

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by the Editor.

I have to record once more a personal sorrow and a general loss to us as Spiritualists. On Sunday, January 24th, at 1.30 a.m., the soul of my friend, Mrs. Hennings, passed from the body which had been its earthly tenement for more than one hundred and two years. A common friend, Mr. Francis W. Percival, writes me that he had visited her at her house, 78, Thicket-road, Anerley, S.E., on the previous Sunday, and had found her nearly as well as usual, with mental vigour quite unimpaired. She spoke of the great pleasure that "LIGHT" gave her, and was kind enough to remember and make inquiries about my health. She passed away in perfect peace, falling gently asleep. She was a remarkable woman, and attained a remarkable age. In her hundred-and-third year her intellect was vigorous and most active. It was not so long ago that I procured for her some German metaphysical works, not to be had in our language. Her interest in all things connected with Spiritualism was constant. She was a friend of the late D. D. Home, of Mr. Jencken, Mr. J. Enmore Jones, and other Spiritualists of the old days. Her support was always cheerfully and generously given to the work in which I am engaged. I received many a kind letter of commendation from her, and especially in regard to this journal, of which she was a regular reader and warm admirer. I am not qualified by knowledge of her earlier life to put on record any detailed account of it. She had long passed the allotted span when I first knew her, but I cherish the remembrance of an ardent soul, full of energy and activity, alive in the fullest sense of the term, a soul on which time had left no scars, upon which no defilements of earth had been suffered to accumulate. "As a little child" in simplicity and sincerity she lived: "as a little child" she fell asleep.

The memoir of Mrs. De Morgan that I am enabled to publish this week carries the mind back to a time when, after two centuries of oblivion, the world of spirit once more made itself felt in the lives of Englishmen. The time, since the days of the witch persecutions, had been days of spiritual darkness. The mediums had been killed off, and there was no "open vision." That the witches were mediums, that the phenomena classed under the general name of witchcraft were, in the majority of cases, genuine phenomena such as Spiritualists are familiar with, does not admit of doubt. Whatever part we may assign to human ignorance and credulity, there remains a large mass of phenomena which must be referred to spirit origin. Whatever part, again, may have been played by the evocations of black magic, no fair student of the history of these times who

is also familiar with the history of Modern Spiritualism will fail to discern the resemblance between many of the phenomena observed with the witch and those now and lately observed with the medium. In the summary of the "Century" article on "Witchcraft" (see "Notes by the Way," January 9th), it was not my business to do more than present the views of Mr. Buckley. I have so repeatedly pointed to the epoch of the witches as one of the attempts on the part of the world of spirit to correlate itself with the world of matter that I did not then think it necessary to insist on my own views as against those of the writer whose article I was summarising. Ignorance and superstition—not on the part of the witches, who, doubtless, shared the prevailing habits of mind in reference to these matters, but on the part of the persecutors—availed to crush the vehicles of spirit power, to break down the bridges between the two worlds, and to leave to us a legacy of two centuries of black spiritual darkness.

Mrs. De Morgan was a prominent figure amongst that early band of "Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation" to whom we latter-day Spiritualists owe so much for their serene patience in the presence of new and perplexing phenomena; for their level-headed investigation of unfamiliar phenomena; for their outspoken bravery at a time when it really taxed the courage to stand forth as a witness to the truth. They had come face to face with the eternal realities of spirit: their lips had been touched with the live coal from the altar: the fire burned within them, and "at the last they spake with their tongue." One of these, whose life was most plainly moulded by these influences, has written thus, with special reference to her father, a leader among those of whom she writes, chief among the doughtiest champions of spiritual truth that this epoch gave us: "Having once satisfied themselves that it was the countenance of Truth herself which they had thus clearly, albeit fitfully, discerned, they openly and for ever avowed themselves her champions, and, even in advanced old age, retained that glow of enthusiasm for the true, the lofty, and the spiritually beautiful, which is one of the special endowments of a healthful imaginative temperament, and one of the surest prognostics possessed by humanity of the eternal nature of the spirit enshrined in man." The words, which are true of Justinus Kerner and William Howitt, are true also of their co-workers and of those to whom they handed on the courier fire. The roll of these giants is a noble one: most of the host have crossed the river, but some still remain to us. Mrs. A. M. Howitt-Watts tells us in her "Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation—William Howitt" of some, "My husband and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alaric Watts, Dr. J. G. Garth Wilkinson, Dr. Robert Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. Newton Crosland, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Professor and Mrs. De Morgan, Professor and Mrs. Nenner, the Rev. James Smith, Dr. Doherty, Dr. Ashburner, Hon. R. Dale Owen, Mr. Benjamin Coleman." Mr. and Mrs. William Wilkinson, Major-General Drayson, Mr. and Mrs. Howitt must, of course, be added, and, not least important, the lady

who veils her personality under the initials "L.M.", the rarest in psychical endowment of the many receivers and dispensers of spirit power that it has been my privilege to know. Others there were, but this is a goodly company. I could add to the list, but I am not compiling a catalogue, I am but indicating the psychical and mental force that was enlisted, as it pleased Mr. Disraeli once to say of himself, "on the side of the angels."

Those of my readers who are curious about the history of these old-world days may profitably consult Mrs. Howitt-Watts's monograph, to which I have alluded above: Wm. Howitt's "History of the Supernatural"; Mrs. De Morgan's "Life of Augustus De Morgan";* Mrs. Newton Crosland's "Light in the Valley"; the Rev. James Smith's "Coming Man"; Dale Owen's two books, "The Debateable Land" and "Footfalls on the Boundary of Two Worlds"; Wm. Wilkinson's "Spirit Drawings," and, to name no more, the pages of the "British Spiritual Telegraph" and the "Spiritual Magazine," the latter conducted by Mr. W. Wilkinson and Mr. Thomas Shorter, to whom we modern Spiritualists owe a deep debt of gratitude. In no more compendious and delightful form, however, can the modern student catch a glimpse of the history of these times than in that brief life of her father by Mrs. Howitt-Watts, to which I have so often referred. As one by one these ancients have been withdrawn behind the veil, it has seemed that Spiritualism must needs feel the weighty loss and stagger from the blow. Doubtless it has been so. The place occupied by such men is not easily filled; but they were, as they would be the first to remind us, only the vehicles of an inspiration, the fount of which was, and is, behind the veil that hides the world of spirit into which they passed. There they were not lost to us, but worked more freely with enlarged opportunities and energies enhanced. And when their place here knew them no more, there were not wanting successors, even though of feebler power, who maintained with such success as was vouchsafed to them the noble traditions that they had received. "*Uno avulso, non deficit alter.*" Where one was reft away there was not wanting a successor: nor will there be so long as the spirit-world has work for man to do. There is the initiative, there is the inspiration, here are only the instruments and machinery of work.

We speak what they have seen
Who on the Hills have been:
Pursue them not with scorn and reprobation,
Who seek, in Love, to raise
The veil: to God the praise;
To us the comfort and the consolation."†

It is true for all time that the "things which are seen are temporal and the things which are not seen are eternal," as it is also that behind the veil are the Angels or Messengers of Divine Love and Wisdom.

Upon the Spirit of the times they play,
And, moulding music from discordancy,
Attune to harmony all things that be,
Foreshaping out of Night the Coming Day.
Man's thoughts their wings: their weapons Man's desires:
His Mind their Kingdom, and its fruits their fee;
Feeding his Soul from theirs, with ceaseless fires,
Their Empire service, and his Sympathy
Their only Tribute! This it is to die,
As die the Sons of Song: the Kings of Men,
Divinely born to die and rise again.
To rouse: to soothe: to succour: and to save—
The Cross their Crown on Earth: Man's Heart their only Grave.‡

Thinking of witchcraft sent me to my "Sadducismus Triumphatus" and the lucubrations of old Joseph Glanvil, "late Chaplain to his Majesty and Fellow of the Royal Society." The date of the book is 1700 A.D. (third

edition. "Printed for A.L., and sold by Roger Tuckyr at the Golden Leg, the corner of Salisbury-street in the Strand"). There I find any number of accounts of the doings of witches, but what strikes me most is the concessions demanded and granted in the argument. *Mutatis mutandis* they might serve in a present-day controversy on the phenomena of Spiritualism. They are too long for quotation, but the subjoined summary does them no injustice by omission:—

1. I grant that there are some "witty and ingenious men" of the opposite belief to me. "The stories of witches and apparitions afford a great deal of subject for wit which it is a pity a witty man should lose."
2. I own that some of those who deny witches are not Atheists, Sadducees, and Hobbists; but believe spirits and a life to come.
3. I allow that the great body of mankind is very credulous, and in this matter so that they do believe vain, impossible things in relation to it.
4. I grant that Melancholy and Imagination have very great force and can beget strange persuasions.
5. I know and yield that there are many strange, natural diseases that have odd symptoms and produce wonderful and astonishing effects beyond the usual course of nature, and that such are sometimes falsely ascribed to Witchcraft.
6. I own that the Popish Inquisitors and other Witchfinders have done much wrong, that they have destroyed innocent persons for witches, and that watching and torture have extorted extraordinary confessions from some that were not guilty.
7. I grant the transactions of spirits with witches, which we affirm to be true and certain.

These concessions the worthy writer casts at his opponents, Webster and Wagstaffe, and other witch advocates with the grim remark that he has "already almost spoiled their books thereby, seeing that they prove little else than what I have here granted." This relief taken, he demands from his adversaries as his just right the following concessions:—

1. That whether Witches are or not is a question of fact.
2. That matter of fact can only be proved by immediate sense, or the testimony of others, divine or human.
3. That the history of the Scripture is not all allegory, but "generally hath a plain, literal, and obvious meaning."
4. "That some human testimonies are credible and certain, viz., they may be so circumstantiated as to leave no reason of doubt."
5. "That which is sufficiently and undeniably proved ought not to be denied because we know not how it can be, i.e., because there are difficulties in the conceiving of it. Otherwise Sense and Knowledge is gone as well as Faith."
6. "We are much in the dark as to the nature and kind of Spirits and the particular condition of the other world. The Angels, Devils, and Souls (sic) happiness and misery we know, but what kinds are under these generals, and what actions, circumstances, and ways of life under those states we little understand."

