

# Light:

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

"LIGHT ! MORE LIGHT !" — Goethe.

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

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## 'LIGHT' AND THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

We beg to remind the Subscribers to 'Light,' and the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, Limited, who have not already renewed their Subscriptions for 1900, which are payable *in advance*, that they should forward remittances at once to Mr. E. W. Wallis, 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C. Their kind attention to this matter will save much trouble in sending out accounts, booking, postage, &c.

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

Two pretty booklets have reached us, written by Dr. Alice B. Stockham, and published by her in Chicago; one, 'Hindu wedding bells, and Taj Mahal'; the other, 'Food of the Orient and Artistic Living.' The first contains an exceedingly vivid account of marriage ceremonies in India, and of the beautiful tomb of the wife of the Emperor Shah Jehan; the second is an arresting statement of the case against flesh-eating; with some deeply thoughtful remarks on the conquest of the body by the spirit. Incidentally, this second booklet gives some striking pictures of Indian character and life, especially in relation to the mastery of appetite and desire. The contrast is stated thus:—

All Hindus come to feel that to be a slave to bodily wants, to physical necessities, is not only deplorable but despicable.

We Western people are so sure that progress means science applied to the physical world, and we are so trained in the thought that the objective world is the only world, is what we live in and for, that we are mastered by it and its conditions. This hand, this arm, this head is the man; this outward man must be fed, clothed, and protected, and through this belief we come to know no other world—no other man.

Let us remember that there is a spiritual law, and if we understand it, if we are trained to live in its domain, we may outgrow what is supposed to be the natural law. There is a spiritual law in the natural world, and it is our highest prerogative to become acquainted with its workings, to let it have dominion over us. The needs of our body must not dominate us.

Mr. T. G. Headley, when he writes or speaks, and he has done both pretty often, has always something lively to say. His latest is in 'The Church Gazette,' on the question, 'Is the popular mind ripe for plain speaking?'—a decidedly timely question. Mr. Headley of course says 'Yes': but he says more. He is for trying and always trying, and pertinently asks: 'Without trial who is to be constituted an infallible Pope to determine that the time is not ripe, and that the people would not listen?' Who, indeed! This question Mr. Headley drives home, wedge fashion, with a little shower of other questions, thus:—

Were the chief priests of the Church of Jerusalem ripe and ready to listen to Jesus?

Were the disciples ripe and ready to listen to Paul?

And were they to remain dumb and silent because those

who exalted themselves to be pillars of the Church were not ripe and ready?

Is there not a world outside these to be considered? Jesus and Paul must have thought so—and the result proves it.

The moral is: Let us all give plain speaking the benefit of the doubt; and let us leave 'the chief priests' of every kind to go on their way, in the path of safety, as they please. The world of to-day wants prophets, not puppets.

In the same number of 'The Church Gazette' we notice a strong Paper by 'H. R. G.' on 'The Higher Criticism—what may we teach?' We are afraid the phrase 'The Higher Criticism' is now inevitable, but it is a misfortune. 'Honest Criticism' would have done quite as well. We like 'H. R. G.'s' conclusion:—

'For the priesthood of the English Church,' it may be contended, 'these questions are already settled: the Church receives the canonical books as inspired, and if they are not literally correct, they cannot be inspired.' Such statements as these, however, beg the whole question. The Church has, as has often been pointed out, nowhere defined the methods of inspiration, and it would be strange if, after one reformation, she then and there shut the door upon free inquiry. As a humble servant of the Church, and certainly loyal to her Creed, I, at any rate, must and do claim for myself liberty to read and teach the Bible in the light of modern scholarship and criticism. Can it be said that any vital article of the Christian religion is affected by newer views of the Pentateuch, or by the frank recognition of the presence of allegory or legend where once men could only see literal statements of fact? For those who rest upon the fact of the Incarnation, what loss can there be in this? What faith was ever sustained by the belief that the ritual directions of Leviticus came from Moses himself? What heart was ever consoled by the reflection that the whale swallowed Jonah, or that Balaam's ass held a colloquy with its master? Let us not seek to identify the cause of Christ with a literal acceptance of every Old Testament narrative, or a blind adherence to all our Biblical traditions, lest in the end we injure the very cause that we desire to serve.

The following extremely original poem, signed 'An American Brahmacharini,' appears in 'Prabuddha Bharata.' There is in it a curiously subtle thought; and a kind of reversing of the telescope, with noticeable results:—

## ILLUSION.

God and I in space alone,  
And nobody else in view,  
And 'Where are the people, O Lord?' I said,  
'The earth below, and the sky o'er head  
And the dead whom I once knew?'

'That was a dream,' God smiled and said  
'A dream that seemed to be true.  
There are no people, living or dead,  
There is nothing but Me and you.'

'Why do I feel no fear?' I asked,  
'Meeting you here this way.  
That I have sinned I know full well;  
And is there a heaven, and is there a hell,  
And is this the Judgment Day?'

'Nay, those were but dreams,' the great God said,  
'Dreams that have ceased to be;  
There are no such things as sin or fear,  
There is no you; you never have been;  
There is nothing at all but ME.'



The same number contains a spirited little poem, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, on Spiritual freedom :—

I care not who were visions back of me,  
No shadow of their sins on me is shed.  
My will is greater than heredity,  
I am no worm to feed upon the dead.

My face, my form, my gestures and my voice,  
May be reflections from a race that was.  
But this I know, and knowing it, rejoice,  
I am myself a part of the GREAT CAUSE.

I am a spirit! Spirit would suffice,  
If rightly used, to set a chained world free.  
Am I not stronger than a mortal vice  
That crawls the length of some ancestral tree?

By the way, this quaint little monthly has a good deal changed its character, and is now rapidly becoming an enlightened exponent of that blend of Spiritualism and Science which we believe has the future of Theism and Religion in its hands. It is published at Mayavati, Kumaon (Himalayas). There are also Berlin and New York publishers. Why not a London one? Its sub-title is 'Awakened India.'

'The Religion of the twentieth century,' by Mr. Joseph McCabe (London: Watts and Co.), is a thoughtfully-reasoned attempt to wipe out the Religion of every century. It is not Agnostic: it is Atheistic. It says bluntly: 'We are driven to the conclusion that there is no proof whatever of the existence of God—whatever meaning be attached to that term.' That is absurd on the face of it. What if the meaning we attach to the term 'God' be that He is 'the inmost uplifting life of all things,' or 'the stream of tendency which makes for righteousness,' or the force which makes Evolution a necessity and unconquerable? Is there no proof whatever, *then*, of the existence of God? We do not care for these big sponges, however imperturbably they may be moved about the great human slate. And, after all, they never seem to rid it of God and Life and Hope and Trust.

This lovely story (from 'Our Homes and Our Homeless,' U.S.) may not seem to belong specially to us, but it does :—

'Here, boy, let me have a paper.'

'Can't.'

'Why not? You've got them. I heard you crying them loud enough to be heard to the city hall.'

'Yes, but that was down t'other block, ye know, where I hollered.'

'What does that matter? Come, now, no fooling; hand me a paper; I'm in a hurry.'

'Couldn't sell you a paper on this here block, mister, 'cos it b'longs to Limpy. He's just up the furdest end now. You'll meet him.'

'And who is Limpy? And why does he have this block?'

'Cos us other kids agreed to let him have it. You see, it's a good run, on 'count of the offices all along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't git around lively like the rest of us, so we agreed that the first one caught sellin' on his beat should be thrashed. See?'

'Yes, I do see. So you have a sort of brotherhood among yourselves?'

'Well, we're goin' to look out for a little cove what's lame, anyhow.'

'There comes Limpy now. He's a fortunate boy to have such friends.'

The gentleman bought two papers of him, and he went on his way down town, wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares, in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance in the field.

We have received from Messrs. Farah, Jamal and Domian a list of their tours in Palestine, and particulars of the provision for private parties. They are experienced and pleasant people, and we have pleasure in mentioning them. Their address is: 'Outside the Jaffa Gate, Jerusalem.'

'The Higher Law' is a new and prettily printed little monthly, edited by Horatio W. Dresser, and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. The keynote is Self-possession and Soul-growth, based of course upon 'Mental Science':—all refined, consoling, and clean.

This story, told by Sir Edward Russell, is not bad, especially as it is vouched for by an old lady still living :—

Her great-grandfather once entertained the famous evangelist, John Wesley, and at that time her grandfather was a little boy. He was allowed, as a great honour, to come to dinner, and Wesley patted him on the head at the close of the meal and asked him what he meant to be when he grew up. 'I'm going to be a preacher,' said the youngster, 'there are always such good dinners when the preachers come.'

#### TRANSITION OF MISS ANNA BLACKWELL.

On Thursday, January 4th, 1900, there passed into the higher life from her home in Hastings, Miss Anna Blackwell, who was in her eighty-fourth year, having been born at Bristol in 1816. She will be much missed by a large circle of friends. Miss Anna Blackwell was a woman of large and active intelligence, and her vigorous mind and ready pen were constantly active, especially so some twenty years ago, on behalf of philosophic and progressive thought. As a teacher and journalist she exercised a wide influence in the United States, and in France, where (in Paris) she resided as a newspaper correspondent for forty-two years. She was a warm 'Associationist,' being conversant with the social reorganisation theories of Charles Fourier, and advocated co-operative methods as opposed to individual and competitive enterprise. She also became a member of the unfortunate 'Brook Farm Community,' near Boston, Mass., U.S.A., and thus showed that she had the courage of her convictions.

