

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT ! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

We are sorry to see 'The Literary Guide' drifting to the condition and the moorings of 'The Agnostic Journal.' Its early vocation was a good and useful one, but the bias appears to be too strong for the ideal. An instance occurs in the number for March, in the Article on 'The Anomalies of Immortality,'—a feeble and dismal attempt to put a cold water blanket over the loveliest ideal and the sweetest hope ever evolved from the human heart. We cannot imagine why anyone should care to even moisten the blanket, much less exert himself to use it.

At the outset we are told that 'in all the range of religious notions there is, perhaps, none, save that of the Deity,' which surpasses the notion of Immortality 'in the quality and quantity of its anomalies': and the first anomaly is, of course, the venerable *petitio principii* that nothing is known of immortality, and that 'nothing can ever be thoroughly proved about it until the souls beyond the grave break their silence': the assumption being that the millions of records of spirit-communion, in ancient and modern days, during, say, four thousand years, are all lies or illusions.

Now the trouble here is that writers like this, though they profess to want the evidence, will not even look at it when it arrives, but only laugh or sneer. The concluding words of this article show the writer's settled bias:—'Born of ignorance and fear, handed down through generations of superstition, it (the idea of immortality) is unworthy to make even a momentary stand against the arrayed forces of science. The time has come when eternal life must be bidden an eternal farewell.'

We are surprised, however, to find that this stickler for science affirms 'annihilation.' His 'weighty' consideration against immortality is 'the fact that life involves death. And this death is not a mere transition to another form of existence. It is annihilation.' But that is very old-fashioned science. Of course there are difficulties in our way, but 'annihilation' is not one of them. Modern Science has long got past that. Modern Science has annihilated annihilation.

We sympathise with this writer, however, in one particular. He shudders at the old 'orthodox' idea of an immortality with nothing to do but sing praises to God. There is much truth in the following:—

The orthodox heaven is a world of most dreadful inaction, relieved only by futile adoration of a Being who has no obvious use for praise. That such a conception should be considered as inspiring, that it should be vaunted from the

pulpit as the surpassing ideal of the human mind, is only another example of a familiar phenomenon. The average religious mind does not take the trouble to thoroughly realise its religious notions. They are vague, undefinable, shadowy, and elusively beautiful. Brought down to a level where they can be clearly perceived, they vanish into nothingness, or become convicted of impossibility or absurdity. When the idea of an eternal heaven is examined, the mind is staggered with the vision of unending periods of a merely vegetative life. Nothing, as has been said, could compensate a healthy human being for an eternity of existence.

But this also is old-fashioned. Surely even an agnostic or atheist could, if he tried, imagine employment that might be considered boundless in such a universe as even Science has suggested or revealed.

But 'The Literary Guide,' in the same number, slightly consoles us, or gives us a gleam of hope. In a notice of Mr. Quackenbos's Paper on 'The Moral Value of Hypnotic Suggestion,' 'The Guide' says:—

The difficult and obscure questions involved in hypnotism or animal magnetism would, we think, well repay careful, systematic, and prolonged study on the part of our leading psychologists and physiologists. It would be a great public advantage to have the possibilities and the limitations of hypnotic suggestion defined with some approach to clearness and scientific precision. Mr. Quackenbos is himself a therapeutic hypnotist, and he claims that not only has suggestion proved effective in the treatment of physical disorders, but that, under certain conditions, it effects wonderful moral reformations, and reclaims vicious and criminally-disposed persons who would be quite unmoved by the objective exhortations of the moralist and preacher. Mr. Quackenbos explains these things on the theory that each human being has a double self, or duplex personality, and that it is by means of the subliminal, or submerged, self that hypnotic suggestion produces its wonderful results. The theory may be imperfect; but, if Mr. Quackenbos has correctly stated his facts, the subject is one of great practical importance to students of ethical and sociological questions.

Does it not occur to 'The Guide' that this subliminal self may belong to that which is 'over the border'?

Dr. Peebles, writing in 'The Religio-Philosophical Journal,' refers to the pretty story told of the passing on of Mr. Moody, the famous evangelist, turning upon his seeing the spirit forms of his two grandchildren, Dwight and Irene. Dr. Peebles believes he became clairvoyant just before his death, and says:—

Listening to Moody's sermons last year in San Diego, I was certain that he was an inspired man, inspired by some old Baptist preachers who had not yet outgrown their Calvinistic dogmas. Moody and Ingersoll are both disappointed—happily disappointed spirits. Ingersoll is happy that he consciously exists, and Moody that there's no brimstone hell for the great majority of humanity. Let us pray for them. The thinker, the philosopher, afire with gratitude, thanks God, invokes angels and spirits, and prays for the so-called dead. Every kind deed, every good, tender, uplifting thought is a prayer.

Someone has sent us a copy of 'The Christian Herald.' Very prominent on the title page is the notice, '10 pictures of the war,' and the whole of page 1 is taken up with the portraits of two fighters. The other prominent feature in

this queer 'Christian' blend is a mad sermon by Dr. Talmage against Spirit-communion—to which we shall refer again in a future issue. We say no more now. It is not easy to shock us, but this dreadful print nearly succeeds. But no: it saddens us too much to shock us. What has become of Christ in the 'Christian' Church?

Dr. Wm. Sharpe's new book, 'Ideal Gods, and other Essays and Poems' (London: H. A. Copley), is stronger in thought than in form. Frankly, we prefer his prose. 'The correlation of colouring as regards natural scenery and bird-life' is a pleasant indication of what might be done in honest prose. The 'poetry' is only prose, somewhat bent out of its natural course and cut into lengths. But everywhere there is thought. But why, in the Preface, is correlation spelt 'corelation,' and why is the whole book peppered with misprints? It deserved a better fate.

We keep our warm corner for 'Freedom,' though it sometimes makes us wonder or—laugh. It has extraordinary notions, but some of its breezy remarks are highly tonic. These, for instance:—

I am glad I was not born 'rich.' I am glad I had the opportunity to gain strength and knowledge by encountering fearful odds in the way of sickness.

What is a life worth that is never blessed with experiences that teach strength? How much force of character will one display who is always 'provided for,' with no necessity for effort himself?

Will the mind learn to send out thought with great clearness and intensity if it has no motive for effort? Will anyone have perfect enjoyment of health and strength if he has never been sick or helpless?

Does the man who has never earned a dollar, know the value of money?

It takes rough experience to give one judgment that will enable him to utilise his forces to the best advantage and thus gain the maximum of happiness.

Freedom must be achieved. The knowledge that makes for mastery must be attained at any cost. As long as we are weak and helpless, we will be open to any negation that may be drifting around, seeking admission to just such feeding ground.

Let us welcome all tests of strength or courage. How will we know whether we are supreme if we never have a chance to demonstrate our mastery?

The following lines—anonymous to us—are reasonable, with an undercurrent of meaning not without spiritual significance:—

Oh, the March wind sings and stings!
And never a light caress,
Or a gentle finger press,
On the cowering earth he lays;
But over her roars and swings
With the sweep of his mighty wings,
Till she shudders in sore amaze.

But he is not all unkind,
For he knows her sluggish veins
Must thrill with relaxing pains
E'er the blossoms of springtime blow;
She must feel his piercing breath
As it summons her back from death,
And her sepulchre in the snow.

We are glad to see that the pamphlet recording the experiences in the Wesley Family during 1716 and 1717 has reached a third edition. It is entitled 'News from the Invisible World,' and is published by Mr. J. J. Morse, who contributes an introductory explanation. We have always held that the testimony of the Wesleys is of permanent value.

Dr. Paul Carus takes up his cudgels very vigorously against Mr. Herbert Spencer and his agnosticism, and, for a philosopher, he may be called violent. To Dr. Carus,

Spencer is 'a reactionary spirit,' who 'seems progressive because he objects to the religious dogmas that have been established by tradition; but he is reactionary because he boldly sets up nescience as a philosophical principle.' On its merits, that is a useful remark. It is too much the custom of 'advanced' people to assume that they are progressive when they only deny, and free when they seem free only to dismiss. Into the controversy between these two able men we do not intend to enter. Our feeling is that beneath the surface ripples they are as fix to five.

There came fluttering to us, a few days ago, the following dainty and shining little poem, by Frederick Langbridge. It is like the dove returning to the Ark. We take it in.

GOD'S HERO.

There were two brothers: one took glory's trade,
And held an empire in a red defile:
The other on the sheepfarm worked and prayed,
And warmed a bleak old age with heart-sound smile.
'Crown me, my Hero,' lo, the high God said,
And the gold blazed on the meek shepherd's head.

SPIRITUALISM IN SOUTH AFRICA.

It is my unpleasant duty to intimate that the South African Psychological Association is a thing of the past, it having been found impossible, owing to lack of mediums and lecturers, to keep the association going. With the view, however, of keeping Spiritualists here in touch with one another, and to have an executive body able and willing to act whenever opportunity present itself, a body, termed the Cape Psychological Committee, has been formed, and the subjoined circular explains the nature and methods by which it is proposed that these duties should be fulfilled. The committee are anxious to have the names not only of all interested, residing in South Africa, but also of all those contemplating visiting these shores, especially mediums and lecturers. Communications regarding South African Spiritualism may be addressed to me as under:—

S. L. GOODMAN,
Sec. of Cape Psychological Committee,
Observatory-road,
Near Cape Town,
South Africa.

CAPE PSYCHOLOGICAL COMMITTEE.

The Committee consist of three members elected as hereinafter specified, who have power to add three to their number.

The object of the Committee is to act as a consulting body for Spiritualists and Psychological Researchers in the Cape.

They keep a register of all Psychological Researchers throughout South Africa, and are entitled to charge a registration fee not exceeding 1s. per annum.