Words of wisdom these seem to me, well worth more than a passing consideration. Old Glanvil's book throughout is worth perusal.

INFLUENCING OTHERS.—There is one dower God bestowed that must surely carry with it the heaviest responsibility that it is possible for a human being to possess, and it is this—the subtle power of influencing others. Consciously at times, unconsciously at others, this strange electric force exerts an irresistible power upon those with whom such a nature comes in contact; as the character deepens from the experience of suffering and the discipline of life, this power, intensified by the greater capacity for sympathy with others, gathers force and strength, and when life is ended, when the "spirit hath returned to God Who gave it," the trace of that influence yet remains, lingering like the sunset light of an evening sky in the hearts and lives of others.—MRS. LEITH ADAMS.

* Longmans, 1882, pp. 221.

† "A.A." in "Aurora," p. 7.

‡ *Ibid*, p. 260.

THE "ARENA."

THE January number of this favourite American magazine has many articles of interest, most of which we must pass by as not immediately concerned with our subject. At the opening there is a really wonderful likeness of Walt Whitman, a rugged, shaggy, white-haired, and bearded seer, with a far-away look in his eyes and a Tennysonian abandonment in his dress. "The ugly duckling of American literature" looks the part. His philosophy is all his own. "I have said the soul is not more than the body, and I have said that the body is not more than the soul." Then, Walt Whitman, you have said wrongly, and a course of Spiritualism would adjust your perspective. Sometimes he rises above his gospel of the body:—

The earth is rude, silent, incomprehensible at first :
Nature is rude and incomprehensible at first.
Be not discouraged, keep on, there are divine things well enveloped.

But, after all, the poet himself is "rude (very !) and incomprehensible." If he keep to the divine that is within, the rude body may find its development. At present he is, if we may use the word in its strict sense, "shocking," i.e., he is administering a possibly needful shock to conventional smoothnesses and prettinesses. Assuredly he is not a pretty man either in the body, which is not more than the soul, nor in the soul, which is not more than the body.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace discourses of "Human Progress: Past and Future" in an article characterised by all his usual lucidity and penetration. By far the most important part of a very striking argument is that in which he vindicates the action in facilitating the march of human progress of two principles, both forms of selection. The first is that "process of elimination by which vice, violence, and recklessness so often bring about the early destruction of those addicted to them." The other, and by far the more important for the future, is that mode of selection "which will inevitably come into action through the ever-increasing freedom, joined with the higher education of women." We have so clear a conception of the far-reaching influence of woman in and beyond the family life that we welcome these words of one who deservedly commands such high respect, and whose authority is so widely recognised, with profound thankfulness.

Mr. Wallace is addressing an American audience, and he rightly points to the determination of women to "secure their personal, social, and political freedom" as a first step to "the great part they have to play in the future of humanity." "When such social changes have been effected that no woman will be compelled, either by hunger, isolation, or social compulsion, to sell herself, whether in or out of wedlock, and when all women shall feel the refining influence of a true, humanising education, of beautiful and elevated surroundings, and of a public opinion which shall be founded on the highest aspirations of their age and country, the result will be a form of human selection which will bring about a continuous advance in the average status of the race. Under such conditions all who are deformed either in body or mind, though they may be able to lead happy and contented lives, will, as a rule, leave no children to inherit their deformity. . . . When no woman will be compelled to marry for a bare living or a comfortable home, those who remain unmarried from their own free choice will certainly increase, while many others, having no inducement to an early marriage, will wait till they meet with a partner who is really congenial to them."

We repeat our profound satisfaction at reading these words. Our one regret is that articles such as this are not available for study in this country by those who are sadly in need of such reading. "The Arena" does not circulate here in any proportion that makes an article in it available for general English readers, and the mischief is they want its advice ten times more than the average American does.

The mills of God for our phlegmatic people grind slowly indeed; and an average Englishman is apt to regard a meddling with the institution which he is pleased to call by the name of the Divine ordinance of marriage much as a Mohammedan would look upon the intrusion of a mere male human being into his harem. Nevertheless, he must be shaken out of his prejudices and forced to see things as they are. It is woman who has done the shaking so often before, who will do it once again: it is she who will hold the mirror up, and force him to take in the true details of the picture reflected there.

Then we have Mr. Hodgson on "Premonitions." Why is it that one associates these assemblages of attested facts with those lists of books that issue from second-hand book-sellers, or catalogues from the sale rooms of Christie and Manson? One instinctively looks upon them as "lots," and finds oneself comparing such and such a lot with one that found place in a previous sale. We suppose it is the predominance of form and absence of spirit that we feel. There is nothing in the present article, which characteristically ends with an "if," in which there is much virtue—"if we suppose that premonitions occur"—that advances us at all, or calls for appreciation or rejoinder. There is a vague hint that "some striking experiences have lately come to hand" in "so-called Spiritualistic phenomena." We may hope to hear of such; we may pray that they be plainly served with as little special sauce as may be, and we wonder only that, if the testimony of the rest of mankind is of no effect, the society, in whose name Mr. Hodgson writes, has not itself tackled these "so-called" experiences before.

CHRISTO-THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The seventh session commenced on Thursday, January 21st, 1892. The meetings are held at 33, Bloomsbury-square, and will be as usual, except that on the first Thursday in the month the hour will be eight o'clock instead of four o'clock. The third Thursday in the month will (after January) be a conversational meeting.

Syllabus of subjects and lectures:—February 4th,* "The Unity Law as the Basis of Christo-Theosophy," Rev. G. W. Allen; February 11th, "Christian Realism," Rev. F. Mann; February 18th (conversational), "The Relation of Christo-Theosophy to Social and Political Affairs," Mr. R. Stapley; February 25th; March 3rd,* Rev. C. R. Shaw-Stewart; March 10th; March 17th, "The Religion of Ancient Egypt," Mr. J. W. Farquhar; March 24th (conversational), "What do we mean by the Divinity of our Lord?" Rev. G. W. Allen; March 31st, "Some Interpretations: Showing the Bible Method of Symbolisation in Respect to the Principles in Man," Mr. Edward Maitland; April 6th,* "The Negation of Idolatry," Mrs. M. Boole.

The meetings of the Christo-Theosophical Society are freely open to any persons interested in the subjects discussed, and willing to discuss them in a tolerant and universalist spirit. There is no subscription, and no introduction whatever is needed.

33, Bloomsbury-square, W.C.

GEORGE W. ALLEN.

When I am dead, dear love, if thou should'st feel
Thy loneliness too hard a load to bear,
And that another could thy wound anneal
With gentle tenderness and loving care—
My spirit hovering near thee would not chide,
E'en should'st thou smile on a beloved bride—
When I am dead!

I only ask she be not like to me;
As I was dark, let her be fresh and fair;
Instead of brown locks waving wild and free,
Close to her head coil round the golden hair;
And may she tower stately, grand, and tall;
I shall not mind that I was frail and small—
When I am dead! —"Temple Bar."

LIFE is but the germ of Death, and Death the development of a higher life.

* The meetings on February 4th, March 3rd, and April 6th will commence at eight o'clock p.m. instead of four o'clock.

JOTTINGS.

The Peterborough ghost has now become notorious, so much so that we are informed that £7 10s. per night is asked for permission to occupy the cottage, the rent of which was £12 a year. This is a succinct account (from the "Standard") of the alleged haunting, respecting which we have no personal or first-hand knowledge:—

The people of Peterborough are greatly disturbed by the proceedings of a "ghost." Some months ago a small house, No. 22, Mayor's-walk, was taken by a railway man, named Rimes, whose family consisted of a wife, brother, wife's brother, and three children. Ever since going into the house they have been subject to the most extraordinary and terrifying experiences, until they were driven from the place. A private detective, named Wright, was called in, but he, like others before him, fled before the morning dawned. Whilst the inmates were in bed an invisible hand lifted the bedclothes and threw them on the floor. The doors were shaken with such violence as to make the house tremble to its foundations. On one such occasion a door was partly broken, although Rimes was in the room at the time. The most terrifying feature was the unearthly noises that accompanied these manifestations. One witness states that they sounded as if a portion of the house had fallen in with a crash; another described it like a cartload of bricks being emptied in the house. The noises varied, and occasionally were like a table laden with crockery being overturned. The private detective said he heard what he imagined to be a sack of coals drawn along a landing, and then thrown down the stairs. Although the noises were so great as to alarm the neighbours, nothing was ever found displaced. The visitations were invariably preceded by a low humming noise, as if caused by a rushing wind. The neighbours declare that their houses have been shaken as if by the reports of cannon. The Friday before Christmas Day, and the last night but one of the old year, were said to be the worst, and the noises were so hideous that several of the other houses in the vicinity were shaken, and the residents were awakened by the noise.

We are indebted to the "Weekly Despatch" for this:—

The ruling passion, or habit, strong in death. The late eminent Dr. Richet, of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, who was counted the most painstaking member in his diagnostics and demonstrations of disease, gave the other day, on his own death-bed, a lecture on the malady of which he was dying. It was inflammation of the lungs. His son, who is professor of physiology to the same faculty, and two other doctors were by. The patient, on three consecutive days, described how he felt, and analysed his symptoms, forecasting the progress of the disease, its evolutions, the possible complications, and said how his heart was affected when, after he had fallen into a state of prostration, stimulating nutriment was given him against his opinion. Just towards the end a symptom which he had asked his son to look for was declared, and Dr. Richet said, "That being so, all chance is over, and I have now only a few minutes, or perhaps seconds, to live." As he spoke thus he drew his last breath. If many patients could describe as well as he did how they felt, there would be small need for vivisection.

