

# Light.

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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

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### NOTES BY THE WAY.

We do not often get books like 'The Quest for God' by John Trevor (London: 'Labour Prophet' office). It is at once an Autobiography and a Confession of Faith. The note of egotism in it (many may ask, 'Why these 274 pages of personalities? why this fac-simile page of the author's corrected MS.?' ) is the merest seeming. In truth, we wish some others would go and do likewise. We want more literary 'experience meetings,' especially when men, whether famous or not, have struck out, as John Trevor has, a new path in the jungle. With the advent of such books as this, so strong with strenuous life and thought, perhaps the romantic absurdities, now so much in vogue, might take a less prominent place. But, after all, one must be prepared before one could enjoy and understand this 'Quest for God.'

The book strongly suggests the exaltation of control from the unseen, and several passages—one especially towards the close—almost prove it. There is significance, too, in the tender gleam of light in the record of his wife's death:—"On the last day, she said to me, "I shall always live with you." And I answered, "Yes, you will."

We commend this book to those who know something of the signs of the times, and who can appreciate a deeply-moved man's thoughts concerning them.

We have elsewhere referred to the rapid issue of psychological works as parts of 'The Contemporary Science Series.' Noticeable amongst these is a book by Marie de Manacéine (St. Petersburg) on 'Sleep: its physiology, pathology, hygiene and psychology,' containing a considerable number of cases in point which are well distributed over four chapters on the following subjects; 'The physiology of sleep,' 'The pathology of sleep,' 'The hygiene of sleep,' and 'The psychology of sleep.' As to the last of these, the following topics will suggest something as to the writer's ideas; 'In Sleep each enters into his own Psychic World,' 'The Independent Life of the Nervous and Cerebral Centres,' 'Dreaming is associated with Intellectual Development,' 'Dreams as Symptoms of Disease.' On the subject of 'Prophetic dreams,' the writer is exceedingly curt and feeble, and puts us off with a dozen almost vacant lines. Apart from that, the book is a curious and informing one,—on the surface.

Mr. Godfrey Raupert writes, in 'The Humanitarian,' a discriminating Note on the question, 'Can spirits be photographed?' Fully recognising, with regard to Spiritualism generally, that 'fraud and trickery have again and again been resorted to with a view to duping

the public and to producing many of the now well-known manifestations,' he holds that inquiry by competent investigators has, on the other hand, established the extreme desirability of further persistent investigation, and he appears to incline to the belief that our greatest hope lies in the direction of spirit photography. He is surprised that Mr. Traill Taylor's very remarkable disclosure 'has not received that more universal interest and attention which its surpassing importance demands.' He thinks that 'additional evidence in this important field of Psychical Research is really much more easily attainable than is commonly supposed,' and, after setting forth certain points that should be borne in mind, he says, 'If these simple rules be observed, and the experimental study of the subject be approached with an unprejudiced mind, it is almost certain that we shall, ere long, be in a position to offer conclusive evidence, even to the most sceptical amongst us, and to answer a question which is being asked by a steadily increasing number of thoughtful but perplexed inquirers.'

As Mr. Raupert is a member of the Psychical Research Society, his remarks may perhaps bear fruit.

That bright spirit, Lilian Whiting, whom we hope shortly to welcome in London, must have a wonderfully ardent assurance concerning immortality. In one of her latest contributions to 'The Daily Inter-Ocean,' she says:—

Mrs. Besant, in her recent address upon 'Immortality,' in this city, fell curiously into the negative state, and spent at least a quarter of her time in trying to clearly present the possibility that man had a soul, as a logical and feasible one to her audience; and to beg them to assume, for a moment, that hypothesis, and then from that point to follow her train of reasoning.

It was much as if the learned Professor Darwin, who is now offering his remarkable course of lectures on 'Tides' before the Lowell Institute, shall have initiated these by a learned disquisition showing that the possibilities of oceans, and the earth's rotation, and the moon might, not illogically, produce such a thing as a tide, and then, pleading that his audience would grant him the indulgence for a moment of assuming as a hypothesis that there were tides, and if there were—certain results followed! On the contrary, the Cambridge professor very sensibly proceeded at once on the basis that tides exist, and went on with the important presentation of scientific truth that he had to offer. If any one in the audience did not believe there was any such thing as a tide, the worse for him! It was no part of the lecturer's duty to instruct him in that rudimentary truth.

The time has come to preach the gospel of spiritual laws, not merely to teach of a figurative Heaven or Hades whose conditions are beyond power to comprehend; but to teach the simple demonstrable truths regarding the state of existence which immediately succeeds this. Is it supposable that our own galaxy of lofty and noble spirits, who but yesterday, so to speak, trod the streets of Boston, and with whom we clasped hands and exchanged words—such men as Benjamin Pierce, Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, Whipple, Phillips Brooks, Francis A. Walker—is it for an instant supposable that because these men have passed from the physical form and sight they are in some vague heaven, existing as 'disembodied' spirits? On the contrary, they have stepped across the invis-



ible line into the unseen realm of higher forces and infinitely more potent realities. They are in a world that interpenetrates this ; that world of the finer ether, of the more intense vibrations. The only reason we cannot see and hear them is because the physical eye and ear cannot distinguish vibrations after a certain point. Each man is a spiritual being now, limited and conditioned by his physical body. But the spirit, as Emerson well says, 'has plentiful powers and direct effects.' It can perceive those who have exchanged the physical for the etherial body, under certain conditions. Psychic science has discovered, so to speak, this unseen realm, and vague conjecture is largely giving way to enlightened and exact knowledge.

The lately established Anti-Spiritualist League in America sent forth a champion, in the person of a Mr. Covert, in order to meet Mr. Moses Hull in debate. Concerning that debate we hear strange rumours, and we should not be surprised to hear that the great anti-Spiritualist was carried from the hall in a sort of whirlwind. Meanwhile, here is the conclusion of his second speech :—

As to the tables that were moved, it is all gammon ; there was never a rock unless there was a rogue behind it. There was never a table moved unless some person or thing moved it, physical being. I remember of a minister that once went to a séance. The table moved ; he got up on it and the table commenced to go up, and he jumped and ran and said it was the devil that moved it. In place of that it was two mediums, or two men in the cellar had a pole and they reached up through a hole in the floor and lifted it up. That is the secret of all table moving ; they are either moved by wires or physical connection of some kind ; that is the way. And if there is any medium can move a table by spiritual power, here is your chance. I will let you have part of my time if you will come up and move it by some unseen power. Now, suppose you do move it by some unseen power, how do you know that unseen power is the power of a spirit ? That is the question I would like to know.

As to these men, Wallace and Crookes, that we hear so much about, I want to tell you that they are simply crazy Spiritualists, just the same as Professor Hare and others.

We do not want to be unkind, but we must remark that this seems familiar, very familiar, to us. It is so like the old, old talk of our critics and opponents. But somehow it does not appear convincing.

'The Roxburghe Occult Series. Practical instruction in Mesmerism,' by Frank H. Randall (London: Roxburghe Press), is a well-arranged and well considered little book, giving extremely simple but ample instructions concerning Mesmerism, under such chapter headings as 'Qualifications,' 'The Mesmeric Power,' 'Methods of Developing Mesmeric Power,' 'The practical application of Mesmeric Power,' and 'Experimenting in deeper stages.' The beginner would learn much from this work, and the 'old hand' might find in it useful hints.

'The German Nature-Cure, and how to Practise it,' by J. Aidall (London: Nichols and Co.), is a sensible guide to Hydropathy and Calisthenics, with enlightening references to the every-day laws of health: a useful work for family reference or personal study. The one defect of the book is the absence of an Index.

Mr. Stead never did a greater service to mankind than when he compiled and sent forth his tremendous 1898 Annual, 'Satan's invisible world displayed,' a perfectly frightful exposure (based on official documents) of the New York Hell. It is intensely painful but unspeakably necessary. We are not entirely saintly in this old country, often described in America as corrupt and effete; but London is a Paradise compared with New York, so far as its government is concerned. The sordid and disgusting story is a sore discouragement to those who believe in democratic government, as an ideal.

## X 'SHADOW LAND.'\* X

(Continued from p. 584.)

On Madame d'Esperance's return to England after converting Dr. Friese to Spiritualism, a circle was formed of from twelve to fifteen persons, including her 'old friends, Mr. and Mrs. F.,' which met twice a week 'for the purpose of experimenting.' No exact date is assigned to this new beginning, which seems to have been in the early seventies ; and here, as, indeed, throughout the book, we miss names and dates which it would have been so easy to give, and which go so far to satisfy those who attach more importance to the frame than to the picture. At these séances the portraits of visiting spirits were taken as before, and sealed letters were read by the medium. Her remarks on the latter performance are instructive—

'Given two letters to read, the one would be as clear and distinct as though spread out before me, the other perfectly impenetrable. Once or twice I have kept such letters by me, trying now and again to decipher the sealed contents. In some cases, after having kept them for awhile, I was enabled to see and read them, though with difficulty, having to guess at the words very often. Frequently the paper appeared of a murky tone, sometimes quite black, and the written words indistinguishable. Strange to say, I always had a particular aversion to such letters, in some cases almost amounting to horror. I hated to touch them, and after having done so I felt an instinctive desire to wash my hands. Quite in vain I tried to combat this feeling, as it interfered frequently with my usefulness.'

It interfered with her usefulness, because it was the sceptics whom she wished to convert with whom she was unsuccessful. This want of success naturally caused suspicions, and aroused enmity ; but 'Stafford' told her that enemies were often more useful than friends—an opinion with which she did not quite agree !

