

# Light:

*A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.*

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

### BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND NEWSPAPERS.

Amongst my old books I have "Somnambulism: The Extraordinary Case of Jane C. Rider, the Springfield Somnambulist. By L. W. Belden, M.D., with Notes and Confirmatory Letters. (London: Simpkin and Marshall, 1841," from which I make the following citations:—

Allusion has been made to her sewing in the dark, and circumstances render it almost certain that she must at that time have threaded her needle also. Some time after this occurrence she conceived the plan, during a paroxysm, of making a bag, in which, as she said, to boil some squash. She was then seen to thread a needle in a room in which there was barely light enough to enable others to perceive what she was about, and afterwards, the same night, she was seen to do it with her eyes closed. In this condition she completed the bag, and though a little puckered, as she observed, it still answered very well to boil the squash in.

In one instance she not only arranged the table for a meal, but actually prepared a dinner in the night, with her eyes closed. She first went into the cellar in the dark, procured the vegetables, washed each kind separately, brought in the wood and made a fire. While they were being boiled, she completed the arrangements of the table, and then proceeded to try the vegetables to ascertain whether they were sufficiently cooked. After repeated trials, she observed the smallest of them were done—she took them up, and after waiting a little, said the rest would do, and took them up also. They were actually very well cooked. She then remarked that S., a little girl in the family, ate milk, and procured a bowl for her—she also procured one for herself and ate it. As the family did not seat themselves at table, she became impatient, and complained that the men never were ready for their dinner. While engaged in her preparations, she observed a lamp burning in the room, and extinguished it, saying "she did not know why people wished to keep a lamp burning in the day time." On being requested to go to bed, she objected, alleging, as a reason, that it was day; but was persuaded to do so by being reminded that she was not well, and that sleep would relieve her head. In the morning she appeared, as usual, totally unconscious of the transactions of the preceding night.

At first, the paroxysms occurred only in the night, and generally soon after she went to bed. As the disease advanced, they commenced earlier—she then fell asleep in the evening, sitting in her chair—or rather, passed into the state of somnambulism; for her sleep, under these circumstances, was never natural. At a still later period, the attack took place at any hour during the day or evening. After she began to be affected in the daytime, the fit seldom commenced when she was in bed; and even when she retired, as she often did, in this state, she usually remained quiet till the paroxysm subsided—though at times she continued to talk and sing. Sometimes she suffered two distinct paroxysms in one day.

On Wednesday, November 20th, I took a large black silk handkerchief, placed between the folds two pieces of cotton batting, and applied it in such a way that the cotton came directly over the eyes, and completely filled the cavity on each side of the nose—the silk was distinctly seen to be in close contact with the skin. Various names were then written on cards, both of persons with whom she was acquainted and

of those who were unknown to her, which she read as soon as they were presented to her. This was done by most of the persons in the room. In reading she always held the paper the right side up, and brought it into the line of vision. The cards were generally placed in her hand for the purpose of attracting her notice, but when her attention was excited she read equally well that which was held before her by another. I do not know that she ever read cards which she had never seen when only the back was presented to her.

Being desirous, if possible, to prove that the eye was actually closed, I took two large wads of cotton, and placed them directly on the closed eyelid, and then bound them on with the handkerchief before used. The cotton filled the cavity under the eyebrow, came down to the middle of the cheek, and was in close contact with the nose. The former experiments were then repeated without any difference in the result. She also took a pencil, and, while rocking in her chair, wrote her own name, each word separately, and dotted the "i." Her father, who was present, asked her to write his name. "Billy!" was her reply, imagining that the question was proposed by a little boy of the name of William belonging to the family. "Shall I write Little Billy or Stiff?" She wrote *Stiff Billy*—the two words without connection, and after writing them both she went back and dotted the "i" in each. She then wrote *Springfield* under them, and, after observing it a moment, smilingly remarked that she had left out a letter, and inserted the "l" in the proper place.

A watch enclosed in a case was handed to her, and she was requested to tell the time—after examining both sides, she opened the case, and then answered the question. Afterwards, but in the same paroxysm, a gentleman present wrote his name in characters so small that no one else could distinguish it at the usual distance from the eye. As soon as the paper was put into her hand, she pronounced the name. It was thought that any attempt to open the eye would be indicated by the contraction of the skin on the forehead, but though she was closely watched, nothing of the kind was observed.

She also at this time repeated poetry and sang as before. This she did almost every paroxysm, and though there are some pieces which she must have repeated in this way scores of times, her knowledge of them when she is awake is not in the least improved by the practice. These experiments were performed in the presence of several of the most respectable and intelligent gentlemen in town, and they were all convinced there could be no deception.

While she was in a paroxysm a few evenings afterwards, the lights were removed from her room, and the windows so secured that no object was discernible. Two books were then presented to her which had been selected for the purpose; she immediately told the titles of both, though one of them was a book which she had never seen before.

I may recur to this remarkable case again.

Another book that I have is "Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders of Scotland (London, 1811)." The Essays, so it pleases the author to call them, are dedicated to Sir Walter Farquhar, Bart., and deal with the "Superstitions of the Highlands: Their Origin and Tendency," and "The Causes which Precluded Strangers from Settling in the Highlands." The book deals further with "The particular state of society in which a belief of the existence of Separate Spirits and their re-appearance most probably originated, which is increasingly important; also with courteous manners," which is perhaps hardly less important; and with the "Imagined Power of Pious Rites in Banishing an Apparition"—in which I have no belief whatever.

From the authoress, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, I have "Why Hygienic Congresses Fail. Lessons Taught by the



International Congress of 1891. (Geo. Bell and Sons, York street, Covent Garden, and New York). From the Preface I extract the following:

Religious truth possesses invaluable guidance for medicine, not only in its practical application as an art, but in the methods by which it can alone become a science.

Truth recognises this great fundamental fact, that spirit moulds form, that the senses alone are not reliable guides in solving the problems of even physical life.

Research and observation show that essential elements of truth have always existed in Humanity; that we cripple our power of advancing in truth if we do not seek out those indications of the Divine in all past experience, and carefully consider the light they throw on present life.

We recognise in these weighty facts a Providential method of human growth, and an infinitely beneficent aid towards the attainment of that moral ideal wherein Good and Truth, Justice and Mercy, Love and Wisdom become one—inseparably united.

One of the great truths given in past ages which it is necessary to study and enforce in the present age is the intimate connection which exists both mentally and physically between human beings and lower forms of animal life.

This is a truth of great moral significance. It was dimly, perhaps grotesquely, seen in some religions of the past, but is so much lost sight of in the present day that our responsibility for the care of the inferior creation, which we were intended to train with justice and gentleness, becomes too often a cruel and odious tyranny. Even in some branches of knowledge (knowledge which can only justly claim the name of science when it is the most comprehensive study of truth) injustice and cruelty are misleading the intellect, and thus threatening danger to the progress of the human race.

From the "Pall Mall" I clip a letter which I quote as follows:—

SIR,—During the recent opposition of the planet Mars so much has been said about the problem of communicating with its hypothetical inhabitants by means of luminous signals that I think I may be excused if I point out certain fundamental data which appear to have been entirely overlooked. They are:—1. During the opposition of Mars the earth is completely invisible to the inhabitants of that planet. 2. During the opposition of Mars the earth to a Martian observer would always be in conjunction with the sun—that is to say, it would rise and set with it, and would probably be in close proximity to it. From 1, I infer that the inhabitants of Mars do not trouble their heads about us, and that they certainly would not go to the expense of a huge pyrotechnic display in broad daylight in the hope of attracting our attention. No. 2, I think, settles the question raised by your correspondent H. R. Haweis, in his letter, which you published on the 18th. If London were treble its present size, no one could expect its feeble gas light, sparsely sprinkled with electric lamps, to be visible to a Marsian observer, provided with over so powerful a telescope, when looked for in broad daylight, on the background of a brilliant sky, and at no very great distance from the sun.

COPERNICUS.

I should like to know how the writer is aware "that the inhabitants of Mars do not trouble their heads about us, and that they certainly would not go to the expense of a huge pyrotechnic display in broad day-light to attract our attention." "Copernicus" must have been in communication with Mars before he can say as much as that. It is said that double-vision is delusive; how much more must be this tenfold vision. It is said that everything must be based on a substantial foundation. What are we to say of this airy nothingness?

MR. W. STANTON MOSES.

At a Special Meeting of the Council of the London Spiritualist Alliance, held on Wednesday evening at 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, Mr. E. Dawson Rogers in the chair, the following resolution was passed unanimously, on the motion of Dr. Wyld, seconded by Mr. T. Everitt:—

That this Meeting of the Council desires to place upon record its deep sense of the grievous loss sustained by the Alliance through the decease of its President, Mr. W. Stanton Moses, whose services to the cause of Spiritualism during a long and arduous career will ever be remembered with deep gratitude and affectionate esteem.

FEAR not the scoffs and gibes of the ignorant, have faith in your own self, let the divinity within you speak. In fear, divine opportunities are lost.

## AN ASSORTMENT OF MASKS.

BY MRS. A. J. PENNY.

The spirit's body is entirely in the power of the mind, and it forms itself inwardly and outwardly according to the imagination and the inward propensities. . . . It is evident that departed souls have a creative faculty, so that they can make their productions visible to themselves and others. By reflecting further on this faculty in good and evil spirits, astonishing discoveries may be made.—JUNO SULLAND'S "Apparitions."

There was in "LIGHT" for July 2nd an invitation to which I hoped there would have been by this time more reply. I reckoned on the gratitude of Spiritualists for all the Editor has done for their cause making them eager to respond to his wish. Writing on the subject of falsely personating spirits, he said: "I hope the readers of 'LIGHT' will favour us with their views, with their conclusions, and especially with the steps of reasoning by which they arrive at them."

