

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

It is asserted that a fragment of a "Gospel" attributed to St. Peter has been discovered in a mediæval tomb at Akhmim. The part of the Gospel said to have been so discovered relates to the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. Such finds as this require very serious investigation—as both the antiquarian and the religious worlds have before now been grossly deceived in such matters. Professor Adolf Harnack contributes a paper on the subject to the "Preussische Jahrbücher." The following passage from the manuscript is important, if the manuscript can be proved to be authoritative. The context can be easily filled in. The translation is from the "Daily Telegraph":—

But early, when the Sabbath had dawned, people came from Jerusalem and from the country round about to see the sealed grave; but in the night, which ended with the dawn of the Lord's Day, whilst the soldiers were keeping watch in pairs, a great voice sounded in the heavens, and they saw the heavens open and two men descending therefrom in radiant brightness and approaching the grave.

And that stone which was laid at the door rolled of itself away and moved aside, and the grave opened, and the two men stepped inside.

Now, when those soldiers saw this they woke up the centurion and the Elders, for they too (the Elders) were present as watchmen, and, whilst they were telling what they had beheld, they again saw three men stepping forth from the grave, and two of them supported the one, and a cross followed them, and the head of the two reached to Heaven, but the head of the one that was led by them overtowered above the heavens; and they heard a voice from the heavens that said, "Hast thou preached obedience unto them that sleep?" And from the cross was heard, "Yea."

We print in another column a short article on "Spiritualists as Cranks." We are very grateful to our correspondent for sending it, as it exactly represents and enlarges the sentiment expressed in a recent issue. Spiritualists are not necessarily cranks, any more than are mathematicians, or geologists, or folk-lorists, but there is a notion abroad that to be a Spiritualist means to be something else as well, and that a Spiritualist cannot be as other men are. That one to whom the Unseen is the real cannot—or perhaps it should be said ought not—to live as if the fierce light of that Unseen did not beat upon him goes without saying; but, at the same time, that light should lead him into such a just enjoyment of this world as to make him a pattern citizen, and not a "crank," and there are plenty of Spiritualists whose lives are so ordered. "Crankism" is a tolerably widely spread deposit, and sticks to the outer garments of many people who would look upon Spiritualism itself as a "crankism" of the worst kind.

In last week's "LIGHT" we intimated in a note appended to a communication from our valued correspondent, C. C. M.,

that there was no wish on the part of "LIGHT" to suppress the free discussion of the question of Re-incarnation. The reason for suggesting a cessation of the correspondence for the time was that "talk" was becoming a little redundant, and real argument was not so much in evidence. It is from the philosophic point of view quite reasonable that a theory such as that of Re-incarnation should be argued for, and provisionally admitted, even to account for the facts of existence as we think we know them, just as it is quite right and proper to accept the existence of an ether in order to the explanation of the phenomena of electricity in its various forms of light, magnetism, and electricity properly so called. But just as the physical philosopher is now endeavouring to determine the existence of this ether to be a fact, by experimenting on its physical properties and so forth, so the Spiritualistic philosopher is bound to discover, if possible, a case of Re-incarnation, which is clearly indisputable. This demonstration is quite as necessary for the proof of the theory of Re-incarnation as the demonstration of the identity of a spirit presentation is for the proof of the continued existence of the individual; and of the importance of that proof no doubt has ever been expressed. One case of the absolutely undoubted identity of an incarnated spirit with one which "went over" some time previously would help to support the theory more than all speculation.

In this connection it is curious to note how the Spiritism of Allan Kardec, which makes Re-incarnation its central doctrine, finds a ready acquiescence in all the communications purporting to come from the unseen in the countries where Kardecism is the prevalent form of Spiritualist belief. This points to an important factor in the interpretation of spirit communication. Are there many such indications given in spirit messages here?

One of the signs of change is the development of various churches having a broader belief than heretofore, and often having besides a foundation of mysticism. A tract about the Psychic Church of Liverpool has come to hand. This church is apparently a Ritualistic one, with an undercurrent of pure Spiritualism. The "creed" of this church is more or less that of all Spiritualists, but whether its practices are altogether desirable is another question. The following deliverance on the matter gives food for reflection:—

The service commences with an Invocation of the Souls of the Good departed, embraces vocal and instrumental music, verses and responses, the recitation of the creed, a sermon, a concluding hymn, and the benediction. The ceremonial embraces processions, a surpliced choir, incense, a brilliantly-illuminated altar, and appropriate homage to the souls of the illustrious departed. Statuary, paintings, flowers, &c., are considered desirable accessories, and auricular confession is encouraged. The Church in the future, and when fully established, will be governed by a Council of six, with a President at its head, whose verdict on any debatable point will, when speaking *ex cathedra*, be conclusive and final. Thus the Church will be kept free from schism, and will be guided to pronounce definitely and authoritatively upon what is, and what is not, right teaching.

"DO THE DEAD RETURN?"*

This is the title of a book by "a clergyman of the Church of England." The work contains nothing that is quite new; what "newness" there is, is the fact that it has been written by "a clergyman of the Church of England," and its main value lies in the remarks scattered about the book justifying the action of the writer in investigating occult phenomena. It is curiously interesting to note how carefully he seeks to show that orthodoxy has really nothing to fear. If it had been so, it is allowable to suppose that the book would possibly not have been written, even if the evidence for the phenomena had been as complete as the author judged it to be; but this state of mind leads to an assumption of superiority on the part of the clergy against which we at once protest:—

I have long felt, and very many others have shared this feeling with me, that it is for the clergy, for the accredited and trusted teachers of the people, to take up and reverently investigate this subject which is exercising so powerful an influence upon the public mind, and to endeavour to guard, as far as may be possible, against some of those unavoidable evils by which its investigation at the hands of the uninitiated is so apt to be attended.

That is, that the clergy being "initiated" already, and not knowing certain things which the "uninitiated" do know, are to learn of these latter, and then keep the knowledge for their own use. Where is the difference between this claim for the clergy of the Anglican Church and the claim of the Church from which it sprang? It is with deep regret that we are forced to call attention to this passage in the introductory chapter, for the book is very useful, showing that the boundary wall of bigoted ignorance is being broken down in yet another direction.

The chapters treat of spirit knocks, spirit writing, spirit voices, and spirit forms. As to the "despised" knocks, the writer says very truly:—

It is only fair to point out that this despised method of communication is, after all, that resorted to in the use of the electric telegraph, and that by these means, by the insignificant little taps, duly interpreted, continents, separated by thousands of miles, are brought into communication, and the weightiest decisions of state are habitually being conveyed.

It is a pity, but it is perhaps inevitable, to find the raps described as caused by some "force" or "magnetic power," and to hear of the "magnetic" chain of the sitters. Of course, some kind of magnetism may come in, but the use of such terms has probably led to as much misunderstanding in connection with the study of the unseen as anything that can be imagined. One fact in connection with the messages received through raps is not without significance, that is the Scriptural nature of the messages; like again is seen to be attracting like.

The "clergyman" went to work in a very earnest way to get full evidence of the truth of the phenomena he was investigating. With regard to spirit writing, for instance, he had the circle formed some distance from the table on which the writing was done; and more, took care that the sitters themselves should ask no questions, in order that their thoughts might in no wise influence the character of the communication. On one occasion the message given under these conditions was "Read and study Mark v. 11-17":—

We referred to Scripture, and read the account of Christ casting out the unclean spirits. I could not see the aim and purpose of the reference, the chapter having already, on previous occasions, been referred to as an evidence of spirit influence in the Early Christian history. "Have you made a mistake in your reference?" "No." "Are we to read the account of the casting out of unclean spirits?" "Yes." "What do you wish us to infer from it?" "It has reference to A.B." (a member of the circle). "There was a time when he was attended by bad influences. These have now departed."

* "Do the Dead Return?" (London: T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster-square, 1893. Price 2s. 6d., post free. May be ordered from office of "LIGHT.")

Without in any way entering into the question as to the character of the communicating intelligence, the writer says that it is only fair to add that the evident truth of this statement, gathered from certain circumstances, was fully and gratefully acknowledged by members of our friend's family, whose interest from the first had been aroused by some extraordinary phenomena at the time absolutely inexplicable.

The following extract from the author's concluding remarks is illustrative of the author's method of argument, and at the same time of the limitations within which he would restrict the interpretation of the messages received:

I cannot see how the ascertained truths of Spiritualism can ever be conceived to be in antagonism to the truths of revelation. A revelation comes from God, is authoritative in its character. Communications from the spirit-world, however great their value, proceed from our fellow creatures, from those who although in another state were once like ourselves. Their messages cannot in the same sense be of the character of a revelation. They may possibly in some points supplement the knowledge that we already possess, efface misconceptions and perversions which have crept in; explain some things, perhaps, which were left unexplained or were not transmitted to us, but they cannot give us a revelation. We would decline to accept it from such a source.

CURE OF DEAFNESS BY MESMERISM.

