

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 the Editor.

The brief announcement of the decease of Mrs. de Morgan which appeared in the last number of "LIGHT" has conveyed to my readers news of the loss of a familiar figure in the annals of latter-day Spiritualism. She was, until quite lately, a well-known presence at the St. James's Hall assemblies of the London Spiritualist Alliance, and was herself a contributor to its discussions of a valuable paper on Mediumship. She will be long remembered by her book, "From Matter to Spirit," to which her husband, Professor de Morgan, of University College, London, contributed a celebrated preface. I am not now writing anything that pretends to be a memoir of my friend. That, I hope, may find a fitting place in these columns before, in the rush of our several lives, the fresh memory of what she was to Spiritualism is dismissed. That memoir I am not fitted by knowledge to compile, for her experience dated back to a time when I had no knowledge of these subjects. At a time when Mesmerism occupied a large share of attention she was very familiar with its developments, and she lived to see the temporary eclipse, into which the study of it passed under injudicious treatment, yield to this new revival of the same science under its present name of Hypnotism. In all her many researches into the occult she was honourably distinguished, in *our* eyes, by a steadfast adherence to her early faith as a Spiritualist—a faith from which she never deviated to the end.

I receive and announce with regret news of the sudden decease of Margaret, Lady Sandhurst. Nearly twelve months ago she quitted the familiar house in Portland-place and went to reside with her friend, Mrs. Duncan, an old and well-known Spiritualist, at 29, Park-road, Regent's Park. She was seized with sudden illness while making a call at Hampstead, and was at once driven home. She expired within three minutes of reaching the house, death being attributed to failure of the heart's action. She had appeared to be in her usual health when she started out, and had been making arrangements for the delivery shortly of some public addresses. There is no doubt that Lady Sandhurst had severely tried her strength since her entrance into public life. She was of apparently robust frame and seemed to enjoy excellent health: her nervous energy was great, and her capacity for work of the kind that she had recently made her own was very considerable. She had a dominating influence and a magnetic presence, and was an effective platform speaker. She was one of the most able and prominent members of the Women's Liberal Federation, a staunch worker on behalf of the Liberal cause, an earnest advocate of female suffrage and of Irish Home Rule. Her

part in the struggle for the right of women to sit on the London County Council will be fresh in the memory of my readers. She was the attached wife of the soldier who was better known as Sir William Mansfield, whom she accompanied during his various periods of foreign service. Her ladyship was sixty-four years of age and had been a widow since 1876.

But it is with the Spiritualist rather than with the politician and social reformer that I am here chiefly concerned. In 1886 Lady Sandhurst published, under the pseudonym of "Vivat Veritas," a small pamphlet, entitled "How I was Taught of the Spirit." * It embodies the religious teaching that she received, chiefly through automatic writing. Her guide was seen by her in vision; she heard him speaking to her—she was both clairvoyant and clairaudient—and the teachings conveyed were of an elevated character, similar to, but not identical in doctrine with, those which I have published in my "Spirit Teachings," a book which Lady Sandhurst greatly valued. Her account of how she was taught of the Spirit is very clear and instructive. Like many of us, when her eyes were opened she could see that her spiritual training had been going on from her earliest days. She was, however, unconscious of this spirit influence up to the year 1873, when she was five-and forty years of age. Then, "in a moment of great and terrible anxiety," she heard a distinct voice, "which at once gave relief and consolation, both of which proved to be well-founded." Four years later—her husband passed away in 1876—she saw in her writing room, as she was sitting quietly, two spirit-figures, both of whom she recognised and one of whom she "distinctly heard speak in a clear human voice." In the same year she seemed to hold a sort of spiritual conversation with a being who instructed and advised her.

At this time, and for two years, during which no further development took place, Lady Sandhurst was much prejudiced against anything that she knew as connected with Spiritualism. She knew it only slightly and under its vulgar presentation. She was repelled from it, and to the last, I believe, had never attended séances. Certainly she had not done so at the time when I had frequent converse with her on the subject and at the time (1886) when she wrote her experiences. In November, 1879, she formed the acquaintance of one for whom she maintained a great respect and affection, and from her she learnt some of the higher truths of Spiritualism. From that moment, she tells us, there commenced for her a communion with the world of spirit which, in one form or other, knew no cessation, and which was to her a source of the purest happiness. Since her political life commenced she passed out of my ken, but I have little doubt that the development of which she spoke in 1886 was continued unbroken till she entered into the fruition of her earthly knowledge. The automatic writing commenced in this year 1879, and I well remember how she loved to dwell on the comfort that she derived from the truths as conveyed to her. She had been a conventional

* Some copies remain and are procurable at our office.

member of the Church, with many difficulties as to the acceptance of dogmatic teaching. Her early training had been Evangelical, but her cast of mind was logical and scientific, and Low Church teaching gained no real hold upon her. Spirit-teaching came home at once, and she gathered from it what nourished and strengthened her soul.

No good end would be served by an attempt to set forth the teaching which supplied this spiritual food. As in all cases, when the soul seeks the kernel of truth and is not content to play with the husk, what was given was in consonance with and proportion to her wants. Much was made of the boundless and endless love of the Supreme: of the value of prayer: and of the paramount necessity of communion with spirit for the nurture of the soul. In this connection there came to her a very definite warning of the presence and power of evil spirits—those whom my teachers called the Adversaries. She was told that they were always present when she sought communion with the unseen world, and that they had power at any moment to assume control of her hand. She was powerfully impressed with “the dangers attending those who venture, unsummoned, unprepared, and *unprotected*, to enter into communication with the spirits who surround them.” For myself I should lay stress on the word that I have italicised. For, if these antagonists could control the medium’s hand at any moment, it must have been either by reason of the insufficiency of the protection thrown around her by her guides, or because of the imperfect development of her mediumship. I demur to the sweeping nature of the statement which I have quoted, while I fully recognise the fact that there is in communion with the world of spirit a risk as well as a blessing. I take it that that statement is one of universal application, and it is not confined to spirit-communion. But the risks largely depend on the motives and mental attitude of the seeker, and they are serious in proportion to that absence of protection which an efficient spirit-guide can furnish, and to the presence of a mere curiosity which impels an imperfectly developed medium to pry into the future. They are serious, too, in my judgment, when we seek to impose our will upon those with whom we desire to communicate, and summon or seek to summon back to earth a soul that does not voluntarily return or is not sent for an orderly purpose. Such evocations are disorderly and are apt to lead to confusion and perplexity. Better by far to accept what is vouchsafed and to take what is given in a spirit of humility and thankfulness. The sum of the whole matter, in my mind, is that these intrusions of antagonistic spirits are real, but that they can be guarded against by due and wise precautions on our part aided by those who on the other side are deputed to protect and guide us.

Lady Sandhurst was also led to realise the presence, on the immediate borderland, of a vast host of earth-bound spirits, from whom no knowledge was to be gained and who were what they were by reason of the earthly lives that they had led. That also is true. As I have put it elsewhere, “When the gates are set ajar a motley crowd rushes in.” Not always: but sometimes. We are liable to such intrusion, and if we have the gift of “discerning of spirits,” we shall soon realise the fact and guard against the incursion of spirits whose Puck-like tricks would soon disgust an earnest seeker after truth, and whose capacity for mischief is on a level with the will to work it. We must exercise some of the discretion which we find needful in our intercourse with the world: remembering that increased care is needful because we are hampered by reason of our ignorance of those with whom we elect to deal as well as of the conditions under which we meet them. If we remember that these undeveloped spirits are amenable to improvement, that they can be affected by our love, our pity,

and our prayers, we shall have established a spiritual state within us into which no harm can penetrate. If our state, on the contrary, be one of idle curiosity, or of some still more unworthy motive, it would be well for us to abandon a pursuit which will surely end in discomfiture amid risk of obsession which we can only make light of through ignorance. It must be remembered that no one is forced to enter personally into this investigation, unless, indeed, he be called of the spirit. He will then be under guidance and it will be part of his spiritual education to learn the conditions of safety. But the séance as a plaything, as the amusement of an idle hour, as the alternative of the after dinner game, is not to be contemplated by even moderately instructed people without a shudder of dread.

If I have been led to dwell on the risks of spirit-communion by the prominence given to them by the teachings published by Lady Sandhurst it has been because I believe them to be largely lost sight of. Assuredly it is not because I do not recognise the blessings which have come to many of us through this much-abused and misunderstood Spiritualism. Few know more assuredly than I do the consolations that it has ministered to souls stricken down with an intolerable burden of grief: the support that its teachings have given to failing faith when the heavens were as brass to the cry for the waning power of belief in truths that had slipped away: the reasonable and coherent doctrine that it has established on the ruins of a creed outworn. It is our lot, in this age of strife, to spend ourselves chiefly in resisting controversial assaults. In so doing we must defend realities without much time for discrimination. The fight has waxed fast and furious, and the blows that we dealt were not to be measured at the moment. As the battle lulls, we may find time for more cautious discrimination, and can afford in the moment of victory to sound a note of warning that would have been out of place when the fight was fierce. Few fairly instructed persons now doubt the facts for which we have contended. We may, therefore, ask friend and foe alike to turn their attention to the problem of utilising with safety and to the best advantage this great gift of God to man.

