

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by the Editor.

This is the portrait of a fine man who has done much for the world and has not benefited by it. Many people



COLONEL OLCOTT.

make money by doing what is silly, but mercantile. He has the distinction of doing good without gaining anything out of it.

There are some things this week which supply material for thought, and it is well perhaps to point out how much illumination a real knowledge of Spiritualism—by which I do not mean a mere attendance at seances—throws upon them. There is, for instance, the Salvation Army at Eastbourne. Their misguided efforts have provoked a riot, and people seem to be troubled as to the solution of the question. Now, if the Salvationists will withdraw there will be an end of the trouble. Nobody who is sane wants to be converted by the aid of a banjo or musical instruments, and if they do, they ought to be stopped. So the Eastbourne people thought, and "hence these tears." Now, if people would only believe that what they themselves believe is not to be forced down the throats of other people, what an amount of trouble would be saved in this

world! A knowledge of Spiritualism would lead a man, even if he were more than ordinarily ignorant, to know that one is not saved by what one believes, but by what one does. If he does wrong he suffers both in this world and in that which is to come. And did any form of religion ever preach a better gospel than that?

As a matter of fact, we want a great deal of give and take in life. The Eastbourne people did not take what the Salvationists wanted to give them. The same paper that contains the news of what I have been commenting upon tells of some shocking deaths by starvation brought before the coroner of East London at the London Hospital a few days ago. The child, which was six weeks old, was attended with every care at the hospital, the mother being too poor to call in a doctor. The child was less than the weight of a newly-born baby, and died of starvation. So much was admitted. The same coroner held a second inquest on the body of a boy aged four months. The mother, "a poverty-stricken looking girl of not more than twenty years of age, stated that the child had been ill for two months, was taken to the hospital, and died next day." The evidence given was so important that I do not trust myself to use my own words, but quote direct:—

Mary White, the grandmother of the child, deposed that she lived at the Salvation Army shelter, but since the child was taken ill she had resided with her daughter in order that the latter could go out to work. The Coroner: Do you earn anything? Witness: Not this last two months. I have been looking after the baby. Coroner: What does your daughter earn? Witness: Some days 8d. or 9d., but not every day. She only does odd jobs for the Jews.

The Coroner: And how much does the husband earn? Witness: Very little; he can't get work, though he tries hard. The Coroner: Does he earn 5s. a week? Witness: One week with another he may, sir, but they have 4s. 6d. rent to pay for one furnished room. The Coroner: Have they had any fire in the room? Witness (crying): Very little, sir. You see there's not much left after the rent is paid. The Coroner: No. Four people to keep out of sixpence does not allow much. Witness: No, sir. It's scarce a cup of tea we have after the rent has gone. The Coroner: It's a very sad case, and I will try and help you a bit if you will wait till I have finished. Witness added that the husband got up at three o'clock in the morning to go in search of work, and if he only earned 4d. he would bring it home to his wife. He was a good husband, though they were poor. The child was clean and well cared for. The jury returned a verdict of death from natural causes.

At the conclusion of the case the coroner mentioned that on Thursday last he held an inquest on an old man named Sewell, who died in the Whitechapel Infirmary from starvation. A son of the deceased gave evidence on that occasion that he had shared his bit with his father though the young fellow was half-starved himself. The son refused to enter the workhouse as long as he could work, and, in consequence of the publication of the report, he (the coroner) had received various sums of money and sundry clothing for his benefit. These he sent to the lodging-house only to find that the son had disappeared. Whether this was due to a dread of the workhouse or not was at present a mystery.

Can anything be conceived more disgraceful to the civilisation and Christianity of this latter end of the nineteenth century? How is it possible that these things can go on amongst us without those of us who do not suffer them being ashamed of ourselves? It is idle to say that we cannot help them. Of course we can, if we like. But

we do not like. If the teaching of Spiritualism—and again I do not mean the mere attendance at a seance—had thoroughly permeated our lives, we should not allow this disgrace on common humanity to go on for another day. If we thought that this life is only an episode in eternal existence, I think we should make a better use of it. At any rate, we should protest against anybody making such a bad use of it. I know nothing that seems to me to be so well calculated as is Spiritualism to help a man in this direction of thought. He makes out of Spiritualism what he can; and he makes out of life what he can. There is the philosophy of our existence. But that does not relieve us of our duty which we must discharge in this world.

I should have to be as funny as a writer in the "Daily News"—which may I avoid—in order to be as dreary. The article on which I comment is written, I should think, late in the evening, and purports to be a notice of a recent copy of the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research." The writer has not taken the trouble to read that on which he comments, and, if he had, he obviously does not understand the subject which he criticises. A serious attempt to deal with a subject which might be hoped to enlist any sympathy is worthy of some better handling than this. How much a writer loses by trying to be funny and ceasing thereby to be serious!

I see that the Editor of "Natural Food" (Imperial-buildings, Ludgate circus, E.C.) notices a few words of mine about the best food that man may eat. Civilisation has a great deal to answer for. We are so over-driven, so nervously over-strung, that life is not easy. Oh! for the days of the yeoman who lived with his cattle and was content. And yet—oh! not. We have reached a higher sphere and are inadequately adapted to our surroundings. Hence sickness and *malaise*. The machine must be kept working: so much is clear. How best to do it? Is it nuts? Apparently not. Is it milk? It seems that some ill-conditioned stomachs fail to digest it. But if digested it is said to be what man assimilates most readily and what contains all the elements of nutrition. But I should not like to live on milk, even on the milk supplied by the London waterman—I mean, of course, milkman. What does my expert offer me? No bread: no vegetables: hot water before meals, and after—heaven only knows. It seems to me that a varied diet is the best, and that our high pressure civilisation has introduced into our life elements that have to be reckoned with and perhaps eliminated. It must be clear to us, however much we differ as to the way we go to work, that we should try and help ourselves as much as we can and thereby help other people. Also that we can lay down no rigid laws, and that safety lies in general moderation, and especially in the avoidance of excess in fads.

A curious instance of numbers comes to me. I have changed the names and initials. The facts remain:—

THE NUMBER 19.

O. P. Q. born 29th Nov., 1828 ...	1 + 8 + 2 + 8 =	19
Number of letters in Christian and Surname ...		19
Married 5th Dec., 1846 ...	1 + 8 + 4 + 6 =	19
Married in the year of her age ...		19
Husband died July, 1865, in the 19th year of her marriage ...		} 19
Youngest son died Sept., 1883, in the 19th year after his father ...		

NIGHT.—Our old mother, Nature, has pleasant and cheery tones enough for us when she comes to us in her dress of blue and gold over the eastern hill-tops; but when she follows us upstairs to our beds in her suit of black velvet and diamonds, every creak of her sandals and every whisper of her lips is full of mystery and fear.

THE UNWILLING PROPHET.

It is written as follows in the book called after his name—"And the word of the Lord came unto Jonah, saying, Arise, go unto Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it, for their wickedness is come up before Me. But Jonah rose up to flee into Tarshish from the presence of the Lord."

The prophet, the illuminated one, is not to be measured as other men by the rule of "motives." To begin with, he is not troubled in the least by ambition to excel others, neither is he desirous of notoriety if he can avoid it. The on-going and rush of the world, so attractive to other men, is to him distasteful in the extreme: for he is in touch and sympathy with nature herself, in all her varying moods. He is her beloved, her masterpiece, and her chosen one; and she has unveiled to him and he excels exceedingly in the revelation of her marvellous beauty. And, as a rule, if only circumstances permit and be at all propitious, the world has no inducements to draw him from his seclusion; for, although outwardly his existence seems dull and monotonous, in reality his pulses throb with that intensity of life and feeling that accompanies even the first dawning rays of spiritual illumination.

Therefore Jonah would willingly remain, surrounded by his kindred, under the palms and the fig-trees, unnoticed and unknown, in that glorious land of the sun. There would he pursue, in contentment, his humble avocations. Preaching to the Ninevites was the last thing to be thought of, and never entered his mind until summoned to undertake

the arduous duty. So he would avoid it; pleading, perhaps, like Moses, inability or want of fluent speech. But declining to obey the unwelcome mandate he is allowed no peace in the land of his birth: and so he tries to escape from the presence of the Lord by fleeing into Tarshish.

But, a prophet born, a prophet shall he remain, notwithstanding his failings and disobedience: for his futile attempt at escape is in reality his first step towards Nineveh, though as yet he know it not. Better had he gone direct; what troubles he would have avoided! But as it was, the floods of trial and suffering had to go over him, and the woods of the deep had to be wrapped about his head, and the great "whale" had to swallow him ere he consented to deliver the message entrusted to him and for which he had been called, being psychologically qualified. The monster, let it be noted, becoming to him both a dire dungeon of correction and a timely deliverer, snatching him from the drowning woods and directing his course towards the accomplishment of the mandate he had received.

But in dealing with the prophet as he is represented to us, we have nothing to say about the probabilities of the

narrative according to the letter of the text; nor do we even pretend to clear up the old disputes between theologians and hard-headed sceptics as to whether or not there ever was any creature of the whale tribe to be found in the Mediterranean: let those that are qualified pronounce, bearing in mind that the narrative does not say there was any such monster in the great sea, but on the contrary says distinctly that it was specially prepared for the occasion, projected, as some would say, from the "Astral" by the Supreme "Adept." Enough for us that at all events the whale of converging circumstances did swallow the seer and retained him until he undertook to deliver the message as best he could. Nor did the trials of the unfortunate prophet end with the delivery of his message, for as the wayworn pilgrim sat repining without the city, even the protecting gourd that shielded him with its cool shade from the broiling sun is snatched away, leaving the pitiless rays to beat upon his head until he wished to die; for the ungrateful Ninevites heeded not the lonely, querulous prophet. Scant allowance was made for preachers in those days: they did not live luxuriously in palatial mansions: did not travel first-class by rail and steamships to preach from Mars Hill to admiring crowds in grim travesty of another Jonah, who, in stripes and chains and shipwrecks oft, was driven both literally and figuratively by the fierce currents of engulfing waters to deliver his Gospel message to the Athenians as to others in the course of his weary pilgrimage from city to city.

