

# Light:

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

"LIGHT ! MORE LIGHT !"—Goethe.

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

No. 1,003.—VOL. XX. [Registered as] SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1900. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

We said we might have something more to say concerning Mr. Andrew Lang's method of inquiry. In the Paper to which we lately referred, he betrays not a little leaning to faith in spirit-communion, but he takes good care to flout it, all the same. 'This "spiritistic" theory,' he says, 'has been employed by mankind to explain almost every kind of obscure phenomenon, and has in every field been rejected by science; apparently with justice.' Does he really mean it—'rejected, apparently with justice,' 'in every field'?

He takes it for granted that Dr. Hodgson would not say that 'English planchettists' and 'the Chinese' 'are dealing with real spirits,' and he also takes it for granted that spirits can have nothing to do with crystal picture-seeing. Why not? And yet he says, 'Of course I do not reject the explanation by spirits in Mrs. Piper's case.'

But Mr. Lang is not a good witness. He confesses:—'Overcoming the inexpressible tediousness and distastefulness of the task, I have several times read carefully through most of the Piper records.' He says that Professor Shaler 'most naturally' found the subject uninteresting, because he could not exclude the 'hypothesis of fraud.' And finally he says: 'My bias is a desire not to believe that the dead are in any way mixed up with sittings at so many dollars,'—just as though mediums require nothing to meet the exigencies of quarter day and the commonplace claims of tradesmen's bills,—of which, of course, Mr. Lang knows nothing.

He is disturbed, moreover, because the spirits do not remember and stand cross-examination with earthly facility. And 'Phinuit, by the way, does not seem to have known that G. P. knew Greek, and, indeed, in the next world knows very little.' Is this chaff? If so, it entirely lacks Mr. Lang's usual fineness of touch. If it is meant to be serious, we may almost despair of him.

But he offers us a crumb of comfort. He is good enough to say that 'there is *prima facie* reason for further inquiry,' and that 'these things bias one in favour of the belief that there is something here into which it may not be waste of time to inquire.' O, thanks, Mr. Lang!

Ursula Gestefeld's 'Reincarnation or Immortality?' (New York: The Alliance Publishing Company) has distinct value. In twenty-four bright and thoughtful chapters, the alternative is discussed with perfect temper and thoughtful discrimination. The case against Reincar-

nation may not be complete, but, as far as it goes, it is convincing. Special attention is given to what are called 'advantages of the theory':—'first, elimination of the idea of a personal God who governs all things by fiat: second, ever operative justice in place of favouritism and preferment: third, law instead of luck or chance: fourth, evil self-made and bestowed, rather than divinely appointed and inflicted.' The disadvantages of the theory are many and, as we think, fatal to it; and these are more or less concisely set forth by this well-informed but slightly erratic writer.

Our own conviction is that we are sure to get entangled in arbitrary assertions, old-world crudities and hopeless inconsistencies when we once leave the sure and solid ground of human personality as sufficient for its own destiny. Not by becoming different persons and working out our salvation in the dark, but by orderly, progressive, conscious life, helped by memory and borne on by the sense of continuity, is that destiny to be achieved. Tennyson is right:—

'For man is man, and master of his fate.'

But he is master only because he persists and can work out his salvation on the higher reaches of being, or on

'The great world's altar stairs  
That slope through darkness up to God.'

Our genial friend, Mr. F. J. Gould, has been putting his boy to school, where Governors rule. He took the precaution to withdraw his son from what is called 'religious instruction,' but had the curiosity to find out what was done under that much misused phrase: and he found several queer things; one of which was a School prayer in which the scholar was told to say, 'Enable us to resist every suggestion of deceit or unfairness which the Devil may put into our hearts.' If these Governors would say 'evil spirits' instead of 'Devil,' we might almost invite them to join our Alliance. But why introduce that subject at all in a public school? Mr. Gould is almost justified in every drop of his caustic application, thus:—

The Devil has many functions, and his industry is extreme. His genius is not entirely absorbed in imperial and cosmic politics, or even in such congenial tasks as assisting Mr. Herbert Spencer in the concoction of the Synthetic Philosophy. He can spare time to prowl among school children in the capacity of *agent provocateur*, tempting them to dodge examiners and outwit Governors. Some examiners are themselves so Machiavellian that I have a half-suppressed sympathy with the boys who cheat the cunning of the Gradgrinds. As to the Governors, they are past praying for.

Mr. C. P. Gasquoine's 'Scientific Theology. A reply to Popular Evangelicalism' (London: Watts and Co.) is worth consideration. Mr. Gasquoine's idea of God or, as he puts it, diversely, 'the controlling Power of the Universe,' 'the Supreme Creator and Cause,' 'the Supreme Authority,' and 'the Central Authority,' is a helpful if not an exhaustive one. It is an enormous improvement upon and advance beyond Agnosticism, and we entirely follow him in his firm adhesion to the supremacy of Law.



God is the infinitely natural, and all human progress, for time and eternity, must be natural, too. What is called 'salvation' is surely nothing but evolution in the ethical and spiritual spheres. So far we go cordially with Mr. Gasquoine, and only wish that he could see his way to going on a little further with us. He is not far from our 'kingdom of Heaven.'

The following passage, in relation to forgiveness of sins and dominion over them, is significant as to spiritual religion:—

When men object that a rational conception of Christianity fails to make adequate, if any, provision for forgiveness of sins, they forget that they are unconsciously conceiving the relation of God and man to be mutually human; they cannot struggle free from the anthropomorphism of the ancients. To determine the reality of goodness and evil we have to penetrate to motive, and to motive alone can moral judgment be applied. In seeking the attributes of the Supreme Authority we are, therefore, compelled, as far as possible, to seek the Divine motives on which Authority acts, and observation of phenomena leads us to the conclusion that a desire for improvement, both in physical and moral activity, is at the bottom of the authoritative law of obligation. Hence, we may logically conclude that all that tends to physical and moral evolution is *good*, and all that tends to improve that growth is *evil*, the wilful production of which is sin. The Final Authority may be regarded as that 'power outside ourselves which makes for righteousness,' and he who fights against physical or moral progress, either in the individual or the race, may be regarded as a sinner, not from a merely sentimental, but from a scientific, point of view.

We ought to be hospitable to the notion of 'The Holy Ghost' or 'The Holy Spirit': and we ought to be equally hospitable to every assertion of 'Inspiration' as a fact, whether in the present or the past. Of course caution is required, and even severe discrimination. The Holy Ghost or Spirit may easily be confused with some very unholy forces, and Inspiration may be from beneath as well as from above. The following letter, from 'The Church Gazette,' is very much to the point:—

#### THE HOLY SPIRIT THE ONLY INSPIRER.

SIR,—Surely the Holy Spirit has not slept ever since the Bible was written, as 'A Protestant' suggests. From the New Testament we learn that He will guide into all truths as the ages roll on—presumably by the mouths of holy men and women. All words must be tinged by the human medium through which they pass, and there is no test of their inspiration but their power to uplift or enlighten.

That some words in the Bible have not that power, and that many in other books have it, cannot be gainsaid. Were all books to be destroyed and their teaching forgotten, religion would still survive in the hearts of those who are impelled to seek truth, love the beautiful, and follow after righteousness. A. D.

'The Passing of Winter,' by Arthur E. Locke, has virtue in it just now:—

Old Winter proves a coward at the end.  
He fears the violets with their hoods of gray  
That now in verdant velvet vales display  
Above the sod, Spring's colouring to blend  
With hues that old King Winter's tints transcend.  
He dreads the crocus in court costume gay,  
The willow that foretells his waning sway;  
He sees toward what the vernal signs all tend!  
As in the warmth that fills the South-wind's breath  
Old Winter feels his strength ebb fast away,  
So may Love prove far mightier than Death,  
When we shall reach the Dawn of endless Day!  
'Be brave,' my spirit counsel ever saith,  
'Love shall be victor over all, for aye!'

'STAR LORE' for the March quarter anticipates that the Boer Government will be overthrown before the month of July opens, but hardly hopes for a permanent peaceful settlement in South Africa this year, because of the solar eclipse of November 22nd next. In 'The Birthdays of Commanders' we have much interesting astrological information respecting most of our Generals now at the front. Mr. A. G. Trent contributes a suggestive paper upon 'Uranus and the Ancient Astrologers.' Other articles treat of the 'Ascendant of Dover,' 'The Antiquity of Astrology,' and 'The Royal Nativity.'—A. B.

## THE ATTACK BY DR. TALMAGE.

BY 'VERITAS.'

### I.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage is nothing if not picturesque, but evidently his best work was accomplished many years ago, and he is living upon his reputation, for he is content to repeat himself instead of preparing something new. This is demonstrated in the report of his discourse delivered in Washington, D. C., on February 25th, 1900, which is printed in the 'Christian Herald' of the 8th inst. So far as we can discover this sermon was first preached at Brooklyn, N. Y., early in 1875, and is, therefore, at least twenty-five years old, and, as the files of the 'Christian Herald' will prove has been repeated several times with little if any alteration during the intervening years. From this fact we may conclude that the preacher does not advance, does not learn, and is not of a progressive turn of mind. A number of 'replies' have been made to the reverend Doctor, correcting his misstatements and misrepresentations, but they reappear without any amendment, so that one can only infer that the preacher is indifferent to criticism or regardless of his reputation for veracity. This is hardly to be wondered at when his treatment of the Bible is considered, for, although he himself quotes the words 'Add thou not unto His words lest He reprove thee, and thou be found a liar,' he does not hesitate to say: 'A servant one day said to King Saul, "I know of a spiritual medium down at En-dor."' But no such passage can be found in the Bible. If this is not adding to 'His words,' what is it? And, moreover, where does Dr. Talmage find any Biblical warrant for the following description of 'the woman of En-dor'? 'They (Saul and his servants) look in, and they see the haggard, weird, and shrivelled-up spiritual medium sitting by the light, and on the table sculptured images and divining rods, and poisonous herbs, and bottles and vases.'

