

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.

Professor Joseph Rodes Buchanan, of San Jose, Cal., at the age of eighty-five, has, as we briefly mentioned last week, at last gone into the good land for which, during many years, he had lived. He was essentially militant, and he fought a good fight. It was not always easy to agree with him. His impetuosity and immense faith carried him on, for some of us, too fast and too far, and one could not, with impunity, question his decision or ask him for proof. But he had splendid powers, profound knowledge on many subjects, and a boundless enthusiasm for work. If ever there was a truthseeker, Professor Buchanan was one. It might have been better for him, and even for his work, if he had been less eager for 'pastures new.'

As it is, in order to be fully advantaged by his investigations and writings, it is already suggested that it is almost necessary to collate and edit them. What a waste much of it seems! And yet, does it not sometimes occur to us that these workings out of urgent themes and curious speculations have their occult uses? Who can say that it is not necessary for the digesting or ripening of new thoughts that energetic thinkers like Professor Buchanan should work at them and perhaps project them into the ether or mind-spheres of the world, for more or less conscious reception and clarifying? That may be only a speculation, but there is much to say for it: and it is a cheering thought.

A countryman of his, writing in 'The Banner of Light,' says of him:—

In the field of his specialities he was a power, hence he could speak as an accepted authority upon topics that came within his province. In these lines he was eminently successful, and gave the world many important truths as the result of his researches. . . . No one can read even his later works and doubt his sincerity and earnestness. He believed in his work and felt that he was divinely commissioned to be a message bearer to mankind. He was in all respects a good man, and desired to do good unto his fellows. No one can review his long, useful career and say with truth that he has *not* done good in rich and full measure. In his palmy days he was an intellectual giant, towering far above the majority of his contemporaries. He has closed his

earthly pilgrimage and gone on to higher spheres to enjoy a rest from labour and change of scene. His departure leaves a great void in the spiritual ranks that will not soon be filled. It is a happy new year to this aged scholar, and all of his friends will rejoice with him in his new-found joy. Peace to the memory of a great and good man!

Miss A. Goodrich-Freer has published, through Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, seven strong stories, turning upon psychical experiences. Three of these are by herself, the others being by Olive Birrell, Christabel Coleridge, M. E. Bramston and G. M. Robins. The first three or four pages made us very happy, as they were sunned with Miss Goodrich-Freer's really winsome humour, but, as we went on, the bright patch of sunlight was soon passed, and we found ourselves in for a walk through a weirdly gruesome wood. That walk will probably be vastly enjoyed by lovers of good ghost stories, written with modern knowledge of the ways and notions of Psychical Research. *We* know that wood too well.

Of these stories, Miss Goodrich-Freer says:—

In editing the present volume of stories, I have been careful to select only such as, to the best of my knowledge, are, even if specifically fancy, generically fact. Four are directly taken from life, and the remainder, though 'Daring to depart
From sober truth, are still to nature true.'

'The Church Gazette' prints a fanciful discussion entitled, 'Under which King?' The subject is Religion, its basis and its claims. One says: 'What the age requires is a religion. Catholics have no longer faith in their Church; Protestants, since the much-to-be-deplored rise of the "Higher Criticism," have ceased to regard the Bible as infallible; even the Freethinker has lost the necessary enthusiasm to uphold his non-belief. The twentieth century wants a new religion.' Another says that what is wanted is 'an authoritative voice' or 'a great Catholic, ecclesiastical community.' Another would 'vest the supreme authority in the State.' Another exalts 'reason.' Then a woman chimes in, with great effect:—

Religion is not a matter of reason. The most rational man is not necessarily the most religious man. Logic does not rule the world; were it so we should not be its sovereigns. Reason can construct a religious philosophy; it cannot create a religion. Reason is the supreme arbiter in the world of abstraction, the world of thought, and of ideal relations; but in the region of fact it plays a comparatively unimportant part. Religion springs from a sentiment. I will not call it the moral faculty, for conscience is altogether a matter of social education; I had better describe it as the religious sense. It is innate in man, it is the fount of his religious inspiration, and the ultimate fact in his religion. It embraces the whole gamut of human feeling, from the abject fear with which the savage prostrates himself before his fetish, to the ecstasies with which a holy Theresa loses herself in her heavenly bridegroom. It is the aspiration after the highest ideal by whatever name you may like to call it. It is a human instinct whose very errors evidence its reality. You will say that in investing the individual religious sentiment with the sovereignty, I am turning religion into something purely subjective. Well, we can only know things in relation to ourselves; we have no other test.

That is well worth pondering.

We observe that Dr. Peebles is joining the growing ranks of those who are for abolishing the old time-limit of threescore years and ten. Some of our very animated friends protest that dying is a mistake, any way; and they propose to be out of the fashion altogether. Dr. Peebles is more modest. His book, we understand, will be called 'Death defeated, and How to keep young,' but he does not profess to help us farther than, say, two hundred years. 'How to keep young' has attractions. Without that, we do not want to entirely part company with the present fashion. What we call 'life' is not over desirable when the springs are dry. As Paul said; to depart, then, is far better,—to pastures new.