From some constitutional shortness of breath my mind has never been able to go up those steps; though it runs down a series of deductions rather too fast, omitting sometimes to notice what ought to retard its pace. But to be invited to offer views on a theme so interesting just suits its discursive habit. To give these views a semblance of orderly growth, I would distinguish the proximate cause of all the perplexing falsities of communicating spirits, from the cause of the desire which prompts other agents—still more inscrutable—to promote these puzzling falsifications of fact: and far beyond and above that malicious desire, I recognise as a permissive cause, the merciful over-ruling design of the God and Father of us all.

As the nearest causes are most within range of human thought, I begin with them; observing parenthetically that I believe the phenomena now under consideration to be the work of spirits of various grades; not "shells" or "sheaths" left about in astral currents; still less "phantoms" spontaneously arising in the expectant minds of people untrained for explorations in *subjective* life. When Psychical Research has given its most ingenious and scientific disproof of angel or spirit being concerned in these phenomena, I find myself still in agreement with the old Scotchman who said "Deid they may be, but they are folk, whatever."

To my thinking it is wonderful that so many things are announced in Spiritualistic periodicals as marvels needing elucidation, which more than a century ago Swedenborg has recorded with many an illuminating comment. How can anyone really interested in spirit life leave his works unstudied, and how can those who study them fail to see that without seances or any inquiring associates he was cognisant of many of the inexplicable facts which now excite curiosity? For example, spirit writing. "I have already said and shown," he wrote in 1748, "that spirits who are the souls of those who are dead as to the body, whilst they are with man, stand at his back thinking that they are altogether men, and if they were permitted, they could through the man who speaks with them, but not through others, be as though they were entirely in the world, and, indeed, in a manner so manifest, that they could communicate their thoughts by words through another man, and even by letters. For they have sometimes, and indeed often, directed my hand when writing, as though it were entirely their own, so that they thought that it was they themselves who were writing, which is so true, that I can declare it with certainty, and if they were permitted they would write in their own peculiar style, but this is not permitted." ["Spiritual Diary," 557.]

Here, again, for another instance:—"Spirits have produced on my body effects entirely perceptible by sense, just as external objects do. For instance, they have scattered disagreeable and sweet odours often enough; they have maltreated my body so as to cause very grievous pain, and this on several occasions; have most manifestly induced cold and heat, and cold more frequently; have, as it were, driven along blasts of wind. I have felt the wind plainly, you, so as to cause the flame of the candle to flicker. Wherefore, it should not be doubted that they are organic substances, and not merely thought as some are wont to conceive them abstractedly from subject substances; and almost persuade others to conceive, by description of spirits, from whom they abstract everything that can yet be predicated. These abstractions being made, man can no longer have any idea of them. Wherefore they doubt and hesitate, and are ignorant that spirits in the body, or spirits separated from the body.



are real substances, and such substances in man as are conjoined to the material parts of his body."—"Spiritual Diary," 2,392.)

Is it the voluminousness of Swedenborg's works that deters people from reading them? No one pretends that *he* is hard to understand—the reason always alleged for not reading Boehme's writings: heavy to enervated minds, from a monotonous stress of earnestness, it must be admitted that they are. And I conclude the attempt to read them all would be quite beyond the power of modern students. But even those whose vigour of thought has been sapped by sensational literature, might read his "Spiritual Diary" without overmuch strain of effort or patience, and in these find a solution of many of the stock problems of Spiritualism, especially this now before us, why spirits so often pretend to be other than they are. By giving copious extracts from this "Diary," I shall at least save invalid intellects some trouble.

Swedenborg is very decisive as to the temporary loss of earthly memories after death, and often tells us that unless these are revived by other people's recognition or reminders of the past, those memories fade into complete oblivion, always ready to be most perfectly restored whenever it pleases God that they should be.\*

Imagine, then, how naturally a spirit drawn back to former scenes of existence by the incitement of spirits in our bodies, and with access suddenly opened to a former sphere of action, might recall some things and forget others; might remember some incident by which feelings had been strongly moved, and when asked for it forget the Christian name. All names not expressive of quality becoming disused (so we are told) in the world of spirits. Against the boundless mendacity of spirits Swedenborg warns us incessantly. It seems worse with them than among ourselves, and, apart from any apparent relationship to the "father of lies," there seems to be a most causeless profusion of them.

Without any *wish* to mislead, how often they *must*, from our ignorance of their peculiar conditions. "Let those who speak with spirits be careful lest they be deceived when spirits tell them that they are those who were known to them and that they are dead, for there are genera and species of spirits of similar faculty; for when similar are called up into man's memory, thus are represented to them, they suppose they are the same. Then from the memory are worked all those things which represent them, also words, speech, sounds, gestures, and many things. Moreover, they are so induced to think, when other spirits inspire them; for then they are in the phantasy of those other spirits, and suppose that they are the same." ("Spiritual Diary," Part of 2,860 and 2,861.) Think again of all the possibilities of delusion comprised in this one source, "because a spirit can speak in, or in connection with, a man, and does not know other than that he is the man himself, he cannot possibly know otherwise than that he has the memory of the sensual things which he had in the life of the body." ("Spiritual Diary," 1,984.) [At 281 *Ibid*, he tells us that spirits do really believe themselves to be individuals they are not.]

Here another unintentional mode of deceiving is suggested, "while visions or representations are taking place in the world of spirits, nothing is more common than for persons signifying things to be assumed, while certain things were to be signified, in order that I might know what they were; and, indeed, these persons were so inwrought into the representations, that at first I supposed they were actually present." ("Spiritual Diary," 1,636.)

How naturally then would such representations be made in their own usual way, by spirits wishing to convey to us such ideas.

(To be continued.)

ENTERPRISE!—An article on "Queen Victoria's Dolls" will appear in the September issue of the "Strand Magazine," and will give illustrations of a large number of dolls dressed by the Queen when a little girl, mostly as historical characters. The dolls were sent from Windsor to be specially photographed for the "Strand Magazine," and the Queen has taken so much interest in the matter that she has been graciously pleased to read and revise the article, and to add notes herself.

THE difference between truth and theory is the difference between knowing a thing and knowing about a thing.

\* It may be interesting to readers who care enough about this subject to take a little trouble to examine the passages to which the following numbers refer, for the reason and the uses of this quiescence of external memory after death.—(See "Spiritual Diary," 353, 3,763, 4,001, 4,259.)

## A VISION AND A WARNING OF DEATH.

[Contributed.]

Two curious incidents, both of recent date, were related to the writer a day or two since by a Scotch friend to whom most of those concerned are personally known. The first incident is the more interesting, from being, as it were, a double-barreled event, inasmuch as a supernatural visitation announced a death to one family whilst another family were apprised of a leading circumstance in connection with the same death by the agency of a dream.

A young lady, sister of Mr. A., an artist of some repute, whose family live at Toronto, came down to breakfast one morning recently and related a singular vision, which had impressed itself more vividly on her mind as she was accustomed to perfectly dreamless slumber. She had awoken at about seven, and finding by her watch that it was not yet time to rise, had dozed off, waking again very shortly after, and in the interval dreaming this dream. She saw running down the main street of Toronto, as if much agitated and in a great hurry, her friend, Miss M. C., a young lady of about her own age, and subsequently her sister-in-law. Her friend was dressed in what appeared to be wedding or ball attire, and had orange blossoms in her hair and on her dress. A waterproof cloak was over her head and shoulders, apparently donned in haste for want of a handier covering. Miss M. C. proceeded with great rapidity down the street until, reaching the tram terminus, in her hurry she slipped and fell in the mud; and rising again she disappeared from her friend's sight amongst a number of people who were entering a car. This was the dream; and later on the A. family were informed that Mr. J., stepfather of Miss M. C., had met with sudden death just before four o'clock that morning through falling out of a window at an hotel where he was staying some miles from Toronto, he being a commercial traveller, and that his step-daughter, Miss A.'s friend, who had been to a ball, on arriving home late, found a telegram awaiting her, had hurried off to take train to the scene of the accident at the same hour, and habited precisely as seen in the dream. Now comes the second part of the story. A few miles from the town where Mr. J. met with his terrible death was a lonely farm kept by a woman with her son and daughter, who were on friendly terms with the traveller, and knew of his stopping at the hotel. The daughter was dressing at a very early hour in order to get her brother's breakfast ready, he being in the stable close by, when a loud triple knock was heard at the front door. The girl promptly jumped into bed again, and excused herself to her mother, who was lying in another room, for not answering the summons, as she was not dressed. "Then," said the farmwife, the loud knocking being here repeated, "I will go myself," whereupon she wrapped herself in a cloak and went down to the door. The farmhouse clock struck four as she went, and just as her fingers were on the handle of the door the three loud knocks were given for a third time with such emphasis as to startle her and elicit the remark, "Dear me, they're in a great hurry, to be sure." But when a moment later the door was opened no one was to be seen. A thorough search was made over the farm premises without discovery, and the son visited a neighbouring farm, it being thought that somebody might be ill there, but found all asleep. At breakfast the mother said that she had been thinking of Mr. J. all the morning, and could not get it out of her head that some harm had befallen him. The feeling became so strong that, against the wishes of the others, she had the horse harnessed and drove to the town, and on reaching the hotel, found there Miss M. C., who coming downstairs to greet her, said: "Then you have heard already. How kind of you to come in my trouble!"