Then began experiments with a cabinet. The first time Madame d'Esperance went behind the curtain, she was very much afraid ; on the second occasion this fear had vanished, although she felt the same 'strange disturbance in the air' ; besides which, a cool breeze blew her hair about, and she also experienced a sensation as if fine threads were drawn out of the pores of the skin. Then followed a series of materialising séances, at which 'Walter' and other spirits, whom she had seen clairvoyantly, came in tangible form. Her description of her sensations in the cabinet is very interesting :—

'I felt strangely inert and listless ; not sleepy ; indeed, my brain seemed more wide awake and active than I had ever known it. Thoughts, impressions, chased themselves with lightning-like rapidity, sounds which I knew to be at a distance were as though close to my ears ; I felt conscious of the thoughts, or rather the feelings, of every one in the room, but had no inclination to as much as lift a finger to enable me to see anything, although at the same time burning with curiosity to catch a sight of "Walter" walking about in their midst.

'Later on I discovered that this was not merely listlessness or inertia, but that I had literally no strength to exert myself without making a great effort, which invariably compelled the materialised forms to retire to the cabinet as though deprived of the power to stand or support themselves.'

For a description of these materialising phenomena, we refer the readers of 'LIGHT' to the book itself ; for, even did our space allow it, to skim the cream of the narrative would not be fair, either to them or to the authoress. For those who have seen similar phenomena, the account of these séances contains a multitude of details which are convincing proofs of truthfulness ; for those who have never seen anything of the same kind, the narrative will probably read like a fairy story. If a man who had lived in the Australian bush, and an English country bumpkin, were to visit the Zoological Gardens together, their opinion of the black swans would be very different. To the Australian the blackness of the swans would be a proof of their genuineness ; whereas the country bumpkin, for whom a swan is the very emblem of whiteness, would certainly conclude that the keepers had been painting the birds black, in order to make a fool of him !

We cannot resist the temptation, however, to mention two or three of these wonderful phenomena. Among the frequent visitors from the other side, and the chief wonder-worker, was 'Yolande,' a young Arab girl of fifteen or sixteen years—'a slender, olive-skinned maiden, whose naïveté and gracefulness made her the wonder and admiration of the circle.' 'Yolande'

\* 'Shadow Land ; or, Light from the Other Side.' By E. D'ESPERANCE. London: Geo. Redway. Price 6s.



sometimes materialised and dematerialised herself in full view of the circle ; beginning with a little mass of white gauze on the floor, which gradually increased and rose until it formed a veil, which the fully-materialised 'Yolande' threw off. The dematerialising is best described as the gradual collapse of the materialised figure, until nothing was left but a little drapery on the floor, which soon vanished. We advise the student of Spiritualism to read carefully the detailed account of this phenomenon.

'Yolande' was very clever at making things, apparently 'out of nothing.' Here is the photograph of a plant which she caused to grow in that strange way for Mr. William Oxley, of Manchester, at a séance held on August 4th, 1880—a plant



(*Ixora Crocata*, produced for Mr. William Oxley, of Manchester, at a séance held on August 4th, 1880.)

which was afterwards identified as an '*Ixora Crocata*,' a native of India.

For the production of plants 'Yolande' required sand and water, and these were always kept in readiness. On this occasion she directed one of the sitters to half fill a *carafe* with the sand and water, and then she covered the *carafe* with drapery, which she took from her shoulders. The circle was told to sing, and this is what happened :—

'While we were singing we observed the drapery to be rising from the rim of the *carafe*. This was perfectly patent to every one of the twenty witnesses watching it closely.

"'Yolande' came out again from the cabinet and regarded it anxiously. She appeared to examine it carefully, and partially supported the drapery as though afraid of its crushing some tender object underneath. Finally she raised it altogether, exposing to our astonished gaze a perfect plant, of what appeared to be a kind of laurel.

"'Yolande' raised the *carafe*, in which the plant seemed to have firmly grown ; its roots, visible through the glass, being closely packed in the sand.'

After they had examined the plant, Mr. Oxley placed it beside him on the floor, and then another extraordinary thing happened :—

'We were called to order by raps, and were told not to discuss the matter, but to sing something, and then be quiet. We obeyed the command, and, after singing, more raps told us to examine the plant anew, which we were only too delighted to do. To our great surprise we then observed that a large circular head of bloom forming a flower fully five inches in diameter had opened itself, while standing on the floor at Mr. Oxley's feet.'

How did the plant come? 'Yolande' either could not or would not tell. The plant had evidently some years' growth :—

'We could see where other leaves had grown and fallen off, and wound-marks which seemed to have healed and grown over long ago. But there was every evidence to show that the plant had grown in the sand in the bottle, as the roots were naturally wound around the inner surface of the glass, all the fibres perfect and unbroken as though they had germinated on the spot and had apparently never been disturbed. It had not been thrust into the bottle for the simple reason that it was impossible to pass the large fibrous roots and lower part of the stem through the neck of the bottle, which had to be broken in order to take out the plant.'

This plant was never dematerialised, but died and decayed naturally ; but the magnificent golden lily, represented below, between six and seven feet high, bearing seven splendid blossoms, and which was similarly 'made out of nothing,' ten years later, mysteriously disappeared in a few days.

A favourite performance of 'Yolande' was producing flowers for the sitters out of a vessel which obviously had nothing in it but water, and one day Madame d'Esperance asked for a *black rose*, and immediately received one ! But although 'Yolande' was the worker of the miracles, there was another spirit in authority behind her for whom 'Yolande' exhibited a loving respect and veneration, and who, perhaps, was the real actor. This was 'Y-Ay-Ali,' who was—

'One of the most perfectly beautiful creatures the mind can conceive, her tall, stately form and dazzling fairness, majestic bearing and graceful movements being a distinct contrast to "Yolande's" kitten-like gestures. "Y-Ay-Ali" was indeed a creature from a higher world. She came only once or twice visibly, though we were told frequently that she was present ; but no one who ever saw her is likely to forget her.'



(*Golden Lily*, height between six and seven feet, produced at a séance held on June 28th, 1890. Was kept a week, during which time six photographs were taken, after which it dissolved and disappeared.)

The chapter entitled, 'Numerous Spirit Visitors, contains a good many nuts on which the Psychical Researcher will assuredly break his teeth if he attempts to crack them, but from which the real student of Spiritualism may easily extract most excellent kernels. One stranger from the other side, who spoke French, excited an intense curiosity in the medium ; she felt that she *must* see this strange lady :—

'I obtained permission to leave my seat in the cabinet, and on going, feebly and with difficulty, outside the curtains to



where the white-robed figure stood, I came face to face with—myself!—or so it seemed me.

'The figure was a little taller, a little broader, the hair longer, the features, particularly the eyes, larger; but looking into the face, I might have been regarding my own reflection in a mirror, so great was the resemblance.'

For the moment Madame d'Esperance was utterly taken aback, but afterwards she found that this 'French lady' was a relation whom she had never seen. The medium and the spirit were seen side by side by the sitters; but the strong likeness between them was often a stumbling block to those who did not see medium and spirit at the same time.

Between Madame d'Esperance herself and 'Yolande' there was some strange bond of sympathy, strongly felt by the medium. 'Yolande' was independent of the medium's will; but the latter felt that, somehow, any accident to 'Yolande' would react upon herself; and she found that her anxiety about the materialised 'Yolande' brought her back, unwillingly, to the cabinet. How intimate this mysterious connection was she never knew until she had the bitter experience of being 'grabbed' by a stranger, who had been unwisely admitted to a séance. We learn from the records of the many occasions on which a spirit has been grabbed, that one of two things happens: either the spirit dematerialises in the grabber's embrace, or else, when the lights are turned up, the grabber finds that he has seized the medium. In Madame d'Esperance's case, the seizure apparently took the latter form; and her account of the terrible sensations she experienced should be pondered over by everyone who thinks of adopting that idiotic method of 'exposing fraud.' The result of the grabbing was a prolonged illness—the hemorrhage of the lungs, which her residence in the South of Europe had apparently cured, again breaking out.

have devoted herself mainly to spirit-photography, several specimens of the results obtained being given in her book. The chief interest of the last part of 'Shadow Land,' however, lies in the three chapters in which she gives the religio-philosophical conclusions to which her mediumistic experiences have led her. These three chapters are respectively entitled, 'Shall I be Anna, or Anna be I?' 'From Darkness to Light,' and 'The Mystery Solved'; and as any notice of 'Shadow Land' which omitted a consideration of these conclusions would be essentially imperfect, they will be made the subject of a concluding notice.

(To be concluded.)

#### THE PILGRIM'S CRY.

The following lovely sonnet, by Louise Chandler Moulton, will be properly understood by our readers. It is the pilgrim's cry to one who has passed on,—just out of sight:—

O wanderer in unknown lands, what cheer?  
 How dost thou fare on thy mysterious way?  
 What strange light breaks upon thy distant day,  
 Yet leaves me lonely in the darkness here?  
 O bide no longer in that far-off sphere,  
 Though all Heaven's cohorts should thy footsteps stay.  
 Break through their splendid militant array,  
 And answer to my call, O dead and dear!  
 I shall not fear thee, howsoever thou come,  
 Thy coldness will not chill, though Death is cold—  
 A touch, and I shall know thee,—or a breath;  
 Speak the old well-known language, or be dumb,  
 Only come back! Be near me as of old;  
 So thou and I shall triumph over death.

#### A FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath unto the London Spiritualist Alliance, Limited, the sum of £ , to be applied to the purposes of that Society; and I direct that the said sum shall be paid free from Legacy Duty, out of such part of my personal estate as may legally be devoted by will to charitable purposes, and in preference to other legacies and bequests thereout.