Professor Lombroso, in his recent work, "The Man of Genius," gives the latest definition of genius. It is "a degenerate psychosis of the epileptoid group." This is perfectly explanatory of what has hitherto been the problem that none has solved—the genius of Shakespeare! We wish there was a little more "degenerate psychosis" in the world.

We learn from the December "Theosophist" that Colonel Olcott was then in California, where he received an enthusiastic welcome. Mr. Judge, the only other founder of the Theosophical Society now left, was with him: the gatherings filled the largest hall in San Francisco. There is life there, and energy, and self-sacrifice.

We see from our exchanges that Mr. Stead's "Real Ghost Stories" is proving a real godsend to some journals hard up for copy. Mr. Stead is manna in the wilderness. He has run ghosts up in the market. He has given them a boom. He has attracted a mass of stories, no doubt authentic, since they have stood his scrutiny, of a decidedly questionable moral tendency. These always get exploited first. Has he done good or harm?

It is a question not easily answered without reservation. Yes or no will not quite do. These things move slowly; they move in an orderly manner: they cannot be forced. If the attempt to force them is made, we get the scum. The real blessing that Spiritualism is to so many is not recorded for the public benefit, except in the rare cases where some

bold man, or, more often, woman, with the fiery enthusiasm of conviction, steps out and testifies.

Then the world scoffs: the scientific materialist proposes a few tests which he has found useful in his laboratory; the scientific psychist propounds a good many more which have not been found useful anywhere, except for purposes of engendering a fog; and those only who are prepared receive and nourish the new truth for which they have waited.

A striking confirmation of the adage that "there is nothing new under the sun" was brought to light in the pages of a recent issue of the "Pall Mall Budget." At a conversazione, somewhere in the Midlands, there was exhibited "a piece of the beautifully woven and preserved linen bandages in which a high-priest and keeper of the baths had been preserved." This had been lent by a well-known London firm of dealers in painter's pigments, &c., and, remarks the contributor, "The texture and quality excited great admiration among the audience, which culminated in something like astonishment upon the declaration of a manufacturer that this fabric—woven perhaps by a contemporary of Moses—contained the same disposition of threads which he had independently invented and patented only a year ago!" Truly is all so-called "discovery" but rediscovery.—"Theosophist."

The "Progressive Thinker" (Chicago) is now doubled in size. The editor lets us know it; reticence is not exactly his forte. And why should modesty adorn a pushing journalist? It does not pay.

The "New York Press," as cited in "The Better Way," is decidedly curious in its reasons for "giving a few results of [Mr. Stead's] researches." It opines that the "persons who tell these extraordinary narratives are real persons who can be subpoenaed. Their testimony may not be sufficient to establish the certainty of the 'apparitions,' (sic) but . . . an age whose scientists have discovered the secret of infection and of disease in the invisible combats of infinitesimal bacilli (sic) in the human blood cannot well assume that any physical phenomena can be ignored with impunity." Whereupon the "New York Press" "gives a few results of these researches" to prevent such a catastrophe. Prodigious!

"The Banner of Light" has a brief account of the second general meeting of the American Psychical Society, held in the vestry of the Church of the Unity under the presidency of the Rev. Minot J. Savage on December 21st last. The President referred especially to the address of Professor Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., at the British Association, and to Mr. Stead's "Real Ghost Stories," which he regarded as marking a change in Mr. Stead's mental attitude towards the importance of such researches as their society was pursuing.

Professor Dolbear narrated his experiences with a psychic. He took his own slates, which remained in sight above the table in broad daylight. He wrote four questions: later he placed one of them between these slates and put rubber bands around them. He held them in a vertical position, the Psychic touched the backs of his hands with her fingers, which were very cold, and when the slates were opened a message was found written which was responsive to the question asked. The Professor referred to other experiments upon this and one or two other occasions. He had been accustomed to studies where most phenomena could be explained by "pushes and pulls"; he did not see that these phenomena could be so explained, nor yet by any manipulation of magnets. He saw no evidence of trickery, though carefully observing everything that occurred. He did not know how to account for what he saw, but bore witness to the facts as related. Under the same conditions Mrs. B. O. Flower had two sittings with the same psychic, and upon both occasions, when satisfied that the slates were clean, and that they did not leave her sight during the experiment, found drawings upon one of the slates, in one case what appeared to be the face of Abraham Lincoln, with his autograph underneath.

Rabbi Solomon Schindler read a written report of a private seance, and of two others held under the auspices of the directors of the society, at which eight persons were present upon each occasion. He described several experiments where two persons sat at the table with the psychic saw plainly that the slates were cleaned before they were

damped and wiped by the psychic, and after securing them under their hands declared to all present that they were clean. Then later, when they themselves opened them, they found written messages or a picture upon one of the pair.

Mr. Hamlin Garland, a well-known novelist, author, amongst many works, of "A Spoil of Office," now appearing as a serial in "The Arena," detailed an interesting experiment which he had made with Mrs. B. O. Flower (wife of the Editor of that magazine) :—

After Mrs. Flower's hand and his own were upon the slates, it occurred to him that if the producing cause could then reproduce what was suggested, the theory of chemically prepared slates could not be invoked as an explanation. Mrs. Flower suggested that they should draw a zigzag line like a streak of lightning. When the slates were opened a message was found written in a bluish tint, with a zigzag line in yellow drawn diagonally across it. In none of the experiments was a slate pencil or any kind of pigment put between the slates. Mr. Garland spoke enthusiastically of this and other experiences, and dwelt upon the immense importance of these investigations.

How apposite to the occurrences which have engaged the attention of this Empire are these words of Shakespeare :—

All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

—"Romeo and Juliet," Act IV., Sc. V.

The following, on a subject to which we have alluded before, appears in the "St. James's Gazette" of January 19th :—

THE FATAL NUMBERS.

SIR,—The letters on this subject in your issue of Saturday, the 16th inst., interested me so much that I have taken some little trouble to add a few more examples to those already given of the most undoubted malignant effect on our Royal Family of the dates 14th and 28th.

King Alfred the Great died at Faringdon, in Berkshire, on the 28th of October, 900 A.D.

Harold was slain in the Battle of Hastings on the 14th of October, 1066.

Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I., in whose memory Charing Cross and others were erected, died on the 28th of November, 1291.

Elizabeth, second daughter of King Henry VII. and sister to King Henry VIII., died on the 14th of September, 1495.

James V., King of Scotland, father of Mary, Queen of Scots, and grandfather of James I. of England, died on the 14th of December, 1542.

King Henry VIII. died on the 28th of January, 1547.

At midnight on the 28th of March, 1625, died James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England.

On the 28th of the same month Queen Mary died, the consort of William II., in the year 1694.

On the 28th of October, 1708, his Royal Highness Prince George of Denmark, consort of Queen Anne, expired at Kensington Palace; and during the night of the 28th and 29th of January died George III., in the year 1820.

HARRY HENDERSON.

We go far afield to learn news. "The Buddhist," a small Ceylon paper, gravely prints the following :—

The word Religion is derived from the genitive case of the Latin noun *religio*, which is *religionis* and which anglicised becomes Religion, assembling. "That and nothing more."

Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen, in a lecture at the British Museum on "The Religious and Sacred Literature of Babylon," said that "among the cuneiform inscriptions are some very curious passages, which speak of a medicine-man visiting a sick person and making passes over his body. The fact of Hypnotism or Mesmerism being known in those distant ages is corroborated by a recently discovered sculpture where a god is seen making passes behind the neck of a kneeling figure.

Thimbles have also been found in the Egyptian catacombs in mummy cases antedating the Christian era from fifteen to eighteen centuries.

"Le Gaulois" is responsible for a statement widely circulated that Dr. Charcot's Hypnotic experiments have led him to study the phenomena of Spiritism.

The "Western Mercury" (Plymouth) has a favourable notice of Dr. Lloyd Tuckey's "Psycho-Therapeutics"—"the

name is fearsome, but the book is most lucidly written." We shall notice this work shortly, and meantime note the great service that Dr. Tuckey has rendered to the intelligent use of Hypnotism as a therapeutic agent.

IS THIS A SPIRITUAL OR A MATERIAL UNIVERSE?

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

It was a wise suggestion in Professor A. R. Wallace, who was on the same line of research with Charles Darwin without knowing it, to think that man's spirit and body had a different origin. He thought with Darwin that the descent of man's body may have come from an ape, toadstool, or a thistle; but he thought his spirit was added by Deific intelligence at a later period in his descent. It placed him on the side of theism and the religious world which, like the scientific, had begun to admit the truth of the law of evolution; the former could see a creative intelligence in the law, which made it theistic instead of atheistic. While many of the latter could see no need of a God, that evolution from a primordial nebula or fiery mist accounted for the universe as we behold it to-day. Science still continues in the field of matter, knows no spirit, and spirit is not in the field of scientific demonstration. It is, however, on the confines of matter, but beginning to question whether the universe is not a sphere including spirit and matter rather than a hemisphere including only matter and force.

