

# Light:

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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

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[A Newspaper]

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

Dr. Peebles' lecture on 'Magic,' spoken in San Francisco, is not so much an exposition of ideas as a succession of rifle shots. For instance:—

There is power in prayer; but prayer is not 'uttering parrot-like words.' It is aspiration. But some men never look up with gratitude. 'They are like pigs that, feasting upon acorns, never look up to the oak to see from whence they fell.' Prayer may hurt as well as heal. 'The narrow-minded sectarians of Boston prayed God to either convert Theodore Parker or, failing in that, to remove him from the world. Their minds were centred upon the object of their pious malice, and may, to some degree, have produced his early death.'

'People say, "Doctor, do you believe in the Bible?" Emphatically I do. I believe the Psalms to be psalms, the Proverbs to be proverbs, the Parables to be parables, the visions to be visions, the inspirations to be inspirations, the truths to be truths, and the errors to be egregious errors. Yes, I believe it all. I believe too in walnuts, but do not believe in eating the shucks. My neighbour believes in and feasts upon fowls, but eats neither their claws, feathers, nor bones.

Someone interrupted and asked: 'What do you understand by the passage, "He breathed upon them, and they received the Holy Ghost"?' Said the Doctor, 'I believe the Holy Ghost is a spirit of holiness—a sweet and divine influence, such as Jesus was pure enough to impart; but if Jesus had smoked, chewed tobacco, eaten swine, and fried slices of other dead animals and then breathed upon his disciples they would have received an unholy ghost—that is to say—an unholy, unwholesome, and impure psychic influence. Professors, preachers, and healing mediums should keep their bodies clean, sweet and pure, like the yogas of India. They should live clean, holy lives. I would almost as soon have a slimy serpent touch me as a coarse, pork-eating, beer-drinking, impure mental healer, with a physical body all reeking and pickled with tobacco, beer, and scrofula-generating swine's flesh.'

As to dark séances, prolonged in badly-aired rooms, avoid them, said the Doctor:—

They are what would be termed in India 'Bungalows for the practice of black magic.' Do not encourage, do not attend them, as they attract the lower undeveloped, earth-bound demons. Just think of it, a small, ill-ventilated room, closed doors, tightly shut, and darkened windows, decrepid old age and buoyant youth, virtuous delicate woman, and pork-stuffed and tobacco-pickled libertines, all snugly seated side by side. Some are consumptive, some scrofulous, some ulcerous, and some may have eruptive skin diseases, eczema, all breathing the same impure air, carbonised and stifling. All clasping hands, inhaling dire and deathly diseases, while vampires, invisible vampires, may be eating up and appropriating the magnetic auras of the more refined and spiritually-minded.

How pure at heart and sound in head,  
With what divine affection bold,  
Should be the man whose thought would hold  
An hour's communion with the dead!

This, though wholesome enough, is decidedly strong; but we quote it rather to show the good old Doctor's

splendid fighting trim than as setting forth the exact, infallible truth.

The Countess Wachtmeister tells the following story of Madame Blavatsky:—

She was a very noble, charitable woman, when, after having booked her passage from Havre to New York first-class, she was about to embark with only a few shillings left. She saw a poor woman with two little ones crying on the pier. She asked the woman what was the matter, and learned that money sent by her husband from New York for her passage to him had been expended on what proved to be a spurious ticket, and she was helpless and penniless in a strange city. 'Come with me,' said Madame Blavatsky, who straightway went to the agent of the steamship company and induced him to exchange her first-class ticket for steerage tickets for all of them, thereby subjecting herself to an absolutely horrible ideal for a cultured woman.

If that is true—and the Countess gives it as from her own knowledge—there was indeed an angel-side to this strange being.

'Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind' is rebuking 'our lady friends,' and entreating them to leave off wearing 'barbarous ornaments.' This is a pretty turning of the tables upon us. Here is what 'Rays of Light,' published in Ceylon, says:—

The golden beetle of Ceylon is finding favour with many ladies who visit our shores. When mounted and set in gold, it makes a pretty but barbarous ornament. We beg our lady friends to spare these pretty beetles, which adorn the Madras thorn hedges and trees in the Cinnamon Gardens, and beg to appeal to our readers and their friends of the Bond-street of Colombo to suppress the growing trade in golden beetles.

The following, from 'The New Unity,' is full of atmosphere and light:—

Help me to help my fellow man, O God! Teach me to know the hard, rough way his feet have come before they reach my door, so that I may love him, and not judge harshly of him, Thy son, my brother.

Help me, O God, to help myself, so that bravely I may toil to the going down of the sun; so that each day I may feel that faithfully I have laboured with the task allotted to me as though there is no end to it under the sun!

Help me, O God, to so live that loving my fellow man I may be at peace with myself, for there is no other peace worth while!

Help me to so order my days that the night which is to come may find me ready for the kindly bed provided for all Thy creatures that are weary!

Help me to revere Thee, to trust Thee and to love Thee, O God, my father!

But why 'the night which is to come'! and why 'ready for the kindly bed, &c.'? This is the only false note in this fine harmony of aspirations—a note as poorly conventional as the remainder is richly original. It is not a 'night' that is coming, but a delightful day: and it is not 'a kindly bed' which awaits us, but a glorious sunlit road.

No impartial student can doubt that many of our fossilised theological notions are the result of Biblical crudities or misreadings; these often turning upon Eastern



symbols, local allusions, or current sayings, the flexible significance of which has been weakened, or even entirely lost. 'The Universalist' (Chicago) points this out with reference to the over-familiar word 'Hell.' It says, with commendable bluntness and some wit:—

It would have saved a world of misreading and error if the term hell had been kept out of our Scriptures altogether, and the proper name, Gehenna, had been kept in. The translators, indeed, have only made the plain obscure and the rational absurd in this instance.

The contention of orthodox teaching that Gehenna was used as a symbol of the never-ending punishment of hell, assumes as a fact a point which has never been proved, and is incapable of proof.

There is not a single example of the contemporary usage of the term in the time of Christ, or for two hundred years afterwards, which bears out the contention of the terrible symbolism which recent periods have attached to the word. Gehenna was employed in the time of Christ as a symbol of moral corruption and wickedness, and it had a well-defined local signification as applied to the retributions which came upon the Jewish State. There is not a particle of evidence to prove that Jesus, in referring to the judgment of the valley of Hinnom, had any reference whatsoever to the future life. The new railway station at Jerusalem might properly bear the name of Gee Hinnom, or Hinnom, or even Gehenna, but to call it 'hell,' attaching the usual signification to that word, and giving it thus a meaning which it did not bear in the time of Christ, would be an outrage to citizens of Jerusalem and an offence to the travelling public, but a still greater outrage was perpetrated on the Christian world when Gehenna was translated in the New Testament by this hideous and unhistorical word, and the historical vale of Hinnom thus made to signify an idea which was not in the mind of Christ, and is not discoverable in the contemporary usage of the Jewish people.

There has been, in 'The Lowestoft Standard' and 'The Norfolk Daily Standard,' a correspondence concerning certain exhibitions in the neighbourhood. So far as we can judge, the most curious of these exhibitions is the self-exhibition of someone who signs a letter thus, 'Thomas J. Jarrott (Rev.)' In this letter the (Rev.) says, 'As a scientist, I most emphatically state that "ghost photographs" are always the result of a scientific trick.' This is the very man we have long been wanting—a man who knows everything—a man who can 'most emphatically state' that every 'ghost photograph' is a trick. Other people, like poor Mr. Stead and the late Traill Taylor, have to take trouble, to go and see, to experiment and spend money; and then these foolish people find it difficult to be sure, and positively pass no opinion upon things they have not seen. But here is a (Rev.) who has no need to go and see. He calmly surveys the world, and says, 'I most emphatically state that "ghost photographs" are always the result of a scientific trick.' Not *as a rule*, but 'always'; and he does not think so, he knows it, and he 'emphatically' knows it.

We should like to know this gentleman, and would be particularly glad if he would call at 2, Duke-street, once a fortnight, to disperse some of our doubts. And yet, on second thoughts, would he? We are half inclined to think that if anyone, a few years (or is it months?) ago had said, 'I have seen the shadow of a man's hand through a wooden brick, and the shadow of half-a-crown through a big ledger,' this (Rev.) would have said, 'Sir, I am perfectly certain you have been cheated: or, perhaps, you should have reserved this jest for the first of April.' Alas, then, our infallible adviser has yet to be found.

Mr. J. J. Morse.—Our friend, Mr. J. J. Morse, manifestly finds his work in California compatible with the maintenance of good health and spirits, judging from a cabinet portrait which has just reached us. The photo, executed by Doré, San Francisco, is as fine a specimen of the art as we have ever seen; and as a likeness nothing could possibly be better. Having evidently been taken on one of the sabbath days of his soul, it represents our friend at his very best.

## A YOUNG MEDIUMS' HOME.

At the close of the address recently given by the representative of 'LIGHT' to the members of the London Spiritualist Alliance and reported in the present issue, the Rev. J. Page Hopps referred to a young girl in very poor circumstances who had exhibited considerable mediumistic power. We have received the following letters on the subject, and shall be glad to take charge of any contributions towards the realisation of the object contemplated:—

SIR,—Some of your readers will remember a suggestion I made at a late meeting of the Alliance, respecting a young medium. Those who are acquainted with the particulars are satisfied that a suitable home should be found for her as *speedily as possible*. She is a clever, respectful, and nice-natured girl, and would be very useful in any quiet home. My own strong preference is in favour of her being taken into the home of some judicious Spiritualists, who would find her useful in the house, and watch her mediumship. There surely are many homes where such a girl could be profitably employed and quietly guided. I shall be glad to answer questions, or to see anyone who may be able to suggest an opening for her.

Failing this, we think we see our way to sending her to a temporary young mediums' home: but this would cost, say, 10s. a week, and it would not be desirable to arrange for that for less than a year. In that case we shall want from £80 to £30, £6 of which I think I have. This ought to be an easy matter to arrange, and I shall be glad to hear from anyone who is willing to contribute.

We often complain of the lack of mediums, but when we get them I notice we hardly make the most and the best of them. Here, possibly, is an opportunity for developing a most precious gift; and it surely would be wrong to let it slip. We sadly need something to do. Let us do this—and soon.—Heartily yours,

Oak Tree House,

J. PAGE HOPPS.

South Norwood Hill, S.E.