Now this is all picturesquely descriptive, and would serve as an illustration of expansive journalism, but it is not creditable to a pulpiteer, for it shows very little regard for accuracy or respect for the 'sacred text.'

Again, what can we think of the consistency of the speaker when he condemns Spiritualists for want of reverence for the Bible, and yet himself caricatures it thus:—

'Saul says, "Bring up Samuel." That was the prophet who had died a little while before. I see her waving a wand, or stirring up some poisonous herbs in a cauldron, or hear her muttering over some incantations, or stamping with her foot, as she cries out to the realm of the dead. "Samuel! Samuel!" Lo, the freezing horror! The floor of the tenement opens, and the grey hairs float up, and the forehead, the eyes, the lips, the shoulders, the arms, the feet, the entire body of the dead Samuel, wrapped in sepulchral robe, appearing to the astonished group, who stagger back, and hold fast, and catch their breath, and shiver with terror. The dead prophet, white and awful from the tomb, begins to move his ashen lips, and he glares upon King Saul, and cries out, "What did you bring me up for? What do you mean, King Saul?" Saul, trying to compose and control himself, makes this stammering and affrighted utterance, as he says to the dead prophet, "The Lord is against me, and I have come to you for help. What shall I do?" The dead prophet stretched forth his finger to King Saul, and said, "Die tomorrow! Come with me into the sepulchre. I am going now. Come, come with me!" and lo! the floor again opens, and the feet of the dead prophet disappear, and the arms, and the shoulders, and the forehead. The floor closes. Oh! that was an awful séance!'

As a work of imagination this dramatic and graphic picture is effective, and might well strike terror to the hearts of the ignorant and superstitious believers to whom the sermon mainly appeals, but thoughtful and well-informed Christians can but deplore such an exaggerated and misleading representation of Biblical statements which certainly do not apply to Modern Spiritualism.

'Opinions differ,' we know, and the Rev. Dr. Talmage is of opinion that Spiritualism 'has never yet offered one reasonable credential,' but we are equally entitled to our opinion that it has offered many, and that we have never yet been offered one reasonable credential to prove that the Rev. Dr. Talmage is an impartial observer, a faithful re-



corder, or one who is entitled to credit for painstaking, cautious, and persevering investigation, or for scientific accuracy and precision of statement. After a number of strange misrepresentations of Spiritualism, the Doctor asks : 'What does God think of all these delusions?' and answers his own question by saying :—

'He says, "I will be a swift witness against the sorcerer." He says, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." And lest you might make some important distinction between Spiritualism and witchcraft, God says in so many words, "There shall not be among you a consulter of familiar spirits, or wizard, or necromancer; for they that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord." . . . After that, be a Spiritualist if you dare!'

Those concluding words are fine. But the number of those who have 'dared' to become Spiritualists since this sermon was first preached have been more, we should imagine, than those who have been deterred thereby. But, if God really commands that witches should not be permitted to live, and mediums are really witches, as the Rev. Talmage declares, how disobedient he himself must be to the divine command! Why has he not had the courage of his convictions and slain the witch-mediums? Or does he only 'believe that he believes'? He says 'the spiritual mediums of all ages have chosen the night or a darkened room. Why? The majority of their wonders have been swindles; and deception prospers best in the night.' But this learned preacher conveniently forgets that almost all the wonders reported in the Bible occurred after sunset or before sunrise, from Abraham's first séance when he waited upon the Lord in a 'horror of great darkness,' to the rolling away of the stone from the sepulchre in the night, for the women 'went while it was yet dark.' And in any case darkness is as divine as daylight. Furthermore very few, proportionately, of spiritualistic phenomena really occur in darkness.

It would be difficult to find a more striking example of inaccuracy (to put it mildly) than the following assertion on the part of the preacher :—

'Spiritualism is doom and death to everyone that yields to it. It ruins the body. Look in upon an audience of Spiritualists. Cadaverous, weak, nervous, exhausted. Hands clammy and cold. Voices sepulchral and ominous. Bewildered with raps. I never knew a confirmed Spiritualist who had a healthy nervous system.'

This is so ludicrous, so manifestly untrue, that it of necessity throws doubt upon the rest of the charges which are piled up in the same extravagant fashion.

After the vile charge that Spiritualism 'is a social and marital curse,' the rev. gentleman proceeds to make this sweet and gracious declaration :—

'If Spiritualism could have its full swing, it would turn this world into a pandemonium of carnality. It is an unclean, adulterous, damnable religion, and the sooner it drops into the hell from which it rose, the better both for earth and heaven. For the sake of man's honour and woman's purity, I say, let the last vestige of it perish for ever. I wish I could gather up all the raps it has ever heard from spirits blest or damned, and gather them all on its own head in thundering raps of annihilation!'

Such extreme utterances carry their own refutation upon the face of them and show that they are born of prejudice and breathe the spirit of pharisaic intolerance. They need no denial. The fact that during the twenty-five years which have elapsed since this sermon was first preached Spiritualists have increased by thousands, and that the facts on which it is based are being admitted by an ever-growing number of people in all ranks of society, is ample refutation of these wild and whirling words, for, if they were true, Spiritualism would have suffered, and deserved, the fate which Dr. Talmage wishes he could administer to it.

In 1877, Dr. Eugene Crowell took the trouble to gather the official statistics from a number of American asylums to deal with the following accusation by the Doctor :—

'I further indict Spiritualism as a cause of insanity. There is not an asylum between Bangor and San Francisco which has not the torn and bleeding victims of this delusion. Go into any asylum, I care not where it is, and the presiding doctor, after you have asked him, "What is the matter with that man?" will say : "Spiritualism demented him."'

But what are the facts? Dr. Crowell found that there were in July, 1876, 87 asylums in the United States of America, containing 28,558 patients. The records from 13 asylums gave the total number of patients who had been treated during a term of years (some of them for upwards of thirty years), and out of 58,875 sufferers, there were 1,994 insane from religious excitement, and but 229 who were alleged to have become deranged from excitement caused by Spiritualism! At the time of the inquiry made by Dr. Crowell there were in 58 asylums 23,328 patients, and of these 412 were insane from religious excitement, and only 59 cases were attributed to excitement caused by Spiritualism. These later returns showed a diminished number of cases from both causes, and yet the number of Spiritualists was steadily increasing. In forty-two published reports from asylums which gave tables showing the previous occupations of patients admitted or treated, within one or more years, there were, out of a total of 32,313 male patients, 215 set down as clergymen, while in the same reports the total number of male and female Spiritualists was only 45! Insane clergymen were, therefore, in the proportion of 1 to every 150 inmates, while the proportion of insane Spiritualists (male and female) was only 1 to every 718. How baseless and cruel this charge was when it was first made is thus clearly demonstrated—yet it has never been withdrawn. Nay, it is persisted in and repeated without qualification. Surely Dr. Talmage must for all these years have been beside himself. It is impossible to believe that any level-headed Christian minister could have indulged in such extravagant language and such baseless vituperation.

#### LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

On the evening of Friday, March 23rd, in the French Drawing Room, St. James's Hall, Mr. Walter Howell, of Keighley, gave an Address to the Members and Associates of the Alliance on 'Idealising the Real and Realising the Ideal.' We hope to publish a report of the Address in our next issue.

A meeting of Members and Associates of the 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 next, 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.

A MEETING of the COUNCIL of the Alliance was held on Friday, March 23rd, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year :—President, E. Dawson Rogers; Vice-Presidents, Alaric A. Watts, Hon. Percy Wyndham, Major-General Drayson; Hon. Treasurer, Henry Withall; Auditor, Thomas Blyton.

The resignation of two Members and two Associates was accepted; and eight new Members and nine new Associates were elected.

The following Members of the Alliance who had occupied seats on the Council by co-option, were again co-opted unanimously :—Mrs. W. P. Browne, Mrs. Hehner, Miss H. Withall, Miss Rowan Vincent, Mr. J. J. Morse, and Mr. F. W. Thurstan.

For the convenience of Members and Associates who desire to meet friends, by appointment or otherwise, for conversation and the interchange of thoughts on matters of mutual interest, it was decided that, by way of experiment, the Council Room shall be placed at their service every Thursday afternoon from three o'clock till six.

Representations having reached the Council that to some of the Members and Associates the hour at which the usual Fortnightly Meetings have been held is an inconvenient one, it was resolved that before the commencement of the next Session an attempt shall be made to ascertain the views of the Members and Associates generally on the subject, so that the wishes of the majority may be met as far as possible.



## SEANCE WITH THE BANGS SISTERS.

The following narrative, over the signature 'E. A. Bangs, Chatsworth, Ill.,' descriptive of a séance with the Bangs Sisters, appears in the 'Light of Truth,' published at Columbus, Ohio, U.S.A. The story reads like an honest record of facts, and, if it be really so, the séance was certainly noteworthy :—

'I have witnessed many interesting and convincing proofs of the continuity of life, and of the interest that those who have passed away have in those who still remain on earth. One recent experience of a most extraordinary character I desire, for the consolation of others who may have had a bereavement similar to my own, to relate. During the late Spanish war a son had enlisted in the service of his country, contracted typhoid fever, and passed into spirit life. I had no likeness of him except one taken in his early younger years. A picture of him, as he appeared in the more recent years of his young manhood, would have been to me, in my great affliction, a source of much consolation. I regretted the fact of not having one, and determined, if possible, to secure a spirit portrait. Having heard of the great success of the Bangs Sisters in obtaining pictures of those in spirit life, I made a trip to Chicago expressly to test, for my own consolation, their medial art power in securing a spirit portrait of my son.

'I found the mediums both at home. I told them the purpose of my visit. I first had a sitting, seeking to know or get into communication with my son. The sitting was very satisfactory, he assuring me in the most natural and consoling manner that I could obtain a likeness of him as he appeared before joining the army. The day was dreary and rainy, and the atmosphere heavy and oppressive. The guides suggested that we postpone the sitting for the picture until the next day. We complied. The morrow proved to be a day full of sunshine and hope. At the appointed time the mediums arranged to give their spirit artist an opportunity to fulfil his promise made the day previous. I was requested to select a blank canvas from a number in the room. This I did, and put my signature on it.