Now, this profound yet concise narrative of the prophet Jonah is in substance the history of most seers of whatever time or country: one way or another they have been driven by the force of circumstances to deliver their messages to the world. Joseph must first prophesy in gaol in Egypt, after many previous trials, that perchance he may be remembered and delivered therefrom. Daniel, an exile and a slave in the service of the King of Babylon, must predict the events of the future and interpret the vision of the King ere he be raised from his uncertain and dependent position. So of almost all down to the present time. Even the greatest poet of modern days—Shakespeare—would have remained at Stratford-upon-Avon attending to his humble calling, could he have done so in peace with any degree of prosperity. But it was far otherwise ordained: he was entrusted with a message of prime importance to the English race—a message that had for its objects no less than the fixing of the English language on a lasting basis by the publication of his dramas, and the education of the teeming millions yet to be of the English-speaking people throughout the world by the realistic representations of the same upon the nationalised stages of the future. His dramas constituted the great message to the Nineveh of the world which he could in no wise escape delivering—delivering, too, in pain under the compulsion of daily necessity; for in his sonnets are to be heard the piteous cries he uttered from the jaws of the "whale" that held him fast, yet guided him through the mystic waters of earthly existence.

So the prophets, with some few exceptions among the greatest of the order—those of them who towered above all the others, recognising, as they did, the cause for which they came into the world—have been impelled in the first place by circumstances to become the educators of the world in all matters spiritual, and through this education its saviours and chief benefactors; the world for the most part persecuting and reviling them in return for their inestimable services in the revelation of the great truths so essentially necessary to raise mankind both collectively and individually above the gross and unenlightened plane of an almost animal existence.

Co. Donegal.

WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D.

THERE is no death so complete as the death which comes through continuing life. There is nothing you lose so utterly as what you keep—here.—"Our Little Life."

THE small acts of sympathy in life are just as important as the larger ones, and are equally hard to put into practice. How difficult it is not to hurry those who come to us for help and counsel, when we see clearly what they ought to do, and they cannot see it. What patience it requires to listen to that perpetual harping upon one string, which is the misfortune of some persons, as it is the trial of those who associate with them! Yet this, too, is a part of true and large sympathy.

LOCAL GHOST STORIES AND STRANGE HAPPENINGS.

FROM THE "BUCKINGHAM ADVERTISER."

OMENS OF DEATH.

A correspondent, who signs himself G., writes:—

The fact that deaths are not unfrequently predicted by warnings and omens is now so widely admitted that it justifies me from introducing any excuse for sending you the following particulars:—I am known in Buckingham, and live but a little distance outside the ancient and historical borough; consequently, what I write can be easily verified. It so happened that one evening, a year ago, I was sitting by my fireside, intently reading. My wife was sewing, and the table in the room was strewn with oddments of white calico. All at once my attention was drawn from my book to the table, seemingly under some occult force, as I remembered afterwards. There, amid the arrangement of the calico, my gaze fell upon a distinctive resemblance of a coffin, containing a body. I was spell-bound for a time, and remained fascinated with the features before me, for the impression was calm and restful, although, of course, solemn with its reflection of death. To this moment I can see the beautiful face and lovely open dark eyes resting there, with the pure white linen wrapped around it. I beckoned my wife to watch with me the strange sight, but she declined, at the same time remarking that she hoped it was no warning of ill. The time by the clock was seven. Nothing more occurred that night which bore any mysterious construction; but early in the morning, as I was lying awake in bed, I noticed the arm of my day shirt suddenly fall from the secure appendage on which it had been placed. This struck me as being peculiar, and again, on my relating the occurrence to my wife, she replied with a fear that it betokened some bereavement. The time by the clock in this instance was six. The sequel was this: Most sad came the news to me, three hours after, that my mother was dead—that she died at six o'clock that very morning, and the fatal change, from which she never rallied, took place at seven the previous evening.

I might also here mention that one evening, some years ago, whilst being located in a distant town, many miles from my home, a wine glass, which was standing on a side-board, suddenly snapped, without any apparent cause, and bounded across the room I was in, striking the farther wall violently. That same evening a strange dog came and set up a hideous howling on the steps near the hall door. My landlady recounted the superstitious sayings about such things happening. The next morning I received a telegram to say my father was unwell; when I reached home he was dead.

The above statements were more than mere coincidences, and assuredly belong to some hidden law of which we are but dimly aware; and, in my opinion, it would be unwise and unholy for anyone to endeavour to discern through the Research Society, or any other medium, the why and the wherefore of either omens, visions, or ghosts. But that they do occur to many I most emphatically believe.

On this a correspondent comments:—

It is now about sixteen years ago since I took a nice house, with eight rooms, at a rental of £28 per year, in a town about eighteen miles from Buckingham. At that time I was single, and lived with my widowed mother. We had not been at this house long before we began to hear strange noises—my mother more than I—of different kinds. We would hear footsteps in the hall, and they would appear to walk along, then stop. Then you would hear a sigh, and then dreadful moans, as though someone was in the greatest agony. This did not happen at any particular time, and we have frequently heard the same noises when it has been quite light on a summer's evening. As this continued I gave notice to quit, but my landlord said if we chose to stay he would reduce the rent to £22 a year, and, as I was going to be married, I decided to stay for another year. But things did not mend, as my wife and mother used to hear someone walk up the outside passage right up to the back door. My wife has gone to the door and opened it—to find no one there. Now, as the house stands some forty yards from the road, with a high wall round and a paved yard, it would be impossible for any living being to approach without being seen while it was light. I have told people what

have heard and they have laughed at me, especially one, a Mr. D., a master builder, of whom I shall have something to say further on. At this time I had an elder brother come to live with us. Again I spoke to the landlord of the noises, and again the rent was reduced, to £18. Now I kept a bull terrier dog that would face any living thing, but when he heard these noises he would lie down and whine, and would not move. These noises never were heard in the bedrooms, nor did any of us ever see anything. We have all heard it on the stairs, in the passage, in the hall, down the cellar, and we have all tried to find out what caused the noises, but never did. One night we had not been in bed more than two hours, when my brother came to me and said, "Someone is in the house; get up and let us go down." We had the dog on the top landing, it being an open staircase with a middle landing. I got up, dressed, and tried to urge the dog downstairs. He went down on to the middle landing and showed his teeth, set his bristles up, but there he stood, and try as we would, we could not make him go down. So my brother and I went down to find all three of the back doors open. We were quite sure they were locked and bolted before we went to bed. This was the first time the doors were opened, but not the last, as we often found them undone in the morning. I gave up the house at this time, having occupied it for four years. It was not let again for twelve months, when it so happened that Mr. D., who laughed at me, took the house. He said if there was anything to hear he hoped he should hear it, which he did (I am glad to say). He came to me one day, and called me on one side and said, "I have found it quite true what you told me concerning the house. My wife has been confined and the nurse came to me and said, 'Mr. D., there is someone in the house; do get up and go down,' which I did, but there was no one there." He also said he had heard a noise like tons of coal being shot down the cellar, which seemed to shake the whole house, and that he had frequently heard the sighs and moans just as I had told him. He said he had left the house. I asked him why. He said, "I had been away from home one day, and when I returned my wife met me at the front gate, and said, 'Albert, you can do as you like about going in this house; I will not go in it again, as I have been dreadfully frightened,' so I had to leave that and get another home at once." Since this there have been several fresh tenants, at less rent, but none have stayed long. As I have left the town I have not had the opportunity to ask them their experience. The last time I was there I went to inquire about the house, and was told it had stood empty for two years, but had just been let at the low rent of 2s. 6d. per week. I contend if unbelievers were the landlords, they would think there was something in strange noises.—Yours truly,

A FIRM BELIEVER.

And another correspondent, G. B. S., writes:—

In looking over the Peterborough "Ghost" story, I was reminded of an incident which occurred in January, 1875, and I was then eleven years old, but the circumstance still remains on my memory. It was not, however, in Bucks that the incident happened, but in a town of some six thousand inhabitants in the north of Cambridgeshire, about thirty miles from Cambridge. My sister (aged twenty-one) arrived home on New Year's Day from a situation at Runcorn, Cheshire, suffering from diphtheria, and died on the 17th of that month. Previous to her death I was sent on an errand, and to get there as quickly as possible I passed down a jetty or narrow passage, about eighty yards long, to go into another street, and saw a dark object lying across my path, which I recognised as a large black dog. It was dusk at the time, and perhaps it was fortunate for me that I saw it in time and jumped over it. However, I felt a little bit frightened, and determined to take a more circuitous route homewards. As I was turning a corner I was terribly surprised by nearly running over the dog. I made haste home, and was careful to close the gate behind me. I had not been indoors many minutes, and was telling my mother of the occurrence, when a great noise was heard, like that of a dog jumping over the railings; and we were further disturbed by hearing the animal jump at the door two or three times, and then jump over the railings again. My mother took it as an omen of death. But there is every probability that my sister would have died had no dog been heard making a noise. What I have been unable satisfactorily to explain, however, is the occurrence of the dog meeting me at the corner and then following me home. Perhaps some of your readers could explain the matter.