Miss Blackwell was a sincere Spiritualist, and was a subscriber to 'LIGHT' for many years, up to the time of her decease. In 1875 the Council of the British National Association of Spiritualists offered two prizes for essays upon 'The Probable Effect of Spiritualism upon the Social, Moral, and Religious Condition of Society,' the first of which (£20) was won by Miss Blackwell. She also translated Allan Kardec's works from the French, besides writing in the spiritual Press numerous articles explaining and defending reincarnation, many years prior to the advent of Madame Blavatsky. Forty-seven years ago Messrs. Chapman and Hall published a volume of poems from her active pen which illustrate the spirit and aspirations of her life, especially those entitled 'The Bishop's Banquet' and 'A Vision—of human life as it is, and might, and should be.' Miss Blackwell also wrote and translated several works on social questions, her latest book, entitled 'Whence and Whither?' having been published by Mr. G. Redway so recently as 1898.

#### LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

##### A CONVERSAZIONE

Of the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance will be held in the Banqueting Hall, St. James's Hall (Regent-street entrance), on Wednesday, January 24th, at 7 p.m.

The proceedings will, as far as possible, be of an informal character, being devoted chiefly to

MUSIC, SOCIAL INTERCOURSE, AND ILLUSTRATIONS  
OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

Admission will be by ticket only. Two tickets will be sent to each Member, and one to each Associate, but both Members and Associates can have additional tickets for the use of friends on payment of 2s. each.

Applications for extra tickets must be accompanied by remittance (Postal Order preferred), addressed to Mr. E. W. Wallis, Secretary to the London Spiritualist Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., not later than Monday, January 22nd,



## NOTES OF A PRIVATE CIRCLE.

By 'V.,' GLASGOW.

## I.

In sending you the following Notes, based principally on some sittings held last winter and spring with Mr. and Mrs. Coates, at Rothesay, I am compelled to withhold some names, but this will not make the facts any the less interesting. Mr. Coates is already known to the readers of 'LIGHT' as a contributor, and he does not conceal his interest in Spiritualism or object to the use of his name in this report. He is mediumistic, and obtains impressions, both in abnormal and normal states. At these sittings, however, Mrs. Coates was the principal medium, and the results were eminently satisfactory, bearing in mind that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Coates was conversant with or knew anything of my family affairs, and that either one or the other—more particularly Mrs. Coates—gave me, while under impressions and under control, information which demonstrated that my friends, including my dear wife, M., who passed over some years ago, were really in communication with me.

During the winter of 1898-9, I also had sittings with two excellent mediums, who are automatic writers, but I do not report what then took place for private reasons; still, I think it well to mention, as a factor of evidential value, that some intelligences with whom I had communication through Mrs. Coates also frequently addressed me through Mrs. B., one of these mediums, and the communications confirmed one another, while presenting the individual characteristics of the communicating spirit. I may add that Mrs. B. and Mrs. Coates are not acquainted with each other, and have never spoken to one another to compare notes, should that explanation be suggested. The other medium with whom I sat, is a confidential clerk with a Glasgow firm, in whose *bona fides* I have the utmost confidence. Mr. and Mrs. Coates are not public mediums, and the motives and interests so readily attributed to public mediums cannot be attached to them; and I feel deeply indebted for the privilege of many hours' converse in their presence with friends who have 'passed on.'

Long before I had sittings with Mrs. Coates, I had heard of her psychometrical gifts, and tested her power with locks of hair. My testimony, however, is hardly necessary, seeing that her powers have already been vouched for by Dr. Rodes Buchanan, the discoverer of 'psychometry,' and by Mr. W. T. Stead, both of whom have urged her to exercise them in public. The result of my investigations gave me a certain amount of confidence in Mrs. Coates's abilities, and led ultimately to our first sittings.

I regret that no notes of the earlier sittings were kept; but the impression left on my mind was that the spirit friends had great difficulties to contend with in order to give personal tests, private information, and proofs of identity, all of which, however, I received in due course. Some instances I am able to give; but private matters, interesting and convincing to myself and friends, cannot, for many reasons, find their way into print.

A number of sittings were carried out last winter in Rothesay for the purpose of obtaining, if possible, psychic photographs, and Mr. and Mrs. Coates, and Herr V.—an enthusiastic Spiritualist—sat regularly, and when I could do so, I joined them. We got many curious and abnormal things and faces on our own plates, but so far no clearly-defined photographs. The sittings in the dark, when using the camera, conduced most favourably to the development of both Mrs. Coates's and Herr V.'s clairvoyance. Mr. Coates does not claim clairvoyance, but some of these notes will show that, at times at least, Mr. Coates had impressions either akin to it or indistinguishable therefrom.

I propose to give but a summary, yet a faithful description, of what took place at each sitting. As a rule we sat in the light, at a small round drawing-room table, placing our hands lightly on the top, and many messages were received in this primitive fashion. Latterly the messages were given through Mrs. Coates, who passed into either a trance state or a condition akin to it, in which her features changed, and her

manner, as well as the messages, partook of the appearance and the character of the spirit friend controlling her.

There are those who will maintain that telepathy or thought-transference will account for or explain whatever is of value in these sittings. If by telepathy it is meant that the information received, through the table or through the mediums, was consciously or sub-consciously transmitted by me to them, and did not come from 'intelligences of the other world order,' I can only say that I do not think the evidence for that is strong enough. On the other hand, I think that the evidence of conscious telepathy or thought-transference from spirit friends through the mediums is conclusive. I further believe, arising out of my recent experiences, that if one has patience and sympathy, and does not put frustrating obstacles and antagonistic manners in the way, he will get evidence too, of both spirit intelligence and spirit identity, through suitable mediums, especially at private circles.

When Mr. David Duguid, the well-known trance painting medium, gave his first sittings in Rothesay, two or three years ago, I was invited with a few others to meet him. During the afternoon, and before the regular sitting, twelve plates, securely protected in brown paper from the light, were held by those present, for psychic photographs. On Mrs. Coates coming into the room, it was suggested that she and I should hold a pair of plates. While we were doing so Mrs. Coates commenced to tremble and tears ran down her face, and then a change took place in her features and manner, and I saw that she was manifestly controlled by my wife, M. There could be no mistake, the impersonation was so perfect. The medium, or rather the control, could not speak at first, but in everything else it was perfectly clear who was the influencing intelligence. The effect was so great that several in the room were moved to tears. Mr. Duguid said that the spirit which had so successfully managed to control would doubtless be able to come back and manifest more fully. Subsequent events proved the correctness of his surmise. This was the beginning of my sittings with Mrs. Coates.

Several weeks before the Duguid sitting, I had a communication, by automatic writing, through Mrs. B., my sister, that my wife, M., would shortly find a suitable medium, through whom she would be able to talk to me in such a way as to satisfy me of her presence and continued affection, &c. At the time of holding the plates, I did not think of this, except, perhaps, in an unexpressed wish that if it was possible M. might come on the plates. So far for thought-transference. M. *did not* come on the plates, and although we have been carefully and faithfully experimenting for months, she has not done so yet. Her control of Mrs. Coates was the unexpected fulfilment of the previous promise. This control was all the more interesting, as Mrs. Coates did not know that I was a widower, and certainly did not know my wife, what she was like, or anything about her. Yet, under the influence of an intelligence foreign to her—and not *my* intelligence—the medium took on her appearance and fulfilled the promise which had been previously made through another sensitive. This unexpected fulfilment made me realise that there was 'something' beyond my wish in the matter, and that was the distinct desire and will of M., in whose companionship I spent too few happy years of married life. With her are all our children, and both they and she have made their presence known to me from time to time.

I need not go into the details of the evening sitting with the Duguids, for they have been already printed in 'LIGHT,' except to say that, during the séance, Mr. Duguid, when under control, described a little boy standing by my knee, petting me and looking up in my face. From the age and the description, it might have been my boy L., but I was not sure. The physical manifestations were pretty strong that night. We had the 'direct voice,' lights, perfumes and physical movements. During the few minutes we sat in the dark, before the lights were turned down, I took a piece of white paper and folded it in a peculiar way, and put it in a tin box, which was tightly closed. During the physical manifestations, the box appeared to be whisked up in the air. It afterwards fell on the table, and when the circle was breaking up I was prompted to pick it up to see if anything had been written therein. On opening the paper I found in



the inner folds the words 'God bless all, L.,' being the spirit name of my boy, and this name was unknown to Mr. Duguid and to the circle. This was the second startling and interesting experience I had that day. Much as I value Mr. Duguid's painting gifts, they did not bring home to me the reality of spirit communion as effectively as this simple incident.

I am not a test hunter, although I desire and appreciate tests, which I gladly take when they come. At the same time, while treating all mediums with distinct courtesy and openness, I am very cautious, and in no instance have I volunteered information or given names which might be employed to indicate identity. I can also say that neither Mr. Coates nor Mrs. Coates has, either directly or indirectly, sought for information concerning myself, family or friends. That disposes of one ready-made objection. I have to add that even if I had unguardedly given names and other information, that could not possibly account for the test-like character of the communications received; those, for instance, which referred to *events about to take place and subsequently fulfilled*, or to matters which I did not know were true or not, till I consulted friends and others, and discovered that the information given was correct. Names and particulars have been given at these sittings of which all present were ignorant, and subsequent inquiry has shown that the information thus received must have been inspired by intelligences beyond the veil. Of this I will give some striking evidence in a further communication.

### PRESCIENCE—WHAT IS IT ?

BY HELEN M. POOLE, IN 'THE COMING AGE.'

Now that telepathy is an assured fact, it is in order to study, and if possible ascertain, the laws which govern foreknowledge, prescience, prophecy. Reasoning from cause to effect along known lines is comparatively easy to a certain extent. In many cases where the external consciousness entirely loses the track, the sub-consciousness, that tremendous unmapped potentiality of mind, without difficulty picks up the dropped stitches along the route and triumphantly arrives at correct conclusions.

But what of so-styled accidents? By what process does the sub-consciousness follow those details which rise from side issues, from unexpected stress and emergencies, in short, from elements which it would not seem possible for the finite mind to foresee? And, by the finite mind I would include discarnate as well as incarnate intelligences.