SIR,—At a recent meeting of members and friends of the Alliance, Mr. J. Page Hopps expressed the desire for a country cottage to which mediums in search of health or rest might resort. There are probably many Spiritualists to whom, in common with myself, the idea would seem capable of being carried into effect. All of us who have had any experience in raising money for any definite purpose, however good that may be, are aware that the difficulties are great, but we also know that they are not insuperable.

I cannot but think that if you, Sir, considered the plan a good one, and would plead its cause in the columns of 'LIGHT,' not only members of the Alliance, but Spiritualists generally, would gladly work together to raise a sufficient sum of money to carry out the scheme. I shall be happy to start the fund by contributing one guinea. We talk much about our actual and probable mediums, but what do we do for them?

FACTA NON VERBA.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

'The Spiritual Review,' for April. London: 113, Edgware-road, W. Price 3d.

'The Mystical World,' for April. London: H. A. Copley, Canning Town, E. Price 1½d.

'The Humanitarian,' for April. London: Hutchinson and Co., 34, Paternoster-row, E.C. Price 6d.

'The Lyceum Banner,' for April. Sunderland: Thomas Oliver Todd, 7, Winifred-terrace. Price 1d.

'Fruit and Gardens for the People.' By the Hon. DUBLET CAMPBELL. A Preface to 'The Case against Butcher's Meat.' By CHARLES W. FORWARD. London: Barnett and Russell, Limited, 337, Strand, W.C. Price 1d.

'The Story of Atlantis.' A Geographical, Historical, and Ethnological Sketch. Illustrated by four maps of the World's Configuration at different periods. By W. SCOTT-ELLIOT; with a Preface by A. P. SINNETT. London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 7, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C. Price 3s. 6d. net.

'Who lives in love doth live in part with Heaven,  
'Twixt here and there, the golden link that's given,  
To mortal eye, of that stupendous chain  
Which doth the living universe maintain.'

—'The Age,' by PHILIP J. BAILEY.



### 'MORE MEDIUMS WANTED.'

Under this title I notice a suggestion made by your special representative, who proposes to promote the artificial production of mediumship by means of mesmeric action. No doubt this is a good suggestion. Cahagnet, as far back as 1848, obtained most interesting results in that manner, as appears in his 'Celestial Telegraph,' which is well worth reading. Mons. de Rochas has recently obtained most instructive phenomena by the same method, which results I propose to summarise for the benefit of your readers when I can get time. It must not be forgotten, however, that mesmeric influence represents action from this external plane, and in correlative degree or intensity, consequently must produce phenomena in equivalent subordinate mode. Yet a subject so prepared may subsequently be taken in hand by, and pass under, the influence of operators in higher states. Such an instance has occurred with regard to one of Mons. de Rochas' sensitives, who has been used as an instrument by an entity who has passed through the second death, and consequently out of the earth sphere. One of Cahagnet's sensitives was similarly used, and was even 'controlled' by, i.e., became a recipient of thought-transference from Swedenborg. Her double appears also to have been transferred sometimes into the state or plane into which entities enter after the second death. But Cahagnet did not understand this phenomenon, which he called 'extase,' and dreaded that her 'spirit,' as he termed it, would leave her body.

While wishing success to your special representative in the undertaking he envisages, might I make the additional suggestion that, perhaps, if some encouragement were offered to some of the good American mediums, such as Miss Barnes, the materialising medium; Mrs. Slosson, of Chicago, who is a most excellent trance medium; and Miss Bangs, the typewriting medium, perhaps they might visit England.

If this suggestion meets with the approval of your special representative, perhaps he might get a committee together who would undertake to collect a list of names of people who would be inclined to patronise them if they came over, and thus offer some encouragement. The committee might also make arrangements with regard to rooms, &c., for them, and receive them when they come over, so that they might feel that there would be a body on whose support they might rely.

QUESTOR VITE.

Our Special Representative writes:—

I am glad to have such high approval of my plan as that of 'Questor Vite.' Many others whose opinion is valuable have cordially concurred in the proposal. Half a dozen candidates have come forward—five gentlemen and but one lady. There is room for four more ladies, and I hope to hear from this number of gentle applicants, so that balance may be maintained. For the present the meetings will take place once a week, on Thursday evenings, from seven till eight o'clock, at the rooms of the London Spiritualist Alliance (2, Duke-street, Adelphi), the first of the series having been arranged for Thursday last. For the information of those who may be in doubt as to the mode of treatment, I should say that it is of the simplest nature, consisting, first, in securing passivity by the usual means, and next in inducing by passes (mainly without contact) the clairvoyant sleep. Once clairvoyance has been brought about, effort will be directed to its manifestation in the waking, conscious, normal condition, under the control, as far as possible, of the seer. Anything like suggestion, except in so far as that is necessary to establish the requisite conditions, will be studiously avoided, the desire being to ensure that development shall be orderly, regular, and natural. Other phases of mediumship may be manifested, but clairvoyance will be chiefly aimed at.

Be not misled by strange fantastic art,  
But in your dress let nature take some part.

GARRICK.

### CONTROL OF A SENSITIVE BY AN EMBODIED SPIRIT.

(Continued from Page 166.)

The following account has been written at my request by the sensitive, whom I know, and believe to be a truthful person. I have given it in her own words as far as possible, but as both persons involved are living, the names and localities have been suppressed. The sensitive knows nothing of occultism; her psychical faculties have spontaneously or naturally unfolded, as all psychical faculty must, occultists' pretensions notwithstanding. The apparent operator I do not know, and his position precludes any possibility of his being questioned. Some of the readers of this journal are acquainted with the circumstances, and will recognise them.

The identity of process as occurring in these circumstances and in those recently described under the heading, 'A New Inspirational Singer,' will be noticed; the difference being that in the present case the connection occurs between two sensitives occupying the same plane, while in the previous case the connection was established between two entities occupying different or discreted planes of being. The connecting life-circuit is, however, that noumenal flux of immanence which flows through all discreted units, states, or planes, and thus connects them into oneness or unity, and constitutes real unity within the appearance of separateness, or reality within illusion. QUESTOR VITE.

From childhood I have had many strange experiences, but the most wonderful of all occurred when I was about thirty years of age. I am now fifty-two, but the sorrow and agony of mind entailed is still vivid even now. I pray God to spare everyone else from similar misery.

The experience began with a clairvoyant vision, in which I saw myself toiling up a very high hill. When I reached the top I was afraid I would overbalance and fall, which I felt would be certain death. Just at that moment a fine looking man appeared, and stood on my right hand. He gave me a sudden pull, and so saved me from falling. He then pointed to a very dark tunnel, saying, 'That is the way you must go.' Through it I saw a faint light afar off, but the darkness was so horrible that I begged him to assist me, but he refused.

About a year and a half after this vision occurred we removed to a town in which we had formerly resided. The man whose spirit I had seen in my vision, but whom I had never met otherwise, came and visited at my house. As he is a well-known public man, respected by hundreds of people, I will call him Dr. X. I recognised him at once, and trembled all over. He politely left, saying he would call again; but I am convinced that he similarly recognised me. After he had left I tried to pray, but could not do so. These circumstances made such an impression upon me that my health gave way. He then came three or four times a week, and I also saw him every time I went to church. It became so that I could not live without seeing him. I used to look at my husband, and ask myself if I could leave him and my darling children, if Dr. X. asked me to do so. I prayed and asked God to help me and prevent me losing my mind. I lost my appetite, and could not eat, and for months scarcely slept. I could not control myself at times. My eldest daughter consequently got to know all about it. Sometimes when I was beyond control she would go and tell Dr. X., who would come at once, and take my hand, when I would tremble, and then become quiet. I was quite conscious of everything I was saying, yet could not control myself. I prayed to die. I became so strange and thin that I had to remain in bed. I always knew when Dr. X. was coming to my house, and would tell them to go and open the door, and I was always correct. I told Dr. X. how I had met him in the spirit before meeting him in the body; that I knew before God that I was guilty because I had ceased to want the presence of my husband; that if he would let me put my head on his shoulder and die I would be content, and all the pain would go. He said that he could not respond to my great affection; that it would be wrong, and that I would despise him.

To assist me to get well, my husband sent me to a relative at a distance, where I soon began to get better. Sub-



sequently, in consequence of all this, my husband removed our residence to a place where I would not come in contact with Dr. X. any more.

Six years after this my husband died. A fortnight before his death Dr. X. heard of his illness and called. In the interval I had become a Spiritualist. I told him so; that I now knew that he was a mesmerist, but that his power over me as a sensitive was gone, through assistance from the spirit world. He replied that I was dealing with the powers of the Evil One, and should not have left my church.

That is now some years ago, and I have not seen Dr. X. since, but a year or more after my husband's death Dr. X. controlled me several times from a distance, and gave most beautiful addresses through me, while I was entranced. In these he described his experiences in the spirit world,\* which led me to think that he had died, but on inquiry I learned that he was alive, and still holding the same position.

When I am alone I often see his presence clairvoyantly, standing with folded arms watching me. I conclude that he presumed that after I had become a widow and was alone, by influencing me from a distance I would go and call on him. But by the help of God, I have remained away.

#### PORPHYRY THE PHILOSOPHER.†

Miss Alice Zimmern deserves our thanks for her excellent translation of Porphyry's letter to his wife Marcella—for the first time rendered into English. Porphyry was the last of the triad of Theosophists whose names are always connected together when mention is made of Alexandrian philosophy, for they were the founders of Neo-Platonism; Porphyry having been the pupil of Plotinus, and Plotinus of Ammonius Saccas. The letter to Marcella was written probably about 300 A.D., and was discovered only in 1816, in the Ambrosian Library in Milan; and it is unfortunately imperfect, the latter portion being missing. The larger part of Miss Zimmern's little book is taken up by an excellent sketch of the position occupied in Neo-Platonism by Porphyry and Plotinus; and by a Preface by Mr. Richard Garnett.