'The room in which the sitting took place was spacious and light, the sun shining into the room from two windows almost immediately on the table. I myself placed the canvas under the table—an ordinary sized one—against a support designed for this purpose. I assisted in arranging the curtain drawn around the table to exclude, in part, the light, and sat opposite the opening of the curtain, the two mediums sitting one at my right, the other at my left, during the entire séance. We entered familiarly into conversation on the ordinary topics of the day. After three-quarters of an hour we heard distinct raps on the table. The mediums said the spirit artist desired us to witness the progress made in the painting of the portrait. We lifted the curtain and I saw an outline of a picture, the neck and shoulders still invisible, sufficiently distinct in its lights and shades to give it a natural expression, which I saw at once as that of my son. We now closed the curtain, and in about three-quarters of an hour the guides informed the mediums by raps that the picture was complete; that we might remove and examine it; that other changes would yet take place. To my delight and astonishment I now beheld in more perfect outline and features the likeness of him whose picture I so earnestly desired. More astonishing changes were yet to be made. The shadows seemed to vary with a life-like movement, the colours assuming new tints and deeper hues, thus bringing out the features into a perfect likeness, until the picture seemed to stand up before me as a life-like reality. I felt well paid for my trouble and expense, and I went home delighted.

'Not only I, but my friends—all of whom knew I had no recent likeness of my son—recognised him fully in the portrait I had obtained. To them, as to me, it was a source of astonishment and comfort. I have visited the mediums several times since, and have had satisfactory communication with my soldier boy, who now lives in the patriotic atmosphere of the higher life. He has gone, but his perfect likeness which I have helps me to realise that, though absent, he is still present.

'If my recital of these plain facts shall be the means of causing others to embrace the opportunity so rarely offered, or bring joy to them and theirs, it will add to my own.

'The similarity of my name to that of the mediums may make it proper for me to say that when I first visited these ladies we met as total strangers, and that though it is probable we originated from the same stock, we are not near, or even, so far as we know, distant relatives.'

## 'RACE AND RELIGION.'\*

All who care to trace the origin and history of ideas will find both interest and profit in the perusal of this sketch of the influence of Hellenism, Semitism, and Latinism on Christian thought. It is of value alike to those interested in theology and in history; that is, to those who recognise that history is not a heterogeneous succession of events, but a science of causes, governed by laws as certain as (although more complex than) those which govern the domain of physical nature.

The able author of this little volume has packed his pages tightly with suggestive thoughts, and it is difficult to deal with so much condensed matter in a short article, so as to convey any adequate notion at all of his mode of treating the subject; but we are sure that many readers of 'LIGHT' will be glad to have the book briefly brought to their notice and will find that it repays study.

The writer has probably sat at the feet of some great master, for he has learnt what only a great master can teach; and that is, not *what* to see, but *how* to see. This capacity of a master mind is conspicuous in the writings of Frederick Denison Maurice particularly in those which deal with history. We do not know whether Mr. Allin is a student of Mr. Maurice, but certainly he has learnt *how* to see; and whether a reader accepts his conclusions or not, he can hardly fail to feel that the book is enlightening, and stimulates thought. Unfortunately for most of us, life is too full to make it possible to carry out the desire which it evokes, to plunge into the study of Greek and Roman and early Christian history and literature, and we shall probably be obliged to content ourselves by falling back on the resources of memory in order to compare and verify the ideas suggested in the sketch.

The author traces what has been called the 'New Theology'† (although he does not use that term) back to its roots in the earlier history of the race. He shows that Hellenism is not a 'mere philosophy, it is a certain *ethos*, which has its roots in the past and is anchored there, which reflects and sums up national character and instincts of race.' A materialist, who traces all ethical and religious thought to physical causes, may be inclined to claim such a statement as this as an argument in his favour; but it really suggests a truth far deeper than that. The fact that the large expansive teaching of the 'New Theology' is by lineal descent connected with certain racial tendencies which may be traced in the earliest periods of human history, is, to the believer in the Immanence of the God who works by evolution, but another testimony to the truth of this 'New Theology,' which is thus proved to be not new at all, but to be a part of creation, latent in humanity from the beginning.

But, it may be asked, if this theology is an inheritance of the past, how is it that it has been so lost to the Western races that at its revival at the present time it is greeted as a novelty? It is this question which the writer of 'Race and Religion' ably tries to answer in his chapter on Latinism.

We cannot attempt to give a *resumé* of this answer. We should do it but scant justice if we tried to do so. We will limit ourselves to hinting at one of the fertile suggestions which the perusal of the book has left with us. It is, that those in whom this particular racial tendency which the author calls Hellenism is strongly developed are those who will most readily assimilate this larger truth which is offering itself anew to the world; indeed, they can assimilate nothing else; and that in embracing it they are but entering into possession of a long-Promised Land, of which the earnest was given to the race far back in its history, but which the race was not then sufficiently developed to fully appropriate and retain; it required the long discipline of the House of Bondage of legal Latinism, and then the sojourn in the barren wilderness of materialism, to fit the race, as heir of the ages, to enter into permanent possession of this Divine Inheritance of Truth.

Our author is hardly responsible for this analogy except

\* 'Race and Religion.' Hellenistic Theology: Its Place in Christian Thought. By THOMAS ALLIN, D.D. James Clarke and Co., price 1s. 6d.

† By the term 'New Theology' we mainly understand belief in the Immanence of God, the Divine Heredity of Humanity, and the remedial character of all retribution.



so far that the study of his book suggested it. It contains a thought which opens up a prospect of almost dazzling splendour for the present generation. Far grander than those of any land 'flowing with milk and honey' are the possibilities which lie before us, if, with the accumulated advantages of our age-long training, we enter now into full possession of the wisdom and power which are contained in the larger views of God and humanity which are permeating modern thought.

H. A. D.

### THE CONTINUITY OF LIFE.

Our esteemed correspondent, 'M. T.,' sends us the following translation of an incident reported in the German journal, 'Psyche':—

At a Spiritistic séance which was held at the house of Herr Ernst Henning, 67, Birkenstrasse, Berlin, on the evening of December 13th of last year, a proof of the continuity of life after death was given, such as is rarely obtained. Herr Henning, in whose séances I now take part, told me of the circumstance, and at my request has committed the account to writing as follows:—

'Berlin,

January 13th, 1900.

'DEAR DOCTOR,—In answer to your request I have much pleasure in writing down the following particulars. At our séance on Wednesday, the 13th of December last, my wife's old aunt, Cecilia Burmeister, of Stralsund, communicated, and encouraged me with regard to the impending operation on my eyes. In reply to my question, I received the answer that "she had been dead four days." Now we knew that the old lady—who was over seventy-seven years of age—had been ill, but a fortnight previously we had received a postcard from her with the remark "Don't be anxious about me, I am not going to die yet!" We, therefore, attached no importance to the message through the table, and sent her a Christmas letter, together with a piece of my daughter's needlework. As this was not returned, and we were used to our aunt's dilatoriness in answering letters, we became convinced that our idea of the message being the work of some tricky spirit was the true one. But at the beginning of the year a card with New Year's greetings which I had sent her was returned to me, with the endorsement: "The person addressed is dead!" My wife went immediately to the son of an old friend of our aunt, who told her that the aunt had died on December 9th, 1899—therefore, exactly four days before our séance of the 13th. The fact that no news had reached us is thus explained: our aunt a week before her death was, by her own wish, taken to a hospital, and on the way thither she had a stroke, which robbed her of both speech and consciousness, which she never regained.'

Thus runs Herr Henning's narrative, addressed to me. I may just say that Fräulein Burmeister was a sister of my former instructor in natural history, the well-known Professor Burmeister, of the University of Halle, and that she resembled that talented materialistic scientist both physically and mentally. I ought likewise to say that the messages from the deceased lady came by tiltings of the table.

DR. EGBERT MÜLLER.

### THE SPIRIT'S YEARNING.

Feeling, oh! so faint and weary,  
I had closed the volume done—  
Phantoms flitted, quaint and eerie,  
Round me dreaming, dazed and dreary  
With the millions and the billions, when I'd wanted but  
the One!

I had read of various ages,  
How their sands of time had run,  
Of their reckoning by the sages;  
Still I cried: 'Tis but sin's wages  
For the millions and the billions, if there be no deathless  
One.

And the Spirit's inmost yearning,  
Since the shining of the sun,  
Whispers Science and her learning—  
As she sits the pages turning—  
Count your millions and your billions, but set o'er them all  
the One

M. C. D.

### 'IF SATAN CASTETH OUT SATAN.'

The 'Revue du Monde Invisible' for March contains an article by the editor, Monseigneur Elie Méric, on 'Katie King.' He says: 'We must examine with independence, say what we know, and recognise what we do not know. However strange the facts, it is well to study them.' He then emphasises the fact that the evidence for the appearance of 'Katie King' is very strong, and that Sir W. Crookes is an unimpeachable witness. 'I acknowledge,' he continues, 'that the apparitions of "Katie" are real. . . I recognise that this being is an intelligent spirit, a stranger to our world, manifesting intelligence, personality, by word and act, &c.' From all this we might almost conclude that Monseigneur was joining the ranks of Spiritualists; but that would be a somewhat premature conclusion. His verdict is not adverse to the reality of the facts, but he attributes the appearance to Satanic agency. His finale is somewhat curious: having pronounced his opinion that the apparition is a fraudulent spirit, 'une faussaire de Dieu' (literally 'forger of God'), who appears under the form of 'Katie,' he yet expresses his satisfaction at the effect such phenomena are having on the minds of men of science, in leading them to renounce materialism and to look beyond death.