We have been requested to publish the following letter addressed to Mr. F. Omerin by Captain F. W. von Kornatzki, manager of St. Cecilia Music Publishing Company:—

102, Edith-road, West Kensington, W.

February 6th, 1893.

DEAR SIR,—I only discharge a duty of gratitude in thanking you in the most hearty manner for what you have done for me. Having been deaf in the right ear for forty-two years, and lately also becoming deaf in my left ear, I began to be afraid I would be completely deaf for the rest of my days. A friend recommended you to me, and I put myself under your treatment. The result is astonishing; in fact I now hear perfectly well with my left, and I have recovered the hearing of the right ear in so great a measure that at present I can carry on a conversation without any difficulty. The right ear, which during the said forty-two years had become as hard as a piece of wood, after your treatment is gradually assuming its normal condition of softness. All these results have been induced without medicines, hypnotism, or the massage, painful as some practitioners make it, but merely by your gentle manipulations. In the interest of so many fellow-sufferers, I authorise you to make such use of this my letter of profound thanks as you may think advantageous to them.

Gratefully, yours sincerely,

FRIEDRICH VON KORNAZKI (Captain).

F. Omerin.

THIRTEEN.—Taking them as a whole, the Americans are firm believers in the old superstition about ill-luck attending the number 13. Now we find a well-known New York paper backing up the belief:—"There are a large number of people in this country (it says) who believe that Cleveland would have been elected four years ago but for the fact that he was yoked with the old Roman, Allen G. Thurman; this same set of people (they are a little superstitious, of course) also believed that Thurman might have been elected but for one thing—the 13 curse had followed him through life. Look at this:—Allen G. Thurman, born November 13th, 1813. Nominated June 7th. Election day, November 6th. The red bandana.' He was born the 13th of November, 1813; the words 'Allen G. Thurman' contain 13 letters; the words and figures in 'Born Nov. 13, 1813,' contain 13 characters; add the '7' of June and the '6' of November and you have 13; add the 1, 8, 1, and 3 of his birth and you have another 13; finally, count the letters in 'The red bandana.'"

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We beg to remind those Subscribers to "Light" and the London Spiritualist Alliance who have not already renewed their Subscriptions for 1893, that they should forward remittances at once to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2 Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE LIVING.

It was not to be supposed that the religious Press would leave Mr. Stead alone. The "Christian Commonwealth" has sent a "Special Commissioner" to interview him, and the result is recorded in that journal under the heading of "W. T. Stead and his Spook." Mr. Stead claims to have discovered a new method of telegraphy. Whether his discovery, if it be a discovery, will stand the test of really serious examination, remains to be seen. Of the possibility of such a method of spiritual telegraphy, however, we are not disposed to doubt.

We cannot follow the sharp questionings of that newest and sudest development of the new journalism—the Interviewer—and so we simply give Mr. Stead's statement as reported in the "Christian Commonwealth." Mr. Stead appears to be able to communicate with anybody at any time, and so, as his secretary was late on the morning when the Interviewer visited him, Mr. Stead took up his pen and began writing automatically; and to the Interviewer he is reported to have said:—

I often receive communications from my secretary in the way I have described. If she is late in coming she will tell me the reason why, and say when I am to expect her. She ought to have been here an hour ago, so I will just sit down and question her when she is coming.

And "this" is what Mr. Stead did, according to the Interviewer:—

Suiting the action to the word, Mr. Stead rose from his seat opposite me, took his own seat in front of his desk, where I had been sitting, took pen in hand, and touched a sheet of paper with its point. I noticed that neither his fingers nor any part of his hand or arm rested on the table, the only point of contact being where the pen touched the paper. The pen began writing, but of course I could not see what. As he finished the last word the door opened and the secretary came in. I looked to see what Mr. Stead's hand had written. It was the secretary's initials, followed by the words, "I am here."

Mr. Stead told the Interviewer also about his once communicating with a foreign lady who was working for him. This is the story:—

Some months ago I was at Redcar, in the North of England. A foreign lady, who does some work for the "Review," had to meet me at Redcar railway station about three o'clock. I was staying with my brother, who lives about ten minutes' walk from the station. At twenty minutes to three it occurred to me that "about three," the phrase used in her letter, might mean some time before three, and, as I could not lay my hand upon a time-table, I simply asked her to use my hand and tell me what time the train was due. This, I may say, was done without any previous communication with her upon the subject. She immediately wrote her name, and said the train was due at Redcar station at ten minutes to three. I saw that I should have to leave at once, but before starting I asked her where she was at that moment. My hand wrote: "I am in the train at Middlesborough railway station, on my way from Hartlepool to Redcar." I then went off to the station. On arriving there, I went up to the time-table to see when the train was due; it was timed to arrive at 2.52. The train, however, was late. Three o'clock came, and it had not arrived. At five minutes past three, getting rather anxious, I took a slip of paper from my pocket, and taking a pencil in my hand asked her where she was. At that moment she wrote her name (they always write their names at the beginning and end of each communication), and said: "I am in the train, rounding the curve before you come to the Redcar station; I will be with you in a minute." "Why, the mischief, have you been so late?" I mentally asked. My hand wrote: "We were detained at Middlesborough for so long; I do not know why." I put the paper in my pocket, walked to the end of the platform, and there was the train! The moment it stopped I went up to my friend, and said to her: "How late you are! What on earth has been the matter?" "I do not know," she said. "The train stopped so long at Middlesborough; it seemed as if it never would start." I then showed her what my hand had written, and "the lady," said Mr. Stead, "had no knowledge whatever that she was writing with my

hand, and she was considerably amazed at finding that she had done so. I had only seen her once before in my life."

Mr. Stead also communicated with his sons, travelling on the Rhine last summer. This is his account—again according to the Interviewer:—

The boys had a Kodak with them, and, as usually happens, they ran short of plates and wrote home in the ordinary way by letter, asking for more to be sent. The plates were duly despatched and ought to have been received, when my son wrote with my hand saying that they were impatiently waiting for those plates, that they had used up all their plates, and they couldn't go on photographing unless fresh plates were sent. I at once made inquiries and ascertained that the plates had been duly despatched. A day or two later he again wrote with my hand, asking, "Why do you not send those plates?" I again inquired, and found that there was no doubt about their having been sent off nearly a week previous. Thereupon I thought my hand was writing wrongly, and I didn't let it write any more from him. But when the boy returned I found to my surprise that the plates had never been received. His complaints written with my hand at Wimbledon were an accurate representation of the state of his mind at Boppard.

What vistas the following opens up:—

Some of my friends have written, at distances of three hundred miles, long narratives of journeys which they have taken, mentioning the trains by which they went and came, the money they paid for their tickets, the cost of their dinner at the hotel: in short, giving a multitude of minute details which it was absolutely impossible for me to have divined.

We print what Mr. Stead tells us. There is nothing impossible about it all. But Mr. Stead will, of course, give absolute and unconditioned corroboration of everything he has told us.

"THAT THEY ALL MAY BE ONE."

Whene'er there comes a little child,
My darling comes with him;
Whene'er I hear a birdie wild
Who sings his merry whim,
Mine sings with him;
If a low strain of music sails
Among melodious hills and dales,
When a white lamb or kitten leaps,
Or star or vernal flower peeps,
When rainbow dews are pulsing joy,
Or sunny waves or leaflets toy,
Then he who sleeps
Softly wakes within my heart;
With a kiss from him I start;
He lays his head upon my breast,
Tho' I may not see my guest—
Dear bosom-guest!
In all that's pure and fair and good
I feel the spring-time of thy blood,
Hear thy whispered accents flow
To lighten woe,
Feel them blend,
Although I fail to comprehend;
And if one woundeth with harsh word
Or deed a child, or beast, or bird,
It seems to strike weak Innocence
Through him, who hath for his defence
Thunder of the All-loving Sire,
And mine, to whom He gave the fire.

—RODEN NOEL.

ALL seems doomed to change. Everywhere there is unrest, questioning, vanishing. Everywhere advance, but advance which brings fresh unrest, and questioning, and vanishing. Everywhere rest seems but a fond illusion, and joy only a passing dream. My God! what does it mean? What can it mean but this? That we are on a journey; that this is not the end, the haven, and the home. Help me to believe it, so that while I am grateful for this dear world I may stretch forth hands of welcome through this darkness to the wondrous light beyond and know that all is well. Help me to understand that this dark veil is in myself: that it is only the film over my own earth-bound eyes; and that, if I were emancipated from this prison-house of the flesh, I should see that all this which I have loved so here was but the faint reflection of realities which always, always were beyond. Help me to know that whenever I pass beyond this darkness I shall see the light of the true and abiding city of God; that the ended service will be re-begun; that the broken links will be re-united; and that I shall hear again the voices which will be the music of Heaven to me.—
J. PAGE HOPPS.

VISIONS AND PREVISIONS.

A gentleman, whose narrative may be implicitly relied upon, sends us the following brief record of some of the visions and previsions of his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth S. :—

The vividness of the visions, and the impressions left by them, generally, enable her to distinguish their reality and import from dreams due to external causes.