No memoir of Lady Sandhurst as a Spiritualist would be complete without some reference to her belief in the power of Magnetic Healing. In association with Mrs. Duncan she carried on a most beneficent and self-denying work among the sick, and especially among crippled children. Her whole heart was in this work, and it was touching to see the power this rather stern-featured woman had over this sad little coterie of afflicted children. Her own face would relax into the kindest of smiles as they gathered round her in the Kilburn Home, limping, crawling, creeping up to her as one whom they loved and trusted. Her magnetic massage was most successful in alleviating pain, for she possessed, as does Mrs. Duncan, in a very high degree, that power of healing which is one of the gifts of the Spirit. A many-sided woman, with masculine power rather than feminine persuasiveness on the political platform, among the poor she was a true woman in her ministry of mercy. Cheery, vigorous, and active to the last, it seemed that she had before her yet many years of usefulness. It was otherwise ordained. “She rests from her labours, and her works do follow her.”

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

“HYPNOTISM.” By DR. FOVEAU DE COURMELLES. Translated by LAURA ENSOR. (Routledge. 3s. 6d. With many illustrations.)

THE light is always identical in its composition, but it falls on a great variety of objects, and by so falling is first revealed to us, not in its own form, for it is formless, but in theirs; in like manner, thought only appears in the objects it classifies.—EMERSON.

SPIRITISM IN FRANCE.

The first numbers for 1892 of "Le Spiritisme" and "La Revue Spirite" have arrived, and if these two journals represent the state of Spiritism in France, it becomes instructive to note what marks of progress are to be found in them. In a New Year's address to his readers, M. Gabriel Delanne, the editor of "Le Spiritisme," says as follows:—

There must be no hesitation in constantly repeating that we are the defenders of Allan Kardec, because we have found in his books the clearest, the most logical, and the best demonstrated explanation of the life beyond the grave. No other theory explains all the facts that we are daily called upon to observe experimentally, and therefore we remain the faithful disciples of him whom we shall continue to call THE MASTER.

M. Delanne certainly goes on to say that there are plenty of matters which are not quite clear, and that he is not inimical to investigation, but seeing that Allan Kardec got "by revelation" the knowledge of the following great truths—"the immortality of the soul, the existence of the *perisprit*, Re-incarnation, responsibility for one's actions, and mediumship," it is not easy to see what more M. Gabriel Delanne and his friends are likely to discover. It would probably be idle to point out to M. Delanne that one or two of these "great truths" were known before Allan Kardec, and that about the others there is considerable doubt. Anything like progress on these lines is hopeless.

"La Revue Spirite" for January 1st opens with a translation of part of Professor Lodge's now well-known address. This is quite as it should be, but one would have been glad to see that a journal like the "Revue Spirite," consisting of forty-eight closely printed pages, had not waited for the "Annales des Sciences Psychiques" to give it the information which appeared in "LIGHT" fully three months ago. Better late than never, perhaps. Yet even here that finality of knowledge which, excepting the finality of ignorance, is the most perfect barrier to all progress, comes in. In the introductory remarks to Professor Lodge's address we find this:—

The words of the eminent Englishman abundantly prove that science, urged on by facts, can no longer put on one side the free investigation of the laws, mysterious for it, which govern life and mind.

This "mysterious for it" is an admirable exponent of the notion of free investigation which is held by the followers of Allan Kardec; for them mystery has long ago disappeared.

Then there comes in the "Revue," a further instalment of extracts, and remarks on the extracts, from Alfred Russel Wallace's "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," recently published in French by the Librairie Spirite, which publishing firm has, by-the-way, conferred on the great naturalist the doubtful honour of knighthood, "Sir Wallace" figuring now as largely in the French Spiritualist journals as "William Crookes," or "Krookes," or "Crooke." Mr. Russel Wallace is distinctly favoured by the writer; indeed, the advertisement of his book calls it "*Œuvre qui sanctionne nos croyances*," those beliefs being the one belief in a continuous humanity, as grossly material as any materialism that was ever imagined or invented. The new edition of Wallace's book is not before me, but it is very doubtful whether he would uphold the doctrine which is attributed to him in the following:—

It is the most important characteristic of these facts, from the first to the last, that they are essentially human. They are presented under the form of human actions, human ideas; human language, writing, and drawing are made use of. There are manifested a wit [*esprit*, which French Spiritists appear to use in a variety of senses], a humour which we can appreciate and understand. The communications vary in character, just as those of men do; sometimes they are trivial, sometimes they are lofty, they are always essentially human. When spirits speak it is with a human voice, when they become visible their hands and faces are essentially human. When we are able to touch their forms, to thoroughly examine them, we find them human, and not like those which beings of a race different from our own might possess. Their photographs are always those of our fellows,

never those of demons or of angels. . . . In the face of this crushing mass of proofs, what can we think of the good sense or of the logic of those who tell us that we are all deceived, that almost all these communications and manifestations proceed from what they call elementary spirits, or rather inferior spirits that have never been men? I can find no sort of proof for this belief that is of the slightest value.

Now, even if the French writer represents "Sir Wallace" correctly, which is doubtful, he should have seen that this whole paragraph proves nothing whatever in favour of the "doctrine" which is so dear to him; what it does show is that the intelligent agents on the other side of the veil can only present themselves to us in ways which are intelligible to us; if there be speech, for example, with what other voice would it be likely to be made than with a human voice? how could any human being understand any other voice? And what other hands, if hands are to be presented at all, than human hands could be presented? This constant attempt at the degradation of spirit to the level of its human presentment is one of the most miserable results of a knowledge which ought to elevate and refine. Quoting "Sir Wallace" again, the writer says as to spirit identity:—

We have first of all a general proof in the fact of the various languages employed in these communications. In countries where English, French, German, or any other language is spoken, the mass of the communications is in these languages respectively.

It would indeed be surprising if it were not so; a being, supposed intelligent enough to communicate with a Frenchman, would show very little to support that character for intelligence if it used Chinese. But has not the Commandant Dufilhol any knowledge of that communication by intuition in which spirit joins with spirit, and where neither human voice nor human touch comes in? Or does Kardecism so steep a man in the unreal that the real has no meaning for him?

This "finality," which is the natural outcome of the "truths" from which the orthodox Spiritist starts, and which has all the merit of being "logical" so dear to a Frenchman's heart, no matter what the premisses are—this finality is shown again in an article called "Between Two Lives." The writer is discoursing upon the use of magnetism for hindering premature death, because

This death before the proper time hinders, on the one hand, the incarnated spirit from following to the end its earthly education, and so will overload by just so much its next Re-incarnation; and on the other hand, it causes the spirit to be born too early into the "beyond," and so to be in such a miserable state of unstable equilibrium as to interfere with its normal spiritual growth, and to keep it in the numerous group of immaturities existing in *erraticité*.

That a premature death is a bad thing is most likely true. It is not good to lose one's education, but that an unpleasant Re-incarnation, to say nothing of a wandering immaturity (whatever that may be), is the result of what we call premature death, is a serious assumption; nevertheless the author says in a footnote the fact is logical, and that probably is enough. It agrees also with the dicta of Allan Kardec.

"La Revue Spirite" for January also contains the fifteenth of a series of articles on "Religious Intolerance Across the Centuries." This is hardly Experimental Spiritualism, but it fills up six pages, and has done so more or less in the "Revue" for over a year.

France is a great nation; it has stood more than once in the forefront of all scientific and philosophical advancement, and we have a right to expect from it something better than the flimsy stuff which ostensibly passes for Spiritism with its people. The country which Charcot adorns can surely give us more than these constant repetitions of Kardec's dicta, can do more important and more honourable work than drag into its net of so-called proofs everything that apparently tells for those dicta, while calmly ignoring or mocking at all that

tells against them; can rise higher than the vain annual repetitions at Père Lachaise.

It is said, indeed, by those who should know that the Spiritist journals in no way represent the true Spiritism of France, and this would seem to be the truth, for the Spiritism of Camille Flammarion, of Victor Hugo, and of others is hardly doubtful. But if it be true, as it is also asserted, that the educated Frenchman's innate dislike of ridicule is the great hindrance to his open avowal of a belief in another world, is it not about time that that dislike should be conquered, as has been done in England by men who have had quite as much to lose as any one of our neighbours? Spiritism, as set forth in the publications on which we have commented, lays itself open to ridicule in the light of present knowledge. It is time, surely, that this blot should be wiped away by a more frank and open recognition of the results of recent investigation, which may be found in "LIGHT" and other, especially American, journals.

π.

A HAUNTED SHIP.

The "Revue des Sciences Psychologiques" tells the following story. The thing occurred at Sfax in Tunis, soon after its capture by the French; the narrator is a certain "M. J." :—

Just after the taking of Sfax, the heat being very great and the people of Sfax being so preoccupied by the recent events that they were neglecting their fishing as well as everything else, so making the Mediterranean for the moment a shipless sea, it occurred to "M. J." and a friend to go out into the open and bathe. For this purpose they took an Arab boat, but finding no oars, they appear to have taken the handles off a stretcher, used for carrying the corpses of the Arabs killed during the recent bombardment, and to have somehow manufactured a pair of temporary oars.

About a quarter of a mile from the shore an Arab sloop lay at anchor. This vessel was quite isolated and deserted. The two friends fastened their boat to the sloop, got on board and undressed, and jumped into the water. "M. J." then says :—

"After having made about a hundred strokes my friend cried out :—

'What are you throwing stones at me for?'

'What are you talking about? Where do you suppose I am to get stones?'

'But someone is throwing stones at us!'

'Where are the stones?'

'Look, one is just falling, and others are coming!'

'You are off your head; I see nothing of the kind!'

'Look, there's another; let us get out of this.'

Seeing my friend was frightened we went back to the sloop, he all the time seeing stones fall about him, while I saw nothing."