One wonders why it does not occur to Monseigneur to remember certain words about Satan casting out Satan, and that if an emissary of Satan ('envoyé de Satan') is thus engaged in undermining the strongholds of unbelief his kingdom is surely divided against itself. Or perhaps it is because he recognises this that he concludes with the words: 'Je m'en réjouis, et j'attends mieux.'

The same journal contains an account of several good cases of telepathy. These are related by Abbé Paradan, who states, on what authority we do not know, that the Breton women constantly receive warning of their husbands being in peril or of their death at sea. He refers, by the way, to Mr. Myers, Mr. Gurney, and Mr. Podmore, as Myers Gureng and Padmare!

### PSYCHOMETRY IN THE DANISH PRESS.

We knew, of course, that 'LIGHT' had many readers in Denmark, but it came as a surprise to us that 'LIGHT' should be mentioned in the secular Press of that country. A copy of the Danish paper 'Nykjobing Venstreblad,' for February 27th, has reached us, in which prominence is given to a communication from one of its readers in regard to his successful trial of the psychometrical gifts of a lady whose advertisements appear in our columns. The writer says:—

'No one now-a-days will dispute the statement that the character of a person is shown plainly in his or her handwriting—at least, no one who has taken the trouble to study the question of the connection between a person's mental and physical characteristics. The features of a person as seen in a photograph are a sure guide in judging that person's character. There are, however, certain persons who, from handwriting, can do more than judge a man's mental characteristics, as I, like many others, have discovered by applying to Mrs. Burchell, of Bradford (England), whose advertisement I saw in a weekly publication—"LIGHT." Mrs. Burchell, "the noted Yorkshire healer and psychometrist," advertises that she can be consulted regarding health, character, spiritual gifts, mediumistic capabilities, &c., if an application for consultation be accompanied by a photograph and a letter giving particulars of age and sex. I did not send a photograph but simply a short letter, giving particulars of my age and sex. A fortnight later I received from Mrs. Burchell a long letter giving a detailed answer to my questions. Mrs. Burchell described fully and plainly my physical and mental peculiarities, and her description was perfectly correct as far as I can judge myself. She specified certain details about which, up to then, I had been in complete ignorance, and gave me some excellent advice as to how to keep in good health, &c. I was perfectly satisfied with my experiment, and I believe I am only one of many who have made the same trial with equally satisfactory results. . . Psychometry and second-sight will doubtless play a great part in medical matters in the near future, as a person gifted with these powers will be able to form a more reliable opinion about a patient's illness than anyone else.'

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



OFFICE OF 'LIGHT, 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,  
LONDON, W.C.  
SATURDAY, MARCH 31st, 1900.

EDITOR ... .. E. DAWSON ROGERS.

*Assisted by a Staff of able Contributors.*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—'LIGHT' may be had free by post on the following terms:—Twelve months, 10s. 10d.; six months, 5s. 5d. Payments to be made in advance. To United States, 2dol. 70c. To France 13 francs 86 centimes.

## Light,

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, Office of 'LIGHT,' 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. E. W. Wallis, Office of 'LIGHT,' and not to the Editor. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to Mr. E. W. Wallis, and should invariably be crossed '\_\_\_\_ & Co.' 'LIGHT' may also be obtained from E. W. ALLEN, 4, Ave Maria-lane, London, and all Booksellers.

APPLICATIONS by Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, Ltd., for the loan of books from the Alliance Library should be addressed to the Librarian, Mr. B. D. Godfrey, Office of the Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

### THE SPIRIT TEMPLE.

In our contemplations, aspirations, and inquiries concerning spirit-life it is as necessary to be 'firm rooted on the earth' as to mount towards heaven. We grow from the mother earth, and life's bloom and fruit, however rare and rich and beautiful, belong to the earth. So there is a deep truth in the statement that only experience teaches. We shall probably pass on to modes of being that will utterly uproot us, and make all the conditions of our tree-like life here almost ridiculous—probably incomprehensible; at once a lost memory and a lost sense. But, while we are here, the best we can hope for is that we shall be 'like a tree planted by the rivers of water.'

But, leaving that symbol of the tree, and passing on to what it was intended to suggest, as the earth-rooted condition of being, we may perhaps be helped by it to understand a little better what we have been accustomed to call the childish picturings of unseen things. For instance, even the Bible must be credited—or debited—with such picturings. There is much that is lovable, tender and beautiful in that description of the New Jerusalem, in the Book of the Revelation: but the stage is too small, the details are too theatrical, the *tout ensemble* is too toylike for our larger conception of anything that we can call 'Heaven.' We need a boundless Universe, not a highly finished Oriental city, for the magnitude and complexity of our spiritual dream.

The writer of this exciting and profound book tells us that in the New Jerusalem he saw no temple, for the Lord God, the Almighty, and the Lamb, are the temple thereof; but elsewhere in the book the temple is often mentioned, as a measureable and habitable place; and, of the blessed ones, it is said, 'They serve Him day and night in His temple.' True, he was no bigot, and had glowing and generous thoughts concerning the saved,—'a mighty multitude that no man could number': but his temple was a spiritual building and his heaven was a place. We must amend that; and, still 'firm rooted on the earth,' must use our later knowledge and wider range to find the eternal temple and the adequate heaven elsewhere.

In truth, the real Temple of God is the Universe. As the waters cover the sea-bed so does the divine presence flood all space, both the here and the herein. And all common things, as well as all saintly beings, serve Him day and night in His temple:—nothing too high, nothing too low for that. The lovely blue of the washed June sky and the surging clouds of the wild March weather: the glorious

fresh mountains and the rank, misty fens: the grand ocean and the puddle in the street: the golden gorse, the purple heather, the green and slimy ooze of the pool hard by: the happy, unreflecting child, the silent old man, senile, forgetful, waiting to be gone: in a sense, all the philosophers and the fools, the good and the bad, serve Him day and night in His Temple:—and all are on the march.

And the angels in Heaven, how do *they* serve Him? By singing one unceasing Psalm? by being as happy as they can be, and glorifying Him in the golden streets, surrounded by the precious stones, jasper and sapphire, amethyst and beryl and emerald; and every gate a pearl! Ah, no! 'Are they not all ministering spirits?' and may they not serve Him by going into the Hells, by seeking and saving that which is lost, as they and the Master did on earth? The need must be there;—O, such a bitter need, when we think of the fools and idlers and criminals we pour daily into The Unseen,—a ceaseless stream!

There will be plenty of infirmaries and hospitals: plenty of spiritual bath-rooms and reformatories and lunatic asylums there: and the angels who are worth anything will have no time for idling with harps and palms. They will need lanterns and crooks. But that need not sadden or alarm us. We shall never be afraid, or tired, or despondent any more.

How do we know this is so? How do we know what justice is, what love is, what pity is, or what God the Father is? The instincts of the spirit are as real and as authoritative as the senses of the body: and that to which the mounting spirit bears witness now is a prophecy and pledge. There is a law of progress everywhere, and that law bears witness to itself by longing and appetite and the testimony of the deep inner self. And the higher the spirit is, the higher must its need of action be; and the higher its need of service. That is so here, and we have a perfect right to infer, we are indeed compelled to infer, that it will be so in an intenser degree as we ascend 'the hill of the Lord.' It was the highest who said that 'the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister'; and that is true over a larger area than we have imagined. Besides, God, so far as we can see, ever works through instruments; we are 'co-workers' with Him now; and it is our happy privilege to believe that this will never cease to be the case.

It is precisely the Spiritualist who finds it natural to believe these things, and to believe them without disavowing himself from the things that belong to experience; so that his thoughts of life in The Unseen show him his way in this jungle of things seen. 'This, too, then,' he says, 'is God's Temple. I have not to wait for it until I "get to Heaven," for all Heaven is here.' He sees that it is a delusion to suppose that God is present somewhere else more really than here. He knows that what is coming is, not more of God, but more power;—emancipated faculties, to see and feel Him, to receive and respond to Him. 'This little room is a part of His Temple,' says the Spiritualist, 'this desk, this counter, this school-room: and there are last things that will be first.' And so he comforts himself. He may seem to be a long way off from God and Heaven and the angels sometimes; but he knows the reason. He knows that all about him there are wondrous possible sights and sounds,—the splendour and the music of the New Jerusalem, only he is blind and poor and cold: but he knows that presently he will feel the radiance, that he will be rich, that he will see.

'LIGHT' SUSTENTATION FUND.—We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following additional contribution to this fund:—John Waddington three and a-half guineas. Remittances by other friends may be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. H. Withall, Gravel-lane, Southwark, London, S.E.



## MODERN VIEWS OF MATTER.

Intelligent and cultured Spiritualists are interested in matter as well as in spirit. The cleverest men amongst us know but little of the essential nature of either, but if we can reach some definite and reasonable apprehension of the one, it may probably lead us towards a realisation of the true nature of the other. Professor Oliver Lodge, who is one of the highest authorities on the subject, recently gave an address in Liverpool in exposition of the views, in relation to matter, now prevalent in the scientific world. We have seen no report of that address, but our readers will be able to gather something of its import from the following intelligent comments which have appeared in the form of an editorial article in the 'Liverpool Daily Post':—

A much larger public than the large audience which gathered the other day at the Literary and Philosophical Society's meeting, is interested in Professor Oliver Lodge and his work; it is to be hoped, therefore, that his essay on 'Modern Views of Matter,' which for two hours held its listeners entranced, will soon be published. Across the minds of some of the persons who had the good fortune to hear the paper, the thought may have passed that the position of a great man of science is one of the most desirable. Not because the multitude regard him as a magician, nor because his line has gone out through all the earth, and his words to the end of the world, but because dignity of mind comes to him from the consciousness of great achievements, and the truest humility from the ever-present knowledge of the narrow limitations of human faculties. These are qualities and properties of most of the kings of science, and when, as in Dr. Lodge's case, there is added a personality of strange charm, a blending of strength and sweetness, of dogged courage and sunny humour, the admiration which he provokes is tinged with a trace of envy. It is interesting to notice how science has built up a fabric of authority not unlike that of the Church. Kelvins and J. J. Thomsons and Lodges may dispute with one another; for the rest of us dutiful acceptance is decreed. In all Dr. Lodge's audience there probably was not a single person possessed of the data necessary for the discussion of his theories, and when those theories command the universal assent of his peers, they will be received by the great mass of highly educated persons with an act of intellectual submission closely akin to that which determines the acceptance of a Papal decree. But Science's College of Cardinals is open to every man of every race and station in the world who is blessed with sufficient brains and industry. Time was when physical science, partly through the indiscretion of some of its devotees, and partly through the ignorant prejudices of many good people, was popularly regarded as the dangerous enemy of religion. And at one period there was, indeed, more than a tendency in scientific teaching towards a rather sordid materialism. It meddled where it had no business, it chuckled complacently when it had reslain the Gadarene swine, and sometimes it hinted that a day might come when truth and justice, faith and virtue, would stand revealed as forms of molecular motion.