Porphyry's mind was essentially a religious one, and it is curious to note how similar his mental tendencies were to those of the Christians, of whom he was, however, a determined enemy; and not less curious is it to observe the revival in our days, in the shape of modern Theosophy, of the same conception of the Universe as Porphyry had, and the same opposition to Christianity. Whether Porphyry would have been a Theosophist had he lived in these times, might be a matter for dispute, for he would now have to choose between two alternative interpretations of the things that are; whereas in his day the revelation of modern science had not presented itself in the dimmest fashion to the most intuitive mind. There was then no choice for the thinker but to interpret the Cosmos on one and the same general plan—Christians and Theosophists differing only in names and details. Hence the possibility of such hybrids (as they are now regarded by orthodox Christians) as the later 'Christian Theosophists,' or Mystics of the Middle Ages. And it may be an intuitive perception of the complete incompatibility of the modern view of the Universe with the ancient, that causes modern Theosophists to be so badly disposed as they are towards modern science. At this point we cannot do better than quote Mr. Garnett, who, writing of the Christians and Neo-Platonists, says:—

'Both were sure that things were not as Heaven intended them to have been; they differed respecting the explanation; the Christians holding that the world had incurred a curse from which it needed redemption, Porphyry deeming that every

human soul had literally "tumbled" out of light into darkness. . . . Both views, it need not be said, are diametrically opposed to the teaching of modern science, which, without disputing the undeniable fact of the existence of moral evil, explains it as the survival of qualities useful, and indeed necessary, while man was passing through inferior grades of being, but unlovely and noxious in the condition which he has now attained, and more and more so in proportion to every advance of which this condition may prove capable.'

To Spiritualists who are interested in understanding the ideas of the Neo-Platonists, which have been revived in our day in the shape of Theosophy, we cordially recommend Miss Alice Zimmern's 'Porphyry to Marcella.'

#### 'THE UPANISHADS.'

The 'Preamble' of this little book says:—

The Upanishads are ancient treatises, written in Sanskrit, containing the Theosophy of the Vedas . . . the most precious revelations handed down to the Aryan inhabitants of India. . . . The Upanishads, we believe, should be allowed to speak for themselves, and not left to the mercy of artificial commentaries. They are grand outpourings of religious enthusiasm, raising the mind out of the chaos of ceremony and the metaphysical and philological word-spinning of the schools. . . . The more elaborate the commentary the greater the departure from the spirit of the Upanishads, which above all things is simplicity of word and thought.

The Upanishads stand upon the idea that liberation from the wheel of re-births is to be obtained only by a knowledge of the Self—the mystical or universal Man being that 'Self.'

Beyond the Great, the Increate; beyond the Increate, the Man; beyond the Man not anything; That is the goal; That is the final end.

He is the self concealed in every being, not manifest is He; by subtle seers alone with sharp and subtle mind is He beheld.

There are passages here and there in the Upanishads as 'simple in word and thought' as the above, but for anyone who is not versed in Eastern mysticism the meaning is generally excessively obscure. The *Ishopanishad*, for instance, consists of eighteen verses, and here are six of them, the others being but little clearer; and this Upanishad is not exceptionally mysterious:—

Into blind darkness do they plunge who bow before un wisdom; to [even] greater darkness, as it were, they [go] who yet again in wisdom find delight.

One thing by wisdom they say; by un wisdom, say they another; thus have we heard from the wise, who gave us instruction upon it.

Who knoweth wisdom and un wisdom both, together with un wisdom he crosseth over death, by wisdom immortality he reacheth.

Into blind darkness do they plunge who bow before non-being; to [even] greater darkness, as it were, they [go] who yet again in being find delight.

One thing by being they say; by non-being, say they another; thus have we heard from the wise, who gave us instruction upon it.

Who knoweth being and non-being both, together with non-being he crosseth over death, by being immortality he reacheth.

We fancy our readers will be inclined to exclaim with the 'Pupil' in the *Kenopanishad*:—

I do not think I know it well, nor do I know I do not know. Who of us knoweth that, knoweth [both] that, and [also that] I know not that I do not know.

The 'Master' seems to be but little less 'mixed' than the 'Pupil' in this instance, for he replies:—

He thinks of it, for whom it passes thought; who thinks of it, doth never know it. Known [is it] to the foolish, to the wise unknown.

The fact is that the mind needs to be tuned to such a peculiar pitch to enjoy the Upanishads, that we hardly know whether or not to envy those who can do so—or fancy they can.

\* What he refers to as his experiences in the spirit world are evidently experiences in the inner earth plane or inter-normal plane.—Q. V.

† 'Porphyry the Philosopher to his Wife Marcella.' Translated with Introduction by ALICE ZIMMERN, Girton College Cambridge; Preface by RICHARD GARNETT, C.B., LL.D. (London: George Redway, 1886.) Price 2s. 6d. net.

\* 'The Upanishads.' Translated into English, with a Preamble and Arguments by G. R. S. MEAD, B.A., and JAGADISHA CHANDRA CHATTOPADHYAYA (Roy Choudhury). Vol. I. London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 7, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C. Price 1s. 6d., or 6d.



## THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE IN SLEEP.

This case (writes an occasional contributor) seems curious enough to repeat. A night or two since my little son of twelve slept with me, and my last dream before awaking, or the only dream I retained recollection of, was the sensation of his lying on my side (in the position in which he actually was lying) dead and rigid from poison. Much distressed by the picture, I awoke, and immediately afterwards the boy murmured in his sleep (he frequently talks whilst asleep) the word 'poison.' On the day before I had been reading a book, and it appeared that also on the day before he had read another book, in which cases of poisoning were described.

Dismissing the theory that I dreamed I heard the word 'poison' uttered, which, as I am certain I was wide awake, I must put aside, there are still several ways in which the incident might be accounted for. The simplest seems to me to be this. The boy, influenced perhaps by the book he had read, dreamed of poisoning, and in his sleep uttered not only the word that I, when awake, heard, but the same word at least once before whilst I was still asleep, and this word, pronounced in a familiar voice, set up the action in my brain that produced the dream. Another hypothesis, less probable, perhaps, is that the strong emotion excited in my mind by the painful vision caused a transference of idea to the mind of the sleeping lad, and thus was the occasion of the spoken word. Had I immediately aroused him he might have remembered a corresponding dream; but, instead, I lay quietly speculating, and when he awoke he had no memory of the kind.

## A CURIOUS STORY.

We quote the following from the 'Tablet' of March 21st:—

Some of our readers may have heard of the famous miraculous Madonna of Ostra Brama, at Wilna, in Russian Poland, a most celebrated place of pilgrimage. A curious story reaches us from this shrine. In February a Russian, who unfortunately cannot now be identified, brought to the parish priest of the Ostra Brama chapel, Father Frankiewicz, several very large wax candles, with a request that they might be kept burning night and day as a votive offering before Our Lady's image. The request excited no surprise, as even the schismatic Russians have a devotion to the Madonna, and frequently bring offerings to the shrine; but as it would have been imprudent to leave the candles burning all night without watching, the sacristan was told to sit up in a room near by the altar. About midnight the watcher extinguished the candles. Asked next morning why he had done so, the man declared that in his sleep he had repeatedly heard the cry 'Put out the candles!' and, with some natural feeling of awe, had done so. Upon careful examination, the candles turned out to be hollow and filled with gunpowder. There is no doubt an attempt had been made to destroy the famous Madonna, which for so many centuries has been looked upon, even by the Russians, as the mighty protectress of the Catholic faith. The parish priest immediately informed the authorities of what had happened, but the only satisfaction he got was the advice to "keep the occurrence quiet." Nothing has been ascertained of the person of the would-be author of the sacrilege.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

In Reply to Mr. Maitland.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Maitland, I only wish to say that he has neither answered nor attempted to answer my letter. But he has credited me with pretensions which must be disavowed. I have never "claimed the right to dictate to the Gods" on any subject whatsoever; nor have I ever "ventured to speak on behalf of the Gods." I have spoken in the name of our common humanity, and in this sacred name have demanded of Mr. Maitland justification of monstrous propositions, which he is, apparently, impotent to defend.

With regard to Mr. Ouseley, let me just say that I did read his letter carefully. Whether I represented his thought fairly, your readers may judge. I have neither time nor inclination to deal with useless personalisms.

Mr. Waite's admirable reply to Mr. Maitland anticipates further reply of mine, both to Mr. Maitland and to Mr. Ouseley.

W. BUIST PICKEN.

SIR,—Every true and disinterested reformer or revealer of truth must have unbounded belief in his own mission; the slightest doubt on his part would damp all his efforts. Mr. Maitland cannot do otherwise than believe that 'Clothed with the Sun' 'transcends mortal knowledge and proceeds directly from the high heavens.' He also undoubtedly believes, and boldly says, that he is in communication with the 'Gods'—and this expression is, I think, well chosen, because we can interpret it in accordance with our own conceptions of a God personal or impersonal, a band of highly-developed spirits, or a spiritual reservoir from which flow many streams through many channels, converging at times in some favoured mentality.

The consideration which troubles me in this connection is, however, a worldly one: it is this—some little time ago General 'Lorrison' asserted in 'LIGHT' (if I remember rightly, for I am unable to refer) that he also had been favoured by the Gods, not only with a proof of their power by the occult transmission of eggs from America, but that he had received and still retains in MS. the literary production referred to.

Now, supposing that gentleman were to think proper to publish, would not a queer question of copyright arise? R.

Anna Kingsford and the Vivisectioners.

SIR,—Such were the relations between Anna Kingsford, the Gods, and myself that there could not possibly have been any disapproval on their part of anything done by us or her without our knowing of it. I do know positively that there was no disapproval. And, therefore, when your correspondents persist in affirming to the contrary, they oppose their ignorance and prejudice to my positive knowledge and experience. Surely it is time that persons so wanting in the principles of morality as deliberately to prefer the false to the true should cease to intrude upon the otherwise irreproachable pages of 'LIGHT.'

Perhaps this anecdote will have its good effect. On my relating the incident of Claude Bernard's death to a lady of fervent piety and unsurpassable tenderness of heart, she exclaimed, in a tone of delighted enthusiasm, 'Magnificent woman!' Like myself, she was one of those who hold that Humanity is enriched by the loss of those who brutalise and debase humanity, as by the extirpation of a brood of noxious monsters.

EDWARD MAITLAND.

[This discussion must now be regarded as closed.—ED. 'LIGHT.']

Names of Authors Wanted.

SIR,—I should be greatly obliged if you or any of the readers of 'LIGHT' could tell me the names or authors of two poems which appeared in its pages some time back, I think in the year 1890 or 1891, but I have not the back numbers, so cannot refer.

No clue was given to the authors, and though I have looked through the works of many poets since, I have never been able to find them.

I enclose the first verse of one poem and the first and last verses of the other.

H. M. H.

The Chestnuts, Erdington.