In the "Century" magazine a very able scientific writer, a great admirer of Herbert Spencer, criticises the latter in his unific system of making "persistence of force" the primordial nebula from which all phenomena and life and everything else are derived. He is a bold man who criticises Spencer, the ablest scientist of this or any age, but I think the suggestion he makes a good one, and if Spencer does not see it some equally great scientist will in the future; everything points in that direction. I think this "Century" writer's idea an improvement on Wallace's idea of Darwin's system, because it will commend itself more to the scientific method of thought. He pays great respect to Spencer, who has with much elaboration made the attempt to unify all human knowledge to a single principle—that, as we have said, of the "persistence of force," and says, in relation to it, the bare statement of the attempt is stupendous and the execution is the most brilliant and daring philosophic achievement of this, or any age. It is, moreover, an attempt in line with the scientific thought of the day. Such a unity is the dream of science; but, says this writer, there is mind in the universe. Spencer admits it, and cannot logically deduce it from matter or force; while, if he would underlie his force with mind, which would be just as scientific, then the mind we find in ourselves and outside of us could be logically deduced from the system; such a system would make science theistic which is now so generally inclined to be atheistic. Spencer says between mind and matter there is a chasm, which logic cannot cross; yet he is obliged to cross it, for, starting somewhere with the persistence of force alone, he somewhere encounters mind: he is obliged to obtain mind as an outcome; but starting from a premise which does not include it none can logically be deduced. Thought and feeling, that which is highest and most distinctive in man, he can give no rational account of. Mind, an insoluble mystery, is found in connection with matter, and that is all he or science knows about it.

The "Century" writer suggests underlying force with mind: the formula he expresses thus: "The universe in all its parts is the visible manifestation to us of underlying mind, and all interpretation by us of the phenomena of nature should therefore be guided by the assumption of underlying purpose."

Mind or intelligence, which is the same thing, is the highest thing which is found in the universe, but it cannot be deduced from matter, and must have had a source; and the stream of mind is found in this sensuous life, and on the principle that no stream can rise higher than its fountain, so mind, the highest thing in the universe, must have had a higher source than force. It is pretty strong proof of a great first cause, must be an infinite mind, or intelligence, and to be consistent as well as scientific Spencer would find a unific cause of all things including mind in his system; this would lift science on to a theistic base; an Infinite Intelligence and a life after this will seem natural or rational, and go some way in establishing an immortality for man after this life's fitful fever is over.

Boston, U.S.A.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

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

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Light:

EDITED BY W. STANTON-MOSES.

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

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30th, 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 PROBLEM OF PAIN.

THERE appeared during the year 1890 a collection of remarkable essays, all of them written by clergymen of the Church of England, and issued under the collective title of "Lux Mundi." These essays, which are not on the lines of general orthodoxy, have provoked as much controversy as the famous "Essays and Reviews" of thirty years ago. One of them, by the Rev. J. R. Illingworth, is on the "Problem of Pain," and is not the least interesting of the whole. Milton sang:—

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe:—

and this is in some way the notion of most professors of Christianity. "Sin and suffering," or, rather, "suffering through sin," is at the very foundation of their creed. Mr. Illingworth says distinctly that this is not a Christian dogma. He does not deny the punitive nature of much suffering, but he broadens out this idea of punishment in a way that the narrow bigotry of sectarian orthodoxy assuredly finds difficult to appreciate. "Not only are obvious vices punished with remorse, and disease, and shame, but ignorance, impatience, carelessness, even mistakes of judgment are punished, too, and that in a degree which we are apt to consider disproportionate: forgetful that consequences are God's commentaries, and this apparent disproportion may reflect light upon the real magnitude of what we often are too ready to consider trivial things." Nevertheless, "Pain is not only punitive; it is also corrective and purgatorial." And here come in some most important observations.

Mr. Illingworth is speaking of "unmerited suffering." He says:—

Its forces, not being exhausted in the work of neutralising past evil, are able to expand and expend themselves in a positive direction, elevating, refining, dignifying the character to an infinite degree. The men of sorrows are the men of influence in every walk of life. Martyrdom is the certain road to success in any cause. Even more than knowledge, pain is power. And all this because it develops the latent capacities of our being as no other influence can.

These remarks are excellent, and for the carnal religionist who has become demoralised by three centuries of justification by faith and not by works must be a stumbling-block. To us, however, they are interesting as showing

how manifold are the ways in which truth manifests itself. To one who knows of the unseen and knows something of what there is there, though he does not know how it is there, there is little new. The remarks nevertheless call for comment.

There is evidently underlying Mr. Illingworth's argument the idea of the physical laws of force—physical, that is, because we are pleased to call them so—and that idea should have led him to see that if force can be used only in overcoming resistance, which is true, then, that the elevation of character which makes the man of sorrows the man of influence must be the result of an expenditure of energy in some direction, though, perhaps, not in that of overcoming past evil. That of overcoming present evil does not suggest itself to the essayist, and yet there is no more certain law of the universe, as we know it, than that work is ever done against resistance; expansion and expenditure in a positive direction do not make an explanation. The overcoming of the evil which works in the opposite direction is an explanation. And as energy is accumulated work, the man of sorrows is the man who has accumulated energy of the "good" or positive kind, and who has, therefore, the greater power of doing work against the opposing forces. That these things are so, says Mr. Illingworth, "it requires no mystic insight to see," but it does require some "mystic insight" to in any way understand them. It is a little deplorable to note that all this knowledge is attributed to "common-sense," for what iniquities have not been done in the name of common-sense! Or does the essayist himself distrust common sense when he says:—

So far common-sense carries us. But when we turn to the place of pain in the religions of the world two further thoughts are suggested. In the first place, the belief in a future life, which is common to almost all religions, at once opens endless vistas of possibility before us. The pain which has failed to purify here, may yet purify hereafter. . . . The pains which we have thought excessive here, may there be found to have worked out for us a far more exceeding weight of glory. And so the particular difficulty which arises from the unequal incidence of earthly suffering may one day find its adequate solution.

This "may" in every sentence seems to indicate a sorrowful note of doubt, which "common-sense" is impotent to remove. Nor is it quite easy to see the meaning of such a sentence as this:—

Natural religion, then, in the widest use of the term, carries us on beyond common-sense, in attributing a mysterious value to suffering here and expecting an explanation of its anomalies hereafter.

After giving a noble and far-reaching meaning to pain, one regrets to see the writer attributing the best interpretation to what he calls "common-sense," and handing over to natural religion that vague consciousness of something wrong which "common sense," if it only acknowledged the mystic insight Mr. Illingworth says it does not require, would rather propound as the problem of the infinite present than of the dim so-called future. And it is hardly fair to speak of that knowledge of the power of pain for purification as the "empirical optimism of common-sense," a "common-sense" which indeed needs only the admission of a present unseen of evil or negative forces to place the problem of pain on a fairly intelligible footing—an admission which is virtually made in the assertion that "moral evil is an ultimate fact for us."

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Illingworth sees in his own Christianity the real interpretation of pain. But how close that Christianity is to the mysticism of the true Theosophist this passage shows:—Such a Christian,

if pressed for the inner secret of his own serenity can only answer "Come and see." Enter the dim sanctuary of sorrow through the shadow of the Cross. Abide there, and as your eyes grow accustomed to the darkness the strange lines upon its walls which seemed at first so meaningless will group themselves into shapes and forms of purposeful design.

Yes! The initiate must suffer, and the Cross is the symbol of that suffering throughout the ages. Such a Christian, says the writer, "cannot explain himself to the merely external critic. He may urge in argument such general considerations as have been touched upon above, and meet the pleas of pessimism with the counterpleas of philosophic optimism," but if pressed he can only answer "come and see."

This is a passage of singular force:—

Pain, in fact, in its manifold methods, is like the angel of the Eastern story, changing its form incessantly to cope with the shifting shapes of sin, and passing by turns into a lion, a bird, a sword, a flame, in sleepless eagerness to follow and find, and slay and quench and burn away, the least last lingering particle of evil. So far from being our enemy it is our safest ally in the battle of life, and we fail through shrinking from the stern alliance. We suffer because we sin; but we also sin because we decline to suffer.

Interpret this into the concrete and we have an epitome of half the upward battle of this life. For every "particle of evil" read every opposing evil agency, and recognise that the "declining to suffer" is simply declining the battle with an active and intelligent agent, and this passage teaches just what the Spiritualism of all the testaments of all countries and ages have taught. The pity of it is that such language, beautiful as it is, and, indeed, because it is beautiful, is passed by as little more than rhetoric. The existence of an *active* principle of wickedness is about as unfashionable as it is unpleasant. But the "Get behind me, Satan" was hardly an outburst of ignorance.

We will conclude this article on a very remarkable essay, an essay much more remarkable than we can show here (because most properly all approach to religious controversy is excluded from "LIGHT"), with the following extract. The writer is still speaking of pain as uniting man to God:—

But the mystics who have seen furthest into heavenly things have felt that it unites us to God in still more vital wise, as being, at least in its form of sacrifice, the very beating of the heart of love. And so they have raised the question, Has it not an antitype far in the illimitable depths of the unseen? For we are told that God is Love, and love, as we know it, must be shown in sacrifice: though the sacrifice grows painless as the love is pure. And when we recall how, in the days of our Lord's ministry on earth, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit bore their witness to each other, but no one of the Holy Persons ever to Himself, we are led on to wonder whether in the light that no man can approach unto, where the Three are One, some higher analogue of what we call sacrifice does not for ever flame, whose radiant reflection on the universe only becomes shadow when it falls on a world of sin.

Obituary.

π.

On Sunday, January 24th, at 78, Thicket-road, Anerley, S.E.,
Mary Hennings, in the 103rd year of her age.

REV. H. R. HAWEIS.

We learn with regret that the Rev. H. R. Haweis has had a serious relapse at Nice. He left England for a more genial climate, suffering from inflammation of the lungs. A temporary improvement has been followed by a relapse. Under the best circumstances Mr. Haweis does not expect to be able to occupy his pulpit before Easter. Since the above was written we see that Mr. Haweis is so far better as to be able to write an interview with M. Renan for the "Pall Mall Gazette."

DEATH OF PROFESSOR J. C. ADAMS.

We regret to record the demise of John Couch Adams, F.R.S., D.C.L. (Oxon.), D.Sc. (Cantab.), Professor of Astronomy in the University of Cambridge. Professor Adams was the discoverer, conjointly with M. Le Verrier, the eminent astronomer of Paris, of the planet Neptune, a case analogous to the independent discovery of the theory of natural selection by Darwin and Wallace. Professor Adams was an honorary member of the Society for Psychological Research, in whose work he took much interest.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE MRS. DE MORGAN.