Of widely different temper are the great physicists of to-day. It is not their work to study moral and spiritual phenomena; but in their hands matter and force become the objects of a reverence which seems akin to the spirit of religion. It is of intense interest to observe that as our pioneers wistfully but courageously grope through the darkness towards the Unknowable, one by one the fallacies of crude materialism disappear. But yesterday we were taught that force is a function of matter; to-day, in the light of the newest discoveries, we are told that matter is a phenomenon of force. If it were possible—but perhaps this is the foolish imagining of an unscientific mind—if it were possible to bring consciousness within the operation of the law of the conservation of energy, it seems to us that physical science might present to mankind a stupendous pantheism whose God, indeed, is all in all, in Whom all creatures and things live and move and have their being. Probably some of the boldest and certainly most misunderstood parts of Dr. Lodge's work were inspired

by the hope of bringing into closer comprehension the material universe and that unknown Power of which it is merely the phenomenon. The purpose of Dr. Lodge's latest essay was smaller and more definite. He desired to state in plain terms the various theories which have been propounded as to the constitution of matter. The first definite theory was that of Descartes, who taught that matter is heterogeneous and continuous—in other words, that matter really is as it appears to our senses of sight and touch. The results of chemical experiment and spectrum analysis have made this theory extremely improbable. Next came the atomic theory, the germs of which are to be found in Greek philosophy. According to this, matter is not continuous, but is composed of aggregates of molecules, and each molecule is built up of two or more atoms; and this theory still holds the field. Dr. Lodge and other great physicists have recently been trying to determine what these atoms really are. The earlier view was that the atom is an extremely minute material particle, everlasting in form and properties, and infinitely hard. It was discovered, however, that the atoms are probably elastic, and almost certainly in incessant and violent vibration. Next came Boscovich, who suggested that the atom is an infinitely small, indivisible mass which is a centre of force; this theory involves the idea denounced by Newton, that action between bodies is action at a distance. Finally came the vortex hypothesis. In 1858 Von Helmholtz showed that a closed vortex filament in an incompressible, frictionless, homogeneous fluid is indestructible, and in 1867 Lord Kelvin propounded the idea that matter consists of vortex rings in such a fluid which fills space. Dr. Lodge and the later physicists have adopted this theory, and after a series of remarkable experiments have arrived at the conclusion that these vortices are manifestations of electrical force, and that the ultimate atom of matter is probably a unit of electricity. Thus, matter is lost in force, and the whole material universe becomes a phenomenal display of infinite and eternal energy.

The reasons which have led up to this remarkable theory are hardly apprehended by the untrained mind, even when assisted by such charming experiments as Dr. Lodge performed the other night. The great physicists must settle the matter between them, and the rest of the world must accept their conclusions. Meanwhile, it may give some amusement—it can hardly afford any advantage—to Dr. Lodge to learn one or two of the difficulties that arise in the average unscientific mind in contact with this theory. Is it not in effect the expression of one unknown in terms of another unknown? For example, he remarked of the ether, 'Substance it may be; matter it is not.' This distinction is necessary, because the mind of man can form no idea of a material fluid which is both frictionless and incompressible. Ether is substantial, then, but immaterial, a definition which almost reminds one of the dogmatic paradoxes of the Athanasian Creed. Further, it possesses some of the characteristic properties of matter, inertia among others. Dr. Lodge's pretty experiment with an endless chain, which, when set in violent revolution, runs about like a hoop, and whose loosely-connected particles exhibit an inertia they do not possess when at rest, does not help us to realise the spinning of an immaterial chain or to imagine what its possible properties might be. Furthermore, one sometimes wonders at the confidence of what may be called the arithmetical conclusions of the physicists. Lord Kelvin, for instance, has given the number of vibrations per second of a sodium atom as greater than ten raised to the fourteenth power. Dr. Lodge also showed us how the number of atoms in an enclosed space might, under certain conditions, be counted. All such conclusions appear to rest ultimately upon practical measurement, and it would be interesting to know how far errors too small for detection by existing appliances may invalidate such conclusions. Lastly, some of us now and again doubt whether physical science pays sufficient regard to the subjective element of the universe. Things assuredly are not as they seem, and the mind shudders to imagine how entities as distinguished from phenomena may present themselves to higher perceptions than ours. There is no blue sky apart from living eyes, no sweet sound apart from living ears, no genial warmth apart from living nerves. The reality of all seems to be infinite darkness, silence, and cold



filled with the everlasting pulsations of force. After all, the secrets which it most imports us to know may be within us rather than without, and from the study of mind may at last come the key to those riddles of matter that now seem insoluble. Perhaps our famous physicist long ago surmounted such difficulties; perhaps they are too foolish ever to have arisen in his mind. At any rate, he will forgive the expression of them, which is the honest outcome of an effort to follow him in a perplexing and unfamiliar region.

#### MEDIUMS VERSUS SEERS.

'Ordinary mediumship has always seemed to me to be an abnormal state and attended with immense danger,' writes Dr. Berridge in 'LIGHT,' of March 10th. His remark appears to the researcher to be very near the truth, if not absolutely the truth itself.

We hear from almost all mediums, experienced or otherwise, accounts of being controlled by 'lying,' evil, deluding, and various other kinds of spirits. This certainly sounds dangerous.

In our anxiety to become more conversant with the future world, are we not exposing sensitives to conditions which may be harmful to them and no benefit to ourselves, for we can give no credence to a lying spirit, no matter how well it may control the medium through whom it comes?

Instead of mediums or sensitives being encouraged to put themselves in the condition necessary to be controlled, which renders them liable to be dominated by any wandering force that happens to be near, should they not be encouraged to control that force and so be able to use it for the enlightening of themselves and others? They would then be in a condition to control themselves and the material and occult forces which impinge on their being and which their highly developed intuition would be able to discern for them, strengthening their character and giving spiritual freedom as the result. Our mediums would not then be proud to have tables and chairs knocked about for no apparent reason or be content to be subjected to hypnotic control. Instead of mediums they would be seers.

A MEMBER OF THE S.P.R.

#### PER ASPERA.

From hill to hill the cannon roared,  
Loud throbbed the air with shouts and cries;  
He led the charge with firm-set lips,  
The rage of battle in his eyes.  
The goal at last! His heart beat high—  
Brave heart, without reproach or fear—  
And in the trench, white-bearded, grim,  
He saw a mighty form uprear.  
A glint of steel, a blinding glare,  
A crash that struck him to the ground!  
Then . . . instant night, a veil of mist,  
And silence, breathless and profound.  
He lay awhile, confused in mind,  
Encompassed by a wall of gloom,  
Then turned and listened. From afar  
Arose a dull and muffled boom  
Like surf upon a distant shore,  
A murmur like the hum of bees;  
Then all was still—but, peering round,  
He pierced the dusk by slow degrees.  
Behind the darkness gleamed the dawn,—  
Most faint, yet fair and opal-hued,—  
Whilst, all around, his eyes discerned  
A vast and silent multitude.  
And in the mist, white-bearded, grim,  
He saw his adversary stand.  
He leaped unto his feet, but lo!  
The form advanced with outstretched hand.  
'Peace, friend! We fight no more,' it said.  
'We are the dead—we are the dead!'

LLOYD WOLLEN.

Mr. HERBERT BURROWS, we greatly regret to say, is still very ill, is suffering much pain, and has no hope of any substantial relief till warmer weather comes. For his sake we hope it will come quickly. He has a host of friends who will extend to him their warmest sympathy and their sincere wish for his speedy restoration to health.

#### 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.

(Continued from page 142.)

One evening, at Mr. Matthews', there were, besides myself, only two ladies at a public séance. They were strangers to me, but the Red Indian control, after talking to them, said there was a young officer of the name of Freeth present, who had died on a voyage home, and who stated that he knew both these ladies and myself, and wished us to become acquainted as we would help each other through life in psychic development. This officer was an old school friend of mine and a great friend of these ladies. After the meeting we discussed the incident with great interest, but we made no effort to become acquainted. At that time I happened to be spending every day in the British Museum library, devouring all the literature on the subject that I could come across—books of Judge Edmonds, Hudson Tuttle, Epes Sargent, Stainton Moses, Crookes, Owen, Jackson Davis and others. On the morning following this meeting I chanced to be strolling along Hyde Park towards the Marble Arch, intending to take an omnibus to Museum-street. As you all know these vehicles pass the Marble Arch every minute. There is no need to take any particular one. Before I quite reached the Archway one came along and passed down Oxford-street. I said, as I thought to myself, 'Hurry up and catch that bus.' I ran some fifty yards after it, jumped panting into it, and there were these two ladies the sole occupants of the vehicle. Of course after this we exchanged cards and have remained the greatest friends ever since. This might have been a coincidence, but for the fact that the same evening I was at Mr. Matthews' and the Indian control came laughing and said: 'Well, you have made the acquaintance of those ladies after all. Did you not hear me saying "Now hurry up and catch that bus?"' This showed me how what we think to be our own thoughts are often impressions from the other side.

