesses and German barons with the dialect of the Seven Dials." I have not the advantage of a working acquaintance with that dialect, and I have never been present at a séance where anything was "raised" except a table or a chair. But Mr. Irving Montagu is evidently no ordinary man. In his studio, alone at midnight, he has been "to some extent scared by unearthly noises, which seemed to come from the atmosphere around me." Where did he expect them to come from: and how would he make a noise without an atmosphere? At any rate, he was "to some extent scared"—to the extent that "I poured out a bumper and drank it to the dregs." He wanted some "Dutch courage" to enable him to print what he has put his name to. I think he did.

The article is the least worthy that has appeared in "The Strand." There is information and knowledge usually in what Mr. Newnes publishes, and I may be pardoned, as an expert who does not desire to exact from a writer in a magazine more than a very superficial show of knowledge, such as may be got, for instance, from an Encyclopædia or "Phan'asms of the Living," if I protest against an article which not only does not instruct, but is not commonly amusing. It is a distinct blot on what otherwise reaches a high level of excellence. The fact is, that there is a good deal of surface knowledge—what I may call a Christmas knowledge—about what are called ghosts and very little real experience. They have escaped from the Christmas number, and, like Mr. Montagu's owl, they blink, and people hardly know where to have them. I suspect that if I asked for a definition of a Ghost that should be applicable to the experiences of a Spiritualist, I should

get some funny specimens. Mr. Irving Montagu is good enough to depict for us an ideal ghost. It is a death's head with the light showing through, and the furniture visible behind it. The Ghost extends to horses and dogs. There is even a ghostly horn. There ought to be a ghost of a hare, but it has probably gone in front, as the ghostly dogs look so keen. Then there is a ghostly lady emerging from a wave, the undulating lines of her figure gracefully assimilated to the water. And there is something not unlike Dr. Weatherly's apparitions of Mr. Maskelyne as depicted in his late brilliant *tour de force*. I have seen many ghosts: but these are ghosts that I have not met.

Has there been anything more pathetic to engage attention than the "Boy Murderers" of Liverpool? If so, I have not seen it. Here are two boys of eight and nine respectively, who deliberately committed a crime from the "consequences of which," said the judge, "no man of full age could escape." The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, as they must, and then added that "the prisoners were not responsible on account of their age." They were far more responsible than a common murderer whom passion blinds. These products of an advanced civilisation, *fin de siècle* growths, allured a little boy to play, and decided on an elaborate plan of murder. He was to be hoisted over a hoarding to "the rafts." He was chaffed till he tried to walk across a girder, and was then pushed over and fell twelve feet into the water. Then he was helped out and stripped of his clothes and pushed in again. Once more the poor little fragment of humanity struggled out, and then these other brute beasts in human form helped the child out and took him to a higher part of the masonry and flung him over a third time. There he lay, done for this time. But to make sure one of the fiends "climbed down and knelt on the victim's head," and held it under water till his precocious mind was satisfied that his devilish work had been done. Is there on record a more deliberate and cruel act of murder, well thought out, devised, and carried out with remorseless persistence? Yet the jury refused to go to the logical end in their verdict. "Not responsible, on account of their age." I wonder who is responsible if these beings were not. The whole question of capital punishment needs considering. If we have more boy murderers and women culprits the matter will resolve itself into a simple question, What is that law the penalty of which you dare not apply to women and children? And there may be a further question, What is this education that produces such remarkable results?

This is a very serious matter. I do not believe in religious education—which is usually only theological—at schools. I am disposed to think that our Board schools are self-confessed failures, and expensive toys. There is nothing that can fitly replace home influence. Everything is machine-made nowadays, but you cannot make religion on that pattern. The Chinese prayer wheel is not adapted to our use. We are running, however, a serious risk of falling between two stools. The old order

is fading and is giving place to a new one not yet established. The sanctions and requirements of the old faith are, in many cases, no longer binding. The new faith has not yet found its ordinances of obligation. They are of the spirit as befits a spiritual age, and are not enshrined in creeds and formularies. Meantime, till men realise that they are making their future and cannot escape from the consequences of their acts, we are producing boy murderers and people who have lately figured in the Divorce Court—astonishing products of a highly cultivated and developed Agnosticism. It is clear enough that Spiritualism is the only angel on the troubled waters of modern-day doubt that can purify them. Tiny ruffians and things even worse are not to be contemplated, as the outcome of our age, with anything approaching to satisfaction.

For let us contemplate this life as the training place of a soul. It comes here for a portion of that education which is necessary to its development. What sort of *nidus* do we provide for it? What sort of hospitality do we accord to it? Is it any sort of consideration with us that it should be so adapted to its surroundings as that it may gain its education and progress in wisdom? Is our civilisation to end by producing ruffians at the bottom and inanities at the top? It looks like it. The middle class has always been the backbone of this country. It is so still. But, if I am not wholly mistaken, we must look to the generation that provides us with these astonishing specimens of what we *can* do in the way of children. The other day I talked Spiritualism with a man of exceptional intelligence. He had seen "LIGHT," but did not know of my connection with it. I told him that I had talked the matter over with many eminent men whose names were a guarantee for their sincerity and openness of mind. I mentioned a few. Yes: he said, but have you talked it over with others of an opposite school? Yes: I said, and I always will, for I learn from them; but they *know* so little that it is only their blunders that are instructive. We want at least as much care in the isolation of the moral microbe as we do of that familiar pest which we call influenza.

It has occurred to Mr. Ernest Hart, Editor of the "British Medical Journal," to lecture at Toynbee Hall on Hypnotism. We seem to have heard his name before in another connection, but we hardly recall the particulars. However, certain daily papers give space to what he has thought fit to say: as, for instance, that the "poet, the mystic, the imaginative philosopher shared its higher privileges; the charlatan, the quack, the stage-performer the greater profits." Maskelyne is obviously indicated: where does Mr. Ernest Hart come in? I have some suspicion that Mr. Hart has been badly reported: if not, he has talked conspicuous nonsense. Hypnotism, he is reported to say, is the "lineal descendant of many ancient beliefs," as queer a definition as I have seen. Airy references to "the earliest races of India," the Persian Magi, and the "Gogio" (*sic*) "of India" follow, and then Mr. Hart gives us his own experience, in no way advancing our knowledge or showing any capacity for instruction. Mr. Hart "is tempted to ask whether the world has made any progress." He does not say since when, but he certainly supplies some reason for the question.

"OUR FATHER'S CHURCH."

We have on our table a letter from the Rev. J. Page Hopps, dated from Leicester, respecting an announcement already made by us:—

SIR,—I send you a copy of a very important proposal concerning "Our Father's Church," and I commend it to your serious consideration. In due time, a council will be formed and names announced. The document which I enclose is offered for as much publicity and criticism as you may think useful and right.—J. PAGE HOPPS.

MR. FREDERIC TENNYSON'S NEW VOLUME OF VERSE.*

This book is surely a marvel! Mr. Tennyson, like his illustrious brother, has, we believe, much more than completed his eightieth year, and he presents us with a book of poems instinct with all the tenderness and freshness of youth, and by no means lacking its power also. These poems may be described as episodes of mythology treated from an original point of view by adopting as the subject of each poem a portion of the familiar legend, and expanding it into an original story of its own. In this spirit the poet utilises the well-known narratives of Psyche, Daphne, Pygmalion, Ariadne, Hesperides, Atlantis, and others, to give us an infinite variety of pictures of exquisite beauty, of life and love in the golden ages.

The poetry of Frederic Tennyson is, as we think, more spiritual in its quality than that of the Laureate, if less philosophical. Its charm lies rather in what is felt than in what is realised to the perception—intellectually and imaginatively—rather as the exquisite aroma of the flower than in its form or colour. The enjoyment of it steals over and through us as we read "without observation" as "cometh the Kingdom of Heaven." It is thus not so easy to illustrate by quotation of isolated passages, and one is reminded in reading it of Dr. Johnson's remarks on the poetry of Young. "Its excellence is not so much exactness as copiousness. Particular parts are not so much to be regarded, and its power is as a whole." Yet isolated passages of great beauty in the narrative may be given as examples. Such for instance as the address to nature on the higher sensibilities of Man, and to Man on the higher sensibilities of the state above it:—

"Happy ye," he said,
"Who with your simple instincts taste the joy
I bring ye with the daylight; whose prone loves
Draw from the breast of Nature their sole boon,
And seek no higher. If the simple herd
That drives ye to the pool—the shepherd boy
That gathers the wild flock—the fowler skill'd
To snare his birds—could make ye feel the pulse
Of their own life, so far beyond your state
Would ye be happier with the sense of new
Ineffable affections—thrills of hope—
Pangs of regret—imaginings, fears—
Than now ye are amid the pearled flowers?
And would a mortal—if a God should fill
Her heart with sudden impulses, enough
To shake the slender harpstrings of her frame,
To run along her nerves in rills of fire,
To speed the pulses of her kindling blood
To tenfold swiftness—love to feel the shock
Of that great life, and call for it again?
Or would she shrink beneath the awful joy
Like something smit with lightning?"

Again, "The New Life":—

"We are a wedded pair,"
Said they; "and we have lived in heaven together
All happy, since the age of gold, and young
As now ye see us." Psyche and her spouse
Look'd on them, and beheld, in their attire
And aspects, wedded love was symbolised;
For the celestial habitants are all
Affections of pure love in human form;
The ruling love is pictured in the face,
And from its kind the raiment and its hues
Are fashion'd; so in heaven it is said
That every one is clothed in his own love."