CHARLES DICKENS'S ASSOCIATION WITH MESMERISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

Occasional references in Forster's "Life of Dickens" testify to Dickens's interest in Mesmerism and Spiritualism, and show that these subjects did not escape his observant notice. He sympathised—"almost as strongly as Archbishop Whately"—with his friend Dr. Elliotson's mesmeric investigations; reinforced as they were in the year 1841, by the displays of a Belgian youth whom another friend, Mr. Chauncy Hare Townshend, brought over to England. The subject, which to the last had an attraction for him, was for the time rather ardently followed up. Dickens also operated beneficially on several occasions, a result to which his energetic and sympathetic nature doubtlessly contributed. In a letter to Forster (April 2nd, 1842) he wrote:—

"Kate sat down, laughing, for me to try my hand upon her. . . . In six minutes I magnetised her into hysterics, and then into the magnetic sleep. I tried again next night, and she fell into the slumber in little more than two minutes. . . . I can wake her with perfect ease."

Again, writing on September 26th, 1849, he says:—

"Ever since I wrote to you Leech has been seriously worse and very heavily bled. The night before last he was in such an alarming state of restlessness, which nothing could relieve, that I proposed to Mrs. Leech to try magnetism. Accordingly, in the middle of the night, I fell to, and, after a very fatiguing bout of it, put him to sleep for an hour and thirty-five minutes. A change came on in the sleep, and he is decidedly better. I talked to the astounded little Mrs. Leech across him, when he was asleep, as if he had been a truss of hay. . . . What do you think of my setting up in the magnetic line with a large brass plate? Terms, twenty-five guineas per nap."

With his "ghost stories" the readers of "LIGHT" are, of course, familiar. The memorable ghost story which he published in the 125th number of "All the Year Round" formed the subject of a letter from him to Lord Lytton a day or two afterwards:—

"The artist himself, who is the hero of that story, has sent me, in black and white, his own account of the whole experience, so very original, so very extraordinary, so very far beyond the version I have published, that all other like stories turn pale before it."

In a subsequent letter to Forster, showing his readiness to believe in such things, he wrote:—

"Upon the publication of the ghost story, up has started the portrait painter who saw the phantoms! He had been, it seems, engaged to write his adventure elsewhere as a story for Christmas, and not unnaturally supposed, when he saw himself anticipated by us, that there had been treachery at his printer's. 'In particular,' says he 'how else was it possible that the date, the 13th of September, could have been got at? For I never told the date, until I wrote it.' Now, my story had NO DATE; but seeing, when I looked over the proof, the great importance of having a date, I (C. D.) wrote in, unconsciously, the exact date on the margin of the proof!"

Some extracts from his letters to Forster, bearing upon his personal experiences of dreams, clairvoyance, and kindred points, may not be—even at this late date—out of place in these columns. On September 30th, 1844, he wrote:—

"Let me tell you of a curious dream I had last Monday night, and of the fragments of reality I can collect, which helped to make it up. I have had a return of rheumatism in my back, and knotted round my waist like a girdle of pain, and had lain awake nearly all that night under the infliction, when I fell asleep and dreamt this dream. Observe that throughout I was as real, animated, and full of passion as Macready (God bless him!) in the last scene of Macbeth. In an indistinct place, which was quite sublime in its indistinctness, I was visited by a spirit. I could not make out the face, nor do I recollect that I desired to do so. It wore a blue drapery, as the Madonna might in a picture by Raphael, and bore no resemblance to anyone I have known except in stature. I think (but I am not sure) that I recog-

nised the voice. Anyway, I knew it was poor Mary's spirit. I was not at all afraid, but in a great delight, so that I wept very much, and stretching out my arms to it, called it 'Dear.' At this I thought it recoiled, and I felt immediately that, not being of my gross nature, I ought not to have addressed it so familiarly. 'Forgive me!' I said. 'We poor living creatures are only able to express ourselves by looks and words. I have used the word most natural to our affections, and you know my heart.' It was so full of compassion and sorrow for me—which I know spiritually, for, as I have said, I didn't perceive its emotions by its face—that it cut me to the heart, and I said, sobbing, 'Oh! give me some token that you have really visited me.' 'Form a wish,' it said. I thought, reasoning with myself, 'If I form a selfish wish, it will vanish.' So I hastily discarded such hopes and anxieties of my own as came into my mind, and I said: 'Mrs. Hogarth is surrounded with great distress'—observe, I never thought of saying 'your mother' as to a mortal creature—'will you extricate her?' 'Yes.' 'And her extrication is to be a certainty to me that this has really happened?' 'Yes.' 'But answer me one other question!' I said, in an agony of entreaty lest it should leave me, 'What is the true religion?' As it paused a moment without replying I said—Good God in such an agony of haste, lest it should go away!—'You think as I do, that the form of religion does not so greatly matter, if we try to do good?—or,' I said, observing that it still hesitated, and was moved with the greatest compassion for me, 'perhaps the Roman Catholic is the best? Perhaps it makes one think of God oftener, and believe in Him more steadily?' 'For you,' said the spirit, full of such heavenly tenderness for me that I felt as if my heart would break—'for you, it is the best!' Then I awoke, with the tears running down my face, and myself in exactly the condition of the dream. It was just dawn. I called up Kate, and repeated it three or four times over that I might not unconsciously make it plainer or stronger afterwards. It was exactly this—free from all hurry, nonsense, or confusion whatever. Now, the strings that I can gather up, leading to this, were three. The first you know, from the main subject of my last letter. The second was, that there is a great altar in our bedroom, at which some family who once inhabited this palace had Mass performed in old time; and I had observed within myself, before going to bed, that there was a mark in the wall, above the sanctuary, where a religious picture used to be, and I had wondered within myself what the subject might have been, *and what the face was like*. Thirdly, I had been listening to the convent bells (which ring at intervals in the night), and so had thought, no doubt, of Roman Catholic services. And yet, for all this, put the case of that wish being fulfilled by any agency in which I had no hand, and I wonder whether I should regard it as a dream or an actual vision!"

Another dream, or vision, is recorded on May 30th, 1863:—

"On Thursday night in last week, being at the office here, I dreamt that I saw a lady in a red shawl with her back towards me (whom I supposed to be E.). On her turning round I found that I didn't know her, and she said: 'I am Miss Napier.' At the time I was dressing next morning, I thought what a preposterous thing to have so very distinct a dream about nothing! and why Miss Napier? For I never heard of any Miss Napier. That same Friday night I read. After the reading came into my retiring room Mary Boyle and her brother, and the lady in the red shawl, whom they presented as 'Miss Napier.' These are all the circumstances exactly told."

Commenting on the first of the foregoing dreams, Forster says:—

"With no superstition to build itself upon but the loving devotion to one tender memory, with longer or shorter intervals this was with him all his days. Never from his waking thoughts was the recollection altogether absent, and though the dream would leave him for a time, it unfailingly came back. It was the feeling of his life that always had a mastery over him. What he said on the sixth anniversary of the death of his sister-in-law, that friend of his youth whom he had made his ideal of all moral excellence, he might have said as truly after twenty-six years more; for in the very year before he died the influence was potently upon him. 'She is so much in my thoughts at all times,

especially when I am successful and have greatly prospered in anything, that the recollection of her is an essential part of my being, and is as inseparable from my existence as the beating of my heart is.'"

Dickens, writing in August, 1852, on the loss by death of many friends at that time, expressed the idea—"but *this is all a dream, may be, and death will wake us.*"

Some performances of a conjurer at Boulogne in 1853 have a very suspicious resemblance to certain phenomena familiar to Spiritualists. Forster says of Dickens that he was no mean authority as to legerdemain, being, with his tools at hand, a capital conjurer; but the performer in question scorned help, stood among the company without any sort of apparatus, and, by the mere force of sleight of hand and an astonishing memory, performed feats having no likeness to anything Dickens had ever seen done, and totally inexplicable to his most vigilant reflection. Dickens wrote:—

"You are to observe that he was *with the company*, not in the least removed from them, and that we occupied the front row. He brought in some writing paper with him when he entered, and a black-lead pencil, and he wrote some words on half-sheets of paper. One of these half-sheets he folded into two, and gave to Catherine to hold. 'Madame,' he says aloud, 'will you think of any class of objects?' 'I have done so.' 'Of what class, madame?' 'Animals.' 'Will you think of a particular animal, madame?' 'I have done so.' 'Of what animal?' 'The Lion.' 'Will you think of another class of objects, madame?' 'I have done so.' 'Of what class?' 'Flowers.' 'The particular flower?' 'The Rose.' 'Will you open the paper you hold in your hand?' She opened it, and there was neatly and plainly written in pencil: '*The Lion; The Rose.*' Nothing whatever had led up to these words, and they were the most distant conceivable from Catherine's thoughts when she entered the room. He had several common school-slates about a foot square. He took one of these to a field-officer from the camp, *decoré* and what not, who sat about six from us, with a grave saturnine friend next him. 'My General,' says he, 'will you write a name on this slate after your friend has done so? Don't show it to me.' The friend wrote a name, and the General wrote a name. The conjurer took the slate rapidly from the officer, threw it violently down on the ground with its written side to the floor, and asked the officer to put his foot upon it and keep it there; which he did. The conjurer considered for about a minute, looking devilish hard at the General. 'My General,' says he, 'your friend wrote Dagobert upon the slate under your foot.' The friend admits it. 'And you, my General, wrote Nicholas.' General admits it, and everybody laughs and applauds. 'My General, will you excuse me if I change that name into a name expressive of the power of a great nation, which, in happy alliance with the gallantry and spirit of France, will shake that name to its centre?' 'Certainly I will excuse it.' 'My General, take up the slate and read.' General reads: 'Dagobert, Victoria.' The first in his friend's writing; the second in a new hand. I never saw anything in the least like this, or at all approaching to the absolute certainty, the familiarity, quickness, absence of all machinery, and actual face to face, hand to hand fairness between the conjurer and the audience, with which it was done. I have not the slightest idea of the secret. One more. He was blinded with several table napkins, and then a great cloth was bodily thrown over them and his head too, so that his voice sounded as if he were under a bed. Perhaps half a dozen dates were written on a slate. He takes the slate in his hand, and throws it violently down on the floor, as before, remains silent a minute, seems to become agitated, and bursts out thus:—'What is this I see? A great city, but of narrow streets and old-fashioned houses, many of which are of wood, resolving itself into ruins! How is it falling into ruins? Hark! I hear the crackling of a great conflagration, and looking up I behold a vast cloud of flame and smoke; the ground is covered with hot cinders, too; and people are flying into the fields and endeavouring to save their goods. This great fire, this great wind, this roaring noise! This is the great fire of London, and the first date on the slate must be one, six, six, six—the year in which it happened.' And so on with all the other dates. There! Now if you will take a cab and impart these mysteries to Rogers, I shall be very glad to have his opinion of them."