We have had the advantage of receiving a fragment of autobiography, written at the request of a sister Spiritualist, by the late Mrs. De Morgan. It was probably intended for some such use as it is now put to, and was never completed. The unfinished fragment will have a melancholy interest for those who knew her, and for the larger circle to whom De Morgan was a familiar name:—

My dear friend, you wish me to give some account of my mental growth and early experiences in Spiritualism, and as well as I can remember them I will do so. They form the chief element of my life.

There is for every process, especially for one intimately connected with our spiritual growth, a preparation; and I cannot well describe all that came to me belonging to the phenomena of spirit without first glancing at the previous condition of my mind.

I was born in the year 1808, in Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

When I was very young, about three or four years old, I must have been melismatic, as it is probable all children are. I always fell asleep while contemplating curious and often beautiful patterns, which crossed from right to left over the field of vision. These patterns were like tapestry or mosaic, and often highly coloured. Mr. Francis Galton not long ago made inquiries as to the cause of this phenomenon, which is very common. Sir J. Herschel experienced it, and lectured on it. The patterns often become faces afterwards, and after I grew up I saw these series of strange grotesque looking faces frequently. They were succeeded, I think, by dreams of exceedingly lovely places. One of these was so vivid and lifelike that I have never felt sure whether it was a fact or a dream. I was in the most perfect garden or orchard, and my mother and nurse said I must leave it. I have no remembrance of what was in this place, only that it was a scene of the greatest beauty and happiness, and when my nurse brought me out sobbing I felt as if every thing worth having was gone. We went through a door which shut us out as effectually as the high walls all round, and concealed the interior of the garden. I cried violently, but was held tight, and my mother, who walked beside us, said I must come. I thought my real home was within the walls. Outside the ground we passed over was rough and dreary. I woke sobbing. This was so intensely real that when, as a grown woman, I have been at the places where I had been with my mother and nurse, I have looked about for the garden door and the high walls.

About this time Mrs. Lindsey, the wife of the Rev. Theo. Lindsey, died. She was my mother's aunt, and was very fond of me. I was told she had gone to Heaven, and various fictions were invented about her as an angel. I watched, often and long, out of the window to see her come down, for I thought if she loved me so much when she was here she is sure to love me now she is an angel. However, though so many beautiful white figures appeared in the clouds I never saw her. But I was very fond of reading, and at five or six years old could read "Evenings at Home," and such books as were within a child's reach. Sitting on a little footstool by the fire I was often quite absorbed in these stories. And many times I have heard a voice say "Sophia," or "Sophia dear," and looked up suddenly, saying "Somebody called me." But I knew it was grandaunt Lindsey's voice, though I did not dare to say so.

I do not distinctly remember any more childish experiences of this kind.

My father used to tell me stories of the martyrdoms and burnings of men who would rather die than abjure their faith. This was bad for a sensitive child, and I sometimes cried myself to sleep, thinking whether I should have courage to submit to these torments. Then, when I heard what death was, and of the body being buried and decaying under ground, I became utterly despairing and miserable with thinking of the possibility of the death of any of those I loved. It is true that I was told about the Judgment Day and its awful accompaniment, but this was no comfort, and the idea of death became a haunting terror. When I was about twelve years old the anxiety to learn what hope there was for those who left this world grew more intense and increased as time went on. My father, who was an earnest Unitarian of the old school, with far more of the spiritual element in his nature than most persons of any

sect, tried to convince me that as Christ died so we should die, and like Him rise. But the analogy did not fit, for we were to remain in the grave "till the Judgment Day," whereas the Saviour rose at once, never having "seen corruption." I lost all belief in revealed religion, and only prayed to God to enlighten me as an experiment, for I thought, "If there is a God He will hear me; if not, there is no harm done."

From this time till I was twenty years old I sought to gain information in every direction on the nature of the human being. Whether he was to be born, to grow and to die, as to all appearance he did, in common with the animals and plants; or whether when he died, anything remained which might exist, though in some other state, and in a different form—these were the questions that absorbed my mind.

My father had a gardener, who, with his wife, lived in rooms over our stable; she was our laundress. This poor woman, after some weeks' illness, died, and the sight of her body was the first thing that gave me real hope. It was so complete a shell, or outer covering; there was so evidently something gone, in the absence of which the shell at once began to be disintegrated. I saw that a real power had formed and kept it together, and I believed in a life or Spirit the cause of life, which had worked in, and then had left the shell, it had made. I saw at once the analogy to all vegetable productions, in which the life, whatever it may be, coming from the centre radiates out till it has formed a seed or fruit, and then when its work in this formation is complete leaves the outer shell, like the green walnut rind, to fall away. A great love for trees and flowers helped me in these observations.

I read every book within reach on mental philosophy, moral philosophy, and Metaphysics. Of all these, Dr. Thomas Brown's two volumes* (I forget their exact title) seemed to be the truest and the soundest. All the others were words and sentences, describing mental states, but never touching the inner cause from which these conditions and feelings resulted. But in Dr. Brown's writings I found the tracing of Cause and Effect, and from his reasoning and the thoughts it excited I was enabled to see that we are (each one of us) necessarily links in a great chain; first, effects, and then, in our turn, causes; not one is alone in creation. But of what were we effects? The answer was complicated, but, except in one particular, easy. It was easy to say that nerves stimulated muscles, that the contraction of muscles moved limbs, that limbs obeyed the will, that the will was somehow or other qualified by the action of the brain. But what could set the brain in action? Not the reflex working of the limbs or body. A pinch or a scald would not give pain to a dead brain the moment after death, nor would a galvanic battery, which made the arms strike out or the legs kick, excite the smallest feeling in the corpse.

I perceived, as I had seen in the dead body, that something, and that the most important and vital part of the being, was withdrawn. What had become of it? It was something quite within all the working apparatus of the body, and it was that which received the aggregate of all impressions on the senses and feelings. For a long time I called it Will, then Memory, then Consciousness. Then I found that each faculty had its memory and in one sense its will. Gall's classification of faculties corresponded with the best mental philosophy, and was, I thought, confirmed by the shapes of the head. So I accepted phrenology, still seeking for something beyond and above the cerebral organisation. We lived at Stoke Newington from the time I was eleven years old till I was twenty. Our garden was large and beautiful, four acres in all, and having many grand old trees in the paddock and shrubbery. In the little field were two large old oaks, and my great delight in the summer mornings was to get up at sunrise and climb into one of these trees by a little ladder with any book in which I was interested. In this way I read, besides what metaphysics I could get hold of, two or three books on anatomy and physiology, chiefly with the idea of discovering in what part of the brain or nervous system could be found either the seat of the soul itself, or that part which was in nearest connection with it. Through these I became acquainted with the parts of the brain and the different theories which have located the soul or mind or spirit, for the terms were applied variously by physiologists, first in one part and then in another.

* "On Cause and Effect" (?), or some such title.

We had a young governess who lived with us four years, and who taught us a very little, my father directing her; but she left us when I was about fourteen. I think she was useful in keeping us together in the forenoons and hearing repetitions of multiplication table, spelling, &c., but she was very poorly qualified to teach, and I for one taught myself what I knew, with very little reference occasionally to my father. He had taken great pains to make me learn Hebrew when I was very young. This was relinquished when French and other studies were taken up, but I am glad that I never quite forgot it. I learnt the Greek alphabet, verbs, and nouns on my own account at eleven years old, and my father, on finding this, helped me with the New Testament and a little of the "Iliad." Unfortunately, he was rather discursive and unsystematic, but I gained a good deal from him. He made me read Locke "On the Understanding" and convey the result of my reading to him in a few letters. I have one or two of his answers now. I never could agree with Locke at all. Berkeley was better, but he knew nothing of spirit or did not make others know of it; and Dr. Thomas Brown was best of all. Sitting in the oak I read Spenser's "Faerie Queene," Bacon's "Essays," and several books of physics and chemistry, which latter was just emerging into a science after Dalton's promulgation of his atomic theory. When William Allen, the Quaker, found I was interested in chemistry he kindly invited me to attend some lectures he gave to young ladies at his house in Paradise-row. But chemistry was a help only inasmuch as it showed the degrees of density in matter. I thought if the atoms, or whatever they are, of water can change from hard ice to soft fluid water, and from water again to gaseous steam, what can prevent anything becoming so changed that it may become invisible, and yet not lose its identity or be lost? It was a crude notion, but there was something in it, and it led the way to spirit.

From the time I was fourteen I taught my younger brothers and sisters in the mornings, more or less, for when I was fifteen to seventeen we had a daily governess in the place, to whom my sisters went in the morning and I in the afternoon. At that time I taught my two younger brothers in the morning until they went to a day school. When I was twenty-two a terrible sorrow came to me: my eldest brother, William Wandesforde, who had had heart disease from his birth, and had been a great sufferer, died. He had always been very much to me, and I am sure I would have laid down my life to save him from suffering. We used to talk constantly together about science, such as we conceived it to be, especially chemistry, and we had all kinds of speculations about the soul and the next life. A day or two before William's death he told me how he had waked early in the morning and listened to the little birds, of which we had great numbers flying about his windows, and talking to each other. He imagined a little dialogue among the birds, who were so busy that he said it must be washing day with them. He then said he should like to be a bird, they were so happy and merry. I told him of the Levantine idea that the souls of the departed sometimes went into birds. His death was extremely painful and distressing physically, his body was much emaciated, and I fancy the spirit went rapidly away.

On the first day when we all sat down to dinner after his departure, my father had just said grace, and the whole party were evidently quite absorbed in the sorrow of our loss, when suddenly a little bird flew from outside, dashing against the glass of the open window, round which the China roses hung in clusters, and uttering one loud chirp, almost a cry. Some of us said, "How strange!" It came again, and we looked at each other, but did not speak, and when it came a third time, all, I think, felt that there was something unearthly and weird in the occurrence; but I remembered our talk about the birds, and I believed that William had something to do with this little visitor. I constantly visited his grave in the old churchyard, and always found a little robin singing in the ivy or on the stone.