Whilst a young girl, and residing away from home, she used to long for the night to come, so that she might "go home" during the sleep state, and thus she seems to have known mainly what was happening at home as well as if she had been physically present.

As results of such visions, or previsions, persons, houses, &c., have been, to my knowledge, described with detailed accuracy. (I have also had some similar experiences myself, and recently got an address I much wanted by seeing, during the sleep state, the house and number required—103, Caledonian-road, London.) Her mother seems to have had the same faculty, if not so fully developed, and often used to say on seeing her without the usual previous notice, "I knew you were coming to see me, dear, as I saw you in my sleep last night." Mrs. S. seemed to so foresee their home broken up by the loss of their small estate in the country, which her father farmed till an accident to one of his knees confined him, for some years, to his deathbed. In the meantime, an unfaithful steward, and a lawyer to whom the property had at last to be mortgaged, seemed to be the principal causes of its loss. She also had a prevision of her father's death, and saw the funeral in minute detail, with the highly improbable event of her aged grandmother—who likewise resided at a distance—being present, and her mother not among the mourners; events which happened as she saw them nearly thirty-five years since.

On July 4th, 1878, she saw in a vision during sleep time, an old Eastbourne acquaintance of ours—a Mr. J. K. "looking very differently from what he usually did." He told her that his annuity had been "stopped from the very day" of his death; and he had a private reason for speaking so, unknown to my wife. On the following day we were informed by letter of the events having happened, as stated, a few days previously.

On December 9th, 1879, she had a sleep state prevision of the death of S. E., an aged servant of our family, who was then residing with my sister in London, and described the state of things at the house, which a letter received on December 10th confirmed, though we were unaware of the servant being ill.

One day, whilst we were residing at Upper Norwood, after resting in the afternoon, she said to me that she had just seen an old friend (D. F. N.) looking dazed and riding towards us. In the course of an hour, though neither of us had been thinking of him, or knew of his being ill, or had ever before seen him on horseback, he rode up, and seemed as if he had brain congestion—due apparently to the hot weather then. At the same house, in one of her sleep visions, our then landlady, Miss B., was seen by her, and she inquired, "Where are you off to now, Mrs. S.?" to which my wife replied, "To Haslemere," though none of us then even knew that such a place existed. Several years afterwards, whilst residing in another house at Upper Norwood, I was induced to go there to view some ninety acres of land at Hindhead, Haslemere, which was advertised for sale. The singularly wild beauty and healthfulness of that heather-clad region—sandy, some nine hundred feet high, and within forty-five miles of London—induced us to frequently stay on the headland. Indeed, so restorative does it seem to Mrs. S. when ill, that she seems to often go there during the sleep period, or to be with children, and in the morning she frequently awakes mainly, if not wholly, restored, so harmonising has been the effect on the spirit and body. As we usually sleep in the same room, I frequently hear her rejoicing with children, of whom she is very fond.

Several times she has warned me against trusting persons who have wronged me heavily. But when the greatest affliction of our lives occurred, and both our young sons succumbed to diphtheria within a week, she had not consciously any warning of their danger, but only of mine, which, unhappily, I did not sufficiently heed to inquire further about it then.

On Dr. Kidd, in September 1886, ordering her from Upper Norwood into the country for healthier air, she soon afterwards saw a cottage residence on two floors, and described it, with its coachhouse and grounds. Within a month, through an

advertisement, I went to see, and soon afterwards purchased, a cottage and some two acres of grounds at Mayfield in Sussex, as particularised by her, and of which neither of us knew anything previously in our waking state. Not only had she accurately depicted the cottage as our future home, but she described a door and steps from the double drawing-room to the chief conservatory which did not then physically, if ideally, exist; and which were made by the vendor some two months afterwards; as both that work, and the tiling of the floor, were the finishing portions of the last addition to the cottage, undone when we first saw the latter. By the same inner sight she described Dr. A. R. Wallace's then incomplete cottage at Godalming, long before we went there, or knew anything of its structure. She could not understand the meaning of the peculiarity of some of its windows, but the vision was accurate.

On March 12th, 1892, she saw widow's mourning (cap and bonnet), in the drawing-room of a noted Reformer known to us, and she seemed so certain that it indicated his decease that I went specially to London to see him. He then seemed as well as usual, but he passed away on the 19th of the following month.

By placing her hands on those of some others, Mrs. S. seems to have been the means of imparting, or developing, mediumistic faculty, especially writing, to several persons who have visited us and wished it.

SPIRITUALISTS AS "CRANKS."

The following is from a correspondent whose communications we much value:—

Like all who have ever been in advance of the world's average thought, Spiritualists for a time must submit to be called "cranks." Green says of Bacon "that it was against received authority and accepted tradition in matters of inquiry that his whole system protested; what he urged was the need of making belief rest strictly on proof, and proof rest on the conclusions drawn from evidence by reason." This is the coldly critical manner in which all serious investigators have approached psychic phenomena, with the inevitable result that they have exchanged vague speculation for the absolute certainty of the continuity of life after death.

To this extent, then, they differ from their fellow-creatures who have not done so, and, therefore, in the expressive latter-day phraseology they are "cranks." So far one cannot, perhaps complain. It is the legitimate use of an essentially ugly word. But when concurrently with the popular misconception of most things that appertain unto Spiritualism the expression assumes a more offensive shade of meaning we must protest against its application to us as a body. For the Spiritualist as the general public knows him—and knows him so badly too—never is a Spiritualist pure and simple. Here, then, is the gist of our lamentation, that the epithet sticks to us, with all its contempt, not so much for what we are as for what we are not.

The Spiritualist is credited with every conceivable eccentricity in raiment and appearance, morals and manners. He is a vegetarian and an anti-vaccinationist, and he is a poor specimen of the tribe who is not a devotee of palmistry, astrology, and phrenology. Now the reason for all this is not far to seek. The portrait is not drawn from life, but is a chimera created out of the materials furnished by the psychic novel and the comic paper, with the dominant element of unparalleled foolishness and blind credulity supplied from time to time by Mr. Stuart Cumberland. Dupes and fools Spiritualists indeed are to the thoughtless newspaper-reader. Of course, we know that the great body of Spiritualists differ only from their fellow-men in one respect, though we feel almost tempted to add another—in their greater measure of culture as Matthew Arnold knew it. Perhaps they are inclined to accentuate more than ordinary folk their conviction "that the purport and essence of the known life, the transient, is to form and decide identity for the unknown life" as Whitman has it, but for the rest, any idiosyncrasies that individual Spiritualists may have are theirs as individuals, not as Spiritualists. Perhaps, too, we may admit that the Spiritualist himself is not entirely free from blame for some of the obloquy which has been cast on the movement. His attention is often fixed too exclusively on another plane of existence, to the neglect of anything like an ideal of health and harmonious development of mind and body, which we certainly owe to ourselves here as well as to our children and to the State. The question is far from decided yet, whether psychic development must needs take place at the expense of the other faculties. One day, indeed, it may be demonstrated that the best results can be obtained when we expand all our faculties evenly.

A SKETCH OF SWEDENBORG.

BY BALZAC.

Emanuel Swedenborg was born at Upsala in January, 1688, according to some authors—in 1689 if we may trust his epitaph. His father was Bishop of Skara. Swedenborg lived eighty-three years, and died in London, March 29th, 1772. I use these words to express a simple change of state. According to his disciples he was seen at Jarvis, and in Paris after this date.

The life of Emanuel Swedenborg must be divided into two parts. From 1688 to 1745 the Baron Emanuel Swedenborg appeared in the world as a man of vast knowledge, esteemed for his virtues, always irreproachable, constantly useful. In addition to his important official duties in Sweden, he published from 1709 to 1740 many solid works on mineralogy, physics, mathematics, and astronomy. He designed dry docks for vessels. He broached difficult questions such as the height of tides and the position of the earth. He invented improved locks for canals, and new processes for the extraction of metals. When in 1785 an European discussion arose on the subject of the experiments in animal magnetism in Paris, the Marquis of Thomé avenged the memory of Swedenborg. The Commissioners named by the King of France had asserted that there was no theory about the magnet; whereas Swedenborg had thoroughly discussed the subject in the year 1720. M. de Thomé took advantage of the occasion to point out how modern celebrities banished the clever Swede to studied oblivion in order that they might steal his treasures for their own work. "Some of the most illustrious," said the Marquis, alluding to Buffon's "Théorie de la Terre," "strut in the plumes of the peacock without doing him honour." And drawing on the encyclopædic works of the learned Swede he showed how this great prophet had anticipated by ages the march of human knowledge. He was the forerunner of modern chemistry, having shown that the productions of organic nature are all decomposable and resolvable into two pure principles; that water, air and fire are not elements. And in one work, in a few words, he went to the bottom of the mysteries of animal magnetism and snatched from Mesmer the credit of the first discovery.