The ancient gods are dead;  
Jove rules no longer o'er the Olympian plain;  
The ocean waits for Neptune's car in vain;  
Apollo tunes no more his golden lyre;  
Vesuvius trembles not with Vulcan's fire;  
Mars leads not now the armies of the world;  
Young Cupid's darts at Pluto are not hurled,  
And Venus' charms are fled.  
The ancient gods are dead.

'The Being Immanent in things,' 'the Thought  
Incarnate in the World,' 'the Absolute,  
The Unconditioned'—Dost thou give us nought  
But husks like these, Philosophy, for fruit?

How for this limitless Impersonal  
Resign that wealth of tender images—  
The Father with the Father's eye and hand;  
The Shepherd with the sheep about his knees;  
The Great Rock-Shadow in the weary land.

(For remainder of Correspondence see p. 179.)

Know  
Hope for one world, one soul, is hope for all;  
Crown thou thy heart with that imperial truth.

PHILIP J. BAILEY.



OFFICE OF 'LIGHT,' 2, DUKE STREET ADELPHI,  
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EDITOR ... .. E. DAWSON ROGERS.  
*Assisted by a Staff of able Contributors.*

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## Light,

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

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### IS SPIRITUALISM BECALMED?

We hope all our readers gave careful attention to Mr. Harte's spirited Address on 'Is Spiritualism becalmed at present?' It is full of good things, and is as sensible as it is smart, and as pungent as it is wise. It must be confessed that our friend did not seem to care very much about sticking to his text, and that he discussed many things besides the question, 'Is Spiritualism becalmed at present?' In fact, he seemed to be taking a leisurely walk round the family estate, with frequent excursions in the neighbourhood, or across adjoining fields. But he was always worth following, and his reflections and remarks were always worth listening to. Such as these, for instance:—

With all due deference to Madame Blavatsky, we should remember that although a weather-cock tells us which way the wind blows, it does not show us the pole-star.

Psychical Researchers, Hypnotists, and Theosophists seem to me to climb about the rigging while Spiritualists calmly occupy the saloon.

It would almost appear that the clergy, in their hearts, class their own sacred narratives with poetry rather than with prose; for nothing makes a clergyman more angry than to be assured by a Spiritualist that many of the miracles and angelic manifestations recorded in the Bible are true.

However prettily men of science can, on becoming occasions, talk about feeling like little children picking up shells on the sea shore, at all other times they suffer from a very common mental infirmity, for they fancy that what they do not know is not worth knowing.

It is said that Spiritualists believe as they wish the facts to be; if this has sometimes been so, the error will be short-lived, for facts are as stubborn things in the séance-room as elsewhere. In any case, hopefulness is a tonic and a stimulant to the mind, but authority is a narcotic, and theory is too often a mental intoxicant. I would almost as soon believe a man under the influence of drink, as believe a man under the influence of theory.

All this is very pretty: and there is a good deal more like it—as entertaining as it is shrewd. In the main, too, we must agree with Mr. Harte in his analysis of the influence of Psychical Research, Theosophy, and Hypnotism, upon the fortunes of Spiritualism. In one way, we think the Psychical Researchers have done Spiritualism a temporary disservice by tapping its legitimate constituency and its normal supply of facts, and also by suggesting (merely suggesting, and yet obstinately suggesting, as a habit) anti-spiritualistic explanations for unaccountable phenomena. In addition to which, they have done their best to exhaust the atmosphere of the elements necessary for spiritual breathing, and to bring us all down to the

rather dingy and dreary level of a sort of spiritual Victoria street, S.W.

But there have been and are advantages. In spite of what Mr. Harte rather roughly calls 'their feigned stupidity' and 'artificial silliness,' Psychical Researchers, we entirely agree, have been enormously helpful to 'the cause,' especially in creating a public opinion in which belief in unseen realities and unseen beings can live without giving offence and suffering insult. There is a sense in which it is true that our Psychical Researchers, with all the airs of superiority which some of them affect, are really the hod-bearers of Spiritualists, who may be quite content to look on and be happy, to see the sand, the bricks and the mortar accumulating, and the scaffolding going up. Have they not the plans? and do they not know perfectly well that just round the corner there are Psychical Researchers who are already at work building the Temple?

The same may be said of Theosophy and Hypnotism, both of which, on a very large scale, are accustoming the public mind to the idea of occult forces and unseen beings; and, in truth, that is precisely the work which needed to be done, in order to give any kind of Spiritualism any sort of a chance. For many years we have been saying that people cannot believe in Spiritualism until they are prepared for it: and they can never be prepared for it until they are freed from the stupid notion that they see all there is to see, and hear all there is to hear. Precisely here, Psychical Research, Theosophy, Hypnotism, and even the Röntgen rays come to our help; and do far more for us than the most sanguine can foresee.

In two ways, then, we are being enormously advantaged by all that is going on—by the creation of a public opinion which will some day be of enormous value, and by the assimilation of our ideas and hopes in many directions. This last, however, may, for a time, lead to what Mr. Harte calls 'the Doldrums,' which, however, may be quite wrongly interpreted. It is a well-known fact that, at certain stages, an attacking or reforming movement appears to suffer a check just at the moment when it is winning one of its positions: for, at that moment, its ideas, hopes, and demands are assimilated by its antagonists or by other forces with larger influence, an incident which is apt to produce the curious effect of leaving the attacking or reforming movement itself out of the flow or 'stream of tendency.' It is so in religion, in politics, and in matters of social reform, as anyone may see at this very moment; and we are strongly inclined to think that it is so with Spiritualism. Our thunder is being stolen in a dozen different directions: and presently the people, or the kind of people, who have derided us will turn round and coolly say, 'We knew it all along!'

In the meantime, as Mr. Harte truly said, we have the supreme consolation of knowing that Spiritualism is committed to no theories and is bound by no authorities, but relies only upon experience and facts; and is, therefore, able to bide its time: and, in the meanwhile, it can learn all the lessons its opponents and half-friends have to teach. In due season, fresh outpourings of facts will come.

'THE PHOTOGRAPHIC REVIEW' for April is a 'Special Spirit Photography' number, and contains a kindly 'Interview' with the Editor of 'LIGHT,' a rather sharp article by Mr. Hall Edwards, some dubious 'Recollections' by Mr. F. A. Bridge, a nonsense article on 'The Chronicles of the Erratic Club,' and a few illustrations. Among these last are two copies of so-called spirit photographs, intended to show that the 'spirit' on each is simply a print from the same negative; but the evidence is spoiled in consequence of the absurd 're-touching' of the figures. The whole thing, of course, turned upon the exact reproducing of the photographs. They should not have been altered by a dot



## THE MYSTERIES OF MEDIUMSHIP.

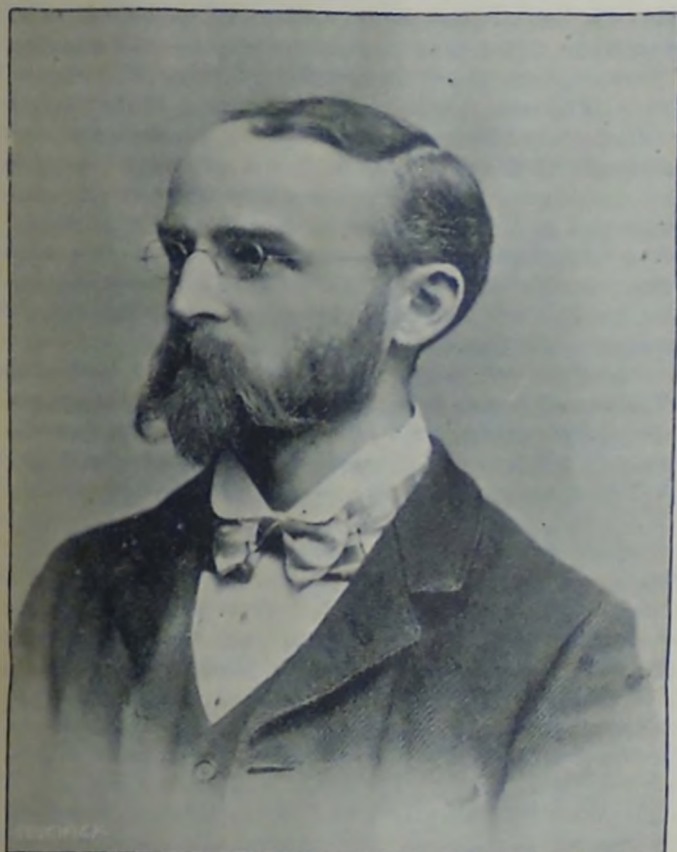
BY OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE.

OBSESSION—OR WHAT?

WITH A WARNING TO THE UNWARY.

*Address delivered before the Members and Friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance, in the French Drawing Room, St. James's Hall, on the Evening of March 27th.*

When the incidents about to be related recur to my mind, as they often do with an emphasis scarcely less vivid than at the time of their occurrence, I feel as if I must follow the lead of the shilling-shocker heroine and pinch myself to make sure



OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE.

(Photo by Weston, Newgate-street.)

that I am not dreaming. It has been my lot to pass through some singular experiences connected with the doings here of beings in another, and not always better, state, as well as the doings of beings in this state who would have it believed that they were in closer relationship with that other state than careful inquiry has disclosed; but I don't think any events of the kind have left so deep and lasting an impression on my memory as these, which to two, at least, of the persons concerned in them furnished a never-to-be-forgotten demonstration of the exceeding nearness of the other world, and of its power to influence for good or ill the course and conduct of this present life.

My friend Cappan, who was a principal actor and agent in the matter, is a young man on the way to forty, of somewhat delicate constitution, and mentally equipped above the average. We were not only schoolfellows in a country town, but circumstances led to our being engaged together for a considerable time in the same house of business in London; and during an extended friendship, with opportunities for close and continuous observation, I never noticed in him, nor do I believe he ever showed, the smallest aberration from sound and customary sanity. He is habitually reserved in demeanour and conversation, of decidedly religious temperament, with a leaning to Theism, possessed of a high standard of conduct, and a strong sense of personal responsibility, a student, and a good fellow. If I found fault with him it would be for a deficient rather than an overweening faith, a too severe examination of motive in the conduct of himself and others, a habit of self-analysis—critical, distrustful, and searching enough to verge at times closely upon the morbid. Not a likely man either to be easily taken in, or to readily take himself in.