During many years I have been gathering up authenticated instances of such prescience as seems to come under laws as yet unknown. At least, no adequate solution has been given, so far as I have learned.

From my storehouse let me present you with a slight sample. A lady and her mother, both well-known to me, women of high character and probity, have time and again related the following circumstance:—

Mrs. Porter—as I will call her because that is not her name at all—sensitive, refined, retiring, frequently has impressions of things about to happen, which are unaccountable. As it is a characteristic known only to her most intimate friends, she desires that her name be not made public.

Some years ago, apparently by chance—though there is no such thing—by a mere whim, in which I encountered opposition from my companion, I entered the home of which she was an inmate. From the acquaintance apparently casually made, resulted a real friendship. During all that morning Mrs. Porter had the impression that someone would call, in whom she would take great interest, and accordingly prepared herself to meet the unknown—myself.

The story which I have to relate antedates that period by many years.

Mrs. Porter and a brother, some three years her senior, were the only children of a gentleman in comfortable circumstances, living near Providence, Rhode Island. It was a happy family, and between Jack and Emily existed a tie unusually strong even for brother and sister. In amusements, studies, thoughts, and feelings they were as one.

Each had a flower garden which each tended and loved, the pride of which were two fragrant white roses. Each had a saddle horse, and many were the rides they took together.

The gold fever of California had broken out some three years prior, when Jack, on arriving at age, determined to seek that El Dorado. In vain parents and sister expostulated. Go he would, and did. The day before the start he took a last long ride with Emily.

During this ride with much earnestness he talked of the future. 'Sister,' said he, 'it is a long trip, and it is possible I may never return. Should death come to me while I am away from you, remember one thing. My rose-bush will begin to wither when I go,—the very day. That will be a token that I am no longer on earth.' Much more Jack said, but this warning was repeated again and again. 'Watch that rose,' said he. 'Letters are a long time in coming from remote places in California, but the rose will be a sign to you of my condition.' And the sister, greatly impressed, promised to care faithfully for the rose, determining that it should live and flourish.

That was in the autumn. Winter came and went, and Jack wrote buoyantly and happily. With a small party of friends he was going back from the coast to prospect among the foot-hills. Meantime, at the homestead in Rhode Island, the twin rose-bushes flourished and budded.

Then Emily, to celebrate her eighteenth birthday, went to visit some friends in New York City. Young, healthy, happy, no cloud overshadowed her anticipations.

One night, soon after her arrival, a cousin, occupying the same chamber, heard her moaning in her sleep, 'Oh, Jack! dear, dear Jack, are you gone? Are you gone? How you are tangled in those roots. You cannot rise. You cannot breathe! It is dreadful, dreadful! Can no one help him? No; they can't find him; he is gone, gone, gone!'

In vain the cousin essayed to rouse the suffering sleeper. The family was awakened, a physician sent for. He pronounced Emily to be in the throes of a high fever. In a deadly coma she lay, unresponsive to every effort, only from time to time moaning about poor Jack, and in anguish because 'they cannot find him.' All this was supposed to be delirium.

The fever ran its course: her exclamations subsiding after saying, 'They have found him; thank God, he is found.'

Upon regaining consciousness several days afterwards, Emily remembered nothing of her illness, but was plunged in a profound melancholy from which nothing served to divert her. The father, meanwhile, summoned to New York, took her home by slow stages as soon as she was able to travel.

Meantime, the mother, watching and waiting for the invalid, discovered that Jack's rose-bush was dying. Suddenly, as if swept by fire, its leaves shrivelled. Long before Emily reached home there was left only a desolate stalk.

Letters kept coming from Jack, who was hardy and happy. There were no indications of illness, and the parents tried to convince Emily that her fears were groundless. She knew better. To her sympathetic heart had been given the sad monition that never again, on earth, would they meet.

One day Mr. Porter came up the walk with a letter in his hand. 'There, father brings the news of Jack's death!' Emily exclaimed.

Sure enough; the friends of the boy had written the sad particulars. A boat upset on a swift stream; all managed to extricate themselves except Jack. For his body they sought during three days without success. On the fourth they found it below the place of overturning. His clothing had caught to snags in such a way that, good swimmer as he was, he could not untangle himself. And so the boy met his fate.

On comparing the date of the accident with the shrivelling of the rose-tree, they corresponded exactly.

The telepathy existing on the part of the loving sister can be readily understood. Vibrations can extend across the continent as easily as across a room, where two minds are attuned to the same key. But how about the rose-tree? It was examined. Nothing had gnawed the roots. By what occult prophetic power had Jack foreseen what would happen should his earth life cease?



## IMMORTALITY HERE AND HEREAFTER.

More than once or twice Mr. Thurstan has struck the key-note (whether consciously or otherwise) of a stirring movement in Spiritualism, where he says that 'we should prepare on this plane another vesture to put on in due time when this vesture of decay shall have been put off.' He does not say that there is one already prepared adequate to take such a place, but that another vesture should be prepared. ('LIGHT,' November 13th, p. 547, &c.)

This advice is in accord with the highest philosophy and with the Lord Christ's insistence that we must be born again on this plane to become fit and able for inheritance of the promises held out and the potency involved in the religious faith of humanity. The tradition of regeneration runs as a thread through every religious system, more or less palpably linking the past, present, and future by an evolutionary cross, not natural but spiritual, and ultimately integrative of the soul universally concerned.

Enough has been written and plentifully rehearsed without any more explanatory intrusion of the doctrine here than is requisite to remind such as have already entered on the threshold of a new psychical experience, whether by external observation or more intimately, that a little of such knowledge is more delusive and unprofitable than none at all, unless it be rightly directed and improved by a radical recognition of the principle on which such experience turns, and by which alone the phenomena appertaining can be estimated at their true worth and applied conformably.

Not only is a 'mind to let' the *desideratum*, not only a passive willingness to be instructed by or about the facts and revelations of the cosmic ether with which we are thus fitfully brought into conscious or unconscious relation by whatever means or chance exposure, but we are advised by the most persistent and aged of all testimony, besides that occasionally offering as extant or recent, to seek, find, and promote that divine Light of Life that can alone lead on and impart its own inherent perfection to the wayward correlate that now obstructs its growth.

They who do not believe in the subsistence of any such Criterion may well doubt about its discovery. Pure Idealism is, however, freely admitted by a Note in this journal (November 25th, p. 554) to be an interpretation of our common life, and teaches that the Divine is hidden in the human and that love is at the heart of the world.

This that is hidden, then, is not therefore the vulgar reason of mankind, which is indeed, contrariwise, freely developed, discursive, and by no means restricted in its range of activities. No, it is the exemplary measure of the lower intellect that we are advised to seek for, and invite, and feel after, if haply we may find the suasive force that lies behind, hidden as yet in our common consciousness, as Isaiah saw Him (chapter 53) subsisting as a selfless Inference, rejected by the natural circulation, which is atheistic and needs reproof. Herein, too, may be recognised the rightful tenant of the 'mind to let,' for whom no habitation is provided in this world unless or until He return and build anew who created in the first place.

And this takes us shortly back to the starting point of these remarks, towards a consideration of the spiritual body that has to be organised here for promotion upon the gradual demise of the old Sensory, that before conversion precludes, oppresses and darkens the vital precincts.

'That mind, as has been well said' ('LIGHT,' p. 558), 'is not entirely sane which is unconscious of its limitations. It is not enough that the mind should be sound as far as it goes; it is necessary to real sanity that it should go as far as it *ought*.' Now to what boundary does this *ought* refer but to the imperial measure, the steering apparatus, so-called, the controlling power that is hidden if not revealed and with it the insubordination of the self-hood that has to be conformed?

Without the entrance of the spiritual searchlight, indeed, the defect of this life is not comparatively discernible; the law, entering in analytically, as the Apostle teaches (Romans vii.), makes manifest the 'body of sin,' exhibiting itself in every odious guise to the inner sense, so that some Epicureans, materialists, looking not beyond the moment present, have narrowly thought self-knowledge to be rather

an evil to be shunned than sought after; and others, who should have known better, have called the process of the spirit abnormal, whereas it is the very Law of Life that it should be manifested.

On the actualisation of such a process in this life, moreover, depends, though measureably, the establishment of that spiritual body that has been celebrated through all time; not as if it were a vesture to be put on and off at will, but as being inherent to the growth of the 'new man' in us. Our inner organism, indeed our natural sensory as now abiding, is fallacious, devious from birth, and mortal almost as is the fleshly body that it supports, unless it repent, and be recapitulated by its Principle while assimilating the pure aliment of sacrificial Love.

So again with regard to the prolongation of life here on earth, while this is generally treated on either hand as superfluous, the possibility remains contingently admitted, nevertheless; as of the Patriarchs, for example, it is declared that had they been so minded they might have returned to that country whence they came out; but they desired, as did the Apostles expressly, a better country, that is, an heavenly. (Hebrews xi.)

Many, most, if not every, pilgrim, on his path of faithful progress, has fallen short of attaining the redemptive promise; but, and notwithstanding, we are assured, and bid to remember that the work well begun here and faithfully pursued on the Divine Initials, survives in eternity, to be completed at home, thereafter passing from glory to glory, according to the pre-established harmony to which it belongs. No shoddy reincarnation this, but a new vesture woven out of the one element by which our mortality becomes transmuted and swallowed up of life.

Otherwise, on the other hand, if the ethical standard be despised when found, or is forsaken, the consequences are declared by the same matchless authority already deferred to. There are abundant warnings in the Old as in the New Testament, lest self-inflation should arise out of the abundant revelation of the inner life, and that tide of 'Ego-mania' set in that by a sort of gnostic impiety swallows up the divine gift, crucifying in turn, for temporal ends, the salvation offered.