They will insert in such periodicals as they think desirable a notice requesting Psychological Researchers, residing in or intending to visit the Colony, to communicate with the Secretary.

When opportunity offers they arrange for addresses, séances, &c., from resident or visiting mediums or lecturers.

The Committee elect one of their number to act as Secretary and Treasurer.

The Committee meet at intervals not exceeding three months for the discharge of business.

An annual general meeting of all those on the register of the Committee will be held during the month of January of each year to receive the report of the Committee and the Treasurer's balance-sheet, and to elect a Committee for the ensuing year.

All members are eligible for re-election.

TESTS OF SPIRIT IDENTITY.—Professor James H. Hyslop says: In my seventeen sittings with Mrs. Piper, not once has she told me facts connected only with my own memory. Each time they have been common to myself and to persons long since dead. And this is also true of the great number of scientific men who have examined her. I have received in my sittings, and I have identified, twenty-five names belonging to persons not necessarily my relatives or even acquaintances.

SEANCES WITH MRS. CORNER.*

We, the undersigned, testify that, at a séance at Miss Mack Wall's residence, on the evening of March 7th, at which we were present, we saw Mrs. Corner and her control, 'Marie,' at the same time. 'Marie' was keeping the curtain back with one hand while with the other she held a luminous slate over the head of Mrs. Corner as she lay back in her chair, entranced. 'Marie' opened the curtain three times to show us herself and the medium thus—once in the middle and twice at the end nearest Mrs. Corner. Only one of our circle failed to see both figures and only saw the control. Her failure to do so was partly owing to position and partly to weakness of sight. But her husband was among the seers and she heard our remarks and exclamations at the time, and fully believes that the phenomenon occurred.

After the third time of opening the curtain, 'Marie' exclaimed exultantly: 'There, I have done it! I have done what you wanted. I have kept my promise,' and then, in her triumph, she threw the luminous card over the heads of the sitters to the other end of the room.

There was a strong red glow of light diffused over the room throughout the séance from a brazier lamp placed behind a screen of Turkey-red art muslin, and Mrs. Corner had, before it commenced, stripped to her last garment in the presence of some of the lady sitters and then had re-clad herself in garments provided by Miss Mack Wall, after which she was not left a moment alone. She was most securely bound to her chair, which was fastened to an iron ring in the floor and each hand was tied to an arm of the chair, with only two inches play allowed. All the knots were stitched over with coloured thread and everything was found intact afterwards.

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|----------------|-----------------|
| M. E. WRIGHT. | W. E. CARBERY. |
| L. WRIGHT. | H. DAMER-CAPE. |
| HENRY WRIGHT. | MARY MACK WALL. |
| A. R. | JOHN COX. |
| F. E. CARBERY. | |

Note.—'Marie's' exultation was simply caused by her having on this occasion succeeded in showing herself and the medium at the same time to the whole circle—with the one exception—and, as I had some séances previously requested she should, by the aid of the luminous card. Since Christmas the medium's form has several times been seen by one or more of the sitters, together with a materialised spirit figure, under circumstances which I hope to relate in detail in another communication. Also, at a subsequent séance which was held on the 13th inst. with a circle of sixteen sitters, seven of whom were present for the first time, the two forms were seen at the same time in the same way as before, by three other sitters and myself; one of these sitters was a new comer.

'A. R.' is reluctantly obliged, for private reasons, to withhold her full name, but it, with her address, is known to the Editor of 'LIGHT,' who is also acquainted with nearly all those who have signed.

Chelsea, S.W.

MARY MACK WALL.

THE SPIRIT ACTIVE WHILE THE BODY SLEEPS.

The following account of psychic phenomena was given in a recent issue of 'Mind' by C. G. Oyston:—While residing in Cleveland, Ohio, during the winter of 1888-89, one morning as I awoke my wife informed me that she had visited her friend Mrs. L., in England, during sleep, and had seen her lying in bed; but she arose, threw her arms around my wife's neck, and pleaded pathetically to be taken with her to Ohio; that she pushed her friend back on the bed and exclaimed, 'I cannot take you now, Annie. Indeed, I cannot!' I gave this narrative only a passing thought at the time, supposing it to be simply a dream; consequently I did not record the date. However, a few days later my wife received a letter from Mrs. L., in which were these words: 'You came to me the other night, and you looked so beautiful and well, I begged of you to take me with you, but you pushed me away and said, "Not yet, Annie; I cannot take you yet."' This letter was received in less than two weeks after the occurrence recorded, and before any possible material communication could have been made.—'Boston Times.'

* The 'Florrie Cook' of Sir William Crookes' investigations.

MADAME FLORENCE MONTAGUE.

On Friday evening, March 16th, the French Drawing Room, St. James's Hall, was crowded with an expectant assembly of Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance to greet Madame Florence Montague, from Oaklands, California, U.S.A., who came with a high reputation as a psychic, and duly accredited as a representative of the Californian State Association of Spiritualists. After a few words of welcome from the chairman, Mr. E. W. Wallis, and some helpful music by Miss H. Withall, Madame Montague made a few pleasing introductory remarks and proceeded to deal with a number of questions which had been submitted in writing from the audience. Mr. Montague read the questions aloud one by one, and in each case, almost before he had concluded, the answer was given with remarkable aptness, versatility and fluency. Speaking with a slight foreign accent and pronunciation, which lent an added charm to her utterances, and with appropriate gestures and expression, the speaker in her replies dealt with a large variety of subjects, many of them of a personal character, and maintained the interest of her hearers for upwards of an hour. After a brief interval Madame Montague addressed herself to the task of giving psychometric readings from articles which were supplied by members of the audience for that purpose; and quickly detailed the leading impressions which came to her regarding the characteristics and experiences of the owners, and as far as we could learn was very successful in her delineations.

The chairman at the close proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Madame Montague for her instructive and striking services, which was carried with acclamation; and he requested Madame Montague to convey to the Californian Spiritualists the cordial greetings and good wishes of the meeting. The vote of thanks was suitably acknowledged by Madame Montague, and the meeting closed with many personal expressions of congratulation to the speaker of the evening.

TRANSITION OF MR. WILLIAM WALLACE.

Mr. William Wallace, who 'entered into life' on March 15th after a pilgrimage in this sphere of nearly eighty-five years, was one of the first English mediums. Forty years ago he and his wife obtained remarkable table manifestations and convincing personal messages from 'tipping' movements. Becoming a trance speaker, Mr. Wallace, who had sacrificed a good business through his connection with Spiritualism, became the 'Pioneer Missionary Medium,' travelling through the length and breadth of the land, going wherever he could get a hearing or meet with a friendly inquirer. It was no easy task in those days, about thirty years ago, to confess one's self a medium and advocate Spiritualism, but Mr. Wallace never flinched or failed. He started 'home circles' wherever he went, and scattered seeds which have grown and borne fruit abundantly. Until quite recently he faithfully persevered in his work, and his one regret during the past few years was that his failing strength rendered him incapable of continuing his labours as thoroughly and freely as before. Slowly his physical energies declined, but his mental powers remained almost to the last, and he gently fell asleep after life's fitful fever, to awaken to more vigorous life in the freedom of the spirit and to enter into the realisation of the beauties of the world beyond death about which he delighted to speak.

The mortal form of our friend was laid to rest in the Highgate Cemetery on Monday afternoon, and Mr. E. W. Wallis, secretary of the London Spiritualist Alliance, paid an earnest tribute to the sincerity and devotion of the veteran medium, who had suffered much for conscience sake. Deceased had, with unswerving loyalty to his convictions, bravely advocated Spiritualist principles during his long and toilsome pilgrimage; and now, after the 'good-night' of earth, his friends could anticipate the time when he would greet them with a bright and happy 'good morning' in the spirit world.

NEW YORK, U.S.A.—'LIGHT' may be obtained from Messrs. Brentano, 31, Union-square.

SPIRITUALISM OR REINCARNATION— WHICH ?

'If we are to have knowledge of a future life at all, we must assume that the general characteristics of mental life will persist. Without this there could be no proof of "spirit-identity"; without "spirit-identity" there could be no proof of a future life.'—F. C. S. SCHILLER, 'Psychical Research Proceedings,' February, 1900, p. 59.

Spiritualism is based upon certain facts which, in the opinion of thousands of intelligent people, demonstrate human life beyond death. Those of us who have had frequent interviews with spirit people have been compelled to recognise that no miracle of transformation has been wrought in the individuals who, in a sense, return to us from the other side. Not only do they survive as intelligent beings, but they consciously carry forward their peculiar personal traits of character and disposition, and manifest these tendencies and predilections more or less completely when they communicate with us. The persistency of their personality—with its powers, possessions and limitations, its loves and hates—is one of the most marked features of spirit communion, and constitutes, perhaps, the distinguishing fact that differentiates Spiritualism from all the philosophical systems for which so many are claiming the credence of the public.

The eloquent agnostic, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, frequently said that the idea of immortality was born in the human heart, and would continue to exist 'so long as the lips of love shall kiss the lips of death.' That is the very beauty of it—its naturalness, its desirability, its humanity. 'If Spiritualism is not true it ought to be,' exclaimed a sad-hearted and bereaved woman, 'it is so beautiful and comforting.' It is the staff of those who mourn, the ministering angel who wipes the tears from our eyes and bids us look through the mists of the sense world to the real presence of the loving and beloved, who watch over us and await our advent.