M. Coupin, in his 'La Nature' article on the prestidigitator as psychologist, gives some piquant facts as to the chances of numbers, somewhat upsetting the usual canons as to probabilities and chances. Suggestion goes a long way when the operator knows his business; but, apart from this, volition has little tricks and habits of its own that need watching and bringing into the account. For instance, says M. Coupin:—

There is a curious fact about this matter of the choice of numbers, that has been mentioned to M. Binet by several prestidigitators. When a person is invited to name a number lower than ten, all the numbers have not the same chance of being chosen. It has been noted that 'one' is never named, and that the one most often selected is 'seven.' M. Binet has made the experiment and finds that the magicians are not mistaken; the sevens were in the majority, having been chosen seventeen times in thirty-six. As to the number one, it was not named at all. Thus in psychology the calculus of probabilities loses its force.

'The World's Advance-Thought and the Universal Republic' reprints the following from 'La Lumière' (Paris):—

The Church of the 'Sacred Heart' of Montmartre (Paris), has been the recipient of a warning from the over-controlling Divine Powers, that should cause all who oppose Spiritualism to pause and consider what they are doing. Recently a gigantic statue of the Christ standing upon the front of the church fell and was broken into a thousand fragments. The circumstance is inexplicable; for the statue was deeply set and sealed into the wall. Not a trace was left of this singular plucking out of the statue that could explain the phenomenon. It happened on the day when the priests of Rome were praying in this church to demolish Spiritualism.

We do not run after signs and portents as our Roman Catholic friends do; but we are interested in this pretty denouement.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

A meeting of Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance will be held in the French Drawing Room, St. James's Hall (entrance from Piccadilly), at 7 for 7.30 p.m., on Friday, February 9th, when

MRS. M. H. WALLIS

Will give an Address on

'PSYCHICAL SUSCEPTIBILITY.'

Mrs. Wallis will speak in her normal state, but it is hoped that after the address questions will be answered by her under control.

After the close of this meeting friends who wish to remain for a time for an informal interchange of thought on matters of mutual interest will be at liberty to do so.

COMPENSATION AND PROGRESS.—What is called death brings us compensation, and in the beyond all wrongs may be righted! Beholding in the perfected race the fruitage of their toil, the patriot and martyr will find in their continued life the explanation of life's every ill.—N. D. HILLS.

AFTER-DEATH STATES.

BY 'QUÆSTOR VITÆ.'

In reply to the letter of Mr. Thomas Atwood (December 9th, p. 580), I would suggest for his consideration that curative suggestion can only be implanted during the emergence (spontaneous or artificial) of the passive consciousness of the subject. During the functioning of the active consciousness, no one can be influenced against his will. In order that suggestions may work out their complete realisation, they must be imparted to the passive consciousness.

When a subject is in the alert somnambulatory state, he certainly does not present the appearance of being passive. Equally so in the emerging of auto-suggestion, or in the involuntary realisation of fixed ideas, or, again, in post-hypnotic realisation. Yet in each of these cases it is the passive consciousness that is functioning. He must not, therefore, infer that because the experiences he witnessed or shared in (by a temporary connection) carried the appearance of conscious activity, they necessarily belonged to the awakened self-consciousness. Great distress of mind accompanies some dream experiences. The automatic emerging of fixed ideas entailed by fright or shock may carry intense suffering in the subjective representation. Undoubtedly, repeated emerging of acute remorse would be similarly entailed, if the primary psychic registration included elements which would necessarily bring that emotion into ultimate activity.

I must beg to be allowed to differ with regard to Mr. Atwood's interpretation of Mr. Forbes' researches. Mr. Forbes, and the invisible operators working in association with him, kindly gave me several opportunities of studying their work. I also had a conversation with the operators with regard to that work and the after-death states thus represented, and it is on this foundation that I based my remarks. Some of the states presented comprised intense mental anguish, suffered in the emerging of subjective representations of past experiences of evil done to others. The scene in question appeared to occupy the focus of the unfortunate spirit's consciousness, and to eclipse other considerations by its intensity. The subjective gloom and darkness so caused appeared to reflect themselves outwards, as the unfortunate being considered herself to be imprisoned in a dark hole, and it took considerable persuasion to awaken her from that error. The state was as timeless as dream experiences are.

That such retributive experiences belong to a somnambulatory condition was shown in another illustration. A little newsboy, who had been killed suddenly in the streets of New York, was connected up with the medium. It was plainly evident that this 'switching on' to the medium entailed the boy's awakening from a sleep state. He believed himself to be still as he had been; as he had known himself to be. It took some patience to prove to him that the organism he was speaking through, and which he believed to be part of himself, was not the one he had known as his. When he realised this and the inherent evidence that he had died, he was at first very frightened. Similarly a patient who had been mentally deranged when embodied, still believed herself to be in the same conditions. All this goes to show that the temporary connection, established with the medium by higher operators, caused these spirits to awaken from a passive condition of subjective representations, which can best be described as somnambulatory, including obsession by involuntary emerging of fixed-ideas. The operators, however, affirmed that as no two human lives were identical in their conditions and experience, so similarly, each individual's experience of after-death states differs.