It was before this time, when I was eighteen, nineteen, or twenty—for these things and processes went on, so that I cannot now remember the times of the different stations of my mental journey—that the conversation of a neighbour, a very intelligent deistical Jew, by name Moses Lindo, gave another direction to my thoughts. Mr. Lindo was a French philosopher, well read in the writings of the Encyclopédistes, and versed in the form of religious unbelief held by Voltaire, Volney, Rousseau, and their school, which was at that time

taking an antiquarian direction in England under the influence of Sir W. Drummond, the author of "Edipus Judaicus," MM. Dupuis and Bailli, the French astronomers, and others. Mr. Thomas Landseer, the engraver, father of Sir E. Landseer (who came with him once or twice to see us) had turned his attention to Assyrian research, from the interest he felt in the Babylonian signets, which he believed he partly deciphered. He gave me several impressions (I gave them afterwards to the Canterbury Museum) of these in return for bits of Hebrew, which I copied out or translated for him. His book, "Sabæan Researches," was exceedingly speculative and inaccurate, but he read much of it to us in MS.; and I afterwards read it when printed. Mr. Godfrey Higgins, of Skellow Grange, near Doncaster, was one who brought another strong influence to bewilder my already labyrinthine mental state; but I must give him longer notice further on. Among all these men, my father, to whom they were all greatly attached, held his own opinion and belief steadily. They generally got wild about astronomy and Hebrew, and he took much pains to clear Mr. Higgins' and Mr. Landseer's ideas on the last, and to prove to all our friends that the precession of the Equinoxes could not set the Zodiac back so many hundred thousand years as they fondly believed.

Mr. Lindo, who could neither convert my father nor be converted by him to a belief in the New Testament narrative, though he was really anxious above all things to believe in life after death, turned his attention to the Eastern origin of Christianity. Volney's "Ruins of Empires" was his text-book, and this he lent to me, and thereby darkened the little light I had left—but did not put it out.

Mr. Lindo had thrown over all revealed religion, ridiculing Moses as well as Christ, and had satisfied himself that all priests were frightful hypocrites and impostors, and that all revelators were the same, but more clear and imaginative. Voltaire and Volney had shown him that Christ was Krishna, and Mary, Maya, and Rousseau and the Encyclopédistes had satisfied him of the absurdity of believing that the universe was created. He was a kind, rather incoherent, and at the same time a clear old man—who really came to my father to be proved in the wrong, and was too self-willed to find out where his error lay.

The last time I ever saw Mr. Lindo he had been, with my father and Mr. Godfrey Higgins, holding a long argument about a future life. The old things were said, and the rather worn-out ridicule and sarcasms thrown out till midnight. When Mr. Lindo left he shook hands with me saying, "Good-night, my dear Sophy" (pronounced Zophie). "If there is another life I will come and tell you." The next day he was taken ill, and after lingering for a few weeks, died.

At that time my bedroom was a large old chamber on that side of the house which joined Mr. Lindo's. It was a quaint, queer old house, built at several different times, and had belonged to Daniel Defoe. In a corner of my room was a large high closet with a skylight. Tradition told many things about this room and closet. I heard that Defoe used to keep ropes and a ladder there that he might escape over the roofs if sought by his political pursuers. This tradition was told to us by Mrs. Barbauld, who was a near neighbour, and whom we knew well. Her brother, Dr. Aikin, lived close by, but he had a stroke soon after. It had, moreover, been said to be haunted; however, I never saw any ghosts there. I was very fond of that old wainscotted room. There was a step at the door going down into the room from the extreme end of a long passage, of which the boards were very old and uneven, but white. In the corner was an alarm, the chain of which was attached at the other end to some of the windows of the house, so that in case of house-breakers, who were very flourishing at that time and place, the alarm sounded at once. The night following Mr. Lindo's death I felt very strange on going into my room. Through the wall knocks and thumps could be heard, and I fancied something sounded like a low chant, or muttered prayer. The house was very old. The room described, with Defoe's closet, was in a more recently added portion, but even this was older than Defoe's time. When the older part was pulled down some curious large paintings of fruit and birds were found hidden behind the wainscot. The room in which our neighbour died was on the other side of the wall, so it was natural to suppose that these noises proceeded from the Jewish ceremonials connected with laying out and watching the dead. That night I never closed my

eyes, but the nervousness was not unnatural in that lonely room; however, the following night, though I felt no fear, the consciousness of a presence in the room, and close to the bed, made sleep quite impossible. It seemed as if the person or being who was there would come close and speak to me if I shut my eyes. For nine nights I lay awake in this way. For the two or three last days I told my mother I could not sleep at night, but she only said it was accidental, and I should sleep then. But at dawn on the ninth day I went to my mother's room and told her I thought I was in danger of brain fever from the feeling in my head. She got up and came into my bed, and for the first time I got a few hours' sleep. After this my room was changed, and I was with my dear sister Harriet. The feeling of a presence at this time of unrest was very strange, I never saw anything, but I thought there were noises like puffs of wind or rustling of clothes round the bed. However, this might have been fancy.

It was a year or more before this time, when I was nineteen, that my destined husband came to visit us. He was with Mr. Stratford, R.N., Comptroller of the Nautical Almanack. From the moment when I first saw him I felt that he was to influence my life in some way or other. I thought he was very much older than myself, for we did not then recollect that he had just left Cambridge. He liked fairy tales and fanciful things, but I thought he was a materialist and unbeliever. Being able to form some idea of character by the shape of the head, I ought to have felt sure at first, as I speedily did afterwards, of the depths of spirituality in his character, and that he could not hold the opinions attributed to him by shallow people. I told him this, saying that the veneration and hope apparent in his head showed themselves in his conversation, though the caution and secretiveness did all they could to conceal the other qualities. But this was soon confirmed to me in many ways in discussions about the next state. One day there had been a conversation, brought on by some famous trial which was then pending, on the trustworthiness of testimony and evidence. Mr. De Morgan said that the evidence for many ghost stories was far stronger than that on which the murderer of whom we had been talking was condemned and hanged. I was pleased to hear this, for it had always seemed to me that so many well-attested stories could not have become current unless they had some foundation. He then said if we liked a ghost story he would tell one, and he told us the history of Mrs. Ludlow's appearance to her brother, Dr. Briggs, in India.*

This story was afterwards confirmed to me by his mother and General Briggs, who, however, said his father never could be induced to speak of it, though he took charge of his two nephews. General Briggs heard it from Sir John Malcolm.

I ought to have said that I think my father (Mr. Friend) must have been what we should now call a medium or sensitive. He was very handsome, exceedingly fair, and having the very blue eye that has been observed in sensitives. There was an antagonism in him which prevented anything like external spiritual development. Religion had been presented to him in the hard outlines supplied by the Athanasian Creed, and by the "high and dry" divines of the time. He rebelled against this, and when he had made himself fully acquainted with the sayings and doings of Jesus of Nazareth in the Greek, and the history of the Jews in the Hebrew Testament, he became a Unitarian, as Unitarians then were, not a Deist, as they now are, and left the Church, in which he had been expected to have great preferment. This was some years before his marriage. He tried in vain to amalgamate with the Unitarians. He always felt the self-sufficiency and want of reverence of their leading preachers, especially of the Rev. T. Belsham, who succeeded Mr. Lindsey in the Essex-street chapel, and the Rev. Robert Aspland, who preached an hour and a-quarter about metaphysics every time, at the Gravel Pit Chapel at Hackney, with many others. Mr. Aspland was, however, a brave and useful man, such as are needed in times of religious oppression when people have to fight for their "Rights"; and he, with my father, led the van in the contest about the Test Acts. But my father, who had been used to the more cultivated and agreeable society of his fellow students at Cambridge and the friends he had made there, felt to some extent like a fish out of water among the old Nonconformists, who had not then what they have since enjoyed—the advantage of a liberal education.

* See Memoir of my husband. Mrs. Ludlow was the mother or aunt of General Ludlow, who married Miss Bella Leigh Smith, Madame Bodichon's sister.

All the circumstances of his life fostered the combative element in his mind, and his opposition to "superstition" made him reject at once many mystical doctrines whose truth was obscured by their sharp, hard setting in creeds and formularies. But he frequently uttered opinions upon the action of spirit which Swedenborg might have endorsed, although he certainly would have said that the teaching of most of the mystics was "terrible nonsense." But the Gospel of John found an answer in his mind, and, as he explained the first chapter to me then, I hold its meaning to be now.

He often talked of the curious experience which has lately been brought into notice, namely, waking visions with the eyes shut. He called it "seeing with the mind's eye." And he often described to me the landscapes and scenery that presented themselves when he shut his eyes, all of which, no doubt, would have been rich in symbolical meanings, if either he or I had known how to look for them. It must be said here that the habitual thought of his mind, and his happiest hope and anticipation, were of the spread of the knowledge of God upon earth and the spiritual benefit and blessing it would bring to all nations. This prevailing idea runs through all the messages I have received from him since he left the world.* Three or four years after Mr. De Morgan came to visit us, I dreamed one night that he shook hands with me, and left in my hand a little slip of paper. I opened it when he was gone and found it contained the words, "Will you be my wife?" written very neatly in the round, formed hand which he did not write at that time, but did some years after. At the time I had this dream, seven years before our marriage, I really was not thinking of him in that way; and some years elapsed before there appeared a probability of the fulfilment, which absolutely took place, with the difference that the words occurred in a letter which he sent to me from London, for I was then at Acton.

I have spoken of William's departure. We afterwards came to live in London, and in the year 1836 Harriet died.