Hence the scruples, the reserve, that partially attend the setting forth of the doctrine of essential regeneration, substituting the admission of faith, indeed, for works that should accompany and hasten the Divine purpose. Yes, as Dr. Berridge (than whom no one in the present day should have had better opportunity of judgment) concludes, 'Man may and must co-operate with the Divine, but it is God who initiates the great work' ('LIGHT,' p. 578).

Nicodemus marvelled because he could not otherwise conceive of a mystery which lay out of the region of the sensible and natural, than according to sense and Nature; and he was answered, in condescension to his inability, by a parable drawn from the region of Nature. The spirit has its natural analogue in the wind, with which it is synonymous. The wind is the most nearly similar phenomenon on this lower plane to the Spirit of God which pervades the creation, and operates viewlessly through the entire life of Nature; as the wind bloweth where it listeth, *i.e.*, now here now there, without being subject to limits; and as its rush may be heard, although it cannot be determined where it first began, or how far at a time it may go, or where it may cease, so it is with everyone that is born of the Spirit. The Divine accident is everywhere, while the subjunct faith appertaining, as it were, a temporal boundary, is nowhere here below until stirred by contrition, and awakened by the extremity of human need.

To promote the Divine in man by a convertive assimilation of the self-hood to his Eternal Prototype (which it is beyond his own power to initiate) is the acknowledged aim of all religion and of philosophy, properly so-called; but Wisdom being yet latent, the love of it is not generally evolved; while religion, on the other hand, by its rituals, disciplines, symbolisms, and devotion, moves the heart more cogently, and has thus, during former intervals of doubt and disorder, been found potent to incline the mediumistic ethereal intellect, wounded and passive as it is, to seek, above all else, and find, the only sane Foundation whereon it may be built up anew, through sacrifice, 'an holy temple acceptable to God as is our reasonable service.'

'AN OLD INQUIRER.'



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EDITOR ... .. E. DAWSON ROGERS.

*Assisted by a Staff of able Contributors.*

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### A MESSAGE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Not without foreboding have the wisest spoken the customary salutation for the New Year. It is useless to cry 'Peace, Peace!' where there is no peace, or to utter words of congratulation when the brooding darkness is gathering around. Truly, the outlook is sorrowful enough, and the year is big with possibilities of degradation or disaster.

We are not referring to material interests only, or to political events; though these enter into the calculation. What we have chiefly in mind is a general lowering of the spiritual standard, a general lessening of ethical values in all the spheres of human activity. No genuine sensitive can be unaware of the fact that something has happened to baffle and pervert the good, and to inflame and urge on the evil side of man's nature. We need not deny that good may or must come out of the evil: it is only necessary to take note of the fact that the evil, in a very active form, is here. It is a time of dangerous sensationalism, of huge selfishness, of violent temper, of bad taste and sordid ambition. Of course, there is another side to all this; or life would be almost unbearable; but the emanations from beneath are very pronounced.

At such a time it is our first duty to learn from the past, to remember along what dark paths the human race has gone, and what stress of battle against the powers of darkness it has known, and always as overcomer in the end, fighting its way to its higher destiny through its sins. It is always our duty, also, to listen to the prophets of hope, to recall the ancient words of trust, to remember how, from the earliest times, the human heart, in its unrest, longed for the help and guidance of the unseen powers. The longing for God is as old as the need of Him. The cry, 'O that I knew where I might find Him,' trembled from the lips when tears fell from the eyes. And still man's great need is—GOD.

With all their faults and dissonances, the ancient Hebrew psalms perhaps best bear witness to the truth of this, as many of our strongest men, from Luther to Gladstone, have felt. Mr. Gladstone, in his Essay on the Psalms, tells us that John Bright declared to him that he would be content to stake upon the Book of Psalms, as it stands, the great question whether there is or is not a 'Divine Revelation': and he himself affirmed that, in relation to the spiritual work they have accomplished, 'there is no parallel upon earth.'

What then is the deepest and richest note of this precious legacy from the ancient world? Beyond all question that note is 'Trust in God,' 'Hope in God,' 'Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.' Like a strain of heavenliest music, comes this inspired word of good cheer from the days of old. We may well forego the temptation to haggle about that word 'inspired.' From the depth came that cry of hope, not from the height,—from deep experience, not from want of sharp contact with the rugged reality. It is the storm-beaten voyager singing his psalm in the night. Who taught him that song? who so made man that he could say, 'Out of the depth have I cried unto Thee'? We have the answer. God is Spirit, and the Father of our spirits. In Him we live and move and have our being: and our call to Him is only the response following His call to us. The Churches may call it what they like. We call it inspiration.

What a simple faith it is! What a perfect summary of true Religion! Alas for poor Humanity! How came it that it ever left this sunny road of trust, to wander in the jungle of fear? The twenty-third Psalm, from our spiritual point of view, is of more value than all the creeds that were ever penned. We say 'from our spiritual point of view' because it alone gives the thought of God which is free from the ordinary associations of what we know as personality. We carry that thought of God beyond all that is arbitrary in intention and will, and we end only in perfect law and absolute certainty; and external to us only because we are but small parts of the unimaginable whole. To hope in God, then, is to confide in that which lies at the base of everything that is, is to know that the Universe is not only sane, but a harmony from which nothing is really excluded, however antagonistic it may seem to be. Faust was right:—

The All-embracing, All-sustaining One:  
Say, doth He not embrace, sustain, include  
Thee, me, Himself? Bends not the sky above?  
And earth, on which we dwell, is it not firm?  
And over us, with constant, kindly smile,  
The sleepless stars keep everlasting watch

Call it what thou wilt,—  
Happiness, Heart, Love, God.  
I have no name for it. Feeling is all.  
Name is sound, and fog  
Dimming the glow of Heaven.

What, then, is it to hope in God? It is to go down to the foundations, and trust the abiding things. It is to perceive that there is a 'stream of tendency,' and that this 'makes for righteousness.' It is to be sure that 'the end is known from the beginning,' to use the phrase which Isaiah puts into the mouth of Him who says, 'I am God, and there is none else.' It is to

Hear at times a sentinel  
Who moves about from place to place,  
And whispers to the worlds of space  
In the deep night,—that all is well.

But what warrant have we for this? We may admit that all is not clear. But that is the pathetic condition of all hope. Yet there are wonderful outshinings of merciful meanings and far-reaching fulfilments. If there are seeming failures, we may readily set over against them His manifest successes. And the seeming failures are often palpable successes in process of achievement.

This, then, is our message for the New Year; not new but very old, but all the better and more sacred for that: 'Hope thou in God!' Not yet have we penetrated into the secret of the Eternal: not yet seen beyond the veil which hides the future from the present, the unseen from the seen: but enough is here, before our very eyes, to make it even a great necessity that we should hope in God.



## SPIRITUALISM AND THEOSOPHY.

## THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Considerable discussion has been carried on lately in the pages of 'LIGHT' on the relation between Spiritualism and Theosophy, and Mr. Herbert Burrows has endeavoured to put forward what he considers valid reasons why the latter should be regarded as distinctly in advance of the former. There is a homely saying that the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Now, if one applies this humble criterion to Mr. Burrows, one is not encouraged to attach overmuch value to his eloquent appeals on behalf of the theosophical movement. 'We learn with much regret,' says a note in 'LIGHT,' 'that Mr. Herbert Burrows is still too unwell to write his promised rejoinder to Mr. Thurstan and others.' If Mr. Burrows' theosophical lore, of which he has been a faithful disciple for several years, has not taught him how to master his organism to such an extent as to control a cold, or an attack of pneumonia, then what practical value can be assigned to theosophical teaching? Do not let it be supposed that I am taking an unfair advantage or indulging in unjustifiable criticism. It is nothing of the kind. The principle I am acting upon is perfectly legitimate, for in the first place the Theosophical Society has all along claimed to be in touch with Eastern Masters who do not indulge in idle dreams, but are represented as having practically solved some of the advanced problems of life. If this is so then it may be fairly asked, why have they not taught their pupils, I will not say any advanced doctrine, but the most rudimentary problems, the solution of which alone can possibly endow the student with Theosophy, that is to say, Godlike or Divine wisdom? I am not deprecating abstract speculation in itself, but merely insisting upon the fact that theory and practice are two entirely different things, and also emphasising my contention that the goal of both Theosophy and Spiritualism is the subjection of matter to spirit.

Mr. Burrows is very severe on mediums, and went out of his way to condemn a public medium, on entirely insufficient grounds, to judge from Mr. Thurstan's evidence. Let us see what constitutes a 'medium.' The word itself is sufficient explanation. It represents something in a passive state, something acted upon by another force. Does not this exactly apply to Mr. Burrows? He cannot control his organism sufficiently to prevent his being laid up. He is in a passive state, so far as the external force directed upon him is concerned. In plain words, Mr. Herbert Burrows is nothing more nor less than a medium, and all his brave theories will not help him out of the difficulty. Is it likely that a Theosophist—that is to say, an Ideally Wise Man—would allow his organism to be ruffled in this stupid manner by gross matter in the shape of a current of air rushing blindly against him? Mr. Burrows' mediumship cannot be said to be an edifying spectacle, for absolutely no new fact has been thereby discovered, inasmuch as the ordinary man and woman knows by experience that vital force, with the majority of folks, is not very much to boast of.

Of the kind of mediumship which Mr. Burrows so loftily condemns a great deal of good can be said, for it has been the means of opening the eyes of thousands to the existence of more things in heaven and earth than the gross senses can cognise. And thus it has tended to spiritualise, refine, and educate the race to the realisation of the possibilities of Self-Development. Man is not intended to be only a medium, it is to be borne in mind, and if he cultivates the passive pole of his being at the expense of his active, or vice versa, he inevitably deteriorates instead of advancing.

'Theosophical' writers have, one and all, assumed a lofty patronising attitude towards the Spiritualists, and have been especially strong on 'mediumship,' utterly ignoring that all their foremost members have been nothing but good mediums.

Was H. P. B. anything but a medium?

Was W. Q. Judge anything but a medium?