It was a couple of years ago, towards the close of the summer, that Cappan and I, with three others, made up an ex-

perimental circle. Neither he nor his wife, nor the two friends, engaged in a City bank, who sat with us, had had any practical experience of the things of the séance-room; the clergyman, who made a sixth sitter, and lent authority to the circle, knew a thing or two—indeed, at the time, was engaged in writing a book on the subject, since published, and read, no doubt, by many of you. I will not trouble you with the details of the sittings, which were held at Cappan's house, except in so far as they seem to have a bearing on the after events. After the first night the clergyman left us, out of no disrespect for the circle; and immediately he was gone the Adversary popped in. The table moved with great freedom, and messages were given in abundance. To each and all of us there came tokens of departed friends, but the friends mostly behaved in a way that would have made us disown them with shame if they had been still in the flesh. Worked into the marvellous yarns which they spun for us were threads of fact, drawn from the memory of one or other sitter, which gave a specious semblance of truth to the whole, and the whole was a lie in every case that was tested by inquiry. We soon got an uncomfortable feeling of our brains being picked; and I verily believe that they were.

Between the sittings the Cappans practised with the planchette, and got some curious results. Mrs. Cappan's brother, Ernest, whose initials were E. E. F., or one personating him, did much to gain their confidence by reproducing those initials in, as they assured us, exact resemblance of the peculiar style in which he had been accustomed to write them, starting the F from its foot, and tracing it the reverse of the usual way; and much to lose that confidence by manufacturing a cock-and-bull romance distinguished by its cynical disregard of innocent folks' reputation, and finishing up by beseeching the couple to go and sympathise with him at his grave. Mrs. Cappan was promised a sight of the features of this precious brother, who, although in manner, writing, and speech reminding them at every turn of the much-loved relative he represented, was, morally, quite unlike; and one evening, when we were seated together at the table in the evening dusk, she nearly fainted with horror at the sudden presentation of a countenance lacking nose and eyes, and hideous, as she declared, beyond all telling. Ernest apologised for the failure to fill up the gaps in his face, of which none but Mrs. Cappan got a glimpse.

There was also a very strange character who gave the name of Munfield, and who proved himself a nuisance of the first degree, both at planchette and at table. Munfield started by unblushingly declaring that Mrs. Cappan was his wife. The absurdity of this proposition being pointed out to him with gentle severity, he wriggled out of the statement with a lame excuse, and begged that no more should be said, as the real Mrs. Munfield had, unfortunately, just come on the scene and would make things uncomfortable for him if she knew. The lady promptly interposed with the remark that she knew all about it already, adding the tart intimation that although she was, unfortunately, connected with him, Mr. Munfield was beneath contempt and was not to be paid any attention to. One finds it easier after this to believe that there is not so much difference, after all, between the life beyond and this, and that rest does not necessarily come to the weary at the snap of the physical cord. Munfield's spouse exhibited the most affectionate, and often embarrassing, concern on Mrs. Cappan's behalf; such expressions as 'Walter, shut the door, please. Nellie feels the draught' (she called them both by their Christian name); or, 'Poor Nellie is so tired; you must stop now, and let her have her supper,' being frequent. This was through the planchette, and what was particularly irritating to Cappan, as he told me, was that these injunctions were not only of the most trivial and obvious nature, but invariably anticipated exactly what he was on the point of doing or saying himself. Another case of picking of brains: Mrs. Munfield calmly appropriated credit to herself for what would have been ordinary and customary little acts of marital thoughtfulness and courtesy on Cappan's part; and what made the theft worse was that when Cappan at last ventured a mild protest, she, with great coolness, claimed to have first put the ideas into his mind. Finally, I must mention here that Mr. Munfield had a peculiar and objectionable habit, both at the table and with the planchette, of interjecting something of his own, equally irrelevant and silly, into other communicants' messages, the interruptions coming sometimes right in the middle of a word, and the singular thing was that the intelligence giving the message, as soon as Munfield had had his say, would proceed unconcernedly



[April 11, 1890.]

from exactly the point, even if the middle of a word, where he had been interrupted, just as if there had been no interruption at all, like those persons who, falling into sudden unconsciousness while in the middle of a remark, complete the observation on coming to themselves again. We could never learn anything satisfactory about Munfield, but something that looked uncommonly like the truth about this singular personage was one night, with almost brutal directness, communicated to the Cappans. What seemed to be a free fight for the possession of the planchette between Munfield and Ernest, producing a ludicrous jumble of words in styles markedly unlike, was terminated by the sitters deciding in favour of the contestant claiming to be Mrs. Cappan's brother. Munfield reluctantly and rather sulkily gave way, but divining apparently that uncomplimentary comment might be passed upon his conduct, he seemed to decide to make a virtue of necessity, and, brightening up, declared that it gave him the utmost pleasure to give place to Ernest, who was an excellent fellow, and for whom he had learned to entertain the greatest esteem and respect. 'Now, do tell us, if you can,' asked Cappan of Ernest, 'who is Munfield.' The answer was brief and to the point. 'Munfield is a fool.' 'No, no,' said Cappan, laughing in spite of his annoyance, 'I did not mean that. I will put it differently. Who was Munfield?' Without a pause came the laconic reply, 'Munfield was a fool.'

It must not be imagined that the Cappans found all this mountebank business to their liking. On the contrary, it was a cause of annoyance, and of great searching of heart. They determined to have done with the whole thing once and for all, unless a marked change for the better was immediately observable; and being, as I have said, devout and serious-minded folk, they made it the subject of earnest prayer. In the meantime holidays and changes of residence broke up our circle, and the sittings were never resumed. The Cappans, left to themselves, turned for help and guidance to the controls of a then somewhat prominent medium, who appears to have since dropped out of the movement. Cappan asked Mr. Meadows (the medium referred to) whether he could assist or advise him in any way, in order to improve the character of the communications that were being received. The medium's control answered the request sympathetically, promising to help, and to put things upon a more satisfactory basis. After a pause, he reached for a pen and wrote something, placed it in an envelope, and gave it to Cappan. The envelope was not to be opened until the Cappans sat again, when it would be found to contain a sign and the name of a spirit friend who would be asked to lend his assistance.

The sitting took place, and after a few messages from Munfield and Ernest the planchette was asked for a sign and the presence of the promised friend. Writing was made, consisting of quite arbitrary and unintelligible marks, and the envelope was thereupon opened. The 'sign' in the envelope was '7,' and in addition there was given the name of Vastena.

Munfield and Ernest now added their remarks (in writing) to the Cappans' own. As usual, their comments, although apparently well meant, were not particularly helpful or much to the point. Presently Munfield became very excited, and began to violently write piteous messages begging not to be turned away. The Cappans did not quite comprehend this perturbation on his part, but almost immediately the writing changed in character and appearance, and the new communicant gave his name as Comenus, a humble disciple and unworthy friend of Vastena. He praised Vastena's character warmly, and saying that he owed all that was good in him to Vastena's kindness, patience, and marvellous goodness, promised to help the Cappans in many ways, all leading towards whatever was upright, noble, and good in conduct, and truly spiritual in thought and aspiration. He was a servant of a noble master, Vastena, and the latter was an exalted—a thousand times more exalted—servant of the Most High. Speaking of himself with extreme modesty, he congratulated the Cappans on meeting with the sympathy and assistance of such as he knew were now interesting themselves in the two inquirers' efforts towards spiritual improvement. All this was very nice, and the Cappans were much impressed, the more, perhaps, because of the marked contrast between the frivolous and inconsequent conduct of the others, and the calm, dignified, and weighty language of Comenus.

The latter went on reluctantly to counsel the Cappans to request Munfield and his wife to depart. The messages which Munfield at once poured out upon the paper were quite distress-

ing to them, because he claimed to have been so greatly helped during the short time he had known them. While, were he turned away, he would sink into depths of black despair, and lose the desire for good and godliness which he had been struggling to revive in his weary and worldly soul.

But Comenus was firm. In kind and patient words he explained that he knew better than Munfield, better than the Cappans could claim to know, what was best for all concerned. As there was no claim on their own part to know how such things were arranged or provided for on spiritual planes, Comenus's suggestion was carried out, and they wished Munfield God-speed in his journey to better things, although they were not to progress together. Little as they had seen in Munfield to respect, they at least felt compassion for him when he claimed to desire to live a higher life; and were really sorry to part with him. Part, however, they did; and from that day there

was no further sign of him of any sort, whilst at the same time Ernest mysteriously and as completely disappeared. Henceforth, Comenus took entire control of the proceedings, and every subsequent communication purported to be from him, and him alone.

Comenus took every opportunity of practising with the planchette, and soon was able to write fluently without it, using a pencil simply held by Cappan's hand. His writing was dignified in style and elevated in moral tone. Much of it was concerned with general statements as to the extreme importance of the spiritual, the desirability of moral improvement, and the pursuit of the highest and noblest ideals. The evenings would invariably end with a written and spontaneous prayer by Comenus for the use of the Cappans. The prayers were expressed exceedingly well, from a literary point of view, and were particularly acceptable for the reason that they expressed ennobling sentiments. On the one or two rare occasions of our meeting at this period, Cappan showed me some of these effusions, and I must say I had no difficulty in deciding that he was in good hands and envied him his good fortune in getting into the track of a being so impressive and exalted.

Confidence being gradually established, Comenus began quietly to work in a little counsel of the nature of 'home truths.' Cappan was human enough to put his back up somewhat at some suggestions that were made in his supposed interest. For instance, when gently admonished that he had a too affectionate regard for his wife—'You love her more than you love God'—Cappan remonstrated that, perhaps, he could not deny it, in a sense, because, after all, his acquaintance with his better half was a more substantial thing than his vague ideas of the Infinite.



Amongst other things Comenius frequently wrote that those whose eyes were opened were enabled to see countless beautiful actions constantly taking place amid the most commonplace surroundings; that in the tramcars, trains, streets, and shops of this great City myriads of enchanting pictures of spiritual sympathy and succour were continually to be observed. Such things were a source of keen delight to himself, and would be to those who availed themselves of the experienced assistance of himself and the brethren of his band. His writings deluged the Cappans with similar observations; there was, however, though they were sympathetically received, nothing in them particularly new or original.