The other incident occurred in Scotland, near St. Monans. A worthy tradesman of that town was driving one dark night about a year ago along the Firth of Forth. Out over the Firth was the Isle of May lighthouse, whose great flashes of light could be seen for many miles streaming across the water. The tradesman, during one of these flashes, was astonished to observe floating midway in the broad path of light a gigantic coffin. Hardly believing his eyes, he reined up, and waited for the next flash, and there again was the great coffin rocking on the waves, grim and unmistakable. Three or four times more he saw the apparition, and then, much perturbed and in a greatly depressed frame of mind, he turned and drove home, to find awaiting him tidings of the sudden and quite unexpected death of a very dear friend.



### THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND.

The "English Mechanic" is not a journal in which one would expect to find Spiritualism treated of at all under any guise. Nevertheless, a few weeks ago in its correspondence columns, there appeared several letters arising out of certain observations of one "O. J. L.," anent Florence Marryat's book, "There is No Death." There are always omniscient ones ready to answer, and explain everything, and some of these were soon at work. Two of these explanations are appended. If the technical knowledge of the contributors to the "English Mechanic" is on the same level as that displayed by these writers when dealing with the occult, the mechanical results must at times be curious:—

I have not read Florence Marryat's work referred to, but have seen others of the same order, and I should like to know how "O. J. L." arrives at the limitation to one of two conclusions only. If he knew as much as I do from absolutely certain tests of the more occult phases of human existence, he would be less confident that "either the authoress has deliberately penned an immense number of wilful falsehoods, or she is truthful, and was really a witness of the scenes described." There is the other alternative—that she truthfully describes scenes which she witnessed, but which never actually occurred.

But it is evident that "O. J. L." is inexperienced in the literature of Spiritualism when he considers the "assumption of a body as solid and substantial as if she had never died" as unique in the annals of Spiritualism. Has he never heard of Kitty King and her husband, who, dying in the days of Queen Elizabeth, were the habitual visitors at seances a few years ago. I know people who have told me they had been present when she walked round a large table and kissed everyone seated at it. Materialisation is one of the most familiar of the claims made, alike by the Spiritualists and the people of whom Mrs. Besant has become a disciple and apostle. It means not merely the power to condense matter out of the ether, but also power to create organic structure with all its infinite capacities. It means also the destruction of the fundamental principles of science—that matter or energy can neither be created nor destroyed.

But materialisation is none the less a certain and proved fact—not objective, but subjective. It does not occur, but is seen to occur. The witnesses are true, but the facts are not true. It is perfectly certain (1) that we do see facts which do not occur—we do it whenever we dream; (2) that this perception may occur in the waking state, with an apparent certainty not to be distinguished from real fact, and that it can be set up in one or many persons by the thoughts of another person, those thoughts being unspoken. I have produced this effect myself so often, that I should certainly refuse to believe any facts of this order which I might witness myself; and I do not at all mean to refer to the fact that nearly every one of the notable cases of materialisation have been proved to be downright impostures.

I will only give one instance out of many of my own experience. Several people are spending the evening together, and ask me to show them some of the things I have told them of. Presently some of them see an apple-tree gradually growing up in the middle of the table; the fruit on it develops and ripens; they gather and eat it. All this time they are still conversing and describing what they see, I having conditioned that no one should contradict or in any way oppose what anyone present might say, but simply take part in any observations which might be made, putting any questions they pleased; in fact, the company was mixed; some of them I had mesmerised before, and some not, and those who saw the tree grow were those whom I had that influence over, and also one lady who had expressed complete disbelief in the whole matter, and remained throughout unconscious that her perceptions were in any way controlled. I should like to know in what manner this differs from the asserted facts of materialisation, except in this one point, that some of those present did not see the tree grow. But that is a very simple point; these phenomena do not occur except when all present are sympathetic. Therefore, in honest seances of Spiritualists, phenomena can never be guaranteed; the spirits may refuse to come or be unable to work. This is quite intelligible to those who have thoroughly examined these subjects, as they know that every mind

present takes part in the reactions, and an antagonistic mind breaks the whole chain. But this does not occur, or only partially, when, as in my case described, only partial action is intended, or in ordinary hypnotic experiments. I should add that in my experiment no one knew what I meant to be seen, nor did I say a word to produce what is called an "impression"; the thought was simply projected from my own mind, and reproduced in those who were susceptible to my influence, each of these then reacting on the others. Now, "O. J. L.," does not this dispose of your dilemma. Why should not Florence Marryat have seen in this way? And why even could she not have been deliberately deceived, as many a clever person has been, by pure imposture?

Sigma.

It strikes me that in considering statements such as those referred to by "O. J. L.," p. 483, an ounce of common sense is of more use than a ton of such evidence as has hitherto been brought forward in favour of their truth. I purposely say "in favour," for "in support" would imply that there was something tangible to be supported, and this would beg the question by putting fancies in the same position as physical facts.

Let us try and lay down a few preliminary points to be first clearly and explicitly dealt with before we try to set any definite value on the evidence adduced in connection with so-called materialisation of spirits.

In the first place, is not the axiom correct which affirms "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*?" If so, then clearly the material in which the spirits appear must be derived from existing material, whether fleshly or textile (for I have not yet heard of the "bodies" appearing in a naked state). Whence, then, are these materials derived? It is sometimes affirmed that the materialising is (so to speak) at the expense of the "medium." Clearly, then, the medium must weigh less, and the texture of her clothing must be reduced in substance while the spirit is in the *solidified* condition. Now is there anyone who dares affirm that this is actually the case?

Again, so far as I know (and I have read a good deal on the subject) the medium always hides behind a screen, or in an adjoining room during some portion of the seance. Will the Spiritualists tell us what is the reason for this, and by whom and when the screen was instituted as a part of the paraphernalia? It must be remembered, as was once well remarked, that every public medium has successively been proved to be an impostor, so that we have strong *a priori* grounds for assuming that a successful medium is merely an impostor that has not yet been detected, and this I believe is the legal view of the matter.

Such being the case, every possible precaution is now taken in Spiritualist circles, not to detect fraud, but to prevent fraud being detected. No "outsider" is knowingly allowed to be present at the meeting of a "circle," and those who are present appear from the published accounts to carefully prepare themselves to be imposed upon. I saw it stated that at a certain seance nothing was on the sideboard but some sticks of phosphorus in a phial of water. Is this a usual ornament on a dining-room sideboard, or does it not suggest a connection with so-called "spirit lights"?

I refrain from discussing the writing mediums or the utterly and ludicrously inane remarks said to be thus made by the spirits of the dead. It will be time enough to deal with these when something has been told us that is new and useful, and whose truth and value can be scientifically brought to proof.

When any one can sit down and write a lot of meaningless platitudes and so forth, and then declare them to be written by a "controlling spirit," the obvious conclusion is either that the writer is an impostor, or that he or she is the victim of delusion.

Such an inference is far more probable (aye, infinitely more probable), than that the spirit of, say, Milton should return to earth, and write bad verses and unmitigated twaddle. Let us, then, have scientific facts, not hallucinations or imposture.

A.S.L.

DIVINE love does not pity, does not forgive, does not punish, but goes out in universal love that acts on saint and sinner alike.

To be merciful shows evidence of possible goodness. The truly good man *loves*, hence does not descend to the condition of having to be merciful or charitable.



## SPIRIT IDENTITY.

## 1. A FRUITLESS QUEST.—2. THE CASE OF MR. F.

By "EDINA."

These two cases, I think, fall to be taken together. They raise three questions in psychology of some interest, viz.: (1) Why so many of our departed ones fail to communicate with us although opportunity occurs? (2) Why others are able to do so at once? and (3) Why controls are sometimes unable or unwilling to find a lost and loved one on the other side? These questions are not new, and have been, I think, frequently adverted to in the columns of "LIGHT." At the moment of writing I can recall an experience in the life of a well-known medium which will show the difficulties surrounding the subject of spirit communion with earth. This person informed me that although he has had the good fortune not only to find, but to bring back and photograph many spirit forms to the comfort and consolation of their surviving relatives, yet he himself has during his whole career as a medium, now extending over thirty years, been unable to open up any communication with his own family or relatives who have passed over, although everyone of them when they lived on earth knew of his great mediumistic and clairvoyant powers. *Per contra*, however, I cannot help saying that our experience has been very different, for we have been for three years in constant *rapport* with quite a "stream" of friends and relatives now in the spirit-world.

It cannot be denied, however, that the non-return of some of our lost and loved ones, and the early opening-up of communication by others, are noteworthy features in the history of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and as the two cases now to be dealt with are an interesting contrast to each other, I make no apology for adding them as another contribution to the subject of Spirit Identity.

## 1. A FRUITLESS QUEST.

Recently a friend of ours, who is much interested in psychical phenomena, asked our daughter's control, Professor Sandringham, to endeavour to find out on the "other side" a former companion of his, whom, for the purposes of this article, I shall designate as Mr. D. This person had only recently passed over, and the request was made in the form chosen by us, viz., by placing a letter in the notebook used by "the Professor" for writing his messages. In a few days a reply was automatically written through our family medium, stating the control would endeavour to comply with the request made, and that he had delegated the duty of searching for Mr. D. to a spiritual *confrère*. This *confrère* designates himself as "Dr. Moxton," but his life history is unknown to us, although our daughter states she has seen and conversed with him frequently, and is quite familiar with his personal appearance. On August 29th last Dr. Moxton appeared to our medium, and stated he would write a message regarding Mr. D. on the following afternoon. He did so, and the message, which extends to two pages of the notebook, is now before me. It relates to several matters, but the opening passages refer to Mr. D. The writer expresses his regret that although he has made diligent search "in the spheres," he has been unable to find Mr. D. During the writing of this message I wrote a question and laid it on the table beside the notebook. The query was, "Had Dr. Moxton gone to the home Mr. D. had so recently quitted and searched for him there?" Almost immediately the reply came that he had not been there; but that probably if a medium went to the house it might be possible to see and hold converse with him. This answer to my query would seem to imply that the communicator either would not, or could not, see Mr. D. at the house he so lately left. This statement in view of our numerous experiences to the contrary is, to say the least of it, not satisfactory, but it must be taken *valeat quantum*.