Not only did this brutality cause an entire breakdown in her health, but it created a perfect horror of the name of spiritualistic phenomena, which, in deference to her wishes, were a tabooed subject of conversation for some years. She went to Sweden and led a quiet out-door life, and very gradually health and spirits returned; and then she made 'a fresh beginning' in mediumship. It was after this that the above-mentioned golden lily was made, an interesting account of which phenomenon is given. Of recent years Madame d'Esperance seems to



## PERPLEXITIES WITH PLANCHETTE.

A few months ago I found that a neighbour was, like myself, interested in Spiritualism, and we arranged to meet and sit for an hour or so one evening a week with Planchette, to see if it would write for us.

It has done so, and has given to each of us names and particulars known to one and quite unknown to the other, and certainly not written by the one to whom they were known; so that Planchette wrote them—be the power what it may.

A few weeks ago Planchette was writing, and in answer to the question, 'Are you happy?' had answered, 'Yes.' At the close I said, 'Good-night, friend—*You* have entered upon the long, beautiful, eternal life.' Planchette answered, 'No, eternal death.' I replied, 'No, friend, the Gift of God is eternal life.' Planchette, however, persisted in claiming eternal death as its portion and I argued with all earnestness for the hope of eternal life. At length it seemed to accept that hope, and we parted. At our next sitting it seemed as if five different spirits came for the same kind of help. One said, 'Is light life? Is darkness death?' I said life was more than light—and that the seed in the earth proved that darkness was not death. It said, 'Is light God?' and afterwards, 'Is love God?' I answered to the best of my power the wonderful questions; and, indeed, suitable arguments seemed to flash into my mind even as I spoke.

Another spirit said he was in hell. Later, when we got his name, my friend said, 'If it is *he* I do not wonder at his being in hell; there was abundant cause.' Of another I asked, 'Who brought you here?' and was answered 'Percy.' Percy was the name of a son of mine who died in infancy, and who had given me many loving messages. I asked for a message from him, and received, 'Mother, be happy; hope earnestly for good always.' A night or so later when 'Percy' was communicating, I asked, 'Did *you* bring those spirits the other evening?' and was answered, 'No, merely introduced them.' I asked, 'And did we really help them?' Planchette wrote, 'Yes, yes.'

The next weekly meeting of my friend and myself was similar to the one I have spoken of. One after another came for help, and said we had helped them.

Now, I want to ask from more advanced students of this wonderful subject: Am I right in so earnestly pointing them to *light* and *life*? If so, how strange that they should have to come to us for direction and help! Also, I would like to know, Is this a unique experience, or are there many such?

Another matter on which I would ask light is as follows:—One evening 'Percy' was writing, and I asked him if he could be with his brother in India, and help *him*. He answered, 'Yes,' and the following evening was our regular Planchette night, and 'Percy' came. I asked him: 'Have you been to Will?' (his brother). Planchette said 'Yes.' 'Well, how is he?' I asked. Planchette would not move. 'Come,' I said, 'tell me.' Planchette slowly wrote 'A lie.' I said: 'Do you mean you have told a lie?' 'Yes.' 'Have you not been to India?' 'No; I am sorry I said it.' 'Are you sorry?' 'Yes.' And really it seemed like a chidden child, and again wrote 'A lie.'

Now, am I to think that a pure spirit, who has been in Heaven from infancy, really has told a lie? What is the meaning of it?

Harrington.

'INVESTIGATOR.'

The following incident in connection with Planchette writing under my own hand, on Sunday evening last, may possibly interest some of your readers:—

A friend of our family had occasion during the previous week to destroy a favourite dog, consequent on old age and other infirmities; but the topic had not been the subject of conversation, nor was it uppermost in my thoughts. Subsequent inquiry has elicited the fact of the dog having been poisoned, *not* 'shot.'

Two recumbent forms of dogs were first sketched by Planchette, the first muzzled and the second unmuzzled. Then a muzzle was represented, followed by the words, 'Poor Scot!' and 'Muzzled no longer!' in print letters; ordinary writing following—'Tell my dear master, not dead! Can you not see me by the door? No, poor Scot is really here. Bow-wow. Poor Scot is so glad to come where he was always welcome. Bow-wow.' At this point an eye was drawn, the writing continuing: 'Not blind now. Bow-wow! Tell my dear master, please do. Bow-wow!' Another form of a dog was here sketched, with the figure of a man firing a gun, then again writing: 'Who shot

poor Scot? Bow-wow! *Joe*. Bow-wow!' After a short interval the writing resumed: 'The dog Scot is with us here, and returns to his old familiar haunts. He will be seen by your wife soon, but she need not be afraid of him. This is an instance of the canine survival. All *life* is indestructible.' A gun at full-cock was here drawn, and writing resumed: 'All sentient life is, as I have just said, indestructible; and man must not think that he alone perpetuates life in the unseen.' My wife here inquired as to who was prompting the writing, when it was further written: 'I am Blakeway, the actor, and one of those who have yourself in charge; in other words, I am one of your guardian spirits, and another one is a female. She has given her spirit-name before as "Flora." The name is representative of the flowers, a lover of the beautiful in Nature. Live so as to deserve her help. I am more concerned with your development in another direction, in a philosophical sphere of thought, so as to understand the underlying meaning of things.'

I submit the foregoing incident as one requiring some kind of explanation, as, although as far as I can analyse my feelings the writing was without conscious volition on my part, yet, from the discrepancy between the actual poisoning and alleged shooting of the dog, there would appear an element of error to be accounted for. I shall be glad if some fellow-Spiritualist with some personal experience of Planchette writing will kindly, if possible, elucidate the source of the error. In the meantime I will endeavour to secure an explanation through Planchette, and, if successful, report result.

Finchley, N.

THOMAS BLYTON.

## 'A NEW REVELATION' IN DENMARK.

I take the liberty of sending you some particulars of 'A New Revelation' in Denmark. The Rev. N. F. Carstensen, minister to 'The Lord's Church' at Copenhagen, has recently published a very remarkable book—a pendant, I should think, to the works of Stainton Moses and J. R. Buchanan—the title being: 'Sande Guds Vidnesbyod,' or, in English, 'God's True Witnesses'; that is, the New Testament purged from all fraudulent additions. In the preface the author says: 'This work has been given by revelation of Our Lord Jesus Christ. He has personally revealed Himself to me, and for a long time instructed me and given me the great enlightenment that is to be found in the work.'

In the book itself we are told that only a small portion of the first three Gospels was written by Matthew, Mark, and Luke, all the rest being by obscure authors (Sylvanus, Kabarius, and Varius).

The true and genuine Gospel of John comprises but nineteen lines in praise of Love and not a single word on the strange doctrine of the 'Logos.' The Apocalypse, too, is not a genuine work; and as for the many Epistles of Paul, not a single one is genuine. The dogma of condemnation is thus false, and so is also that of justification by faith. Paul himself has only written fourteen lines—a delightful eulogy of Love—the very words of which Henry Drummond has made use.

It is a matter of course that Jesus never taught the doctrine of an eternal hell with fire and brimstone, or of a personal devil. 'God the Lord,' writes the author, 'has not spoken of Satan and the devil at all; for Jehovah did not create such a being, who only exists in the imagination of man. This enlightenment I have received from God the Lord Himself,' (p. 306). On the contrary, Jesus taught that after death there are in the spiritual world several conditions or states in which the bad spirits must suffer much pain on account of their bad conscience, but not in fire and brimstone. And the pain is not a punishment, but the natural consequence of an ill-spent life. 'Improvement' and 'evolution' are the watchwords. Nor is it the occupation of the blessed spirits to be for ever singing hymns to the Lord; on the contrary, they are engaged in working among their unhappy fellow-spirits, to help them and to lead them higher. As for the rest, the Rev. Carstensen maintains that the second century after Christ was a veritable 'robber-century'; in which there was a veritable mania for falsifying the Scriptures and giving false authorities.

But has Jesus Christ himself really dictated all this to Mr. Carstensen? We do not know, and we do not care to know. Of course, even if it be so, the question of identity will never be thoroughly established. We only say that the book is an excessively interesting and thought-inspiring work, which will very probably, ere long, be translated into all the principal languages of the world.

Farso, Hornum, Denmark.

H. JENSEN.



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### SURFACE PSYCHOLOGY.

The controllers of 'The Contemporary Science Series' seem determined to make it strongly psychological. The latest addition is a notable volume by Professor Th. Ribot on 'The Psychology of the Emotions' (London: Fisher Unwin). Professor Ribot is, of course, well known as the editor of 'La Revue Philosophique' and as an ardent student in paths where few have ventured until these latter days. And now, a host of disputants are pushing in to take the inner self to pieces and account for every mental throb and spiritual glow. For our own part, we side with the 'angels' who 'fear to tread': but, in saying that, we do not suggest, in the slightest degree, any application of the remainder of the quotation; being entirely happy and thankful to see the new and keen interest taken in occult subjects.

Professor Ribot's book is a defence of the physiological theory of the emotions, as the effect of bodily changes. We humbly differ. Man is not a learned pig. The concluding sentence of this book, though a quotation from Spinoza, provokes this remark. We have not verified the quotation, but it surprises us to be told that Spinoza taught that 'Appetite is the very essence of man': but M. Ribot says that this remark 'sums up the whole spirit' of his book: and we are afraid it does.

The chapter on 'The religious sentiment' is a good deal novel, in this connection, for, as Professor Ribot says, 'Psychologists have not troubled themselves greatly with the study of the religious sentiment.' Up to a certain point, M. Ribot is as serious and as thorough as we could desire. He sees it will not do to fall back upon an ignorant reverence, or to assume that all religions are alike false or that only one is true: nay, even though it be said that 'all manifestations of the religious sentiment are mere illusion and error,' it would be still necessary to account for such illusion and error as psychic states,—which they are.