I would further state that my interpretation in this respect is based also upon numerous similar presentations made to other students. The teachings of the operators in in this latter case are always accompanied by illustrations, and many cases were presented of spirits who had lapsed into a passive, involuntary state after leaving the earth, during which painful scenes from their past lives constantly emerged into representation. The fact of being 'switched on' to the medium caused them to awaken into self-conscious recollection, accompanied by the faculty of volitional

reflection and judgment. They awoke from a 'secondary' state, in which, as in hypnotic subjects, ideas possessed their attention, instead of being possessed by their attention. The faculty of being able to direct their attention did not function, *i.e.*, was discreted. Like the hypnotic state, it was an involuntary passive condition. Ideas emerged into their attention by auto-suggestion from within, instead of by suggestion from without. It was a conscious, but not self-conscious state.

I would beg to remind Mr. Atwood that I pointed out that the psychological process, as exhibited to our observation in this life, comprises alternating functioning of the active and passive consciousnesses. Assuming this to be a manifestation of a permanent law, we may accept it as inferential evidence that the after-death sleep must be followed by a re-awakening into self-conscious activity. There is, however, an important fact to be taken into consideration here which is ignored by Spiritualists generally. The ethereal form (called astral) which rises from the body at physical death, is generally supposed to constitute the 'spirit' form. This is an error. The form in question has been integrated during life in the physical body, and belongs to the earth-soul. Nothing that comes merely from the earth can enter into spiritual states. Just as dust returns to dust, so also, by the permanent law of which that is but a subordinate illustration, the substance integrated from, and belonging to, the earth-soul, must return to the earth-soul. Substance in higher, more ethereal, mode must be integrated to replace that in lower, earth mode thrown off. A new form in more spiritual form must be integrated before the self can enter spiritual states; before self-consciousness can function in spiritual mode. I have advanced this repeatedly in previous letters in greater detail, and am glad to see it confirmed by the teachers of Stainton Moses as given on p. 602 (December 23rd).

The psychic or astral form that leaves the body at death is of the same constitution as that which exteriorises temporarily from it during the life of the body. It can cognise the astral plane, or plane of the earth-soul; it may even be projected to the similar plane of other planets; but it cannot cognise higher modes or planes of being. For such a possibility to be present, a psychic perceptive mechanism, functioning on a higher level, on a higher scale of vibrations, has to be accreted from substance in consonant mode. Perception implies responsive reaction. There must be a receiving mechanism in consonant mode to the stimuli, otherwise there will be no impression registered. The substance accreted from planetary planes of being can only respond to excitations or stimuli pertaining to its own octave, so to say. Consequently, Spiritualists and occultists whose double is exteriorised, can only cognise the astral plane, even if they go beyond this particular planet. Similarly, nearly the whole of spiritualistic phenomena and communion are in connection with the same plane, even though seven zones or stages are spoken of as comprised in it. No occultist can by personal effort accrete higher substance than that of the world-soul, and build up a perceptive mechanism responding to impressions pertaining to a higher plane than the astral. Consequently they cannot cognise the first true spiritual self-conscious state and plane into which the second or astral death entails re-birth. And it is for this reason that the fallacious views with regard to reincarnation are held. Could they enter into relation with this supra-astral state, they would learn that selves do *not* turn backwards in the circuit of becoming after the second death, but advance, regenerated, into a higher state and plane of being, which is dissociated from the earth and its soul-sphere or astral-soul.

With regard to this regenerative process, I would point out that the fetus is built up *from within*, during a purely passive state. The building up of the organism of the growing child is accompanied by a preponderance of sleep over waking states. We must infer that this is a necessary condition in the process. Even during adult life the organism is restored to a greater degree during sleep than while the active self-consciousness is functioning. These analogies in process come in further support of the position advanced, and imply that this rebuilding of the regenerated form, in substance of higher mode, is accompanied by a

passive, somnolent state, followed by re-awakening into a state of active self-conscious life, in really spiritual mode.

The intermediate after-death stage corresponds, on the ascending circuit, to what the foetal stage represents on the descending circuit. It is a nexus stage merely, and not a truly spiritual state. In the evolutionary process of becoming it stands in a similar relation to our life on this planet as our nightly sleep does to our daily awakened activity. Both represent the law of alternation in the functioning of the active and passive consciousnesses; the one in minor, diurnal periods; the other in major, planetary periods.

In this respect I must differ from all Spiritualists who associate spiritual existence with zones surrounding our planet. Certainly such planes exist, and the immediate after-death state may be associated therewith in consecutive evolutionary stages. But I contend that these are not truly spiritual states of being, and all communications emanating from selves in such stages are more or less unreliable. The first truly spiritual self-conscious state of being is dissociated from any dependence on planetary states; it only evolves when these are transcended. Or rather, its unfolding entails the transcending of all planetary conditions, astral as well as physical. It is manifestly illogical and fallacious to make spiritual states dependent, as regards locality in space, on a physical globe; to be dragged round in subordinate dependence on a material nucleus.

While communications from selves in such states are more or less unreliable, it does not follow that all communicators therein necessarily intend to mislead (though many do). The unreliability is inherent in the conditions of communication. Spiritualists have not recognised that such spirits *only come into relation with our external world while in relation with a medium*. The above analysis also shows that they only come into distinct connection and direction of the contents of the memories of their own external associations, during such abnormal relation with an external organism.

(To be continued.)

SPIRITUALISM IN SWEDEN.