When they got back to the vessel they found their boat full of water and just ready to sink. They hunted all over the sloop, but there was no one there, and on the calm sea no sign of humanity was visible. They emptied the boat with their hats, but failed to find any leak.

"Having dressed ourselves, I began to loose the boat from the sloop. Our astonishment may be guessed when we found, instead of the cord we had used, a great rope tied in a sailor's knot, tightened up just as if it has been there for months. We could not undo it, and began to be alarmed at the abnormal state of things. I had not seen the stones, but I know I cut through that knot with my knife. As soon as this operation was over, we were about starting, when we found that the boat was fastened to the sea bottom by another rope an inch thick. I cut this second cord, and at last we were free."

It is, perhaps, not to be wondered at, that when the companions got near the shore, they jumped off that uncanny boat, and ran for their lives.

π.

It is our own past which has made us what we are. We are the children of our own deeds. Conduct has created character; acts have grown into habits; each year has pressed into us a deeper moral print; the lives we have led have left us such as we are to-day.—DR. DYKES.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

Dr. Elliott Coues sent us at the time of which he speaks a small pamphlet, which we briefly noticed, and of which we thought no more. We have recently turned it out from among our papers, and make some extracts for what they are worth. They are curious, at any rate, and prophecy is in the air just now.

[The manuscript of the following prophecy was written on August 27th, 1890, and received by me September 3rd, 1890, from . . . who desires to remain unknown as its author for the present, but who also requests me to attest the date and to provide a few printed copies for private distribution. This I hereby do, in compliance with the wish of a friend, without any responsibility for the statements hereinafter made.—ELLIOTT COUES, 1,726, N-street, Washington, D.C., September 9th, 1890.]

The seers and prophets of every school of thought have foretold extraordinary changes to be wrought in Church and State during the latter part of the nineteenth century. However they have differed in their creeds and theories, however their faith in the future has varied in details of events to come, they have been unanimous in fixing the time of these wonderful occurrences between the years 1870 and 1925. All the prophetic dates fall within this period of time,—the last half of the present century and the first quarter of the next. Here the Indian Buddhist ends his fourth round, or Animal age, and begins his fifth, the era of Mind. The Mohammedan foretells a great judgment to come upon the world at the end of this century. Martin Luther and Jacob Boehme and Emanuel Swedenborg cast prophetic vision onward to the coming centenary. A host of modern preachers, prophets, visionaries, clairvoyants—be they Millerites or Adventists or Spiritualistic mediums, agree in nothing else so well as in forecasting this period to be one of unexampled vicissitudes in the supposed established order of human events—in the religious and political, in the racial and industrial, in the social and sexual worlds. Hundreds of the most learned, pious and orthodox ministers of the Gospel, and laymen without number, in the Evangelical churches of Europe and America, have interpreted the Biblical references to the consummation of the ages as prophecies of happenings within these same few years, which are to witness the second Advent of the Christ.

All the great predictions enfolded in the mystic leaves of the Bible have two signs. All the prophets, from Moses and Isaiah to St. Paul and St. John, gave unmistakably one or the other of these signs of the now approaching end of one era and beginning of the next as a new cycle in religion. These two signs are: First, the dissolution of the Turkish Empire; and second, the return of the Jews to Palestine. That both these great events must happen within a few years from the present time is apparent to every observer of current political affairs. The daily papers even mention them both as probable occurrences of the near future. The fall of the Sublime Porte when the crescent shall have waned—either through Russian intrigue or through the natural disintegration of the heterogeneous Turkish Empire—will be the signal for a war in Europe the greatest, and in its consequences the most terrific, of any struggle the world has ever seen. The whole map of that continent will be dissolved and rearranged. Its every Government now existing will be overthrown within the next ten years. It is both possible and probable that this war will begin with some treachery or aggression on the part of Russia within two years, and extend throughout Europe within five years. During this momentous and sanguinary conflict, England will lose Ireland through an agitation precipitated by famine in the latter and misrule in the former country. Either through the conquests of the Russian advance, or through the revolt of the natives, at the height of England's difficulties at home, India will be lost for ever to British rule. The outbreak of the general European war will be favoured and hastened by the Socialistic elements of the several nations involved. Organised warfare will become complicated by the conflict between labour and capital, and be attended throughout with the horrors of bloody riots among the strikers, not only in European countries, but in every civilised nation on the globe where the masses will be arrayed against the classes. Such conflicts between labour organisations and organised capital will increase in frequency and severity in North and South America and in Australia from the present year to the years 1901-2, when the Governments of these countries will

become Socialistic and despotic. In the impending political intrigues and military operations France will conquer Germany, regain her lost provinces, extend her boundaries, and become again the foremost power in Europe. Germany will lose her present military prestige, and be torn with internal dissensions arising from her Socialistic classes and from the fierce hostilities between the Catholic element in her Southern and the Protestant element in her Northern provinces. During the progress of these wars both famine and pestilence will lend their terrors to the great drama, and financial crises will decide the fate of empires. Jewish bankers will increase in wealth and power all over Europe; and religious fanaticism will so pursue and persecute the race, that even the wealthiest Jews will seek Palestine for peace and security. France will find a military hero as soon as the occasion requires a leader in war, and members of the Royalist party will carry her on to supremacy. The first Napoleon attempted to revive the titles, pomps, and glories of the Roman Empire; but the last Napoleon will see the star of that invincible dynasty, in Syria and in Egypt, shining upon a coalition of the Gaul and the Jew. The prophecies in the Book of Daniel and of Revelations will be literally verified, in the combination of all the present Governments of what was once under the Roman sceptre into one vast confederation, ruled by a despot who becomes such by universal suffrage. The first upheaval in Europe will set on foot the wildest and most fanatical experiments in Socialistic and Communistic government, both political and industrial; and the cry of "Vox Populi, Vox Dei" will become continuous and ultimately triumphant. A radical democracy will demand and accomplish fundamental changes in church, state, and society. The masses and not the classes will rule. Power will be vested in the feet of Nebuchadnezzar's molten image, till all royalty and aristocracy be swept away in the fall of all the houses that hold hereditary rights and privileges.

From this year 1890 till the end of the present dispensation, or consummation of the ages, I foresee the most astounding and constantly augmenting manifestations of the invisible spiritual powers, both good and evil, working out their respective ends on the material plane among mortals, and urging on the conflicts I have but dimly outlined. I believe the forces for evil will long seem more potent, as they certainly will be more manifest and more aggressive, than the powers for good. I foresee terrible famines and commotions in Asia as well as in Europe, among the Chinese and Japanese. Thousands of Chinese, imported to build the Nicaragua Canal and for other purposes, will become a disturbing element amongst us. That nation is likely to gain possession of the Sandwich Islands, whence a hostile invasion of some parts of America is not improbable. Nothing will avail to stop the spread and ravages of the cholera, either in the Occident or the Orient. Political and financial difficulties will arise among the South American Republics, and be complicated by religious dissensions like those soon to occur in North America. Political schemes, with railways and other immense commercial enterprises, will advance with giant strides in Africa, as well as other parts of the world. During the latter part of this century a Stanley or other such leader will acquire despotic power in the Dark Continent. Russia in her convulsions will greatly extend her dominions in Asia. From this year onward gigantic material undertakings of every kind will move on with increasing rapidity. The building of railroads and other evidences of reviving prosperity in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt will turn thoughtful people again to the study of Biblical prophecies respecting those countries. Sooner or later will be a union of the worst elements in the Greek, Roman, Mohammedan, and Protestant churches for the purpose of rule and aggression; and this combination will realise the "Mystery of Babylon" of Revelation.

The most pronounced and amazing feature of this age will be the increasing activity and influence of women in every walk in life and in all countries. Thus three of the most despised and apparently insignificant members of the body politic will rise to the heights of power, display the most vehement passions, and exhibit the most noble heroisms. These are the woman, the workman, and the Jew.

During the next fifteen years the negro race, both in Africa and in America, will advance more rapidly than any other in the essentials of civilisation, though this progress will be marked with great loss of life. They will become

more decisive and aggressive in their demands for just recognition and equality of rights, among the whites in the United States, and are likely to avenge some of the wrongs of centuries when our own discords become more pronounced.

I believe in the divine mission of the literal house of Jacob and of the mystical spiritual house of Israel. To this latter belong all regenerate souls, the "circumcised" from every church and nation, of every tongue and people on earth, Jew and Gentile becoming elect and one in soul-development. The better class of the literal house of Jacob, having had a history unparalleled among the nations, and endured the sufferings that develop the higher feminine element in them—the divine Shechinah—to a supreme degree, will be peculiarly well qualified to teach the world anew the arts of peace and the organisation of industry on the just principles of co-operation. To those that remain in Palestine after the terrible wars I foresee will be entrusted the leadership in this noble and honourable office. But the more sublime privilege and duty of teaching the peoples true religion and morality will devolve on the mystic house of Israel—on the whole body of those who are filled with the Christ-spirit, be they Jew or Gentile. S. E. H.

MUSINGS.

What if I once did dwell
In the lowest dust-germ-cell,
A faint fore-hint of life called forth of God,
Waxing and struggling on,
Through the long flickering dawn,
The awful while His feet earth's bosom trod?
What if He shaped me so,
And caused my life to blow
Into the full soul-flower in Eden-air?
Lo! now I am not good,
And I stand in solitude,
Calling to Him (and yet He answers not):
What is the final thought?

MAURICE THOMPSON.

A TRUTH AMONG TRUTHS.