But, unfortunately, M. Ribot does not seem at all inclined to include religion as one of the great abiding realities, whose evolution ends only in a sublime culmination. He regards it, rather, as an emotional and intellectual efflorescence which will tend to fade when it seems to culminate. It is the product, he says, of such opposites as fear and love, selfishness and sociability. It passes through the various phases of emotional and moral evolution, and attains its highest development in the 'predominance of the intellectual (rational) element,' leading to 'a gradual effacement of the emotional element as it tends to approximate to the intellectual feelings and to come under that category.' From henceforth, he says, it can only decline. 'When the march of thought towards

unity has reached its limit in pure monotheism, the work of theologians and especially of metaphysicians tends to refine the conception of divinity, assumed as First Cause, or moral ideal, or both at once, but always as an inaccessible ideal, visible only in occasional glimpses.' Religion then 'tends to become a *religious philosophy*, which is an entirely different thing.'

That is M. Ribot's rather dreary account of this mighty force and inspiration; and we cannot but regard it as inadequate. Readers of such books as John Fiske's, for instance, know perfectly well that so far from the religious sentiment fading out as philosophy settles its account with the 'grand hypothesis' of God, that 'hypothesis' receives enormous accessions of light and power as the process of settlement goes on: and only one thing is wanted to give the religious sentiment a new and far-reaching lease of life;—the great scientific discovery, which is even now being made, of the reality of the spirit-spheres and spirit-life. But M. Ribot will hardly look at that. His sole reference to 'Spiritism' is in one very small paragraph. 'Psychologically,' he says, 'this stage (of religious development) corresponds to a preponderance of the imagination over simple perception,' and belongs to the savage and the child. Possibly; but it also belongs to the savant and the seer.

We observe, as a curious and significant fact about these psychological books, that their writers are always revising or rewriting them, and longing for second editions in order to bring them up to date. We quite expect this of M. Ribot. It will soon be out of date to talk of belief in spirits being characteristic only of the savage and the child.

We do not wish to depreciate these studies, purely from the physical point of view: they have their very distinct uses. But we have not the slightest intention of letting the materialists run off with the torch of Evolution. That is ours as well as theirs. We have seen, all along the line, that beginnings with the savage and the child have had their endings with the ripe scientist and the highly developed man; not to fade away, but to form part of the glorious human inheritance. And this is true of Religion and belief in spirit people in The Unseen.

### LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LIMITED.

'Miss X.' (Miss Goodrich-Freer) has kindly consented to give an address to the Members and Associates of the Alliance, at 7 for 7.30, on the evening of *Friday next*, December 17th, in the French Drawing Room, St. James's Hall (entrance from Piccadilly). Her subject will be 'Hauntings,' and Colonel G. Le M. Taylor, who has taken part in some of her investigations, will occupy the chair.

Tickets of admission will be posted to Members and Associates; and admission will be *by ticket only*.

*In accordance with No. XV. of the Articles of Association, the subscriptions of Members and Associates elected after October 1st will be taken as for the remainder of the present year and the whole of 1898.*

### DR. BARADUC'S BIOMÈTRE.

In 'LIGHT' of November 13th we gave some account of the biomètre, an instrument invented by Dr. Baraduc, with a pointer like the hand of a watch, the movements of this pointer corresponding, it is said, with the state of the mind of the person by whom the instrument is touched, being attracted by the hand of one who is feeling happy and pushed backwards by that of one who is suffering grief. Some of our readers have asked us whether the biomètre can be purchased and if so, where. In reply we are able to say that it may be obtained from Messrs. Chardin, rue de Châteaudin, Paris. We believe the cost is about thirty shillings, but of course full information may be obtained from Messrs. Chardin.



## 'MY WORK IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.'

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MR. THOMAS ATWOOD TO THE MEMBERS AND ASSOCIATES OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, IN THE FRENCH DRAWING ROOM, ST. JAMES'S HALL, ON THE EVENING OF FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26TH, 1897.

(Continued from page 590.)

In commencing my Sunday afternoon service I usually address a few words of welcome to my unseen congregation, and after reading a hymn such as 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' I call upon one of the number to control me in prayer. This being done, and an earnest prayer having been made for help, it is my invariable rule to read these two hymns:—

'I cannot always trace the way  
Where Thou, Almighty One, dost move,  
But I can always, always say,  
That God is love.

'When mystery clouds my darkened path,  
I'll check my dread, my fears reprove,  
In this my soul sweet comfort hath  
That God is love.

'Yes, God is love. A trust like this  
Can every gloomy thought remove,  
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss,  
For God is love.

'God is love; His mercy brightens  
All the path in which we rove;  
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens:  
God is wisdom, God is love.

'Time and change are busy ever;  
Man decays and ages move;  
But His mercy waneth never:  
God is wisdom, God is love.

'E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will His changeless goodness prove;  
From the mist its brightness streameth,  
God is wisdom, God is love.

'He with earthly care entwineth  
Hope and comfort from above;  
Everywhere His glory shineth:  
God is wisdom, God is love.'

I then give an address in as simple terms as possible, taking some well known passage of the Bible as my text, such as 'I will arise and go to my Father'; 'Be strong and quit yourselves like men'—and women, (for I am always particular to address the female as well as the male); 'The Kingdom of Heaven is within you'; 'God is a spirit, and they that worship Him,' &c.; 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes'; 'His mercy endureth for ever.' These are a sample half dozen. My one object is to impress upon my hearers the fact that they have within them the spark of divine life, however feeble, and that it rests with them to develop this by prayer, aspiration, will power—by any means they like, even if only a feeble wish; and I wind up invariably by repeating with all the power which I am capable of throwing into the utterance, 'The Spirit and the Bride say Come, and let him (or her) that heareth say Come, and let him (or her) that is athirst come and take of the water of life freely,' closing with the text, 'Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and the door shall be opened unto you.'

In these addresses I strive to arouse the dormant memory, to call to mind some recollections of earth life, of the time when many of them went to church or chapel with their fathers and mothers, and so on. I see and hear nothing, but I get conveyed to me intuitively the leading features of the gathering. Once in the early days of my mission work I had to wait while a fierce battle was being fought between the forces of evil who wanted to hinder me, and the forces of good who were fighting for me, and I felt what was taking place as clearly as if I saw it all. Clairvoyance for the present is undeveloped, and when I ask the reason why, I am told that as yet I could not stand the awful sights, the shock to the brain would be too great. Our friends know what is good for us, and what we are capable of enduring. I feel that my nerves are strong enough for anything—they know differently; and so I have to wait, and all things come to him who waits.

After the address I sit quietly for a time, make myself thoroughly receptive, and allow any control that likes to come and speak through me. Sometimes I carry on a conversation

with a control. A friend has explained to me that this was done by the control extending only to one hemisphere of the brain, the other remaining normal. Perhaps on this point, and on some others possibly, some of our friends present will kindly give us the benefit of their knowledge. As I said before, I am simply dealing with the facts as they occur in my experience. Frequently bright spirits use me for prayer; more frequently unhappy ones do the same; and the most touching incidents sometimes take place. The whole experience is a very varied one, and, though often painful in the extreme, is full of interest. From a few hurried notes I took at some of the meetings, I select the following as a few of the experiences I have had, but upon which I cannot stop to dwell.

A male spirit, crying 'Help me! for my Saviour's sake, who died to save me! Help me to regain the happiness I have lost! I feel the light is within me; help me! help me! for Thy mercy's sake.'

A husband and wife—the husband first praying for help, then the wife joining in with 'and help me, too.'

A very despairing female spirit, who thought she was quite lost and without hope. Her visit was followed by a vision, showing me heavy weights pressing on spirits, and leading me to pray that they might be raised by the expansion of light in those that were under them.

A spirit in great darkness, fearing that he would never see the light; he could see a passing one now and then, but not for him. He then seemed to realise that he must develop the light within him, and made an earnest prayer for help to do so.

Then a prayer from a bright spirit who referred to the many praying for help, and asked for a blessing on them. This spirit shook me warmly by the hand.

A spirit who felt he had been descending lower and lower, but now was sure he had stopped falling, and would be raised. This man was very weak and could say but little.

Twice on one occasion I was led to pray for those who were praying for themselves, and felt I was being taken to lower depths, where still greater effort must be made.

One afternoon an Irishman gave an address through me, and called on those who wanted the medium's help to come. He was a very jolly control, and insisted on taking me downstairs to say a few words to my landlord and landlady, both mediums themselves.

For two weeks in succession I had a spirit present who grovelled on the floor and refused help, saying he was too foul to be helped; he refused to shake hands with me. The third time he came I succeeded in inducing him to do so, and a voice said, 'He will progress now.'

One came who had the horrors—a very, very unpleasant experience for me; and a very rare one too. But he got quiet before he left me and prayed for help.

Another was pursued by the demon of avarice. I had a vision of his prison house, which was in semi-darkness through the blinds being down. Apparently these could be drawn up at will and the light let in.

One of the most remarkable experiences was my getting into the conditions and feeling the agony of the awakening soul. The oppression was simply awful, and lasted for hours. It followed me to our evening service, where it gradually left me, as the singing and speaking drew my attention to outside influences.

Occasionally awakening spirits controlled my landlady and bitterly reproached me for rousing them to a consciousness of the hell within them. One or two of them have wanted to fight, but I have had little difficulty in bringing them to a better frame of mind. I may say that there is, in my opinion, considerable risk of untoward consequences when they entrance mediums in a delicate state of health, both from their want of knowledge as to how to control, and from their being carried away by their intensity of emotion. Inspirational control of a medium able to exercise sufficient will power to keep full control over his or her controls, appears to me far better where such conditions are within reach.