Forster adds: "Rogers had taxed our credulity with some wonderful clairvoyant experiences of his own in Paris, to which here was a parallel at last!"

THOMAS BLYTON.

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

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Light:

EDITED BY W. STANTON-MOSES.

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

SATURDAY, MARCH 19th, 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. E. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to the Editor.

THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF LOGIC.

Most people, I suppose, assume that logic as a study is a purely ornamental matter, of no practical value whatever in the domain of actual life. I grant at once that it is quite possible to have studied logic, and to have drawn no real power whatever from the study. But where this is so it is the fault, not of the subject, but of the student. I propose in this article to endeavour to show how there may be a considerable amount of practical benefit derived from this study, and, indeed, how without some logical faculty, either natural or acquired, it is impossible to avoid falling into mistakes.

I do not, for instance, think that anyone can overestimate the loss which the cause of progress has (humanly speaking) suffered from the fact that so very few persons know how to contradict. The philosopher, indeed, may see how from this very fact progress has been prevented from becoming too rapid, and has been kept slow and sure. Nevertheless, from a human point of view, the ignorance in question is most regrettable: and I venture to assert that to it, and to it alone, is to be traced the bitterness of party and sectarian feeling, and the fact that men with a common interest in, and regard for, truth can yet so seldom agree in the pursuit of it.

Logic teaches us that there is a distinction between a contrary and a contradictory, and that of the two when we hear anything we feel disposed to contradict, it is best to use the contradictory and not the contrary form of opposition. Thus, for instance, suppose a man, genuinely desirous of finding out the truth, sets himself to investigate Spiritualism, and supposes that at the first he is so unfortunate as to sit only with the worse specimens of public mediums, and finds case after case of manifest imposture. After a little while, and especially if he were not a thoroughly practical logician, he would be tempted to summarise his experience thus: "All mediums are frauds." The ardent Spiritualist would feel keenly indignant on hearing this statement, containing what he knows to be an untruth, and, if also not a practical logician, would be moved to meet it by the reply: "No mediums are frauds." But the first investigator, hearing this, would be quite sure that the assertion was false, because he would be quite sure that he had found some mediums who were

frauds. "Yes, they are," he would insist; "No, they aren't," the other would retort; and there would seem to be no way of settling the dispute until someone acquainted with practical logic came by. Let us suppose that both parties appeal to him to decide between them. Then the following dialogue might ensue:—

REFEREE (to the Inquirer).—We are speaking of mediums: how many mediums do you suppose are now living!

INQUIRER.—How many? I really cannot say.

REFEREE.—Do you think a hundred?

INQUIRER.—Perhaps.

REFEREE.—Perhaps a thousand!

INQUIRER.—May be. I don't know.

REFEREE.—With how many have you sat personally?

INQUIRER.—Oh, six or seven, I suppose. [Add to said sixty or seventy the argument here being worked out would not be affected.]

REFEREE.—Then I presume when you say "All mediums are frauds," this is a generalisation from your experience with these six or seven!

INQUIRER.—Well, yes: I suppose so.

REFEREE (to Spiritualist).—And you, sir, with how many mediums have you sat!

SPIRITUALIST.—Very few. I am myself mediumist, and chiefly study my own manifestations.

REFEREE.—Then you, too, I presume, have generalised from the fact that the few mediums you have met are not frauds, and from your personal knowledge that mediumship is a genuine phenomenon, that no mediums are frauds!

SPIRITUALIST.—Well, yes: I suppose so.

REFEREE.—Here, then, is the solution of your apparent difference. There is no real contrary opinion between you, for you are both speaking of two different terms—one of some mediums who are frauds; the other of some mediums who are not. Therefore, if you, sir, will alter your affirmation to "Some mediums are frauds," and you, sir, yours to "Some mediums are not frauds"; you will see at once that both may be quite right, and that there is no essential difference between you.

Simple as the matter seems when put thus, I do not hesitate to affirm that a practical ignorance of the principle here involved has been the cause of all party and sectarian ill-feeling and narrowness. It seems to come naturally to us to suppose that not only are there two sides to everything, but also that there are only two sides to anything, which is quite a different matter. And these two sides we assume to be the true and the false; and we say, "A thing is either true, or it is false." But experience does not confirm this generalisation. We find truth and falsehood mixed up in the same affirmation—as, for instance, in those we have been considering. Here they are side by side: "All mediums are frauds" and "No mediums are frauds." Of these it is clear that though it is not true to say "All are frauds," yet it is true to say "Some are frauds." Hence the affirmation is not wholly false, because it contains the truth. "Some mediums are frauds. And, again, it is not wholly true, because it contains also the false statement, "There are no mediums who are not frauds." Similarly it might be shown that the same is the case with the second affirmation, "No mediums are frauds." The truth in it is, "Some mediums are not frauds." The false in it is, "There is no medium who is a fraud."

Now, if we study these two affirmations we can easily see how the opposition arises. It arises, first, in a too hasty generalisation from particular experiences. It is undoubtedly true that in any investigation, if the first series of experiments all tend in one direction without any exception, a comparatively few of such constant experiences suffice to give us a feeling of certainty about the matter, and we say, "Why need we go on! it is quite

clear that the facts prove this particular side to be true." Suppose there were one hundred marbles in a bag and it was a matter of dispute whether they were all of the same colour, and suppose we had to draw them out one by one. If the first twenty drawn were all blue, many people would be quite satisfied in their minds that the whole hundred were blue, others would be satisfied at thirty, others at fifty, and some would insist on examining every single marble before they would allow themselves to be sure upon the point. I am not aware that any law can be laid down as to what constitutes a sufficient investigation of facts upon which a conclusion may be based. Everyone has his own personal equation on this matter. And the question is often greatly complicated by the fact that more often than not we are not absolutely unbiassed. If we start an inquiry with the smallest possible desire that a particular conclusion which we are predisposed to take up may be proved, and find that all the first few cases do tell in favour of that conclusion, we are, of course, much more likely to be satisfied that what we hoped would be proved has been proved. Telling marbles out of a bag is a simple thing. Suppose, however, that these marbles were each one colour on one hemisphere and another on the other, and that we and the one we were disputing with chanced to see, we the one side, and he the other. Or suppose that one of us was colour-blind, so that what was blue to the one looked green to the other, and so on; how then would the question be complicated! It is my contention here that the rules of logic are designed to enable us to see and avoid all these possibilities of error which the headstrong and uninstructed reasoner is almost sure to fall into. These rules, translated into ordinary language, would be:—

1st. *You must be talking about one thing, i.e., if you have looked only at the side of the marble which presents itself to your eye, you must bear in mind that this is not "the marble," but only "that part of the marble which I see."*

2nd. *You must be talking about one aspect of a thing, i.e., a marble to one of normal sight, and a marble to one who is colour-blind (when the property of the marble in question is its colour) are two aspects and not one.*

3rd. *You must bear in mind that a feeling that an affirmation is wholly false may be aroused in the mind by the presence of a portion of error in the affirmation. Hence it is better to use, not contrary but contradictory opposition, i.e., when one asserts "All 'A' is 'B,'" and you feel a conviction that it is not so, it is safer to say "Some 'A' is not 'B'" than to say "No 'A' is 'B.'"*

4th. *No negative assertion can prove an affirmative position, i.e., the assertion, even if admitted, that "No mediums are frauds" is not sufficient to prove that the theory which mediums hold as to the production of their phenomena is true. Of course, I am not saying that it is not true. I only assert that its truth does not follow from the fact that no mediums are frauds.*

5th. *No particular can prove a universal, i.e., from a persuasion that some mediums are frauds you cannot conclude that all mediums are frauds: just as conversely from "Some mediums are not frauds" you cannot conclude that no mediums are frauds.*

These are, of course, only the simplest commonplaces of logic. I venture to think, nevertheless, that if anyone will be at the pains to take these few points, and think out for himself why they are true, and upon what facts and conditions in the nature of truth they depend, he will find himself able to see clearly through many an apparently tangled and obscure matter, and will be saved from that far too common obligation of having to tax his ingenuity to find arguments to support a position which is really unground, and never ought to have been taken up.

G.W.A.

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

No. VIII.

FROM THE RECORDS OF MRS. S.

JANUARY, 1873.