King or Kaiser, chief and lord,
Strong of arm, or quick of brain;
Master of the pen or sword,
Ruler of a world's domain—
Tho' thy name be borne abroad,
Like wing'd seed, from shore to shore,
What thou art before thy God,
That thou art, and nothing more!

Men may bless thee, men may praise,
Hail thee hero, sage, or saint;
All the bards may chant thy lays—
Artists all thy beauties paint.
Serfs may tremble at thy nod,
Fawning, cringe about thy door;
What thou art before thy God,
That thou art, and nothing more!

Soon shall pass Fame's gilded smoke,
Wild applause, base flattery;
Falsehood, shamed, shall drop its cloak,
Facing truth's eternity.
Ere the spirit spurns the clod,
Stern its cry at Death's dark door,
"What thou art before thy God,
That thou art, and nothing more!"

—E. C. DONNELLY.—"New York Independent."

LIFE is a sleep in which we dream most at the commencement and at the close. The middle part absorbs us too much for dreams.—LYTTON.

TEACH mankind to lift itself out of the mental conditions that create the petty frictions of daily life. Teach them by example the greatest teaching known. Let the foundation work come first, and let it be of good, solid stone. It is power to control nerve force, that the slamming of a door, the dripping of water, the hissing of steam will not excite it. It is power to control the mind, power to slip the dead-latch against rubbish thoughts and rubbish conversation; it is power to hold the anchor of purpose, and not drift into unprofitable acts; it is power to hold self above worry, anger, jealousy, insult; it is power to hold self above irritation, selfishness, unkindness; it is power to bring happiness into the lives around you. When your words and thoughts are words and thoughts of life and not death, then you are sowing for the world the seed for a mighty harvest.—MRS. SCOTT-SAXON.

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

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Annual Subscription for "LIGHT," post-free to any address, is 10s. 10d. per annum, forwarded to our office in advance. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, and should invariably be crossed "— & Co." All orders for papers and for advertisements, and all remittances, should be addressed to "The Manager" and not to the Editor.

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

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

Light:

EDITED BY W. STANTON-MOSES.

["M. A. (OXON.)"]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16th, 1892.

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.

"THE OCCULT SCIENCES."*

MR. WAITE has unwittingly borrowed an already used title for his book. In 1855 Richard Griffin and Co. (London) published a work entitled, "The Occult Sciences: Sketches of the Traditions and Superstitions of Past Times and the Marvels of the Present Day. By the Rev. Edward Smedley, M.A., W. Cooke Taylor, LL.D., Rev. Henry Thompson, and Elihu Rich, Esq." The present book, however, is on different lines, and deals broadly with the whole subject of Occultism, forming a portable *vade mecum* for the student. Mr. Waite "conducts the inquirer into the vestibule of each branch of the occult sciences and places within his reach the proper means of prosecuting his researches further in any desired direction." Each section contains a compendious sketch, concluding with the names of standard works on the subject discussed.

The book is divided into four sections. Part I. treats of "Magical Practices." Part II. deals with "Secret Sciences in connection with Magic." Part III. is concerned with "Professors of Magical Art." Part IV. is devoted to "Modern Phenomena."

Under Part I. are discussed various forms of Magic, Black and White: the Evocation of Angels and of Elemental Spirits: the Evocation of Demons and of the Souls of the Departed.

Part II. embraces Alchemy: the Elixir of Life: Crystallography: Talismans: Divination: the Divining Rod: Astrology and Kabbalism.

Part III. gives account of the Rosicrucians, the Mystics, and the Freemasons.

Part IV. deals with Mesmerism, Modern Spiritualism, and Theosophy.

Our author states his conviction that the philosophy called Transcendental, Hermetic, Rosicrucian, Mystical, Esoteric, or Occult claims recognition on the ground "that it comprises an actual, positive, and realisable knowledge concerning the worlds which we denominate invisible, because they transcend the imperfect and rudimentary faculties of a partially developed humanity, and concerning the latent potentialities which constitute, by the fact of their latency, what is termed the interior man." In other words, this science deals broadly with the realities that underlie phenomena. How to reach these realities? By

a "form of intellectual ascension or development, which is equivalent to a conscious application of selective evolutionary laws by man himself to man." The latent force conveniently called Psychic passes, under this selective training, into objective life; it forms the means of communication with the unseen world; the wielder of it develops a new sense enabling him to take cognisance of what is inappreciable by his grosser senses.

In one of His most mystical discourses Jesus is reported to have said that there are those who are eunuchs from their mother's womb, and that there are those who have made themselves eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake. So also there are natural born magicians, and there are those who have acquired the gift by sustained effort and slow development. Equally there are those who are born with the gifts of the medium, and there are those who have accidentally discovered that they possessed them, as there are also those who try in vain to develop what they doubtless share in common with the rest of the race; but, the physical envelope being gross, they are, as it were, hide-bound, and the psychical powers find no scope beyond the physical body.

What is to be desired is that knowledge should take the place of ignorance in these matters. The gifts that pertain to the medium are striking in their presentation and lead to curious results; but we want more than this. We want to know wherein they consist, how they may be developed, how regulated, how utilised to some practical purpose. Instead of being the sport of occult powers we want to command and use them to advantage. It is the aim of the author to throw some light on this reasonable wish by showing how, in ages past, men have commanded the occult forces of nature and have developed psychical powers, the nature of which they have understood and which they have governed and utilised. Whether Mr. Waite has been successful or not is a question that we leave for answer to the candid reader. There is no doubt at all that he has collected a large amount of interesting and valuable information which the student will find serviceable.

We make no attempt in this brief notice to criticise that part of the work before us which deals with the past: though it would not be difficult to add to those mentioned in various sections the names of omitted works that deserve to be recommended to the student. The section on Freemasonry especially occurs to us as one that an Occultist, who is also interiorly acquainted, not merely with modern craft masonry, but with those known as "the higher degrees" practised in this country, and with Indian and Eastern orders, as well as with the Swedenborgian rite, might considerably illumine. To the student who brings with him esoteric knowledge there is a rich field of research open in the less known orders of Freemasonry. A lodge of Illuminati who had time, money, and zeal at command would achieve great results. But the time must be long, the search would be costly, and the right men are not yet forthcoming.

We turn naturally to the concluding chapters on Spiritualism and Theosophy. The author's leanings are to Theosophy rather than to Spiritualism, and we may, therefore, congratulate him on the impartial spirit displayed in his chapter on the latter subject. He rightly concludes that his business is not to be merely critical, but rather to state compendiously what is meant by, and claimed for, Modern Spiritualism by its votaries. These claims are fairly stated, and the conditions under which objective phenomena are possible are put with reasonable precision. The class of mind that can alone hope to engage successfully in a spiritual inquiry is indicated in a manner which commands our assent. "Sanctity of thought, sanctity of life, sanctity of soul and body are the first conditions of the process, for the work is one of reconstruction, which is the significance of the word *religion*: the system of spiritual

* "The Occult Sciences: A Compendium of Transcendental Doctrine and Experiment." By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co. 1891. Price, 6s.)

communication which is proposed by Spiritualism being the way of the soul's return into a conscious life in God." To this statement we give our adhesion. It lifts Spiritualism on to its proper plane.

The rules for the formation and conduct of circles published in this journal are cited with approval and quoted at length. There is also added a classified list of ordinary phenomena that occur in the presence of mediums which is compendious and exact. "LIGHT" is recommended as "undoubtedly the best" of the weekly newspapers devoted to Spiritualism. The works of Crookes, Wallace, Zöllner, and Stainton-Moses, "M.A.(Oxon.)," are mentioned for their "convincing testimony."

Mr. Waite has performed a difficult task with signal success. On the lines which he has laid down for himself—and we entirely approve of his limitations—it is hard to see how he could have used the space at his disposal in a better manner. He may count on the thanks of the student and the approval of minds qualified to estimate his work, even though the "Times" dismisses him as "either a profound humorist or a man totally devoid of humour." He will, no doubt, be able to console himself with the reflection that humour is hardly a quality characteristic of Occultism, and that the mind and seriousness of purpose to comprehend its riches and infinite ramifications has not yet been developed in a "Times" reviewer.

CONVERSAZIONE OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

The members and friends of the Alliance will meet at the Banqueting Hall, St. James's Hall (Regent-street entrance), on January 27th. See advertisement on our first page.

ALTERATION IN POSTAL RATES.

On and after January 1st, 1892, "LIGHT" goes through the post to any part of the world at a uniform charge of ½d. if under 2oz. As "LIGHT," except when a supplement is published, is under the prescribed weight, our foreign readers will receive their copies at a material reduction. The uniform subscription in any part of the world is now 10s. 10d. per annum.

SIR HENRY WOLFF.

A CURIOUS PREDICTION.

Apropos of the rumour about Sir Henry Drummond Wolff's probable appointment to Constantinople, there is a story that, once upon a time, Sir Henry consulted a sorceress in Persia with the view of learning her ideas about the future. The wise woman placed before him three magic coins, and told him to pick one of them up and, at the same time, to think of someone whose fortune he would like to know. He took up piastre No. 1 and associated it with Mr. Balfour. "You are thinking," said the sorceress, "of one who will be Grand Vizier." With piastre No. 2 he called to mind the late leader of the now historic "Fourth Party." "He is ruined," said the oracle. With piastre No. 3 he thought of himself. "In time this one will be Ambassador at Constantinople," was the reply.—"St. James's Gazette."