I may say parenthetically that I have had several similar experiences in after life. On one occasion I was asked to meet Colonel Olcott at a party, and was disappointed as he was unable to be present. The next day I thought I was following a casual impulse to visit a friend, and jumping into a passing omnibus I found Colonel Olcott there in front of me. In a similar way I once had a great friend whom I was interesting in the investigation of Spiritualism, and he in turn was interesting me in the study of Astrology and Occultism. On four successive occasions when he and I had both come up to town casually, knowing nothing of the other's movements and addresses, and were strolling, as we thought casually, in bye-streets, we encountered each other on the first day we had arrived. This was beyond coincidence. It showed us that we were being brought together by unseen friends.

However, to come back to these two ladies. We found it was as had been promised us. Sitting together occasionally for development, we discovered, in myself, proofs of the gifts of clairvoyance and clairsaudience. I knew nothing of their family; yet I saw and described their lost father and mother accurately, and heard them telling me of private family details of the past which I found to be veridical. I was glad of these proofs, for I knew thereafter that visions of friends that I saw near me in my solitude were not figments of fancy but shadows of the real upon my brain. But, although I also gave to others at this time several surprising tests of identity, which, in some cases, eliminated from me the lurking fear that it was all mind reading, I was not allowed to consider these gifts permanent, but only temporary arrangements, brought about by an unseen friend working on my mind, just to bring to me the conviction that certain friends were about me, and that the appearances I saw of them were veridical. For instance, one night I saw the father of these ladies come to my bedside. He showed me a vision of a sunflower, explained its meaning, and told



me I should receive a letter the next day from his daughter. It was so; a letter came from her saying she had been trying to develop clairvoyance, but could see nothing but a sunflower, and asking its meaning. Surely after this the Dreamer was justified in believing in the companionship of another world.

And now to tell you of some of these spirit friends and what they did for me. Soon after I had discovered, through 'Prophet,' that an unknown sister had manifested herself to me in this our land of the living, I had occasion to visit my old home in Guernsey. Full of the new discovery, I naturally confided the story of my experiences to my parents, but I found they only looked upon them as signs that the devil was working in these latter days, and they smiled incredulously at my belief in the near presence of the lost member of the family. So I turned for sympathy to some neighbours of ours, two widowed sisters who had both lost their husbands in the Mutiny. These were types of what I find to be common—persons possessing natural gifts of physical mediumship, who had all through life been receiving proofs thereby of unseen presences, and yet who shrank from further investigation from the belief that the subject was uncanny and unpopular. I remembered that in the days of my youth they had told me tales of signs and warnings when their husbands were lost, and of strange messages received through table tilting and raps. In the old days I had once or twice induced them in a larking way to try table tilting but had never seen anything which I did not think was being done by themselves for the merriment of the company. But now I remembered all this. So I paid them a visit, told them my story, and worked them into a serious mood to sit at a table with me for manifestations. We received some messages, by tilts at first. The name of a friend of theirs was spelt out and then my sister purported to be present. I asked by what name she was to be known. But the intelligences moving the table seemed to be confused or impotent. Tilts were given at impossible collocations of letters and we had given up the attempt in despair and were remaining chatting, when suddenly a shower of little joyful raps fell on the table. It was my first experience of this definite physical proof of an unseen presence, and I knew my hostesses were in earnest and equally surprised. We called the alphabet and the raps spelt out CLAREISMYN. Thinking we were getting nonsense again, we desisted, when suddenly I was impressed to notice that the letters might be divided into the words 'Clare is my n(ame)'—evidently an answer to my previous question. A shower of tiny raps on the table seemed to show that there was some presence in the room, happy in my discovery; and, as I walked home alone that night along the upper town, overlooking the sparkling harbour lights, my heart seemed lifted and dazed with a strange sense of happy companionship which ever since I have always noticed to be indicative of Clare's near presence. For ever since then she has been my close comrade, learning through me of the experiences in this world which she missed by early decease, while I, in turn, have learnt through her some experiences of the world which is yet beyond me.

I may say here parenthetically that I have asked her whether she is to be considered superior to me for having been removed from earth, or I to her for having worked on earth. Her answer is that by this accident of birth she is superior in her world and I in mine, but by associating in close comradeship each is becoming equalised in the other sphere, and that in this way spiritual relationships are formed. Who, after this, can say I have done wrong in keeping Clare near me?

The next day, at home, a new experience awaited me. Seated in our garden by myself, I was trying to see if I had the power to communicate by automatic writing. To test the process, I asked my unseen friends to write the name of the next person to whom I should be introduced. My hand slowly traced on paper 'Goldie.' I was unaware of anyone in the island of that name. The very next minute a carriage drove up to our gate. A friend jumped out and asked me to join his picnic party. He took me up to the carriage and introduced me to a lady of the name of Goldie!

This sudden verification naturally had a great effect on my curiosity, and that evening when I had returned home

and was seated again in the garden, I bothered my unseen friends with fresh questions, but all that my hand wrote down in answer was 'Can't you eat to live?' and from that day to this I have never been able to get another answer by automatic movements of my hand. I can only presume that my friends feared I should make an oracle of the other world to my detriment; so having given that one proof for my spiritual food, they ceased to gratify my greediness. From that day I felt I was surrounded by stern mentors as well as by companions.

When I returned to London I was taught another lesson as to the right way to use our intercourse with the other world. At that time, as I have told you, my great worldly pinnacle was threatening to collapse into ruin, and I fell into the mistake, natural to beginners, of thinking that these friends of the other world have only to be asked to help us in our material schemes and they can and will obey. But those round me chose to show themselves as my masters, not my servants.

Naturally, I had not told Mr. Matthews of my private affairs. But 'Prophet' was not long before he followed me home and showed me that he saw exactly how things lay. He described in detail the club rooms, some of the members, and trivial incidents there, as, for instance, a member at the next dining table to me leaning over and showing me a certain diamond ring with a story, and he even gave me details about the lady dining with him, which subsequent inquiry proved to be correct. He told me of things also which were giving me anxiety; but when I asked him to help me he told me that spirits had their own work to do, and my spirit friends said it was all coming right and I was not to bother. But it did not come all right according to my ideas, and I was disappointed and chagrined. I was vainly trying to bolster up my old course of life, and they wanted to drive me into a new course, as it was coming all right from their point of view. I went blundering on my way until I found myself reduced to my last pound. Then they took me in hand and showed that they knew what was going to happen to me.

I had heard by a letter, one morning, of a holiday tutorship in Scotland, but I had not thought of applying for it as it was only for one month's engagement. But after breakfast, the medium, old Mr. Towns, then a stranger to me, called casually at the house of the lady with whom I was lodging. As soon as he entered he walked up to me and said he was told to ask for the letter in my pocket. I had not told anyone of this letter. He held it unopened and then described its contents and said I was to try for the situation; that although it was only for a month I should be asked to stay on for a month or two more until a good permanent appointment in the country would be found me, and never after that would I lack a position for earning a competence. It all turned out exactly so. For after this, for four years I held a post of teaching boys in a college on the coast of North Devon; then for three years as lecturer to Army students at Oxford and Aldershot; and then for seven years as professor in a college at Lucknow, in India; and during all this while my life, owing to the burden of the money obligations referred to, drifted gradually into lines of a seclusion from the outer life and a weaning into an inner life under the development and teaching of my new friends.

Having thus described my discovery of the other world, I must now show what use I have made of it. My first resolution was not to go on holding to the belief in the other world as a mere theoretical assumption, for ever to be subjected to test after test, but to make it at once realised as an actual part of my life, and to prove its genuineness by watching the effect that realisation had on my powers and happiness. The other line of proof—the one adopted by scientific researchers—of course is the only one whereby to bring the outside world to a general acknowledgment of the other world, but the method of inner proof which I started on is the best for the individual who has once been convinced.

Now I felt that this mental realisation was not to be attained by rushing from medium to medium, or by the reading of experiences, but by devoting regularly a part of each day to converse with the other world, as if it were as



real as this, and not to be frightened by the bogey of imagination and fancy. The difference between figments of an excited brain and the impressions on it of a reality beyond the brain's threshold, are soon easily distinguishable by their effects to one who has learnt to watch his consciousness from a standpoint outside himself. Consequently I have always arranged, as an absolute necessity, to have a residence where undisturbed seclusion was possible whenever desired, and I have found that this can always be obtained by the resolute without withdrawing altogether from the usual social obligations of the day and the neighbourhood.

A minute or two every day, given consciously to the realisation of the other world, will have its effect; only the shorter the time the greater the necessity for intentness. Practically, I found the hours of twilight, after the day's duties and bodily exercise were over, to be the best. Secluding myself regularly, then, at these hours, and shrouding my head, I began my realisation of the other world by withdrawing my attention from the outer impressions and watching the brain throw its inner impressions into outer hallucinations. This is what I mean by the process of turning the mind inside out. The inner world then stands outside you and the outer world inside you—the Dreamer of the one becomes the Actor of the other, and he who was the Actor is now the Dreamer.

In this way I first began to hear words automatically sounding in my brain, instructing me in various new aspects of life; then by pictures and scenes; but after a time formal teaching of this sort ceased, and I used to pass rapidly into a state of semi-hypnotic happy feeling, of being, rather than existing, just as if some other superior intelligence had entranced me and inserted latent suggestions which, on my awakening to this world, manifested at first only a sense of happy consciousness, emerging gradually during the next hours into definite new ideas, suddenly flashing on the brain. These intelligences acting on me seemed to have no wish for me to realise their earthly personality. Yet it was a noteworthy fact that for the next decade of years at least, whenever any clairvoyant or writing medium tried to cognise my surroundings they invariably, in different places or countries or continents, described one or other of the same personalities and gave the same names. Among this group were Swedenborg, Benjamin Franklin, Wordsworth, Dryden, William Wilberforce, and a radiant girl with golden hair and a star on her forehead, called 'Estelle.' At first common-sense suggested that these great names were merely the 'fudge' of mediums, although once I had a proof that the mediums intended no flattery, because one, after describing the usual Wordsworth accurately, gave his name as William Worth. Then, on account of the curious persistency with which these same personages turned up, I thought the explanation was that the mind unconsciously carried what it heard at one séance to be read at another. But maturer common-sense has made me ask myself, if Modern Spiritualism is indeed a movement organised by certain advanced human intelligences of past humanity, who could be more likely to be organising the English part of the work than those named above? And if so, why should they not, finding me a ready convert, have surrounded me in, to prepare me? However, as I say, they are, in their converse with me, indifferent about my recognising their personality; yet I note that each has a subtle difference of impress, a difference of individuality or spiritual feeling.