## 2. THE LATE MR. F.

This case is a marked contrast to the preceding. Mr. F. died in the middle of August. He was a deaf mute, well known to the medium, knew nothing of her clairvoyant powers, and was quite unfamiliar with Spiritualism. Within forty-eight hours of his demise our family medium saw in her room the face of Mr. F., wearing rather a sad expression. The figure was clothed in white, and neither legs nor arms

were visible. The medium spoke to this person, and asked him when, and where, his remains were to be interred, but he made no reply—probably, she thinks, because he had no fingers visible wherewith to converse by the deaf and dumb alphabet, which was when in earth-life his only mode of communication with our daughter when she chanced to meet him.

Now comes the puzzling element in this case. In the written message from Dr. Moxton, penned on August 31st, there occurs a reference to the fact that the medium had quite unexpectedly seen her late deaf and dumb friend, and the doctor says that he did not need to "make a long pilgrimage to find him." The message also states that Mr. F. who, when in earth-life was a very orthodox person in his religious belief, was still feeling very "queer" on the other side, and puzzled to find it was so different from what he believed it would be, as there was no "playing on harps" and sitting in idle enjoyment, and also that he had found "the other place" had as many spheres, places, and divisions as the world he had so recently left. Dr. Moxton adds: "That was just my experience also when I was released."

Now, we cannot reconcile these two experiences. In the case of Mr. D. the request for communication was made within a few days after his interment, the address where he died was given, and yet the spiritual agency at work could not find him, and for aught we can understand appeared to be unable or unwilling to go to his former home to try and see if he was still "hovering round" his old dwelling place. *Per contra*, in the case of Mr. F., this spiritual agent (Dr. Moxton), is apparently the means of bringing him to the medium within forty-eight hours of his demise, and also takes the trouble to give us some information as to the mental condition of this deaf mute on his first entry into the spirit-world.

I have formed no theory as to the divergence between these cases, but only stated the bare facts, and shall be glad if any of your readers can favour us with a similar experience. Hitherto we have had but to ask a communication from a person named who is now on the other side to be able to get it. True, we used this opportunity sparingly, and only to test identity, but the incident first dealt with in this article shows that a negative result is possible. The why and the wherefore will, I am afraid, not be easily solved.

I have only to add that the medium has minutely described the person calling himself Dr. Moxton who, she believes, was, when in earth life, a citizen of the American continent. Although she has spoken to him frequently, this is the first occasion in which he has written any message.

## FAITH—A NECESSITY.

JULIA WEDGWOOD IN "CONTEMPORARY REVIEW."

We use the word "faiths" in the plural with a sense of strangeness, but also of necessity. When a tree has been cut down, many green shoots surround the truncated stem, and seem in their manifest growth, and wealth of foliage, to replace with richer life the central column whose trace they often hide. In like manner, when the central growth of faith is arrested, the rising sap of instinctive trust floods many lesser convictions, which for the same reason seem more real. Faith in man and faith in Nature are no alternatives to a larger faith, but when the larger faith is lost they will show a more unquestionable development for the time. Is there no Father in Heaven?—then let us turn, with added sympathy and fervour, to the service of the brother on earth. Is there no influence breathing from the unseen with mystic power on our lives, and yielding to our fervent aspiration a response visible in earthly achievement?—then let us make the most of that love which confers on weakness a claim beyond anything that strength can enforce, and records its meaning in every new birth into this world. Is there no power behind Nature? Then let us try whether a reverent observation of every natural phenomenon may not supply a spring of enthusiasm and hope sufficient to efface the blank left by the disappearance of a Creator. The faith in human righteousness which emerges in modern democracy, the new belief in those impulses which join man to woman, the enthusiasm for natural law inspired by science—all these animate the literature of the hour, and writers and readers who contrast the untested hopes they inspire with the failures of a traditional faith, naturally feel as if death were exchanged for life.



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## Light:

EDITED BY W. STANTON-MOSES.

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th, 1892.

**TO CONTRIBUTORS.**—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects good and desirable. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to the Editor.

### A QUESTION.

There is a question in connection with seances of all kinds, whether for materialisation, trance-speaking, or anything else—which seems worthy of consideration—that is, within what limits are these seances justifiable according to the rules of morality as we recognise them? Some weighty words in an article by Mrs. Penny, which appears in the current number of "LIGHT," seem to make this question peculiarly appropriate just now.

The true Spiritualist, the man who is sure that there is a world which is not this, to which world his loved ones have gone, does not need the experimental assurance that they are still living. He knows they are. If those who have died wish to come back, drawn by the love that still binds them to those left behind, it may be well that they should do so, but whether attempts should be made to bring them back is open to grave doubt. Those to whom the spiritual atmosphere of this world is always more or less heavy with pollution would not care to drag the emancipated ones back into that atmosphere, especially if that return involved drawing the material for presentation from the not necessarily pure entity of a human medium. The perfect love which gives all and asks for no return would not be guilty of such selfishness as that. Rather would the spirit still clothed in the body try to raise itself to the level of the departed ones, and commune with them on that higher plane, where ordinary sense is of no use. For surely under any circumstances the coming back must be a return to some cell of the prison house.

For the man without knowledge, for whom there is no unseen, whose horizon is bounded by his own small vision, who fears death because it is to him the end of all things, such a coming back from the dead may possibly be of some use, and the end may justify the means. But even here the spontaneous coming back is surely the better. And if the love has been real, if, though there has been no acknowledgment of it, there has in reality been communion of spirit, that evidence of continued life may possibly, though not probably, come. I say possibly, not probably, for the man who quenches the spirit cannot expect to be favoured by that spirit.

There are some Spiritualists who seem unable to get beyond this life, though they think they believe in another. Such persons desire to be, and imagine they are, in constant communication with their dead relatives. But if there

is any truth in all the stories of hauntings, periodic appearances, and so forth, and we know that there is truth in a large number of them, do we not find that in every case the spirit is earth bound, attracted by some crime committed, some gold hoarded, or some wrong to be set right? Is there, indeed, any evidence that they stay here willingly, unless they are still of the earth, earthy? If these things are so, then is it fair to those who are brought back that they should be kept here under conditions which trammel their development, and do no good to the so called survivors? Surely there is a suspicion of selfishness about it all. But even supposing such a state of things to be lawful, how far is it desirable? Swedenborg speaks with considerable authority, and with much reason even independent of that authority, and to quote Mrs. Penny "Against the boundless mendacity of spirits Swedenborg warns us incessantly. . . . Without any wish to mislead, how often they must, from our ignorance of their peculiar conditions, let those who speak with spirits be careful lest they be deceived when spirits tell them that they are those who were known to them and that they are dead, for these are genera and species of spirits of similar faculty; for here similar are called up into man's memory, these are represented to them, they suppose they are the same. Then from the memory are worked all those things which represent them, also words, speech, sound, gestures, and many things." In spite of the cumbrous phraseology, which perhaps is one reason for the neglect of Swedenborg, of which Mrs. Penny complains, it is quite clear that he, at least, was well aware of the constant personification, though sometimes unintentionally practised by spirits. If then there is no certainty that the communicating spirits are those they say they are—even supposing the thing to be lawful, how far is it desirable?

Looking at the question of return from the personal point of view, how many men can say with any truth that, once released from earth-conditions, they would like to be brought back into them. Then why should that earnest longing to depart, which is far better, be interfered with by those who have not yet departed?

These observations are thrown out tentatively. The difficulties they refer to have presented themselves to many. It would be well if others would consider the question.

### THE LATE MRS. ANNA KINGSFORD.

"In the beautiful churchyard of Atcham, near Shrewsbury," writes a correspondent, "amid the peacefullest surroundings, with the quietly-gliding Severn close by, lie the earthly remains of Dr. Anna Kingsford, joint-author of 'The Perfect Way.' It is the burial-place of her husband's parish—he is the vicar of Atcham—and from both door and windows of the Vicarage, her late home, the grave can be plainly seen. Her last resting-place is marked by a white marble Latin cross, of simple design, standing on a Calvary of three steps, the edging to the grave being also of white marble. On the side facing east, at the foot of the cross, is the following inscription:—

In loving memory of Anna Kingsford, M.D., who died February 22nd, 1888.

The surface of the grave is kept bright and sweet with flowers, telling of the loving care bestowed upon them."—"Literary World," September 2nd, 1892.

OUR FATHER'S CHURCH.—Members, Friends, and Inquirers are invited to Two Meetings on Sunday, September 25th, at the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer-street (near Oxford-circus), at Eleven and Seven. John Pogo Hopps will speak on the following subjects:—"Why Should We Worship Together?" "The Music in All the Creeds." All seats free. Hymns will be provided. Voluntary offerings at the doors to defray expenses. A brotherly invitation is specially offered to those who feel the need of something more rational and simple, and less conventional, than the ordinary churches.



## William Stainton Moses.

Mr. Stainton Moses died at Bedford on Monday last, September 5th, in his fifty-third year. His friends who had seen him lately knew that death was only a question of time, and that a short time. Yet, as usual, it came more suddenly than was expected, and the news that "M.A. (Oxon.);" was dead was a heavy blow to those who heard it during the day.