The following is like a bit out of one of Swedenborg's "Memorable Relations":—

"Behold all things are new,
Tho' like the old; and dear familiar forms
Come at the bidding of the heart's desire.
And if there be things never seen before,
Haply they were foreshadow'd in some mood
Of raptured thought, some poesy, some dream
Dropt down from summer starlight, and appear,
Tho' wonderful, not stranger than the light
Of reawaken'd memories. What the heart

* "Daphne and Other Poems." By FREDERIC TENNYSON.
(Macmillan and Co.)

Yearn'd for, as missing to some mortal state,
 Here crowns it in its immortality
 With all perfection, and is hail'd at once
 As hope fulfill'd, ev'n as the dear old face,
 So well beloved under its grey hair,
 And wrinkled brows remember'd on the earth,
 Is known at once for all its hues of youth
 Restored, its thousand graces, and the voice,
 That welcomes to this land of happy souls
 The pilgrim, late deliver'd from the glooms
 Of failing nature, and the mist of tears;
 Or as a virgin daughter brings to mind
 The lovely bride of the first days gone by.
 All states advance by gentle steps, so small
 That, tho' they be swifter than thought itself,
 Seem slow in their progression: the Allwise
 Shakes not the guilty and rebellious soul
 With sudden thunders, nor the simple heart
 With light beyond endurance; all things change
 By secret motions imperceptible,
 As the far-reaching voice of the great sea
 Grows out of tiny ripples none can hear."

CURE BY MESMERISM.

Mr. F. Omerin asks us to publish the following letter, which he has received from Mr. Frank Comer, D.D.S., of 9, Hereford-square, South Kensington:—

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in stating the facts, as requested by you, relating to the remarkable relief I received a year ago from your (*apparently*) simple treatment.

About three years ago I had a tricycle accident, in which my nose was injured, but with so little pain and inconvenience to myself that I soon forgot all about it. Some fifteen months later I consulted a celebrated West End specialist for a (commonly-called) relaxed throat, he having successfully treated me for a similar affection six months previously. In the course of the examination he remarked that I had a bony tumour (evidently the result of a blow) forming in my right nostril, which he said would soon make me quite deaf, and advised immediate treatment by the electric cautery, with a view to burning out the tumour, which he said would be completely removed in a few months if I went to him two or three times a week. He said it would not hurt much, as he would apply cocaine first. I consented, and he applied the cocaine, and shortly afterwards the red-hot platinum wire, with which he burned a hole through the bony tumour. I can stand a good deal of pain, and I stood that treatment just that once, but I could never summon up courage enough to return to him—preferring to go deaf if necessary. So the bony enlargement continued, but with the addition of gradually increasing pain, starting from the wound made by the electric cautery, and affecting my right superior canine tooth (which one night became so bad that I endeavoured to extract it, although it was perfectly sound). Finally my right eye began to suffer, and then, thank Heaven, a friend gave me your address and advised me to consult you without delay. Very sceptical myself as to your affording me any relief, but knowing my friend's unbounded faith in your healing and pain-relieving power, I called upon you the same evening, when you at once emphatically said, "I will cure you in a very short time." Before you commenced gently stroking my nose with your thumb and finger, I was suffering great pain in my nose, right eye, and eye tooth, but in five minutes I had not a vestige of pain left. The bony tumour had by this time completely closed the right nostril, so that I could not sniff up a particle of air on that side, but after two of your simple and gentle treatments of one hour each I was astonished to find that I could inhale as much air through the right nostril as the left. You attempted nothing in the way of controlling my will, which would have been useless, for I doubt if you or any man living could hypnotise me; but there can be no doubt that you *do* possess some wonderful healing power which the scientific world (yourself probably included) cannot explain.

December 7th, 1891.

FRANK COMER.

MR. JAMES ELLIOTT, late publisher of "Hansard's Debates," and now of 2, White Hart-court, Bishopsgate-street, London, E.C., informs us that he has in preparation a work entitled "Azoth; or, the Star in the East," by Mr. Edward Arthur Waite. The work will be issued privately to subscribers, in one volume, large demy 8vo.

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

THE CASE OF PROFESSOR SANDRINGHAM.

By "EDINA." I

At last I am in a position to deal with this case, which was one of those sent to the Society for Psychical Research, and unfavourably reported upon by their delegate. On the narrative now to be submitted I shall contend that the identity of the person who designates himself to us as "Professor Sandringham" is conclusively proved by the nature of his written communications and by the whole surrounding circumstances, culminating in the production of the spirit photograph to be after mentioned.

Our first communication, purporting to be from the person who designates himself "Professor Sandringham," came by the lips of Mr. Alexander Duguid, trance and clairvoyant medium, who resides in Edinburgh. This was in the month of October, 1889, when we were only inquirers into the reality of spiritual phenomena. Mr. Duguid at that time was a perfect stranger to us, but at my urgent request came to our house and gave us sittings. On his second visit, while in a condition of trance, there spoke through him the voice of a "medical communicator," by which I mean a person who in this life was a doctor, and who now was communicating with us. He correctly described and diagnosed a serious spasmodic throat affection from which my wife had been suffering at intervals for twelve months, but of the existence of which malady the medium was in complete ignorance, because at the time of his visit she was in good health. This throat affection had baffled all the medical men we had been able to consult in the city, and we were somewhat surprised to find that the remedy suggested by the person who spoke through Mr. Duguid was so simple and yet so effectual that a few applications effected a cure which has now lasted over two years, and appears to be permanent.

Naturally an occurrence of this kind went a long way in encouraging us to persevere in our investigation into occult phenomena, and soon after the sitting above referred to, when we first began to get messages by the table without Mr. Duguid's assistance, our medical friend was among the earliest to use this mode of communicating with us.

In April, 1890, as detailed in the columns of "LIGHT," my deaf daughter suddenly became a clairvoyant, clairaudient and writing medium, and among the earliest of our correspondents was the medical communicator before alluded to, who either subscribed himself at the end of each message "Professor Sandringham," or used the initials P.S. These messages came very frequently, and were always written in the peculiar sprawling hand he affects, which has never varied in its character during a period of fully eighteen months. During the summer of 1890 this personage asked and obtained our permission to become our daughter's spiritual guide or control, and we at once acquiesced in his proposal. Since then he may be said to be a daily visitor to our home, visible to the medium and conversing with her or writing by her hand, although quite invisible to us. She states that he is now as real a personality to her as any ordinary mortal could be, although she knows him to be a denizen of the other world. I have before me a notebook extending to over a hundred and fifty pages filled with his messages automatically written, and can vouch for their individuality and the uniformity of the handwriting from the first page to the last. Of late he has not been writing so much, just because the medium's inner vision is now so clear that she can see and converse with him when he comes to her, and any questions we may put through her verbally or by writing placed in his notebook are usually satisfactorily answered in a very brief space of time.

Although this communicator has always designated himself to us as Professor Sandringham, we knew in July last that this is not the real name which he bore when in earthly life, as in a message which was automatically written at that time through the medium, and addressed to a well-known medical gentleman of this city who takes a warm interest in psychical phenomena, "the Professor" stated that Sandringham was not his real name; but he did not state what this was, or why or wherefore he had made the change. His reasons for assuming another name are of course unknown to us, but, as it appears from several of his

messages that it is not many years since he passed over, probably he does not wish to disclose his identity even to us, under present circumstances. Of his knowledge of medical science and terminology we have the most ample evidence in the notebook before mentioned, which contains a great many directions as to dietary, health, &c., which could only emanate from a medical source. In the course of the month of August, 1891, when we were residing at the seaside, he wrote a special article or message to the medical gentleman before referred to on the subject of the use and abuse of Hypnotics, and this paper literally bristles with the names of drugs and sedative medicines, ancient and modern, many of which were unknown to myself, and all, or nearly all, quite without the cognisance of the medium. For two years past, therefore, the interest taken by the Professor in the health affairs and prosperity of our household has been warm and unceasing, and to us, indeed, he is a very real person, although we know little or nothing of his earthly career or by what name he was called during the forty-four years he says he lived and laboured here.

For some time back, under instructions from the Professor and certain of our relatives now on "the other side," we were endeavouring to obtain a photograph of a lost one of whom we have no proper likeness except one taken at a very early stage of his existence. The names of two artists were furnished to us, who, we were told, might be able to help us in this direction. The Professor informed us that at some of our photographic sittings he would endeavour to come so as to be included in one of the negatives. On five occasions attempts have been made to get what was promised, under what seemed favourable conditions. These results were very interesting so far as they went to prove the production of spirit photographs under test conditions. The sittings were, however, unsuccessful in giving us what we wanted, viz., photographs of our lost one or of the Professor, for the faces produced on the negatives, and which were reprinted on the photographs, were those of denizens of the other sphere quite unknown to us. I am glad, however, to be able to state that we have now obtained a spirit photograph of the Professor, and that in a manner most convincing to us of his identity. Our family medium was not present when the photograph was taken, but the moment she saw it under strictly test conditions she recognised the face as that of "my Professor," as she designates him. The photograph is a very clear and distinct one of a gentleman of about forty years of age. The face is that of a man possessing high intellectual capacity, combined with calmness and resolution. Previous to the photograph being obtained our medium had often told us that his face was not unlike that of Sir Morell Mackenzie, and on looking at the photograph we were at once struck with the resemblance, although the face of the Professor has a marked individuality of its own. Regarding the production of this photograph, I have to state that the artist who took it had made three former attempts to get what we wanted, but had been unsuccessful. He has no knowledge of Professor Sandringham, or of the fact that he was my daughter's spiritual guide. Of course, the case here stands alone upon the medium's identification of the photograph, and can only be supplemented by a statement emanating from the Professor himself as to the manner in which he succeeded in giving us what we wanted after so many previous failures, due partly, he said, to his being "crowded out" by the number of spirit forms anxious to be photographed, and partly to a sudden failure of power. On this occasion he states he made a supreme effort, and literally, as he expresses himself, "forced himself through."