Our life here is a process of becoming. Experience is the pathway of evolution; the spur of circumstance awakens and equips the spirit for its future expression. Character results from suffering and striving, and we become ourselves as we grow conscious of our individuality and our capabilities. Identity is dependent upon, and results from, the educational career through which we have passed and the development of our consciousness as the result of the discipline and delight, the knowledge and wisdom, we have acquired in the process. To lose our identity is to lose all. To sink self is to court defeat. The object of our life has been to develop our latent spiritual energies into self-possessed and self-expressed realities. We have to learn and apprehend truth, to comprehend and love life, to delight in and become beautiful—that we may be *ourselves*. 'To be and to do' are all-important, and when we have spent our days in the process of doing right that we may become at-one with the Absolute Life, Wisdom, and Love, we are happy in the consciousness that we have overcome, have made a good and worthy record of service, and can rejoice in the love and liberty of the spirit in the fullest life and the sweetest consciousness and the divinest affection.

Now if this is in any sense true, it seems to me that it cuts the foundation from beneath the theory of reincarnation, which would kill out hope, love, and self, and seek the Great Peace in the abandonment of all that makes life worth living, either here or hereafter.

According to the teaching of the Buddha as presented in the 'Soul of a People,' by H. Fielding, on p. 311, 'Death and life are one; not antagonistic but the same; and the only way to escape from one is to escape from the other too. Only in the Great Peace, when we have found refuge from the passion and tumult of life, shall we find the place where death cannot come. Life and death are one. This is the teaching of the Buddha, repeated over and over again to his disciples when they sorrowed.'

One of our dearest hopes is to meet again, and go on with, those we have known and loved, but Mr. Fielding says, on p. 313 of his book, that Buddha taught: 'There is no meeting again with the dead. Nowhere in the recurring centuries shall we meet again those whom we have loved, whom we love, who seem to us to be parts of our very soul. That which survives of us, the part which is incarnated again and again, until it

be fit for heaven, has nothing to do with love and hate.' [Therefore does not live?!] . . . 'Even if in the whirlpool of life our paths should cross again the paths of those whom we have loved, we are never told that we shall know them again and love them.' How cold and comfortless! What a charnel house of abstractions such an existence would be!

'There is a Burmese proverb that tells us that all the world is one vast burial-ground; there are dead men everywhere.' And this soulless philosophy has no star of hope, no bow of promise in the sky to illumine the gloom or dispel the icy chill of despair, only this: 'There is no other consolation possible but this, resignation to the inevitable, the conviction of the uselessness of sorrow, the vanity and selfishness of grief' (p. 312); and, 'It is the sorrow of separation, the terror of death to the survivors, that is always dwelt upon with compassion, and the agony of which it is sought to soothe' (p. 314).

Well may we shrink from the idea of the interminable treadmill round of rebirths into this life, with its pains and sorrows, its partings and karmic horrors. No wonder the Brahmins and Buddhists sought escape from such torture and sighed for rest and the Great Peace if only of oblivion. The Rev. M. J. Savage has very ably summed the matter up in his book 'Life beyond Death,' p. 28, as follows:—

'There are a good many persons in the modern world who are coming to accept the idea of reincarnation as though it were something desirable, as though it solved the problems and helped them settle some of the practical difficulties of life. Remember, then, that in India, both among the Brahmins and among the Buddhists, it was not a welcome thought. It was held, indeed, almost universally. All men believed that they had existed before, and that they would exist—nobody knew how many times—again. Perhaps in the past they had been kings or beggars; they had been diseased and crippled outcasts; they had been people of wealth and consideration; they had occupied almost every conceivable position in society. Not only had they been men, perhaps they had been elephants, perhaps they had been apes, perhaps they had been flies or gnats or serpents; for the kinship of the human and sub-human was held in India to such an extent that this sort of transformation was not only believed to be possible, but to be actual, and constantly going on. If a man had lived a noble life, he might expect to be born in some higher station after a brief respite in some one of the heavens. If he had lived a bad life, he looked forward to being born in some poorer and meaner condition. And it was not possible for him to balance the good and the bad, to say, 'There has been more good in my life than there has been bad,' and so have something on his credit account. No matter how good he had been, if he had been bad at all that badness must be expiated to the letter in some rebirth that was to follow.

'Dreary, then, was the prospect that awaited them. They could look forward to no rest. There had been thousands, possibly millions, of births in the past; and there awaited them thousands, perhaps millions, of births in the future. They did not know how many; and, as they looked forward to it, it seemed an interminable and wearisome round.

'The Brahmins and Buddhists, then, did not anticipate this fate with joy. They did not look forward to it even with resignation; for the one sole object of the Brahmin religion was to live so as to attain such wisdom as to enable the soul to escape this horrible necessity of being continually reborn. The one thing to look forward to was that he might, after nobody knew how long, attain absorption in Brahma, lose the consciousness of personal identity, forget to think, forget to hope, to desire, to fear, and so share in some impersonal way the felicity of the infinite and eternal spirit.

'So this fate was what the Brahmin was trying to escape; and the Buddhist was engaged in the same effort. He had a different philosophy, looked upon the universe in a different way; but he believed also in this eternal, weary round of rebirths. And the one thing that Gautama was striving for was to show his followers the path—to what? The path out of this fearful necessity into Nirvana. And what was Nirvana? Scholars are still disputing over it; but it was either the loss of self-consciousness, the attainment of eternal calm, or else it was something so near unconsciousness that the most careful students find themselves unable to draw any thinkable distinction.

'The Brahmins, then, and the Buddhists did not anticipate the next life, except as they looked afar off with an ever sustained hope to the possibility of losing individual existence and sharing in the supposed impersonal felicity of the Eternal.'

Spiritualists do look forward with cheerful anticipation. Beautiful as this world undoubtedly is, much as we enjoy it

as God's infant schoolhouse, still we feel that it is perfectly natural and beautiful that we should 'fall on sleep' on this side and 'straight awake amid eternal verdure'—where 'fairer than a "midsummer night's dream" the fields elysian stretch before us,' which we shall enjoy, accompanied by those who are dear to our hearts, the loved and lost of long ago, who have awaited our coming with patience and gladly give us welcome home. For, as Mr. Fielding so truly says on p. 343 of his 'Soul of a People,' already referred to:—

'Love is strong as death ; many waters cannot quench love ; aye, and love is stronger than death. Not any dogmas of any religion, not any philosophy, nothing in this world, nothing in the next, shall prevent him who loves from the certainty of rejoining some time the soul he loves. Nothing can kill this hope. It comes up and up, twisting theories of life, scorning the wisdom of the wise and the folly of the foolish, sweeping everything aside, until it reaches its unquenchable desire, reunion of lover with lover. It is unconquerable, eternal as God Himself. But no Buddhist would admit this for a moment.'

And for that very reason Buddhism, and its theosophical representation, is untrue, unsatisfactory ; and there can be no abiding union between it and Spiritualism. Theosophists have our respect and esteem but reincarnation has no evidence or claim that can win either. If Spiritualism be true, reincarnation cannot be ; at least, so it seems to 'HACTENUS.'

OBJECTIVE AND SUBJECTIVE: THE DISTINCTION.

BY PETER LEE.

If this were put in the form of a question it might be answered that 'subjective means the internal impress upon our consciousness of ideas derived through our senses from the varied forms of contact with the objective world, or, as it is sometimes termed, the external world.' But, this being true, as far as it goes, does not cover the whole of the case, because, while all mental philosophers admit the testimony of the senses as a means in our mental operations, there are also other manifestations of the mind which are placed under the term of 'intuition.' Now Bishop Berkeley, over 200 years ago, propounded a philosophy, peculiarly his own, that we know nothing of an external order of things except as an idea, which seems to demand the admission that an external object and the idea it creates within our mind or consciousness are one and the same. But mental philosophers of a later date have thrown considerable light upon the subject by differentiating between the 'Ego' and the 'Non-Ego,' or, in other words, between what is *me* and what is *not me*. They recognise for philosophical purposes an 'external world,' which is not one and the same with the conscious reflecting mind. Upon this point Sir William Hamilton says: 'In the act of perception consciousness gives us a conjoint fact, an Ego or mind, and a Non-Ego or matter, known together and contradistinguished from each other.' In support of this proposition he quotes Dr. Buffer, who says: 'He who gainsays the evidence of consciousness of an external world, is not self-contradictory ; by no means, he is only mad.' And Swift, disposing of Berkeley's theory, is accredited with saying: 'Since Berkeley says there is no matter, it doesn't matter what he says.' Coming still nearer to our own time, 1848, M. Antoine Claude Gabriel Jobert, in his 'Ideas or Outlines of a New System of Philosophy,' aids us very much in acquiring a scientific distinction between the objective and the subjective when philosophically applied. Quoting Hume, he says: 'Ideas and impressions appear always to correspond to each other ; a convincing proof that the one is the cause of the other ; and the priority of the impressions is an equal proof that our impressions are the causes of our ideas, not our ideas of our impressions.' M. Jobert, speaking for himself, says:—

'The soul of man is a blank sheet prepared by the divine hand to receive the images of things.'

'It develops and expands by entering into contact with external nature.'

'No operation can be traced in the mind before it has received the light or impress of outward objects.'

Dealing with the senses as the channels through which our ideas of the external world are gained, he says:—

'Our senses form the natural link between two parallel realities, viz., our mind and the external world.'

'A sensation has its first roots in the external world, its second roots in the mind.'

'To say that ideas are the active element of our mind is simply to deny the special functions of our senses, in order to assume that the external world exists in our mind independently of our sensation.'

'The senses are, at first, passive in relation to the external world, and the mind passive in relation to the senses.'

'But in the same manner as a photographic plate appropriates the image of an object, the mind possesses the power of appropriating sensations.'

'An appropriated sensation is what we call an idea.'

'After having received ideas, or, which is the same, appropriated sensations, the mind becomes active towards the sensations or the ideas themselves, and combines, arranges, co-ordinates, divides, multiplies, and classes them ; and through them reacts upon the senses, and these upon the outward world.'