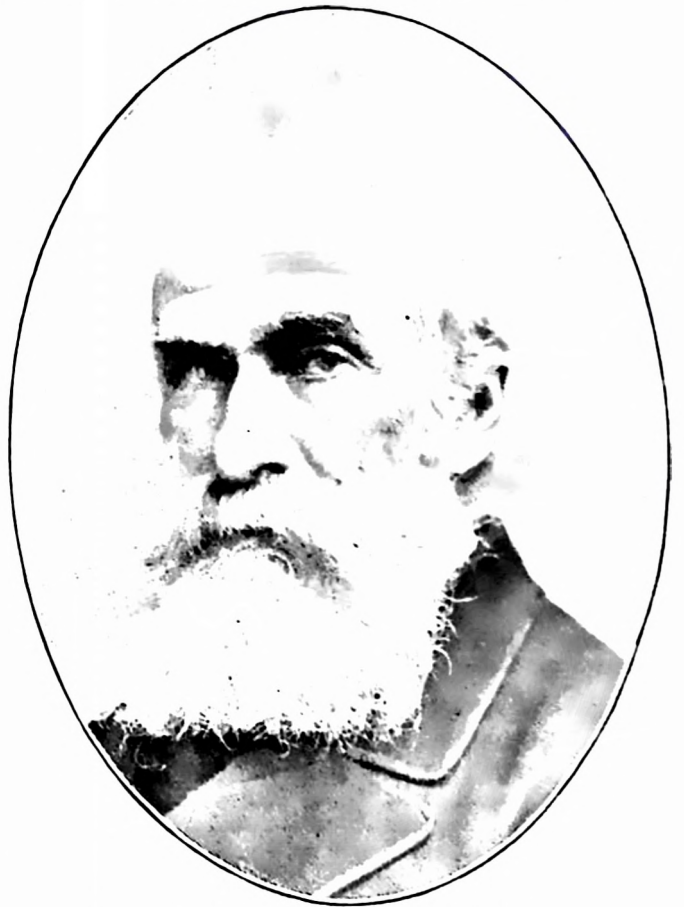
MR. WILLIAM EGLINTON, who has long been absent from this country, will be in London at the time of our *Conversazione*, and hopes that he may have opportunity of meeting some old friends on that occasion.

BRISTOL Spiritualists, vegetarians, and others desirous of forming a society or club for the study and investigation of the Occult, &c., are desired to meet at 11, Bridge-street, on Tuesday evening, January 19th, at 8 p.m., sharp.

NEVER lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank for it Him, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in, simply and earnestly, with all your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.—C. KINGSLEY.

RECORDS OF PRIVATE SEANCES FROM NOTES TAKEN AT THE TIME OF EACH SITTING.

For some years I have cherished the hope that I might be able to arrange in an orderly manner the particulars of séances held at the house of the late Dr. Stanhope Speer, 13, Alexandra-road, South Hampstead, records of which were regularly kept by Mrs. Speer and myself, and, less completely, by Dr. Speer himself. Ill-health and lack of time in the midst of constantly pressing engagements have prevented my doing what I had planned. Nor does the future hold out much hope of leisure which will suffice for the purpose. I can, however, place on record the notes made by Mrs. Speer, with such personal comments as may occur to me, selecting, if need be, from a voluminous mass what will be sufficient to give a general idea of what took place in this small circle to which very few friends at rare intervals were permitted access.



STANHOPE T. SPEER, M.D.

My own notes are less copious than those which I propose to publish, for the reason that I was frequently entranced, especially when the more remarkable phenomena were in process. They were, however, very regularly written when the events of the séance were fresh in my memory; and in some cases, they supplement, by accounts of my own sensations and clairvoyant observation, what these records contain. The writer of these latter, I may observe, was not affected by trance or other sensations which would interfere with her powers of observation. Dr. Speer, in even a marked degree, was impervious to psychical influence.

I shall not repeat names. It will be sufficient to indicate Dr. S. and Mrs. S. as the usual sitters, and myself, the psychic or medium through whom all manifestations were made, except on the very rare occasions when a public medium was introduced, by my initials S.M. The various communicators all assumed names, avowedly pseudonymous, though we were informed of the identity so disguised. These I shall designate by initials—M. or D. or R., &c., as the case may be—grounding (at present) no argument as to identity on what I print. My own comments will be added as occasion requires, either in the text or in footnotes, with my initials appended.

The early part of the record will be given *in extenso*. As it goes on it may be necessary, or at least advisable, to condense, so as to avoid useless repetition. But in no case will any other than verbal alteration be made in the text of the record, except for the purpose indicated. It is obvious that phenomena must recur over and over again

when sittings were held so frequently, and that to repeat records of these on every occasion would be useless and tiresome.

When names that I have no authority to print are mentioned in the record initials will be used. With this introduction I proceed to give the record as it stands in the note-books which have been placed in my hands.

W. STANTON-MOSES (Editor of "LIGHT").

HOW I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST. by Mrs. S. Speer

No. I.

For two years I had heard of Spiritualism and occasionally read of it, but the facts had made no impression on my mind, though I had constantly heard of the subject from a cousin, who herself was deeply interested in everything appertaining to the "return of the departed." I was so ignorant at this time that when she first spoke to me upon this (to her) all-absorbing subject, I could not have

explained the meaning of the words "Spiritualism" and "Spiritualist." She became weary of talking to one so little interested. But a change soon passed over me, from cold indifference to the warmest curiosity, which became painful until it was fully and completely satisfied.

March 4th, 1872. I was taken ill, and confined to my room for three weeks. During that time my cousin brought into my room for Dr. S. to read (she was tired of lending me books on the subject, seeing how little I was interested) Dale Owen's last published work, "The Debateable Land." I accidentally took it up, and began to read, and at once my indifference vanished, and I read and re-read, till I felt my mind and curiosity so aroused that I longed to get well and find out with the help of others whether the facts contained in this, to me, wonderful book were true or false. The feeling was so strong that I could think of nothing else. At night my father, whom I had lost some years before, seemed to haunt my dreams, and all day I was reading and pondering intensely over a subject that a fortnight ago I had taken no interest in. I suppose, like many others, I gave it no credence, and one cannot be interested in things unless one feels they are true.

March 26th. I was able to leave my room, and on seeing our friend Mr. Stainton-Moses, I asked him to read the book and endeavour to discover whether it was true or false. I had not been able to arouse my husband's curiosity, as he was at that time almost a Materialist. Mr. S. M. had, up to the present period, felt as little interest in Spiritualism as ourselves, but impressed with my great desire for knowledge upon the subject, he read the book, and became as anxious for

information as I was.* He at this time had a remarkable seance with Lottie Fowler, and Dr. S. seeing my intense desire for personal experience upon what seemed to me then the most important subject in the world, consented to join Mr. S. M. in visiting the medium Williams, and seeing for themselves. After a very few visits they were convinced that a force outside of the medium was at work, and from their experiences I wished to know more personally myself. The first time I ever sat was with Mrs. R. and my cousin, Mrs. C., on April 16th. After sitting for some time the table rose up on my side. On seeing it do this I felt so startled that I also rose up, and went to the other side of the room. On returning we had only one or two more tilts, but could elicit no answers to our questions. From this time until June 3rd I sat with different friends several times, with but little result.

On June 3rd Mr. S. M. and self sat with Mrs. C. and Miss A. C. We then had raps near Mr. S. M., and a few tilts of the table; more than we had had before. After this we met several times, Dr. S. and Miss E. joining our party, but nothing ever occurred except slight rapping, always near Mr. S. M. I was getting weary of such constant failures, and my husband then proposed having the medium, Mr. Williams, to sit with us.

On July 17th we held a seance with him. Our party included, besides ourselves and the medium, Mr. S. M., Mrs. C., and Miss A. C. We sat for two hours in a little study, round a small table, all joining hands for the whole time. The medium had no friend with him, and his hands were held during the seance, so that they were not free to do anything. In the room was a large bookcase, covering one side; also a pedal harmonium, away from the table—a square table, round which we sat; another table away from us, covered with books and music; and one empty chair in addition to those on which we sat. The room was full of books and music. We sat at first with a little light; we had raps and quivering of the table. We then put out the gas, and continued our seance in darkness. The raps were very loud—louder than any I had yet heard—and they sounded very startling in the complete darkness in which we were sitting. I confess I felt startled, and not over comfortable, but my anxiety to know the truth for myself kept me at my post. Mr. S. M. was touched three times. Dr. S. then exclaimed, "Something is crawling up my face." It seemed to be a hand passing up and down his face, and lifting up his beard. All mortal hands in the room were held. What could this be? Mrs. C. and Miss A. C. both shivered, and said they were touched by something strange. I felt nervous, and requested to be left alone. I was not yet prepared for the touch of spirit hands. They evidently recognised the fact, and did not touch me, though the others felt touches several times during the two hours we sat. After some time had elapsed I did feel something cold, but very tangible, laid across my hands. On mentioning the fact, it was discovered that the only vacant chair, some distance from the medium, had been brought from its position, lifted on to the table, and gently put on our hands. A little bell was merrily rung round the circle, and then placed on the chair, which stood upright in the centre of the table. Correct time was beaten on the table while some of the party sang. We heard the harmonium blown, and notes sounded. Books and music were brought from all parts of the room and placed on the table, or put into the hands of the sitters; and a large music-book was brought through the closed door of the bookcase and placed on the table in front of Dr. S. The door was fastened, and Mrs. C.'s chair pressed up against it; it could not have been opened unless she had moved, and the chair also. Ghostly figures were seen flitting about the room, and two bright spirit lights, like stars. At the conclusion of the seance a roll of music was picked up, and the spirit known as "John King" said through it "Good-night, God bless you all," and then tossed it into my lap as much as to say, "Though I may not touch you, here is an evidence of my presence." It was all very startling, coming to people who knew they could trust each other, whose hands were joined all through the seance. Medium's never once loosed, door locked, and even if anyone

* I had previously tried in vain to read Lord Adare's record of private seances with D. D. Home. Though less than a month before I read "The Debateable Land" I could not get through it. It had absolutely no interest for me.—S.-M.

had wished to enter they could not have done so secretly, as the gas was burning brightly outside the study door. Mr. Williams had never been in the room, or, indeed, the house, till he came to this remarkable seance. He himself seemed surprised that so much should have occurred in a circle he had never sat with before. I was then convinced that what I had so read of and pondered over was true, and that my mind, in a strange unaccountable manner, had been suddenly awakened to look into it for myself.