Mr. Stainton Moses had been ill for a long time; his nervous system was almost entirely shattered, for he never completely recovered from his first attack of influenza, two years ago. He had been in London for the last three months and only returned to his mother's house at Bedford on the Wednesday before he died. He was then very ill, but there was still a little hope. On Monday he passed away, after all before his aged mother, over whom he had watched with almost more than filial piety for so many years.

Mr. Stainton Moses was born in Lincolnshire but early in his life his parents removed to Bedford. Bedford has for nearly two centuries been more or less an educational centre, and though at the time when young Stainton Moses went there the foundation had not been developed as it has been in recent years, not only was the education given excellent but owing to the judicious provisions of the will of the founder of the great schools in the town, there was ample provision for rewarding exceptional merit. It was, then, not surprising that at the end of his school career Stainton Moses succeeded in obtaining the principal scholarship, and went up in due course to Exeter College, Oxford.

He did not carry on his classical studies to any serious extent while at Oxford; perhaps the robustness of his methods militated against that minute delicacy which characterises high scholarship; so that after getting a third class at Moderations in 1860 he went on to the ordinary degree. His affection for Oxford was always very great, and the softening influence of its antiquity was a curiously favourite theme with one whose character was distinctly modern in almost all its developments.

The Church being his destination, Mr. Stainton Moses was ordained priest in 1865. Had he remained in the Church he would, doubtless, have risen to considerable eminence, for he was not only a good organiser, but a vigorous preacher. That, however, was not to be. Other and better work was reserved for Mr. Stainton Moses.

In the Isle of Man, about 1870, in the course of his clerical work, he met with Dr. Stanhope Speer and Mrs. Speer, the firm friends of his after life. The subject of Spiritualism was then occupying men's minds considerably,

and Mr. Stainton Moses determined, in conjunction with his new friends, to investigate the whole thing. As he has often avowed, he was a Materialist of the first order; he would have none of these things. Conviction, nevertheless, was forced upon him, and then his real life work began. How thorough was his course of investigation only those who enjoyed his intimate friendship can ever know. No seance where he could gain knowledge, no book from which he could gather information, no man who could enlarge his horizon, was left unattended, unread, or unquestioned. The wear was tremendous, and doubtless started that system of nerve exhaustion which culminated so sorrowfully on Monday last.

His connection with the Church became practically severed, and he obtained the appointment of English Master in University College School, London. This position he held till 1888, when continued illness made it clear that he could not continue to hold it and carry on his other work. He therefore resigned, to the regret both of his colleagues and pupils. How his strong personality rather than his teaching, good as that was, came into play during these years, many men now scattered over the earth, and doing their work well, would be able to testify.

During this period his activity in all matters connected with Spiritualism was marvellous. How long before he was actual Editor, he wrote continuously for "LIGHT," how he founded the London Spiritualist Alliance, what he did in the early days of the Society for Psychical Research, cannot be told in this brief article. There is, indeed, no need to tell. It is perhaps not too much to say that he gradually raised Spiritualism in England from what was fast becoming a debasing superstition to a position



WILLIAM STAINTON MOSES.

(This portrait of our departed friend is not so good as could have been wished, but is the only one which is at the moment available.)

in which it has become a prime factor in the intellectual and moral activity of the age. He recognised that it was either all or nothing, and he knew that it was *all*.

Of his numerous contributions to the literature of Spiritualism it would be long to speak here, but one, "Spirit Teachings," cannot be passed over in silence. Whatever discussions may be indulged in over the intrinsic authorship of the book, whether it was the outcome of the "uprush" from his own "subliminal consciousness," or whether it was, as he averred, and believed it to be, the product of direct inspiration, it remains the monument of a noble mind, whether that mind was its origin or the channel through which its pure teaching was conveyed.

It was a favourite saying of Mr. Stainton Moses that "Few men are important, no one is necessary." Doubtless this is true, yet the gap occupied by him will not easily be filled. Perhaps it is not necessary that it should be filled



at all. He did his work, and different developments may now be required. Yet always, in all its profoundest meaning, we know that he "being dead, yet speaketh."

The funeral took place at noon on Friday at Bedford.

π.

### A JOKER ON DYING.

The "Times" is not the only journal that keeps a second-rate joker to deal with matters which are neither connected with the Stock Exchange nor the House of Commons. The "Pall Mall Gazette" also keeps one. The "Proceedings" of the Society for Psychical Research for July contain some remarkable experiences of persons who were temporarily dead. These experiences help to establish a new and conscious after-death existence. Hence the usual fear and the usual feeble jokelets. The "Pall Mall" had naturally a *well-known* correspondent who had also died temporarily, but with quite different results. What manner of man this well-known correspondent is we may gather from his words. "All my life long I have been singularly destitute I believe, of that physical shrinking from death which so many human beings feel so acutely. I do not mean to say I am in a hurry to die, as long as things go on tolerably well with me in the world. I have no insuperable objection to continue living, but whenever I stand face to face with death, as has happened to me several times in the course of my career, I regard the prospect of annihilation with perfect equanimity." The joker starts with *annihilation*, does he know what it means? This lack of fear is attributed to the fact that "once in my life I really and truly died—died as dead as it is possible for a human being to die; and that I was afterwards resurrected." Where was the Editor when he passed the word *resurrected*? This is 'Arry's small vulgarity. But how frightened they all are. The "well-known correspondent" slipped through some thin ice, and

I went down like lead. When I came up again, it was with my head against the solid ice. If I had had full possession of my faculties, I would have looked about for the hole by which I broke through and endeavoured to swim under water for it. But I was numbed with the cold, and stunned with the suddenness of the unexpected ducking; so, instead of looking for the soft place by which I had got in, I tried ineffectually to break the thick ice over my head by bumping and butting against it. In so doing, I do not doubt, I must have made matters worse by partially stunning myself. At any rate, I could not break it, and was soon numbed by the cold. I gasped and swallowed a great deal of

water. I felt my lungs filling. A moment of suspense, during which I knew perfectly well I was drowning, intervened; and then—I died. I was drowned and dead. I knew it then, and I have never since for a moment doubted it.

The skull seems to have been thick enough for any thing; it surely ought to have broken the ice, nothing could have broken it. He was drowned and dead, and knew it, though quite unconscious. That skull is very thick, even for a "Pall Mall" joker.

I was dead and nothing else; I did not doubt it at the time; I have never since doubted it. Mere theological theorists may talk about something they call the soul not having yet left the body. I know nothing of all that, though I don't see how they can tell so confidently whether in such a case as mine the soul, if any, does not leave the body at once and then come back again. For all I know to the contrary, it may have gone meanwhile to the hypothetical place of departed spirits—always unconscious. But, to omit any such curious and unprofitable inquiries, what I *do* know is this: that if there had been no artificial respiration I would never have revived again, and my body would have undergone dissolution in due course, without any return of consciousness whatever. So far as consciousness goes, therefore, I was then and there dead, and I never expect to be any deader. And the knowledge that I have thus once experienced in my own person exactly what death is, and tried it fully, has had a great deal to do, I think, with my utter physical indifference so it. I *know* how it feels; and though it was momentarily uncomfortable, it isn't half as bad as breaking your arm or having a tooth drawn.

His body would have undergone dissolution in due course, without any return of consciousness whatever. This "our well-known correspondent" knows. Perhaps some day when the joking mood is not on him he

will tell the world what the *dissolution* of a body means, and how a *body* ever possesses consciousness. How is it that all the journals "turn on" their feeblest people for this kind of thing? The "Pall Mall" writer is not even funny—a man must have a very low sense of humour who can talk about being resurrected—the "Times" contributor is that, though unconsciously. But, and here one must speak with seriousness, the materialism of the age has made even of Death a joke!

A MAN'S divine strength is tested when the day of adversity comes. It is the weighing in the balance. If he falls, he is found wanting.

THE soul of man cannot remain inactive. If we are not doing good we are doing evil; hence the necessity of guarding every thought.

THERE is perhaps no word in the English language that contains so much of good as the word "reciprocity." It contains the Golden Rule in one word, also Christ's teaching.



## THE DIVINING ROD.\*

This is interesting from a two-fold point of view, from the information contained in the article, and also from the lack of the slightest evidence of the self-delusion, deliberate deceit, or involuntary mendacity so calmly assumed as an explanation of the facts:—

The ancient mine surveyors strenuously endeavoured to keep their art a secret. In the Middle Ages they were, in consequence, superstitiously regarded as sorcerers. The divining-rod was closely associated with the practice of their profession, and in many cases was trusted more implicitly than the most scientific survey.

The extent to which this rod is still used for the detection of mineral deposits, springs, or hidden treasure, is much greater than educated persons would be likely to suppose. The mining journals frequently announce that adepts with this instrument are exploring for mineral veins in different parts of the world. The records of the Patent Office show that numerous forms of divining-rod have been patented of late years. The "Daily Graphic" of March 11th, 1891, illustrated a divining-rod expert, pointing out, at the request of the Grantham Union Sanitary Authority, sources from which supplies of water might be obtained. The "Daily News" of March 24th, 1892, contains an account of explorations for water made with the divining-rod under the auspices of the Northamptonshire County Council; and the "Globe" of March 28th contains a testimonial to the efficacy of the divining-rod from the pen of a doctor of divinity. These circumstances, taken together with the fact that the "dowsers," or experts with the rod, still find numerous supporters in Cornwall, in Germany, and in the Western United States, certainly justify me in regarding this subject as one not merely of antiquarian interest. Yet a consideration of the history of the divining-rod, as summarised by Chevreul, Louis Figuier, and Dr. Rossiter Raymond, clearly shows that the phenomena presented by it must be regarded as being due to self-delusion, deliberate deceit, or involuntary mendacity.