It appears to me that no more apt illustration could be given of the 'subjective' and the 'objective' than the sensitised plate in the camera, which has received the impress of the object immediately before the camera, the object itself representing the objective and the image in the film the subjective. This is most interesting, for it must be noted that as soon as the developing process has been applied to the plate the image itself becomes objective, because it appeals to the sense of sight, and the difference between the image and the object is only one of modification. The landscape is subjective in the mind of the painter and its production on the canvas is the proof of this, and has become the visible reflex of the image of the object which was and still is subjective in the painter's mind.

It is equally singular and interesting to observe that our minds receive some of their impressions somewhat unconsciously and are only brought before our mental vision by what is known as memory, by association of ideas, which is the analogue of the developing process of the image on the sensitised plate.

In this connection it is instructive to note that drowning persons, *i.e.*, persons who have gone to a certain point in the act or process of drowning, see in panoramic view the actions of their past life. Besides what I have read on this subject, I have met several persons who have assured me of the facts as I state them from their own personal experiences. This, besides showing the subjective preservation of all our ideas—images of our impressions—is of great importance to the Spiritualist, as proving the spiritual law as declared by the returning spirits, that man at death is but the sum of all his earth-life's experiences ; neither more nor less.

From an educational point of view what has all this knowledge taught us ? It teaches us that a man's environment may either make or mar him, and proves, therefore, that for a child, if it is to grow up to be a fit inhabitant of either the material world or the spiritual world, its senses should in the first place be properly directed. Its lessons should be drawn from objects themselves, natural or otherwise as the case may be, and in its domestic and social relationships it should be kept within all that is pure and truthful and honest. The slum is perpetuated by the men and women of the slum, which verifies the truth of Robert Owen's axiom—'That the character of man is, without a single exception, always formed for him ; that it may be and is, chiefly, created by his predecessors : that they give him, or may give him, his ideas and habits, which are the powers that govern and direct his conduct. Man, therefore, never did, nor is it possible he ever can, form his own character.'

With regard to intuitional ideas and their subjective existence within the mind, this is a subject for special consideration, and is scarcely relevant in its bearing on the subject of this article. Suffice it to observe, in a general statement, that from the spiritual doctrine of the co-existence of a material and a spiritual world, and that spiritual things are spiritually discerned, it is quite easy for some of us to understand that, as our spiritual natures become more and more developed, we shall realise the fact that what we call intuitions are but the impressed thoughts and feelings of the denizens of the spiritual world upon our spiritual counterpart, whenever we bring ourselves *en rapport* with them.

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EDITOR E. DAWSON ROGERS.

Assisted by a Staff of able Contributors.

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'A FASCINATING SUBJECT.'

So says 'The Churchwoman,' at the close of a remarkable Paper on life 'behind the veil,' containing highly appreciative notices of the writings of Tennyson, Ralph Waldo Trine, and Minot J. Savage on this subject. 'The Churchwoman' is a strictly 'orthodox' paper, and strongly inclined to 'High Church,' not given to wanderings from the fold or experiments in unrecognised paths. All the more valuable is its approach to our testimony, and its anxious commendation of one of our foremost testifiers. In fact, we look upon this page of closely-printed matter, with its thoughts, differing so widely from the usual conventional platitudes, as a distinct addition to the minor signs of the times.

'The Churchwoman' is evidently seriously impressed with the two facts that Spiritualists have never failed to point out:—the great need of the age, in relation to belief in a future life; and the only effective way to meet it. It is true that our experimental methods are not directly mentioned, except as they are involved in the strong commendation of Dr. Savage's book, but, all the way through, the need of evidence is obviously felt, as anyone would at once perceive after reading 'The Churchwoman's' keenly incisive sketch of the historic trend since the Reformation.

This sketch runs somewhat in this way:—The practical atheism of the eighteenth century and the agnosticism of our own day are the direct results of Protestantism as it came to a head in the revolt of the Reformation (a logical High Church idea!). Hence the need of 'The Church,' to keep alive the lamp of spiritual truth—the lamp of spiritual life and thought, always suggesting to the world 'some notion of psychic actualities pervading our material environment; some vision of a continued existence' when we shall have 'shuffled off this mortal coil.'

All went well, though with varying fortunes, until the middle of this nineteenth century, 'when science was stretching far-reaching arms into what seemed the innermost recesses of nature, and was, to all appearance, hovering upon the verge of the great secret of life itself.' One by one, however, the old reliances failed,—Bible, Miracles, Priest. The Church was well-nigh paralysed, and her anxious children could only cling to the hope that Science and Religion might be reconciled.

Such is 'The Churchwoman's' account of what has befallen the Church and the world; and, except for its natural bias, the story is true. True, too, is its encouraging conclusion that it is just at such crises that the prophets arise: and they *have* arisen: and it is here we arrive at the notices of the three teachers we have named.

The writer of this Paper holds that Tennyson was one of the first to give due weight to the psychic element in the problem of human destiny. This was the bond of union between him and Maurice, and between him and Carlyle (not as incongruous as many imagine). These men were veritable prophets, and they swung the world round to its true central sun in a way and to a purpose little suspected forty or fifty years ago. In entirely different ways, they worked at one lever and did one work,—Carlyle with his vehement scorn of the animal Gospel of mere 'supply and demand' in the material sphere; Maurice with his transcendental transformation of the old creeds, and his splendid ventures into the difficult and then novel field of spiritual rationalism: and Tennyson with his psychic emotions and insights which, in time, almost mounted up to intellectual demonstrations by the route of spiritual consciousness, as though one should say, 'I feel and therefore I know.'

The reference to Mr. Trine turns upon his highly refined work, 'In tune with the Infinite.' Our readers are familiar with the foundation thoughts of this and many kindred works:—we might, indeed, have said, 'the foundation thought,'—a thought which is indicated by the title of this particular book, of which 'The Churchwoman' gives the following fairly adequate account:—

Starting from the hypothesis that all imperfection in ourselves, and consequent suffering, is due to our falling short of the highest, he seeks to overcome it by persuading us to place ourselves, to use his expressive phrase, 'in tune with the Infinite'—in harmony, that is to say, with the Spirit of God and His working, by conscious self-surrender to His will. That once done, he says, all good things must and will follow. The spirit world is the real one. We are all spirits, temporarily clothed in flesh; that which we call material, limited as it is by space and time, is illusory and temporary; the spirit alone is eternal.

Of course this is the basis underlying every form of 'Mind Cure,' 'Faith Healing,' or 'Christian Science,' and there is much that is practically valuable in it, as a method of restoration to health or continuance in health; while, as a help to the consciousness of spirit-life and its supremacy, it is undoubtedly very precious. We are interested in noting that 'The Churchwoman' gives a gentle welcome to the idea that this intense realisation of God, as the all-pervading Spirit of Life, has the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come, in the sense intended by all Faith-Healers, that the surrender of the whole inner self to the thought of the all-pervading and all-mighty God is curative. 'The Churchwoman' says: 'We are much too apt to limit the operations of faith to our spiritual life, and to forget that to be true it must have equal power over our material surroundings. And instances of its success in the latter sphere are by no means wanting, even in these sceptical days.' That is certainly to the good; and leads on naturally to Dr. Savage's very frank book, 'Life beyond Death,' in which he quite openly presents our case.

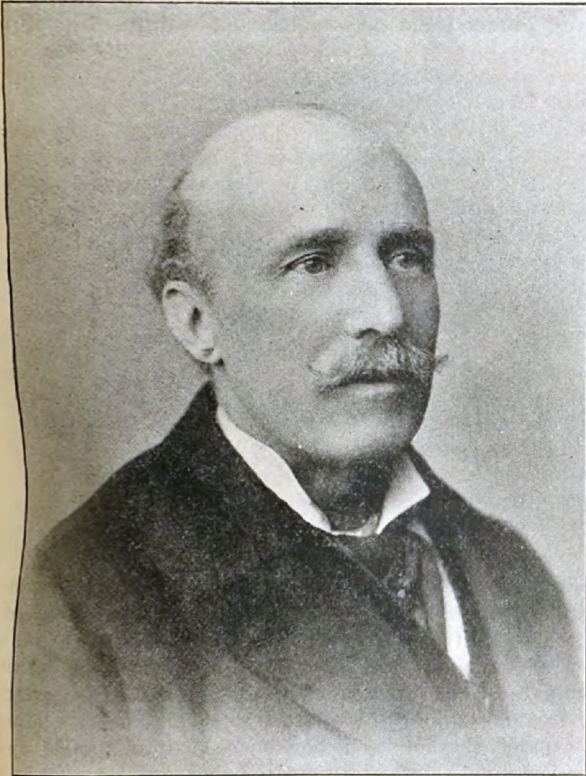
Dr. Savage's Unitarian rationality rather jars upon 'The Churchwoman,' but it cordially recognises in him a 'fearless honesty, a desire for truth, and a perfect openness to receive it'—excellent qualities all. 'To Dr. Savage, as to Tennyson and Mr. Trine, it is clear that the reality—the true seat of personality—is the soul, and that it is the body which is accidental and temporary. Assuredly, if Dr. Savage be in error upon some points which seem to us important, he is not ill provided with "that Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."'

All this is admirable. What a change it marks in 'the religious world,' and in the camp which seemed least open to change! And what a cheering assertion,—that to this 'fascinating subject,' 'much of the best modern thought is now being turned'!