Many interesting experiences have taken place at sittings held with a co-worker. This lady is a highly gifted clairvoyante and is also clairaudient. She has been engaged in the work for, I believe, ten years. Much that she describes is quite incomprehensible to me, perhaps owing to my want of development. But I have no difficulty in entering fully into her descriptions of the training of the rescued spirits, multitudes of whom, on their awakening to consciousness of a higher life, have not the



most elementary knowledge of the way to use their powers, and have to be taught like children. The subject is much too large a one for me to enter upon in detail, and were I to do so I fear I should not do justice to it. I could not speak that I do know, and testify that I have seen. With respect to the controls that use my co-worker as their medium, it is different, and I can speak freely respecting them.

One day a poor female spirit addressed me and told me she had heard me say the words, 'The Spirit and the Bride say Come'—would I repeat them? I did so, and she then prayed earnestly for help, which to some extent she seemed already to have found. She came a second time, singing merrily, and saying how happy she had become. A third time she came and told me that she herself was now engaged in the work of rescuing her fallen sisters. 'Once,' she said, 'I found a poor, miserable girl huddled up by the way-side, unable to stand, and in a most pitiable condition. I brought her to you; you were in bed and asleep. We both of us bathed in your influence, and it did us so much good. She is now progressing to happiness.' I expressed a wish that Isabella (the name she gave) would write through my hand and tell me her story, and she promised to do so if she could. Instead of this, however, she came again a short time ago and told it through the medium. She said: 'I was a bright, happy and innocent girl until, at a ball, I met Alfred. He obtained an introduction to my friends and visited me at my home. Under promise of marriage he seduced me, and then, when he was tired of me, abandoned me, leaving me to face my shame alone. I left home, fell lower and lower, and became one of the worst and most abandoned of street women, before I died in poverty and misery. I still continued in my degraded state here, without a hope of ever being anything different. But one day I heard your voice saying, "The Spirit and the Bride say Come." Ah! I thought, I was hoping to be a bride once, and then I wondered if I could even yet be happy; if a bride, a happy bride, could say Come! to such as I, perhaps I might. I would try, and I came to you and I did find that I could rise from my misery and be a happy woman. And now I help you in your work. I go into those dark spheres I have lately left, but to do so I have to cover myself with a sort of cloak, because I am too bright for them to look on without it. And they come round me and try to get at me, howling, cursing, and threatening in the most horrible and blasphemous language. But there is a barrier between them and me that they cannot pass. And I stand before them quietly and wait. Then I open the cloak a little, and show them some of my brightness, and then presently a little more. I tell them that I was once like them, and that they can if they wish be like me, and I ask them to come with me. Some say they will, others that they will not. Those that will I bring to you, and they see, in your brain, perhaps, a picture of some street you have passed through on your way home, and this revives some memory of their own earth life. Gradually other events of the past recur to them, and then—O God! the agony of the awakening soul!' The recollection of her own awakening was too much for her, and Isabella completely broke down. She was only able to add a few words and then left the medium. She has told me that when I pass over she will meet me, and that I shall know her by the lily she will present to me. The question of reward for the help I am able to render, is one that does not present itself to me; the happiness the work brings is quite sufficient recompense; but I must confess that I do think sometimes of the reception that awaits me on the other side from those whom I have been instrumental in bringing from darkness to light. I shall not want for friends when I reach the spirit realms.

A very striking instance of the hold that imagination takes upon the spirit, was afforded only a week or two ago, by one who came with outstretched arm and a clenched fist, which, he supposed, grasped a dagger. He said: 'This hand is clenched and must remain so for ever. With it I struck the blow that killed the wife I loved and her unborn babe. In my jealous frenzy I stabbed her in the breast, and she fell dead at my feet. My hand has held the weapon with which I did the foul deed ever since, and must do so through all eternity.' 'No, my friend,' I said; 'you are wrong. Your hand shall yet open. You shall yet be happy with the wife you so cruelly slew; your confession and your remorse shall save you.' He interrupted me, and turning upon me said, 'You lie! you lie! it is impossible! Oh that God would mercifully annihilate me and end this torture.' 'I tell you I speak the truth; you shall be

helped. Your hand shall unclasp, and you shall blot out the past and be happy. I cannot say how soon; but your remorse, I tell you again, shall be your salvation.' 'No! no! Never!' he replied; but as he spoke the hand slowly opened, and the fingers straightened and separated. The revulsion of feeling was terrible to witness. A light came, and he was borne away—his feet on the first rung of the ladder of progress.

Scenes of this intensity are rare, but I have frequently to put forth a tremendous amount of power, before I can succeed in convincing very despondent spirits of the possibility of emerging from their hopeless state of misery, and sometimes I seem utterly and miserably to fail to do them good at the time. Hypocritical, canting spirits, I am happy to say, never present themselves, few besides Isabella have come a second time to tell me of their progress. My mission is confined to awakening the desire to rise, and giving first aid by prayer.

A very clear proof of the reality of my mediumship was afforded in May last, at the Cavendish Rooms, one Sunday evening, when Miss MacCreadie was giving clairvoyant descriptions. Her control described a spirit standing by my side, who knew no one present, but had come for help. He had a pistol in his hand, with which he had shot himself. I stated that he was at my side because I devoted myself to the work of helping those who needed assistance, and of course I promised to do all I could for this unhappy suicide. Before retiring to rest I talked to him, prayed for him and with him, but felt utterly powerless to relieve him, in spite of every effort. The following day I felt his influence strongly and was ready to burst into tears at any moment. Fortunately, nothing of an affecting or pathetic nature came under my notice, for I must have given way had such been the case. Again, on Monday night, I resumed my efforts, and this time they were crowned with success. Not only was I able to relieve the poor fellow, but myself also, and the load I had borne all day was lifted from my shoulders.

Why is it so extremely difficult to deal with the cases of suicides, and afford them the relief they crave? Did this poor spirit come to me because he saw in me a suicide in intent—one who had been tempted in like manner to himself—and *not* without sin? Was my own attempt at self-destruction part of the training that was to fit me for my mission of help?

To none of these three questions can I furnish an answer. An affirmative reply to the two latter would, however, I think, be justified. I may add that I had not at that time spoken to Miss MacCreadie; it was the first visit I had paid to the Cavendish Rooms, and in the crowded room, where I sat among strangers, not more than about half-a-dozen people knew me. A better test of the reality of my mission could hardly be afforded, than that in an assembly where many highly-gifted and experienced mediums were present, who might, perhaps, have been more capable of dealing with the case than myself, I was the one selected by this man to help him in his trouble.

And with work of this kind on hand, what care I for this world's concerns? What attractions have wealth, power, influence, pleasure for me? None! My whole being is absorbed in my mission; my whole thought devoted to the one consideration how best to do the most good. My soul burns with the intensity of my desire to gain more power for accomplishing the release of those darkened spirits, brothers and sisters all of them, part and parcel of the great universal spirit of life, of which we are all individualised members.

A great, and to me impenetrable, mystery surrounds these experiences. Do we all at one time or other of our evolution have to pass through this suffering? Have I passed through it, or is it still my lot to undergo a time of darkness, from which I shall be released by some mortal doing the work I myself am doing now? I know not. I am content to wait for wisdom that probably will never come to me on this earth plane, but what I know not now I shall know hereafter, and I have faith in the Infinite, the Eternal, the Unknowable. The crowning proof of the truth of all I have told you is furnished in my daily life. Friends say to me: How can you attend to your work with this awful strain upon you? I tell them that I feel no strain at all—nor do I. Part of my work is the compilation of statistics of a complicated nature, and I perform this and other work with ease and correctness. Could I do so if there were no reality in all this, and if it was the effect of a diseased brain, or mental hallucination? Most certainly not.



A word in conclusion as to one result that will be achieved by this work. It cannot be a matter of doubt that vast influences for good and evil are exerted by the unseen world over this earth. Clairvoyants tell us of the spirits to be seen haunting public-houses; similar influences are in all probability at work in brothels, in gambling hells, and such like haunts of vice, urging on their victims, and satisfying their own evil desires, at the same time that mortals indulge their passions. I have had such come to me, and I know that the same power that in very many instances tempted to evil, is now used to influence for good. What a field this opens for the advancement of the cause of righteousness on earth, through work done in the spirit world! It has often seemed a reproach to me that I am not labouring for the benefit of humanity, and many high-minded Spiritualists have told me that this earth is my proper sphere of work. Well, I hope to work on both planes; and if my physical powers allow of the effort being made, before long I hope to be preaching the gospel of love in the open air in some of our East End spaces—but on somewhat broader lines than are adopted by those who mix up the message of goodwill and love with threats of eternal damnation. Rather would I say with Whittier:—

‘Father of all,’ he urges his strong plea,  
‘Thou lovest all, Thy erring child may be  
Lost to himself but never lost to Thee.

All souls are Thine; the wings of morning bear  
None from that Presence which is everywhere;  
Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art there.

Through sins of sense, perversities of soul,  
Through doubt and pain, through guilt and shame and ill,  
Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature still.

Wilt Thou not make, Eternal Source and Goal,  
In Thy long years, life’s broken circle whole,  
And change to praise the cry of a lost soul?’

[Mr. Atwood is issuing the full report of his address in pamphlet form. Copies, price 3d. each, post free, can be had on application to him at 12, Maryland Park, Stratford, London, E.]

#### PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

Mr. John George Davidson, of ‘The Chestnuts,’ Alfreton-road, Nottingham, sends us the following account of a séance held at Mr. Brearley’s, Garden-street, Nottingham, as likely to be of interest to our readers:—

Mr. John Taylor, of Farnworth, Lancashire, was the medium, and most of the sitters were members of the Nottingham Spiritual Evidence Society. The phenomena commenced about 8.15 p.m., and continued, with scarcely a break, for nearly two hours. A large oblong table was brought into the room, so large and heavy, that it was only the strongest of us that could take it by the ends and raise it from the floor.