On the preceding statement I maintain with some confidence that the identity of the person designating himself as "Professor Sandringham" is proved, and that he is not the "myth" he was assumed to be by the delegate of the Society for Psychical Research, but a very real person, a veritable guide and spirit control, daily coming among us, advising in matters both temporal and spiritual, and often exercising a most beneficent influence on our home.

WHAT joy can being give

Without perfection? vainly do I seek
That bliss for which I languish. Surely yet
The day-spring of our nature is to come;
Mournful we wait that dawning; until then
We grovel in the dust—in midnight grope,
For ever seeking, never satisfied. —EMMA TATHAM.

JOTTINGS.

From the "Christian World":—

Superior persons in search of a new religion which nobody can understand, and which they cannot understand themselves, will find what they want in "The New Light of Mysticism: Order of the Spiritual Temple." Mr. F. Hildebrand Rothwell is hon. secretary *pro tem.* to "The Triad," whatever that may be, and he sends us an outline of the "First Constructive Period." We gather that the lost keys of the ancient secret sciences are to be recovered; that true methods are to be elaborated for the transfiguration of the body of man by the splendour of spirit and soul, the elaboration of the Christ in man, &c.; and that "among the private objects of prosecution" are to be the manifestation of the Divine Virgin, the vision of Diana unveiled, the revelation of the Holy Grail, and the Mystic Marriage. And all this is to be had in Kensington, W.! Happy nineteenth century!

Mr. Parnell's beliefs:—

A curious story was told me the other night as an illustration of Mr. Parnell's superstition. When last in Ireland he spoke more than once of friends long dead having appeared to him. His auditors laughed, but Mr. Parnell seemed quite serious. My present story relates to a few days before the death of the Irish leader, and Brighton was the scene. The incident was not mentioned to Mrs. Parnell by her husband. It was this: Mr. Parnell had called upon a friend in Brighton when a servant came and informed him that a person wished to see him in the drawing-room on important business. When Mr. Parnell entered the drawing-room, however, it was empty. He returned to question the servant. "What was the stranger like?" he inquired. "As like, sir, you as if he had been your twin brother," was the man's reply. Mr. Parnell made no comment, but shortly left the house.

The "Two Worlds" gives us this:—

Mr. Wm. Woodville Rockhill's deeply interesting book, "The Land of the Lamas," contains a reference to the mysteries of the Theosophists. When Mr. Rockhill was at the great lamasery—Thibetan monastery, that is—of Serkok, he told the inmates of "our Esoteric Buddhists, the Mahatmas, and the wonderful doctrines which they claimed to have obtained from Thibet. They were immensely amused. They declared that though in ancient times there were, doubtless, saints and sages who could perform some of the miracles now claimed by the Esoterists, none were living at the present day, and they looked upon this school as rankly heretical, and something approaching to an imposition on our credulity." Keen-sighted people, these Lamas.

By thine own soul's law learn to live;
And, if men thwart thee, take no heed,
And, if men hate thee, have no care.
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed;
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give.

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The "Pall Mall Gazette" reports this:—

An extraordinary coincidence is reported as having occurred in Dublin Bay. The other morning two Ringsend fishermen, named James Hodgins and George Roden, were fishing in a trawler about six miles east of Howth when, on drawing in the net, they were horrified to find that it contained the body of a man. On the remains being pulled into the trawler the features were examined, and one of the men, Roden, discovered the body to be that of his own brother, who was also a fisherman, and who was drowned in the bay on December 14th, 1890.

"Lloyd's News" enters on its fiftieth year with three times the circulation of any other published newspaper. Douglas and Blanchard Jerrold, Horace Mayhew, Hepworth Dixon, are names that memory recalls in connection with its earlier days, to be followed by Charles Knight, L. Blanchard, and Tom Hood the younger, and later by T. S. Escott, and as occasional writers of special articles, J. A. Froude, and the Rev. H. R. Haweis. Fiction has been represented by almost every well-known name, and is to give the readers of "Lloyd's News" a taste of John Strange Winter, Thomas Hardy, Marie Corelli, Walter Besant, and Grant Allen. Our best wishes.

"Mr. Punch" has been down to what he calls the "Psychical Society," and has been moved to discourse of the

"Spooks in the Square" to the air of "The Goblins in the Churchyard." The effect seems fairly fixed by the verse:—

Some of their Ghosts were sages, some of them seemed sheer noddies;
Some of the same like a "Wandering Flame," and others as "Astral Bodies."
Some of them croaked "Ha! ha!" some of them chuckled "Ho! ho!"
And I got so sad, I was heartily glad when I found it was time to go.

And so he went, candid person:—

And I dropped into the "Rose and Crown," a highly respectable tavern,
For Ghosts are dry, and my thirst was high, my throat like a chalky cavern.
I didn't have much, only four of cold Scotch, which is good to moisten chalk.
The night was fine, it was twelve twenty-nine, so I thought I might just as well walk.
But when I entered Trafalgar-square, I heard a mysterious sound;
There was not even a Bobby in sight as I stole a glance around;
But seated on Nelson's lions four, and perched on the neighbouring "postcases,"
I saw, as we said in our Nursery Rhyme, a dozen or so of "Ghosts" !

And then the *denouement*:—

I woke. A pain possessed my head. The gathered Ghosts were gone,
And I lay there in Trafalgar-square, on a cold stone alone.
I seemed to hear a wailing cry, a whisper on the breeze,
Which said, in accents I well knew, "Now then, Time, Gentlemen, please!"
It may have been the warning to recall those vagrant Ghosts To—wheresoever they abide, poor pallid spectral hosts!
What it all meant I cannot tell, but this at least I know,
To that Psychical Society no more at night I'll go!

CHORUS.

Some of the Ghosts did goggle, some of the Spooks did stare,
But there they sat in a spectral row round "the Squirts" in Trafalgar-square.
They all gave a loud "Ha! ha!" they all gave a loud "Ho! ho!"
And I turned and fled, and got home to bed as the rooster began to crow!

Is it not pretty fooling?

One must not be too hard on the grinner through a horse-collar. But is not this a trifle thin and in poor taste? It was not always so, Mr. Punch. It is not always so now: but there are occasional instances, like this stuff, that make us turn to an old volume of the time of Thackeray, Jerrold, Leech, and other gentlemen with relief.

Alexander Fullerton replies briefly to Moncure Conway's article in the "Arena." Mr. Conway reports that Madame Blavatsky replied to a question of his as to the genesis of teapots: "You are a public teacher and ought to know the truth. It is glamour." Mr. Fullerton opines that the lady was laughing at the inquisitive interviewer. We think so too.

The fact is, Mr. Conway often speaks unadvisedly with his tongue. There is in the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" of some recent date, which our memory does not just now recall, a criticism of Mr. Moncure Conway's blunders in an article published by him in the "Nation" (February 26th, 1891) on an old article by Thomas Paine on Slavery. Three important errors in Mr. Conway's criticism were pilloried and exposed. And this is not a solitary case. Mr. Conway is so critical of others that he should be careful of himself.

Mr. H. Snowden Ward sends us a penny pamphlet entitled "Karma and Re-incarnation the Foundation Doctrines of Theosophy." There is nothing new in the pamphlet, but it puts concisely what the writer wishes to say.

The "Phrenological Annual" for 1892 is edited by Mr. Jas. Coates. It contains some very readable articles on Phrenology, Graphology, Hypnotism, and similar subjects.

The last number of "Theosophical Siftings" is concerned with "The Septenary Nature of Consciousness," by A. L. Cleather, and an address on "Theosophy" by Allen

Griffiths, reprinted from the "Evening Item," of Martinez, California.

Bundy on us. "Writ sarcastical," but worth pondering:—

"The reflection is forced upon me," says W. Stainton-Moses, "by glancing down the columns of some of the many Spiritualist organs sent to the office of 'LIGHT' that where Spiritualism is not philosophical but sectarian it is measurably near falling into all the evils that all Spiritualist papers so loudly condemn in the Church and the orthodox sects: such as pandering to the spirit of commercialism, approving whatever pays, and thinking and speaking as if the salvation of the world depended upon the predominance of 'our cause.' What is the use of having a spiritual great coat on if the heart that beats inside it is yet materialistic?"

"What is the use?" Why, you blessed English medium! graduate of Oxford, philosophical thinker, able teacher and editor as you are, don't you see it is all in the "use"? What use would the mediocre stuff which weekly spoils good paper have if not to whoop it up for the "cause" of commercialism under the great coat of Spiritualism? Even had the conductors of these sheets a glimmering consciousness of the philosophical it would be of no practical use to them. Let them dare to employ a philosophical writer or an editor who holds spiritual truth above all sectarian obligations, who will not pander to the harpies that swarm both continents and steer the public movement in their interests, and they would swamp their papers in a month. The astute editor of "LIGHT" must certainly see that these misnamed "Spiritualist organs" are gauges showing the moral and intellectual status of what passes current as the "Spiritualist movement."

These "organs" coming under the just criticism of our esteemed English contemporary represent only the froth and swirl of the deep and mighty stream of spiritual truth which is bearing the race towards its final goal of happiness. They no more represent the great army of spiritual truth-seekers than would a sutler's bulletin setting forth the attractions of his stock have given the world an idea of the strength, morale and progress of Grant's magnificent army.

The "Better Way" on the same:—

"LIGHT" says, that where Spiritualism is not philosophical but sectarian, it is measurably near falling into all the evils that all Spiritualist papers so loudly condemn in the Church and the orthodox sects. "Not philosophical but sectarian" is good, and should be remembered by those who are warm for organisation.