HOW I DISCOVERED THE OTHER WORLD
AND THE
USE I HAVE MADE OF THAT DISCOVERY.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MR. F. W. THURSTAN, M.A.,
BEFORE THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LIMITED,
ST. JAMES'S HALL, LONDON, MARCH 9TH, 1900.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—This other world of **which we speak**—where is it in space? I am inclined to **answer** that it lies here—but on the reverse side of here. I **do not mean** the Antipodes; that is only the other side of **the outer**—lying opposite to our feet. But this inner world lies **opposite** to our sensoriums.



MR. F. W. THURSTAN, M.A.

From a photo by]

[A. D. Kissack, Eton, Windsor.

The mind is like the mouth of a large bag. Turn your consciousness **inside out**, as you can a bag, and you will get a new **extension of space**, a fourth dimension, a new side for inspection. **There on the other side** lies this other world.

But if **this other world** with its beings is hedging us so closely **round**, why do not all the thousand millions incarnated **on the one side** discover, as some of us have done, this **reverse side**?

Perhaps **it is** because no one can see both sides of the bag until either **he has learnt** the secret how to turn it inside out or until **he has acquired** two bodies and two sets of eyes. But even **with two sets of eyes** there is only one attention. Although **this faculty of attention** is the only bit of Divine freewill **about us**, it can, momentarily, be only in one spot at a time. So if the attention is always absorbed in looking through **the eyes on the flesh world**, the eyes on the spirit world **become darkened and sealed**. Consequently, so far as the **other world is concerned**, the majority of humans are standing **in it**, but with eyes bandaged, like the gropers in a game of **blindman's buff**, stumbling about in the midst of an unseen **company** who jostle us and occasionally allow themselves to **be caught** by some groper they favour, and then, and **not till then**, are we allowed to remove the bandage from **our eyes** and find ourselves dazed in the midst of a **dazzling entourage** of friends. But why are so few thus **favoured** by this invisible company while other gropers, **it may be**, stumble against one of them and fail to recognise the **fact**? That is a bit of a mystery. It may be part only of an **arrangement on the other side**, or it may be that most of the **gropers on this side** are not so keen on the game.

For we men may be a herd of beings differing much more from each other than seems at first sight. Herds of cattle, each with its own tinkling bell, may be grazing on one common Swiss pasture, but one may come from one Alp and one from another, so one takes this pathway naturally and another the opposite. Crowds of people may have been brought together in the great city, externally much of a sameness, yet each on his own errand, one from the North and one from the South, one bound Eastward and one Westward, and the vehicle that is handy to one may be going in the wrong direction for another.

Now, the direction in which I have found myself going latterly is one that leads from an expression of personality in the material world to an expression of it in the psychic world. Very few as yet seem to care to go to that out-of-the-way quarter. I am going to show you how I was led to go this way and what I discovered on it. I say 'I,' but considering my various moods, I may fairly say that there were really three of us. There was one I call Actor—an energetic fellow, but rather fond of displaying his particular costume and playing his part in the masked gala of this world; and there was Dreamer, who was always so sleepy and tired of Actor's fun, and wanted to take off the mask and go home to himself; and then lastly there was the passive Onlooker and Recorder, now addressing you.

Life in my very earliest childhood began by instilling into my consciousness the feeling that there is always another side of the world and another home for me in it. For I was an Anglo-Indian boy, growing up among one set of people and feeling that I belonged to another, and being taken as a child to and fro some twenty thousand miles of voyaging. It was a lonely life I led through all my childhood, isolated from the thoughts of the West and surrounded by those of the East. For the bungalow where I was born and lived during the first five years of existence was some eight miles from the precincts of European life in Colombo—in a lonely strip of cocoanut palms that skirted a dazzling coral strand, radiating with tropical heat and peopled only by scuttling crabs; and beyond that the ever tumbling shark-infested monsoon surf. Even my father was rarely at home, for when his term of duties as a Canon of Colombo Cathedral was over, he was driving from one mission station to another in the somewhat vain attempt to convert the natives from their ancient Buddhist philosophy by means of Christian Bibles and Catechisms.

But after having been brought to this country at about the age of five, by a four months' voyage in a sailing ship by the old route of Mauritius, the Cape, St. Helena and Madeira; and after glimpses of a new world home, in which the child of the East wandered in delight with his Eastern nurse among fields of English buttercups and daisies, I was taken back to the East—this time by the new Overland route, as it was called; for we had to cross the Egyptian desert in those days in caravans, in momentary fear of Bedouin plunderers. We settled in a new home in the tropics. For my father had persuaded the Government to a more practicable method of converting the natives, and by his sole energy and initiative had got a great industrial school erected in the midst of the cinnamon gardens outside Colombo, where after a few hours' daily schooling some hundreds of lads were taught the arts and handicrafts of Western civilisation, together with agriculture and horticulture. And there for the next three years, in the midst of cinnamon, pineapple, and tapioca plantations, living among boys as one of a world apart, the little Anglo-Indian boy grew into a great dreamer, with none of his own race to play with or to laugh at his dreams.

Another sense of two worlds that the Anglo-Indian imbibes is through the annual migration to a hill station. The mountains of the interior were wilder in those days than now, when a railway takes tourists to Newera Ellia through hill-sides stripped for coffee and tea plantations. But then most of the primeval jungles were still standing, thronged with wild elephants, and we used to meet Laurence Oliphant in the hills trying to plough an English model farm with tame elephants.

On the annual migrations the Dreamer's imagination was quickened by the vistas seen from coach or postchaise as it toiled on a road winding ever upwards from the steaming

plains below into the fresher, balm-laden atmosphere of the upland creeper-festooned forests, with scenes of roaring torrents and bamboo-tangled glades, and in far distances glimpses of cascades leaping from precipice to precipice or of blue peaks ever capped by the barren sugar-loaf apex of the immemorial Adam's Peak. In this way the little Dreamer grew powerful, and like many another child—for all children are dreamers rather than actors—he discovered, without fully realising it, the other world. It was, perhaps, only a dream, but Dreamer felt it was more than that, and while all other dreams of his childhood have vanished this one forever remained as a real vision of another world to influence his career in this one.

It came about in this way. His sister had taken fever and was removed into the mother's room, and he was lying isolated in his cot at dead of night, with the wings of death beating near him, listening to the monotonous croak of tree frogs out in the dark, beyond the verandah, and to the fiendish howling of a pack of jackals in the jungles, when an eerie feeling came over him, at first as of deep fright, or awe of some presence, until he saw a most beautiful woman in shining gossamer robes, with a crown on her head, bending over and telling him to be happy and come with her. Then sinking deeper into the dream, he thought this beautiful queen took him to a lovely home in a bright, far-off land, where other radiant beings were gathered, and they all spoke kindly to him and then told him to go back to earth and never forget that he had another happy home and mother in this place. I have related this vision because it had a curious effect on his religion as a Christian in after life, and which began to show itself when he was a youth of about sixteen years.

In the meanwhile Actor had come strongly to the front all through the age that leads from boyhood to youth, the age of the growth of a sense of personality. He had been waked strongly into existence by an event that rarely happens to a boy of eight. At that age I had to be sent home to England for schooling. My mother could not be spared, and so an invalided padre undertook to look after me, but, as he fell at death's door on the way, I was virtually making the long voyage from the East to the West by myself. I can remember to this day the scenes of a mother weeping and praying over her little boy under a great banyan tree on the coach road, until the stage coach from Colombo whirled him off, and at nightfall he was walking, in charge of a strange mission lady, on the ramparts of Galle, and a great steamer with its row of port lights having come stealing in, crowded with passengers from Calcutta and Madras, he was taken aboard in a surf boat, to find there was no cabin or berth available for him, so that he was left alone to himself with a rug and pillow on a lower deck, as the great vessel went on throbbing its way against a howling monsoon. But, on the third day a kind steward took him up to the sunny upper deck. Then round our shy self came some dozen English boys and gazed, and asked me why I did not come and join them in their games, and I did so; and so Actor awoke to the joy of being, and Dreamer thereafter kept shyly in the background. 'Follow my leader' was the favourite game on that ship—up the rigging, out to the bowsprit, and over phosphorescent seething seas at night listening to old sea yarns of the quartermaster with a sense of savage freedom, until the time came for changing at Suez into a train, in which, with faces veiled to keep out the dust and glare, we were taken over the desert to Cairo, and after visions of pyramids and mosques, and embarking on another steamer awaiting us at Alexandria, came experiences of the Mediterranean, Malta and Gibraltar, until one May morning the good ship moored in Southampton Waters, and the little wanderer found strange relatives awaiting him.

Then after I had passed five years of the usual lonely life that an Anglo-Indian leads,—at schools in Clifton and Bath—my father retired with a Government pension and took us to live in Guernsey, where we enjoyed the experience, novel to us, of home life, going to the college part of the day and spending the rest at home. Like all other English schoolboys of energy, little Actor's idea of life was getting a lead amongst other boys in school and out of it, and as he took easily to the mastery of Latin and Greek and Euclid and held his own with credit in playing fields and in athletic

and swimming competitions, he grew into a fair conceit of himself and used to be a very humorous critic over the eccentricities of Dreamer.