Having for many years been a constant reader of your excellent paper, I know that you follow the progress of Spiritualism all over the world, and I therefore suppose it may interest you to learn that in the closing days of the old year Spiritualism had a fresh start in the Swedish capital.

Of late years Spiritualism has been steadily gaining ground here in Sweden, but only at a very slow rate, the work going on chiefly quite in private; but now it has suddenly become the general topic of interest, in consequence of the appearance of a very remarkable little volume entitled 'Mot Ljuset' ('Towards the Light'), by a well-known lady, the Princess Mary Karadja, a native of Sweden.

'Towards the Light' is a poem mediumistically written by the Princess herself, as emphatically stated by her in a preface. It contains the autobiography of a man who, having revelled in all earthly pleasures, gets disgusted with life and blows his brains out. But to his utter amazement he finds that he has killed only his body, his thinking self still being as living as before. The narrative of his painful experiences in spirit life, and how he at last, by an awakening love to a child, is lifted 'towards the light,' is of stirring interest, and particularly well adapted to impress the general reader. The work has, in fact, occasioned quite a sensation, and in some few weeks nearly 4,000 copies were sold, which in our small country is much for any publication, and something quite unprecedented in our spiritualistic literature. The consequence has been an awakening interest in Spiritualism in many and in very unlikely quarters. As it may interest you to see the volume referred to, I take the liberty of sending you a copy. An English translation is just ready and will soon be in print.

Allow me, dear sir, to avail myself of this opportunity to send you my cordial greetings at the beginning of this new year, and my best wishes for your continued work in our glorious cause.

(DR.) A. E. TORNEBOHM.

Stockholm.

THE TREATMENT OF OBSESSION.

I have often felt sad while perusing the advice given by some writers to persons who were seeking for information regarding obsession, as it was evident they were writing upon a subject of which they had little or no practical knowledge. Some writers hold that there is no such thing as evil in spirit-life, that we put off all evil propensities, and are full-fledged angels, on entering the other life. Others maintain that evil spirits have no power to inflict injury upon mortals, and that if they had the power the good spirits would not permit them to use it. But, I would ask, why do good people in the earth life permit vice and crime? Simply for the reason that they are powerless to wholly prevent it. The same reason holds good in spirit life.

Some writers affirm that the person obsessed must be on a low plane, of an immoral character, &c., to attract such vile influences to them. While this is true in some instances, in the majority of cases that I have treated I have found that the patients were in a very sensitive and negative condition—persons of good principles, and living true, practical, and moral lives, but, through ignorance of psychical matters, liable to be set upon by fiendish, demoniacal spirits, some of whom desired to be revenged for a wrong which had been committed against them in the earth life, while others sought to gratify an evil disposition within their own souls. God has just as much power on the earth plane as in spirit life; yet what would be the state of society on earth if there were no man-made laws to restrain vicious and malicious people? How can the low, vile, immoral person, who is only held in check by the law here, be expected to be instantly transformed into an angel of light when free and unfettered in spirit life, and with power to indulge the depraved nature he may have inherited or developed while on the earth plane? In spirit life they have the moral suasion of the good and truly developed spirits, just as they had while on earth; but the good people and spirits are not always able to keep the evil in check.

There are some writers, however, I am very happy to note, whose words ring with a practical knowledge of the subject, and their wise advice and sympathetic counsel give comfort to many a sorrowing, struggling soul who is longing and praying to be free from the tyrannical thralldom of obsessing influences.

About seven years ago, a lady of thirty-two years of age applied to me for treatment. At the age of eight she was controlled by a little Indian girl and gave promise of fine mediumship, but her mother, being a milliner, and thinking it might injure her business if it became known—as mediumship was generally looked upon as something uncanny—put a stop to her child being controlled. By this act she prevented the higher spirit powers from using her child's organism, not only to develop her own soul but for the good of others; and in her ignorance she opened wide the door to the lower forces to take and use her daughter as they chose. And well did they improve the opportunity, with the result that for many years she was never well. A year previous to my treating her she was for nine weeks so ill that her physicians and friends were in daily expectation of her passing away. One morning her mother, on going into her room, found her sitting upright in bed with her eyes closed, apparently under the control of an Indian spirit, who was gently pounding her head and spine. In a few minutes she lay down and the Indian left; whereupon she slowly opened her eyes, and looking round in a dazed sort of way, inquired what she had been doing. This was repeated every day till she was able to be about again. Two weeks before she applied to me she had a very bad spell of illness. A physician was called, who declared that she could not live until the next morning. He called again during the night, and repeated his former statement, with the addition that she was growing very much weaker. He called again the following morning, and was greatly astonished to find his patient attired and ready to go out for a call upon a friend. He said this was the most peculiar case he had ever seen, and he could not understand it, as when he had last seen her she had every symptom of fast approaching dissolution. When I visited her I found her case to be one of undeveloped

mediumship and obsession, with the following physical symptoms: She was reduced in flesh to a mere skeleton, and had a dry cough and expectorated quantities of phlegm and thick yellow mucus. Her left lung was very sore and she could not bear the weight of my hand upon it. Her spine pained her and was very tender to the touch. One part of her liver was inflamed and swollen, the other was shrunken and inactive. Symptoms of a paralytic tendency were also present. A few days after I commenced my treatment, her mother accompanied her to my office. She said she had been having a very hard day and had felt a powerful force directed upon her lungs, but could not make herself positive enough to throw it off.