But of all these the one called 'Estelle' has been my chief instructor. Her work has been to teach me the art of the zest of outer life. Who she was on earth she will never tell me. I never knew her in this life, but clairvoyants, if they are to be trusted, have told me she was an American young lady of wealthy parents, who was educated in France and England, and passed over at about the age of eighteen. She came to me as a friend of Clare, and as belonging to the common spirit home of my other guides. She is often represented as playing on a harp, and Clare told me once in the direct voice that she learnt this accomplishment before her decease. The teaching of these two refined companions began with showing to me that all the rules pertaining to refinement on this side the curtain have their counterpart on the other side. For instance, a gentleman does not walk into a drawing-room with all the grime of his

day's work about him. 'So,' they said, 'if you want to enter our refined spirit circle you must go through ablutions, and rehabilitate yourself in the fashion of our set.' They showed me that all the unavoidable little worries of earth life were so much dirt and grime to be got rid of whenever I sought their company; that the dress of their company was a mood of wild delight in expressing existence in Nature. They taught how to acquire this robe, this mood, how too much absorption in intellectual life was inimical to it; how I must go back to moods lost since childhood; zest of existence, intense realisation of environment, of muscular movements and nervous vibrations, of colour, scent, and sound, intensified by a feeling of the inner representation of every scene in the outer world, as an artist can feel it; a sense of universal symbol and harmony, the outer a picture of the feeling of the inner.

They showed me how to attain this mood of zest and life. The first was to cultivate health, the groundwork of happy spirit. I thought, because I had never been seriously ill up to then, that I enjoyed good health. They laughed at me as a lamp in which the oil was rapidly exhausting. Positive health was wanted, not negative absence of aches and pains. This positive health replenished the oil which intellectual flights from the environment burnt up. The intellect's work was to send one out of one environment into another, but when the consciousness was away in another place on the wings of thought, the vital energies of the body were being sapped up into the brain; for all the sources of renewed vitality which came in through the bodily sense nerves, from a realisation of the environment outside the body, ceased to flow whenever the consciousness in deep abstracted thought became absent-minded to its immediate surroundings.

Consequently, these companions of the other world, instead of teaching me to become as a monk, dead to the realisation of outer Nature, made me go back to it with all the zest of a child, and all the power of a matured attention. They showed me how to acquire positive health, methods of exercising and concentrating the attention as the first step; the next step the using of the attention in breathing and muscle stretching, watching like a vestal virgin over the fire of bodily consciousness, until you knew what the right sense is in every part, and could notice at once when any signs of deadening of life set in; methods of arresting this deadening by working up happy moods and lusty circulation, until I may proudly say that for twenty years, in every condition of environment, positive health has been more or less my happy lot.

Having thus shown me how to realise more my outer body, they showed me how to realise my outer environment more, and the spiritual duty of doing so. On spring and summer days, when the mood of outer Nature was theirs, they would accompany me on my solitary rambles, holding my mind in a sort of half-entranced state, so that I could see their way of looking at things and remember it for my own use. The scents, the colours, the scenes seemed to come with intensified impressions which I had never realised before: and there was a meaning, a spirit, a mood hidden in all things. I found myself outside myself and become part of the environment; I felt myself moving with the waves, the boughs, the skies, the rolling planet, and feeling the delights of movement. A Richard Jefferies would know what I mean, wanting to be always in company with the earth, sea, sun, and stars, until the pettiness of house-life and observances, the petty necessity of useless labour productive of nothing, chafes us to break the bonds, yet not to shrink from human life but to enter into all its real passion, all its past experiences and consciousness, its joy of life in dance and lustihood, and ready to spend any energy and time in any discipline or any co-operation that would bring mankind back to a full realisation of positive physical happiness and consequent beauty. From this education in the realisation of the outer they led me into practice whereby I could reproduce the impressions from the subjective into the objective at any time, at my will. The wealth of the inner spiritual man, they taught, depends on the energy and zest with which he has thrown himself into the outer life, the associations which he has woven into it, the companionship of kindred souls who have joined their im-



pressions with his, and his power to reproduce impressions from the mind until they can become actualities in the objective.

As a corollary to this teaching they kept urging me not to confine my impressions of life to one set of surroundings, but to enter into the complete world spirit by travelling and residing in as many countries as I could, before I finally took my leave of this outer body with its chances of existence, chances which they wanted as well to avail themselves of, since their earth lot had deprived them of such. The more one has entered into the soul of every part of this world, the greater scope one has to come back to assist its further progress. It was in this way that I was first led or brought to India. The circumstances that enabled me to obtain a post there were not only prophesied to me beforehand but were worked in a way that seemed to point to some unseen friends having a hand in them. However, that story is too lengthy to narrate here.

Now India is a capital place for the Dreamer, with the hours of necessary seclusion in darkened rooms and the whole set of Nature and native mind passive and subjective; but it is, in a big station at least, as I found it, a good place for the education of the Actor as he finds himself in daily intercourse with a society less conventional, but consisting all of persons of action—a governing class and a soldierly class, men of system, promptitude and superiority. But the Englishman, as a rule, in India gets only the advantage derived from his own class of society. My comrades of the other world wanted me to get more. Therefore, in all my vacations, instead of dalliance among English society in hill stations they made me love to take to lonely wanderings—the lonelier, so far as outer companionship, the better, for then the more their intercourse and presence became real to me.

So with only a native servant as my cook to accompany me, I began by wandering in every part of India, taking long excursions into the innermost recesses of the Himalayas to the borders of Thibet, through Government forests on the borders of Nepaul, through flat-topped fastnesses of Mahratta Ghats, Mysore jungles, ancient deserted cities like Bijapur, the uninhabited parts of the Neilgherries, and the Dravidian sacred cities of Southern India. Then I coasted in all the coasting steamers; then I sought lonely places further afield, in my old native island of Ceylon, in the Andaman Islands, Burmah, the Malay Peninsular, Straits Settlements, and Islands of Malaysia. Then, when the year of holiday and freedom—the prize of labour in India—came to me, I took a wander round our globe and stored up scenes of Arabia, Egypt, parts of Europe previously unvisited, till, passing through home here, I went on across the Atlantic and filled myself with deep impressions of great American cities, and rivers, and lakes, the Falls of Niagara, backwoods of Canada, lonely prairies, the Rockies, and cities of the Far West Coast; then across the Pacific to the dawning East, merry Japan and staid China; and, finishing up by Cochin China, Malaysia, and Burmah again, I returned to Indian life; shortly afterwards to take a change in my profession that led me from Lucknow to live at Hyderabad and finally brought me back to English life.

But what I want to impress on you is that in all these wanderings it was my comradeship with the other world which gave me the intentness and power to value it. In short, I may sum up the whole use I have made of the other world by saying that, by intensely realising that other world and body, I have increased my powers for intensely realising and valuing this world and body.

Of course I am not able to state here all the friends I have made on the other side—they are very numerous—nor all the teachings which I have received by intuition from the other world; but I should like to make a brief remark about the teachings of my friends regarding eating and drinking. They do not seem to think it of much importance to make specific rules about this or that sort of food, vegetables or flesh—such conditions are apt to hamper one's ready adaptability to the environment of the moment. What they regard as of far more importance is that when the body is engaged in eating and drinking the whole attention of the mind should be concentrated on realising the flavour and process. To eat and drink while the mind is absorbed on

some book or some distant train of thought is to them barbarous and useless. When the body is having its turn the attention must watch its impressions, and then the right food and right amount will naturally be selected.

Nor again, in recounting the first proofs which led me to realise the other world, have I been able to tell of all the further experiences which have corroborated my first views, experiences which naturally have been many and varied, embracing as they do a period of nearly twenty years, in which time I have been closely associating myself with all the public movements which are examining this discovery so momentous for humanity—with the camps of Spiritualists, Psychical Researchers, and Theosophists, and with the leaders and students and all the periodical literature of those camps in England, India, and America.

And, now that I have these last five years found myself back in England, I have been, as you know, devoting myself, so far as my spare time will allow, to organising combinations among educated people for mutual development of psychic gifts and for starting habits of thought to be carried on at home. But latterly my efforts have been also directed to discovering the laws and conditions which enable the denizens of this other world to come into actual sight and touch of us in the close contact with this material world.

At first, with one set of trustworthy friends, and now again with another set, I am realising how 'Clare' and these friends who have lived so long in my mind's world, can form themselves into semblances of flesh with the help of our aura, and step out to greet us with touch and voice in this world, and throw apart the curtain which has separated us; a mystery and a sacred communion which I think should be reserved only for those who have had long converse inwardly with that other side of existence, and, not employed as now commercially or otherwise, as a miracle to convince the random investigator and, it may be, antagonist, of the truth. The early Christian Church, who were Spiritualists in converse with this world, had better arrangements. Transfigurations and materialisations were not for the crowd of the disciples.

## 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.*

### Spiritualism in Copenhagen.

SIR,—Some of your readers may be interested in learning that on Easter Sunday, April 15th, the Spiritistisk Broderskab in Copenhagen intends celebrating the consecration of their temple, 'Bethsaida Templet.' It is built in Greek style, has room for 700 members, and has cost, including the furnishing, about 75,000 kroner, equivalent to £4,166. The 'Spiritistisk Broderskab' was founded on July 12th, 1894, by our trance medium, Mrs. Petrea Seidelin-Nielsen, fourteen members, and the undersigned. We now count 1,000 members.