After this seance we sat two or three times with Mrs. C. and her sisters, but very little was elicited beyond numerous small raps, always in the neighbourhood of Mr. S. M., who was by degrees developing into a medium, and who with Dr. S. had attended several public seances, and had been informed at those seances that he would have great mediumistic power.

After sitting at home with various people and getting very little result, we became tired, and proposed one evening that we would try by ourselves—Mr. S. M., Dr. S., and self. Accordingly we did so on July 30th, 1872, in the same room, and with the same table that was used when Mr. Williams sat with us. For the first time the raps became intelligent, and answered a few questions. We sat again the following evening, under the same circumstances. Raps louder and more frequent; the table quivered and moved several steps; raps also answered questions. I was still nervous, sitting in the dark in the midst of such ghostly visitors. I remarked, "I do not think the spirits can care for me," when they rapped out instantly "Yes." This showed me they could either read our thoughts or hear our words.

After this seance we parted from Mr. S. M. for a short time. We had taken a furnished house for the summer months at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, and he was going to visit old friends in the north of the island, intending to join us afterwards, when we hoped to renew our investigations together.

EMERSON ON MATERIALISM AND IDEALISM.

As thinkers, mankind have ever divided into two sects, Materialists and Idealists; the first class founding on experience, the second on consciousness; the first class begin to think from the data of the senses; the second class perceive that the senses are not final, and say the senses give us representations of things, but what are the things themselves they cannot tell. The Materialist insists on facts, on history, on the force of circumstances, and the animal wants of man; the Idealist on the power of Thought and of Will, on inspiration, on miracle, on individual culture. These two modes of thinking are both natural, but the Idealist contends that his way of thinking is in higher nature. He concedes all that the other affirms, admits the impressions of sense, admits their coherency, their use and beauty, and then asks the Materialist for his grounds of assurance that things are as his senses represent them. But I, he says, affirm facts not affected by the illusions of sense, facts which are of the same nature as the faculty which reports them, and not liable to doubt; facts which in their first appearance to us assume a native superiority to material facts, degrading these into a language by which the first are to be spoken; facts which it only needs a retirement from the senses to discern. Every Materialist will be an Idealist; but an Idealist can never go backward to be a Materialist.

The Idealist, in speaking of events, sees them as spirits. He does not deny the sensuous fact: by no means; but he will not see that alone. He does not deny the presence of this table, this chair, and the walls of this room, but he looks at these things as the reverse side of the tapestry, as the *other end*, each being a sequel or completion of a spiritual fact which merely concerns him. This manner of looking at things transfers every object in nature from an independent and anomalous position without there, into the consciousness. Even the Materialist Condillac, perhaps the most logical expounder of Materialism, was constrained to say, "Though we should soar into the heavens, though we should sink into the abyss, we never go out of ourselves; it is always our own thought that we perceive!" What more could an Idealist say?

The Materialist, secure in the certainty of sensation, mocks at fine-spun theories, at star-gazers and dreamers, and

believes that his life is solid, that he at least takes nothing for granted, but knows where he stands, and what he does. Yet how easy it is to show him that he also is a phantom, walking and working amid phantoms, and that he need only ask a question or two beyond his daily questions, to find his solid universe growing dim and impalpable before his sense. The sturdy capitalist, no matter how deep and square on blocks of granite he lays the foundations of his Banking house or Exchange, must set it, at last, not on a cube corresponding to the angles of his structure, but in a mass of unknown materials and solidity, red-hot or white-hot, perhaps at the core, which rounds off to an almost perfect sphericity, and lies floating in soft air, and goes spinning away, dragging bank and banker with it at a rate of thousands of miles the hour, he knows not whither—a bit of bullet, now glimmering, now darkling through a small cubic space on the edge of an unimaginable pit of emptiness. And this wild balloon, in which his whole venture is embarked, is a just symbol of his whole state and faculty. One thing, at least, he says, is certain, and does not give me the headache, that figures do not lie; the multiplication table has been hitherto found unimpeachable truth; and, moreover, if I put a gold eagle in my safe, I find it again to-morrow; but for these thoughts, I know not whence they are. They change and pass away. But ask him why he believes that an uniform experience will continue uniform, or on what grounds he founds his faith in his figures, and he will perceive that his mental fabric is built up on just as strange and quaking foundations as his proud edifice of stone.

In the order of thought, the Materialist takes his departure from the external world, and esteems a man as one product of that. The Idealist takes his departure from his consciousness, and reckons the world an appearance. The Materialist respects sensible masses, society, government social art, and luxury, every establishment, every mass, whether majority of numbers, or extent of space, or amount of objects, every social action. The Idealist has another measure, which is metaphysical, namely, the *rank* which things themselves take in his consciousness, not at all the size or appearance. Mind is the only reality, of which men and all other natures are better or worse reflectors. Nature, literature, history are only subjective phenomena. Although in his action overpowered by the laws of action, and so warmly co-operating with men, even preferring them to himself, yet when he speaks scientifically, or after the order of thought, he is constrained to degrade persons into representatives of truths. He does not respect labour, or the products of labour, namely, property, otherwise than as a manifold symbol, illustrating with wonderful fidelity of details the laws of being; he does not respect Government, except as far as it reiterates the law of his mind; nor the Church, nor charities, nor arts, for themselves; but hears, as at a vast distance, what they say, as if his consciousness would speak to him through a pantomimic scene. His thought—that is the Universe. His experience inclines him to behold the procession of facts you call the world, as flowing perpetually outward from an invisible, unsounded centre in himself, centre alike of him and of them, and necessitating him to regard all things as having a subjective or relative existence, relative to that aforesaid unknown centre of him.

EMERSON.

HE PREACHED IN HIS SLEEP.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon never composes his sermons until late in the week. One Saturday night he shut himself into his study, chose his text, and began to work out his ideas. But the wheels of thought drove so hard that he strove in vain. The sermon would not come. Despairing of success that night he retired, but on awakening he was confronted with the awful state of affairs, the gravity of which only men who have had a similar experience can realise. Church services were only three or four hours distant. He had his text, but not a shadow of a line of thought was in sight. In his extremity he appealed to his wife to help him out. "What is your text?" she asked. He told her, and at once she proceeded to put the whole thing before him—firstly, secondly, and so on. "You've hit it exactly," cried Spurgeon, in his astonishment. "Where did you get it?" "Why you sat up in bed in the middle of the night and went through it yourself," was her reply.

IDENTITY OF SPIRITS.

As the identity of spirit is a subject often treated and by many deemed impossible, I have thought a brief account of one of my experiences with phenomena attending an investigation would help in the solution of the problem. I appreciate the difficulty of demonstrating the identity of the personality of the alleged spirit; and no one more fully realises this than one who has been studying the subject for forty years. What constitutes the evidence of identity may be different among investigators; hence until some definite statement is made and agreed upon the difficulty remains.

In reference to the alleged spirit mentioned in my statement of September 12th, in "The Journal," I would relate as follows:—When, after several weeks of exercise of the arm and hand automatically, the character of the writings changed to communications, giving information upon many subjects, and among them was one giving the name, former residence, occupation, &c., of the control who was now, it was declared, a spirit decarnated who once lived as aforesaid on this earth in a human body. A letter was written to parties residing in the town, and answer was made confirming in every particular the statements made in the communication. After some further tests the spirit became one of our especial friends and was always welcomed to our family firesides. So far as could be ascertained all those who were familiar with the early visits of our friend were entirely ignorant of the person ever having lived on this planet.

The medium very soon after this became clairvoyant and clairaudient, and on the announcement of the presence of this spirit friend a season of extreme felicity was expected, and very often realised. This was continued for a space of ten years, or until the breaking out of the civil war, when our neighbour was drafted and went into the army. We made many experiments with him during that time. Some said he was controlled by electricity, so we would put his chair and stool in glass tumblers, isolating him, but it made no difference; the control came all the same, always asserting his personality. Even after the visitors had left for their home the spirit would inform those who remained of their conversation while on their way.

During one of my interviews with our spirit friend I asked him to give me some token that I could show my friends as coming from him. He said he would if possible. In due time the medium informed me that our spirit friend wished to fulfil his promise, and if I would be present at such a time he would attempt it. On my way to meet the appointment I purchased a quire of letter paper, not knowing the nature of the effort he would make. I took with me an intimate friend, and on arriving at the house we went into a chamber, with no one present but the three—the medium, friend, and myself. The medium seated himself on one side a melodeon and I took a seat on the opposite side. I locked the instrument and hung the key on the wall; turned the light down so as just to see the objects in the room. The medium worked the bellows of the instrument; a familiar tune was produced audibly. I then put two ink-stands on the melodeon, one with blue and the other containing red ink, and two pens. I took a large silk handkerchief and bound it around his head, completely covering his eyes. He took his seat on one side, and after I had reduced the light so that I could only just discern the objects in the room, I took two sheets of the paper I had brought with me and placed them on the top of the instrument and took my seat opposite the medium, as close as I could sit, with the sheets of paper clearly in my view. After about twenty minutes I took the sheets of paper and the following was found upon them:—

PROGRESSIVE.