The "Advertiser," Adelaide, South Australia, records the following singular coincidence:—

A week ago when the 2nd Regiment was on its way to the Park Lands a man, who is an admirer of the redcoats, stood near the Morphett-street Bridge watching them. As the troops marched past the spectator fell down in a fit and had to be attended to by the ambulance men. The incident was forgotten until last Saturday, when the 1st Regiment marched past this spot. Then Lieutenant-Colonel Madley noticed the same man standing in precisely the same place. The band struck up and, just as the infantry were passing, the onlooker suddenly dropped down in a fit, and again required the services of the ambulance corps. The double occurrence caused much comment among the soldiers.

This is the way it figures out according to Dr. Taylor:—

Hell, or Hades, or Gehenna, or Sheol, or whatever you may want to call it, is a lake of fire and brimstone, exactly fifty-two miles below the surface of the earth at sea level, and has the cubic contents of 542,900,000 miles.

That is the statement made by the Rev. C. A. A. Taylor, D.D., educational and financial travelling agent for the Florida African Methodist Episcopal conferences, Indianapolis freemen representative and general preacher.

Is not this one of the daintiest, prettiest little Robin songs that have been lately sung?—

Rest over every peak
Is deep;
And not a breath doth break
The pine-tops' sleep
From crest to crest.
The little birds are hushed in the glen;
Wait awhile! Then,
Thou too shalt rest.

It is Goethe etherealised by Stopford Brooke.

The office of the London Spiritualist Alliance and "LIGHT" will be closed for the Christmas holidays from Thursday evening, December 24th, to Tuesday morning, December 29th. Letters addressed to the Editor of "LIGHT" will be forwarded.

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

Light :

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

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19th, 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.

ORIGINAL SIN.

During the recent assizes two little boys were tried for diabolically murdering another little boy. They had lured the child into some spot where there was a pool of water and calmly killed him, apparently as far as motive was concerned for no other purpose than to get his clothes. The children were so small that had they been seated in the dock they could not have been seen, and they were so young that the law could not hold them responsible for what they had done. Yet they had undoubtedly slain the other child in the coldest of cold blood. Their surroundings are said to have been bad, and that of course is important, but perhaps not from the point of view which the journalist, who makes the assertion, had in his mind.

In scientific investigation it is not always, one may perhaps say not often, that the phenomena generally observed as to any event give the key to the meaning of that event; it is only when those phenomena are noted in connection with events or circumstances, of less frequency that the truth about the phenomena begins to be known. Some investigations of first-rate importance as to the ultimate constitution of matter have been carried out quite recently, not by taking account of the well-known so-called elements such as the metals, or permanent gases, but from the consideration of the rare earths, yttrium, and so forth. It is not from the glare of the noon-day sun that we have learnt so much about him as from his appearance when transformed by an eclipse. This abnormal development of evil in the two children may perhaps in a similar way throw light on the origin of much if not all of the "crime," which, as we know it, our latter-day civilisation has perhaps modified, but not diminished. Brutal and refined crime are but variants of the same thing.

That these babies, of eight and nine years, had heard crime talked about in their pestilential surroundings may possibly be true, but in ordinary vicious surroundings it is not to be supposed that murder forms the staple of conversation, and unless we are to make this supposition, it is somewhat difficult to see how murder could have been so suggested to the children as to make them wish to experiment in it. If this hypothesis is set aside we are thrown back on the only possible alternative, that of the natural wickedness of the children, *whatever that may mean*. Here we have no tale of long continued depravity, culminating in murder, but murder is the beginning not the end of the development.

It is the fashion with some people to argue that all men are born equal, and that their environment determines the result; it would be interesting to see the advocates of equality of birth illustrate their theory in the case of the child-murderers. Granted the debasement of their surroundings, what should cause the rapid development of criminality? Surely we have here an instance of what is called "original sin."

That this doctrine of "original sin" has been more or less spurned is reasonable, seeing that a strange perversity in the lapse of a disastrous development, has turned into a theological dogma of universal application, that which is a natural fact in certain instances. But if by "original sin" we mean the subjugation of the subject of that sin to the powers of evil we have the key to the whole history of crime. Wherever there is a chance of these agents of spiritual wickedness fastening on to our humanity, that chance is seized. "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," has a meaning of far deeper import than the small wishfulness of those who glibly utter the phrases in what they call their "devotions."

To go again out of our every-day life for enlightenment, there is one phase of insanity which is as distressing as it is apparently inexplicable. It is far from unusual for delicately-nurtured women, who have been kept all their lives out of the range of material impurity, to pour out streams of obscenity and blasphemy, when the usual balance of reason is lost. To say, as is said by some, that this language had been heard during the patient's sane life, and has been unconsciously garnered up in some odd corner of the memory, is but to confess utter ignorance of the matter. But if we allow that, as in the case of the boy-murderers, there was an opportunity seized by evil agents in the unseen to vent their spleen, or to exhibit themselves in order to gratify a depraved vanity, we get a solution of the difficulty.

This is not an attempt at solving the question of the origin of evil; what evil is and what good is we shall probably never know as long as our senses are what they are; but that there are two antagonistic principles we do know, especially those of us to whom the spiritual life is a reality.

Wherever there is a weak point in the armour there the antagonists will strike. In the recognition of this lies the secret of success as against the enemy. But if there is no armour at all, and when the evil ones are in reality attracted, as they would be, to unholy regions of selfishness and lust, such as that by which these boys are said to have been surrounded, then there is absolute revel of evil.

It is lamentable how theological teaching, as well as material prosperity, has deadened the sense of the unseen about us. The one treats the spiritual side of our life as a thing of words, the other has got to deny it altogether. And so the poor multitude wanders as sheep having no shepherd, and but for the pitiful compassion of God's angels the wolves of iniquity would scatter those they do not destroy.

π.

MR. ST. GEORGE MIVART, F.R.S., ON THE IMPLICATIONS OF SCIENCE.*

"Nature" (of November 19th and 26th) contained a lecture which will be of value to some of our readers who will entirely miss it, if they do not read that scientific journal, unless their attention is drawn to it in the columns of "LIGHT." We use the space at our disposal to indicate a few of the more important conclusions of the author.

Mr. Mivart sets out with this declaration that will commend itself, we believe, to all sound Spiritualists:—

I desire to take this opportunity plainly to declare, that not only here and now, but everywhere and always, I unhesitatingly affirm that no system, can, or should, stand, which is unable to justify itself to reason. I possess no faculty myself, nor do I believe that any human faculty exists, superior to the intellect, or which has any claim to limit or denominate the intellect's activity.

Exception, however, will possibly be taken by a few Spiritualists to the statement of the belief that no human faculty exists superior to the intellect. We are aware

* Friday evening discourse delivered at the Royal Institution, June 5th, 1891.

that the faculty of "intuition" is sometimes set above that of mental power, but for practical purposes of the life of the vast majority the declaration of the supremacy of the intellect stands and is the final judge in us on all matters. As a further preliminary to his argument the author says:—

We ought never to rest satisfied about any scientific inquiry the truth of which has not been demonstrated, unless we find that it is one which we have no possible power to answer Yet, although doubt and inquiry are necessary in science, nevertheless doubt has its legitimate limits. Blind disbelief is scientifically fatal, as well as blind belief. We all know how apt men are, when seeking to avoid one extreme, to fall into the opposite one, and it is possible to get into an unhealthy condition of mind so as to be unable to give a vigorous assent to anything. It is necessary distinctly to recognise there is such a thing as *legitimate* certainty, not to perceive the force of which is *illegitimate* doubt. Such doubt would necessarily discredit all physical science. . . . If anyone affirms that "*nothing is certain*," he obviously contradicts himself, since he thereby affirms the certainty of uncertainty. . . . If a man were to say "*I cannot be sure of anything because for all I know I may be the plaything of a demon who amuses himself by constantly deceiving me*," he contradicts himself, because he obviously grounds his assertion upon his perception of the truth that "*we cannot arrive at conclusions which are certain by means of premisses which are uncertain or false*." But if he knows that truth, he must know that his faculties are not always fallacious, and that his demon cannot deceive him in everything.

Some space is then devoted to the difference between implicit and explicit knowledge and the conclusion reached is that:—

The student will have to go through many processes of inference by which these implicit truths may be explicitly recognised by him, before he can be said to have any real knowledge of them. The validity of inference is then one of the truths implied by physical science, and we shall presently see the intellectual penalty which must be paid for any real doubt about it.

The validity of our faculty of memory is another implicit truth, and here Mr. Mivart explains that "if we could not trust our memory the whole of science would be for us a mere present dream":—

The agnostic has told us in effect that we may place confidence in our present memory because in past instances its truth has been experimentally confirmed, while we can only know it has been so confirmed by trusting our present memory!

Upon the trustworthiness of memory depends the distinction between subjective and objective, a very old thesis for argument but highly important to the conclusion, viz.:—

That our knowledge of objectivity is, through memory, implied in every scientific experiment, the facts of which we regard as certain.

The next implication is the certainty of our knowledge of our own continuous existence. It is so "fundamentally important" that Mr. Mivart treats of it at considerable length and it is on this principle that he contends against the school of Herbert Spencer on four points much too long for condensation here. Further on:—

The implication I regard as one of the most important of all is the implication of our knowledge of our own continuous existence concerning which I said I must crave your permission to speak at some length. It was the mention of this implication which led me to refer to that system of thought it is my object to controvert. I have heard it proclaimed in this theatre by Professor Huxley that we cannot have supreme certainty as to our own continuous existence, and that such knowledge is but secondary and subordinate to our knowledge of our present feelings or states of consciousness. . . . I here venture directly to contradict Hume's and Professor Huxley's affirmation, which is also adopted by Mr. Herbert Spencer, and to affirm that we have the highest certainty as to our own continuous existence.