Is Colonel Olcott anything but a medium?

And so with regard to the Duchesse de Pomar and Mrs. Anna Kingsford. The present day type, taking Mr. Herbert Burrows as a fair sample, is nothing but a medium. The finest theorists, as a rule, have been utterly deficient in prac-

tical power. Compare 'Zanoni' as the ideal, with Lytton the actual; or Heliobas the ideal, with Marie Corelli the actual. The Theosophical Society is practically a theological debating association, condemning all practical manifestation of Nature's finer forces. How utterly illogical and irrational such a contention is appears from the questions, 'Why then use any of the forces of Nature at all? And why draw the line at such and such a point?' *Spirit aims at absolute practical mastery of Nature, and anything that assists us on the path is useful.*

Herein consists the immense difference between Theory and Practice. The former, unless it is firmly held in hand, roams over the universe, neglecting the immediate duty before it; while the latter, in its attempts to grasp the possible, is content to forego many romantic plausibilities. A bird in hand is worth two in the bush, and Mr. Burrows, as well as the other 'Theosophists,' will find out before long that the first step to Theosophy is practical Self-Mastery in every-day life. Then we shall have no more of the gentle irony of a 'Theosophist' being laid low with ill-health.

A word in conclusion about T. L. Harris, who is represented by 'Respiro' as being in possession of the Elixir of Life. Now, to an intense aspiration after the ideal, I, fortunately or unfortunately, add a certain amount of scepticism, which has on more than one occasion served me in good stead. Though I believe in the possibility of prolonging life, I know that it is by no manner of means easy, and I would require far more than Dr. Berridge's enthusiastic admiration of T. L. Harris to convince me that the latter has worked his 'arch-natural' body into the material plane. If I remember rightly, the genial doctor himself told me not so very long ago that the Master of Fountain Grove had not yet made his transformation visible to the physical eye. That 'not yet' conveyed to me a world of meaning—the gulf between Theory and Practical Solution of the problem. If Dr. Berridge means to seriously convey to the readers of 'LIGHT' that T. L. Harris has solved the problem, then all I can say is that, if he wants to be taken seriously, he must produce scientific evidence, which in his letters on the subject was conspicuous by its absence.

ARTHUR LOVELL.

5, Portman-street, W.

## CLAIRVOYANT PREVISION.

Sir Charles Isham, Bart., kindly writes as follows:—

The story of the lost ring in your last issue is very remarkable. Let me give another story quite its equal, taken from a work by my acquaintance, Dr. Ashburner. In his book, 'The Philosophy of Animal Magnetism and Spiritualism,' 1867, p. 300, he says:—

'I have a remarkable tale to tell of an instance of clairvoyant prevision in a gipsy, whom I saw at Roehampton more than twenty years ago. There was a garden party in celebration of a birthday. I met there the two Misses Byrne, of Cabinteely. The elder one asked me to accompany her to a field in the grounds, abutting on the Barnes Common-road, where some gipsies had assembled. One of their women began to banter me immediately on my depressed state of spirits: "That thousand pounds is the cause of your fretting," she said with a smile, and Miss Byrne asked me if there was any truth in what she said and I replied there might be some truth, but how she came by the knowledge I could not guess. The woman then desired me to cross her hand with a piece of silver. She desired half a crown. Accordingly, I did as she desired. Then she told me not to fret any more. "Providence has been kind to you on several occasions, and I may assure you that between this day and this day fortnight the thousand pounds will arrive and your mind will be at ease." The day was Tuesday, and on the Tuesday after, at six in the morning, I was roused by the ringing of my night bell. I got up, expecting a call to summon me to a patient. Instead of that, I found, on a good horse, a man, who, asking my name, delivered into my hand a long official envelope. On opening it I found a thousand pounds in bank notes. The stranger who brought it hurried off as fast as the horse could gallop. To this day, I am not aware of the person who was my benefactor, nor do I know how the secret, which I thought was my own, could have transpired.'

'OLD AND NEW PSYCHOLOGY,' BY MR. W. J. COLVILLE.—A fresh supply of this valuable book is expected from America daily. Upon receipt the copies now on order will be immediately posted to the purchasers.



## THE SPIRITUALIST'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

ADDRESS BY MR. W. J. COLVILLE.

(Continued from page 4.)

Dealing with the question of evil as part of the problem of existence, the lecturer said :—

We deny emphatically and *in toto* that there is any such thing as evil, and our statement is made without any mental reservation or qualification. We affirm that all that is good, that whatever is right, and we do not say it with any double meaning or any private sense of the significance of the words. If you do not accept it you are devil worshippers. You are obliged to accept it if you accept God in any sense whatever. It does not matter whether you accept an anthropomorphic or any other limited form of Deity ; you are quite at liberty to think about the meaning of the high-sounding word 'anthropomorphic,' and you will find that Canon Gore has given you a splendid aphorism in the saying that God is not anthropomorphic but that man is theomorphic !

Dismissing the idea of a personal Deity as implying limitation, the lecturer pleaded for a conception of God as a Being of boundless Love and Wisdom, as an Intelligence all-righteous, all-holy, and all-perfect, of whom the universe was an all-holy and all-perfect expression. Such a conception was necessary to an adequate philosophy of life. If they had no such foundation what could they rest upon ? Absolutely nothing.

Proceeding, Mr. Colville said : You know there is one substance, one life. You may quote Huxley, Spencer, and Darwin ; you may find power, energy, force in the universe, and if you choose to call it the Great Unknown, the Absolute Reality, the Unconscious Absolute, these are only phrases more or less apt, but there must be a concept of one life, one energy, one power, one substance which is infinite and eternal, and therefore eternally and infinitely what it is. Therefore, in the last analysis, everyone must either accept God and reject the devil or reject God and accept the devil. People try to have both. They don't want to give up God because the idea of a ruling devil would be too awful ! At the same time the universe would be so incomplete with only God ! Therefore they must have someone to share the power, a rival, an adversary who may or may not outwit God. But they cannot hold on to a true devil when the devil is altogether false.

'But,' you will say, 'you do not teach any more than we do that what we call sin is right.' Oh, no. The discord in music is not harmony, yet all the notes that enter into the discord are the same notes that may enter into the harmony. What are we to do but to use these notes in harmonious combination ? Suppose God is the author of all the notes and you are producing discord. Then you must learn harmonies. Suppose God is the author of all the colours, and you, when painting, produce frightful daubs ; then you must study art and learn to produce beautiful pictures. We do not say the colours are bad, only that you have not used them wisely.

Is there any difficulty in this ? We are in this world as learners at a school, apprentices in a workshop, or as students in a chemical laboratory, struggling with the elements, miscombining them sometimes, yet all the time on the way to learning to make accurate compounds and combinations. We are simply on the way to perfection, and God can no more be said to be the author of all the havoc and confusion in these materials than He can be held to have made by a direct act of sovereignty all the bonnets that do not fit you and the shoes that pinch your feet ! You must learn to manipulate all these materials, you must learn that they are all good, you must not say a word against matter. You must not say that your animal appetites are sinful, but you must learn the law of rightful subordination, the law of intelligent unification, and when you have brought all things into order harmony will take the place of discord, chaos will be resolved into cosmos.

We are here as individual finite intelligences learning at school. This is not the only world, the only school, the only opportunity. This is not a world of probation with a final judgment at the end of it. It is a world of education with

an examination at the end of it. It is only one world in a series of worlds, and that series is only a series in a still grander and longer chain.

The trouble with most people—Spiritualists included—is that they take too narrow a view of everything, and one good thing which Theosophy has done is to make people take a broader and more comprehensive view of existence. The Theosophist tells you of a *manvantara*—a period of time which can only be set down in fifteen figures. Yet many people think that one hundred years is an immense period of time ; and people did believe once that the world itself had only been in existence six thousand years. Consequently they had a good many peculiar notions which they simply never reasoned out. But to-day people have no such views. Intelligent people no more believe in a personal Adam and Eve or in a Garden of Eden than they believe in any other of the childish opinions of the past.

Dealing with the tendency of the material senses to convey a false impression of the facts of existence, the speaker referred (amongst other instances) to the sun as appearing larger than the earth, and to all appearance moving round it.

The material senses (he continued) invert everything. The material body is apparently the real man, but in reality it is just the reverse. The unreal is the transitory, the real is the permanent. That which dies is unreal, that which lives for ever is the reality, and there can be no Spiritualism, there can be no true conception of immortality, if we believe we are material, earth-born creatures, for if we come from dust to dust we shall return. 'Dust thou art, to dust returnest was not spoken of the soul.' If you begin your soul with material protoplasm you will have to end it with physical dissolution. We affirm the spiritual nature of the real protoplasm, the spiritual nature of the true bioplasm. There is a protoplasm back of the so-called protoplasm. Professor Tyndall found his protoplasm in the common nettle, and back of it is the spiritual protoplasm which he failed to discover. What he did discover was worth discovering, but there is a reality at the back of it with which he is better familiar now than when he was on earth.

It is only this larger view, this fuller conception, that can ever satisfy the needs of humanity. We cannot base a spirit life on a material foundation. We cannot begin in matter and end in spirit. We must begin with spirit and we must regard matter as the mobile and plastic element, which spirit is continually moulding, shaping, and doing what it will with. Matter is the servant, spirit is the master. The master is good and the servant is good, but they cannot change places, for the one is always positive, the other always negative. That is the spiritual view of life.

Now we pass out into the world beyond and we carry with us all our characters, all our destinies, all our desires, all our aspirations, everything that governed us here—our intellect and moral existence—and we do not lose anything by relinquishing the material body. We are the same individuals in every particular, and we do not hesitate to say that all the researches in psychical science to-day, and all the various theories which are being brought to the surface—the dual nature of man, the subliminal consciousness, the possibilities of telepathy—all go to prove the spirituality of man here and now. Here is the nexus, here is the meeting-place, between professing Spiritualists and the people who are looking into spiritual matters from outside, and who are studying something to which they have chosen to limit Spiritualism.