Personally I used to like Dreamer's idea of tasting the joy of existence better than Actor's, but then of course in English school life it is not often that a dreamer gets a chance. However, on lazy summer holidays, in that sunny little island, there was a chance if I stole away for a day's ramble among the most unfrequented cliffs, down steep paths that few would care to risk, to little haunts all my own, where, after a swim by myself in the clear blue waters, I would sun myself on a ridge of lonely sand, or cool myself in some ferny grotto at the foot of the gull-haunted cliffs, and bring out my favourite volume of Shelley or Byron or Tennyson—in those days Dreamer's closest friends; and then I would let him dream, with them, that he was communing with the spirits of the scene, of the sea, the air, and the caves, giving them personalities and addressing them as

friends on each return. There was not much chance of being disturbed there. The only other person I ever met in search of solitude on those cliffs was Victor Hugo. It was on these occasions that a strange idea about Jesus began to insinuate itself into Dreamer's thoughts. Remembering his old dream in childhood of another world and mother, he began to wonder whether Jesus had succeeded in setting up his wonderful new ideal of a human being, not because he was some God different from us, for that would be unfair to us if he wished to be an example, but because he had worked himself into being a son of God by realising in his boyish dreams beside the lake of Galilee, that there was another world close to him in which he had a father with whom he could closely converse, and in which he had a kingdom of his own, and that his work was to extend that kingdom—shall we call it spirit sphere?—on earth as it was in Heaven. Then my young Dreamer began audaciously to determine to try the same pathway. That home in heaven which I once saw, should be each day communed with, and there the queen should be my mother and I her princely son, come to do her work on earth as in heaven. Of course Actor—for he was brought up in strictest Evangelical principles by his parents—ridiculed and censured Dreamer for his pride and blasphemy, and Dreamer retorted by showing how the Scribes and Pharisees had said the same of the utterances of Jesus when they stoned him and crucified him. Still this idea of the other world remained more or less as a pleasant fiction to Dreamer.

Then came a time when Actor in due course succeeded in his little ambition and gained an open scholarship at Cambridge against the boys of other schools, and we found ourselves going through a University career. There the chief factors that helped us to realise the possibility of an ideal world entwined with the material one was a deep study of Plato and Lucretius, and the discovery of two simple modern books in the University library. That library is the most delightful library I know of; for it has some unique arrangements that help an exploring student such as I was. It arranges the old books in shelves according to subjects, and the new books of the week in an open tray, and it allows you to browse about undisturbed by librarians,

opening what book you will and dipping into it : so that every trip to the library was a voyage of discovery. Consequently, whenever I got off in time from 'the boats' or other exercise, I would slip on cap and gown and loaf here for the hour before dinner-time. In this way I came across two books which began to teach me that moderns were beginning to really believe in the existence of the ideal or spirit world. The first was Serjeant Cox's little book 'What Am I?' and the other was an 'Autobiography of an American Medium'—Mrs. Conant, if I remember rightly.

It was no wonder, then, that when I had done with the University, I found myself drawn as a magnet to Metropolitan life, and soon established myself in London in partnership with a barrister as an Army and Civil Service coach. Full of intellectual curiosity to see what human life at its centres could show me of these wonders of the other world that human beings were said to have discovered, I tried to discover some circle in London where I could see them for myself. But with all my keen desire somehow I could not succeed. I joined the Psychological Society, which Serjeant Cox at that time had started, and although there I heard lectures from Stainton Moses and Archdeacon Colley recounting wonders which they had experienced, I could not get personally into any of the sets who at that time had a monopoly of these experiences. I had heard of Spiritualists, but for a long time could not come across any organisation of theirs. The consequence was I gave up that line of research in disgust, and in my conceit of superior knowledge put down the explanation of all the marvels I had heard or read about to glib theories of collective illusion and unconscious cerebration, and I adopted somewhat the views of Dr. Carpenter, a leading and misleading psychologist of that day (the latter seventies).

I then turned all the ardour of my spare time into the investigation of social life from the point of view of a literary student of humanity, but as an example of the curious way things work out their ends in life, this very turning out of the path led me eventually to the thing I had been seeking after. For the outcome of my experience of London social life made me feel that if some attempt were made to fuse into one society the Bohemian and unconventional artistic circles on the one hand, and the over-conventional and over-dignified society circles on the other, in a scheme of mutual advantage, something might be added to the gaiety of nations. And a scheme began slowly to formulate itself in my mind—to start a club with elegant salons where musical artists, Continental and British, unknown to the wealthy world of London, might find it to their advantage to entertain the members, and where rich patrons might find it to their advantage to attend the réunions in order to pick out new talent for their own entertainments. Then, if these salons were decorated with unsold pictures of painters and artists, rising talent might find new patrons among the visitors. And, as for the dramatic world, I knew actors, managers, and dramatists who would be glad to join an institution where new plays could have a preliminary trial before a good audience, and by means of which each actor could increase his personal *clientèle* of admirers and friends.

To carry out successfully a scheme of this sort, I knew, required the enlistment of large capital and social influence on my side, but how was I to enlist it while the idea was merely a dream? While my mind was hesitating to take the plunge and start the scheme, initially and boldly, with the little capital and influence at my command, an incident, apparently casual, suddenly gave me the initiative. Wandering one day down Argyll-street, Regent-circus, I discovered over Hengler's Circus a suite of rooms just adapted for my purpose—a large assembly room with platform for concerts and easily convertible into a bijou theatre, and a suite of reception rooms connected by a series of top-lighted picture galleries, with another suite suitable for dining and club rooms. The rent was high, a premium was required, the redecoration and furnishing would swallow large sums, but I went straight away, sold my tutorial connection, realised all my personal capital, and an evening or two afterwards found myself standing in the rooms their solitary proprietor, with not one friend yet found to support

me. However, Actor had the scheme all arranged in his mind. The next day he gave lordly orders for decorations, prosceniums and furniture; the day after that, with the moral suasion of a scheme actually begun, he approached some influential friends of his and by dint of winning the consent of one, conditional to the consent of another, he managed to get together a good committee. Then a young actor was appointed dramatic secretary, to work in the endeavour to induce his profession to join. Irving and Toole, with their accustomed generosity, were won over to countenance the movement. Artists were told of the opportunities and invited to assist; young men about town were induced to go about talking of the new thing at clubs and parties, and to enlist good social members; paragraphs were started in society papers, and the thing became a success at once. Not till then were some distinguished musicians and singers approached and their help obtained for our opening entertainments; and finally the spring of 1880 saw the Dilettante open with five hundred members and a long programme of distinguished performances.

The end of that season saw me at the height of the wave of a social success. My ideas had all worked out well. It was hard, yet congenial work. Every evening some entertainment was arranged—some evenings by professionals, some evenings by amateurs, other evenings by private parties. We had rarely done work until long after midnight. To keep up the the continuance of these—to keep members, servants, professionals contented, accounts straight, correspondence answered, was no light task; but on the other hand I was learning an experience of life and human character and finding the pleasure of success. Artists obtained engagements and patrons; one successful concert easily brought celebrities for the next; guests at entertainments were anxious for membership, and in a year's time I found myself prosperous, with a club of over a thousand members, and moreover, engaged to be married to a young lady who, judging from the application of photographers to publish her portrait, had a reputation as a beauty of London society.

Then came the catastrophe! In the mysteries of ancient Egypt it is said that the neophyte or postulant was shown a series of pictures symbolising the progress of a soul towards Wisdom. One of these pictures was called 'Typhon, or the falling column,'—an obelisk struck by lightning and toppling to ruin. That stage of progression was now suddenly to be reached by me, with a dramatic coincidence that seems to show that we humans are only pawns pushed, when the right time comes, from square to square by unseen players of the game of psychic progress. Almost on the same day, near the beginning of 1881, two visitors called on me; one, without intending it, was to bring to me a proposition that caused the ruin of the old world; the other, equally without intending it, was the harbinger of experiences which led me to the conviction that there was a new world close at hand, and that the inhabitants of this new world were in our midst watching us, helping us, and ready even to establish a code of intercourse with us.

It may be of some dramatic interest to briefly follow the first course of events and show how my fine castle of cards was suddenly tumbled to ruin. It was a case of vaulting ambition o'erleaping itself. The visitor, a member of my club, of social and City influence, came to inform me that a certain well-known nobleman who was fond of leading a large orchestra of his own hiring, before an audience consisting of a club of his friends, was looking out for suitable rooms for the season. Now it so happened that adjoining my premises there had just fallen vacant a good concert hall, capable of seating three or four hundred, but to lease this extra room would run my rent into thousands, besides requiring large expenditure on decoration and seating. Already my own modest capital had been exceeded, and soon after the start of the club I had induced a kind friend to help my idea with a loan of further capital. This visitor now proposed that, if I would take this concert hall, so that he could offer it, he would get his noble friend and other gentlemen of wealth to finance the scheme by a syndicate, provided he were given the management. Flushed by my prospects, tempted by the chance of a rest, and deceived by the ready promises of lordly assistance, I gave up my pro-

perty to a syndicate managed by this gentleman. I was to be paid in three months a cash payment representing the capital already sunk.

At first the tide of success mounted higher. The noble lord gave his concerts on the club premises, at which Royal princes and their consorts attended. The club became known to the highest circles. But suddenly the tide of luck swerved and ran back. The noble lord lost heavily at Ascot and had to withdraw his good intentions. Then a certain shady Baroness was designed for admission and a governor of the Bank of England, on the syndicate, favoured her candidature. The club was divided into camps. In the 'World,' society paper, appeared a clever skit entitled: 'The Marchioness's Election.' Then financial friends who had promised began to hold off, but the syndicate were willing to go on provided I took fully paid shares instead of cash payment!

As my heart was in the social scheme, and not in the money making, I foolishly consented. But unfortunately just then the proprietors of Evans' old supper rooms appropriated my idea—which up to then had been original—as a means for turning their premises to better advantage, and the Falstaffe Club, started there, intrigued to draw away our professionals and members by rival shows; and the result was that the directors of the syndicate, however well intentioned, could not meet the enormous rent and had to close the premises.

At the same time, as misfortunes never come alone, my engagement, through the ambitions of another rather than our own fault, was broken off, and I found myself at the end of the year not only with all my own capital lost and penniless, but with the moral, if not legal, obligation to repay to a friend all the money he had put into the scheme out of generosity—an obligation which took me ten years of close economy to discharge. And that is how there came a check upon any desire to express my personality—on this outer world at any rate.