In the year 1740 Swedenborg preserved a complete silence. Out of it he emerged in 1745 to devote himself entirely to the world of spirit. Thus he describes his vocation. One night in London when he had dined copiously, a thick mist spread in his room. Then a being exclaimed in a terrible voice: "Do not eat so much!" The next day he ate less. At night the same being arrived, an angel clothed in purple and bright light. "I am sent by God," he said, "Who has chosen you to explain the meaning of His word and His works. I will dictate what you must write!" That night the eyes of the *interior man* were opened and he was able to see into heaven, hell, and the spiritual world, three separate spheres. There he met old acquaintances who had died, some recently, some long ago. From this moment Swedenborg constantly lived in the world of spirits. He remained in this present world like one who had a mission from God. This mission was questioned by sepiets, but his conduct was plainly that of a being superior to ordinary humanity. Also, although his fortune was meagre, he gave enormous sums to save from bankruptcy commercial firms in many lands. None who appealed to his generosity were disappointed. An incredulous Englishman pursued him and overtook him in Paris. He has recorded that in his house the doors remained constantly open. One day the servant complained of this negligence, which might expose him to suspicion in the event of any robbery occurring. "Let him not be alarmed," said Swedenborg, "his mistrust is pardonable. He does not see the guardian that keeps watch at the door." In point of fact, he never, in any country, closed his doors, and never lost anything. At Gottenburg, on the occasion of a great fire in Stockholm, he announced that fire three days before the arrival of the courier with the news, and remarked that his own house had escaped. This also proved true.

At Berlin the Queen of Sweden told her brother the King that one of her ladies had been cast for a sum which she quite knew that her husband had paid before his decease. Unable to find the receipt she went to Swedenborg and desired him to ask her husband where he had deposited it. Next day, Swedenborg told her the spot, and announced that according to desire he had begged the dead man to appear to his wife. In due course of time he came in vision, attired in the dressing gown in which he had died. One day, embarking in London, in the ship of

Captain Dixon, the gifted Swede heard a lady ask if there were sufficient provisions in the vessel. "More than enough," said Swedenborg, "in eight days at two o'clock we shall be in the harbour of Stockholm." This occurred. The lucid state into which at will he could throw himself when dealing with earthly matters, although it astounded his friends, was as nothing compared with his power of travelling in the astral regions. The description of the first flight of Swedenborg guided by an angel is of a sublimity which far surpasses the best work of Klopstock and Milton, of Dante and Tasso. This passage which prefaced his work on "The Astral Regions" has never been published. It belongs to the traditions confided to the three disciples for whom he had most affection. The speech in which the angel proved to the Swedish seer that the stars are not made to wander about unpeopled in the skies reaches a grandeur of divine logic unknown to man. I cannot narrate all the facts of his visible and material existence. His habits opposed such a knowledge. He lived a secluded life, without any desire to obtain riches or celebrity. He had a great personal repugnance to make proselytes. He opened his mind to few, and communicated his special gifts only to those who professed faith, wisdom, and love. By a look he could tell the state of the soul of a stranger. He could impart the gift of clairvoyance to those whom he wished to instruct in interior knowledge. After the year 1745, his disciples never saw him perform any action from a mere human motive. "In one hundred years," he said to Mons. Ferelius, "my doctrine will rule the Church." He predicted the exact day and hour of his death. On Sunday, March 29th, 1772, he asked what time it was. "Five o'clock," was the answer. "Ah! then, all is over; God bless you all." Ten minutes after this he passed away. Some folks believe that Swedenborg had real visions of heaven, but that divine inspiration is not in all his writings. Poets admire his wonders. To the seer all is pure reality. Pious Christians were shocked at much. The sceptics made fun of his golden palaces, and the too great abundance of chalcedony, chrysolite, carbuncle, and beryl, in the heavenly buildings. He announced that colours in the spirit world could sing, and precious stones, like the Urim and Thummim, give intelligible answers to questions. His disciples, in defending him, pointed out how he had himself met similar objections by citing the words of Jesus, (John iii. 12.) "In teaching you I made use of earthly phrases, and you understand me not. If I spoke to you the language of heaven how could you understand me?"

It is to be observed that I have condensed the French author. It is to be observed also that he puts this exposition in the mouth of a Swedish pastor; but plainly he writes with strong sympathy, and a complete faith in the great modern seer. I am aware that all this will appear to Mr. Herbert Burrows "outside husk." The followers of Madame Blavatsky have recently made Swedenborg their special butt. He is "Swedenborg Bifrons," a hypocrite, who knew the great secrets of the great Mahatmas of Tibet, but did not dare to divulge them. Has he not confessed that he met in Heaven "Tartars" who possessed the Wars of Jehovah and the Book of Jasher? But the charge against Swedenborg involves a quaint *sequitur* which these enthusiastic Theosophists fail to perceive. If these "Tartars" were Mahatmas we have one proof more, making one thousand and one, that Madame Blavatsky never saw any Mahatmas at all. These Mahatmas, far from holding the great creed of "Buddhism" that there is "no God personal or impersonal" believed in Jehovah and cherished His works as inspired. And these dead Tartars, instead of having been cut in half at death and having all that was good in them suppressed in the "rosy slumber" of Devachan, were not cut in half at all.

ALIF.

REST shall be sweet in that better land—not rest from activity, for that would be the monotony of death. The weary spirit shall find rest from dusty drudgery and feverish passion and annoying anxieties. From earth's low turmoil, the glad soul shall wing its way into serene depths of the untroubled sky. The sadness of affliction, the sorrow of separation, the crush of disappointment, shall come no more. Obscuring clouds shall vanish from the face of the benignant providence, the landscape shall be illumined by the light of the Father's loving countenance, no good design shall fail, no dark depression give us pain. No effort shall exhaust our energy. Youth shall be renewed. We shall mount upward as on the wings of eagles. Yea, infinitely better, more precious than eye hath seen or heart conceived.—R. R. SHIPPEN.

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

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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

Light:

EDITED BY "M.A., LOND."

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11th, 1893.

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 DANGER.

The difficulties we anticipated are already making themselves apparent. Mr. Stead has not been long in developing his mediumship in the direction of the journalism of the future, for already we are threatened with an "intermental" telegraph which will enable him to get news and print it before any one else. There is a little risk, naturally, of getting news before the events happen, if some wicked wight were to tamper with the "mental message line," and, moreover, other mental telegraph lines may cross his own, and brain waves get generally mixed up; but these are, doubtless, only details for Mr. Stead. Yet what Mr. Stead talks of—considering the recent developments of telepathy and so forth—is not inherently impossible; but whatever it is, it involves an intromission into the plane of spirit, and that can never be lightly done. And so we think that Mr. Stead, with the best intentions in the world, may be going very wrong indeed.

Mr. Stead asserts that he receives messages both from the living and the dead. We do not here dispute his assertion, though the evidence for communication with the living, as given by the "Christian Commonwealth" Interviewer, is not very conclusive. But supposing all to be as Mr. Stead thinks it is, what kind of agencies from the other side does Mr. Stead expect to answer to his beck and call? In Spiritualism one of the most clearly ascertained facts is that like attracts like, and if notoriety be the main object in view in getting the communications, agencies of a low order may be confidently expected to step in.

If Mr. Stead knew anything about the spirituality of Spiritualism, as distinguished from its materialism, he would hesitate long, before he gave himself up to the interviewer of any kind or sort. Mr. Stead presumably possesses mediumistic power, therefore some serious thought should be his as to the road along which the agencies outside himself are likely to lead him. It was not altogether without reason that the *ignis fatuus* was regarded as having a spiritual nature, and the Serbonian bog is nearer one's footsteps at all times than one expects. One may say, we hope, without offence, that Mr. Stead does not care to hide his candle under a bushel, and if he is aided in making that candle a big one, it will be very unpleasant to have it suddenly blown out. And that would probably happen.

It cannot very well be doubted that the wisdom of the older world, which insisted on occult knowledge being granted only to initiates who had been trained to receive such knowledge, was founded on a true experience. The

knowledge that comes suddenly is always to be suspected as to its origin; it is an instance, indeed, of that apparently general law in virtue of which sudden rising means sudden downfall. In other sciences—and Spiritualism is not a religion, but a science—a training is demanded. What would be said of the electrician who should submit to the tyro, whose knowledge of keys had been limited to the key in a closed circuit, the switches of a city's dynamos? And yet Mr. Stead is presuming, without any training, and on the strength of a very little experimental knowledge, to take up the whole science of Spiritualism. There is a danger in it for the world and for Mr. Stead that he himself hardly can appreciate.

It is among the mysteries of the world that whereas a man may not speak of painting, of sculpture, of literature, of engineering, of even bricklaying, without some apprenticeship, yet of that profound science which touches upon immortality, and which is at the very basis of eternal being, everybody and anybody thinks he may speak with the authority of an archangel.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

We have the pleasure of announcing that the Rev. G. W. Allen has kindly promised to give an address to the members and friends of the Alliance, at 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, at 7.30 on Tuesday evening next, on "Thomas Lake Harris, his Philosophy of Life." This is a subject in which there should be considerable interest in view of the controversy which arose not long since on the relations between Mr. Harris and the late Laurence Oliphant.