There are some critics who say that the average Spiritualist endeavours to bring the spirit down to material things, to make the spirits play tambourines or move tables.

Well, there is some justification for a certain amount of criticism on this point, and we wish to place ourselves on record as being entirely broad and liberal in this respect. Dividing our proposition into two portions, we should say, first, that it is not unworthy of an archangel to rap on anybody's kitchen table, provided there is an important spiritual message to be given to that person which cannot be given by any other method. But apart from this, the higher intelligences of the spiritual world are by no means so much on their dignity as they are supposed to be. It is always the small people who are so careful of their dignity. A person



who has no great position, and is therefore obliged to maintain what he has, would consider that he was degraded if he had to black his own boots instead of having a servant to do so. But a truly great man would not consider that he lowered his dignity a fraction of an inch if, supposing your boots wanted cleaning and you were going to a reception, he cleaned them for you while they were on your feet. It would be no degradation to the great man, but it would be an awful loss of dignity for the small man, and he would not easily get over the humiliation. You will find a number of people who have no real dignity, but who, if they were to perform some piece of honest work which did not come within their stipulated duties, would at once lose caste (in their own estimation). But the ideas of the very greatest teachers on this question are illustrated in the teaching of Christ: 'Wash one another's feet, and I will set you an example.' It is no degradation of the highest to wash the feet of the lowest. And so when people undertake to say that these higher intelligences would never come and move a table, it should be remembered that higher intelligences have no false pride, no spurious dignity. It is the message, the despatch, that is important, not the notepaper upon which it is written or the envelope in which it is enclosed. So if we were told that an archangel had rapped on a person's table and given him a message which, when he had followed it out, had proved a priceless blessing to him, we should say: 'Very likely. It was just like an archangel.'

As to the second half of our proposition, we would say that it is not well to be for ever endeavouring to get the spirits to come down to your séances instead of endeavouring to reach them on their own plane; and while we express sincere gratitude for every physical phenomenon that has ever opened the eyes of anyone to any degree of truth, we recognise that what is chiefly needed is the unfolding of the spiritual faculties. We would far rather help people to gain the spiritual vision than contribute to their desire for external manifestations which would merely please their senses. We want to get rid of much that belongs only to the surface of Spiritualism, and we urge upon Spiritualists the need of cultivating the higher aspect of spiritual teaching. Let them understand that the higher Spiritualism is a greater and a fuller Spiritualism, and if it is not always desirable to draw the spirit down, it is very desirable to seek to induce the spirit to draw you upwards. You can be lifted, you can be helped nearer to a realisation of that larger life in which the spirits who have the knowledge which you desire are now dwelling.

Dealing with the question of reincarnation, Mr. Colville said it was a moot question amongst Spiritualists, but while a great many of them did not accept the doctrine, he thought he might safely say that the generally accepted belief of Spiritualists would not be disturbed in the least by this difference of opinion. Upon this all were agreed—that every human spirit would have and must have an opportunity somewhere, at some time, in some way, of unfolding the higher possibilities of its nature, and that it could only rise through its own efforts.

In conclusion the lecturer said:—

So the Spiritualist invariably looks forward to a progressive life, in which he must meet with the consequences of his own acts. And we further say that every intelligent Spiritualist and all the spiritualist teachings we have ever investigated, have taught distinctly that the *motive* which leads to a word or an act shines forth in the spiritual world with infinitely more distinctness than the mere act or the mere word, and when we enter into that state just beyond the border and come face to face with the consequences of the life on earth, then according to the motive and purpose of conduct will the inevitable judgment be, and that judgment will not be from without but from within, not the passing of a sentence from the exterior, but the revelation of consequences, as a tree brings forth fruit after its own kind invariably and inevitably. However much else you may have, we should say that the Spiritualist's Philosophy of Life might be not inadequately summed up in these propositions:—

1. That man is a spiritual being and that the continuity of human life is unbroken by the change called death.

2. That life in the spirit world is adapted to the needs of all that enter therein, and that the motive and purpose of every life regulate the degree of happiness or the reverse that every soul must experience; and, finally, we would say unhesitatingly that as the ultimate purpose of all is supreme beneficence, all so-called punishment or retributive justice is beneficent in action.

All souls will be finally upraised, in everlasting union with the All-Good, everlasting harmony, everlasting at-onement, and the attainment of happiness through the evolution of a noble character may be considered as the summing-up point of the philosophy of life. (Applause.)

At the close of his address, Mr. Colville replied with consummate ability to a number of questions from the audience, and afterwards delivered a long impromptu poem on suggested subjects. When it is added that the themes comprised such diverse topics as 'The New Century,' 'The Bald Head of Elisha' (!) 'The Fiery Chariot of Elijah,' and 'The Soul's Destiny,' it will be seen that the poem covered a wide range of thought and demanded no mean degree of synthetic and poetic skill.

The meeting concluded with the usual vote of thanks to the lecturer.

#### APPRECIATIVE REFERENCES TO 'LIGHT.'

That 'LIGHT' is fulfilling a useful and necessary mission is frequently brought home to us by the spontaneous testimony of readers in different parts of the world. We could quote many of these kindly words of commendation, but have refrained from doing so, preferring that the paper should speak for itself; but the following expressions of opinion will show how grateful some of our readers are for the work that 'LIGHT' is doing:—

Miss Abby A. Judson, a well-known American writer, in a private letter to the Editor, recently said:—

'I cannot express to you how greatly I value 'LIGHT.' When it comes I usually spend the whole evening over its columns, and until the arrival of the next issue, I often re-read the articles that please me the most. If you glance over my letters in the "Banner of Light" you will see how often I allude to something in "LIGHT," or quote something from its columns. I feel that I owe you a personal debt for what you are doing for Spiritualism.'

A Scotch correspondent writes:—

'I should like to tell you how soul uplifting I find "LIGHT." It seems to purify the mental atmosphere and raise one far above sordid things. It breathes a spirit of love to all mankind. Saturday is the brightest day of the week because it brings "LIGHT" to me.'

A gentleman resident in the neighbourhood of London says:—

'I am still reading your articles with the greatest interest, and always feel helped by their perusal. They are, in fact, my sermon for the week. They make me greatly your debtor. I tell all my friends that "LIGHT" is the best money's-worth in London.'

A gentleman writing from abroad—himself the Editor of an influential psychical journal—very kindly and courteously says:—

'Permit me to thank you for the many excellent articles that appear in the columns of your paper. I consider "LIGHT" the best spiritualist paper in the whole world. I do not say this because I happen to be writing to you, but because I believe it to be a fact. . . . In promoting the ethics, the religion, and the science and philosophy of Spiritualism, you have placed us all under deep obligation to you. You have helped the car of progress forward many stages, and I esteem it a privilege, as well as a pleasure, to express to you my earnest appreciation of your noble work.'

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. DE K.—Your kind communication has been received and translated. It shall appear very shortly.

'DEEPLY INTERESTED.'—Thanks for cuttings. We had already seen them, but did not regard the stories as affording anything in the way of evidence sufficiently conclusive.

T. B.—'Human Magnetism, or How to Hypnotise,' by James Coates, published by George Redway, would probably suit your purpose. You can obtain it from this office for 5s. 4d., post free.



## THE DIVINE BEING OR BECOMING ; AND PHILOSOPHIC RECOGNITION.

In your profound and admirable remarks (November 4th) on the God question, you conclude with the quotation from St. John : 'In the beginning was the Logos ; and the Logos was with God ; and the Logos was God. . . And the Life was the Light of men.'

In the English Bible 'The Word' stands in the place of 'The Logos.' Both are mystically comprehensive and strangely significant expressions, conveying different conceptions and innumerable shades of meaning to different minds, and surrounding conceptions of the Divine with shadows, mists, and clouds that can never be removed.

The word Logos, in ancient pagan nations, in Platonic philosophy, in Jewish theology, in Alexandrian philosophising, and in the writings of Philo (imbued with the spirit of pagan antiquity), and I may add in the theological speculations of the first fifteen centuries, present a kaleidoscopic variety of dreamy speculation, which I would not now attempt to portray, but would simply call attention to the fact that it might be called a focal expression of the spirit of ancient Paganism.

The idea represented by 'Logos' and 'Word' was deeply rooted in *all* ancient pagan systems, alike in Egypt, India, and China, among the Greeks, Chaldeans, and Assyrians—being an essential part of the Trinity, whether Roman, Scandinavian, Persian, Siberian, or Druid, or even Aztec, as found in Mexico and Peru by the astonished Roman priests.

But it was no part of the true Christian system, and was not recognised by Jesus, nor by his faithful medium and apostle Paul, nor his beloved disciple St. John.

The introduction of 'the Word' and 'the Logos' into the Testament was effected at Rome in the last third of the second century, when the Gospels were first brought out, saturated with pagan theology, with which they were brought in fraternal union ; and St. Augustine declared that the religion of the Roman Church was the same old religion as that of the ancients. This pagan corruption is well known to historians.

My communications with St. John are as authentic and well attested as any communication in the history of Spiritualism, being attested by spirit writing in closed slates with the famous physician, Dr. Watkins, as the medium. St. John has also often been seen by psychics in my presence, once coming to be photographed at Los Angeles (1893), though imperceptible to ordinary vision, and his form being quite distinct in the photograph. During the months of our intercourse at that time and subsequently, he revised his Gospel as I read it to him, correcting its errors and leaving the most perfect example of religious literature in the English language, which I published in 1897, at San Jose, California, where I resided for health and still reside.

In that Gospel the first chapter begins 'In the beginning was the eternal law, and the law was with God and the law was God.'