I must now go back to the other visitor, who, coming at the same time, introduced a new element into life which brought me such an absorbing interest in a new world that the falling away of the old one caused hardly a pang of concern. This visitor was a lady member of the club; she came to consult my advice as a man of the world. She said she had been driving that afternoon in the park, when it came on to rain, and it suddenly occurred to her to go, as a stranger, to a medium named Matthews, whose address in Bayswater a friend in the Riviera had recently given her. She found him at home. He went into a trance and talked in the rôle of a medicine man of a Red Indian tribe, calling himself Prophet. This control had asserted that her husband was present. She had not revealed the fact that she was a widow; yet the husband was described accurately. The control then left and said her husband was going to write her a letter through the medium's hand, on business. She produced to me the letter thus written and asked my advice as to whether it was wise to attend to its directions. The letter ran as follows:—

MY DEAR KITTY,—You know you have been going lately to places and into company which I should never have approved of, but I wish to prove to you that I am still watching over you as of old, and to do so I warn you against taking that house you have set your heart on as you will lose in health. Never mind about the £400. Ask Ward to try and get you off it. If he does not succeed I will try myself and see that you do not lose any money.

Your loving husband,
CHARLES FREDERICK P.

The lady explained to me that her late husband, though an old Indian officer, had a horror of gambling in any form, and that she had recently been 'having a flutter' at the Monaco Casino; that on her return to town she had signed a preliminary agreement for a house in Hans-place, which involved the payment of £400 premium; that Ward was her solicitor; that the pet name at the head was the usual way her husband styled her in his letters, and that at the end was his full and usual signature.

I explained to her learnedly how the whole thing might be only a case of mind-reading or clairvoyance of her thoughts. She retorted that she was keen about going to Hans-place and

the letter contained a promise. I suggested that we should watch the fulfilment of the promise of the husband's aid: if it came true, let her follow his counsel. I was so interested that I begged her to take me with her to the medium and allow me to watch the denouement. We went, and I was astonished. The medium talked to her in Hindustani under the control of an old servant of hers; then her husband came and proved his identity by telling of little trivial incidents of their married life, known only to herself, and he informed her that if the solicitor failed to get her off the agreement for the house, he would on a certain definite day named bring someone who would relieve her of the bargain and put £100 in her pocket. Now this last being a definite statement, beyond the pale of mind-reading, made the case extremely interesting to me, and we awaited the date with absorbing curiosity.

Meanwhile on another occasion, to prove his continued surveillance, her husband told her that a certain friend of hers who lived in Simla was coming home with his dog Rover and was at that moment disporting himself at Venice, but that three days hence, at such an hour, he would call at the house of a friend in London and she had better go there to meet him. She went, and it all came true to the letter. Two circumstances added to the wonder of this case: first, she had previously received a letter from this Indian friend, saying that, as he had only got three months' furlough, he was *not* coming to England but going to Cashmere; secondly, on going to the medium the next day the Red Indian had affirmed that he had been present at the meeting in the friend's house, and proved it by repeating words spoken.

At last the fateful prophesied day arrived. The lady had not succeeded in getting off the agreement. On the morning of this day the house agent sent a demand for the payment of the £400 premium. She paid it and scoffed at prophesies and mediums, but, lo! in the afternoon of the same day the agent's clerk again appeared. He said that on his return to his office a gentleman had come in, most eager to get a house in Hans-place. As the one she had just taken was the only one vacant he ventured to suggest that this gentleman might relieve her. She replied that she would only oblige him if he paid her £500 premium. Two hours afterwards a telegram came; her offer had been accepted.

Now this most remarkable case I have never seen matched even in after-experience. I have not embellished it in the least. I can only account for it by supposing that the husband, on the other side, took elaborate special pains in order to convince his wife. On herself, so far as I know, it was labour lost. It was a mere wonder of the moment, an episode with no deeper effect on the life than the seeing of a play or the reading of a romance.

To me it brought a burning conviction that there was indeed a society of invisibles around us with whom we might enter into companionship and close intimacy.

I probed the matter of Mr. Matthews's mediumship scientifically. I watched him in his relations with other people, going to him regularly week after week. I discovered him to be honest, with no system of espionage, with no knowledge of Hindustani or India, and not always so correct with other people as he had been with the lady I have mentioned. Personally I received only a little test. On one of my first visits he told me of a young lady claiming to be my sister who would be delighted for me to know of her presence because she had never spoken to me in life. Now it happened my only living sister had been born twin with another sister, who, having survived birth an hour or so only, and having passed away without being christened, had been ignored as being existent by our family.

Proofs of identity of personal friends I have never obtained, even subsequently. I suppose I have no relatives or friends who care to manifest companionship, but of the fact that I have unseen companions influencing my actions and thoughts I began at once to get proofs.

(To be continued.)

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—'LIGHT' is kept on sale at the Spiritual Evidence Society's meetings in Northumberland Hall.

IS SAUL ALSO AMONG THE PROPHETS?

The editor of the 'Agnostic Journal' published an interesting article in that paper on March 17th, in which, while criticising the results of Lizzie Doten's poetic expression under what purported to be the inspiration of Robert Burns, he spoke approvingly of a poem professedly emanating from Edgar Allan Poe; and proceeded to relate his own experience as follows:—

Unlike Lizzie Doten, I do not pretend to what may be termed technical spiritualistic mediumship; and yet I am the recipient of many an impulsive inspiration from the undying dead. Only the other night, in the rush of mystic impulses, sleep was impossible. Robert Burns had a message for me and refused to be gainsaid. After much agitation and restless tossing, I arose in the darkness and the cold, lighted a candle, and, with a pencil, wrote the following lines without halt or erasure:—

I'm noo abune the lingerin' star,
In realms forever fair,
Far owre the bonnie broom-clad braes
O' Nith or gurglin' Ayr.
On Death's dark wings I left Dumfries:
Far owre the star-lit cary
I searched amang the hills o' God
For my sweet Highland Mary.

And Scotland's flag o' bonnie blue
Waved in the welkin red,
The flag round which, in days of old,
My martyr fathers bled.
There, where, in glory, Heaven's palms
Rose lofty, green and airy,
On the braw braes o' Angel-land,
I found my Highland Mary.

And mortal love had brighter grown,
And showed more glorious bloom,
Because it had, with bitter tears,
Been watered in the tomb;
Far owre the far world's narrow ways,
High owre the star-lit cary,
God, wha is Love, blest the dear love
O' me and Highland Mary.

We roved through groves o' asphodel,
We wooed the lee-lang day,
And to a holier, mightier tune,
I sang my rustic lay;
Fiddles were there frae auld Dumfries,
And bag-pipes frae Glengary,
A deathless loon, wi' golden shoon,
I danced wi' Highland Mary.

Oft I look down to Scotland's hills,
And think how, wae, forlorn,
I felt, in days o' dread and dool,
That man was made to mourn;
Think not, my son, life's thread is black,
The doleful web will vary,
For twa are fane to meet you here—
Burns and his Highland Mary.

I saw you by my tomb last year,
Impulsive, waefu' Willie,
I saw the tears in your blue een,
For me, your bardic billie;
But here are fiddles frae Dumfries,
And bag-pipes frae Glengary;
Come, Willie, lad, and dance a reel
Wi' me and Highland Mary!

SALADIN.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

A meeting of Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance will be held in the French Drawing Room, St. James's Hall (entrance from Piccadilly), at 7 for 7.30 p.m., on Friday, April 6th, when the friends present will be invited to narrate, briefly, the particulars of any

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

of an abnormal character, the record of which may possibly be of service to students of psychical phenomena and philosophy. Admission by ticket only.

TRANSITION OF THE REV. CHARLES H. WILKINS.

Nottingham has lost during the past week the visible presence of a great and good man, in the person of the Rev. Charles H. Wilkins, minister of the New Church (Swedenborgian), Bluecoat-street. He will probably be known to some readers of 'LIGHT': he himself was one. His transition was very sudden and unexpected. On Sunday, the 11th inst., he spoke on 'The Nearness of Heaven,' and promised to conclude his remarks next Sunday. On Tuesday evening he gave a paper at the Free Speakers' Discussion Society, on Allen's 'Choir Invisible'; and on Wednesday evening we parted from him at his weekly theological conversation, when he spoke for an hour or more in his wonted wonderful way. By seven o'clock next morning 'the little harder tap on the shell' (of which he spoke the night previous) had come, and 'the bird had escaped'; and while his friends are filled with a deep sense of a beloved brother lost, the angels rejoice over a brother who has fought well the good fight, and has entered into his reward.

Though a New Churchman—of a very broad type—he claimed that he was a Spiritualist in the fullest sense of the word. He saw grave risks in the spirit intercourse of modern days, and doubted the wisdom of it; yet he recognised the need of an antidote to the materialistic tendency of the age. To him the spiritual nature was no simple theory—his Spiritualism permeated all his thought and speech. As a teacher he had few equals; but he was essentially the man, and loved to be the friend and counsellor rather than the parson. He revelled in the atmosphere of liberty, and was never happier than when, at his weekly conversations with his friends and congregation, his Sunday utterances were made the subject of free discussion. He was glad to afford an opportunity to heckle the parson, which could not be done when he was exalted two or three feet above criticism.

He scattered the seed far and wide, beside all waters, and many as are the hearts who thank him now for what he has done for them, an increasing harvest will yet be the reward of his loving service.

Nottingham.

J. W. BURRELL.

A THIRTY-FIVE DAYS FAST.