My wife is a medium and assists me in treating these cases. We sat down in the form of a triangle, and in a few minutes the spirit of a woman who had passed out with a lung disease and paralysis, and who was in an extremely weak condition, took control of my wife. I laid my wife upon a couch while she was under this spirit's influence. Her pulse, which was seventy-eight, in a few minutes decreased to thirty-four. The side of her face, mouth, and nose drew over to one side, and the left side of her body was cold and stiff. There was no perceptible heaving of the chest, and the breathing of the heart could not be detected by the touch. I directed my efforts toward increasing the circulation and the action of the heart and lungs. She soon drew a long breath, opened her eyes, and asked: 'Where is Henry?' upon which my patient's mother remarked: 'Isn't that wonderful! Henry is my brother's name; and his wife died in precisely the same manner as this spirit who personates through your wife. Her face drew over in the same manner. She passed to spirit life when my daughter was eight years old. I can plainly see that the spells my daughter has had were personations of this aunt and other spirits.'

When the spirit became able to speak through my wife, we found that she could not realise that she was in spirit life, and was now controlling a medium. She was very much surprised to learn that her spirit was out of her own body—that she had been twenty-four years in spirit-life, and had not realised the change. When she recovered more strength I asked her to leave the medium, and as soon as she was convinced of the fact that she had passed out of the body to return and tell me. She left the medium for a space of fifteen minutes, and then returning, said it was too true, and that it was a wonderful revelation to her. This spirit was very material in her nature, not spiritually developed, and did not know anything about Spiritualism when in the earth life. If she had previously gained any understanding of the law of control, of mediumship, and the influence of spirits upon mortals, her aspirations would have helped her to rise from this condition, she would have been cognisant of the great change which had come to her, and been enabled to get help in spirit life from those able to assist her to a higher plane, instead of being earth-bound and held in this condition to be made a tool of by designing and vindictive spirits, for the purpose of breaking up this lady's mediumship. In a few minutes after the spirit left her, my wife resumed her normal condition. Now, the point is, if spirits can affect this lady and my wife as described above, they can and do affect other sensitive persons in a greater or less degree. In this case (as in many others) I talked, through the medium, with the obsessing spirit and with other spirits who were helping her, appealing to their honour, pointing out to them the evil of the course they were pursuing, telling them that they were thereby injuring themselves, and showing them that by leading true and pure lives they could help others, instead of dragging them down to misery and death. The result was that they were soon enabled to realise their true condition, a desire was aroused within them to arise out of their degraded state, and they were thus helped to start on the way to a higher plane and to a life of usefulness; from which time the patient rapidly improved till she regained her health entirely.

My mode of treating these cases of obsession, and of obsessing influences, I deem superior to some other methods, in that we help such spirits to progress; and then, out of gratitude and appreciation for what has been done for them, they not only become friends and helpers to the patient,

but they are often a valuable acquisition to the healer's spirit band ; whereas, if they were driven away through spiritual force, they would go to other sensitive persons, and in some instances return to the patient at some future time.

(DR.) A. A. KIMBALL.

Malden, Mass., U.S.A.

ARCH-NATURAL IMMORTALITY.

My friend, Mr. Lovell, has slightly misquoted my words. What I said to him was that T. L. Harris had not yet attained to the final goal of evolution on this earth, by which it will be possible to transpose at will from the third to the fourth, and again from the fourth to the third, dimension. It is true that he has not yet attained to this goal ; but neither has Mr. Lovell. Inquirers will find much on this subject in 'Respiro's' 'Internal Respiration,' and 'The Second Advent' ; therefore I need not quote it here, but the following prophecy from the 'Luminous Life,' printed by T. L. H. in 1882, may be of interest. In par. 32, we read :—

'So the luminous one answered, "I will speak of the last hours. The opaque will be enveloped in a luminous mist, and he will vanish out of sight." Another said, "He will be at one hour in his bed ; and he shall be taken and made invisible : and when he returns his appearance shall identify him as the same person to common sight."

To which T. L. Harris adds : 'This is written here that all things may be recorded before the End.'

Perchance Mr. Lovell may ask, 'Do you really believe this ?' As Allen Fenwick says in the 'Strange Story,' 'I have no belief. True science has none. True science questions all things ; takes nothing upon credit. It knows but three states of the mind : Denial, Conviction, and that vast interval between the two which is not belief, but Suspense of Judgment.' But it is also true that, short of absolute evidence either way, we may accept a statement as probably true or probably false ; also, that if we have invariably found a teacher accurate so far as we have been able to test him, this is an *a priori* argument for his accuracy in investigations where we cannot as yet follow him.