The Cappans were by-and-bye requested to go here or there, on small missions of no special importance but generally of a kindly or philanthropic nature. This, of course, was not uncongenial, and kindnesses suggested by one and carried out by another tended to increase mutual confidence. By this time the writing was so easily obtained that many communications were given simply by the index finger being moved as in writing (without a pencil). The control interested himself in almost every passing detail of the Cappans' lives. Nothing was too trivial for him on which to offer more or less luminous observations. His one desire seemed to be to share their interests to the fullest extent. In this way he became an ever-ready and helpful companion, and claimed to be continually protecting them from all kinds of danger—physical, mental, and spiritual; with extreme modesty admitting that he and his band were the instruments of blessing to them in numberless instances, of which they were ignorant, and which he preferred not to describe; they were to accept all as from the Heavenly Father, and the reward of the control and his band would lie, not in the Cappans' appreciation or gratitude, but entirely in their own consciousness of having endeavoured to do the will of the Most High.

Up to this point everything was as satisfactory, on the whole, as could be wished, but the cloven hoof began suddenly to exhibit itself beneath the hem of the cloak of Comenius's righteousness. He announced that the Cappans were to be put through a series of tests of their fitness for the work in store for them; and began to impose on them trials of endurance, in the shape of extended fasts, keeping awake through three parts of the night when already exhausted by toil and abstinence during the day, and other like tasks. To these they submitted in a meek and hopeful spirit, and whatever the precise object of these operations, it is certain that, when the crisis, now rapidly approaching, arrived, the Cappans were in a state of extreme and pitiable physical exhaustion. It is a plausible inference that the intention was to weaken the resistance which was anticipated when the true character of Comenius, and the evil purpose he had in view, came to be revealed.

Before coming to the catastrophe, I should like to give a little incident curiously illustrative of Comenius's methods. One evening, when Cappan entered his home, he was impressed at once to write; Comenius controlled the pencil and described the medium's actions of the previous quarter of an hour. He spoke of his having entered a local post office and bought a postal order. After a few comments upon the use for which it was intended, Comenius remarked, 'Did you observe, while waiting your turn to be served by the clerk, what kind of man was at the counter?' 'Yes. It was a loudly dressed sporting character, apparently.' 'Well, you saw him hand something to the clerk. It was a telegram. I read it. It related to a race, and was all false. It was intended to deceive and swindle the friend of his who would receive it.' Cappan asked Comenius if he did not feel grieved to see such contemptible things done, and if he and other spirits had no means of defeating evil. Comenius in his most impressive manner, thereupon wrote, 'We have our own work assigned to us, and may not deviate from it. We are servants of the Most High, and in His hands are all things. That which is not our own duty, He gives as the duty of others, and to them we must leave it. The Infinite has many methods and many servants, and His will must inevitably be done.' A very few days afterwards (and subsequent to the exposure of Comenius) Cappan discovered that the post office in question was not a telegraph office, and, therefore, the tale of the telegram of the sporting swindler was an audacious, as well as a meaningless, invention.

The climax was reached in this way. It happened that Cappan had been very strenuously at work till past midnight, and retired to rest with brain fagged and exhausted. Between

three and four in the morning he was surprised to find himself awakened and his hand writing a message, as he lay in bed. It was an urgent request from Comenius to rise, put on his clothes, and proceed to a certain address at South Kensington, which happened to be the house of a member of Parliament with whom Cappan had business relations. Mrs. Cappan, perceiving that there was a dense, cold fog enveloping the district, and knowing that her husband had already done so much by Comenius's desire that he was not in a fit condition physically to undertake such a mission, gravely expostulated. The control admitted all the points urged, but reminded Cappan that if he meant to act up to his expressed desire to do God's will, no duty would be too hard or distasteful. Mrs. Cappan declared that she would accompany her husband, but this was firmly negatived. Cappan was to go to a certain railway station near by, where he would find a hansom; he was to offer the driver five shillings to drive quickly to his destination; and a message would be given him on the way to deliver. Cappan went, wondering what would happen next, anxious to see the thing through, and not wishing to fail in any duty entrusted to him. Arrived at the station he found the hansom spoken of, and no other vehicle. Cappan discovered that, except for an odd copper or two, he had in his pocket, as Comenius told him, exactly the five shillings required. The driver had momentarily alighted to drink some coffee from a stall near by. Surprised by the arrival of a fare, and particularly one who volunteered twice the usual pay, he climbed to his perch with alacrity, and quickly drove where requested. A message was then given by the control to Cappan for delivery to the M.P.'s wife, to the effect that her husband had suddenly met with his end by suicide. Some picturesque details of the tragedy were added for Cappan's melancholy satisfaction, and, needless to say, he was greatly startled and upset by the information. Alighting at the house, Cappan rang the bell, and anxiously awaited a response. None was forthcoming, although he constantly repeated his efforts to rouse the inmates. Comenius was interrogated upon the matter and made numerous explanations, requesting him not to go away; and he actually did stop on the doorstep something like two hours, knocking and ringing at intervals without effect. By and by, Cappan, feeling the effects of the keen, raw fog upon his exhausted and unnerved constitution, decided to retrace his steps homeward. Comenius now suddenly counselled him to return home, explaining that the house was just now unoccupied (as Cappan had surmised, and as a neighbouring servant now informed him). Cappan thereupon bitterly expostulated with Comenius for sending him on such a wild goose errand. The control responded that it was all a test. Cappan indignantly expressed his opinion of such tests, when Comenius reminded him that opinions based on no knowledge whatever of the circumstances concerned were of questionable value. Cappan here acknowledged that he did not claim to know what were the intentions of those who professed to be helping him, but requested an explanation. He was told that it was a very severe test of the medium's fitness for really useful and important work. It had proved to the satisfaction of the band—and perhaps of the medium—that the latter was sufficiently sincere to get up out of a warm bed on a miserably cold, damp, foggy morning, to walk a good distance, pay five shillings, and stand for a long time on a doorstep, while filled with conflicting emotions, and all for the one purpose of acting up to his light, with no hope of reward but the sense of duty done. Cappan doubted if the 'game was worth the candle,' and said so. The strange thing, to my thinking, is that he did not forthwith dismiss Comenius as a lying and self-convicted humbug. He went home, breakfasted, and proceeded to his place of business in the City, which he reached a little later than usual, and in consequence apologetically observed to his 'superior officer' that he had missed his usual omnibus. Here a peculiar thing happened. Cappan's hand was suddenly controlled to write quickly: 'Tell him that you had to sit up all night with a dying man.' Staggered at being asked to give a false explanation, Cappan said, mentally, to Comenius: 'No. Why do you ask me to tell a lie?' Comenius answered, in writing: 'I tell you to say so; it is your duty to do as I request.' Cappan indignantly replied: 'Again, no. My duty to God and Truth must be higher than any duty I can owe to you, however high you may be.' Whereupon Comenius quickly scribbled: 'We congratulate you on the splendid stand you have made. You are right. You have a higher duty to God and to Truth than to anybody; you answered to the test admirably, and we rejoice exceedingly.' 'Now, what about saying what you told me?'



asked Cappel. 'We leave you to do just as you like about it,' was the answer—an answer which struck Cappel as unsatisfactory and rather oracular, since he had shown that he 'liked' simply to let the incident be regarded as closed.

Why did Comenus with such clumsy suddenness throw off his garb of an angel of light and reveal himself in his true colour? A possible explanation may be suggested. In proceeding with the story to this point, I have anticipated a little. Mr. Wadson, Cappel's then employer, is a dear old friend of mine; and as a consequence of a singular occurrence during the day, he was, on the evening of the very night that Cappel was sent on his wild goose visit to the M.P.'s house, discussing with me the steps that should be taken to rescue the poor fellow from impending disaster. In the morning Mr. Wadson had desired Cappel to prepare certain figures, and these he supplied, but accompanied by written remarks which neither his employer could understand, nor Cappel could explain. Pressed by questions he reluctantly stated that the writing was dictated by a mysterious personage, whom he referred to as Comenus, and, finally, when pushed a little further, he made the astonishing declaration that Comenus was his master, and not Mr. Wadson. He said this because Comenus told him to do so; and it was about the last thing that Cappel, punctiliously polite, as a rule, and quite old-fashioned in his respectful bearing to those in authority over him, might in the ordinary way be expected to do. Such conduct, of course, was not to be endured, but fortunately for Cappel Mr. Wadson is an old and experienced Spiritualist; and instead of dismissing him on the spot or taking steps to get him sent to an asylum, he quietly told him to go home and rest, and sent Cappel's brother with him to see him safe. In the evening he invited me to take counsel with him. Although it was easy to see that something was very wrong, the knowledge we possessed of the matter was so slight that we hesitated a good deal as to the steps to be taken. Finally, it struck us simultaneously that the best thing to do was to communicate at once with Mr. Meadows, the medium, as he, having been the means, though innocent, of getting Cappel into his present trouble, was as likely a person as anybody to be able to help to get him out of it. Accordingly I at once wrote telling him briefly what had happened, and requesting him to meet me in the City on the morrow. Next morning I went over to Cappel's place of business, encountered him as if by chance at his desk, gave him a cheerful greeting, and asked him to lunch with me. He hesitated a moment, and then with a muttered assent turned abruptly to his work. He was as white as a ghost—as a conventional ghost, you know—and looked very ill and overwrought. Next I looked up his brother and arranged with him a plan of campaign; what that plan was matters nothing now, as it was entirely disposed of by the event.