January 1st. We met as usual. The little spirit known to us as Dickey soon made himself known by his peculiar sound. We held a conversation with him. He told us it did him good to manifest in the circle. The medium taught him to answer questions by lifting one corner of the table, and bringing it down at the right letter. In this way he was more coherent in his answers; before, the noise he made was more like a squeak than a rap. After this Emperor came and quickly controlled the medium. He commenced by saying he was much pleased to find him better, both in health and nervous system; consequently he should be able to speak with greater ease and would gladly solve any doubts. The conversation was directly on the then fashionable explanation of Psychic Force, which Emperor said was the wire along which they sent their message: useless by itself. The communications were from spirit, and the medium and circle furnished the material used in transmitting the messages. Many other questions were answered, and during the control Dr. S., who was sitting opposite the medium, saw the same beautiful lights described in the last seance.

January 3rd. Dickey manifested very quickly, and answered, as the medium had taught him, by tilting the leg of the table; he gave his name "Richard Chatterton," also that he died at the age of eight, was an English child, and had passed away many years; he brought a match-box into the room from the medium's bedroom, and then rapped out "Look." When the light was lighted, I saw placed in front of me a little charm, enclosed in a toy acorn. We asked if he brought it, and he answered, "With help." He had fetched it from the medium's bedroom in Clifton road, nearly a mile distant. The influence in the room became disturbed. The medium was moved about, and it took longer than usual to control him. We felt very cold. At last all was quiet, and we heard Emperor's voice saying, "Good evening, friends." Amongst other things he said: "We have had great trouble in entrancing the medium this evening, owing to the pressure of deterrent influences in the room; they attached themselves to the medium this afternoon; he is so very susceptible."

After some further explanation as to Psychic Force and its generation in the body of the medium, further questions were put.

"Can you explain Matt. xxiv. 24? 'Then shall false Christs and false prophets arise, and show great signs and wonders, insomuch that if it were possible they shall deceive the very elect.' How are we to know that these present manifestations are not the very fulfilment of this prophecy?" "That passage refers to the time of the first century, when the disciples were expecting the return of Christ, and were constantly deceived by false prophets, professing to be the Christ." "Was Swedenborg a great medium?" "He was a seer." "Are his books true?" "Part of them, but not all." "Is it true that no man as yet has entered Heaven but Jesus Christ?" "Jesus has penetrated further than any other man." "Does Christ really come and receive His dying saints? 'I will come again and receive you unto Myself.'" "Not that He will come again personally, but God sends His spirits to receive the departing spirits of His people." "Will our Saviour return to earth?" "No." "Will there be a Millennium?" "A poet's dream. My present work is the care of this medium; when that is accomplished I shall return to rest." "Shall we all work when we leave the world?" "All."

January 4th. Sat in subdued light. Dickey came soon; rapped on the table, medium's chair, and my footstool; answered many questions and verified what he had told us before. Said he was born in Lincolnshire, and had left the earth fifty years. In the light we watched the table tilt and dance up and down without contact of hands. It moved towards each of the sitters with the greatest ease. The medium soon became quiet, and in the light I was able to watch the process of the control. Several times he passed his own hands unconsciously across his brow, apparently magnetising himself. He then folded his arms, sighed many times, making a peculiar movement of the mouth, trying to

speak without the power. After doing so several times the voice came clear and distinct, and we know the control was established. In a gentle, dignified voice Imperator saluted us.

Dr. S. then held a conversation with Imperator, and among other questions asked, "Are we right in attaching the same importance to the Cross the Romish Church has in all ages done?" "Yes, as a symbol of the highest self-abnegation, and greatest love to man the world has ever known." "In what way did you mean last night that the Romish Church had the truer faith?" "I meant that the faith in the Divine and supernatural had never left them; that they had always held the glorious belief in the ministry of angels, and this had enabled the angels to minister to them; and many of the miracles of their Church were true. Luther and Calvin did their best to remove from man all communion with the spirit world. The state of the Romish Church is deplorable now, but one germ of truth, 'Communion of Saints,' it still possesses." "Did you belong to that Church?" "I lived before Rome was." "Will you give us your name?" "I am most willing to answer any questions, but at present I would rather withhold the name I bore when on the earth. The Romish Church has had its day. A time was when it contained everything that was grand in religion, literature, arts, and almonry. God reveals Himself to persons as they are able to bear it. The religion of the future will be the 'Religion of Intellectuality.'" "Is there a Spirit of Evil on a level with the Almighty Spirit of Good?" "No, no. There are evil spirits; there are evil spirits; you must judge by what you see around you. The world of spirits is peopled from your world, and as good and evil people are here mixed, so it is in the world of spirits." "Will they eventually all become good?" "Yes; in ages to come, some in millions of ages; but what is time?" "Are we transgressing any laws of the Almighty in putting ourselves in communion with the spirit world?" "You are the favoured recipients of a new revelation. As sure as Zacharias saw a vision of angels in the Temple, so surely have I been sent by the Almighty to you. We have long been forming this circle, and are pleased the results are so good. You must in future make arrangements to sit at regular intervals, as you can best arrange with the medium. He has his work in life to do, and it is hard work. We are often interrupted by very slight things; a movement, even a word, will sometimes retard manifestations. I require great passivity. Keep both mind and body quiet." "There has been much discussion of late with regard to the force used in these manifestations." "The force the medium gives out from his body we use for the physical manifestations. For the higher manifestations we magnetise the brain of the medium, and use his organ of speech to speak thus to you. Good evening, friends. God bless you."

Sunday, 5th. We met as usual, but from some cause unknown the conditions were disturbed, and Imperator had much difficulty in controlling. The voice was weak. He said the condition of the medium was not good; he could scarcely speak through him. It might arise from our having sat soon after a meal, but the power was not strong enough for much to be done. We asked how evil first came into the world. Imperator said he could not then tell us. "Man is liable to do wrong, wrong being the violation of law. Evil is not always evil as we understand it. Sometimes it is good, not in itself, but in its results. Your knowledge is on a low plane. In judging of the secrets of the Almighty you must always make allowance for your own ignorance. What you call evil comes often from man's own nature; it will never cease, cannot cease, in the constitution of things. In this world never: will diminish to an infinitesimal point, but never die out." "Is the story of the Fall an allegory?" "Yes. The control is too weak to enable me to answer longer. I will not keep it, or it may do harm to the medium. Good-night."

Monday, 13th. Our circle renewed its meetings after a week's separation. Very soon raps came on the table, medium's chair, and bookcase. The table was raised quite two feet from the ground four different times, and moved backwards and forwards. Presently Imperator's thuds were heard on the table, and I felt the medium was becoming entranced. They had slightly removed him from the table sideways. Soon Imperator's voice was heard saying, "Good evening, friends. We are very glad to meet you again. You may have a little light, away from the medium's eyes." On saying "Dr. S. is deaf, and cannot hear well," he replied that

he might go as near as he liked to the medium. After he had moved, the medium passed his hand several times over his head, as if memorising Dr. S. Imperator's presence has always a most solemnising effect on the circle, and we feel in the presence of a great and very good spirit. Imperator then said, "Have you any questions to ask?" Dr. S. said, "Do you know the position in which we are now placed through the late discussion in the 'Times'?" "Yes." "What, then, is our present attitude?" "Just what it was before the discussion. I will explain it thus to you. If ten thousand persons told you that the sun did not rise in the morning, you would not believe them; so if all the learned and scientific societies were to tell you that what you have seen (such as the table moving to-night) you had not seen, it would make no difference in your belief, though such movements are opposed to all known laws of matter and nature." "Were the phenomena of the middle ages similar to the present movement?" "Many of them were so, and were true. Others were false. It is ever so, truth and falsehood mixed together. The ladder between Heaven and earth has always been, but man's unbelief has cut him off from the ministry of angels. God influences man through the agency of spirits, and people who lead thoughtful, unworldly lives are more open to their influence. These manifestations are given to those who are prepared and able to accept them. Man is never without God's influence; every good deed you do comes from Him. All inspiration flows from Him whether in literature, poetry, or the arts; it flows from Him and on through the channels of time, back again to be absorbed into His love." "Are you the servant of God among servants?" "Yes; and it is accounted no light matter among us to be His servant, and appointed to do His work. I am the servant of God, sent to minister to this medium. After my ministry with him is over I go where I can never again personally return to earth, and shall only be able to influence through other spirits." "Is St. Paul right in saying 'There is a spiritual body'?" "Quite right. St. Paul had more advantages of knowing these things than most men. Yes; there is a spiritual body now. Your outward body that you think you recognise goes off in atoms, always changing. Your spiritual body is with you always." "Our natural bodies, will they rise again?" "No; you will be far beyond that." "What should be our rule of life?" "Your conscience, which every man possesses. To some God gives great light and opportunities, they have greater responsibilities. You must each ask God to guide you; if you trust to yourselves you will fall, fall, fall," said in a solemn, impressive voice; "God never yet left a man who cried to Him for light without guidance, never, never, never." This was also said in a solemn, wrapt manner. After this the medium gave a violent start. Dr. S., thinking he was coming to himself, put out the light. We then returned to our places, and Imperator asked why the light had been extinguished. On saying we thought he was leaving the medium, he answered, "No; but some strange influence came behind, perhaps trying to get in. We never allow any other to control him; we always stand by to prevent such. I will always tell you when to put out the light." He then withdrew from the medium, and rapped for good-night on the table. The medium gradually came to himself, not knowing anything that occurred during the control. During the above conversation Imperator's voice had been most impressive. At one time the medium sat with his arm out-stretched, pointing his hand. Imperator always speaks as one accustomed to command, though very gently, and sometimes with the greatest sweetness.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We beg to remind those subscribers to "LIGHT" and the London Spiritualist Alliance who have not already renewed their subscriptions for 1892, that they should forward remittances at once to Mr. B. D. GODFREY, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C.

THE SENSE OF FAILURE.—Humanity, as far as individual experience goes, must at all times be familiar with that sense of failure which, far more than achievement, conveys true instruction as to the nature and limits of human volition; the mournful declaration that "the things that I would I do not" is the experience of men and women of every age.—JULIA WEDGEWOOD.