My 'enthusiastic admiration' for T. L. Harris, therefore, is not based on theological 'faith,' which has been wittily defined as 'the faculty whereby we believe what we know to be untrue' ; and had I lived in the time of the 'saint' who said '*Credo quia impossibile est,*' I should have felt inclined to sign a certificate of lunacy on his behalf. But now, since 1868, I have studied the writings and experiences of T. L. Harris. There is not a single transcendental statement in his writings which I have not compared with his previous and later statements, and with the experiences of others. There is not a single philosophical or scientific statement made by him which I have not compared with the conclusions of other scientists, and with the teachings of other schools of philosophy. There is not a single accusation which I have heard made against him which I have not investigated by means of evidence on both sides. Consequently, my so-called 'belief' in him is not 'belief,' but *knowledge*.

Mr. Lovell asks for 'scientific evidence' of his claims. Quite right ; that is exactly what every inquirer desires. Now, I have met with many, and heard of many, who have claimed the attainment of physical immortality. To all such assertions I reply, 'Very good ; but give me some proofs that you are at least on the road.' When I read that one leader of Christian Science looks an old woman and has recently been seriously ill : when I meet another who looks quite ten years older than she did ten years ago : when I find another not only fails to cure herself, but has become bigoted and intolerant : when I find another indulging in repeating malicious scandals about T. L. Harris, which were not only false, but about the truth of which she never took the trouble to inquire—a proceeding which is certainly neither 'Christian' nor 'scientific'—I said to myself : 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

But with T. L. Harris the case is different. 'Respiro' has quoted in 'The Impending World-Crisis' not only the prophecies of evolution, but the *evidence* of it in T. L. Harris at a later date ; and this evidence is attested by those who see him daily. When I last met Mr. Lovell he asked me whether Mr. Harris's voice was that of an aged

man ; I said that those who were with him vouched for the fact that it was clear and resonant, as of a man in full vigour ; and he admitted that this was a fact of evidence. He will find more recorded in the pamphlet in question.

One fact—or is it only a coincidence?—is interesting with regard to 'Respiro's' pamphlets. They, because they contain quotations from the 'Gospel of the New Life,' seem to have so brought some of the readers into *rapprochement* with the Brotherhood that they have shortly afterwards experienced remarkable spiritual evolutionary processes ; not only Internal Respiration but also sublime visions in their waking state, without loss of the natural consciousness. These, of course, however interesting they would be to the readers of 'LIGHT,' I cannot quote without permission.

Mr. Lovell is 'down upon' Mr. Burrows for getting pneumonia ! Well, the neophyte cannot expect to be as immune as the Master : but he will, I am sure, be pleased to hear that I am successfully defying the 'flu' ; and, at the age of fifty-five am in far greater bodily and mental vigour than I was many years ago.

E. W. BERRIDGE, M.D.

48, Sussex-gardens, Hyde Park, W.

WAS IT A DREAM ?

The following appears in the 'Religio-Philosophical Journal' over the signature 'An Officer.' We should like to have that 'Officer's' name and address, so that we might put a few questions to him with the view of obtaining, if possible, some verification of his story. Perhaps the 'Religio-Philosophical Journal' can oblige us with particulars :—

'On the night of which I am about to speak, I had just made port from a prosperous run through the ports of the Low Countries. The 'Fräulein' made the roads of the Schelde about ten o'clock at night. I told the crew we would not land that night, and as they were very tired, they agreed. As for myself, I remained on deck for half an hour later, looking toward the shore. The house in which I lived with my father, mother, and brother, was in plain view from the ship. I looked at it and wondered why it was all lighted up so long after their usual hour of retiring. For a moment I was half tempted to take a boat and go on shore.

'But I went down the cabin stairs. Scarcely had I reached my room when my presentiment returned. I set a tray of brandy peaches on the table and lit a big stone pipe. While I smoked I thought of home. I hadn't seen my brother for a year and I wondered how he would greet me. It may have been because we were twins, but we were always closer together somehow than brothers.

'So thinking, I must have fallen asleep. Suddenly, a cold, oppressive chill seemed to seize my very heart. The ship clock on the wall showed the time, 11.50 p.m. The lamp had burned dim. Then I realised that someone else was in the room. A figure was seated in a chair. I couldn't see his face distinctly, but his eyes had an expression of mute sadness. Horror seized me—horror indescribable. With a violent effort I shook off the hallucination.

'Grasping the pipe which lay on the floor beside me, I struck the intruder a terrific blow on the head. A plaintive groan sounded through the apartment and the spell was over. The moonlight streamed through the stern window into the cabin, and I saw it was empty, but there was a dent on the floor where the pipe had fallen. The bowl was broken.

'I went up on deck and to my surprise saw that our house was still lit up brightly. There seemed much confusion there. Forms could be seen flitting past the windows, and all was excitement. Thoroughly alarmed, I called the watch and had the boat lowered. In a jiffy we pulled through the moonlit water, and in ten minutes I was knocking at the door of home.

'My mother opened it. She fell upon my shoulder and exclaimed between her sobs : "Oh, Jacob, Hans is dead ! He longed for your coming, but he passed away a little before twelve. He knew you were in the bay. Why didn't you come ashore ?"

'And then they told me a strange story. Hans was seized with a sudden illness on the morning of that very day. They told him the "Fräulein Voorhees" would soon be in, but he replied that he would never see me again. At 10.30, the time when I had imagined I was asleep in the cabin of the brig, he had fallen into a deep coma. And then, at 11.50 p.m., at the very moment when I had brought that curved pipe down with crushing force upon the head of the apparition of my dream, he suddenly awoke, and crying aloud, "Oh, my God, Jacob, my brother !" he died.'