Before referring to the history of this instrument, I should like to say a few words about its form, material, and use. This, however, is a work of great difficulty, inasmuch as the literature of the divining-rod shows nothing more clearly than the contradictions of its advocates. Indeed, an old German author, Theophilus Albinus,† writing in 1704, quaintly observes: "I ween that no more confounded thing is to be found in the world than this divining-rod business; for what is right and fit to one is wrong and unfit to many others, so that out of such great confusion not much good is to be presumed. For evil and lying dealings are best hidden amid this confusion, and in the muddiest water rascality likes best to fish."

The most common divining-rod has always been a branch of hazel, in the shape of a letter Y. This is held in the two hands, each grasping the extremity of a prong, with the fingers closed not too tightly and the palms upwards. When carried in this manner by the adept, the rod is said to dip above mineral deposits, springs, or treasure. Though the Y-shaped rod is the most common, other shapes and materials have been advocated at different times. Thus, in a work published in 1700 by J. G. Zeidler, entitled, "Pantomysterium, oder das neue vom Jahre in der Wünschelruthe als einem allgemeinen Werkzeugzeuge Menschlicher verborgenen Wissenschaft," instructions are given in the use of a great variety of instruments as divining-rods, tongs, scissors, snuffers, books, the fore-fingers, and so on. Indeed, the last instrument of this kind patented (British patent, 1889, No. 1919) consisted, not of a rod at all, but of a flask filled with a composition of gold, silver, copper, quicksilver, and an acid or alcohol. It is suspended from one hand by a cord, and steadied by the other. If there is precious metal in the neighbourhood, it is stated that the flask will vibrate.

All authorities agree that the rod will turn in one man's hand and not in another's. It is said that a sympathy must be established between the holder, the rod, and the metal, and that many persons are wanting in the necessary qualities, whatever they may be. But how can it be that the rod, even in the right holder's hand, will not turn over

unconcealed metal? Here you have all the conditions, but all authorities agree that the rod will not work over uncovered metal or over an open brook.

In France, in the time of Louis XIV., the rod was used for detecting criminals. The case of the murder at Lyons in 1692 is almost too well known to be quoted. A wine merchant and his wife were murdered. The authorities, who seem to have had no clue to the murderers, employed a peasant to wield the rod. He followed with the rod the alleged track of the fugitives, and finally, at the prison at Beaucoire, pointed out as one of the murderers a hunchback recently arrested for larceny. This man confessed his guilt, and was broken on the wheel. This discovery by the aid of the divining-rod seemed indeed marvellous; but later investigations have shown that it was merely a piece of clever detective work.

Ninety years later, in Paris, Bartholemy Bleton created a great sensation as a water diviner. He is said to have followed, in the presence of crowds of spectators, a subterranean aqueduct in the Luxembourg Gardens for one thousand five hundred yards without a mistake, and the engineer of the works is reported to have said that if the plans in his possession had been lost, Bleton's footsteps would have constituted a complete survey to replace them. Later trials, however, did not give such remarkable results. Bleton would often pass over running water, when blindfold, without noticing it, and when taken several times over the same course, he would not point out accurately each time the spots which he had previously marked.

Turning to the use of the divining-rod in tracing mineral veins, we find that Dr. Pryce, the early authority on Cornish mining, was a firm believer in the rod, and he devotes several pages of his book ("Mineralogia Cornubiensis," London, 1778) to instructions in its use. An earlier writer on mining matters, William Hooson ("The Miner's Dictionary," Wrexham, 1747), is more sceptical, and he notes that "the Dignified author of this Invention was a German, and that at last he was deservedly hang'd for the Cheat." Agricola, the author of the first systematic treatise on mining ("De re Metallica," Basel, 1556), cautions miners against the use of the rod. The miner, he says, as a good and sober man, should not use the enchanted rod, because he knows by observation the indications of nature, and to him, therefore, the rod is of no use.

An interesting old German mining token is known to numismatists, in which Cupid is represented as a "dowser" in a miner's hat and a long miner's leather, with his quiver by his side, proceeding in the orthodox manner with the divining-rod. Above is written, "Ruthe weise glücklich an." On the obverse Cupid is sitting before an anvil engaged in coining, the inscription being "Dass ich aus beüt münzen kan." The date of this silver token is 1719.

In the early works on mine surveying, the divining-rod is treated just as an ordinary surveying instrument. Thus, August Beyer, who published a treatise on mine surveying at Schneeberg, in 1749, devotes two chapters to the use of the rod, even describing its application to the solution of surveying problems. For example, if it was required to sink a perpendicular shaft to intersect the end of a level where a miner was working, a piece of the miner's leather apron was cut off and placed in the divining-rod expert's hand, and where the rod dipped would be the correct place for sinking the shaft.

It is curious that we hear so little of the divining-rod as we do in the religion and folk-lore of antiquity. Even Pliny, who never omitted to mention a superstition that came in his way, seems never to have heard of the divining-rod. The theory that the divining-rod was originally "made in Germany" would therefore appear to be correct.

Dr. Rossiter Raymond, in his masterly paper on the divining-rod, forcibly sums up the matter thus: "In itself it is nothing. Its claims to virtues derived from the Deity, from Satan, from affinities and sympathies, from corpuscular effluvia, from electric currents, from passive perturbatory qualities of organo-electric force, are hopelessly collapsed and discarded. A whole library of learned rubbish, which remains to us, furnishes jargon for charlatans, marvellous tales for fools, and amusement for antiquarians."

Those who wish to study what is known about this wonderful twig should refer to M. E. Chevreul, "De la baguette divinatoire," Paris, 1854; L. Figuier, "Histoire du merveilleux dans les temps modernes," Vol. II., Paris, 1860;

\* Extracted from the first Cantor lecture on "Mine Surveying," delivered by Mr. Bennett H. Brough, before the Society of Arts.

† "Das entlarvete Idolum der Wunschel Ruthe." (Dresden, 1794, p. 88.)



R. W. Raymond's paper on the divining-rod, read before the American Institute of Mining Engineers in 1883; and report on wells sunk at Locking, Somerset, to test the alleged power of the divining-rod, by Professor W. J. Sollas (Journal of the Psychical Society, 1881). In the library of the Museum of Practical Geology there are two curious old French tracts: "La verge de Jacob, ou l'art de trouver les trésors, les sources, les limites, les métaux, les mines, les minéraux, et autres choses cachées, par l'usage du bâton fourché," by J. N., Lyons, 1693; and "Traité en forme de lettre contre la nouvelle rhabdomancie ou la manière nouvelle de deviner avec une baguette fourchue," Lyons, 1694.

### DREAMS.

The following account comes from a source of undoubted authenticity. The phenomena of clairvoyance noted towards the end of the story do not, of course, come under the head of Dreams, but they seem to fit in very naturally with what goes before, and they are themselves of intrinsic value:—

The first dream I remember which struck me as being singular was this:—

I was sitting on a sofa, my mother beside me, in our drawing-room in Kensington, when the door opened and a luminous figure, not touching the ground, entered; by his side a large black hound, which walked up to my mother, and put his paw on her lap. She screamed. I begged her not to be afraid, and patted its head. I said, "That man is Uncle John (her only brother), but he is not living." He and the dog turned and left the room; the door closed after them. My uncle dropped down dead a few days after, and my mother was the next of the family to die of the same disease—serous apoplexy. My uncle was a man we were not fond of, and saw only two or three times yearly. I had not seen him for months, and certainly seldom thought of him. I told my mother this in the morning, and she said, "I must go and see my brother, as dreams are often true." She had noticed this before; I had not. I laughed her out of it.

The next was some years after, when I was living in Berkshire with my husband and two children. He was in a bad state of health, having had two sun-strokes in India, and had suffered from terrible exposure after a wreck. These things brought on epileptic fits, which were breaking up a magnificent constitution. He was a man of pure blood. I never remember his having a pimple even. I mention this to show I had no reason to dream what I did. At this time he was feeling so unwell, and sailor-like was so longing for the sea, that he proposed taking a trip to Alexandria and back. I also thought it might benefit him, so he started. I heard from him on the voyage out, and also from Malta on the voyage home. He said he did not feel better, and had rheumatism. About ten days before his return I dreamed I was dreadfully tired, and that I said I must lie down, and went to a bed with the intention of doing so when a voice said, "Do not lie on that bed." I said, "I must; I'm so weary," and turned down the clothes, but started back in horror, saying, "There has been an operation here; there is blood and pus." I then went to a second bed. The voice said, "Do not lie there." I again found the same thing. I said, "There have been two operations, but where is the person who has been operated on?" Silence! I then turned my weary steps towards a third bed. The voice said, "You must not lie there or you will be ill." I said, "I cannot help it; I must." And there it ended. I mentioned it next morning, thinking it very singular, all being so very clear, and then thought no more of it. About ten days after a telegram arrived from Southampton, "Come at once. Captain W. very ill." I lost no time, and found him in a terrible state from an abscess in the thigh, which a young doctor, mistaking for rheumatism, had allowed to gain frightful proportions. I got him home as well as I could, and sent for the doctor, who said he had never seen a worse case, that next morning it must be operated on, and he might die under it. I must be prepared. He was nearly gone, but rallied, and about a week or rather sooner the doctor proposed changing him into the nursery, as there were no curtains. Here a second operation took place, and he died at the end of six weeks at the age of thirty-five. I was frightfully tired, having nursed him entirely alone, and when it was over, I said, "I must rest," but as two friends

had come to stay with me there was only one bed I could sleep in, and my servant said, "Little Mary (a servant girl) has gone to lie on your bed; she had such a headache." I said, "I cannot help it, I must lie down," and down I lay by her side. She had the measles. I caught it, and not knowing it, and feeling ill, took cold baths, and was very ill; so my dream came true to the letter.