There is much more that must be passed over, arguments where one may easily flounder and get out of depth, but the closing words are worthy of preservation:—

The considerations I have put before you this evening, should they commend themselves to your judgment, will, I think, lead you to admit that, if we feel confidence and certainty in any branch of physical science we thereby implicitly affirm that the human mind can, by consciousness and

memory, know more than phenomena—can know some objective reality—can know its own continuous existence—the validity of inference and the certainty of universal and necessary truth as exemplified in the law of contradiction. In other words, the system of the relativity of knowledge is untrue. Thus the dignity of that noble, wonderful power, the human intellect, is fully established, and the whole of our reason "from turret to foundation stone" stands firmly and secure.

Although there is much in this long argument which does not concern us to follow in detail, the result is eminently satisfactory. It should be noted that Mr. Mivart was a disciple in the school of Mill, Bain, Lewes, Huxley, and Herbert Spencer and it is through study of their works and conversation with some of the more eminent of them that he was led to recast his philosophy and fall more in line with the newer school of psychology

December 10th, 1891.

M. A. I.

MARVELLOUS PHENOMENA. I

From the "Sunday Post Dispatch," Chicopee, Mass., U.S.A., comes the following narrative, duly signed, of some experiences of the American Psychical Society. The Society is presided over by the Rev. Minot J. Savage, and the writer is a member, and attests his record with his signature:—

This is the story. You have doubtless heard of the American Psychical Society, of which Rev. Minot J. Savage, of Boston, is president, and which numbers among its members such people as Dr. R. Heber Newton, Mary A. Livermore, and scores of others eminent in science and letters. A well-known clergyman, who is a member of this Society, was present at the séance which I am about to describe, and at its close admitted his inability to account for the facts on any theory of fraud or delusion.

The medium was Mrs. Roberts, of New York, and the séance was held in a public hall at Onset, Mass. A large cage had been constructed of wire netting, stretched over a wooden framework. This cage was built by a carpenter, who thinks he knows how to put wood and iron together so they will stay. In the front of the cage is a door, hung on strap hinges, capable of being fastened with a hasp and padlock. This cage was set against the wall of the hall, which is on the second floor of the building, and accessible by only one door. Before the medium went into the cage her clothing had been thoroughly investigated by a lady, who reported that it was of dark goods throughout. You will see the bearing of this fact later in the narrative.

When the hour for the séance arrived about sixty people were seated in the little hall, the member of the Psychical Society being honoured with a front seat. Among the audience were physicians and other professional men, who had come to witness the manifestations at this séance, which had been announced to be given under the severest of test conditions. Mrs. Roberts, a slender little woman, dressed in sombre black, sat apart from the company as I entered the room. Her face was pale and wore an anxious look. She was about to be submitted to a severe test, and the result of this séance, if successful, was to establish her reputation as a medium. She looked timidly round the room and seemed to shrink from the gaze of the assembled people. Two or three sympathising friends gathered round, striving to sustain and cheer her with kindly words. When eight o'clock was pealed out by the bell in the steeple of the church not far away, Mrs. Roberts entered the cage. At once the committee, consisting of the above-mentioned clergyman and a prominent physician, proceeded to secure the cage. After closing and locking the door the committee took a spool of black linen thread, and with a large needle passed the thread around the two sides and front of the cage, and in and out of the meshes, tying the ends in front, over the centre of the door, and sealing them with wax, which was impressed with a private seal. All this was done to make it impossible for the medium to get out of the cage by any physical means. Then the lights were subdued and the séance began.

Over thirty forms came from the cabinet, or materialised in front of it, in plain sight of the people, during the hour that the séance lasted. Tall and short, stout and slender, nimble and stately, were the various forms that appeared,

and were recognised by those to whom they went in the circle.

The materialisation of some of these forms outside the cabinet was a most interesting spectacle. First a white nebulous spot would appear on the carpet in front of the cage. Gradually it increased in size until the nebulous mass began to assume the form of a human being, clothed in a delicate white drapery. The motions of the hands could be plainly seen manipulating the white vapour, gradually shaping it into beautiful raiment. At last the astonished people could see a human form, fully developed, standing before them.

Then, with an expression of eager joy, the form would dart to someone in the company, and the people, listening with strained ears, could hear the whispered word "mother" or "sister," and hear the kiss with which the visitor from the unseen world was greeted by the one still lingering on the shore of time. After a few words of greeting and a loving embrace, the form would hasten reluctantly back to the cabinet and disappear from sight. Several male forms appeared, one of them, a huge man, giving the name of General Slough, who shook hands with several of the company, giving them a grip like the grasp of death.

But marvellous as were these things, the most marvellous remains to be told. After a pause in the manifestations, the medium suddenly appeared directly in front of the cabinet, stepping out noiselessly and startling some of the company by her unexpected appearance. When the lights were turned up the committee examined the cage and its fastenings. The padlock had not been opened. The thread, with its seal, was found intact. The cage had not been opened, and yet the medium, who sat within when the séance began, was now outside. The theory given by the controls of the medium is that the door of the cage is de-materialised, or reduced temporarily to a nebulous condition, and after the medium is brought out, is restored again to its former state. Physical science, in its doctrine of the atomic constitution of matter, which affirms that every solid is only a congregation of revolving or vibrating atoms, makes a place for such a phenomenon in the order of nature. But so far is such an occurrence removed from our conventional ideas of the possible that we cannot accept it without the evidence of our own eyesight. But we must not limit the possibilities of natural law by our conception of the universe. There are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

SOLON LAUER, D.D.

INTOLERANCE AND PERSECUTION ON THE PART OF THE "NEW CHURCH."

The Rev. C. H. Lock, whose name will be familiar to our readers, writing from 40, All Saints'-street, Hull, sends us the following. He encloses a card, in which he describes himself as "Magnetic and Electric Healer," and adds: "Diseases diagnosed by Clairvoyance." We are not sure that Mr. Lock has not invited attention from a body, which Dr. Weatherly confounds with Spiritualists. At any rate, they have treated him with scant ceremony. All the good that a man can do may be done without "kicking against the pricks":—

[COPY.]

General Conference of the New Church,
December 2nd, 1891.

DEAR MR. LOCK,—Below is a copy of a resolution passed at the last meeting of the Conference Council, and of the report of the District Committee referred to therein.

REPORT OF DISTRICT COMMITTEE.

"Resolved—That this committee regrets that the conduct of Mr. Lock in relation to hypnotism, clairvoyance, and kindred subjects is, in the opinion of this committee, so gravely detrimental to the interest of the New Church that they feel unable to recommend any grant to the Hull Society for his support."

RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE COUNCIL.

"On considering the application from the Hull Society for a grant from the Augmentation Fund, it was resolved—That in view of the report of the District Committee, the Council regret that, as at present advised, it is unable to make any grant to the Hull Society from the Augmentation Fund, and that a copy of this resolution, and of that report, be sent to the Rev. G. H. Lock, to the Secretary of the Hull Society, and to the District Committee for Yorkshire."—Yours faithfully,
E. WHITEHEAD, Secretary.

"THE SPIRITUAL SONGSTER."

Mr. H. A. Kersey sends us a copy of his new venture, which is designed for use in Spiritualist gatherings of all kinds, from the Lyceum to public meetings, and in the home circle. In the compass of a little less than 200 pages Mr. and Miss Kersey have collected nearly 180 songs and melodies, the vocal score being given in both notations. The labour must have been great, though we can easily see that it has been a labour of love. The obligation under which the whole Spiritualist body lies to Mr. and Miss Kersey for their painstaking and successful work is great. It is "reverently and gratefully dedicated to those dear spirit-friends who, in the hour of physical suffering and dissolution, when all earthly aid was past, did, unasked, change the current of a mortal career and restore it to life, health, and vigour." We trust that Mr. and Miss Kersey may long be spared to carry on their self-denying work.

"THE LADY MAGNET." I

The following letter appears in the "Pall Mall Gazette":—

SIR,—If some of the well-seasoned "Spiritualists" would give us the benefit of their experiences in the line of Mrs. Abbott's manifestations of (apparently) occult power, they would do us a service. I know that, among themselves, they are quietly laughing at the excited mob of professors and gnostics, gapers and newsmen, doctors and dilettanti, who are trying to lift this puzzling little woman. For a whole generation, "Spiritualists" have been telling these people to look, and they would not. I hate labels, and do not call myself a "Spiritualist," but I have long kept company with Spiritualists, and have been greatly benefited by them. More than twenty years ago, in a friend's house, I was one of ten people, all passably sane and not fools, who saw, in a clear light, a large dining-room table rise up from the floor several times with no one touching it but the lady of the house, a sensible, refined, and religious woman, who did not seek notoriety, but who, at different times, must have shown this uncanny sight to hundreds of people and without fee or reward. But more. Beyond that astonishing display of power there lurked a strange intelligence which seemed to hear and think, and understand, and answer. Fifty similar experiences have followed, some in my own house; and at intervals during the past twenty years I and others have spoken in public of such things—not expecting to be believed, but always knowing that we were preparing the way. I have seen most of the "exposures" by Toole, Maskelyne and Cooke, and the rest, but every one of them only confirmed me in the belief that, in the main, the things "exposed" must be genuine; there was such a keen difference between the thin things done by the professionals, even with their own stage and all their machinery to help them, and the wonderful things done in a private house without the help of so much as a satchel.

I am perfectly aware that "mediums" may be rogues, and that believers in them may be drivellers, just as I am aware that there are pewter shillings and dirty pennies, or, for the matter of that, just as I am aware that there are silly scientists and obstinate professors, but that is only an incident on the road; and I, for one, rejoice that in many ways to-day a much-needed lesson is being read to the foolishly wise people who begin all their inquiries with the amazing hypothesis that they see all there is to see, and that what they do not see or understand must of course be "impossible" and "opposed to nature's laws," an hypothesis which is perhaps the champion absurdity of this planet.—Heartily yours,
Leicester.