"GOD'S BREATH IN MAN AND IN HUMANE SOCIETY."*

This is an ambitious book. The author says in his introduction that he has reached "the summit height and advantage ground of a research and study which has occupied continuously more than forty years of adult life": and then he adds, "I proffer to mankind the long-sought, never-found solution of the mystery and meaning and result of its existence." The solution seems to us rather to hold to the mystery; although the author sometimes appears to have grasped the key in his hand, and to have mounted upon the corner-stone of what he designates as the "New-Time Theology, God incarnate, the Word made flesh." His purpose is:—

To open a clear passage-way into the avenues of knowledge, by which all men of humane veracity and goodwill may know God—it is the hope of the present voyager to introduce his fellow men to the rediscovery of God.

Religion, Civilisation, the very breath of mankind by which it maintains communion with nature and preserves the consciousness of its existence, are drawing on, obviously, to entire change or full catastrophe. . . . The educated and adventurous intellect of the time is drifting out beyond the pillars of Hercules, the outposts of its hereditary cultures, into a sea of harshly material or mystical conjecture.

The cry is for light:—

I do but modestly and reverently strive to open the long-lost, but new-found avenues to the light that is in every man: the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

And again as to his purpose:—

I seek to demonstrate that there is a divine-natural or redemptive evolution, by means of which man . . . may advance into a higher mode of respiration, which has two equivalences. By the first, which is divine-natural, the Breath of the Divine Logos may flow forth, through his respiratory organs, by gradual transformations in organism, to initiate organic conditions in which those respirations shall be consciously realised, according to its function, in each organ of the frame. . . . Second, that as a result of this equivalence of respiration may be realised, in which God, breathing forth through the solar luminary, and through the natural-divine currents, whose medium is in the solar rays, may inbreathe into the human organism through its pleural chords; thus entering man through his general outness; proceeding thence to interpenetrate the frame, wedding the breaths into a third and complex respiration, which holds in it the promise and the potency of psychophysical transformation, renaissance, and transposition to the organic lines of the eternal life.

This quotation from our author fitly represents, briefly, the pith of the book. It takes up, with unmistakable liking for, and leaning towards, the ancient fire-worshippers who breasted the sun, through which throbs the breath of God. There is a curious confusion, as our old divines would have said, between Nature and Grace; and respiration, as he admits, becomes fearfully complex.

When he approaches the Divine-natural man, Jesus of Nazareth, he has much that is really good to say; but it seems to us to be confused and ultimately contorted by forcing in what is known to a few as inner-breathing.

The book is conveniently divided off into paragraphs. At par. 131 we read:—

It is Jesus the Christ who fills up the inmost of our inmostness; as nature fills up our natural structure from without to the exclusion of vacuum, so Jesus the Christ fills our realness from within to the exclusion of vacuum. . . . We discover the Word that was made flesh for the fleshly necessities of man, and He breathes into us, and we receive the Holy Ghost. Thus we receive the Son in the Father, and thus the Father through the Son. . . . We know nature because we breathed into nature; now we

know God in Christ because the actual process of our respiration is carried on by means of the interplay in our breathing of the respiratory organisation of Christ in God. . . . In the entrance of God by the respiratory channels into the natural degree of man—his fleshly life, thought, and passion—the respiration encounters an insuperable series of obstacles to its advance beyond the primary nerve-centres of the frame. . . . But, admitting the genuineness of experiences in respiration, the mind opens upon a logical path from the Divine Christ, indwelling, inbreathing, to the solution of the immense problems relating to Jesus, the man of history. . . .

But we do not admit all the experiences relating to breath redeeming the flesh through our respiratory channels nor that the Word was made flesh primarily for the fleshly necessities of man. One more quotation must suffice to indicate as we wish to do from the author's own words fairly, the trend of this fantastic book, par. 144:—

In the recovery of respiration, Deity is re-discovered; and dead religion, that science thought to have been buried, emerges through the mental sepulchres re-apparelled. . . . For as the human system begins to regain the activities of the suppressed senses, and the rhythm of the pleural chords, and as the divine-natural respiration moving on through nerve-centre to organic quickening and harmonisation finally grasps to the full control of the semi-lunar ganglion, that breathing form calls forth the response of the objective-subjective complement of respiration: the sun breathes into man.

All italics are ours. Summing up our impressions after a careful reading of the book, we say that if the seat of religious intelligence and spiritual life is to be transferred from the head to the diaphragm, and the appeal is to the solar plexus rather than to the brain, and if we are to rely upon muscular or nerve feelings rather than upon the intelligence and our affections, Mr. Harris may be a true teacher and indicate a new departure in search of spiritual life. We had rather not follow him—much as we value some of his remarks and criticisms which revolve around Christology: but, from sitting too long to contemplate his pleural emotions, he has entered too far into the region of fantasy: and "that way madness lies." VEGA.

WHAT IS PROOF?

When we wish to bring another person to any opinion we adduce "arguments." These arguments are of two kinds—either direct evidence of the thing affirmed, or thoughts which make it difficult for any other opinion to be held. Now, direct evidence alone cannot amount to proof unless it be also shown that no other explanation of the appearance is possible. Until tested in this way any opinion is plausible or probable only, never proved. To hold it proved would be to place ourselves at the mercy of our impressions, and debar ourselves from supplying what might be wanting in them. Proof depends upon the testing of our thought in every direction, and, finding that, of all ways possible to be supposed, the one affirmed alone is possible to be held. When, then, in argument we seek to make another's opinion agree with our own, what do we do? We bring to his mind thoughts, ideas, facts which oppose his former thought: we do the very same thing that we do when we seek to direct the motion of a moving body; we apply resistances to its motion in all directions but that which we desire. So we apply "resistances" to thought; that is, we adduce opposing thoughts. We cannot think against another thought without having to overcome the resistance of the thought; and amid conflicting thoughts that one prevails to which there is least opposed. . . . This, then, is what we mean by proof: the term simply expresses the fact that thought takes the direction of least opposing thought; that is, of least resistance. Thought takes the direction of least resistance; and to our consciousness of this fact in particular instances we give the name of proof.—HINTON.—"Art of Thinking."

As far as it has been given me to trace the development of the life of the world, I have found there only the manifestation of this one principle of mutual help; and universal history is nothing more than the gradual growth and slow development of this unique principle of concord and good fellowship among all human beings.—TOLSTOI.

*"God's Breath in Man and in Humane Society." By THOMAS LARK HARRIS. Crown 8vo., with portrait, 3s. 6d. (E. W. Allen, 4, Ave Maria-lane, E.C.)

BLAVATSKYISM WITHOUT THE BLAVATSKY.

A letter from "J. C. S." appeared in "LIGHT" of March 5th, in answer to my article, "Spiritualism without Spirits." I have read it with considerable interest. I think it a valuable contribution to what we must call "Neo-Blavatskyism."

My article referred to quite a different subject. A dull spirit and a bright spirit seem sometimes to be dwelling in the same body; and Spiritualists aver that their connection is only temporary, whilst the Psychical Researchers pronounce it to be permanent. Incidentally I asserted what I believe is quite true, that they got their ideas in the first instance through Madame Blavatsky. It is this reference that has brought "J. C. S." into the field.

He takes exception to my exposition of the main doctrine of early Blavatskyism. Theosophy, he tells us, merely preaches "a distinction between what is generally called soul and spirit, between what Theosophists of the present day call personality and individuality, what the Theosophists of the Middle Ages called *anima bruta* and *anima divina*: what Aristotle called *Psychè* and *nous*."

He is much moved by my "astounding" sentences about Schneider. "Why in the name of the most elementary reason," he remarks, "should that polluted and degraded personality be supposed on any theory to attain to, two seconds after death, a moral state far more lofty and pure than that of St. John or Swedenborg, or General Gordon? That would be a most immoral doctrine, but no one has ever enunciated it except 'Alif.'" Now this produces a bit of a complication. "J. C. S." is much moved by my astounding sentences about Schneider, and I am rather moved by his. Can the great doctrine of "Shells" have so completely passed away from the Theosophic inner circle? That doctrine was explicit enough. It was proclaimed that at death all mortals (not excepting Schneider) go off at once to Devachan, "becoming entirely separated from all their grosser principles by the dissolution of the body." ("Esoteric Buddhism," p. 81.) These grosser principles are at once formed into a second being. I give "J. C. S." the opportunity of calling it a "person" or an "individual," as he thinks that I have confusion of thought on the subject.

This second being has only a "semblance of consciousness" ("Esoteric Buddhism," p. 92); although he can "deliver trance orations of no contemptible kind" (p. 99). "J. C. S." will see now how it is that Schneider, two seconds after the Vienna executioner has done his work, will attain a moral state far more lofty than that of St. John or Swedenborg, or General Gordon; for if all evil is eliminated he will be absolute perfection. "J. C. S." enunciates, it is true, a funny Theosophical theory. He says that Schneider is "all bad." What about his *anima divina*? What about *Psychè* and *nous*? Is Schneider a "person" and not an "individual," or an "individual" and not a "person"?

That Madame Blavatsky in propounding her theory desired that the partition of good and bad qualities should be inexorably rigid is proved by the conditions that this theory was designed to meet. In her biography, as written by Mr. Sinnett, there is great vagueness about the ten years, 1848-58. In "LIGHT," August 9th, 1884, she says that she was "more than seven years" in Tibet. In "LIGHT," July 20th, 1889, the Countess Wachtmeister announces that Madame Blavatsky had "repeated to her again and again that she was only three years in Tibet." Mr. Sinnett tells us that she entered that country in 1856, being smuggled in by a solitary Shaman. Between India and Tibet is the most formidable mountain wall in the world, one hundred miles of glacier and boulder and mountain. To traverse this without a caravan of yaks and camels and tents and food would be difficult certainly; but to come back in the middle of winter with the passes (every one of which is double the height of Mont Blanc) all choked with snow would be a physical impossibility. Yet this feat must have been accomplished by the Russian lady, as it is announced that she returned to India in March, 1857.