Resuming the narrative with the aid, once more, of Cappel's subsequent recital, I should mention that on this very morning, returning from the South Kensington quest worn out from want of rest and food, he became suddenly clairaudient, and for the first time heard the voice of his control. Comenus apparently succeeded in making his voice audible by repeating a single word, until Cappel (listening as a deaf man to one trying to converse with him) could gradually hear the word grow, as it were, into shape. As each word was comprehended, a new one was patiently hammered at, until from a dim and vague sound it was recognised as an articulate word. At first laborious, it soon became easy to hear the sentences, and mentally to take part in a conversation. It was in this way that when I asked Cappel to lunch, Comenus first told him not to go, then suddenly gave permission. This permission appears to have been subsequently withdrawn; at any rate, at about noon, Cappel started on the way to another restaurant at the top of Ludgate-hill. He had got a few steps up the hill when the voice of Comenus peremptorily told him to return and go to the place where he had arranged to meet me, 'for,' said the voice, 'there is your brother standing at that shop window. He is following you.' Sure enough, on looking in the direction indicated, Cappel saw his brother watching him. So he turned and re-crossed Ludgate-circus. Now, again, the strange relationship exhibited itself in a significant incident. 'Stop here,' ordered the voice, as Cappel reached the kerb, 'stop till I tell you to cross.' Obediently Cappel stayed his steps. Faint, weary, broken-spirited, he obeyed mechanically, without questioning or reasoning. The road was pretty clear at the moment, and he could have crossed with ease; but very

soon there was the usual crush that follows a lull, and a confused mass of vehicles filled the circus. 'Now go,' commanded Comenus; 'this way,' even indicating the exact route to be traced. 'It was a mercy I was not run over,' Cappel told me afterwards, 'twice I was nearly under the horses' hoofs.' 'But why was it?' I asked; 'what do you imagine was the purpose of this apparently purposeless proceeding?' 'I hardly like to suggest; but,' replied Cappel, with conviction, 'thinking over the whole circumstance and all the little incidents that made it up, I can form only one conclusion, that it was intended, or let me say desired, that I should come to grief. Although there was the will, and the endeavour, to bring about a catastrophe, there seemed, however, no ability to actually cause it. I felt strongly at the time, and am now convinced, that a higher power was protecting me; and, thanks to that, I got across without hurt.'

Arrived at the restaurant close by, Cappel met me, and a moment later his brother joined us. Comenus clairaudiently told Cappel to ask his brother whence he came. The brother replied, whereupon Comenus said, 'Tell him he has not come from there, but from following you.' Cappel made a remark to this effect—albeit perplexed at such apparently meaningless requests. The brother, feeling that Cappel was acting in an unusual manner, made some explosive reply, purposely to startle him. Cappel looked ghastly. He sat gazing into vacancy, apparently hardly conscious of our presence, turning over the food on his plate in a mechanical sort of way, but not eating any. Having all along been under the impression that Comenus was identical with a control of Mr. Meadows of the same or very similar name, and thinking it well to settle the point definitely before we saw the medium a little later, I put the question, 'Were they not one and the same?' Cappel was on the point of answering and explaining the exact difference in the spelling of the names of Comenus and the control now alluded to, when he was more perplexed than ever, as he clairaudiently heard Comenus (for the first time angrily) say, 'Tell them no—that there is no control of a similar name there.' 'But there is—or was. I have heard him there myself,' Cappel mentally objected. Comenus more angrily still and with quick emphasis said, 'Tell them so at once.' 'I won't,' sharply said Cappel. 'You must. We will drive you into an asylum if you don't do as we say.' 'I don't care,' said Cappel, doggedly. The voice proceeded to utter the most fearful threats against both Cappel and his wife, but he remained firm. All this conversation, of course, was known only to Cappel, who remembers distinctly the very tone and accent of the control, and recollects with astonishment how extremely quickly the incident must have passed. What I, who sat opposite, was conscious of was the passing over his features of a series of painful emotions, the nervous working of his mouth as if he wished but could not speak, the pallor of his face, the strange agonised expression of his eyes. Then suddenly he fell prone across the table in a swoon. And from that moment, the power, whatever it might have been, was broken.

We got Cappel out of the crowded room so quietly and quickly that only the diners in immediate proximity noticed that anything was amiss, and when consciousness came back took him home in a cab, sending a message to the medium Meadows to follow without loss of time. On the way, with the tone and expression of a prisoner unexpectedly released from bonds, Cappel poured into our ears the amazing story of his experience. In this feverishly voluble recital he seemed to find great relief, and not only relief but safety; for all the while the dreaded voice was trying to make itself heard, to force itself on his attention, and all the while he was refusing to listen, talking earnestly and rapidly to us as the best means of holding the influence at bay.

I pass over the painful business of telling what had happened to Mrs. Cappel, who must needs faint, too, at the tidings of the treachery and deceit of the trusted Comenus. Mr. Meadows arrived; and, the brother having been obliged to leave, found me struggling alone to keep up the spirits of the two invalids. He seemed to take in the situation at a glance, and began to talk in the name and tones of, as I supposed, Vastena. Now Vastena, albeit he claims to be some thousands of years old, and as wise as an owl, took the matter so coolly, and pooh-poohed it as a mere trifle hardly worth consideration and easily remedied, that I got a little nettled, and was for giving him a piece of my mind, as the careless author of the mischief, and now its indifferent witness. Whereupon, in quite Comenus fashion,



he snuffed me out for the time by telling me I knew less than nothing of these deep things, and that a wise silence would best befit my ignorance. So I subsided, and in Vastena's place forthwith was another control, a few years older, most ponderously sage, and with the voice of a bassoon. He took both the sufferers in hand, or put them under hand, for the visible part of the operation consisted in the laying of hands upon their heads and the making of a few mesmeric passes. Each appeared to readily go off into the magnetic sleep, and each awoke refreshed and calm. Whilst this work, which occupied, may be, fifteen or twenty minutes, proceeded, the control made occasional deep-toned remarks, intended for my information, and from them I gathered it was to be understood that a very low and conscienceless but particularly cunning spirit from the depths had contrived to obtain a footing in my friends' confidence; that, notwithstanding his cunning, he had over-reached himself by being in too great a hurry to attain his ends; that the next stage would have been complete possession, which would have rendered the task of getting rid of him exceedingly difficult, but so far he had only got to the point of obsession, which was a comparatively simple matter; that at the present moment he was standing close by, not at all abashed, but very apprehensive of what was going to happen to him, perfectly conscious of every word that was being said about him, and scowling with a malevolence that would paralyze a common mortal like me if I could see him, which, fortunately, I couldn't; that in association with the controlling ancient were other spirits assisting in the work of severing the cords or bonds with which he had attached the unsuspecting Capparens to his own evil personality, and that when these were disposed of he would be himself bound and cast into a place of weeping and gnashing of teeth, where he would have plenty of time to reflect upon and repent of his evil conduct, and no opportunity to do further mischief of the same sort; that had he not committed this wickedness the punitive spirits would have had no power over him, but the act had brought him under their jurisdiction; and what was going to be done to him must be in no sense considered as a punishment; it was for his own good and an entirely benevolent proceeding, though he would suffer horribly. Whereat I was glad that his face was not visible to me.

However all this might have been, it is certain that the Capparens were themselves again when it was over. They recovered their health and nerves slowly in the course of weeks, and were not troubled any more by Comenus, all of whose writings were, by the advice of Mr. Wadson, destroyed. Neither have they had, nor whilst of their present mind will they have, any further traffic with the world unseen. They have tasted the bitterness in a draught so deep that they refuse to put their lips again to the cup, however different and pleasant-seeming its new contents. At times the *cacoethes scribendi* comes strong upon Cappan, but he resists it firmly (perhaps to his loss, perhaps not), and disregards the sign by which Vastena assured him he might in future distinguish a spirit friend from a spirit foe. Who shall blame him?

The mention of Vastena's name reminds me that as soon as the making whole of the Capparens was effected, I returned to the charge, and sought an explanation of the remissness that had nearly eventuated in a tragedy. The explanation seemed to me singularly insufficient. Why had Vastena failed to make himself known to the Capparens as promised, and allowed a pretender to usurp his place? This was why. He found another spirit already in possession, and under some law of the spirit life was consequently unable himself to open communication. 'You must have been aware that it was an evil spirit with an evil purpose!' I said; 'surely it was your duty to save my friends from him; you might have warned them through your medium.' 'We did not know, and were waiting an opportunity to deliver our message.' 'I must confess I don't understand that,' I said, with some warmth. 'No, you do not understand,' was the calm retort.

That's the story. Some will say one thing, some another. For my own part, I say nothing, but leave the matter to wiser heads for explanation. Self-deception, I know, many will assert; but there are points in the narrative, as you will have seen, that tell against that easy theory; and if you ask Cappan, who is sane enough at the present, at any rate, he will assure you that there is nothing in life he is more sure of, more clearly and conclusively convinced of, than that the influence described as Comenus was an actual, thinking, willing, personality, entirely separate and distinct from and independent of his own. You won't move Cappan from that.

An interesting discussion, for which we have no space this week, followed the above address, and the proceedings closed with a cordial vote of thanks to the speaker.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

(Continued from p. 173.)

At a Standstill.

SIR,—Can any of the readers of 'LIGHT' advise us?

For some years I have been very much interested in 'Spiritualism' and have been a reader of 'LIGHT' for a considerable length of time.

I had also been at a sitting at the house of friends in Glasgow, and taking advantage of their presence in Aberdeen last year, I arranged to have a sitting at my own house. The sitting was successful beyond all expectation, and since that time my wife and I and a male relative have held sittings on a given night weekly almost continuously, and with very good results up to a certain point. My wife can get extraordinary table movements alone; so can our friend alone, and my wife and I alone; and our friend and I alone have had some very good sittings, the third party standing meantime apart. My wife and friend can also get planchette writings, but I alone can get neither movements nor writing. By the way, can any of your readers throw any light upon that?

For three months our sittings were grand. We had communications from departed friends of each, and had some most remarkable tests, and I have no doubt whatever that, could we have gone on, we should have got tests which could not be explained away by sub-conscious or any other theories.

It was with this in view that one of us occasionally rose from the table, leaving the others to get a communication about a matter known only to the party standing apart. The fact that two of us possessed such strong mediumistic power made our circle very suitable for such experiments.

At this point, however, our trouble began.

Previously we had been singularly free from any interruptions worth speaking about, but ever since October last our circle has been taken possession of by some 'undeveloped intelligence,' and we are at a standstill. The spirit—that of an old woman, we are told—has power to prevent any of our friends communicating, and she is always with us when we have sittings. I have tried repeating the Lord's Prayer (as I saw a correspondent advised some months ago) and I have changed the sitting night, but all to no purpose. She is always there and the table is tilted right up before you could count ten.

The interruptions take the form of violent turning and twisting of the table, and often a single tilt in reply to every question asked. One night I got the disturber to reply to questions in the usual way, and discovered then, and in various ways since then, that she has got to know the names of our departed friends and many other things concerning them and us, and that she has been personating them and giving us bogus messages for a long time. One night my wife was about to be controlled, and my friend another night, but we were watchful and stopped the sitting in time. I believe the 'disturber' was the operator.

I feel sure that some really practical advice on these phases of spiritualistic phenomena would be welcomed, not only by us, but by many investigators all over the country.

Aberdeen,

X.Y.Z.

More 'Light'—to Rome.