During my husband's illness he appeared often in a clairvoyant state. I know nothing of Spiritualism in those days, only I noticed and wondered. About a week after the first operation he began to wander, and knew no one but me from that time. One day, as I sat by his side, he suddenly said, "Lucy, how much money have you in your purse?" I looked up astonished, and said, "I do not know." He said, "Yes; as many shillings and so many pence." I opened my purse; there was the sum exact. Another day he said, "Lucy, where are the books Lady C. M. has sent me?" I said, "There are no books; none have come." "Yes," he said, "two." Two arrived the next morning! She had not sent him a book for years. Then again one day he put his hand out of bed and patted an imaginary dog, saying, "Good Cæsar to come and see your old master." This dog had been given away some months, and lived many miles away. That night at eleven o'clock the dog arrived, scratched at the front door, and on entering went at once under his master's bed, and yet it was not the bed he had ever seen him in. My husband took no notice of him when he arrived.

### SPIRITUALISM IN ITALY.

The following has been going the round of the Press, but it was reserved for the "St. James's Gazette" to announce it as a "Revival of Spiritualism." A revival, forsooth!

The project of holding a Spiritualist Congress in the French capital has, writes the "Standard" Paris correspondent, drawn the attention of Parisians to table-rapping, the moving of furniture and opening of doors without any apparent agent, and the like. Professor Lombroso, of the University of Turin, after being present at several seances given by Madame Ensapia, a well-known medium, has endeavoured to explain the phenomena he witnessed. Assisted by the distinguished specialists for the diseases of the brain, Drs. Virgilio, Tamburini, Bianchi, and Vizioli, Signor Lombroso has made a study of the medium in question. Madame Ensapia is in a very nervous condition. Long ago she received a deep wound in the head, and that injury is regarded as the chief, if not the only, cause of her hysterical and even epileptic condition. She possesses scarcely any sensitiveness to the touch. On one occasion the experiments were performed from beginning to end in the light, and were, nevertheless, perfectly successful. A table was raised into the air, and required an effort equal to a weight of five or six kilogrammes to replace it on the ground. Blows struck in the room were distinctly heard. As usual at these exhibitions, the hands and feet of the medium were bound tightly to her body, so that she could not move. On another occasion the Italian Professor heard, when the lights were put out, a little handbell, which had been standing on a table, suddenly begin tinkling over his head, and then float about in the air. On one of the doctors present striking a match the bell fell to the ground.

Professor Lombroso writes that he sees nothing inadmissible in the supposition that, with hysterical or hypnotic subjects, the exciting of certain centres should produce a transmission of force. He admits that the external sensitiveness has left the body, without, however, being destroyed. In this assertion he is supported by Colonel de Rochas d'Aiglun, Administrator of the Ecole Polytechnique. That gentleman, struck by the fact that the sensitiveness of a magnetised subject disappears from the skin, has sought to discover to what place it is transported. He has, he says, found it all round at a very short distance from the body. The magnetised subject feels nothing when a person pinches him or her, but if anyone pinches in the air at a few centimètres from the skin, the subject feels pain. Though this zone of sensitiveness is generally close to the body, the Colonel has found it with certain subjects at a distance of several yards from it. The subject, however, requires more light than has yet been thrown upon it.

I AM what I think I am, for what I think I am I gradually grow to be.



## ANGELS' VISITS.\*

This is a curious book, possible, perhaps, in America only. The same gossiping fluency which poured out the "Wide, Wide World" and its congeners forty years ago is here in pronounced abundance. The "Wide, Wide World" and its fellows appealed to the stock religious sentiment of the time, a sentiment which found an exponent in England with perhaps less diffusion and more art in Miss Mulock. "Angels' Visits" has to do with Spiritualism in the same way, and with about the same success. There is, too, another point of similarity between "Angels' Visits" and the books of the kind and of the period referred to. The godliness of the diffusive religionist always led to considerable worldly prosperity in the long run, so these "Angels' Visits" are to a farm in Florida, where things seem to have gone on very well indeed.

It is not surprising, therefore, to have an early chapter devoted to *location*, a description of the soil and so forth of a Florida farm, if that Florida farm is to be a success. There is also a chapter on sowing the seed, and here one finds that "Golden Light" is an advocate of "deep flowing and intensive farming." Chapter VII. begins in this way: "This is the 16th of November—and all's well. Planting has gone forward nicely, especially cabbage; rains have fallen betimes, and the air is full of ozone, balm of Gilead, elixir of life itself, and what you will." Very pretty, but what about the angels? They come later on. The small community of this pleasant Florida farm have a very good time indeed. There is just the proper amount of love making; we have our good young man again, just as we used to have him in John Halifax and his like, only this time he is a Spiritualist, and holds forth in a somewhat tiresome way. He also is good at quoting, which he does admirably, dealing out platitudes by the yard. Then there are two charming young ladies. Of one, Mary Van Elt, the author writes: "Mary is an orphan, left by her devoted parents in comfortable worldly circumstances, and lives in elegance among all refining influences, with a widowed aunt, in a distant city and State." This admirable person is a medium, and Brother Caleb Soyer, who believes Spiritualism to be the work of the devil, purposes saving her. "She must be saved," he says. "The brand must be plucked from the burning, and I call on you, dear child" (this to the other girl, Miriam) "to unite with me in prayer for this poor deluded soul." Then Caleb began to cry, and Miriam kissed him. There was apparently no reason either for the crying or the kissing, nor for the remark of Caleb. "Talk about an angel, Brother Golden, I say your Miriam there is a long way ahead of any I know of this side the blessed Kingdom. God bless her."

That Mary Van Elt, the medium, converts the orthodox Caleb Soyer (Oh! why that name?) by helping him to communicate with his dead wife goes without saying. It is also fair to add that the conversion was singularly easy.

The book is a Summerland book, materialistic with the materialism of that selfishness which is so bound to this world that it cannot let its loved ones get away from it. What can be said, too, of such stuff as this: Mary Van Elt is the medium, and the spirit says:—"I am called Celeste. I am a very busy spirit, and I love to wander far and wide. I would borrow any angel's wings, if angels had wings—to bear me farthest away with their stout sweeps—away, beyond the farthest star that shines in the constellation of Orion. But I do not fly if I am a spirit; I just travel on the substantial wings of thought, and never pass a wayside nook until I have explored its uttermost recesses. I must be very human, because I love to visit human habitations, and a baby's face is the prettiest thing I ever look upon. . . . God is a great conceit—but the violet eyes and primrose face (is it primrose?) of a human child are realities, and mighty ones too. In all worlds little children rule. . . . I have seen ten thousand grown people wringing their hands in anguish because a little child was in pain. Children are indeed angels, but they become much deformed as they grow up in the human world." Of this sort of thing there is any amount.

What possible good a book of this kind can do it is not easy to conceive. Just at a time when men are beginning to realise the great fact of the intelligent Unseen, surely it is worse than folly to publish such a book. We want something better than the story of what some comfortable people did, said, and above all *quoted*, on a Florida farm. π

\* "Angels' Visits." By "Golden Light." (New York: J. W. Lowell and Company.)

## "MIRACLES" AT LOURDES.

FROM THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."

Reuter's special representative at Paris says: "I have been to see a patient who was recently presented to M. Zola at Lourdes, as having been cured of advanced consumption. This person, Marie Labbranchu by name, is an in-door patient at the Franco-Netherland Hospital, 172, Rue Charpionnet, Paris. She is thirty-five years old, unmarried, and by occupation a cook. According to the doctor who attends the hospital, Marie Labbranchu was affected with pulmonary tuberculosis, the lungs presenting a cavernous appearance, and the expectorations showing traces of the dreaded bacillus discovered by Dr. Koch. A fortnight ago she was at the last extremity, and had received extreme unction, when, hearing of a pilgrimage which was about to start for Lourdes, the sick woman determined to proceed thither. The superior of the convent by which the hospital is administered tried to dissuade her from the project, but without avail. The journey lasted eight days, and during a halt of two days at Poitiers Marie Labbranchu was again thought to be dying, and received the last sacrament. She recovered, however, was taken to the grotto at Lourdes, and immersed in the pool.

To quote her own words, which she told me while in bed, in presence of the superior: "I immediately felt a great shock on being plunged into the cold water. Soon after I experienced a sensation of warmth in the region of the chest, my cough left me, and on the doctors examining me they could not detect any sign of 'crepitation.'" At this moment a sister entered with a plate on which was a beefsteak, which the patient began to eat eagerly.

"She could not have done that a fortnight ago; could you, Marie?" inquired the mother. "Oh, no, mother," was the answer. "I could not take any nourishment, and could not leave my bed. And you believe yourself cured?" I asked. The patient's eye glistened hopefully as she replied, "I do."

It is stated that the doctor who attends the patients vouches for the improvement of Labbranchu as being unaccountable from natural causes.

A hunchback is also said to have had his hump melted in the water, while a middle-aged woman was quite cured of blindness by one immersion eleven years ago.

## 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.]

Mr. W. Eglinton.

SIR,—I recently saw in a paragraph in "The Printing Times" announcing a proposed new journal devoted to Spiritualism, Palmistry, and Astrology, and giving the name of "Willie Eglinton" amongst the names of those who had promised their active co-operation. Mr. Eglinton had, I know, good and substantial reasons for withdrawing from public association with the movement, though retaining as keen an interest in it as ever, and therefore this announcement surprised me. As he is not at the present time in London I wrote to him on the subject, and have just received his reply, in which he assures me that there is no truth whatever in the announcement to which I had called his attention; that he has not been so much as approached on the subject; that my communication to him was the first he had heard of it; and that the use of his name was altogether unwarranted. VERAX.