The record of the rest of her busy life is, so far as it concerns us, almost public property. From the date of Miss Frend's marriage to Professor De Morgan to the year 1853, we have no record of her mental and spiritual life. We know her to have been one of the earliest students of Mesmerism, which made her from the beginning perfectly familiar with the phenomena of Clairvoyance and Hypnotism, as it is now called. She had also studied, with care, the science of Phrenology, and had convinced herself of the substantial basis of truth underlying it; no studies could have been more advantageous to her in the development of her mind for the further progress that was to follow. It is probable, however, that, during the period of which we are speaking, such leisure as domestic duties and the cares of a growing family might have permitted her was devoted to studies and interests more immediately in harmony with those of her husband, to which the exact and critical qualities of her mind will have contributed, under such favourable circumstances, to encourage her.

Her friendship with Lady Byron, the widow of the Poet, may also at this time have had its origin in community of tastes on these and other subjects. She interested herself deeply in those days, as did her friend, in all questions of social and benevolent work, and in an especial degree where they affected her own sex, as, for instance, in that of the inequality of the laws relating to woman and the difficulties which they placed in her way in co-operating in the business of life, in so much of which it was obviously her province and her duty to take part.

In the spring of the year 1853, the knowledge, which had reached England, of the phenomena of the Rochester rappings and had excited a feeble interest and much ridicule, was enforced in a practical manner by the arrival in this country of the first of the many American mediums who have visited it: we refer to Mrs. Hayden. This lady,

addressing herself in the first instance to the Press, succeeded in interesting in the subject the then editor of the "Athenaeum," Mr. T. K. Hervey, with whom Professor De Morgan was in intimate literary intercourse. Among those in this circle who were thus led to investigate the phenomena and were courageous enough to avow their belief in the truth of them, may be recalled the names of Mrs. T. K. Hervey, Mrs. Westland Marston, the wife of the dramatist, Mrs. Alaric Watts the elder, and Mrs. and Professor De Morgan. Other circles were at the same time formed or forming from other centres, and the world of London became aroused to a practical recognition of the interior spiritual life, as a fact, from a sleep of more or less two centuries. It may be of interest here to notice that, so soon as the phenomena of American Spiritualism had succeeded in gaining attention, evidences began to be forthcoming that it was by no means a new thing amongst us. At Keighley, in Yorkshire, a series of tracts on the subject had already been published, and in Lancashire crystal seeing is believed to have been for years much practised. Mrs. Marshall the elder had long, in a quiet way, been a professional medium, and in private circles it was well known that a lady, happily still with us, who prefers to be known by the initials L.M., and the late Mrs. Jenner, wife of Professor Jenner, had been mediums of the highest spiritual manifestations from childhood.

But of those who interested themselves in the subject in the literary circles of which we have spoken, by far the most persistent and actively earnest in promulgating the new truth was Mrs. De Morgan. Her circle was large and her reputation for caution and clear sightedness was high. The distinguished position of her husband, who gave her every support, was also a great help and sustinment to her. Circles were organised under her impulse in which the element of the professional medium was rigorously excluded, the subject was thoroughly and calmly investigated, and it began to be discovered that mediums existed potentially at least, in almost every family. To these sciences Spiritualism is indebted directly or indirectly for some of its most potent sustainers in after days. William Howitt and his daughter, and Mary Howitt, were all first convinced at these circles at Mrs. De Morgan's, likewise Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. All these gave their aid in enlarging the sphere of knowledge, and the world began to move.

Things went forward, indeed, so rapidly that science, in its quality of high priest of knowledge, condescended to look into the matter in the person of Professor Faraday, and discovered that there was nothing in it but "unconscious muscular action." Professor Huxley, too—or was it Tyndal?—was harried by his friends into examination of the subject, which "did not interest him," and having looked under the dining-room table to find the ghosts, and not meeting with them there came to the conclusion—like Sir Charles Coldstream in the play when he looked into the crater of Vesuvius—"that there was nothing in it." Undeterred by the discouraging results of the investigations of these eminent men, Mrs. de Morgan continued hers, and in the year 1863 was published her famous work "From Matter to Spirit, the Result of Ten Years' Experience in Spirit Manifestations, intended as a Guide to Inquirers, by C.D., with a preface by A.B." This preface, by her husband, extending to nearly fifty pages, no doubt greatly promoted the circulation and influence of the book, and led many persons to read it whose attention might not otherwise have at that time been directed to such subjects. It had a large sale, and is now long out of print. It might be very advantageously reprinted. Having given in this work the result of her experiences of ten years, she was content to leave other agencies to carry the work forward. She was indeed at no time very solicitous to present herself personally before the public, and preferred ever to do what she had to do modestly and unobtrusively. There was

* See "From Matter to Spirit."—No spirit identity has ever been more completely maintained.

nothing of the pseudo-sybil in her. If she had anything to say, she said it usually in this journal, simply and unaffectedly, and in the fewest possible words, and there left it, having little sympathy with controversy, and not estimating it very highly as a medium for the elucidation of truth. She favoured the London Spiritualist Alliance, of which she was a member from the beginning, with a paper which she entitled, "Thoughts on Mediumship," read at a meeting at St. James's Hall, by her friend, Mr. Morell Theobald, on March 11th, 1886. She was for some years a regular attendant at the Soirées of that society, but the delicacy of her health in her later days obliged her to give them up. She retained her interest in Spiritualism to the last, and deviated in no degree from her conviction of its incalculable value to the world and the age, and her gratitude for the comforts and benefits which she had personally derived from it. A. A. W.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Prophetic Dream Vision.

SIR,—The symbolic vision here related occurred on the morning of April 10th, 1886. The events foreshadowed are of a religious nature, and have not yet been fulfilled; nor are they likely to have a literal fulfilment, though striking events may be expected to precede or accompany them. A group of persons, apparently females, in loose white garments appeared in front of bright clouds in a northerly direction. They went through a motion with the hands as though they parted or sorted something. They conveyed the impression of reapers though no reaping-sickles were visible. To the west of them appeared another group in less white or yellowish coloured garments. They seemed to be intently looking at the others. Then a company of musicians in greyish dress appeared, with their instruments. They seemed to issue from a large empty house, and separated into two companies, one going south-west, the other going south-east, where at a great mansion there were coruscations in the air, as though fireworks were going on, though it was day-time and bright. Then east of the first group of females in white, who had now disappeared, a male form in pure white robes descended toward the earth in an easterly direction, and around his head was the well-known halo of the Christ. The vision is of importance to those who can discern the signs of the times. W. S.

Kardec : Spirit Identity.

SIR,—Your quotation from the writings of Camille Flammarion himself makes one smile at the denial of the "Echo" that he is a Spiritualist. That which I am now about to recite will certainly be in accord with his own assertions.

The "Revue Spirite," of February, 1880, contains M. Flammarion's account, in "Le Voltaire," of a noted lecture given at the Observatoire in Paris, by our Professor Crookes, at which Gambetta was present. Professor Crookes is quite as much appreciated in France as among ourselves. M. Flammarion, quoting the Professor, says: "We now consider gas to be composed of an almost infinite number of little particles or molecules, which are incessantly in movement." At the end of this article, all in the same strain, M. Flammarion confides to his readers a secret, even "an indiscretion," as the world goes. He says: "We will finish with an indiscretion; it was in studying the phenomena of Spiritualism that Mr. Crookes has been led to these magnificent discoveries."

And now, turning from gas to a cannon ball, what does M. Flammarion tell us further? for which I quote "LIGHT" of January 9th, as taken from the "Echo":—

This ball is composed of invisible molecules which do not touch each other. Its inner structure is as an eddying swarm of little gnats, darting about in the air on a summer day.

Of course the "Echo" is a little behind-hand in telling us this as news. It is our simple *raison d'être* for the passing of matter through matter, by the temporary dispersion of this "swarm of gnats."

I have no less than four different alleged spirit photos, by Buguet, in which the ghost of Allan Kardec appears. In one of these there are two sitters; one is M. Flammarion and the other is M. Leymarie, the editor of "La Revue

Spirite." There are different sitters in all four photos. A good many years ago, and before these photographs were in my possession, I was translating some of the writings of Kardec, and while fully absorbed in my work I had a vision purporting to be the soul of Kardec. He had then been dead some time. Being used to the sight of spirits, I spoke up, in my familiar way, and said: "I don't believe you are Kardec; Kardec would never have such a nose as that." That was an indiscretion, but when we admire a man's character we are averse to idealising his features as homely and unprepossessing. I, however, soon after secured a photograph of Allan Kardec, and there, sure enough, the nose is a remarkably ordinary feature, although the rest of the face bears the marks of much intelligence. After this coincidence, I, at that time, regarded my vision as a plain proof of spirit identity. But I have since come to the conclusion that, as in materialisations, so in visions seen by the soul's eye, the object may be fabricated, for a purpose, even for a good purpose, to increase our faith in the Unseen; in accord with the principle: "According to your faith, be it unto you," though the seer may be but a medicine-man in the wilds of Africa. We have no proof, for instance, that the visions of St. Peter and the Blessed Virgin, which converted Ignatius Loyola, and in the identity of which he so fully believed, were really the shades of those great personages in very truth, any more than we have that Luther's devil, which he saw, was the Prince of Darkness himself, as he supposed. And yet, because Luther and Loyola each believed in the identity of what they saw, two adverse phalanxes, both, we believe, leading to Godliness, have ever since co-existed in mortal strife, but bringing to each other reciprocal improvement. For myself, I am inclined to think that, considering the length of time that has past since the subjects of the visions of Loyola lived on earth, and the lack of knowledge of the real features of those great personages when they did live here, for identification as well as in consideration of the fact that, in Luther's case, no authentic picture of the Prince of Darkness has yet been universally accepted, that I have really quite as much reason to assume identity for my vision as they had for theirs. But for which supposition I do not insist on the sanction of the Society for Psychical Research, or that of any other section of the notables. MIROR.