OFFICE OF 'LIGHT, 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON, W.C.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 27th, 1900.

EDITOR E. DAWSON ROGERS.

Assisted by a Staff of able Contributors.

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A SPIRITUAL VIEW OF STORMS.

Nature is always rousing us up. She 'abhors a vacuum,' said the old scientists. It is quite as true that she resents stagnation. 'Movement, movement, movement!' is her one cry: and we are told that if we had eyes to see the astounding sight, we might, on the calmest summer morning, see the enfolding air or ether surging like an Atlantic ocean with multitudinous vibrations; nay that the calm and solid mountain is simply a tremulous mass of vibratory thrills, from base to peak.

In London, where man spoils so much that Nature meant to be beautiful, and pollutes so much that she meant to be sweet, our greeting to one another for about half the year, all told, is, 'Wretched weather!' just because Nature is doing her rousing and refreshing work, filling her pools, purifying her atmospheres, carrying her precious cloud-burdens and speeding on her blest artillery for her peaceful campaigns. Then we shiver and scowl and complain, and talk as though the very God had forsaken us. And yet these mighty winds are the dear servants of the Almighty. Well said the old Hebrew poet:—'Praise the Lord, lightning and hail, snow and mist, stormy wind fulfilling His word!'

The black clouds are the mighty water carriers of the world. The winds maintain the diffusion and equilibrium of temperature. They

Mix the seasons and the golden hours.

Well, too, said another of the Hebrew poets: 'He bringeth the wind out of His treasures.' 'He commandeth the stormy wind.' But there are great human values in the storm, beyond these. Let those who complain remember that the sturdy races have mainly come from the North and the East. Kingsley was more than rhapsodist when he sang:—

'Tis the hard grey weather breeds hard Englishmen.

So he gave the storm a cheer:—

Welcome, black North-easter, o'er the German foam,
O'er the Danish moorlands, from thy frozen home!
Come, as came our fathers, heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,—lords by land and sea;
Come and, strong within us, stir the Viking's blood,
Bracing brain and sinew! Blow, thou wind of God!

A few years ago, when our friend the Influenza first appeared, a celebrated French scientist, with some show of reason, propounded the theory that the epidemic, which puzzled the doctors, fed the newspapers, and frightened the hysterical, had been caused by unusual calms during the

previous autumn and winter, in consequence of which we missed the wholesome freshenings of storms. But, be that as it may, we know the value of mountain air and sea breezes, so far as health is concerned. The more of them and the keener the better. What a splendid saying it is: 'He (the beneficent God, *He*) rideth on the wings of the wind'!

The spiritual analogies here literally crowd upon us. Life, for multitudes, is a succession of storms; and 'Wretched weather!' finds its counterpart in 'A miserable life!' What black things we write down against the years because of the buffetings they bring us! It is very natural: but is it wise? Is it not true, as a quaint writer once put it:—

We are very ready to bless God for smooth roads and pleasant things; but we are not wise enough to see that rough roads and disagreeable things are often best for us.

Ah! we are a good deal like children who thank their mothers for her cake, but rebel against her for her medicines: who think her kind when she gives them sweetmeats, but cruel when she administers the salts. We pity the poor little children for their shortsightedness: but how much wiser are you when you bless God for pleasant things, and groan and pray against the unpleasant ones?

We thank Him for the fine days, and pray against the blustery ones, just as though they were not both equally of His sending. We can see Him fast enough in green leaves, and golden corn, and merry sunshine; but, somehow, we miss Him in dreary fogs and the desolate fields.

The loud or lurking denial of God, because of His stormy winds, has never ceased from the earth. Dryden once put it, tersely and sadly:—

Yet, sure, the gods are good. I would think so
If they would give me leave.
But virtue in distress and vice in triumph
Make atheists of mankind.

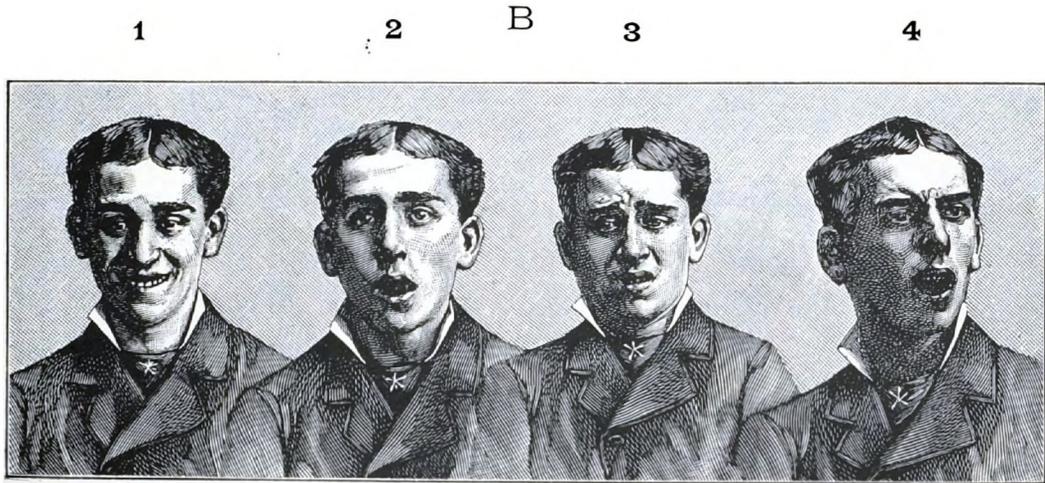
Poor things! when it freezes or blows or rains for a fortnight, our faith in God falls with the glass! It is very sorrowful! But a modern writer has gone several degrees lower than Dryden. He confesses he is beaten. The winds have battered all hope out of him, and flung him into the Slough of Despond of Pessimism: and he can only say:—