J. PAGE HOPPS.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

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

KARL SIEGISMUND sends us a catalogue of recently published books which we have placed on our library table.

"Nature" (November 19th and 26th) contains DR. ST. GEORGE MIVART's address at the Royal Institution on "The Implications of Science" to which we have drawn attention.

"A Basket of Fragments." Issued by the Order of the Golden Age. Paris, Jerusalem, Madras. Price 2s. 6d. By "I. O." and "M.A." ministers and servants of the New Dispensation, founders of the O. and A., &c. ["Thy Twelve Tribes do Praise Thee, O Jerusalem." (The spelling is not ours.)]

A LESSON IN SPIRIT COMMUNION.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Once when sitting for table-movings, and receiving messages by the responses given to the calling of the alphabet, the sitter asked the intelligence to spell the name of his father, who purported to be communicating. The table readily moved twice for assent, and when the alphabet was repeated rapped "J-o-n," and for a middle initial gave "R."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the investigator, derisively, "my father has forgotten how to spell his name. He has grown too imbecile to insert his h's, and his initial was P, not 'R.' It is a clear case of fraud!"

"You cannot accuse me of fraud," I replied, "for I quite well know how to spell John, and should not have dropped out the 'h.'"

"I do not care to investigate further. I am fully satisfied that the matter is beneath attention," was the response.

This is one of many similar instances in my own experience, and parallel in that of every medium.

I attended a large circle, and a sitter received a lengthy communication from the spirit of his mother. He was affected even to tears. He asked questions, and the responses were satisfactory. At length he said: "For a test, tell me how many children you have." The response was "Three." He sprang excitedly to his feet, rudely exclaiming: "That is a falsehood! my mother had but two, and she ought to know! You do not suppose for a moment I am such an idiot as to believe this is my mother? I am not so readily duped."

The inharmony resulting of course prevented further communication, and they only who have experienced it can know the shock given the medium.

I was recently amused at the effect a single inaccuracy had on a young lady who had for a long time been receiving communications by means of the psychograph. Whenever she placed her hands on the instrument it would respond, and a spirit giving the name "Pauline" seemed always present and ready to counsel her. I cautioned her not to place too great reliance on the words of the guardian, for it was not designed that we forsake our reason for the guidance of anyone, however exalted. She admitted the correctness of the advice and attempted to follow it, but constantly resorted to the spirit-intelligence, which manifested deep interest in her welfare, and constantly gave her wisest counsel. It is not designed for spiritual beings to assume control of our earthly affairs. It is proper to consult them on the spiritual plane, and there may be sufficient reasons at times for them to interfere in the business of this life, but it would not be well for us to rely on them instead of ourselves in material affairs.

At length, when her confidence in "Pauline" was almost implicit, she inquired about a certain business transaction which deeply affected her, and was assured by "Pauline" that it would be arranged as she expected and desired. The next day brought a letter saying that this business scheme had been abandoned. The effect was singular, for the young lady lost confidence in her guide, and even refused to receive communications, declaring that they were entirely untrustworthy.

The inaccuracies and contradictions of the communications have been a subject of discussion from the beginning, and have been hastily referred to evil spirits, or accepted as evidence against their spiritual origin. For the old superstition that a spiritual being must be infallible lingered, and hence imperfection in communications was evidence that they were not of spiritual origin.

The difficulties which have to be overcome in communicating were not considered, or even understood, and to all mistakes and inaccuracies the ready explanation was evil spirits and fraud.

This subject was forcibly brought to my mind by the reception of two telephone messages. The first read: "Can you attend a funeral here to-morrow?" and was signed G. M. Richard. The name proved to be J. W. Reichard. The telegraphic dispatch had been changed in passing through the telephone. I might have followed the reasoning of the "investigators," and said, "Does not Mr. Reichard know how to spell his own name? If he does not, is it not unimpeachable evidence that he does not exist?" I answered

the message, but when I came to the house of Mr. G. M. Richard I found that he did not exist. There was Mr. Reichard in his stead. A day or two thereafter I received this message dated at Cleveland: "Can you attend funeral here on Friday next? (Signed) J. M. Colt."

I replied, but soon received answer that no such person as J. M. Colt could be found, and after several hours the message came that J. M. Tolt was the man's name, and the reply had been delivered. As no street or number had been given, I said to myself, whoever this stranger may be, he is so well known that he thinks it unnecessary to mention his street. On arriving in Cleveland I was unable to find even the name of "Tolt" in the directory, and after nearly two hours' inquiry found that J. M. Tolt was I. W. Pope, the conductor of the Lyceum, a zealous Spiritualist, an enterprising manufacturer, and an intimate friend! Did I at once go into a rage and accuse him of lying to me, or of being an imbecile, and not knowing how to spell his own name? Rather we had a hearty laugh over the blunder, and congratulated ourselves that it had all come out well. Nor did we say there is no such thing as a telephone or telegraph, or that these instruments were frauds.

We saw how the mistake could have been made when the weather was unfavourable. The dispatch was telephoned to the union office, then telegraphed a part of the distance, and finally sent to me by telephone. "Conditions" had been unfavourable at some point, and hence the result.

If "investigators" would hold in mind that the conditions and essentials for correct communication are far more delicate than those for the transmission of an electric current, and far less understood, they would not rashly jump at conclusions which a moment's thought would show them to be unwarrantable.—"Banner of Light."

NAPOLEONIC TRADITIONS.

IMPORTANT PART PLAYED IN THEIR LIVES BY THE FATEFUL LETTER "M."

It is not generally known that both Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. attached the utmost importance to the letter M, says Marquise de Fontenoy in the New York "Recorder." This will be understood when it is remembered that Marbœuf was the first to call attention to the genius of young Bonaparte at the military college, that Marengo was Napoleon's first great victory, that Melas was the name of the general whom he superseded in the command of the French army in Italy, that Mortier was one of his best generals, that it was Moreau who betrayed him, and that Murat, King of Naples, was the first martyr to his cause, Marie Louise shared the culminating point of his success. Moscow was the scene of his greatest disaster, and it was Metternich who wronged him in the field of diplomacy.

No less than six of his field marshals and twenty-six of his best generals had names beginning with M, and Maret, Duke of Bassano, was his most trusted confidant. His very first battle was that of Montenotte, and his last that of Mont St. Jean, subsequently and more universally known as Waterloo. Among his victories were those of Millesimo, Mondori, Montmirail, Montereau, and Montmartre. His first chamberlain was M. de Montesquieu; his last residence in France was at Malmaison. He surrendered himself to Captain Maitland of his Britannic majesty's ship *Bellerophon*, and his attendants at St. Helena were Montholon and Marohand.

The significance attached by Napoleon III. to the same letter may be accounted for by the fact that his wife was Countess of Montijo, that his most intimate friend was the Duke of Morny, and his most dreaded enemy Mazzini. The most glorious feats of arms by the French army during his reign were the capture of the Malakoff and of the grim Mamelon during the Crimean War. His most famous field marshals were MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, and the Duke of Malakoff. The great victory of Solferino, in 1859, took place on the banks of the Mincio, and the cities of Mantua and Milan played an important rôle during the campaign. The Mexican war and the execution of Emperor Maximilian caused his power to wane perceptibly. Malmesbury was the name of his most intimate friend in English political life. Sedan, which witnessed his fall, is on the banks of the Meuse; the surrender of Metz rendered his restoration to power impossible, and Moltke was the name of the man to whose genius he chiefly owed his defeat.—"Religio-Philosophical Journal."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

An Old and Interesting Record.

SIR,—May I call your attention to an interesting record, "The Existence of Invisible Forewarners of Events Asserted," in a letter from J. Cook, M.D., dated Leigh, September 18th, 1765? You will find it in "The Gentleman's Magazine," Vol. XXXV. (1765), p. 599.

December 10th, 1891.

EDITH L. BOSWELL STONE.

Seances.

I SIR,—As so many of your readers have written me during this year asking when I hold my materialising séances, will you allow me through your columns to inform Spiritualists and others that I never hold and never have held séances for materialisation excepting with my own family? My séances are for medical clairvoyance, and then only to persons introduced by people I am well acquainted with. To save anyone, myself included, disappointment, time and trouble, I shall be "at home" to visitors on Mondays from three to five p.m. No séance.

BESSIE RUSSELL DAVIES.

Wanted—Verification of a Mummy.

SIR,—May I be permitted to ask the assistance of your readers in elucidating some points with reference to a somewhat curious Spiritualistic séance? My request is, that on an occasional visit to the Kensington Museum, somebody would have the kindness to inquire (1) Whether there is in the above-named museum a mummy, catalogued as No. 17? (2) If deciphered, who was the person mummified? (3) From where was the mummy in question excavated? (4) By whom and how many years ago it was taken from its burial-place? Tashkend, Central Asia.

November 20th, 1891.

A. WILKINS.

Personal Experiences.

SIR,—I do not think that I have ever seen an account of any experiences quite like the following:—They were connected with family occurrences, as has been the case with most of my experiences, and happened thus.

It was a day in autumn now many years ago, when one of my sons, then about eighteen years of age, suddenly addressed me, looking up from the table at which he was writing, saying, "Look, mater, we have a heartsease in the garden." I rose and looked out into the garden, and I saw an almost wild-looking heartsease.

"Yes, dear," I replied; "but it is the beautiful purple velvety heartsease that I admire." "Yes, he said, "so do I, but I like these too." My dear son was not then in very strong health; he gradually became worse, and was taken from me the following summer. It was the next Good Friday after his death, at the afternoon service, that kneeling down closing my eyes I saw before them, most distinctly drawn and coloured, four beautiful purple heartsease, forming a square. I was not thinking in the least of them, though I remember I was feeling very sad, and my mind was doubtless filled with thoughts of my dear son. It was years after this that my daughter, having developed a power of automatic writing, was told by my son that "He drew them on my eyes."