This was to me a great surprise. I was not familiar with the Testament and had no prepared theory as to its language, but was simply a passive and faithful recorder. I was gratified to find something so novel in the Gospel, showing that St. John was as profound in philosophic thought as in celestial love ; for in this passage he seemed to have reached the highest conception ever attained by man on this subject. The nineteenth century can offer nothing beyond it. In thus recognising the supreme reign of law in the universe he asserted what nineteen centuries have demonstrated, but what was never tolerated in Roman theology.

Yet in the mind and soul of St. John it was not the cold iron power of inflexible and soulless law, but a living law—a law of life and wisdom and love—the law of true Christianity in his luminous mind.

Previous to this I was familiar, psychometrically, with the character of St. John as a profound and elevated thinker, similar to Jesus in his all-embracing love, and so his nature appeared to all my psychometric pupils.

St. John alone had a perfect realisation of the love embodied in the life of Jesus, for he alone has fully recorded it. It was the essential distinction of Christianity—pro-

found love, but practical, simple, and rational ; heroic in action but with no superstitions or mystical impulse of fanaticism ; and so it continued long in spite of desolating wars and despotism in Palestine, along the Jordan.

St. John and Jesus borrowed no Logos nor anything else from Paganism, for Jesus was the most profoundly and purely original teacher known in history. Socrates and Plato were in comparison but children in real wisdom ; and this which is their true character is apparent to the competent psychometer. In exploring history I have found the psychometric tribunal as profoundly just as the Pagan Rhadamanthus, but I regret to say that in introducing psychometry I have found no worthy coadjutor but my gifted and lamented friend, William Denton. The grandeur of the true philosophy, like the grandeur of Christianity, repels feeble and conservative minds.

In becoming, by psychic perception and frequent intercourse, familiar with the apostolic circle, I realised their sublime elements of character, and though they seem rare to-day (for I have not found their equals), I live in the faith that they will yet appear—men and women who, when enlightened, will as willingly devote their lives to the salvation of humanity (debased by centuries of war) as millions are to-day willing to lose their lives in bloodshed. This devotion has often appeared in the Church, yet not until false education and false social conditions are removed can the glory of humanity be realised as it became apparent to the writer in psycho-physiological investigations half a century ago.

Returning now to the mystery of the Divine, which you have so well discussed, I would not say that it was fully solved by St. John, for there can be no solution of a mathematical or scientific problem for him who has not the mathematical or scientific faculties to comprehend it all ; and as man cannot comprehend the Infinite, he can comprehend only that aspect of the Infinite upon which he can look ; and surely we can say that its true aspect was portrayed by St. John and by Jesus—the aspect of united Law, Love, and Wisdom.

To me it is not incomprehensible that infinite wisdom, united with infinite power, should pre-ordain an eternal law which it would be absurd to propose to change, and equally absurd for man to presume to comprehend. It is sufficient for him to realise that Power, Wisdom, and Love are united, as profound Spiritualism (not Spiritism) reveals the magnificence and bliss of the 'many mansions' that have been provided for us.

Therefore shall we love and worship our Infinite Benefactor—the Father whom Jesus taught us to adore ; for thereby the nearer we approach—the more fully we realise—the Divine nature, the more are we penetrated and filled thereby, and enabled to fill the world with Love and Wisdom and prosperity also, for when we seek the Kingdom of God it was wisely said by Jesus that all else would be ours.

JOS. RODES BUCHANAN.

San Jose, Cal., December 16th.

P.S.—It should not be forgotten that the action of St. John in personal communication not only restores the most perfect of the Gospels, but settles for ever the long-debated question of the Johannine authorship of the fourth Gospel, and rescues that Gospel from threatened repudiation. In St. John's communications it becomes apparent why its publication was late, and how mistaken were the critics who doubted his knowledge of the geography of Palestine. Upon all these matters his reporter had no knowledge, and sought none but from his words. The historical reality of the New Testament is established by this communication, and the faithful lives of the Apostles rescued from second century fictions. The corrected Gospel of John supplies that perfect ideal of Christianity for which the world has long been waiting. It needs only candid readers to ensure its acceptance.—J.R.B.

MISS MACCREADIE wishes to thank her many friends for kind inquiries and good wishes during her recent illness, and begs them to accept this public acknowledgment in lieu of the individual response which she finds impracticable. Miss MacCreadie hopes to resume her professional duties on the 15th inst.



## WHAT AND WHERE IS THE SPIRIT WORLD?

Now that Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten has gone to her reward it may interest the readers of 'LIGHT,' many of whom doubtless never had an opportunity to hear her eloquent utterances when she was in her prime, to peruse the following extracts from one of her discourses dealing with the important subject 'What and Where is the Spirit World?'—

'If our inmost spirit lives at all hereafter, that spirit carries the full panoply of life, and becomes just as capable of performing the same demonstrations from a spiritual existence as it has been while yet in the tenement of clay. If the spirit takes the life-principle, it takes all the power of the real man, all the real power of the magnetiser and the psychologist, the seer and the prophet. The very moment we recognise one spirit that survives the shock of death preserving its power and its energies, and with the spiritual body enabled to effect a *rapprochement* with the human body still on earth, the whole question of spirit communion is solved. What shall we say, then, when not one spirit, but legions of such appear? . . . Spiritualism shows us by every conceivable sign and token, by all the test facts of personal identity that the shrewdest and keenest people in the world could devise as tests, that these spirit people are nothing more than the world reflected over again—a world of preserved and conserved energies, a world of intellectual forces—one step forward on the highway to eternity.

'Where is the spiritual world, then? Here—the all-embracing essence, the soul, as you may term it, the real force of this natural world. Remove this force, suspend its operations for one single minute, and what we call our strong and ponderous earth shrivels together like a scroll, and becomes mere nothingness. Spirit people tell us that all that has ever been born into matter in any shape remains for ever in existence in the spiritual world; that this world of forces therefore embraces all the landscapes, all the cities, all the dwellings, all the forms, all the creations, in which man has ultimated matter from the first moment of his existence upon this planet. Nothing is lost. As we see the Infinite Chemist gather up all the fragments of matter and use them again and again in the laboratory of re-creation, so it is His divine economy to gather up the invisible forces of things. As antetyped in the brain of the Infinite, they descended and became reflections in the brain of man, so they all had a spiritual birth ere they appeared in the form of matter. That spiritual birth is immortal; the thought is never lost, the image is never destroyed, and having passed through the mould of matter, becomes an imperishable entity for ever. That is the substance, that the nature, that the proximity and the locality of the spirit world.

'You may question how in the vast realms of space occupied by matter these illimitable realms of spiritual existence can inhere. I will give you an experience. A clergyman in the City of New York, about the time when the opening of the gates proclaimed the great telegraphy of spirit communion, ere the tidings had reached him, speculating long and earnestly upon the various dogmatic teachings of ancient theology, fell into a strange and apparently death-like trance, from which, to the world's eye, there was no recuperation. They pronounced him dead, and all the dark and hideous formulæ of death were gathered around him: when, lo! ere the last casement was fully closed, the opening eye and signs of vitality proclaimed that he had returned from a long journey. Accompanied by a spiritual guide, whose gracious and majestic form came to him, this man declared that he had passed, contrary to all his beliefs and previous experiences or thoughts, as a spirit from his own chamber, and stood on a high point of observation near the place where his body lay. He had first seen the spiritual surroundings of his own dwelling. Those who had striven to gain knowledge through theological teachings, and who in the world of spirits were unable to free themselves from the bias of sectarian opinion, were disputing around his body concerning the destiny of his soul, some pronouncing for and some against him, simply on the ground of their own imaginary faiths. He beheld a still darker and more hideous sphere of being; the dark scenes of the city—the places of shame and intoxication—the salons of the gambler and the drunkard; and around each one he beheld the dark, weary, unblest spirits of the dwellers on the threshold; those that had poured out their magnetism on earthly things alone, until the earth bound and fettered them to the prison-house in which they were paying the penalty of sorrow and unrest, hovering around the miserable beings by whose side their very presence became temptations and monitions to repeat the crimes they had so loved on earth. But he beheld in the midst of the fires of passion, and the fearful freezing storms and tempests of icy selfishness, that it was the Father's hand that was disciplining them. He beheld the moral transmutation which we all effect for ourselves,

and perceived whence our passions come—that, born as we are, made up of the decaying forms of millions of generations, our very atoms are full of the inherited tendencies of every animal that has ever lived. Our part in this life is to do battle against these foul temptations. Here, encased as we are in this body which is perpetually dragging us down, our spirits, for ever aspiring, must wage war against these dark passions. . . . But in every condition it was still the Father's hand that was disciplining them; the darkness was from within, not from without. The eye of the spirit-man beheld that it was only the emanations of their own passion that created the fire that seemed to be never quenched. It was only the icy nature of their own selfish hearts that threw out or projected from them the wild tempest and storm; the fluttering rags in which they were clothed were but the image of the cruel, selfish, and avaricious nature which never extended beyond itself. He beheld that self was the great crying sin of humanity—that it was the indulgence of the strong passion within self that produced every crime. There did he behold the dreadful philosophy of what we call the haunted house, the image of crime perpetually projected from the criminal, repeating itself until the very air sounded with the wild shrieks of the foul struggle which the miserable criminal was perpetually recollecting and perpetually throwing out from himself as a memory that he could not escape from. The images of the victim were there; the forms of darkness, the scenes of crime, the memories of old loves and affections formed, indeed, a hideous prison-house that enclosed every spirit, although he stood upon the greensward near his own dwelling, and beneath the star-lit sky which overarches the earth, and in the midst of all the glorious machinery and calm beauty of a sweet summer night. These are our surroundings, this is the interior of the soul-world about us, and it was this terrible revelation that gave him to understand that in spiritual existence there is no space. At last his exalted eyes were uplifted, and he beheld, not the grossest and darkest, but the finest and purest, and oh! The glorious, radiant sight that burst on his ecstatic eyes! the beauty and the holiness of the whole scheme was beheld like a microcosmic drop of water. Even as we perceive the whole world and myriads of inhabitants in a single drop, so in a single fragment of this earth's being did he behold the unfolded scheme of the spirit-spheres here and around us. This was his revelation; and when I speak of one, I speak of multitudes of others that confirm the same story.