Water-Dreaming.

SIR,—I am a sympathiser with Madame de Steiger, or Mrs. Hankin, in being also a water-dreamer. Water has been a symbolic teacher to me all my life; whether in ocean or streams, it has always been to me the symbol of purity and truth.

The ocean has been, as it were, my element both in natural and spiritual life.

It was only this morning I had a variety of my oft-repeated dream of going to bathe in the ocean waves on a seashore. Sometimes the breakers baffle me when I would go into them; sometimes I find the shore crowded with people who have stepped in before me in my especial nook; at other times I look on, desiring to go into the waves, but am prevented.



I generally find that either some refreshing spiritual idea is to be brought to my mind shortly, or I am reproached by the dream vision for not looking out for spiritual direction, or it is a sign to my aspiring prayer that I am not really without spiritual help.

To-day my vision of trying to bathe in ocean rolling waves has been answered by two interesting subjects in "Light" which take me at once into the spiritual region of sympathy with two of my great friends. When my beloved friend (whose memoir is given in your pages of August 27th) asked me how she should meet me when she would come to "fetch me Home," whether by land or by water, I replied by "water," for I felt and knew the journey across the boundary of matter and spirit is very short, and water is the purest, most buoyant element, and the best symbol of the new state, and she said she would meet me on the other shore, across the water!

I once had a vision of passing away from this world over a narrow stream by a lovely bridge covered with a bower of climbing flowers and leaves, and I led the way, while two of my sisters followed, and I found I was in a paradise of this Earth, beautified; since which vision I have never had a personal fear of death, for I found it was the Bridge to Life!

Such are some of my experiences of dreams of water. If they are of any use to your inquirers into dreams you are welcome to them. O.T.G.

### SOCIETY WORK.

[Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible and by appending their signatures to their communications. Inattention to these requirements often compels us to reject their contributions. No notice received later than the first post on Tuesday is sure of admission.]

**PECKHAM SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET.**—On Sunday evening last Mr. R. J. Lees kindly took the platform at a moment's notice and gave an able address upon "The Epitaph of Life." Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Dr. Bass on "The Origin of Religion and its Outward Growth." Thursday, at 8.30 p.m., healing.—J. T. AUDY.

**SPIRITUAL HALL, 86, HIGH-STREET, MARYLEBONE.**—On Sunday evening last, an interesting address was given by Mr. Horatio Hunt, when the subject "The Nature and Destiny of Man" was ably dealt with by the speaker. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Mr. A. C. Chapman; at 7 p.m., Mrs. H. E. Bell, "Is Spiritualism a Religion?" Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Mason, seance.—L.H.

**23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL.**—Mrs. Gunn addressed the members and friends of this society on Sunday, this being the first time she has spoken for us. She delivered a very earnest spiritual address, and we hope to have the pleasure of hearing her many times in the future. She is also an addition to our "home workers." September 10th, Mr. Rodger; 15th, circle.—J.E.

**SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.**—Sunday next, at 11.30 a.m., Spirit Communion; at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Spiritual service. Tuesday, at 7 p.m., tea and soiree; tickets 6d. each. Wednesday, at 8.30 p.m., public seance. On Wednesday last a successful and harmonious seance was held, when the guides of Mr. Coote gave excellent advice to the sitters. The Sunday morning and evening services were good in every way.—W. G. COOTE, Hon. Sec.

**14, ORCHARD-ROAD, ASKEW-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.**—At our service on Sunday last, the guides of Mrs. Treadwell discoursed upon the spirit world, giving important advice upon the mode of teaching the young. Mr. W. Mason, conductor of the Burnley Lyceum, paid us a fraternal visit, and offered encouraging remarks upon lyceum work in the North. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. T. Humphries. Tuesdays, at 8 p.m., seance, Mrs. Mason. September 18th, Mr. Dever-Summers; 25th, Mrs. Ashton Bingham.—J. H. B., Hon. Sec.

**PECKHAM RYE.**—On Sunday Mr. R. J. Lees commenced his series of addresses on "Teachings through Spiritual Communion," and dwelt on individual responsibility in opposition to the idea of vicarious punishment, giving cogent reasons for the conclusion that when once personal responsibility became the prevailing conviction, a revolution would be wrought in religious and social life unsurpassed in the world's history. There was a very large audience, and Mr. Lees was listened to with attention, although at question time there was a disposition to be somewhat excited.—J. C.

**CARDIFF.**—On Sunday last Mr. Richard Phillips again kindly conducted the service, in the first part of which he gave an interesting account of the "Insect Life of Tropical Australia." This formed the last instalment of a highly instructive series of Mr. Phillips' Australian experiences, his easy chatty style lending an additional charm to the large amount of information conveyed. He afterwards

gave an address upon "Spiritualism and the Bible," in which he stated in an able and concise manner the position generally assumed by Spiritualists as to the value and use of the Bible in their services. The usual seance after the service was kindly led by Mrs. Billingsley, whose clairvoyant gifts are being rapidly developed, several descriptions being given very clearly and recognised.—E. A.

**THE STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, E.**—Spiritual services each Sunday at 7 p.m. Speaker for next Sunday, Mrs. Bliss. Mr. Bradley will sing a solo previous to the address. A tea and social entertainment will take place on Monday, September 26th. Tea at 6.30 p.m.; entertainment at 8 p.m., to consist of vocal and instrumental music, solos, quartets, recitations, &c. Tickets 9d. each, to be obtained from the following committee:—Mr. J. Rainbow, 1, Winifred-road, Manor Park, Essex; Mr. Breasley, 51, Lauriston-road, South Hackney, E.; Mr. Deason, 83, Chobham-road, Stratford, E.; Mrs. Spruce, 24, Trinity-street, Barking-road, E.; Mr. Atkinson, 26, Edward-street, Barking-road, E., and after the usual service at the hall.—J. RAINBOW, Hon. Sec.

**LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION, 4, PORTLAND-TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK, N.W.**—Open-air work. "Field Day" was celebrated at Battersea Park last Sunday. In the afternoon Messrs. Darby and A. M. Rodger spoke upon "Spiritualism." Tea was had in the park, and at 6.30 p.m. a large meeting was held, and addressed by Messrs. Percy Smyth, Thomas Emms, and Darby. Spiritualists were present from various parts, and a good number of the Spiritualist journals were quickly sold. Inquiries were made by several of the listeners at the close, and surprise was expressed that meetings were not held more frequently there. On account of the opening of "Federation Hall," no field day will be held on the 15th inst.—PERCY SMYTH, Organiser.

**LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION, FEDERATION HALL, 359, EDGWARE-ROAD, W.**—This hall will be opened on Sunday, September 18th, at 7 p.m., when I shall read a paper on "The Need for Further Development of Spiritual Phenomena," and members of the Council will speak. We hope that all who are interested in the great work of scientific investigation will attend. There will be a meeting of members at 3.30 p.m. to arrange Seance Committees. All wishing to take part in the seances must attend the afternoon meeting. Lectures will be delivered every Sunday evening, and committees will meet during the week to hold seances. Members' subscription 5s. per annum. The Seance Committees will be open to members only. Each sitter must undertake to attend a certain time, and the circles, when formed, will admit no fresh sitters. All who wish to join must communicate to me by letter only.—A. F. TINDALL, A.T.C.L. Hon. Secretary, 15, Lanark-villas, Maida Vale, W.

**THE SPIRITUALISTS' INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDING SOCIETY.**—Information and assistance given to inquirers into Spiritualism. Literature on the subject and list of members will be sent on receipt of stamped envelope by any of the following International Committee:—America, Mrs. M. Palmer, 3101, North Broad-street, Philadelphia; Australia, Mr. Webster, 5, Peckville-street, North Melbourne; Canada, Mr. Woodcock, "Waterniche," Brookville; Holland, F. W. H. Van Straaten, Apeldoorn, Middellaan, 682; India, Mr. Thomas Hatten, Ahmedabad; New Zealand, Mr. Graham, Huntley, Waikato; Sweden, B. Fortenson, Ado, Christiania; England, J. Allen, Hon. Sec., 14, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex; or W. C. Robson, French Correspondent, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Manor Park branch will hold the following meetings at 14, Berkley-terrace: the last Sunday in each month at 7.15 p.m., reception for inquirers. Friday, at 8.15 p.m., for Spiritualists only, The Study of Mediumship. And at 1, Winifred-road, the first Sunday in each month at 7.15 p.m., for reception of inquirers. Tuesday, at 8.15 p.m., inquirers' meeting.—J.A.

### THE IDEALIST.

"Strange voices shall call to him."—OLIVE SCHREINER.

He leaves for aye the narrow sheltered vale  
Of pulseless rest, where such soft breezes blow  
As scarce can strew with sweet pink-pleached snow  
Of falling blooms the green-embowered dale.  
No more for him to watch the clouds that sail  
O'er sunlit slopes where scarlet poppies grow;  
Strange voices bid him forth, and he must go  
To seek the splendours of the Holy Grail.

He meets the bitter blasts, the storm and stress,  
The steep ascents, the wild free airs of heaven,  
The ceaseless quest, the unattained success;  
Yet his the radiant dreams for solace given:  
His, too, the manna in the wilderness,  
The cooling stream from barren rocks fire-riven.

—ERNEST A. CARR.

PERFECTION is tolerant of all things, and denies the rights of no one.