It was on the next Good Friday at the same afternoon service, that kneeling down, I saw gazing into my eyes (which were closed) with a fierce fixed gaze a bright yellow eye. The eye disappeared, and in its place I perceived a distinct picture of the pew in which I was, every particular with the utmost exactness, as though seen through the small end of a very clear telescope. I was alone in the pew, but at the other end by the entrance, where my dear son was accustomed to sit, was his figure—unmistakably his, the head and hair also exact—but when I looked for the beloved features I saw only a plain expanse of flesh—no features, but as I looked longer the outline of the nose began to show itself. This vision lasted until the prayers being over, I rose from my knees.

I will mention that I was not expecting any unusual appearance, nor had Good Friday been observed with any ascetic rigour. It would be interesting to me to know if anything of this nature has been experienced by any of your numerous readers.

PLAIN FACT.

Re-Incarnation.

SIR,—I notice that in an article in your last issue entitled "The Theosophical Difficulty of Re-incarnation," exception is taken to the doctrine of Re-incarnation on several grounds. I do not propose to occupy your space with an examination of every argument there brought forward. I will only say that in my opinion those who reject Re-incarnation have insuperable difficulties opposed to them. How are the divergencies of individual character to be explained? How is it that in one and the same family the children may differ almost as widely as the poles, though brought up under similar circumstances? One child may be abnormally precocious, another exceedingly dull; one kind, another cruel; one brave, another timid. But more especially, how is innate genius to be explained? How came Charles Bradlaugh to be born of such very commonplace parents? Whence came Shakespeare's genius? for his parents are not recorded as having possessed a spark of it. In such cases as these, and many others which a painstaking observer might bring forward, it seems to me that there are only two explanations to be given. Either the divergences of character and the genius are mere accidents of physical heredity, or they are innate in the soul before ever it is born. The first alternative I reject as being pure materialism; indeed, if physical heredity is capable by itself of explaining these things, then it seems hardly necessary to assume the existence of a soul at all. It seems to me self-evident that, granting the existence of a soul, genius and broadly marked distinctions of character must arise out of the soul and not out of the body. This means, as a necessary result, that the Ego possesses its poetic or musical genius, its cautiousness or timidity, its prudent self-control or selfish indulgence, its generosity or meanness (for all these and other characteristics are seen in very young children) before it is born in a body upon earth. If this is so, the question follows, how did it acquire these characteristics? and here again by way of answer we have two alternatives. It was either created arbitrarily, without any apparent sense of justice, by a personal God, or it has been slowly and gradually evolved just as everything else apparently has. The first alternative I reject because it is contrary to all analogy. The whole tendency of the greatest philosophies of modern times is to discredit the idea of special creation anywhere, for the reason that there is no evidence of it, and to refer all things to a process of natural evolution strictly governed by law. The theory of the pre-existence of the soul and its acquirement of character, likes and dislikes, strengths and weaknesses, by a slow process of growth which has extended over an immense period of time, is in complete harmony with analogy and reason, which cannot be said for any of the rival hypotheses. And if pre-existence is a fact, then the previous state in which the soul existed must have been closely similar to that in which we find ourselves to-day, for nature does not proceed by violent changes—everything is gradual and regular. Add to this the many other arguments arising out of the history of nations and races, Spiritualism, dream states, &c., and the ground covered by Re-incarnation in explaining various puzzling facts; and I maintain that, even if regarded as a working hypothesis merely, Re-incarnation is more in accordance with analogy and covers a wider ground than any of its rivals without a single exception.

Christchurch.

December 1st, 1891.

H. S. GREEN.

Is Bodily Disease the Externalisation of Ailment of the Soul?

SIR,—In LIGHT (of the 14th inst.) I read as follows: "May it be that in the near future we shall regard disease in the body only as the externalisation of an ailment of the soul, and treat the case accordingly?"

This recalls what was said to me twenty-five years ago by "The Voice." (This term was employed by me many years ago to denote an intelligence made known to me in those days only when it suddenly spoke to me; mostly in my waking state, but sometimes in vision.)

It was in the year 1866 I was living at Passey, Paris, occupying a suite of apartments overlooking the Place de la Marie. I was suffering greatly with tooth-ache, which came on acutely one hour after retiring at night. My only relief was from a mixture of laudanum and oil of cloves which I kept handy at the bedside. So as not to disturb my

wife I had gone over to a bedroom at the extreme end of one of the two suites, where I could be quite alone and my groans would disturb no one.

In the early dawn, scarcely light, there came a vision; my eyes being closed the spirit lights I had been accustomed to began to flit about; shadows and strong lights playing against the ceiling with curious movements and appearances near to the ceiling around the walls.

I had been watching these things for a short time only, when my attention was suddenly called to the side of my face at the spot exactly where my tormenting tooth was located, and from which I now saw pouring out in a gushing stream, apparently as thick almost as my little finger, a fluid, in respect of which the voice now spoke up saying—"What you see is the bad stuff that made your tooth ache; it is not material but spiritual; the sensation of pain as well as pleasure is in the spirit, not in the body. This bad stuff of your spirit is now going out and leaving you: *your tooth will not ache any more!*"

I am sorry to say that in those days I never gave willing credence to the things constantly happening. I made much of "reason": always feared to become "the victim of delusions"; and was as orthodox in not yielding readily to conviction as those whose unbelief is founded in want of such experiences.

Hence the following night, and the night following that, and each succeeding night for eight days, I went to bed every night in fear, and with my preparation of laudanum and oil of cloves at the bedside to be used on call. But no call came, the Voice, as it ever did, spake truly: *That tooth never ached again!*

Now, then, if an expectant state of mind has anything to do with these things, the pain should have returned! and I want those who are just now so very busy in getting up theories to account for facts to note this one: and all my experiences were of the same tenor: my mind at no time was conditioned to produce spiritual phenomena. They invariably came of themselves, and for the most part in broad day light; and because I would not treat them as facts like other facts of life, great pecuniary losses happened to me, and things more painful still, until I was at length forced to promise myself that for the future I would pay attention to such things: a promise that I believe soon after was the cause of my being saved from death: a story I may perhaps give you at another time.

Ealing.

T. H.

Faith-Healing.

SIR,—It has been already my pleasurable task to endeavour to show, as pointed out by Leila Thompson's "Modern Miracles," that the ancient gifts of soul-hearing and soul-seeing, with which the salient personages of the Old and New Testaments were endowed, and as the result of which all their revelations were poured forth, are not unknown in the present day; that they come now, as they came then, spontaneously from the other side; spontaneity being the characteristic of these sights, these communications from the world of spirit, then as now; not invoked, but arriving, as Milton experienced them, and as Milton spoke of them, "unimplored," teaching us, nevertheless, then as now, to gird our heavenly armour on, to watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation. I have also noted that the faculty of faith healing, a power especially vouchsafed to the Apostolic age, has in these extraordinary times of revival again found a place among certain sections of the Christian Churches for some time past. I now note with joy and hope that certain members of the Church of England, if not at home, at any rate abroad, have during some years attained that noble prerogative also. Here is news from the "Church Missionary Intelligence" for October last, given by Archdeacon Wolf:—

"We next came to the little church at Sang Peng. The history connected with the founding of this church is somewhat interesting. Not many years ago on one of my visits to a neighbouring hamlet, where I had a small congregation, a man, recently come from beyond Singapore, happened to be present, whose eldest son had long been deranged in mind. It was attributed to demoniacal possession by the father and by the neighbours. He had heard, he said, of the power of the missionaries' prayers to expel the demon, and begged me to pray for his son, whom he had brought

with him to the church. The young man appeared quite out of his mind, and seemed in agonies of terror at seeing me. He threw himself on the ground. I explained to the distressed father that God, the God of the Christians, alone had power to heal men and expel demons, that He heard prayer, that He was the living God, that all I could do was to pray to God for the young man, and this I would gladly do. I then asked all the brethren present to kneel down and pray for the poor demoniac. We all knelt; the young man lay on the ground apparently in great terror. I prayed, if it were God's will, to restore the young man to health and to deliver his soul and body from the power of the devil. The sick man then arose and was led to his home in Sang Teng. The following morning the father said his son rose from his bed perfectly sensible and well, and in consequence of this perfect restoration to health the entire family declared their faith in God, destroyed their idols, and attended the Sunday services. This happened seven or eight years ago, and the young man has never had any return of his lunacy, or any other illness since then, though before this he was grievously afflicted with this disease, call it what you will."

It was owing to the exertions of the family of the former lunatic that the little church of Sang Teng was built.

There is, then, again among us, a diversity of gifts, but the same Spirit; to one is given, through the Spirit, the word of wisdom, to another faith, to another gifts of healing, in the one Spirit; what the Archdeacon called "God's will," that healed the lad.

But in the present day in England, as 1,800 years ago in Corinth, there are difficulties thrown in the way of those who tell of the diversity of spiritual gifts; now, as then, so to speak, "in the air." Here is the case of Mr. J. R. Lees, a gentleman, who is at once a Christian, a preacher, and a healer; one who believes, from experience, that the prayers of faith can save the sick, although it is the Lord who shall raise them up. Here is an extract from a letter of his in "LIGHT" of October 10th:—"My third season of open-air work on Peckham Rye is rapidly drawing to a close, and I am anxious to maintain the remarkable interest which has been awakened during the approaching winter. At first my reception was anything but a cordial one, a band of hired roughs being brought up Sunday after Sunday to drive me off, as some over-zealous religious fanatics were determined to prevent me from getting a hearing, and I had for a time to bear the opposition single-handed. I have been kicked and thrashed until, one Sunday, I lay for dead for more than a quarter of an hour on the grass; but I determined to keep on, and have now conquered all opposition, and my meetings are eagerly looked forward to. An evidence of the progress I have made is to be found in the fact that my meetings are frequently attended by 400 to 1,000 persons, the great majority of whom are present month after month." The world can no longer ignore our crowds of facts.