A PREMONITION OF DEATH.

The following letter appears in the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" of January 28th:—

In June, 1888, my husband passed away after a long illness. We were living at the time on a country place of sixty acres. It was quite isolated, and a semi-circular drive led from the road to the house. A week before my husband's death, not long after midnight, I was wakened from a light sleep, by, I thought, the voices of three dogs coming up the drive on a quick run. The sounds were not the ordinary barking or the howling of dogs, but a long drawn out, melancholy cry that sent a chill of dread through every nerve. I went to the window and looked out, but could see nothing. The cries stopped at a point in the drive nearest to my husband's room, and after a moment turned, went down the drive and out into the road. The house was near the road, and the windows in my room looked out upon it as well as on to the grounds at the side where the strange cries stopped. The next morning my son, who was in attendance upon his father at the time, said that when he heard the cries, supposing them to be some strange canine howl, he went out and stood near the road, but as the dogs passed him, he heard only their voices, not the sounds of their swift-running, nor could he see them. In the morning a servant said that Mr. G. would not live a week; that she heard the same "death dogs" a week before her mother's death. Those who heard the strange cries were my husband, my son who was with him, his wife, the servant girl, my daughter and myself. I have never in my life, before or since, heard that melancholy, wailing tone, and we never, before or afterwards, heard even the ordinary barking of dogs on the place at night, there being very few in the neighbourhood. It was unmistakably a premonition of death, but of what nature, from what source, by what or by whom produced were those phantom voices of invisible dogs?—J. R. G.

OUR FATHER'S CHURCH.—Members, friends, and inquirers are invited to a meeting on Sunday next, February 12th, at the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer-street (near Oxford-circus), at seven o'clock. John Page Hopps will speak on the following subject: "Things we are sure of in these Upbreaking Days," and will read "John Calvin's Dream of Jesus." 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 a religion which shall be at once rational and spiritual. Mr. Page Hopps (South Norwood Hill) will be glad to hear from any who will assist in the choir (for hymns only).

MR. FRANK PODMORE AND GHOSTS.

Under this heading the "Weekly Sun," the well-edited organ of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, gives an account of an interview with one of the secretaries of the Psychical Research Society. The interview with the representative of the "Weekly Sun" took place at Mr. Podmore's "den on the heights of breezy Hampstead." Whether the person sent to interview was the right one is doubtful, for his ideas of ghosts are curious, as the following seems to show. Mr. Podmore is referred to:—

He lives in ghostly quarters. Near him stands the famous Jack Straw's Castle, with its phantoms of a Dickens' past; to his right is the Vale of Health, where linger the ghosts of Bank Holidays that are over and concertina playing that is done.

As to Mr. Podmore personally, we learn that:—

Though living in the midst of ghostdom, yet is Mr. Podmore up to date, emphatically modern. He will even laugh at his little fancies and enjoy chaff to an unlimited extent. His face is the face of the student, and, not incuriously, he singularly resembles the late Russell Lowell.

We may therefore expect something, and we get it. Mr. Podmore refers to his boyish investigations into psychical matters, and then, coming to his connection with the Society for Psychical Research, says:—

I had better point out to you that our opinions in the society diverge considerably on different points. We have no corporate opinion; our workers are all agreed as to methods; what we infer is quite another story. So that you must remember I speak solely for myself.

Which one is very glad to know, for, being asked as to his belief in ghosts, we get from Mr. Podmore this not altogether illuminative account:—

That I can't answer in a moment. We recognise that beliefs do exist as to the appearances of ghosts. Mr. Gurney well puts my position. You know the nature of hallucinations, which we might call waking dreams. When these happen to coincide with the death of the person they represent, you naturally call them 'ghosts.' To my mind, these coincidental hallucinations owe their existence to an external impulse or brain wave from the dying man rather than to any abnormal state on the part of the percipient. That is, they are so far *real*, but not objective. If I could prove the objective existence of a ghost I should only be too glad. So far, however, we cannot but regard the ghosts of Spiritualism or Theosophy as merely externalised dreams. So far we have been unable to procure evidence warranting any belief of the survival of the soul after death. Much that looked like it has been due to automatic action.

After Mr. Podmore's frank assertion that he was speaking individually, it is a pity that he allowed himself the use of the plural "we" in these remarks. As to Spiritualistic phenomena, we are told this:—

We have been able to produce all this "by mere conjuring." One of our members, himself a dupe in the first instance of Eglinton, the slate-writing medium, succeeded, after some practice, in imitating most of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism. At this member's invocation "spirits" would rise from the vast unknown, and would walk about the room—previously darkened for their reception—clothed in their habits as they lived. A glass, in broad daylight, would move over a table untouched. "Spirits" would write for the eager sitter on a slate locked and sealed by himself. Even a passage from a book selected by the sitter would appear at the "medium's" bidding on the slate. These marvels were due to no occult force; they were the results of deftness of hand and sheer audacity. But this skill was, nevertheless, sufficient to deceive even the very elect.

When Mr. Podmore asserts all this, we venture to ask on what grounds he claims credence for his statements. He should be ready with his conjurer. And notice the clever sliding in of the word "most." This conjurer imitated "most" of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism. There were some phenomena, then, left unimitated after all. "Most" of the phenomena would be sufficient for the

Philistine interviewer, whose perception of the difference between the words "most" and "all" is not necessarily of the nicest. Mr. Podmore then goes into a description of how this conjurer "parodied" a well-known Spiritualistic "miracle":—

The person operated on was my brother; the only other persons present were the medium and I. The séance was held in a room familiar to us all, and brilliantly lighted by gas. My brother was informed that all the marvels to be shown would be simply the result of conjuring, and was warned to be on his guard to detect the trick. The pretended medium then produced an ordinary double slate, in a wooden case, fastened with a Bramah lock, and a boxful of crayons of various colours. At his request my brother chose two or three bits of coloured crayons, put them between the leaves of the slate, which he had carefully examined. Then he closed and locked the slate, and put the key in his pocket. The slate was then placed on the table between us in full view, and not three feet distant from my brother. Much talking and a little conjuring followed, my brother being warned all the time to keep his eyes on the slate. After an interval, he said he had done so. The slate was then opened by him with the key which he produced from his pocket, and both sides were found covered with legible writing, the colours chosen by my brother having been used on alternate lines. The interesting point is that though my brother's sole business for the time was to keep his eyes fixed on the slate, and though, in effect, he confidently believed at the close of the experiment that he had done so, an interval of two or three minutes actually elapsed, during which his attention was entirely diverted from the slate. This lapse of attention has left no trace on his memory less than five minutes afterwards. If you were to ask me, I should be inclined to say that nearly every paid medium of whom I know has been caught in fraud—that is, in wilfully endeavouring to blind those attending his séances.

Having in this airy way demolished "most" Spiritualistic phenomena as the result of fraud, it is not surprising that spirit photography shares the same fate.

The "interviewer" was then favoured with this account of "coincident" telepathy:—

A lady writes to us:—"In the spring and summer of 1886 I often visited a poor woman called Evans, who lived in our parish, Caynham. She was very ill with a painful disease, and it was, as she said, a great pleasure when I went to see her, and I frequently sat with her and read to her. Towards the middle of October she was evidently growing weaker; but there seemed no immediate danger. I had not called on her for several days; and one evening I was standing in the dining-room after dinner with the rest of the family, when I saw the figure of a woman dressed like Mrs. Evans, in a large apron and muslin cap, pass across the room from one door to the other, where she disappeared. I said, 'Who is that?' My mother said, 'What do you mean?' And I said, 'That woman who has just come in, and walked over to the other door.' They all laughed at me, and said I was dreaming; but I felt sure it was Mrs. Evans, and next morning we heard she was dead."

But to what kind of telepathy or hallucination would Mr. Podmore refer the following which he also told to the interviewer? The lady who sent the story lives in Liverpool:—

"About three years ago," she says "I and a lady friend engaged apartments in the house of a widow lady, with whom we resided about eight months. One evening we retired to bed very late, about twelve o'clock. We went upstairs together, I being, perhaps, a couple of steps behind my friend, when, on reaching the topmost step, I felt something suddenly slip behind me from an unoccupied room to the left of the stairs. Thinking it must be imagination, no one being in the house except the widowed landlady and her servant, who occupied rooms on another landing, I did not speak to my friend, who turned off to a room on the right, whilst I walked quickly into my own room, which faced the staircase, still feeling as though a tall figure were behind and bending over me. I turned on the gas, struck a light, and was in the act of applying it when I felt a heavy grasp on my arm of a hand minus the middle finger. Upon this I uttered a loud cry, which brought my friend, the widow lady, and the servant girl to the room to inquire the cause of my alarm. The two latter turned very pale on hearing the story. The house was thoroughly searched, but nothing discovered. Some weeks passed, and I had almost forgotten

SUSTENTATION FUND.