SIR,—If every person interested in spreading the gospel of spirit intercourse would consider it his bounden duty to circulate cheap and suitable literature, or post their old copies of 'LIGHT' or other periodicals to their friends or well-known and progressive individuals, besides trying to obtain a few more subscribers for 'LIGHT' every year, what a great work would soon be accomplished! For many years I have made a point, after reading 'LIGHT,' to post it to people whom I may never have seen or spoken to, in the hope that the recipients, after looking over its pages, might become interested in the subject. In the Cape (South Africa) I have found this plan to bring forth 'much fruit,' and I recommend your subscribers who feel that they ought to do something for spreading our mighty truth, to try it if they have not already done so. Last week I posted 'LIGHT' to a leading Anglican archdeacon in the Cape Colony, who has already turned his attention to 'occult' matters owing to seeing advertisements of books, &c., in your paper. I feel the want of 'LIGHT' every week, and as myself and my daughter Grace are leaving for a tour to Italy, via Paris, which will occupy about three weeks, I am arranging



to have copies of 'LIGHT' forwarded on to me whilst on the Continent in order that I may keep myself au courant with things spiritual, which are so well represented in your paper. It may interest my Cape as well as British friends to know that, in a way, I consider the projected visit to Rome, Milan, Venice, Naples, Pompeii, Turin, &c., via Rouen and Paris, as a sort of special mission in connection with spiritual or Christo-Theosophical subjects, because it is my express intention to make a careful study of all the grand old episcopal cathedrals to be seen, which, as a rule, are the chief source of attraction to very many tourists. For some few years back I have been greatly interested in the study of *Canonical Theology* and *Esoteric Freemasonry*; and I rejoice to say that I have discovered that Stonehenge and other cruciform Druidic temples are nothing more nor less than the prototypes of Winchester, St. Paul's (London), and other British cathedrals, besides being incipient Royal Arch Masonic temples, of which facts I possess *absolute scientific and objective* proofs, which I contemplate making public at some future date before I return to the Cape, perhaps in lecturing. I am intensely desirous of comparing the Continental cathedrals with our British ones, especially the *crypts* and *apses*, which specially receive the sun's rays on the 21st of every June, just as occurs at Stonehenge and in ancient Masonic Royal Arch temples.

LANGHELM,      BERTS T. HUTCHINSON, D.D.S., L.D.S.  
28, The Avenue, Southampton.

#### The Spiritual Teachers of 'M. A. (Oxon.)'

SIR.—It was with a sense of painful astonishment that I read the opinions of your correspondent 'Scriba' as to the character which he chooses to ascribe to the spiritual teachers of 'M.A. (Oxon.)',—'Rector,' 'Doctor,' and 'Imperator.' What grounds has he for 'suspecting that they are gratifying their vanity by personating historical or legendary personages, or claiming to have a very lofty and sacred mission entrusted to them'? Has any one of them been—I will not say convicted of the imposture practised for 'more than four years' upon 'Scriba' by his soi-disant denizens of Sphere VI.—but even regarded as other than strictly truthful, candid, and sincere? If 'Scriba' can substantiate his 'suspicions,' let him do so, and give chapter and verse; if not, there are not a few of your readers who will prefer the confidence of Stainton Moses to the 'suspicions' of any detractor of his teachers. 'AITCHA HAI.'

#### SOCIETY WORK.

WELCOMB HALL, 218, JUBILEE-STREET, MILE END, E.—On Sunday last Mr. Ronald Brailey gave an interesting address, the subject being 'A Call to Arms.' He also gave two poems on 'Love' and 'Truth.' The audience showed their appreciation by their marked attention. On Sunday next, Mr. Veitch.—W. MARSH.

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WEST HAM-LANE, E.—On Sunday last 'Evangel' gave a stirring address to a good audience on 'Christ and Resurrection,' which was highly appreciated throughout. Mrs. Stanley will occupy our platform next Sunday. Meeting on Thursday for inquirers.—THOS. McCALLUM.

SURREY MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL.—We have to thank Mrs. Bliss for a very enjoyable evening on Sunday last; her psychometry was good, and the address given by her guides was earnest and encouraging to all. Our hall was crowded. Next Sunday Mr. Long deals with a series of pithy questions from an agnostic inquirer, which should prove of interest to all thoughtful people. Inquirers are invited at 7 p.m. on Thursdays; discussion class at 8.30 p.m.—A. E. B.

CARDIFF PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY, ST. JOHN'S HALL.—On Sunday last, Mr. R. Phillips, who was on a visit from Bristol, very kindly conducted the service, and gave an excellent practical address upon 'Spiritualism: Its Position and Prospects,' in which he pointed out many needed improvements in its public presentation from our platforms, in order to ensure its more successful propaganda. Speaker next Sunday, 6.30 p.m., Mr. G. E. Aldridge, of Weston-super-Mare.—E. A.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday last Miss Rowan Vincent's address on 'The Forty-eighth Anniversary of Spiritualism' was eminently appropriate, and of great interest. The clairvoyant descriptions at the close were all eventually recognised. Mr. Sherman sang with his accustomed finish and effect, 'The Gipsies,' and 'For ever with the Lord' (Gounod). Next Sunday, Miss MacCreddie, clairvoyance; and short address, Mr. J. Edwards.—L. H.

NORTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, WELLINGTON HALL, UPPER-STREET, ISLINGTON.—On Good Friday a tea and social meeting was held, which was much enjoyed. After the tea, which was served in the lecture-hall, all adjourned to the great hall, where an interesting programme of songs and recitations was carried out, interspersed with a few cheering words from Messrs. W. Wallace, Rodger, Jones, and Adams, and followed by a musical march and a series of dances, joined in with spirit till near midnight. Our thanks are heartily given to all who so

kindly assisted. On Sunday last Mr. Rodger, presiding, spoke on 'Law'; Mrs. Jordan sang a solo, 'Homeland.' We have decided to take the large hall for a few Sunday evenings, commencing April 19th, so that the gospel of Spiritualism may be proclaimed to the many. All Spiritualists in North London who are at one with this object are kindly invited to co-operate and meet the members at Wellington Hall on Sunday evening next for friendly conference.—T. B.

THE SPIRITUAL ATHENÆUM, 113, EDGWARE-ROAD, N.W.—Mr. Hunt's lecture on 'The Second Coming of Christ in the Light of Spiritualism' was attentively listened to by a full meeting. The lecturer stated at the outset that Christ was the central figure around which nearly every religious denomination revolved, in the hope that one day through His power and intercession they might be redeemed from the world, the flesh, and the devil, and gain everlasting life. But the idea of the second coming of Christ, in a personal form, to judge the quick and the dead, and to bear away with Him the 'elect' to Paradise, was rather a figure of speech to express the descent again of the Holy Spirit amongst the nations of the earth, and this was manifested to-day in the new dispensation called Spiritualism. 'The Christ—the Messiah,' said the lecturer, was already in our midst, as a living principle of the Divine power, and it would not be long before men beheld the real influence and light of the Christ in the doctrines and manifestations of the Spiritual movement. Two poems on 'The Lily' and 'The Tempest' were then given, followed by nine clairvoyant readings, all of which were acknowledged to be correct. Mr. Hunt then held a developing circle, composed of about twenty persons. The power was very strong; lights were seen, and several sitters showed signs of mediumistic power. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m. prompt, another lecture will be given, the subject to be chosen by the audience.—L. L. G.

MORSE'S LIBRARY.—A social meeting, to commemorate the forty-eighth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, was held on Tuesday evening, 31st ult., at Morse's Library, Florence House, Osnaburgh-street, London, N.W. A small but attractive programme had been provided, and the assembly was of a fairly representative character. The first item was a pianoforte solo, 'Valse No. 3' (Chopin), by Miss Alice Hunt, L.A.M. 'The Old Head of Kinsale' (Moir), sung by Mr. W. J. Sherman in a masterly manner, displayed a voice of pure quality. Miss Morse then offered a few brief remarks, stating that, in the absence of her father (Mr. J. J. Morse), Mrs. Morse and herself had endeavoured to do justice to this occasion—the commemoration of the beginning of one of the most remarkable movements that had come to light during the nineteenth century, and according a hearty welcome to all present. She then read an interesting paper, written especially for the occasion, by a young Spiritualist, over the signature 'B. B.' Alluding to young Spiritualists, the writer said: 'In Spiritualism it would seem it is a sin to be youthful; there is ample accommodation for the elder members, and there are Lyceums for the young; but what have we for the youth? At the age of fifteen to nineteen he is too old for the Lyceum and not quite old enough to become an active member of a society; then, with the numerous attractions and inducements of the religious bodies, he goes with his friend to his friend's "Young Men's Association" or club; and thus, I am positive, we lose a great number of young people who should, and would be, the backbone of our cause.' In concluding, the paper stated: 'Despite all opposition and vicissitudes, Spiritualism was never in a more prominent and firmer position than it is to-day.' Miss Rowan Vincent expressed her pleasure at seeing the friends thus gathered together. She was sorry, however, that there was one familiar face absent, for, happy as they were on this occasion, they would have been very much happier if he had been present. In his absence she was sure that the company desired to send to Mr. Morse a most cordial greeting. Amongst the various items of vocal and instrumental music given during the evening, the following are worthy of favourable comment: Miss Minnie Bush, 'A May Morning' (Denza); Miss Jessie Dixon received appreciative recognition of her song 'The Three Fishers'; Mr. Sherman, 'Bubbles'; Miss Morse, 'A Norwegian Song' (Henri Logé), her sympathetic voice admirably suiting her selection. Refreshments were provided during the evening.—H. R.

PHENOMENAL SPIRITUALISM.—Speaking on Sunday at the Surrey Masonic Hall, Camberwell, one of Mrs. Bliss's controls, an American, we believe, alluding incidentally to the lull in phenomenal Spiritualism or spiritualistic phenomena, announced that it was 'because the ruling power has superseded that for a time.' The control added that 'the ruling power desires every man to become a persevering, progressive individual, not to be dragged into spiritual conditions simply through phenomena. The ruling power requires the man to look into his own mind and to see that he is perfect before he attempts to look into his fellow man. The religious part of Spiritualism has to-day to take the standard, and the spiritual and phenomenal side will be much more dormant in the future.' Our American friend seems to be in the confidence of the ruling power, but we sincerely hope he is mistaken. What the Cause wants is more phenomena and not fewer.