No, never can you lose the worth
Of what you learn while here on earth;
And should your spirit's hope grow weak,
Or should you ever doubt the power,
This lofty scene again you'll seek,
At a future calm and peaceful hour;
And here, at the sublimest shrine
That nature ever reared for thee,
Rekindle all that hope divine,
And feel your immortality.

—FREEMAN KNOWLES.

The word "Progressive" is written in ornamental hand in red and blue ink, and the text in symmetrical long hand in blue ink, and his signature is also written in ornamental

hand in red and blue ink. After many years of study of this subject, with many individuals in private and public positions, I am convinced that the identity of the personality of the spirit is by preponderance of the evidence fully proven.

I know not whether the poem is original or quoted, but my friend Knowles gave me to understand it was original. A. B. PLIMPTON, in "Religio-Philosophical Journal."

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS'S NEW POEM.

It is not altogether easy to approach for the purposes of criticism the utterances of Mr. Lake Harris. "To the Brotherhood of the New Life in Europe, Asia and America," to whom this volume is dedicated, and amongst whom we think it is likely to find its chief readers, the author is felt to be something more than a prophet—an evangelist, even—to whom criticism must appear inappropriate, if not indecent. Nevertheless

As Gods and Heroes when
Midst men they walk, walk but as other men,

so must their works, when through ordinary methods addressed to the public at large, be appraised as best they may, and according to the modest lights of those to whom they address themselves.

"The New Republic" seems designed to display a condition of things supposed to exist in the Sun, wherein the brotherhood of the New Life dwell as in God's Garden Land, with or without knowing it, even in this world, which it may be remarked is depicted as very much more wicked in all respects than happily most of us usually find it.

It seems, in fact, to be an epitome of the ordinary doctrine of a future life of absolute happiness to the few, and of very much the reverse to the rest of humanity. This theme is illustrated with considerable power of language, and expenditure of it; the difference between the wickedness and miseries of this world:

Which kings and priests are plotting in,
and the virtues and happiness enjoyed by the denizens of the New Republic being emphatically insisted upon. There are curious passages about "Freedom being crushed," "Martyr hunted down by priestly beagles," "Kings, courtiers, pontiffs crying Ha, ha! over Freedom's desolation" which in these days causes one rather to rub one's eyes and wonder when and where we are living. If we could imagine an enthusiastic spirit which had been incarnated in the days of Byron and Shelley having saturated its mind with the form of the writings of the one, and not the happiest spirit displayed in those of the other, and then fallen asleep to all sublunary things till now, we might realise some conception of the probable provenance of this poem. Without some such solution it perplexes. There is about it a certain unreality—a certain appearance of insincerity, if we may be pardoned for saying so, that is discouraging. Perhaps it may be an allegory! No doubt in the most interior spheres of Love and Wisdom—heat and light—of which the sun of this world may be taken as a type or similitude, there is perfect happiness to those who can dwell in them; to those in whom youth shall be revived as recovered innocence is recreating; spirits who are being reanimated by the interior breath of a new life. In this sense the "New Republic" may be accepted as preaching a true doctrine, if not a new one. The "World" may be taken as representing, in this poem, the natural state and condition of the very outermost order of unregenerate man; the "priestly beagles" may be nothing more, and quite enough too, than the degrading superstitions—by no means necessarily religious—that would tear us in pieces; and the "kings and pontiffs who cry 'Ha, ha!' over the desolation of our Freedom," our own dominating, intolerant and tyrannical passions and prejudices.

If we may be permitted to regard the poem from some such point of view as this it becomes approachable and intelligible; and if the form given to the sermon of a rhythmical narrative should endow the subject with greater vividness and reality than the Scriptures have already given to it, this work may, by those to whom it so commends itself, be thankfully received and enjoyed.

A. A. W.

IN creation God shows us His hand, but in redemption God gives us His heart.—MONOD.

"The Great Republic: A Poem of the Sun." By THOMAS LAKE HARRIS. (E. W. Allen, Ave Maria-lane, 1891.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Dickens Messages.

SIR,—The story, No. VI., given by "Edina," is an almost verbatim transcript of five passages in Cowper's well-known narrative of his tame hares. I enclose a copy from the stereotyped edition of 1808, from which you will see that out of three hundred and fifty words in "Edina's" story, three hundred and nine are given verbatim. Of the remainder, "Edina" alters six words and seven phrases to their synonyms, omits four words and three phrases, and adds three words; all these alterations being immaterial to the sense. The only essential error is the substitution of "Puss" for "Bess" in the seventeenth line. The amount of verbal agreement is very remarkable on any hypothesis.

I think the presumption is that the story (No. V.) of Abraham Lincoln has its source also in some published account, which, if it can be traced, may perhaps throw light on the *modus operandi* of the communicator.

Redhill.

E. WESTLAKE.

We have received a number of letters to the same effect.

We give insertion to Mr. Westlake's as the most complete. The result is no surprise. It remains now to form some theory on which the facts may be explained.

—ED. "LIGHT."

The following account of the treatment of his hares was inserted by Mr. Cowper in the "Gentleman's Magazine," whence it is transcribed:—

... The children of a neighbour of mine had a leveret given them for a plaything; it was at that time [about] three months old. Understanding how to tease the poor creature than to feed it, and soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily | consented | (agreed) that their father . . . should | offer it to my acceptance | (ask me to accept it) . . . It was soon known among the neighbours that I was pleased with the present; and [the consequence was, that] in a short time, I had as many everets offered to me as would have stocked a paddock. I | undertook the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them | (took charge of three of them and called them by name)—Puss, Tiney, and Bess. . . . | Puss grew presently familiar | (presently Puss would get familiar), would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up, and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen asleep upon my knee. . . . I always | admitted them | (brought the beasts) into | the | (my) parlour after supper, when [the carpet affording their feet a firm hold] they would frisk, and bound, and play a thousand tricks and gambols in which | Bess | (Puss) being r. mark- ably strong and fearless was always | superior to the rest and proved himself the Vestris of the party | (the fore- most).

Bess [I have said] died young; Tiney lived to be nine years old, and died at last, I have reason to think, of | some hurt in his loins by a fall | (a fall on his loins); Puss is still living, and has completed his tenth year, discovering no signs of decay, nor even of age, except that he | is | (has) grown more discreet and less frolicsome than he was. I cannot conclude without observing that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance, a spaniel that had never seen a hare to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. I did it with great caution, but there was no real need of it. Puss discovered no | token | (trace) of fear, [nor Marquis the least symptom of hostility]. There is, there- fore, it | should | (would) seem no natural | antipathy | (hatred) between dog and hare, but the pursuit of the one occasions the flight of the other, and the dog pursues because he is trained to it; they eat bread at the same time out of the same hand, and are in all respects sociable and friendly.

[The words enclosed between straight lines—thus | |—are the original. The corresponding words in the original are in parenthesis—thus (). Words or phrases enclosed in brackets—thus []—are omitted by "Edina."]

SIR,—I am deeply interested in "Edina's" communications for the reason that in 1874, when I was very young, and holding daily sances with my mother for automatic writing, an "intelligence" purporting to be Charles Dickens used to

come and give communications of a most interesting and instructive nature, and, so far as I know, spontaneous and original. The mode of procedure was this: On my return from school, after rest and refreshment, in broad daylight, my mother and I would seat ourselves at a quaint little table, the upper part of which had been my great grand-mother's afternoon tea tray. Soon as "table-tilting" was in operation we were desired "to write," when I would take a pencil, and with mamma's two or three fingers on my hand, wrist, arm, or shoulder (depending on the amount of power), wait until hand and pencil were automatically moved. Two conditions were incumbent, viz., that neither my mother's nor my eyes should be directed on the writing, likewise our minds and attention; we, therefore, rigidly turned away each in opposite directions, and I sometimes read, or thought of next Saturday afternoon when I should go boating. The writing came rapidly (more rapidly, I think, than possible in the ordinary way), particularly that of "Charles Dickens," which, though carefully punctuated throughout, bore no resemblance to his caligraphy when in earth-life. I may add that up to that date I had evinced no literary ability; indeed, though bright at figures and at the grammatical construction of languages, I was *not* fluent at composition, nor had I read any of Charles Dickens's works. Here are brief specimens copied from MSS. written at that date, 1874:—

"Charles Dickens." "I have just been visiting a curious place, and will give you a description of it. In my rambles to-day, while searching for knowledge and studying character, I chanced to come across a huge hole or cavern, which, being of a dark and somewhat mysterious appearance, attracted my attention and excited my curiosity. I approached, and was about to enter, when I was tapped on the shoulder by a tall, lean, sinewy individual, grave of aspect, solemn in demeanour, and certainly not of a convivial temperament."

"May I ask," I inquired, "what may this dark and dismal cavern contain?"

"Yea, friend," quoth the lean gent, "this is a road leading to earth, to which at one time you and I both belonged. Millions of spirits pass through daily." Thought I, "This is the place for me!"

"And you, sir, I presume, are stationed here to direct each disembodied soul to its place of abode?"

"That, friend, is my vocation."