We gratefully acknowledge the following contributions, and hope that our friends will all give what they can, whether much or little. Remittances should be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. H. Wixhall, Gravel Lane, Southwark, London, S.E. :-

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ARE not all natural things, it may be asked, as lovely near as far away? Nay; not so. Look at the clouds, and watch the delicate sculpture of their alabaster sides, and the rounded lustre of their magnificent rolling. They were meant to be beheld far away; they were shaped for their place, high above your head; approach them, and they fuse into vague mists, or whirl away in fierce fragments of thunderous vapour. Look at the crest of the Alp, from the far-away plains over which its light is cast, whence human souls have communion with it by myriads. The child looks up to it in the dawn, and the husbandman in the burden and heat of the day, and the old man in the going down of the sun; and it is to them all as the celestial city on the world's horizon, dyed with the depth of heaven, and clothed with the calm of eternity. There was it set, for holy dominion, by Him who marked for the sun his journey, and bade the moon know her going down. It was built for its place in the far-off sky; approach it, and as the sound of the voice of man dies away about its foundations, and the tide of human life, shallowed upon the vast aerial shore, is at last met by the eternal "Here shall thy waves be stayed," the glory of its aspect fades into blanched fearfulness; its purple walls are rent into grisly rocks; its silver fretwork saddened into wasting snow; the storm-brands of ages are on its breast, the ashes of its own ruin lie solemnly on its white raiment.—RUSKIN.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Under this heading we propose, at the request of several subscribers, to give from time to time such questions as may reach us—provided we deem them of a profitable character—with a view to their being answered, not necessarily by the Editor, but preferably by our readers. Both questions and answers should be stated clearly and succinctly, and in the replies the questions should be indicated by the number.

ANSWERS.

7.—What is telepathy? Can it be acquired by most ordinary people? If so, how? Could two such gifted persons enter into telepathic communication with each other at any distance apart?—VERITAS.

Telepathy means "far feeling." Miss Lord, in her "Christian Science Healing," gives rules for distant treatment of the ailments of others by silently addressing the patient by name, denying the reality of the ailment and of matter generally. I have often done this with great success, therefore telepathy may be defined as the action of one mind upon another without speech or personal contact.—KATE BURTON.

In reply to the question (No. 7) of "Veritas," I would say that telepathy is the involuntary intercommunication of feelings or conditions between two or more persons by other than ordinary physical means. For myself I feel certain that it is a peculiarity, and that it necessarily takes place between persons who are connected by a mysterious bond of sympathy. As to whether this gift can be acquired the answer is, I think, "No," for it is an unconscious action, or, at least, an unpremeditated one, and in most of the cases I have met, as well as in my own, it is hereditary. From experience I should say that distance has no effect, for between a friend and myself this bond has existed all through life, and no matter where I have been or in what I have been engaged, if any serious accident has occurred, or either of our minds has been troubled about anything in particular, the other has instinctively known of it; also at a séance my friend has often reflected my thoughts without any conscious effort on my part to influence the percipient's mind and *vice versa*. The question as to whether two persons could enter into telepathic communication with each other implies a voluntary action, and thus comes within the limits of thought transference; and a curious thing is that whenever my friend and myself have attempted to experiment this way we have been met with non-success.—CHARLES STRANGE.

P.S.—I thank Mr. Maitland for his letter of 28th ult., and am sorry that my misconception of his first letter should have thus needlessly caused him to write again.—C. S.

From a long experience and examination into this branch of Spiritualism I venture to make the following reply:—Telepathy is really the spiritual *rapport* that exists between two spirits. It may be casual or occasional; it may be, or become, persistent. The more spiritually-minded the agent the more perfect is the *rapport*. The spirit communicating with another spirit (both may be in the body) ascends or rather enters into the spiritual plane, where space is nothing. When there it finds by spiritual perception the affinity it seeks to communicate with, if by a previous arrangement as to time, both ends of the telephone are ready. If no such arrangement exists the message is received by the guardian spirit, protected by him, and conveyed when opportunity is afforded or induced. It sometimes happens that the same guardian spirit guides each, and then the communication is easy. It is then a beautiful exemplification of the affinity of each to each. The spiritual plane is all receptive and continuous for such. None but spiritually-minded persons can so communicate. In casual cases the spirits become for a time spiritually discerned and receptive; by cultivation completeness is attained. This may be talking Greek to those who have no experiences of the kind. Such will seek explanation on the physical plane, where no communication of the kind exists. There is no communication between physical bodies except on the sensual plane, while on the spiritual there is a clear, beautiful interblending. Spirit blends with spirit, and for a time they are as one: thus counterparts or affinities come into this life with facility. Telepathy is a grand name which clouds the real thing. *Rapport* is a better word, and such only exists between *spirits*, in or out of the flesh.—VEGA.

[ERRATA.—In the answer to question six by "Y.Z.," in line ten read "ably" for "feeblest," in line thirteen read "stronger" for "eternal."]

DUTCH Spiritualistic periodicals come to the office of "LIGHT." We should be glad if any reader of "LIGHT" understanding Dutch, and willing to give us the gist of the matter contained in them, will kindly communicate with the Editor, office of "LIGHT," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi.

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.

"The Substance of Existence."

SIR,—Mr. Newton Crosland, in criticising Mr. Maithland's reply, says that "force and substance may be blind unreasoning and unintelligent somethings, and these principles are set to work to create a universe." Evidently he cannot conceive that the Originator of all things must necessarily be an unconscious and impersonal power, the very reverse of an "omniscient" being.

For which is the more natural solution to accept, that the good, bad, and indifferent of this creation arose from a perfect Creator, who is supposed to have known at the time what He was about; or from a blind unreasoning power, one may almost say, a mechanical force?

Moreover, your correspondent states that matter is eternal. In this he lamentably shows how far he carries his belief in the omnipotence of what he is pleased to term the "Creator of all things." Also I should like him to say, from the point of view that he has expressed, what he considers to be the purpose of existence, for, looking at the creation in his light, it is a manifest injustice.

That this universe is what has been termed the "spasmodic fiat of a whimsical bogie" is more than my dull comprehension will allow me to accept, for the assertions of materialism and atheism appeal far more to the reason than the dogmas of Mr. Newton Crosland.

CHARLES STRANGE.

A Dream.

SIR,—I propose to relate a dream experience, which seems to point to an interest in, and supervision of, us by those "gone before," even though we may not have known them in the body. During my marriage engagement I dreamt, with unusual vividness, as follows:—I was wandering in an unknown and charming region, with some kind of a guide, who took me before a little person—a woman—of very decided aspect and manner. She immediately accosted me as though she knew me well, and began questioning me about myself. I felt constrained to answer, though she was a stranger to me. On telling her of my approaching marriage, she exclaimed, "Why, child, you are more fit to go to school again than to be married. *You have much to learn.*" This made me feel very indignant, but I have since had cause to acknowledge the truth of her sharp criticisms. I turned to my guide and asked, "Who is this?" and the reply came, "Why, Ann Deane, to be sure." Then I awoke, with the further question on my lips, "And who is Ann Deane?"

The dream dwelt so strongly with me that at breakfast I asked my mother, "Did you ever know anyone called Ann Deane?" "That was my mother's maiden name," said she. Now, to the best of my knowledge, I had never heard the former name of this grandmother, who died before I was born, and it seemed utterly unfamiliar to me. I asked my mother to say nothing further till I had fully described the appearance and manner of the dream woman. My description proved to be quite correct, even to the habitual use of the term "child" in addressing anyone younger than herself, in whom she was interested.

January 27th, 1893.

INQUIRER.

"A Beginning, but No End."

SIR,—I gave up the space line because it suggests the idea of direction only. The substituted illustration—a thread of substance beginning but not ending—signifies a something not essentially impossible, viz., substance extending infinitely in one direction. Force beginning at a certain point is, as "C. C. M." says, impossible, but motion of a body therefrom is not. Of course, the motion is converted force of some kind, but this principle does not clash with what I put forward.

If man on this plane is made up of material body, psychic body, and spirit, each of these existed before, but not necessarily as man. The gross body pre-existed as matter, the psychic body, no doubt, as ethereal substance; the spirit also we believe to have been pre-existent, but whether as a self-conscious individual is an open question.

Obviously it is change, the working of natural forces, which produces decay, and brings to an end every earthly thing with which we are acquainted; but spirit itself we believe to be superior to and unaffected by those forces.

Then, if the spirit has become individualised and self-conscious at birth, the question is whether there are any laws in nature which work towards the extinction of that self-consciousness.

Of a future conscious state we have evidence; of a past, none. If we trace our lives back to infancy, we approach a minimum of intelligence and consciousness.

May we not then believe that there is a zero, a point behind which consciousness was not, though the potentiality was there?

Some will say, however, that the true Ego is only partially manifested in the flesh, and the higher consciousness is elsewhere; but, to me at least, it is inconceivable that we can be self-conscious on two different planes at the same time. Indeed, I venture to think this idea far more repugnant to the mind than the conception of "a beginning but no end."