W. R. TOMLINSON, M.A.

The Lady Magnet.

SIR,—Through the courtesy of the managers of the Alhambra I was permitted on Saturday evening to be one of the Committee of Investigation on the stage with Mrs. Abbott.

In the committee-room I had an opportunity of conversing with her for about a quarter of an hour before the commencement of the public performance.

I found her decidedly an American beauty, of average size, with finely-formed and apparently muscular arms, and although in her conversation there was nothing but sweet reasonableness, yet I thought I could detect a determined spirit master of itself.

She was acquainted with Spiritualism, and had seen Slade's performances, but denied that she was consciously a medium, and also assured me that she was quite ignorant of the nature of her secret power, and further that she was not conscious of using a determined will, and that all she knew was, that "the power" had been with her from a child.

Afterwards, seated on the stage and deluged with the footlights, with four thousand critical brains watching us, I was surprised to find that the audience, seated in comparative darkness, was invisible to me.

The lady being now placed on a small hollow platform, I was the first called upon to test her with the billiard cue. She and I grasped the cue near its butt end, and then

amidst the laughter of the audience, I steadfastly and determinedly made up my mind to push the lady backwards, and at last succeeded in pushing her off the platform, or perhaps she would say she retired from it.

Others, and some of them apparently much stronger than myself, failed, except one abnormally muscular fellow countryman, who also and quite abruptly, forced the lady off the platform, amidst thunders of applause from an audience which evidently somewhat savagely, rejoiced in the pretty lady's discomfiture.

But in subsequent tests with the billiard cue, in which she maintained it in the air, while one after another, and sometimes two at a time, made the attempt to force the butt downwards to the ground, all, including our athletic Scotch friend, failed, although in his hands three cues were broken; while he, the baffled one, angrily declared that had the sticks not broken he would have succeeded.

Then came on the chair test, on which four heavy men sat astride each other, while she, holding the seat of the chair, raised the legs next to herself about six inches and tilted the four big men into a heap on the floor, to the great amusement of the audience.

Now this tilting of the chair did not to myself seem to be a very surprising feat, for any strong person holding the top back rail of a chair could exercise great leverage, and although the lady did not with her hands hold the rail, but the back part of the seat of the chair, yet even from that part there would also be a great leverage, which might, unnoticed, have been supplemented by pressure of the lady's breast on the top rail.

But what made this suggestion insufficient to me was the fact, that I was permitted to place my hands between those of the lady and the chair, and I can testify that I experienced no pressure beyond that of close proximity.

These public exhibitions, crowded into less than half an hour, do not admit of accurate observation and careful tests, and I was therefore glad to hear from the husband that his wife was open to private engagements for scientific inquiry, and this being so, I would suggest that the Alliance might have a subscription night for test purposes.

With occult forces many of us are familiar, and with these, there exist no *a priori* reasons against the possibility of Mrs. Abbott's possessing such powers, but that "the Georgian Magnet" possesses these powers is not yet, with me, a demonstrated fact, for all that I saw could possibly be accomplished by a woman of abnormal strength and dexterity, except the lifting of heavy bodies without perceptible upward pressure, although even in this case, the pressure might be made from the wrists—but scarcely so, and even then I should have to explain how all these big powerful men retired baffled and panting, while the lady remained calm and unruffled.

The practice of showing how she is easily lifted if a cambric handkerchief is placed between her elbows and the hands of the lifter, but cannot possibly be lifted when there is contact of flesh to flesh, is meant to imply that the force is magnetic, but the interposition of a cambric handkerchief could in no perceptible degree interfere with a magnetic or electric current.

Further, on my asking if the lady could not be pulled instead of pushed off her balance, it was answered that the experiment had never been tried—a surprising confession of scientific defect.

And further, when the athletic but angry Scot, asked if he might be permitted first to elevate, and then push against the horizontal cue, it was replied that he could not be so permitted, and this reply certainly goes against the theory of occult force.

But perhaps the strongest argument with occultists will be, that while occult force in all our experience is sporadic in its manifestation, and is almost exclusively met with under sympathetic conditions, the lady professes to possess such powers always, and although surrounded with sceptical committees and sceptical audiences, nearly four thousand strong.

Still I repeat, that many of us know that occult forces exist, and therefore I would again say that the claims of "The Lady Magnet" are worthy of investigation by a selected committee of occultists and scientific sceptics.

Wimbledon Park.

GEORGE WYLD, M.D.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S.—No, thank you. Sophy and Sophistry are not the same thing.

W.O.—The subject has been sufficiently discussed and we are not disposed to go into it farther.

"J.M."—We regret that your contribution is crowded out and not quite suitable for our columns.

SOCIETY WORK.

17, MAIDEN-LANE, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.—Mrs. Ashton Bingham will gladly welcome investigators into Spiritualism to her séances every Thursday, at 8 p.m. prompt, Mrs. Mason, medium.—J. H. B., Hon. Sec.

FOREST HILL, 23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD.—On Sunday last, Mr. Lees gave us an able address from the words "Now is the Accepted Time." Many beautiful thoughts and suggestions were advanced and an interesting discussion followed. Sunday next, at 7 p.m.; Thursday, at 8 p.m., séance.—H. W. BRUNKER, Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—On Sunday evening next, "Spiritualism and Orthodoxy: A Contrast." December 27th, address by Mr. A. L. Ward, "What Spiritualism Teaches." The usual Thursday discussion meetings will not be held on December 24th and 31st. Last Sunday evening, in the absence (through illness) of Mr. Long, the service was sustained by Mrs. Kemmish and Messrs. Ward, Coote, and Perry.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION, ATHENÆUM HALL, 73, TOTTENHAM COURT-ROAD.—Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mr. T. B. Dale will lecture on "Ancient Beliefs in Astrology." It is seldom that we have a chance of listening to a lecture on astrology, and we hope your readers will not miss this occasion. We have been asked on all sides to arrange a lecture on this subject, and we trust that Spiritualists will support us by their presence. Before the lecture the First Occult Liturgy will be read.—A. F. TINDALL, Hon. Sec.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—At our service on Sunday last Mrs. Mason gave us some remarkably good clairvoyant descriptions of spirit friends present, to the evident satisfaction of all assembled. Sunday, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mr. Pursey "Miracles"; Tuesdays, at 8 p.m., séance, Mrs. Mason; Saturdays, at 8 p.m., a select circle. Mrs. C. Spring will give a special séance in aid of our organ fund on Monday, December 21st, at 8 p.m. prompt; tickets 1s., to be had of Mrs. Mason, 14, Orchard-road, Shepherd's Bush.—J. H. B., Hon. Sec.

PECKHAM SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 33, HIGH-STREET.—Mr. Clarke's address on Sunday on "the Divine Word" was well received by a large audience. In the course of his remarks he said it was to be deplored that many Spiritualists ignored the Bible and Christ. He had searched far and wide for truth and the understanding of the Word, and the illumination which came to him was within the reach of all who earnestly sought for it. A beautiful vision of the Cross and spirit counsel convinced him that Christ was the Great Light to guide us to everlasting bliss. Sunday next, morning, Mr. Wright; evening, at 7 p.m., Mr. Leach. Monday, at 8 p.m., members' circle. Friday, healing. 27th and 28th, Mrs. J. M. Smith, of Leeds.—JNO. THEO. AUDY.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' CORRESPONDING SOCIETY.—Assistance given to inquirers, copies of "LIGHT," leaflets on Spiritualism, and list of English and foreign members sent on receipt of stamp. Address, J. Allen, 14, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex, or W. E. Robson, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Manor Park branch of the above society will hold the following meetings at 14, Berkley-terrace:—Sunday, 11.30 a.m., for students and inquirers; Thursday, 11.30 a.m., inquirers' meeting; Friday, 8 p.m., for Spiritualists only, the study of mediumship; and at 1, Winifred-road, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Tuesday, 8.15 p.m., experimental séance; first Sunday in each month at 7 p.m., reception. All meetings free.

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUAL HALL, 86, HIGH-STREET, MARYLEBONE, W.—The Marylebone Association of Spiritualists is making a special effort to extend the cause of Spiritualism in the West End of London, and the hearty co-operation of all friends is earnestly solicited. A new hall has been obtained as above, and Miss Florence Marryat will kindly address the opening meeting on Sunday evening next. Mr. T. Everitt will preside. Doors open at 6.30, to commence at 7 p.m. A public meeting will be held on Monday evening, December 21st, when several representative Spiritualists will assist; Dr. Gale, M.A., chairman. Doors open at 7, to commence at 7.30 p.m.—C. WHITE, Hon. Sec. R. MILLIGAN, Assistant Sec.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—On Sunday and Monday, December 20th and 21st, Mrs. E. Hardinge Britten will pay a farewell visit previous to her resigning public speaking. It being the last time we shall be favoured with a visit from our esteemed worker, the committee have arranged to take a larger hall on this occasion, viz., the "Lorraine Hall," St. Mary's-place, Northumberland-street, for the Sunday services at 10.30 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., and on Monday at 7.30 p.m., at our own place, Cordwainer's Hall, 20, Nelson-street. All friends from the adjacent towns and country villages are cordially invited to join with us and make our meetings a complete success. For the convenience of friends from the country, &c., a cold lunch and tea will be provided in the Society's hall, 20, Nelson-street, at very moderate charges, after which a fact or experience meeting will be held at 2 or 2.30 p.m. Societies would oblige if they could send word to the secretary, R. ELLISON, 14, Alexandra-terrace, Gateshead, something like the numbers coming, so that we may know how to provide.—R.E.