A few of the sitters drew their chairs up to the table and placed their hands lightly upon it. The medium was controlled, and asked for a little music on the piano. A march was played and the weighty table beat time to the music, now gently, now heavily, as the pianist varied the tone of the instrument. A gentleman stood on the table, and at a word from the medium the whole rose from the ground. A chair was then placed on the table and one of the sitters took his seat on it. Another held the back of the chair and pushed downwards with all his strength. In spite of his efforts, chair, table, and sitter were again lifted clear of the ground.

The medium’s hands having been placed on the seat of the chair, which was set on the table, both table and chair rose from the floor, the table appearing to adhere to the legs of the chair. Perhaps the most marvellous manifestation of the evening was that of the two heaviest men in the room, reaching about twenty-seven stone in weight, being raised, standing on the table, in spite of the efforts of the other sitters to push them to the floor. I have now sat three times with Mr. Taylor, and am convinced that, given good conditions, we have in him a most powerful physical medium, capable of convincing the honest sceptic of the reality of spirit presence and power.

LONDON (ELEPHANT AND CASTLE).—‘LIGHT’ is kept on sale by Mr. Wirbatz, 18, New Kent-road, S.E.

#### PHENOMENA IN A PRIVATE CIRCLE.

FURTHER REPORT BY F. W. THURSTAN, M.A.

Since my last report our little circle have had four more meetings. Although no particularly new physical phenomenon has manifested itself, the proceedings have been noteworthy in two points. The first is interesting in disclosing the organisation on the other side. There has been a change of relays among the workers on the purely physical plane. Our old friend ‘Peter Wharton’ and some of his co-workers have gone off to another sphere for a holiday and a course of study. He may return occasionally for some special piece of work; eventually he has promised to return with higher powers given him. Their place has been taken by seven new workers who are now practising their apprentice hands in the various modes of manifestation established in our circle, and it is promised that when they have made themselves at home they will exceed the last band in power. Another circumstance in this connection may be here commented on by me—apparently trivial, but one which to working Spiritualists may disclose a serious state of affairs prevailing among our departed fellow-beings. One, at least, of the new-comers, ‘Esther Ravenhall,’ manifested at first a great repugnance to having to come down to this plane to do work. She seemed to be filled with the idea that physical work on this plane is a very great waste of energy. It was hard and difficult work, and people on earth did not seem to want it after all was done, or to appreciate it. If this is a general notion prevailing now among the lower beings on the other side, it is no wonder that the supply of physical phenomena has fallen off so much in recent years, and we must do our best to eradicate this notion by making the most of our facts.

The second point of interest was a very striking proof of the return of a recently departed religious personality by means of effecting a control of Mrs. T., when all the states of his mind during the last few months of his life reproduced themselves in incoherent utterances, showing once again, what others have noted, the apparent necessity that exists for a spirit returning to the plane of his earthly personality to take up that personality where he left it.

I will now briefly enumerate the particulars of each meeting:—

On Sunday, October 17th, our circle consisted of Mr. and Mrs. T., my two young Indian charges, and myself. We had been spending the afternoon at our friend’s house in Hampstead, and after tea sat together in the usual room, under the usual conditions of a light subdued to a point by which we could just distinguish our figures as we sat opposite one another. Under these circumstances we could distinctly hear taps made upon a metal goblet standing upon the large table in front of us, covered over with a heavy table cover which hung well over all the edges of the table, and on the top of which all our hands could be seen resting. The boys’ young sister also manifested by the merry little showers of raps as before, and the boys’ sowed by clinking sounds as before and answering questions put him in Hindustani. ‘Clare’s’ voice whispered some sentences. ‘Peter Wharton’—whose raps had been conspicuously absent this evening—tried to speak, but after a sentence in the direct voice he dropped into control and told us that somehow that evening he was not in the mood for doing much physically. He then directed us to push aside the table and to arrange our chairs in a horse-shoe form in front of the curtains fixed across the recess. Mr. T. was to seat himself on one side, and myself on the other, next the curtain. Mrs. T. was to seat herself next her husband, and the boys between her and me; and then we were to part the two curtains so that a tambourine, coated with luminous paint, standing on a chair between them, could be seen by us all as we faced it. While we sang, ‘Emily,’ we were old, was going to try to move it. This she accomplished—the jingle of its bell being heard by all of us; and finally the heavy chair itself tilted forward, and the instrument slid to the ground. I stooped down and replaced it. There was no string or anything attached to it; and, needless to say, there is no plant of electrical wires laid on to the spot, as at Maskelyne and Cooke’s in the Egyptian Hall. Again it was made to rattle as we sang. A toy trumpet standing on the table, now pushed away in a far corner of the room, was taken up by ‘Toto’ and flung over Mrs. T.’s head into my lap, coming gently right into my hands. The boys and Mr. T. also frequently felt the touch on their heads of soft drapery.



Our next meeting was again at Hampstead on Sunday evening, November 7th. This time Mr. and Mrs. T. and myself were the only sitters. The conditions of place and light were as usual, except that a low clothes-horse, draped with cloaks, and stretched across a corner, was used instead of the curtains for a cabinet.

Before describing the results I must mention an incident which had happened to me previously, as it throws light on a circumstance. On the previous Friday I had invited Mr. and Mrs. T. to the meeting of the Society for Psychical Research, and while Mr. Hodgson's lecture was going on we three constantly heard the familiar slow low thuds of 'Peter Wharton's' raps upon the back rung of Mrs. T.'s chair, betraying his presence with us. As I went home by train that evening without a thought of 'Peter,' suddenly my thoughts began to talk to me in his peculiar Midland dialect, telling me, among other things, that he was getting tired of his work on the physical plane, and he felt keenly his want of intellectual training and artistic culture, so requisite for a complete manhood. He kept me company in this way for the rest of my journey, making me see in his humorous light all the little incidents that happened. The evening of the next day (Saturday) as I was sitting quietly in my room, he came again in this way into my thoughts, impressing me that he had something important to communicate, but whether he was too shy to say it out directly, or whether I was dull in catching his thought, he wound up by saying that I should know all about it at the meeting arranged for the following day.

It had never occurred to me to mention to my friends how my thoughts had 'run on' 'Peter Wharton' in this way, but as soon as the meeting commenced—Mrs. T. being seated on a low stool behind the screen, and Mr. T. and myself at a table on the other side of it—after Mrs. T.'s sister Annie and 'George Meadows' had greeted us with their characteristic raps, 'Nellie' controlled her mother and gave us a message from 'Peter,' that he had come yesterday to take leave of Mrs. T., and had also paid me a visit for the same purpose, for he was off on a trip to some sphere where he is going to take a holiday and study, but would return sometimes for some big occasion; that great changes in our band had taken place; seven new ones had come, and this evening they wanted to begin practising one or two things. 'Alexander,' the recently-killed Hellenic soldier, was going to take 'Peter's' place as signaller for raps whenever messages had to be spelt, acting under the direction of 'George Meadows,' who had been also the director of 'Peter,' and the one who had first manifested raps at our first meeting, two years ago. 'Nellie' also told us that there were one or two strange gentlemen present, who had probably come for purposes of 'identity' proofs. One was telling her that his name was Pennyson. I suggested Tennyson. After a little pause she said it was not the gentleman whose picture mother had seen in 'Borderland' (Lord Tennyson), but some relative of his. After this 'Nellie' left control, and 'Alexander's' raps began. We asked him to spell out the name of the visitor 'Nellie' had seen. On calling the alphabet, 'William Tennyson' was spelt. However, we got no more from this person; but 'Nellie' told us afterwards he had made only a preliminary visit to prepare the ground for some possible future occasion; also that he had brought a relative or friend of his called 'Annie' (like Mrs. T.'s sister), who was going to be one of the new band; perhaps this was the cause of his visit. After this, some lively spirit-lights were manifested above Mrs. T.'s head while we sang, and when we had finished, Mrs. T. was found to be under the control of a new-comer. She talked as if she were complaining aloud to some unseen director who had brought her. She said: 'I tell you it is no good coming back like this. People don't want you here, and when you do anything for them they don't believe you. I had much nicer work to do in my spirit home. Why should I have to come here? What's the good of it all, I say?' We asked her name. She said, 'Esther Elizabeth Ravenhall.' It was a strange name to us. She said she was a relative of 'Peter's'—twenty-two years—had passed away three years ago, We had great difficulty in getting her to recollect her earthly circumstances. She kept saying it was so funny having to speak through another person's skull, and very difficult to get it to work properly when you were not used to it, and what was the good of it? However, she muttered several times, 'Aunt Mary Anne,' and 'Uncle' somebody (I will not mention names), who lived at South-street, Birmingham. Mr. T. said that must have

been the vegetable shop which 'Peter' worked for when in this life. She told us she had made the spiritual lights, and asked what a tin of plaster-of-Paris behind the cabinet was for. We told her. She said she thought she could give us an impression of her hand some day, and asked if her hand would do and held it up for us to see. All that I could distinguish was a large patch of luminosity of the appearance of a phosphorescent palm and fingers. After that she left control and soon afterwards Mrs. T. was heard muttering behind the screen, under the influence of another strange control. He talked in a low voice rapidly and incoherently. We could not get his name, or anything about him; he kept saying, 'I have been now dead these forty-two years and why should I be here still? What is the good of it?' Then 'Nellie' came to say that she could not make out who the stranger was: perhaps he had come for some identification. At our next meeting we had more light on this manifestation. We were to sing to change the influence, and 'Clare' wished to manifest. So we sang 'Clare's' hymn and heard her join in here and there, but in a weak voice. She whispered afterwards that she was doing her best but the power was gone.