Madame Greck.

SIR,—Having had many opportunities of profiting by the mediumistic gifts of Madame Greck, may I ask you, for the benefit of others, to permit me to say a few words to your readers respecting the healing powers of one of her chief controls, Dr. Forbes, well known to a previous generation as Sir John Forbes.

One of my family, who was delicate from youth, was taken seriously ill at the age of nineteen with what is generally considered an incurable malady, and two medical men who were consulted gave me no hopes of his recovery. Through Madame Greck, Dr. Forbes confidently assured me he could restore him to health by spiritual magnetism combined with magnetism derived from the medium and myself at occasional sittings for the purpose.

The case was taken in hand on September 30th, 1890, and from that time (excepting a temporary check the consequence of a chill) his recovery has been steadily progressing to the often expressed surprise of his mundane physicians, who have also occasionally attended him. His cure is now almost established, and no further treatment is considered necessary.

Myself and an invalid daughter have also derived very decided benefit through Madame Greck's mediumship, so that I can confidently recommend her to those who have occasion to avail themselves of her gifts. I understand she will shortly remove from Sydenham to the West End of London, and her controls inform me they desire to make the healing power her speciality, but without altogether laying aside the exercise of the clairvoyant faculty for which she is so well known.

Shirley House, Maidstone.

THOMAS GRANT.

Spiritualists in Pietermaritzburg.

SIR,—A medical staff officer out in Pietermaritzburg, Natal, asks me to write to you to know if any of our Spiritualists here have friends there who would sympathise with him in psychic research. I shall be glad to be the means of putting any such into communication with him.

62, Granville Park,
Lowisham.

MORELL THEOBALD.

SOCIETY WORK.

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

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, E.—Sunday next, 31st, Spiritual service at 7 p.m.; Wednesday, at 7.30 p.m., meeting for inquirers and members at 7, Belgrave-terrace, Union-road, Leytonstone-road, Stratford.—J. A.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION, COPENHAGEN HALL, 184, COPENHAGEN-STREET, CALEDONIAN-ROAD, N.—On Sunday evening next a lecture upon "Jesus Christ and His Religion in the Light of Spiritualism," will be given by Mr. A. F. Tindall, A.Mus., T.C.L. The service will be musical. Commence 7 p.m.—S. T. RODGER.

PECKHAM SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET.—Mr. Butcher, under control, took for the subject of his address on Sunday, "A Few Thoughts upon Spiritual Culture." Sunday next, morning at 11, discussion; evening at 7. Open every Wednesday at 8 p.m. Mr. Veitch Psychometry.—JOHN THEO. AUDY.

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUAL HALL, 86, HIGH-STREET.—Mr. James Burns gave an excellent lecture on Sunday on "Man as a Model of the Spiritual Universe." Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Spiritual meeting, Mr. Dale, &c.; 7 p.m., Mr. R. Donaldson, "The True Nature of Spiritualism." Tuesday, Discussion. Thursday, Mrs. Spring. Saturday, Mrs. Treadwell, C.N.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—On Sunday last we had a crowded meeting, and many strangers were present, who evinced great interest in the able discourse by the guides of Mr. Ware, upon the "Occupations of Spirits." Mrs. Mason's controls answered many important Biblical questions, to the entire satisfaction of all, at the close. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., an open meeting. Tuesday, at 8 p.m., sance, Mrs. Mason. Saturday, at 8 p.m., select circle.—J. H. B.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' CORRESPONDING SOCIETY will assist inquirers. Copies of "LIGHT," leaflets on Spiritualism, and list of members sent on receipt of stamped envelope.—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 of above will hold the following meetings: Sunday, 11.30 a.m., for students and inquirers. Also the last Sunday in each month at 7 p.m., at 14, Berkley-terrace. Thursday, at 11.30 a.m., inquirers' meeting. Friday, at 8 p.m., for Spiritualists only, "The Study of Mediumship."—J. A., Hon. Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—The advent of the fifth year of our work was fittingly celebrated on Sunday last, and although the epidemic accounted for the non-attendance of a number of speakers and members alike, we had a crowded assembly. Mrs. Stanley, Mr. Drake, Mr. Humphries, and other friends addressed the meeting, while instrumental music and some well rendered solos varied the addresses. The proceedings, which were very harmonious throughout, were thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience, and although unaccompanied by any striking incidents, the anniversary of 1892 proved a decided success. Next Sunday an address at 7 p.m., "Bible Spiritualism," and on Thursday, at 8.30 p.m., inquirers will be welcomed.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec.

CARDIFF.—On Saturday evening, January 16th, Gertrude Miles, the beloved eldest daughter of our esteemed members, Mr. and Mrs. Miles, passed on to spirit life, at the early age of thirteen years and nine months, the cause being the weakening and ultimate failure of the heart's action. She was beloved by all who knew her for her gentle and affectionate nature, emphasised as it was by beauty and grace of form and feature; and her presence at our meetings, and more especially at the Lyceum sessions, at which, when in health, she was a regular attendant, was a source of pleasure and encouragement to many. Of an intelligent and educated mind, much above the average for her years, combined with a finely sensitive temperament, she would seem to have been predestined to an early transition to the higher life. Her bereaved parents, who have the heartfelt sympathy of all who know them, have been much comforted by their knowledge of our grand philosophy. The interment of the physical remains on Wednesday, January 20th, was carried out in harmony with spirit teachings, in the presence of many members and friends. The service was conducted by our worthy brother, Mr. J. J. Morse, in his most felicitous style, which could not fail to bring consolation and hope to the bereaved ones. There was a plentiful supply of beautiful wreaths, one being sent by our society, while the Lyceum was represented by the Misses Lily Brooks and Kate Hollyhead, who were dressed in white. On Sunday, January 24th, we had the unanticipated pleasure of listening again to the controls of Brother J. J. Morse, in the Philosophical Hall. In the morning an eloquent and practical address was given upon "Guardian Spirits: Their Work and its Limits," in which the absurdity of many old and some modern notions hereon was forcibly illustrated. The feature of the day, however, was a memorial service in the evening, to

commemorate the transition of our beloved young friend, Gertrude Miles. Our hall was packed, many being unable to gain entrance. The oration delivered by Mr. Morse's guides was a magnificent effort, not only vividly portraying the present beatified state of our dear young friend, but embodying throughout, in a logical and definite manner, the effect upon humanity of the change called death. The unbroken silence and rapt attention of the large audience bore testimony to the telling effect of the grand and eloquent discourse. As a mark of love to their departed sister, the elder members of the Lyceum rendered the beautiful musical reading, "Scatter seeds of kindness," the audience joining in the chorus, the accompanying reading being given by Mr. F. B. Chadwick, who occupied the chair. In testimony of sympathy with Mr. and Mrs. Miles in their physical loss, the audience stood up while the closing invocation was being pronounced.—E. A.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

"Reasoning with the Jews: or Messianic Prophecy." By PABENDARY REYNOLDS, of St. Paul's, London. [An attempt to galvanise the abortive efforts of eighty-four years. One-sided and not worth notice.]

"Destellos del Infinito." By SENOR B. A. MENDOZA, Honorary President of the "Luz de la Verdad," of Granada, &c., &c. (Published at Madrid. Procurable at Mudie's Library. Price 2s., post free.) [The first of three projected volumes of more precepts, scientific and philosophical communications from the world of spirit. The subjects treated are the sundering of soul from body, its subsequent wanderings, and subsequent incarnation. The volumes are intended to convey a full pronouncement of the Spiritist doctrines held by our Spanish brethren.]

"The Idler." CHATTO and WINDUS. Price 6d. [There is no law to prevent publishers stitching stiff advertisements into the body of their magazine. But if common-sense does not prevent them from adopting that most irritating expedient for annoying their readers, they should be pulled up by the consideration that they are doing their best to ruin their venture. In addition, the very table of contents is hidden away among a pile of sheet advertisements, where no one can readily find it. It is a pity that the editors of the "Idler Magazine" have been too idle to control the vagaries of their publishers. When the advertisements are torn out it is possible to find much readable matter that has been thus concealed.]

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 specially desired to note this request. It does not, of course, apply to proof sent from the printer and marked to be returned to 13, Whitefriars-street, E.C. So much expense and delay is caused by neglect to read the standing notices to correspondents that it is hoped attention may be paid to the plain directions therein laid down.

"DELTA."—Impossible this week; reserved for consideration.

"ALPHA."—Thank you. Unavoidably postponed to next week by reason of pressure on space.

M. T. W.—"Spirit Identity" is long since out of print, and the only copies we know of are in the Library of the London Spiritualist Alliance, at 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C.

R.C.—On reading the review you will see that the "New Republic" was the book or pamphlet under notice. It has just appeared. We do not share your opinion of the literary merit of the continuation of "Edwin Drood."

THE Artistic and Literary Association, Limited, whose registered offices are at 158, Strand, W.C., is the designator of a new publishing company whose chief object is "to afford to those of its members who are artists or authors the unique advantage of sharing as publishers as well as originators in the profits accruing from their own works." Mr. Francis George Heath has consented to accept the position of managing director and Editor-in-chief, and amongst the first undertakings of the company will be the acquisition of Mr. Heath's well-known books on ferns, trees, wild flowers and sylvan scenery, and of the monthly magazine, "Illustrations"; and the establishment of a novel weekly paper. The registered capital of the association is £25,000, divided into 5,000 shares of £5 each.

"OUR FATHER'S CHURCH."—On Sunday evening, January 31st, there will be a gathering of friends and inquirers at the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer-street (near Regent-circus), at a quarter to seven o'clock, when John Page Hopps will conduct a religious service and set forth the aims and hopes of "Our Father's Church." A cordial welcome is offered to all; every seat free. Voluntary offerings at the doors to defray expenses—[ADVT.]