From birth we progress; the consciousness is intensified, the mind expands, and we believe as Spiritualists that spiritual growth continues after we leave this present state.

Experience differentiates the adult mind from that of the infant. If we have had no pre-natal consciousness, of course there is no past to recall, or to make part of our individuality; but the experience entered on at birth can never be annihilated, for though consciousness may, perhaps, be sometimes in abeyance, there will always be the potentiality of recollection.

If the gross matter in which we dwell is lowest in the scale of being, there is nothing absurd or unnatural in supposing that man's consciousness commences here, at what may be termed the material pole of existence, and gradually ascends towards the spiritual pole, a state of perfection which, for aught we know, may be infinitely distant.

I think that the descent of the spirit or Ego into a body may be coincident with the beginning of self-consciousness; but I have never suggested that matter produces consciousness, and "C.C.M.'s" concluding remarks are, therefore, scarcely applicable.

With regard to contingency and immortality, I do not know whether your correspondent accepts all the dicta of Theosophy, but the latter declares that the "black magician" will finally be annihilated, although presumably ascribing to him the same pre-existence as to other men.

If, then, that which has had no beginning may have an end, why might not the converse be true?

G.A.K.

Space Dimensions.

SIR,—In your issue of January 28th, you say you would be glad to receive answers to Questions 5 and 6, which appeared in your number of January 21st. Question 5 seemingly refers to the meaning of the "fourth dimension" of space; question 6 to the difference between "Soul" and "Spirit."

It is not easy to answer some questions off hand. Some questioners want an answer before they themselves have obtained such knowledge as would enable them to understand the reply.

Before considering what is the fourth dimension of space, I must ask, what do we mean by dimensions at all? Our dimensions of space—breadth, length and thickness—are merely our shortest and most convenient methods of measuring space and describing where anything is. Seemingly beginning from ourselves as the centre, and regarding ourselves as in the plane, we say a thing is so far in one direction and so far in another. We say, so far N.E.—meaning, go so far north, then so far east and you will find it. This also indicates a shorter way, the diagonal. Thus it is ten miles north by road, then twenty miles east; what diagonal should one take across country is a question of geometry. With a little thinking anyone can see, as long as we talk of the same plane, that two measurements are enough, so far that way, then so far that other way. But these two are not enough if the spot is not in the plane at all, but so many yards, or so many miles, above or below. We then want a third dimension; go to such a spot on our plane, then your object is so far directly above, or directly below that spot.

A very little thought will show that these three dimensions, or measurements in three directions, are all we need to tell us where any object is, in what direction, and how far it is off, starting from where we are.

And these measurements are all that are necessary both to tell where a thing is, and how large it is, compared with our starting point or standard of measure—which naturally is ourselves—and no other measurement is necessary. That is all we mean by the three dimensions of space; we require no fourth dimension for this kind of measurement.

But it is evident that this does not satisfy all questions that occur to thinking minds. Three measurements and three only are ample for measuring our space in which we live, &c.

But where is our space? All round us. Granted. But what are we? And, as to dimensions, what is the measure? This earth would appear far vaster to us if we were no bigger than ants. It did appear much larger to our own fathers a century ago, when fifty miles were a good day's journey, and it took years to go round it. Now we can go to the most distant spot in six weeks, and can see for ourselves that the earth is a mere ball in space. But a "fourth dimension" does not answer these other questions. It does not tell us the starting point for the other three; nor does it give us the absolute standard of measuring which would be true for ourselves, for ants, or for beings to whom we should be but as ants.

Now the studies to which I am trying to draw attention deal with these very questions, which some people call transcendental. Hitherto your readers have shown no interest in them, and I would not trouble you now only that I believe you cannot obtain answers to some questions except by those means to which I would call attention.

The questions are intimately related to religion. I am asking—Are all our troubles in such matters caused by an old error? Was civilisation on this earth started by visitors from other worlds? Were the so-called gods, &c., of our earliest traditions really visitors from the heavens? If they were, our ancestors, who knew of no world but this, did not understand where they came from, and misinterpreted all they said as relating to this earth, the only world our fathers knew of.

If, then, these visitors ceased coming, and we are distinctly told that they would cease, the information they left us might be misunderstood. In fact, reputed later visitors, or some on final visits, say,—You have misunderstood our teaching; you are doing just the opposite of what we inculcated. If so, the class of Beings I am trying to study are not Earth Beings at all, and their Society is not even of Earth origin, though some of our ancestors may be amongst them. They do not belong to the class of Psychic Powers which many are now seeking intercourse with, and who are as much Earth Beings as ourselves; and know nothing of the Space Society, with whom, for the present, communication is cut off.

Now, seemingly, they promise renewed intercourse on conditions. This renewal is not just now my business. My present purpose is to avow my belief, that in what they call their Oracles, they answer some of our difficulties; amongst them this very one about Space. But we must obey their rules. I wish it understood that the answers are not mine, but my interpretation of their meaning. Of course, I may be wrong. Also I have another difficulty. I do not pretend to supply anything they omit.

Our traditions distinctly assert that these supposed visitors are our superiors, and regard us as children; and, as teachers, they tell us to form clear ideas, and to express our ideas by words we know the meaning of. In their symbolic language they tell us to free our minds from Babel and muddle, to get out of Babylon; in plain language get out of babyishness, speak intelligibly.

Now "fourth dimension" is evidently a Babel expression; it is muddling two distinct things together. It is, in a way, trying to answer transcendental questions, in the language of already known physics; trying to answer, what is space? and where is space itself? by taking another measurement of space. Still it indicates that the mind is seeking for something, though, exactly what, is not yet clearly formulated.

We all feel that a vast number of things exist, which seem quite independent of any fixed spot in space; that their *where* cannot be indicated by our three dimensions. Be it so, but adding a fourth does not help us. It only confuses ideas otherwise clear. We want some better term, some clearer language. But then we shall open up very vast issues. For we at once enter on the questions—"Where are the heavens and hells of our religions! Where are all the ideas which many even now say exist only in this fourth dimension?" And when we come to analyse all this, we may find that some ideas are representations of truth, but others of falsehood, of things that do not exist at all, except in the wishes of those who profit by the falsehood. This foretold destruction of mental confusion, Babylon, is no light matter. But full explanation of the something, now called fourth dimension, involves this clearing away of confused ideas.

The old traditions give a definition of space by these reputed visitors; seemingly implying that there might be other definitions, or other spaces; also that some things only exist in

spaces which they do not acknowledge. But all this is too long for your pages. It will be dealt with in due time in the course of studies I am trying to inaugurate.

REJECTED.

[The evident earnestness of our correspondent, and the desire we have not to stifle any thought that may throw the smallest ray of light on the mysterious subjects of which we treat, have led us to give insertion to this letter. At the same time we should be glad of the sources of information to which "Rejected" darkly refers.—ED. "LIGHT."]

Stumbling-blocks in the Path of Inquirers.

SIR,—I have read the letter of a "Dispirited Spiritualistic Inquirer," and I feel impelled to offer a few comments on it. The first question raised is, as to the motives which may actuate a medium. If the primary one is gain, we cannot doubt that herein lies great danger. The lower class of spirits, always eager for an opportunity, are glad to rush in where the aim is ignoble, and pander to its gratification. Personally, I should hesitate to put the same trust in communications received where fees are taken as where the medium is unpaid. (See Acts xvi. 16 and viii. 20.)

How far immunity from spurious messages would be secured by setting apart a band of mediums, who would only speak "as the Spirit gave them utterance," and in no wise depend for a living on the exhibition of phenomena, seems a question worth discussing. Yet even there rivalry might come in and mar, nearly as much as a mercenary motive does now. Probably nothing short of perfect aims could give absolute safety from all delusions, and so long as our mediums are of flesh and blood, so long will their messages be inevitably tinged with human frailty.*

The next point is, how far the health of a medium is affected by clairvoyance, &c. My own experience is that the higher manifestations from the spirit world, such as messages given to help those in trouble or sickness, or internal light and guidance, excluding physical phenomena, unless these come unsought, are rather conducive to health than otherwise. I have witnessed this in the case of a medium and her magnetist, prolonged through a tedious illness of the former, ending in recovery. Of course, there were moments of nervous exhaustion in both, but all was set right by the good spirits who controlled, without recourse to doctors, stimulants, or tonics. Symptoms of disturbed health should lead us to doubt the influence manifesting, to discontinue for awhile all research, and, above all, to pray for more light on our path.

Next, as to the trustworthiness of spirit messages in general. If we are duped is it not that too often "we ask amiss"? If we regard Spiritualism as a kind of glorified fortune-telling, safe from police interference, I think we only deserve to be misled. The very wish to invoke the departed from their new sphere to satisfy our curiosity, even as regards the conditions they have found, is dangerous. Can we expect the spirits of just men (and few would own to encouraging inferior ones) to lend themselves to predict results of races, speculations, or cricket matches, even supposing they are able to foresee them? Besides, are we justified in thinking that as soon as the mortal coil is shuffled off, disembodied spirits become as gods, knowing all things absolutely and without limitations? The higher intelligences who communicate the most authentically are the first to disclaim infallibility. "We are not quite sure," "We think so," were words used by the unseen guides who carried on the healing work already mentioned, under, as they said, still higher leading. No arrogance nor assumption here!