Then Mrs. T. was ordered to come out and join us at the table as some of the new band wished to try their hand at direct writing, at which, after practice, they would be much better than the old band. On the table was a manuscript book opened, under the raised tablecloth, the front page being initialled by me as being clean of all writing. We sat with hands grasped above the cloth and our heads leaning forward. While we were in this position raps manifested on a distant part of the floor. It was a new kind of raps, so we asked the name, and 'Mark Barton' was spelt out. I have altered the surname a little, as Mr. T. recognised it as that of an acquaintance in the town in which they formerly resided, whose relatives are still alive. Mrs. T. said if he were Mark would he rap out for identification the expression he was always using about his daughter. He rapped out, 'Fierce as a rat,' which was right.

After this we were sitting quietly when I saw a vision in front of me of a farm stable with two prize rams in a stall. On mentioning the fact Mr. T. told me, what he had not said before, that this Mark had been a farmer and breeder of sheep. Then the pencil was heard moving under the cloth, and soon afterwards, on being told to conclude, we found four signatures of members of the new band, viz., 'Esther,' in very neat handwriting, 'Charles Wade' in a very small cramped one, 'Annie' in bold hand, and another large illegible scrawl. I forgot to mention that the sower's tinkles were also heard again, while we three were seated at the table, and he tried to control Mrs. T. to speak Hindustani through her, but only succeeded in making a sound or two. He has promised to try again another time. He requires to have complete control of the muscular motor centres of the tongue before he can do so. 'Nellie' also told us at the end that Esther would soon be reconciled to her new sphere of work; when you had reached a happy home above, returning to earth-consciousness was very disagreeable; in fact much the same as it would be for us, when we were nice and cosy before a snug fireside, if we had to turn out at the call of duty into a cold, bleak, dark night, but then there was the reward when we came home again in feeling increased energy of being, and the increased cosiness of our fireside.

(To be continued.)

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THE Khedive has bestowed on Edward Randall Knowles, LL.D., of Oxford, Mass., U.S.A., the exalted decoration of the Commandership of the Turkish Imperial Order of the Medjidie. This Order has five grades, the first two being conferred only upon royalty, or high officials of State. Dr. Knowles's commandership (the third grade) is the only one held by an American. It was given in recognition of his work, 'Supremacy of the Spiritual,' published two years ago.—New York 'Home Journal.'

THE 'Banner of Light' remarks: In some Spiritualist homes we find no Spiritualist paper or book of any description, but may see papers of various kinds, together with many light novels, whose contents may amuse but cannot possibly instruct the reader. A Spiritualist who wishes to do something for his religion can afford to give up a few cigars, a few extra ornaments for the head or person, or a few theatre tickets, and give the sums thus saved to Spiritualism. A higher education is needed, and the Press will do its part if the people will do theirs.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

## The Fatherhood of God.

SIR,—Your correspondent who says that we ascribe sex to the Deity does not in the slightest degree understand us. Indeed, it is perfectly obvious that the word 'Father,' as applied to God, is only a symbol. We should be no better off if we said 'Mother' or (as we are advised!) 'Father-Mother.' 'The Ideal' of Our Father's Church says: 'The Fatherhood of God is an earthly symbol of a heavenly reality. By these words, "Fatherhood of God," we mean that the mysterious Almighty Power which produces all things is mindful and merciful.'

J. PAGE HOPPS.

## Divine Motherhood.

SIR,—I am sorry that my letter should have given anyone the impression—which seems to be the case—that my argument was founded on some narrow personal experience. But I should be a very unworthy daughter of a singularly tender father if I allowed myself to be selfishly blinded by the fact of having enjoyed a certain good thing myself and shut myself off from any sympathetic study of the world around me.

Your correspondent, "A Woman," speaks truly and beautifully of the motherly element of intuition, '*by which a true woman discerns and develops the highest capacities latent in the characters of men.*' In other words, her special function is *divine*! In what way this view contradicts, or in any manner conflicts with, the idea that Divine Love is more adequately represented by the Mother-type, I am at a loss to understand. If it contradicts anything, it is surely in direct opposition to the idea of a masculine God—especially in the more primitive and militant aspect of a Lord God of Hosts.

I am not much disturbed by the outcry of sex-rivalry, because this well-known old stalking-horse has been dragged out so often in matters connected with secular life whenever any conscientious attempt has been made to point out the sex-disunion which *does* exist, *whether ignored or not*, is kept alive and fostered just as disastrously to both sexes alike, and as much to their spiritual as their moral injury. Development is often hindered by what we persistently overlook.

I think 'A Woman' must surely perceive on second thoughts that her sweeping condemnation—as unwomanly—of a view to which she has not apparently devoted much attention, is somewhat rash and ill-considered. At any rate, it is useless in these days to pass a purely arbitrary judgment upon others from one's own personal standpoint, because neither thoughtful men nor women will accept it.

My sole reason for bringing forward what—in its superficial aspect only—may seem like raising so-called conflict, is my profound conviction that a somewhat tenderer and more *restful* conception of Deity is what so many are really, half-unconsciously, longing for, and that only to arrive dimly and imperfectly at this conception affords an almost indescribable happiness, which seems, one hardly knows how, to put at rest, of itself, so much that is painful and problematical in life.

I can only ask, sir, that you will kindly insert this communication, which I have endeavoured to make as brief as possible.

H.

## Stonehenge Temple. More Discoveries.

SIR,—In your issue of October 23rd a letter of mine appeared, under the heading of 'Further Archaeological Discoveries.' In it I claimed to have discovered the great mystery that has for ages been connected with the gigantic artificial mound, situated about six miles from Marlborough, on the Bath road, historically known by the name of Silbury Hill. As I explained, it was clearly evident that this Druidical structure served, as the Great Pyramid of Egypt did, to record the vernal and autumnal equinoxes; the sun on these dates, at high noon, being seen to rest apparently on its apex.

I asked you to record this discovery for many reasons. Since writing that letter I have worked out more extraordinary facts connected with Stonehenge Temple—another ancient Druidic structure. As your readers are already aware, I claim that Stonehenge is an ancient Royal Arch Masonic Temple, because the Holy Royal Arch with the signs of the Zodiac was shown in the crypt of King Solomon's Temple, which Royal

Arch Masons are fully acquainted with, and these signs are also hieroglyphically represented at Stonehenge.

In Freemasonry, as in Scripture, we have what is termed 'Jacob's Ladder,' which was supposed to lead up and down to Heaven. This ladder is simply an allegory referring to astronomical truths, and esoterically shows the progress of the sun working up to the Tropic of Cancer from the Equator and back again. At Stonehenge the seven trilithons are arranged in the shape of an ellipse—representing the shape of the earth's orbit—there being three pairs and one central or grand one. There are three ascending and three descending steps, and they are so constructed that they show the exact distance from the Equator to the Tropic of Cancer by the three ascending, and the same distance by the three descending steps. I have no time or inclination to go into further details, as I hope to give these later on in a book which I am preparing. I am simply writing to ask you to record the fact that I claim to have discovered what I believe is the astronomical basis of 'Jacob's Ladder.' I fully expect that very few, if any, of your readers will credit my theories, but that is of little consequence. As a Royal Arch Mason, I know that Freemasonry and Judaism are based on the same astronomical foundation; in fact, that the Christian Church has sprung from the Jewish and that true Science, Freemasonry, and Religion are practically inseparable. Royal Arch Masonry originated in England (I mean its present form), but it can be traced back to Solomon's Temple B.C. 1015. In B.C. 2000 Phœnician ships traded with the British—then Western—Isles and I have traced the introduction of Israelitish priests coming to these parts, and eventually losing trace of their original ancestors. The Gilgal, or circular stone temples, built by them still remain to this day, and they are of the patriarchal age, when temples had no roofs. Like Spiritualism, it is, I find, a difficult matter to prove this fact. Anyway, I ask you to be good enough to record what I claim.

Southampton. BERKS T. HUTCHINSON, D.D.S., L.D.S.

## Mrs. and Miss Read.—Prospective Arrangements.

SIR,—Will you allow me to inform those friends who were unable to secure sittings with Mrs. and Miss Read upon the occasion of their recent visit to London that an opportunity for so doing is likely to be forthcoming early in the New Year? Mrs. Graddon has kindly suggested that Mrs. Read should make her headquarters for the fortnight she and her daughter will remain in town at 5, Nottingham-terrace; and it is proposed to devote the first week to public circles, and the second week to private séances. Twelve tickets at 2s. 6d. each will be issued for each of the six public circles. I shall probably take up the entire dozen for one of the evenings, in order that I and my friends may sit together, and other Spiritualists may think it well to do likewise. Such a plan conduces to harmony and should facilitate good phenomena. How immensely results are determined by conditions is known to all experienced observers, and yet we still hear whispers of sealed tapes and wire cages! We have often told our friends of the Society for Psychical Research that, according to their own teaching, 'suggestion' is likely to fulfil itself, and therefore to expect fraud is the way to find it. Let us then leave our acknowledged bad methods to the investigator who has not learnt to do without them, and as *Spiritualists* practise what we preach.

Happily, no such considerations need enter into our relations with Mrs. and Miss Read. In a fair light, *audible* phenomena can be obtained of a character to convince any unprejudiced person that invisible operators are at work; and once the confidence of the circle is thus gained, there can be no valid objection to greatly subduing or extinguishing the light, in order to secure the more remarkable phenomenon of materialisation. In Miss Read's case this does not go beyond materialised hands. The whole form is never seen, and, probably, for the reason that Mrs. Read will not allow her daughter to become entranced and possibly some day the prey of an ill-disposed or foolish spirit. Even the advanced guides of Mr. Stainton Moses warned him of the danger of exposing himself to the action of such spirits by sitting entranced in promiscuous circles; a danger from which they said they might be powerless to protect him! I had the pleasure of entertaining Mrs. and Miss Read lately for a fortnight, and have not the least hesitation in affirming the phenomena we most closely observed to be indisputably genuine. Those whose opportunities were less favourable cannot, of course, speak with like certainty, and should there be



any who doubt I would earnestly advise them at least to suspend criticism and judgment for the moment. Any inquiries can be addressed (with stamped envelope for reply) to Mrs. Read, 49, Robert-road, Handsworth, Birmingham, or to myself.