In 'LIGHT,' of July 15th, 1899, we reported that Mr. Milton Rathbun, a wealthy Spiritualist of Mount Vernon, N.Y., U.S.A., had completed a twenty-eight days fast, during which he pursued his ordinary business avocations in New York City, but partook of nothing more solid than water, and at the end of his long spell of voluntary abstinence felt well and strong and had reduced his weight some forty-two pounds. Early in the present year he again undertook to fast—this time for forty days if he found it desirable—and succeeded in doing so for thirty-five days. In a private letter to the Editor of the 'Religio-Philosophical Journal,' Mr. Rathbun stated that he felt well and attended to his business every day. He had no mercenary object and did not desire to make a show.

'I am not doing this wholly to reduce weight, but to demonstrate to the people, and especially to the medical profession, that abstention is far better than drugs, for it is nature's remedy to restore the tired stomach to its normal condition.'

Speaking of this prolonged fast the 'Banner of Light' says:—

'Our esteemed friend, Mr. Milton Rathbun, of Mount Vernon, N.Y., has just completed a fast of thirty-five days. During the entire period he took no nourishment save a little cold water each day. Whenever he drank water freely, he took on flesh, while his weight gradually diminished when he drank but little. Mr. Rathbun's fast was undertaken in the interest of his health, and he reports himself much the better for having abstained from food for five weeks. His weight was two hundred and seven pounds when his fast began, and one hundred and sixty-four pounds at its close. His health steadily improved from first to last, and his journal records many interesting experiences connected with his daily life during his long fast. His mind was clear and vigorous, and the results are accepted by him as evidence of the fact that the entire human family suffers from over-eating, rather than from any lack of food. Mr. Rathbun's experience is of value to hygienists, and will throw no little light upon the question of diet when properly understood.'

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.

Sudden and Violent Deaths.

SIR,—After reading the article in 'LIGHT,' of March 3rd, entitled 'Answers to Questions,' by 'Morambo,' I was struck by an idea which may have struck others before, but I have not seen it discussed. I allude to the inquiry answered by 'Morambo,' as to the condition of spirits who have died by a sudden and violent death. He says they are for a time in a dazed condition, and that it is often some time before they regain their spiritual powers. Would this in all probability prevent their appearing to friends at the time of death? As I suppose this appearance is due (under certain favourable conditions) to a desire felt by the dying spirit to show itself to its dear ones, it probably would not be able to feel that desire were it in a state of semi-consciousness. I am much interested in the question as I have lost a very dear friend by a sudden and violent death, when at a distance from me. There had not been any promise given between us as to his appearing to me in the event of death, but under the circumstances it would have been extremely probable that he should have done so. Later, I think I may believe, I received intimations of a spirit presence, and I have often pondered on the circumstance of my having received no intimation at the time. It then struck me, after reading this article, that the mere fact of death being sudden and violent may prevent the possibility of such an occurrence, and I should be much obliged if any of your readers could tell me of a case occurring in their knowledge, of appearance directly after death in a violent form?

A READER OF 'LIGHT.'

'The Book of Genesis.'

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me a few words to introduce to your readers and all Spiritists 'The Book of Genesis or Beginnings,' which is duly advertised in your pages? This perverted book, the origin of superstition and bloody sacrifices, and of that materialism which for ages has done its deadly work on the dwellers in Christendom, is now thoroughly revised by the same spirit which inspired the original in its purity, when first the highly mystical legend was given to man. The readers, if intelligent, will find a legend sufficiently harmonious, consistent, and credible to be regarded as historical tradition by those who love the letter, while to those who prefer the spirit which giveth life its pages will reveal most important and salutary truths which are universally ignored. The little booklet, 40 pp. crown 8vo., with title page and mystic device in colours, and beautifully printed, has many occult notes and some diagrams, which will suggest higher thoughts to those who read with open and inquiring minds. It is not based on the 'higher criticism' in vogue nowadays, so much as on the better and higher criticism of the spirit. Many will perhaps recognise the voices of Edward Maitland and Anna Kingsford. Its low price (7d. post free, of the Secretary O.A., 3, Evelyn-terrace, Brighton) will, it is hoped, bring it within reach of all. It is truly a divine message for these days of savagery and brutality and brute force, pointing to the only way out of it—at least the first step—by a return to the divine law of Paradise from which all have strayed. The extracts appended from the book of the 'Going Forth of Israel' are also given for the first time.

THE EDITOR IN THE FLESH.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- M. C. D.—Yes, with pleasure; as soon as possible.
 J. C.—Sorry; but we do not think the question, as you approach it, suitable for discussion in 'LIGHT.'
 F. F.—Write to the person direct; we know nothing of his arrangements.
 'THEOSOPHIST.'—Mrs. Besant, we believe, is expected to reach London again towards the end of next month.
 E. W.—We are grateful for the trouble you have so kindly taken; but we were already familiar with the facts.

'LIGHT' SUSTENTATION FUND.—The following additions to this fund are gratefully acknowledged: Major H. Menars, £1 1s.; J. Lamont, £1. Further remittances may be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. H. Withall, Gravel-lane, Southwark, London, S.E.

SHEFFIELD.—The 'Sheffield Daily Telegraph,' March 13th, reports a very successful conversation and ball under the auspices of the local Psychological Society. Clairvoyance and psychometry were contributed by Miss Jones.

SOCIETY WORK.

CAMBERWELL.—36, VICARAGE-ROAD, S.E.—On Sunday last, Mrs. Holgate's guide gave an interesting address from the words: 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.' Clairvoyance and psychometry at the after circle.—W. S., Secretary.

HACKNEY SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, MANOR ROOMS, KENMURE-ROAD, MARE-STREET, N.E.—On Sunday evening last, we were again favoured with a thoughtful and stirring trance address on 'Spirits in Prison,' by Mr. J. A. Whyte, who, in his clairvoyance, sustained his reputation for clearness and detail; all descriptions being recognised with but one exception. On Sunday next, the President will answer questions. On Thursday, at 8 p.m., members' circle at 226, Dalston-lane.—O.H.

73, BECKLOW-ROAD, SHEPHERDS BUSH, W.—An interesting discourse was given on Sunday last by Mr. Adams, upon 'Proofs of Spirit Return.' Many instances, as witnessed by Sir William Crookes, were related by the speaker, supplemented by his own personal experience. Miss Pierpoint, after giving a reading from Longfellow, concluded with a most interesting inspirational address and an appeal to the audience for unity and thoroughness in the search for truth. Mr. Bishop on Sunday next.—COR.

LEICESTER—LECTURE HALL, LIBERAL CLUB.—On Sunday last Mr. A. V. Peters paid a return visit and was again most successful. In the morning, after a splendid address, psychometry was given with excellent results. In the evening our hall was well filled and after a most attractive address on the 'Spheres,' which was listened to with great attention, Mr. Peters gave many clairvoyant descriptions, which were nearly all recognised, many of the tests being very striking. Next Sunday, at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., Miss Cotterill, of Manchester, will deliver an address and give clairvoyance.—A. O. W.

MERTHYR SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, CENTRAL HALL, MERTHYR TYDFIL (WALES).—On Sundays, March 11th and 18th, Mrs. M. H. Wallis (London) delivered four eloquent addresses at our hall, which were thoroughly enjoyed. Several week-night meetings were also held in the district, and Mrs. Wallis did very good work in the way of assisting inquirers and showing the 'opposition' the real meaning and value of Spiritualism. She also gave many splendid tests of her clairvoyant powers. The snowstorm last Sunday prevented such a large attendance as on the previous Sunday.—W. M. H.

NORTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, 14, STROUD GREEN-ROAD, FINSBURY PARK.—On Sunday last, a very harmonious meeting was presided over by Mr. Willis. After a reading by Mr. Hewitt on 'Spirit Messages,' good addresses were given by Messrs. Jones, Arthur, Banyard, Hewitt, and Brooks. A lady from America followed Mr. Jones' remarks on 'Liberty.' We regret that Mr. T. Brooks is leaving the district, but hope to see him sometimes. Our best wishes go with him; he is removing to 54, Elgin-road, Seven Kings, Essex. Services on Sunday next, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.; and on Wednesday, at 8 p.m. Circles on Tuesday and Thursday, at 8 p.m.—J. K.

CHURCH OF THE SPIRIT, SURREY MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—Those who attended our morning circle were blest indeed. The leader gave evidences of spirit return. In one case, after being recognised by a perfect stranger among us, the spirit addressed the audience through the mediumship of the stranger. Such instances are most encouraging. The usual evening address was preceded by a reading by our leader from 'A copy of the Rev. Rowland Hill's original and celebrated Play Bill posted up at Richmond on Saturday, June 4th, 1774,' dealing with 'The Day of Judgment,' the subject of the evening's discourse, which was followed with profound interest throughout. Next Sunday, at 11 a.m., a public circle will be held; doors closed at 11.15 prompt; strangers earnestly invited. At 6.30 p.m., an address will be given upon 'Prayers for the Dead,' by the Irish guide of our leader, which we hail with anticipatory pleasure.—J. C.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—One of the most able discourses we have ever been privileged to hear from the lips of Mr. E. W. Wallis was delivered at these rooms on Sunday last. 'Man: His Origin, Nature, and Position,' was the title, and the marked ability of our noble worker's inspirers was particularly manifest in the lucid manner in which the difficult problems of life were elucidated. Nothing short of a verbatim report of this lecture could do any justice to the teachings so refreshingly, so ably, and so vividly portrayed. The next discourse in this series will be given on April 15th, on 'Man: His Psychological Potentialities and Relationships.' A reading by Mr. Wallis added to the success of the meeting, and a solo by Miss Florence Morse ('At my Window') was most welcome, being sung with all our friend's well-known musical ability. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mr. Thomas Everitt, 'The Night Side of Human Nature.'—L. H.