Next: Why expect from spirits a more perfect consensus of opinion on vast questions, *e. g.*, on Re-incarnation, than we find on earth in the views of divines or of the proverbial doctors? Individuals may retain, for all we know, their distinctive opinions in spirit-land, for awhile at least. Again, can we fully grasp the difficulty of transmitting through a medium, abstruse thoughts far above that medium's ken? Nor ought we to feel a shock when the communicating intelligence which we long to identify with some lost dear one, fails to respond to our eager "Do you remember?" We can hardly doubt that earthly memories suffer mysterious change in that new life whose laws we understand so little. Yet to those who seek, not too impatiently, but are content to wait in faith for a sign, spontaneous proofs of identity will be given sometimes, worth all the miserable straining after tests amid the mob of a public séance.

* See Allan Kardec's "Book of Mediums," p. 285, No. IX.

And, what is still better, advice asked in faith and singleness of heart for high purposes will not be refused.

Lastly, as to the utility of prosecuting Spiritualistic research. I take it that the idea of mere utility is *per se* an inadequate motive in the inquiry after any truth, or, to silence cavil, let us say any subject offering interest and possible advantage to the world at large. Like Art, it should be its own reward, at all events in the beginning. In time, recompense may crown the work, as it did for Columbus, Galileo, Newton, though their contemporaries might question the utility of their struggles.

But, even apart from the value of all truth pursued for its own sake, may we not claim a yet higher incentive to the study of Spiritualism? Has it not for ever burst the bubble of materialism by its proofs of life enduring after the body's decay? And, still better, does it not offer the best of all weapons in the deadly conflict with evil here below? For as surely as there are (on the showing of Holy Writ and numberless records of possession) hosts of demons rejoicing in the perpetration of sin and crime which they suggest to man, so surely may we believe that there are holy unseen hosts no less watchful and potent to neutralise the evil, and to strengthen the hands of those who love their kind, and who yearn to lighten some of this world's misery. Can we imagine a nobler task for happy spirits than such works of mercy to men—works of which they often tell us, such as cures of body and mind, special interpositions, warnings, and what we usually call Providential acts—works deputed, may we not believe, to the ministering angels who are given charge over us by the beneficent Father of spirits? Except in this arduous path of altruistic effort we cannot hope to escape all lying voices; and even in that very path, at the outset, they may try again and again to discourage and defeat us; but the prayer of faith will prevail in the end, for "they that be with us are more than they that be against us," and the mountains shall be plucked up by our united efforts.

Then let no one be dispirited by the initial stumbling-blocks in the way of Spiritualistic inquiry. Let it not be fancied a primrose path, where, by paying toll, a fixed amount of entertainment may be had, strains of music, wafting of scent, or even eloquent trance orations. Not thus are its highest blessings to be purchased. S.T.A.N.

"Ancient Egyptian and Modern Religious Beliefs."

[The following postscript to Mr. C. Fox's letter was accidentally omitted in our last issue.—ED. "LIGHT."]

The statements in Mr. Oxley's paper as to the books called the Gospels are quite too venturesome. The typical mysteries of regeneration were as much known and practised by the Druids as in Egypt, and with them were accompanied by its experience more surely, even as they were without the idolatry which nowhere was more gross than in Egypt, being Monotheistical, I think. As for the profoundly mystical Mythology, it was most refined and complete in Greece—a country of which the religion meantime was but patriotism and art, showing how unsafe it is to conclude what many do now from the possession of knowledge anciently (as we see it mean little also in our own times) in the letter or the form. There were sages like Hermes too, there. It has been observed, further, how, in the infinite sculptures about the tombs, or pyramids (the Great Pyramid has none, but a grand simplicity only), though every conceivable phase of the life just closed is depicted—even to cutting the nails—references to religion and to God are wanting. The sojourn of Israel in Egypt was the ancient figure of bondage under sin's yoke, whence, by Divine Power, we must be brought forth through the wilderness and sea of death, and so it was written, "Out of Egypt have I called my son."

If I am to pass right through death unscathed, if I go over there the kind of man I have made myself by my words, my actions, my thoughts, while here, then it does not make any great difference, even if some one of you does have twice as many thousands of dollars along the road as I have. These incidents of the way become of very slight importance the moment that we make life mean the development and culture of character; and the man with poor opportunity and very little money, who makes of himself a grand and noble man, when the curtain opens and he passes through, is unspeakably richer than the richest man here who misuses his opportunity.—MINOR HAYDON.

SOCIETY WORK.

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

A NEW SOCIETY has been formed for the Clapham district. Mr. Walter Stanley, 32, St. Luke's-road, Clapham, is the secretary. We wish well to the new society.

113, LIDSON-GROVE, MARYLEBONE, N.W.—Mr. H. Towns informs us that he is holding public sances every Tuesday and Saturday evening, at 7.45, at the above address.

THE STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, STRATFORD, E.—Service each Sunday at 7 p.m. Speaker for next Sunday, February 12th, Mr. J. T. Dale. Subject: "The Heavenly Bodies a Key to the Bible." After the service a committee meeting will be held. J. RAINBOW, Hon. Sec.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION, FEDERATION HALL, 359, EDWARD-ROAD, W.—On Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Mr. A. M. Rodger, sance. Earnest investigators invited. At 7 p.m., Mr. A. M. Rodger will speak on our philanthropic scheme in aid of the poorer Spiritualists and Mediums. We ask all interested in this matter to attend and give us their advice. A. F. TIDBALL, A.T.C.L., Hon. Sec.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, ASKEW-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—Last Sunday Mr. H. Towns gave "Delineations of Character," also using his healing gifts with success. Organ recitals by the president, Mr. Mason. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mr. C. White. Tuesday, 8 p.m., sance, Mrs. Mason. February 19th, Mr. Pursey, 58, Tavistock-crescent, Westbourne Park (near station), Saturday, at 8 p.m., sance, Mrs. Mason. Inquirers welcome. —J. H. BAKER, Hon. Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—The anniversary tea and social meeting was attended by over seventy friends. On Sunday evening next a special address will be delivered by Mr. W. E. Long on "Does Spiritualism Support Christianity? An Appeal to Christian Spiritualists." On Sunday morning, at 11.30 a.m., and Wednesday, 8.30 p.m., sance for inquirers; Lyceum at 3 p.m. Last Sunday the members of our Lyceum gave us an excellent service of song.—Communicated.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL.—On Thursday last we had a most successful sance, Mrs. Bliss medium, all tests being recognised. On Sunday we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. W. Long explain "Death" as being the birth into the higher life, affording the opportunities for the further unfoldment of the latent possibilities of the human soul, after which questions were asked, and ably answered by the speaker. At the close the Rev. A. Smith addressed the meeting, complimenting the speaker upon the able manner in which he had dealt with the subject. We hope to have a large gathering on Sunday next at 7 p.m., when Mr. J. Dale will occupy the platform, and address the meeting upon "Who is my Neighbour?" On Thursday, February 16th, Mr. Coates, sance, at 8 p.m.—J. B., Sec.

SPIRITUAL HALL, 86, HIGH-STREET, MARYLEBONE.—On Sunday last Messrs. Rodger, Bowen, and Smythe (Mr. White chairman) kindly addressed the audience. Mr. Rodger spoke on the necessity of unity, &c., in the ranks of Spiritualists. Mr. G. S. Bowen gave some of his Spiritualistic experiences in America, which rivetted the attention of friends present. Mr. Smythe followed with some excellent remarks, and we hope to hear him again. Next Sunday, at 11 a.m., Mr. Towns, sance; doors closed 11.30 a.m. At 7 p.m. Mr. J. Veitch, "Spiritualism: its Place, Work, and Power." Friday, February 17th at 8 p.m., John Page Hopps on "The Humanising of God, and how God becomes Man." During the evening, Mr. Page Hopps will read two poems, (1) "A Dream of the New Life and of God"; (2) "The Rise of Man."—H. R.

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. Woodstock, "Water-niche," Brookville; France, P. G. Leymarie, 1, Rue Chabanaia, Paris; Germany, E. Schloschaur, 65, Königgrätzer Str., Berlin. S.W.; Holland, F. W. H. Van Straaten, Apeldoorn, Middelland, 682; India, Mr. Thomas Hatton, Ahmedabad; New Zealand, Mr. Graham, Huntley, Waikato; Sweden, B. Fortenson, Ade, 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, White Post-lane:—Sunday, at 11 a.m., students' meeting; and the last Sunday in each month, at 7 p.m., inquirers' meeting. Friday, at 7.30 p.m. for Spiritualists only, "The Study of Spiritualism." And at 1, Winifred-road, Tuesday, at 7.30 p.m., inquirers' meeting. Also the first Sunday in each month, at 7 p.m., inquirers' meeting.