'Wise and exalted spirits who are permitted to ascend to the hill-tops of eternity tell us that this earth life of ours represents all varieties of being that can possibly exist, from the lowest to the highest, and between these extremes man on every scale of the great organ of creation sounds out some different note. This earth is permitted to us as the sphere where we must learn our first lessons, where we must take the first necessary step in our discipline—and that is, to love another as ourselves. When we have realised this we are prepared for a higher kingdom than any that earth can give us. If we fail to realise all that God demands of us upon this earth, we can never quit it until we have fully learnt our lesson, and so we must linger here and work out by punishment and suffering our mission until we have learnt this sublime lesson of love to our fellow-men.

'There are multitudes in the world of spirits who still worship at the idolatrous shrines of Sectarianism, and have not learned the sublime lesson of liberty. Ask them if any of their beliefs have ever made them happier or better—if any of their failures to believe have ever plunged them into sorrow or darkness? They dare not deny the fact that they are only happy, only miserable, in proportion to the good or evil they have done, and that their faiths avail not, that there are no sects in heaven, but the one grand and glorious sect of the divine humanity—divine only as it loves its fellow-man as itself.'

THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE has, as our readers know, a library of upwards of fourteen hundred books, which are at the service of the Members and Associates. We notice that our American contemporaries are also advocating the establishment of circulating libraries in connection with the societies in that country. In a recent issue the 'Religio-Philosophical Journal' said: 'A nucleus once formed, books could be added as the occasion offered, and our libraries would soon become a source of power in the spread of truth. Persons may read a book at home, when they are not able to attend a lecture, and besides, many of our greatest minds can express their thoughts best with the pen. Many sceptics could be induced to read a book upon the subject, and thus become interested in our cause, who would not be seen at a Spiritualist meeting.' This is perfectly true, and inquirers would do well to join the Alliance, and gain the advantage of reading the many valuable and helpful books in the library, as well as the privilege of listening to the various addresses which are given at the fortnightly meetings.



### NO SUSPICION OF THOUGHT- TRANSFERENCE.

In the spring of last year I arranged to have a séance with the medium, Mrs. Brenchley, on the first anniversary of the passing over of a near relative of my own. I took with me one or two articles belonging to my relative which I thought might help to bring the medium *en rapport* with him, but I tried to keep myself well in hand, so that too much eagerness of expectation might not interfere with the results.

The medium quickly went into a trance, and the moment she touched the articles I had taken she seemed to get into sympathy with my relative, who soon appeared to control her, speaking through her—although with some difficulty and in rather a broken manner—and saying many characteristic things. In particular, a phrase was uttered which he had often used to me during his last illness. Still, I felt, at the conclusion of the séance, that I had had no positive proof of identity, as all that had been said might be ascribed to thought-transference, and the questions I had asked, the replies to which could only have been given by himself, were left unanswered. I may say that, had these questions been answered, I should probably have been able to verify them, or otherwise, by research.

But there was one phrase which was repeated again and again, coming almost as a refrain, and which seemed to me so uncharacteristic of my relative that I thought it, at least, must be the result of an inter-position of the medium's own consciousness. This phrase was 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'

Now my relative was an educated and reserved Englishman and as little accustomed to employ phrases of that kind as the generality of his class. However, I was taking notes of all that was being said as it was uttered, and this phrase went down with the rest.

Some weeks after the séance, a distant cousin came to town and called upon me. Although not a Spiritualist, she is interested in hearing spiritualistic experiences, and she was very much attracted to my relative, whom she helped me to nurse during part of his illness. I, therefore, told her of this séance and asked her if she would like to hear my notes of it, which were still in the rough. She became, at once, very anxious to hear them and I commenced the reading. She listened without comment until I came to the phrase I have quoted, and then she exclaimed: 'Ah, that was the very thing which seemed to take hold of him.' 'What do you mean?' I asked, in surprise. She told me that one evening, when she was left alone with him, as he was very restless she tried to soothe him by repeating hymns to him. To these he had seemed to pay no attention until she had commenced the doxology, 'Praise God, &c.,' at the conclusion of the 'Evening Hymn.' In this he had joined, and had repeated the verse through with her.

I hope I have made it clear that there could have been, by no possibility, any transference of this incident from my mind to the medium's, since it was quite unknown to me. But I had better add that my cousin, because I differ from her upon many points of religious faith, would not have been likely to mention it to me, fearing—although unnecessarily—my want of sympathy with it.

MARY MACK WALL.

### DEMONSTRATED PSYCHOLOGY.

Can you, or any of your readers, tell me whether anything further was written or done on the lines of Dr. Wyld's theory as to the use of anaesthetics in demonstrating the soul's separate existence? It is twenty years since that theory was first broached.

I have recently had to use narcotics, under medical supervision, for a painful ailment, and personally I should like to know how far my own experiences are confirmed by those of others in this respect.

But, on general grounds, should that theory be established, surely the refutation of materialism is in the hands of everyone; though safeguards would, of course, be necessary to prevent the accumulation of such evidence resulting in practical euthanasia.

M. D.

### SOCIETY WORK.

SHEPHERDS BUSH SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, 73, BECKLOW-ROAD, W.—On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Wyndow, of the Battersea Society, will deliver an address; public circle at the close.—J. C.

CAMBERWELL.—33, GROVE-LANE, S.E.—On Sunday last Mrs. Holgate's guides gave a very fine address on 'Pure and Unfiled Religion.' Good clairvoyance was given by Mr. Lovett and other friends at the after circle.—W.S.

MIDDLESBROUGH-ON-TEES.—On Sunday last Mr. W. J. Colville lectured three times to excellent audiences. On Monday and Tuesday, January 8th and 9th, he spoke in Leeds; on Wednesday, January 10th, in Birmingham; and Thursday and Friday, January 11th and 12th, in Manchester. On Sunday and Monday, January 14th and 15th, he will speak in Cobden Hall, Nottingham.—C.

STOKE NEWINGTON SPIRITUAL SOCIETY, BLANCHE HALL, 99, WIESBADEN-ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON-ROAD (Near Alexandra Theatre).—On Sunday last much sincere sympathy was felt for our worthy president, who is incapacitated, owing to serious illness. Mr. A. J. Bradley opportunely addressed the meeting, his subject being 'God's Missionary—Conscience,' and also gave some successful psychometry. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. M. H. Wallis will deliver an address and give clairvoyant descriptions. An overflowing attendance is confidently anticipated. Circle, 51, Bouverie-road, every Monday, at 8 p.m.—Miss JOHNSTON, Cor. Sec., 81, Dunsmure-road.

BATTERSEA SPIRITUALIST CHURCH, HENLEY-STREET, BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD.—On Sunday evening last a good meeting was held, when Messrs. Boddington and Adams gave able addresses to an appreciative audience. In the morning the discussion was most interesting. On Sunday next, at 11.30 a.m., a public discussion will be held; at 3 p.m., the Lyceum will meet; and 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 p.m., a public circle will be held; on Saturday, at 8.30 p.m., a social evening will be spent by members and friends.—YULE.

NORTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, 14, STROUD-GREEN-ROAD, FINSBURY PARK.—On Sunday last, Mr. Jones in the chair, Mr. J. E. Bishop spoke on 'Dogmatism and Spiritualism,' and he will again speak on 'Spiritualism' on Sunday next. Mrs. Jones (under influence) spoke on 'Spirit Communion.' Other friends also gave utterance to good thoughts. This was a very happy meeting. The 'Social' on Wednesday, January 3rd, passed off pleasantly, and our cordial thanks are given to the friends who inaugurated and carried out the entertainment. Services on Sunday next at 11.30 a.m. and at 7 p.m., and on Tuesday and Wednesday next, at 8 p.m.—T. B.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—The New Year's address from the inspirers of Mr. J. J. Morse, on Sunday last, was in the highest degree befitting the occasion. 'Is the Victory Complete?' was the title chosen, and the remarkable oratory by which the truths of Spiritualism were so beautifully enunciated, and for which 'Tien' is so justly renowned, gave added delight to the numerous audience, whose enthusiastic appreciation evidenced in a marked manner the fact that lectures such as these have not only won but retained a great hold upon the mind of every thinking Spiritualist and inquirer. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Miss MacCreadie will give clairvoyance. Doors open at 6.30 p.m.—L.H.

HACKNEY SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, MANOR ROOMS, KENMURE-ROAD, MARE-STREET, N.E.—On Sunday last, Mr. Alfred Peters addressed the meeting on the lessons to be drawn from the progress made in the century which is fast drawing to a close; and then gave several very clear and detailed clairvoyant descriptions, most of which were at once recognised. Madame Nellie Cope contributed two solos and so helped to make the opening Sunday in the year a 'red letter day' in the history of the society. On Sunday next, Mr. Emms will deliver an address on 'Phrenology in Relation to Spiritualism'; and on Thursday, the members' circle will be held at 226, Dalston-lane.—J.K.

CHURCH OF THE SPIRIT, SURREY MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—The New Year's Social Party on Monday, January 1st, was a great success; the large number of friends and members enjoying a very happy evening. On Sunday last, an 'In Memoriam' service was held for Mrs. Wing, who recently passed to the higher life. Loving tributes of white flowers encircled the photograph of our risen sister and adorned the rostrum, and the large audience were visibly affected by the touching tribute paid to the worthy help given by our sister to the Church, which we shall endeavour to repay by loving thoughts and memories which we know will reach her in her new sphere of life. On Sunday next, a public circle will be held at 11 a.m., and a public service at 6.30 p.m., when an address on 'Immortality' will be given by W. E. Long.—L.