"Would it be possible, then, sir, for me to take my place beside you, say for a few hours?" I asked. "I am very wishful to assist my fellow creatures, embodied or disembodied, to the extent of my ability."

"In that case, friend," quoth he of the lugubrious mien, "take a seat."

The communication, resumed next afternoon, commenced a series of autobiographical sketches, experiences of some of those late disembodied souls passing by that route to their more spiritual state, as related to our "communicator," we were informed. Intensely interesting they are, but your space is too limited for their admission; each is pregnant with lessons to us in the flesh, and, as my eighteen years later experience confirms, true, painfully true, to the hardships and temptations of this imperfect life. Only one other sample of this "communicator's" style will I trouble you with:—

"Grandfather Jarvis was accustomed, on warm summer afternoons, to sit outside the pretty, honeysuckle porch dozing, and nodding his venerable white-fringed head, while we, his grandchildren, frisked and frolicked around him to the music of his substantial smiles and the grunts of Mistress Sow reposing at length in her mansion of rest. Many and merry were the tales he told of days when those shrunken and enfeebled limbs, clad in breeches of russet brown, were lithe and nimble as those of the youngsters now clambering about his knee. Many a time did his eye sparkle as he recalled some incident of reguish daring. And then to see him lift his trembling hand to brush aside the tear that glistened like a dewdrop on a withered bud, when the reminiscence of some dearly-loved face flitted again before his clairvoyant vision! Alas! those happy hours too quickly fled, and Grandfather Jarvis was no more—no more at least to us; to us he was dead and gone. Gone whither? This the question which suggested itself to my youthful mind. 'Gone to heaven,' they told me, 'to sing hymns with the great and glorious angels to the strains of heavenly harps.' But my child-mind was unconvinced. Grandfather Jarvis

knew not one tune from another, we knew that, though we also knew that for us there was music in the old man's every word and heaven in his smile, and that Grandfather Jarvis would rather have little children about him, aye, than any great angels, any day! Surely the dear old man with his kindly smile was living still! Grandfather Jarvis as we knew him, not by any other name, and some day, some day, when we have grown older and wiser and better, let us hope, we may meet him again and listen to his tales of the long ago, Grandfather Jarvis, our Grandfather Jarvis, still and always the same."

Whether the intelligence was Charles Dickens or not it was infinitely beyond mine eighteen years ago.

CAROLINE CORNER.

Marvellous Phenomena.

We have received the following from the Rev. Minot J. Savage, and gladly give it publicity.—ED. "LIGHT."

MY DEAR EDITOR,—In your paper of December 19th inst. appears an article headed "Marvellous Phenomena" copied from a Chicago paper, "The Sunday Post-Dispatch."

I should take no notice of it were it not for such a reference to myself and the Psychical Society as would seem to make us *endorsers* of it.

I believe Mr. Lanen to be a candid and sincere man; and, of course, I cannot say what did or did not happen on the occasion referred to.

I do wish to say, however, that this sitting was in no way connected with the work of the American Psychical Society. And further, several members of the committee of this Society (including myself) had a sitting with Mrs. Roberts here in Boston a few weeks ago, and the only wonder we discovered was the old wonder that people can be so easily deluded. We were of the opinion that it was a cheap fraud.

I believe in a grand reality as lying at the heart of this psychic mystery, and hope for demonstration of continued existence and at least occasional communication. I have truly wonderful cases, and true as wonderful, which I hope soon to publish.

So, for truth's sake, I work to separate the chaff from the wheat. You will, I believe, serve the cause of truth by publishing this letter.—Most heartily,

Church of the Unity Study, M. J. SAVAGE.
Pembroke-street, Boston.
December 30th, 1891.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

E.L.O., W.B.S., AND OTHERS.—Thank you. We have many letters to the same effect. See that inserted in the present issue.

A.V.B.—Surely your proposal is premature. We must await developments and be sure of our ground; also permission to do what is proposed has not been obtained.

D.R.—Thank you. We have been much interested in what you are so good as to send us. We can easily imagine that your letter is of different stuff from those to which you refer. Such mainly and direct utterances in the Press are of the highest value in an age when most writers seek only to utter smooth things, and are horribly frightened at the sound of their own utterances if they happen to mean anything.

E.C., A.M., AND OTHERS.—We have received various letters and journals (chiefly the San Francisco "Weekly Chronicle" of December 17th, 1891) containing references to Miss Chevallier's experiences at the home of the Harris community, where she stayed four months. The narrative is *ex parte*, written evidently under the influence of strong emotion, and we have not the other side before us. We do not conceive it to be any part of our duty to give publicity to it under present circumstances.

MISS KIBLINGBURY is desirous of procuring a copy of the first edition of "Isis Unveiled." Communications should be addressed to her at 19, Avenue-road, Regent's Park, N.W.

It requires courage to remain ignorant of useless subjects which are generally valued; but it is a courage necessary to men who love the truth.—DUGALD STEWART.

SOCIETY WORK.

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

LOSING SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION, COPENHAGEN HALL, 184, COPENHAGEN STREET, N.—Please note new address. The meetings have been transferred to the above hall from the Athenaeum. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mr. Arthur Lovell on "Curative Mesmerism."—A. F. TINDALL, Hon. Sec.

PUBLIC SEANCES.—On Tuesday, January 15th, at 8.30 p.m., Miss Marsh will give a public séance at Mrs. Ayers, 45, Jubilee-street, Mile End, E. On the Sunday following, January 24th, at 7 p.m., Miss Marsh will give a public séance at Mr. Marsh's, 218, Jubilee-street, Mile End, E.—W.M.

16, QUEEN'S PARADE, CLAPHAM JUNCTION, S.W.—The Sunday meetings here having fallen almost entirely away, a strong endeavour is now being made to reorganise them. I hope that all friends in this neighbourhood will co-operate with me in this endeavour, by at least favouring us with their presence on Sundays, at 7 p.m. sharp.—G.D.W.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—On Sunday last we had a good meeting, and Mrs. Mason's guides discoursed upon the Cause of Evil and its Remedy, also answering many important questions to the evident satisfaction of the many strangers present. Sunday next, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mr. Ashbury. Tuesdays, at 8 p.m., séances, Mrs. Mason. Saturdays, at 8 p.m., select circle.—J. H. E., Hon. Sec.

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, E.—Spiritual services every Sunday, at 7 p.m.; Wednesday, at 7.30 p.m.; inquirers' and members' meeting at 7, Belgrave-terrace, Union-road, Leytonstone-road Stratford. Sunday, January 17th, farewell addresses by Mrs. Keeves Record and Mr. Lombard, on their retirement from public work. All friends of the above kindly invited to attend at 7 p.m. A committee meeting after the service.—J. A.

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUAL HALL, 86, HIGH-STREET.—After an introduction by Mr. Everitt, Miss Rowan Vincent narrated some of her experiences in the investigation of Spiritualism from table tipping to Psychometry and automatic oil painting. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. W. Towns, "My Experiences as a Spirit Medium." Tuesday, at 7.45 p.m., Mr. T. B. Dale, "The Uses and Abuses of Astrology." Thursday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Perrin. Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell.—C. WHITE and R. MILLIGAN.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' CORRESPONDING SOCIETY will assist inquirers. Copies of "LIGHT," leaflets on Spiritualism, and list of members sent on receipt of stamp.—Address, J. Allen, 14, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex, or W. C. Robson, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Manor Park Branch will hold the following meetings at the above address:—Sunday, 11.30 a.m., for students and inquirers. Tuesday, 8 p.m., experimental séance. Friday, 8 p.m., for Spiritualists only, "The Study of Mediumship."—J. A.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—Last Sunday evening an address was given on "Mediumship," which will be continued on Sunday next, when questions will be solicited from the audience. Favourable reports of the various branches of the Society's work were laid before the members, and both spiritually and financially we have good reason to be satisfied with the half-year's work. The officers for the ensuing six months are: Treasurer, Mr. J. Kemmish; secretary, Mr. W. E. Long; assistant-secretary, Mr. W. G. Coote; librarian, Mr. W. G. Killick; Lyceum conductor, Mr. W. T. Coleman; pianist, Miss Box; Benevolent Fund, Miss Morrill and a committee of ten ladies and gentlemen. The fifth anniversary services will be held on Sunday, January 24th, at 6.30 p.m., when a number of prominent speakers and mediums will take part in the exercises. Solos and musical selections will be given on Tuesday. The anniversary tea meeting and "social" will be held at 7 o'clock. Tickets, 9d. each, may be obtained of the hon. sec., Mr. W. E. Long.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—Our social evening on Thursday was undoubtedly a success. We were pleased to entertain many visitors. Messrs. Copley and Hubbard, Misses Butcher and Brunker (songs), and Miss Chapman (violin solo) were fully appreciated. Tom Melrose, a celebrated dancer, executed an excellent turn. Paul Brevet caused much laughter. W. Franklin's imitation of the mandoline on the one-string fiddle well deserved the applause given. Charles Pauls Chevallier's impersonation and Mr. Hubbard's bass vocalist were very good. Great credit is due to the pianists, Miss Shearer and Messrs. Browning and Biggs. A very enjoyable evening concluded with dancing. On Sunday the Guides of Mrs. Bliss expressed some beautiful sentiments upon "Spiritual Work." The clairvoyance was most satisfactory. A convincing test was given to a perfect stranger to the medium. Sunday next, Mr. Dale, at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.—J. T. AUDY.

CAPTAIN PROUNDES desires us to announce that he is compelled by ill-health to cancel all his engagements for the present.