98, Alleyn-road, West Dulwich. (Mrs.) W. P. BROWNE.

### SOCIETY WORK.

72, ASKEW-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—On Sunday last good clairvoyance was given through Mrs. Mason's guides; in some cases both Christian and surnames being given. Next Sunday, Mr. Peters, at 7 p.m. sharp.—M.E.C., Sec.

193, BOW-ROAD, BOW.—On Sunday evening last Mr. Sloane occupied the platform; the subject chosen by the audience being 'The Love of God,' which he dealt with in a masterly manner. Mr. Sloane also gave some successful psychometry.—H.H.

ISLINGTON SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, WELLINGTON HALL, N.—Mr. Brenchley gave an address on 'Lying Spirits,' and Mrs. Brenchley gave convincing clairvoyance. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., 'Evangel' will give an address. Thursday, at 8 p.m., circle, for members only; medium, Mr. Brenchley.—C.D.C.

BRISTOL, 24, UPPER MAUDLIN-STREET.—On Sunday last we had a splendid meeting. The influences being varied much affected the medium, but the control was, nevertheless, convincing to several strangers. Some answers were given through the table from a sister of one of the sitters, and a writing medium gave a satisfactory message. An inspired invocation from a young medium closed the proceedings.—W. WEBBER, Sec.

NORTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, 14, STROUD GREEN-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. John Kinsman presided and gave an excellent address on 'Spiritualism: Ancient and Modern,' and was followed by our old friend Mr. Wallace. Mr. Brooks read a beautiful poem on 'The Soul Victorious.' Next Sunday, at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Tuesday, at 8 p.m., for inquirers. Wednesday, at 8 p.m., members' circle.

HACKNEY SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, CLIFTON HOUSE, 155, RICHMOND-ROAD, MARE-STREET, N.E.—On Sunday evening last Mr. Emms gave an address on 'The Responsibilities of Spiritualists.' Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. H. Boddington. Circle for members on Wednesday, at 8 p.m., doors close at 8.30 sharp. Mediums willing to assist at our meetings in January and February are earnestly requested to communicate with the secretary.—H. BROOKS.

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, MARTIN-STREET HALL, STRATFORD.—On Sunday last Mr. Phillips' guides kindly took the meeting and ably addressed a good audience. Mr. Landridge presided. Our social gathering has been fixed for December 17th, tickets 6d. each. Next Sunday, Mr. T. Emms, of Hackney, will address the meeting, after which a members' circle will be held. Lyceum, Sunday, at 11 a.m., Mr. Wrench, conductor. Social meeting on December 17th.—WM. A. RENFREE, Sec.

BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD TEMPERANCE HALL, DODDINGTON-GROVE.—On Tuesday (30th inst.), in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Peters, Mrs. H. Boddington gave spiritual advice, and various side issues raised were discussed with much vigour. On Sunday last Mr. Peters gave clairvoyance. His delivery was noticeably smooth and clear. Solos were rendered by Miss Greennan and Mrs. H. Boddington; short addresses followed by Mr. Love and Mr. Boddington. Thursday, at 8 p.m., developing class. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mrs. H. Boddington and friends. Battersea Park open-air work suspended until further notice.—W.S.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—The marked ability and oratorical power always associated with the inspirers of Mr. J. J. Morse were again manifest in the address delivered at these rooms on Sunday evening last, the subject being, 'Spiritualism: A Nineteenth Century Reformation.' Amongst the numerous audience were many inquirers, and to these 'Tien' specially addressed himself; but the experienced Spiritualists present were equally interested and edified. The closest attention and appreciation of the audience were most apparent throughout. Miss Florence Morse again won warm praise for her rendering of 'Angel Land' (Pinsuti). Mr. Morse also read a poem, entitled 'Words.' Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Miss MacCreddie, address and clairvoyance. Solo, Miss Samuel. Early attendance is again requested.—LEIGH HUNT.

CARDIFF PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY, ST. JOHN'S HALL.—On Sunday last the morning service was conducted by Mr. E. Adams. In the evening we were privileged to listen to an able and richly intellectual address by Mr. William Scott, of Merthyr Tydvil, its three sub-divisions being (1st) 'The Pre-historic Race of Man'; (2nd) 'Man in the Light of Ancient History'; (3rd) 'The Ultimate of Man—Spirit.' Mr. Scott's intense earnestness, and forcible and eloquent delivery, make him a powerful and successful exponent of our philosophy. We should like to see this address in print. Our Merthyr brethren are blessed in having so cultured and earnest a supporter of our cause in their midst. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., subject,

'The Greatest of these is Love,' by a lady member; at 6.30 p.m., Mrs. M. A. Sadler.—E.A.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' MISSION, SURREY MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—The public circle held on Sunday mornings in connection with this mission is well attended. We are never without the presence of new inquirers, over fifty having joined the mission since we started three months ago. Good tests were given to several who were quite strangers. On Sunday evening, 'Douglas,' our leader's guide, dealt in an able manner with 'Ancient Prophets and Modern Mediums,' explaining at some length the mediumship of Moses. The address was most interesting from beginning to end. Mr. Beal took charge of the after-service circle for members, which was well attended. On Sunday, at 11 a.m., public circle, door closed at 11.15 a.m.; at 3 p.m., children's Lyceum; at 6 p.m., lending library; at 6.30 p.m., Mr. W. H. Phillips, of Bridgwater; at 8 p.m., general assembly of members and election of candidates.—'VERAX.'

EAST LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' ASSOCIATION, STRATFORD.—The work at our three centres, Workman's Hall, West Ham-lane, Stratford, Liberal Hall, Forest Gate, and Temperance Hall, White Post-lane, Manor Park, is still progressing. Our platforms at the three centres have been ably filled by qualified speakers and clairvoyants. Mr. W. Ronald Brailey, at Stratford, on Thursdays, is giving a series of lectures on 'The Bible,' followed by clairvoyance; and on Sundays, at Forest Gate, he speaks to good audiences, giving inspirational poems and clairvoyance; and again on Mondays, at Manor Park, where the guides deal with inquiries, answer questions, and also again give tests of the presence of the unseen; Mrs. Brailey giving her vocal services to brighten the meetings. 'Evangel's' untiring platform work and well-delivered discourses have been a spiritual enlightenment the last few Sundays at Stratford, where the efforts of the choir have enlivened the proceedings with their musical contributions. Mr. Peters also has rendered good service in psychometry, his abilities in this direction being very successful. At Stratford and Manor Park, during the past week, Mr. Peters' tests have been thoroughly convincing. Mr. Alfred Bradley, at Manor Park, on Sunday last, also contributed to the work which our three platforms demand. Many thanks are due to these workers for their unselfish efforts. Mr. W. Ronald Brailey is forming a platform developing class at Manor Park, on Friday evenings; application for membership (which is limited to the association's members) must be made early. Mr. Peters is also contemplating forming one at Stratford. Next Sunday, at the Liberal Hall, opposite Forest Gate Station, 'Evangel,' at 7 p.m.; at the Workman's Hall, West Ham-lane, Stratford, Mr. Ronald Brailey, trance medium, at 6.45 p.m.; at the Temperance Hall, Manor Park, Mr. Gibbs, at 7 p.m.—THOS. MCCALLUM, Sec.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

'Prospectus of the American School of Metaphysics; Leander Edmund Whipple—Principal.' New York, U.S.A.: 272, Madison-avenue.

'Satan's Invisible World Displayed; or, Despairing Democracy.' A Study of Greater New York. By W. T. STEAD. Being the 'Review of Review's' Annual for 1898. London: Mowbray House, Norfolk-street, Strand, W.C. Price 1s.

'In Search of a Soul.' A Series of Essays in Interpretation of the Higher Nature of Man. By HORATIO W. DRESSER. U.S.A.: The Philosophical Publishing Company, 19, Blagden-street, Copley-square, Boston, Mass. Price 1dol. 50c.

'Mind,' for December. Among the contents are: The Theory and Practice of Vedanta; Spirit and Matter Identical; The Utility of Physiognomy; All Phenomena, Facts of Consciousness, &c. London agents: The Roxburghe Press, 15, Victoria-street, S.W. Price 1s.

'Hazell's Annual,' for 1898. A Cyclopædic Record of Men and Topics of the Day. Revised to November 22nd, 1897. Thirteenth year of issue. Edited by W. PALMER, B.A. (Lond.) London: Hazell, Watson & Viney, Limited, 1, Creed-lane, Ludgate-hill, E.C. Price 3s. 6d.

'Lessons in Truth.' By H. EMILIE CADY, author of 'Finding the Christ in Ourselves.' Three booklets, constituting a full course of twelve lessons, on the subject of Mental Healing and Spiritual Unfoldment. Unity Metaphysical Series. Published bi-monthly by the Unity Book Company, 512, Hall buildings, Kansas City, Mo., U.S.A. Price 75c.

We have also received: 'L'Initiation,' 'La Lumière,' 'La Tribune Psychique,' 'Nova Lux,' 'Psychische Studien,' 'Die Uebersinnliche Welt,' 'La Revue Spirite,' 'Revue de la France Moderne,' 'The Lyceum Banner,' 'Literary Digest,' 'The Crescent.'

BLOOMSBURY AND VICINITY.—'LIGHT' may always be obtained of Mackenzie and Co., 81, Endell-street, Shaftesbury-avenue.