R. JORGENSEN,  
President of Spiritistisk Broderskab, Copenhagen.

### The late Mr. W. Wallace—Pioneer Medium.

SIR,—Your notice last week of the transition of this aged medium brought back to memory the following interesting experience. Twenty-eight years ago Mr. Wallace was a guest of mine for a week, during which time we held several meetings, and you may be sure in our daily conversation the different aspects of Spiritualism often came under discussion. I found in Mr. Wallace a simple, plain, and straightforward man. One day he showed me a number of psychic and other curious photographs, which he usually carried with him. Being an amateur photographer myself, with a growing interest in spirit photography, I suggested that we should visit a local photographer with whom I was on intimate terms. We did so. Mr. Wallace took his seat without any preliminary posing or arrangement. On developing we were both surprised and delighted to find something very like a human form on the plate, besides that of the sitter. The photographer (Mr. Shaw), a very nervous, sensitive man, got quite excited, began to examine his plate-holder, and then his camera, thinking to trace the cause here, but failed to see anything unusual. I then suggested that we try again; we did so, and had similar results, with



this difference, however, that the figure was not so distinct and had taken up a different position. This was in the days of wet (collodion) plates. I watched the process right through, and am confident that no trickery took place. Moreover, Mr. Shaw had no notice of our intended visit, so there could not have been any preparation on his part. I send you the photograph that you may see it, but I should like it returned, as I value it, being, I am certain, *genuine*.  
Llanelly. J. F. YOUNG.

### SOCIETY WORK.

WILL those Spiritualists and inquirers who are interested in the formation of a society on good lines in the neighbourhood of South Tottenham or Stamford Hill, kindly communicate with 'Psyche,' care of Mr. Uffell, 5, Church-street, Stoke Newington, N.?

CAMBERWELL.—36, VICARAGE-ROAD, S.E.—On Sunday last, one of Mrs. Holgate's guides spoke interestingly of part of his earthly and spirit experiences. Clairvoyance at the after-circle. Miss MacCreddie has kindly promised a visit on April 29th.—W. S., Sec.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday last, Mr. Thomas Everitt delivered a highly interesting address entitled 'The Night Side of Human Nature,' a report of which, it is understood, will appear in 'LIGHT' shortly. Mr. W. T. Cooper occupied the chair, and Miss Samuel sang very charmingly 'The Two Poets.' Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mr. J. J. Morse will deliver a trance address.—G.

PSYCHOLOGICAL HALL, ASHBURTON-ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E.—On Sunday last, Mr. H. Brooks, of the Hackney Society of Spiritualists, conducted the evening meeting here, his subject being 'The Demands of Spiritualism.' He was listened to by a crowded audience and emphasised the necessity of a more earnest attention to conduct on the part of those who called themselves Spiritualists.—Hon. Sec.

BARRY DOCK.—ATLANTIC HALL, DOCK VIEW-ROAD.—On Sunday last, the control of Mr. E. S. G. Mayo, of Cardiff, stated that he was an iconoclast while in the body. He gave a powerful and eloquent address on 'Whom Men call God.' The crowded audience were deeply interested, and it has seldom been our privilege to listen to such a soul-stirring address. We are looking forward with pleasure to Mr. Mayo's next visit.—E. J. T.

73, BECKLOW-ROAD, SHEPHERDS BUSH, W.—On Sunday last, owing to the indisposition of Mr. Bishop, who was to have addressed us, the meeting was thrown open to volunteers. Mr. Watson spoke effectively upon the erroneous opinions of the public concerning Spiritualism, and Mr. Hagon gave two impressive trance addresses. The after-circle was a most successful one, trance addresses being given through Mr. Hagon and Mr. Weston. Mrs. Watson was very successful in giving clairvoyant descriptions. Mrs. Whimp, clairvoyante, next Sunday.—Cor.

LEICESTER—LECTURE HALL, LIBERAL CLUB.—On Sunday last, the controls of our friend Miss Cotterill were most successful, the subject in the morning being 'Whosoever will, may come,' followed by clairvoyance. In the evening we were delighted with a powerful oration on the 'Spirit of Truth.' Our hall was packed. There were many strangers present. The spirit of inquiry is evidently in our midst. The meetings next Sunday, at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., will be addressed by Mrs. Walker, Northampton.—A. O. WHEATLEY, Hon. Sec.

STOKE NEWINGTON SPIRITUAL SOCIETY, BLANCHE HALL, 99, WESBADEN-ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON-ROAD (Near Alexandra Theatre).—On Sunday last Mrs. M. H. Wallis gave an inspirational address of great interest on 'Some Social States in Spirit Life,' which commanded the fixed attention of the large audience, as the exalted affinities, methods of soul communion, affections' interchanges, and other kindred phases of spirit life, were portrayed. The speaker also gave clairvoyant descriptions, which were nearly all recognised. Mr. Cash sang 'Ora pro nobis,' evoking hearty approval. On Sunday, April 1st, at 7 p.m., Mr. E. W. Wallis will reply to written questions from the audience, after which an election of auditors, and the revision of some rules by the members, will take place.—J. H.

CHURCH OF THE SPIRIT, SURREY MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—On Sunday last the clairvoyance at our morning circle, given by the 'leader,' was of a most interesting character. At the evening service the Irish guide of Mr. W. E. Long gave an address upon 'Prayers for the Dead.' Each aspect of ancient and modern religious thought regarding this subject was illustrated by clear and earnest expression. An appeal for prayers for the so-called dead, and the practical efficacy of the aspiration of those who yearn for the happiness and progression of loved ones gone before, gave a zest and inspiration that was most helpful. Next Sunday morning, at 11 a.m., the same guide will gladly answer questions relating to the above address (doors

closed at 11.15 a.m. prompt); at 6.30 p.m., an address will be given upon 'God and gods.' The anniversary service will take place on Easter Sunday. A social evening party will be given on Monday, April 16th, tickets for which may be obtained of Mr. W. E. Long.—J. C.

HACKNEY SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, MANOR ROOMS, KENMURE-ROAD, MARE-STREET, N.E.—Our president, Mr. J. Kinsman, on Sunday last referred to the fact that Spiritualism, in its modern phase, after nearly fifty-two years of continuous and bitter opposition, was in a healthier state than ever before. He emphasised the leading teachings of the visitors from 'across the bar,' illustrating his remarks by a reading from 'Spirit Teachings,' and especially insisted on the fact that the life lived on earth determines man's state in the fuller life of the hereafter. Mr. Gatter then spoke with reference to the light shed on the New Testament account of the life of Jesus by the revelations of Spiritualism; and Mr. Emms pointed out the agreement between all the old religions of the world. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. A. Peters will deliver an address and give clairvoyance. On Thursday, at 8 p.m., the usual members' circle will be held at 226, Dalston-lane.—O. H.

BATTERSEA SPIRITUALIST CHURCH, HENLEY-STREET, BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD.—All who had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Gwinn, on Sunday last, enjoyed a truly intellectual treat, his subject being 'Man: His Origin and his Goal.' After speaking of the various beliefs as to man's origin, he claimed that man is Divine in his origin and his powers, and that he should also be divine in his life. If he would give the soul time to live, its powers would unfold as they are already enfolded. Man's goal is all that is good and noble, beautiful and lovely; in one word, 'Heaven.' Mr. H. Bodington also spoke briefly. Mr. Adams presided. On Tuesday last, Mr. Dommen's phrenological lecture and 'readings' were greatly appreciated. We are pleased to announce a return visit on Tuesday, April 10th. On Sunday, April 1st, at 11.30 a.m., public discussion; at 3 p.m., Lyceum meeting; at 7 p.m., the usual workers will conduct the service. On Tuesday, at 6.30 p.m., Band of Hope meeting. On Thursday, at 8.30 p.m., a public circle will be held; and on Saturday, at 8.30 p.m., a social evening will be spent by members and friends.—YULE.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. O. WHEATLEY, Leicester.—We thank you sincerely for your efforts to make our paper better known to your members and the friends who attend your Sunday meetings. We think that other societies, as some of them already do, might very well follow your example. We know that many of the articles which appear in 'LIGHT' are utilised as 'lessons' in some of the Spiritualist services, and afford both pleasure and profit to the congregations. 'LIGHT' ought to be more widely circulated among our North country friends, and we are confident that it would be better supported if it were more generally known. We will supply parcels of back numbers for free distribution to societies that will endeavour to secure regular readers.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- 'The Londoner.' A Review and Record of the Week. No. 1 contains: 'The Folk Lore of the Malay.' By EDWARD CLODD. London: H. A. Le Good, Publisher, 4, Portugal-street, Lincoln's Inn, W.C. Price 2d.
- 'The New Cycle,' for March, devoted to Science, Psychology, Art, Literature, Philosophy, and Metaphysics. London agents: Gay & Bird, 22, Bedford-street, Strand, W.C. Price 1s. 3d.
- 'Malay Magic,' being an Introduction to the Folklore and popular Religion of the Malay Peninsula. By WALTER WM. SKEAT, of the Civil Service of the Federated Malay States, with a preface by Charles Otto Blagden. London: Macmillan & Co., Limited. Price one guinea, net.
- 'Prabuddha Bharata; or, Awakened India.' Mayavati Kumaon (Himalayas), India. Price 4d.
- 'The Astrological Magazine.' B. Suryanarain Row, B.A., Ballary, India. Price 12 annas monthly, or 6s. per year.
- 'The Life of the Spirit.' By HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE. London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Paternoster-row, E.C. Price 3s. 6d.
- 'The Humanitarian,' for April, contains: 'A New Sorrow, then a New Joy,' by JULES BOIS; 'The History of Magic,' Part I., by Rev. R. FRANCIS CLARKE, D.D.; 'Japanese Music,' 'Insignia of Fashionable Woe,' 'Science nears the Secret of Life,' &c. London: Duckworth & Co., 3, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, W.C. Price 6d.
- 'What is Right,' for April. London: A. W. Hall, 28, Hutton-street, Whitefriars, E.C. Price 1d.