In 1858 she joined her sister and exhibited many of the phenomena of the seance room. It is plain, I think, that she must have been for some time a professional medium. In 1871 came the crisis in Cairo. Madame Coulomb, who witnessed it, and Madame Blavatsky give practically the same account of it. There was a seance, and the first lady "saw a furious crowd cursing Madame Blavatsky, and ready to knock her down," because the torn-down cabinet had dis-

closed a pierced ceiling and dummy hands. Madame Blavatsky also admits "bogus manifestations" and "shameful cheating," and she announces that a Greek nearly shot her. She lays all the blame on "old Sebiro," a Frenchwoman. Why, then, did the Greek try to shoot Madame Blavatsky? The Russian lady then went to America; and although she had already learnt from Koot Hoomi that only "Shells" could appear at seances, she plunged into Spiritualism once more with the "Eddy boys." At these seances, for getting all about Koot Hoomi, she recognised her own father, and also the buckle of his medal of honour that was brought to her straight from his coffin. The "Eddy boys" have since confessed that they were pure cheats. This suggests much. At least, it shows that Tibet and its teachings were pure myths. Madame Blavatsky was cold-shouldered by the American Spiritualists. Rumours of the Cairo incident had followed her, and folks argued that if the pierced ceiling was in the apartments of Madame Blavatsky it was difficult to see how "old Sebiro" alone was guilty. This explains how the great doctrine of "Shells" came into being. Madame Blavatsky in her anger was girding at the Spiritualists. She copied down passages from Eliphas Lévi almost verbatim. "Nothing," says this writer, "can enter Heaven but that which comes from Heaven." At death a "*Cadavre aérien*" remains behind, which alone can go to the seances of the Spiritists. What a "*Cadavre aérien*" is I don't quite know. Madame Blavatsky's translation is as good a one as any. "Certain *reliquie* of deceased human beings," "mere *Eidolons* of the real spirit." The French author calls them also "Shells" and "Elementaries," and so does the Russian lady. The doctrine was evidently a hasty fancy of the eccentric abbé, for it completely contradicts a previous theory enunciated by him. He held that men's souls for millions of years would wander about from sun to planet and from planet to sun. Madame Blavatsky, who did not mind contradictions, copied down this theory also. According to the first theory Schneider will obtain absolute perfection two seconds after his execution. According to the second St. Paul will be millions of years obtaining the same spiritual advantage. ALIF.

A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

Among the stories of extraordinary coincidences, not the least curious is the history of a letter for the accuracy of which the London correspondent of the "Leeds Mercury" says he can vouch. A short time ago a lady in London wished to write to a friend in America, whose address she did not know. The only means she had of procuring the address was to write to a mutual friend, who also lived in America. This she accordingly did, and the letter was duly despatched. The ship which carried the letter was wrecked, and the mails for a time lost. They were eventually recovered and brought back to England, the letters, now much damaged by sea water, being returned through the Dead Letter Office to the senders. The letter in question was sent back to the lady, who naturally examined it minutely. To her surprise, she found that another letter had become closely stuck to it. Holding up the twofold missive to the light, she deciphered the address on the one which was stuck to her own. It was a letter addressed to the friend to whom she had wished to write, and to discover whose whereabouts her own letter had been despatched. Her letter thus literally brought back its own answer.—"St. James's Gazette."

A STRANGE PRESENTIMENT.—At the mess table on board one of her Majesty's ships, lying off Portsmouth, recently, a lieutenant suddenly laid down his knife and fork, pushed away his plate, and turned extremely pale. Covering his face with his hands he retired from the room. The president then sent one of the young men to inquire what was the matter. On being pressed, he confessed that he had been seized by an irresistible impression that a brother he had then in India was dead. "He died," said he, "on the 12th of August, at six o'clock; I am perfectly sure of it." No argument could overthrow this conviction, which in due course of post was verified to the letter. The young man had died at Cawnpore at the precise period mentioned.—"West Sussex Gazette," March 10th, 1892.

NEW IDEAS.—The orb just visible above the horizon loomed larger than in its midday career, and all now ideas were expanded in an atmosphere of intellectual dawn.—JULI WEDGEWOOD.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

[The Editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents, and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with, for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.]

"Edina's" Messages.

SIR,—The lines quoted by "Edina"—

"Afar in the desert I love to ride
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side," &c.,

were written by Thomas Pringle, who is sometimes called "The African Poet." They would certainly be known to Dr. Livingstone, and I have no doubt he meant to imply that he liked them, not that he was the author. "Karoo" is the name given to the "veldt," or wide, uncultivated lands at the Cape.

W. GLANVILLE.

SIR,—The poetry quoted by "Edina" in this week's "LIGHT" as given by Dr. Livingstone is merely a somewhat mangled version of Thomas Pringle's poem called, I think, "African Sketches." I have not the book at hand, so only speak from memory. The "guabra," "marlibut," and "gunsbok" are in the original poem "guagga," "hartebeest," and "springbok." "Oraba" I cannot explain without the book. The "brown Kerro" is simply the great Karroo, a desert region on the borders of Namaqua Land, where Pringle lived for some time, but as far as I know Livingstone never went near. I do not mean for a moment to impute bad faith to Edina or his daughter, but in my own experience I have met with several instances of personation, and this seems to me to be one of them.

H. SPEER.

Astrology: The Signification of Uranus.

SIR,—At 3.47 a.m. on the 28th ult. there was a new moon, the planet Uranus being exactly (to a degree) on the meridian of London. The planetary positions at the minute of new moon are held in astrology to denote the character of events during the lunation (month) then beginning. I have often called attention in your columns to the—in my opinion—sufficiently verified character of Uranus, as signifying sudden, strange, or unexpected events—catastrophes in general. As soon as I observed the position of this planet on our London meridian at the new moon I thought it might probably be connected in some way with the then impending County Council election. But as regards the judgment to be formed, there was just that ambiguity of signification in which the astral oracle so often resembles the Delphic. The meridian denotes the Government, or ruling power, and Uranus here threatened such a power. But which? On the one hand the "Progressives" were already in a majority on the Council; on the other hand, the ruling power in the State belonged to the party opposed to them. Looking at the colour of the Parliamentary representation of London, and at the results of the recent School Board elections, I was convinced that the "Progressives" would be defeated, and as there would have been nothing unexpected in that event—the public generally, I believe, anticipating it—I was puzzled. I think it will be admitted that in what has been called the "political blizzard" of Saturday week the reputation of Uranus has been well maintained.

March 13th, 1892.

C. C. M.

Mesmeric Telepathy—or What?

SIR,—I should be pleased if through the mediumship of "LIGHT" I may be able to trace the following incident. My notes being lost and my memory of no service, perhaps some of the readers of this journal will help me to find what I want, viz. :—

1. A lady and her husband came over from New York several years ago—about 1876-7 I think—in the Guion ss. "Nevada." This vessel was wrecked on the Cunnaberg or Cunnabeg rock in the Irish Channel, near the Irish coast. All the passengers were saved, but all they had was lost. This lady I afterwards met, and discovered that she was an excellent clairvoyante. Her husband used to mesmerise her, and she gave in Liverpool some remarkable indications of her powers. Being friendless and penniless, I gave them an introduction to Mr. Harrison, the editor of the "Spiritualist." In London they, or rather the lady, gave private seances—mainly, I believe by the kindly and courteous assistance of Mr. Harrison. Their names I forget, but the following incident may help to ascertain it. At one of their

seances—whether with friends or at their own apartments I do not know—it was suggested to the lady, while in the mesmeric state, that she should proceed, in spirit, to a certain house whose inmates she had been describing, and touch one of them. This she did; the sensitive sitting in her body in one house, and while conversing with those about her, at the same time touching (with what?) a person residing in her body in another house. The correct details of this seance are to be found in the "Spiritualist." But where? Perhaps some kind friend will help me to find it. Telepathy is credited with a good deal nowadays; can it explain this incident, the spirit being in one place, and yet capable at the same time not only of impressing, but actually touching another person residing in another place? The touch was not a subjective one, but was made actually palpable to the sense of feeling of the person touched.

The next incident is a report I made about the same time to Professor Barrett with reference to certain clairvoyant experiences which I had with a clairvoyant in Acerrington. Professor Barrett communicated this with other matters to "LIGHT" somewhere about 1883 or 1884. I hope some one with a better memory and the files of the papers will help me to trace these, as they are of public interest.

Greta Bank, Crosshill, Glasgow.

JAMES COATES.

March 7th, 1892.

Simplicity of Life.

SIR,—It seems to have been generally considered a great lapse for Laurence Oliphant to have engaged in those manual occupations imposed upon him by Mr. Harris, and I think you have yourself deplored that his wife should have degraded herself by washing clothes.* Well, for my part, I see nothing degrading in such sort of manual, or menial work, and I should have no worse opinion of the Queen if she washed her own clothes, or of the Prince of Wales if he blacked his own boots. I was reared in the Old Country as a gentleman, yet, living the life of a hermit out here, I have for over a quarter of a century done nearly every mortal thing for myself. I have been a hewer of wood and drawer of water, done all my own household work, cooking, baking bread, clearing up, washing, darned my own socks, mended my own clothes, been my own gardener, bushman, horsebreaker, groom or ostler and boots. Yet with all this, I think I have managed to keep myself tolerably well abreast with the thought of the age, though not quite as well as if I had lived in London during the time. I have also for about thirty years been a constant contributor to the local newspapers. I hear that the farm labourers—the young men at home—are deserting the country and flocking into the towns, to such an extent that the farmers are much inconvenienced, and have to employ mere boys. Now, why should not young men of the middle class at home go for a while into the country, and take a turn at the plough or harvest work? I suppose such work would be thought dreadfully demeaning. Stuff! "When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?" By such rural work young men might lay a foundation of good health, which would be of great value to them in the battle of life. I think it would be well if there was more simplicity of life and less exclusiveness; people and their hired domestic servants lived on more equal terms, and all menial work was not, to the extent it is at present, thrust on to the shoulders of a class. However, though our social state cannot be changed all at once, I have little doubt it will be in time; that there will be much elevation of the at present lower classes, and that our social relationship with each other will be very different from that which it is at present. Education will probably work wonders.

Otago, New Zealand.

COLONUS.

Free-Will and Determinism.

SIR,—"Thoughts of a Human Automaton," by Henry Blanchamp, in the "Fortnightly Review" for March, will have a disagreeable flavour for many who will read it to the end. The views are not new, but the plain, blank materialism, also called Determinism, of the modern philosopher is vigorously set forth for our satisfaction. This doctrine, which denies free-will altogether in any form, is once more fastened on to the Darwinian theory of evolution. It is to be the true and only substitute for ethics and religion, and

* No.—ED. "LIGHT."

is to be taught in our schools; it will foster and develop all the virtues. A few extracts will suffice in illustration:—

Free will is a myth invented by man to satisfy his emotions, not his reason. If it was once possible for a rational being to question this fact, the discoveries of Darwin must have set his doubts at rest (p. 390).

Thanks to the mistaken policy of the Church, and thanks to the dissemination of French ideas and of popular scientific manuals and lectures, the materialistic school of thought is every day strengthening its hold upon the common-sense of conservative Britain (p. 391).

The law of heredity conclusively demonstrates that free will and freedom of action stand in the category of living imaginings (p. 397).

Religion as a superfluity should be excluded from all educational institutions. Its place will be supplied by the creed of scientific philosophy—Determinism. The primary principle of Determinism, namely, that a human being is an automaton, and therefore not responsible for his thoughts or his acts, taken together with its corollaries, more than suffices for every intellectual need hitherto provided for by religion. . . . The Determinist is never harrassed by doubts—the Rock of Ages is fragile compared with the adamant foundation of his creed (p. 400).

It is difficult to see the purpose of such an article at this time, unless it is to raise a strong protest against its teaching and to elicit an argument on the other side. It is to be hoped that energy will not be spent on the refutation. The article carries its own antidote for those who have knowledge; it can only serve to amuse such as dabble in the new science of the "Unknowable"; it will confirm Spiritualists in their belief that it is only by perpetual iteration of their most elementary facts that any impression can be made upon the Determinists' doctrine of Denial.

March 8th, 1892.

M. A. I.

A Curious Incident in the Life of Spurgeon Verified.

SIR.—The following appeared in the "Christian Herald" for February 11th:—

THE BULLFINCH AND OPAL RING.—Mr. Arthur Maw, Seven House, Ironbridge, Salop, writes: "Some of the incidents in Mr. Spurgeon's life savoured of the miraculous. Parting one day from his invalid wife, on the usual round of visits to members of his congregation, he asked if she could suggest anything which could relieve the monotony of her sufferings. With apologies for the singularity of the idea, she replied that she had a fancy for the possession of a piping bullfinch and an opal ring, objects which the worthy minister would not have felt justified in buying. Having concluded a visit to a family who were about to emigrate, he was recalled to hear that the lady had a piping bullfinch which she could not take with her, and requested permission to present it to Mrs. Spurgeon. On his return home, a member of the congregation called to submit a question of conscience to his minister. He had picked up an opal ring, which, failing the discovery of an owner by the police, had been returned to him. Was he justified in possessing it? On receiving the obvious assurance he begged to present it to Mrs. Spurgeon."

I well remember, several years ago, seeing in an issue of the "Christian Herald" an account similar in every essential particular to this more recent one. Being much interested in it, and knowing the value of an immediate verification, I at once wrote Mr. Spurgeon on the matter, and promptly received a reply from his secretary confirming the authenticity of the strange and almost incredible statement.

ELIZA LUTLEY BOUCHER.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

"**CHRISTIANITY**" came to us, and our thanks, but for an inadvertence which we regret, would have been given at once.

Many correspondents and friends who have sent us either books, magazines, or M.P.s, are begged to accept this general acknowledgment with our thanks.

RELICS.

Cast them away for they fetter
My soul to a past that has died,
A ring and a rose and a letter!
False pledges that shall not abide.
Shall memory cling to an error,
Regret to a beautiful lie?
Nay, death of the past has no terror,
And Truth holds her lamp in the sky.
Behold, then, my future new bedding,
A rose that has cast its dead leaves,
Grow nearer the stars that are studding
The heavens where no lover deceives!

—KATE BURTON.

SOCIETY WORK.

[Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated will oblige by writing us distinctly as possible, and by appending their signatures to their communications. Attention to these requirements often compels us to reject valuable notices. No notice received later than the first post on Thursday will be published.]

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WOLFEHAMPTON, WILTS.—WEST HAM-LANE, E.—Services every Sunday at 7 p.m. Speaker for March 20th, Mr. J. Veitch; subject, "The Voyages."—J. A.

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

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL.—Mr. Pearson Sunday last gave us an interesting discourse on "Astrology." On Thursday last we had an excellent seance with Mrs. Young. Sunday next, Mr. Humphries, at 7 p.m. On the 24th Mrs. Bliss at 8 o'clock.—F. V.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—On Wednesday last we had a crowded meeting, and Mr. Portman's address gave us a beautiful discourse upon "Eternal Progress." Francis and Mr. Anderson also addressed the meeting upon "Spiritualism and Christianity—a Contrast." Sunday next, at 7 p.m., open meeting. Tuesdays, at 8 p.m., seances, Mrs. Mason.—J. H. B., Hon. Sec.

PECKHAM SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WINCHESTER ROAD, 33, HIGH-STREET.—We had a good attendance on Wednesday both morning and evening. Mr. Veitch gave us an excellent address on "After Death—What?" Sunday next, Mr. Portman; Mrs. Bell; evening, Rev. Rowland Young, "The Heavens writing on the Wall." Thursdays, at 8 p.m., "Psychometry."—A. D. Y.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 311, CANNON-WELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—On Sunday, March 20th, a service of song will be given at 7 p.m. by the Lyceum children, under Mr. Coleman, entitled "The Ministering Spirits." On Thursday, 24th inst., a special general meeting of the members at 8.30 will be held. On Thursday in last week, Mr. Coote gave a few psychometrical delineations, and on Sunday last we had a successful meeting with Mr. W. O. Drake, who gave us an excellent address on "Spirit Manifestations in the Home Circle."—W. G. COOTE, Assistant Secretary.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' CORRESPONDING SOCIETY will assist inquirers. Copies of "LIGHT," leaflets on Spiritualism, and list of members sent on receipt of stamped envelope. Address: ALLEN, Hon. Sec., 14, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex, or W. C. Robson, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Manor Park branch will hold the following meetings at Berkley-terrace: on Sunday, at 11.30 a.m., for students and inquirers; on Friday, at 8.15 p.m., for Spiritualists only the study of mediumship. Also at 1, Winifred-road, White Post-lane, on Tuesday, at 8 p.m., experimental seances.—J. A.

KING'S CROSS SOCIETY, COPENHAGEN HALL, 124, COPENHAGEN-STREET.—On Sunday the expected speaker disappointed us, and Mr. Emma spoke upon the need of reform in Spiritualism. Sunday next, Mr. E. Long "Strong Points in Spiritualism." Sunday, March 27th, Mrs. Treadwell, "Why I became a Spiritualist." On April 17th and 24th, at 10.45 a.m., Mr. Horatio Hunt will hold seances; admission by ticket, which was obtained of the secretary. April 24th, reception and tea at 8 p.m. At 7, Mr. Horatio Hunt will lecture on "Different Orders of Ghosts."—T. R., Sec.

SPIRITUAL HALL, 69, HIGH-STREET, MARYLEBONE.—Mr. Wallace, one of our oldest workers, gave an address on Sunday last. He spoke on some of the bright and dark sides of Spiritualism, consistently advocating the old simple truth of spirit-communication, &c., in preference to the many bewildering theories which brought neither conviction to the mind nor consolation to the heart. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., "The Distinction between Salvation and Damnation." Mr. T. B. Dale; Sunday, at 7 p.m., "Remarkable Spiritualist Phenomena," Mr. T. Everitt; Tuesday, at 8 p.m., "Remarkable Events in Nature," Mr. Dale; Thursday, at 8 p.m., seance, Mrs. Spring; Saturday, at 8 p.m., seance, Mrs. Treadwell.—C. H.

THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE
2, DUKE-STREET, ADELPHI, W.C.

This Society of Spiritualists, founded for the purpose, primarily, of uniting those who share a common faith and then of giving information respecting that faith to those who need for it, has now occupied Chambers at the above address. There will be found an extensive library of works especially attractive to Spiritualists, the various Journals of Spiritualism published in this and other countries; and opportunities of converse with friends like-minded. The Alliance holds periodical meetings at which papers of interesting phases of the subject are read, and discussion is invited. Donations solicited.

Minimum Annual Subscription of Members and Associates, one Guinea, payable in advance, and on the 1st January in each year. Further particulars may be obtained from E. D. GODFREY, Librarian of the premises.