Far better, far better is death than a life
Of wretched, unceasing and harrowing strife
With the world, for merely a living.
Far better to shuffle this life of care,
With its grinding, withering wear and tear,
Burdens too heavy for mortals to bear,
Than wrestle with fate and her giving.

We cannot help sympathising with this suicidal mood, but what a tragic, what a cowardly conclusion to come to! Is it not the merest commonplace of the elementary philosophy of life, that by this very 'wrestling with fate' we are being created? Suffering and struggle are not Satans but angels in disguise; and it is the need of facing the wind that makes men. Even Jeremiah, with his 'Lamentations,' could say: 'It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth.' But, indeed, it is precisely 'the man of sorrows' who usually sees this the clearest and understands it best.

This is a most precious part of the Gospel of Spiritualism which, if it teaches anything, teaches us that spirit-development is the main thing,—that, in fact, we are here for this. If so, no price can be too high to pay; no endurance too keen to endure, no storm too vehement to face, 'for the prize of our high calling.' All this the well-instructed Spiritualist thoroughly understands. He knows that God is creating a school, not a mill; a human race and not a multitude of machines. He knows that, in the supreme processes of creation, the world's winters, its political ice and snow, its social, national and personal storms, 'fulfil His word.' Even the blast of pessimistic despair will work out as a creative longing for better things. The enlightened Spiritualist will say to himself:

FROM 'LES SENTIMENTS, LA MUSIQUE, ET LE GESTE,' BY M. DE ROCHAS.



FROM 'LES SENTIMENTS, LA MUSIQUE, ET LE GESTE,' BY M. DE ROCHAS

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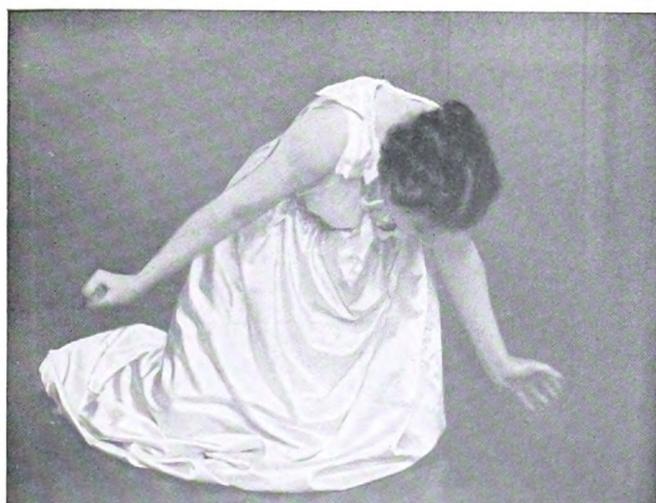


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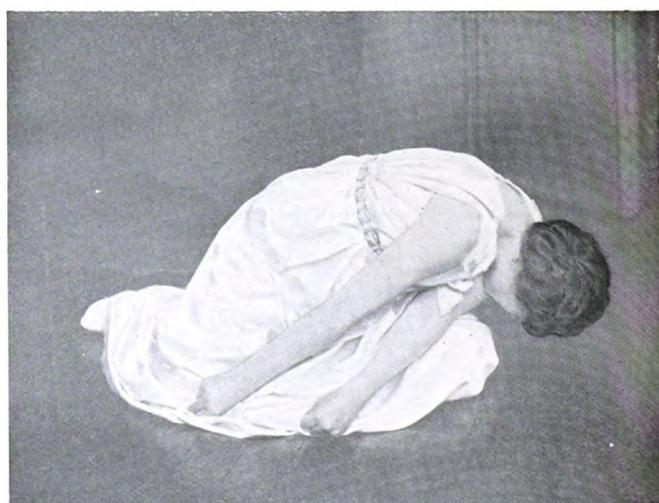
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'I am here for creation, not for pleasure. When, therefore, I confront the storm, and the cry of pain or rebellion is struck out of me, I must recall it and consider. The good God is only educating me, toughening me, opening to me the gates of a larger life. The stress of the storm is here as a part of the eternal order, and it will help me to become a living soul.'

It is a hard lesson, and, before we are aware, the tempest may batter down our faith as well as our delight: but that touches not the heavenly truth,—that, behind all the dark clouds, God's light for ever shines, and that the stormy winds 'fulfil His word.'

THE SOUL.

AS DEMONSTRATED BY THE USE OF ANÆSTHETICS.

In 'LIGHT' of January 13th, 'M.D.' asks if anything further has been written or done since, twenty years ago, I published, as in my 'Christo-Theosophy,' my discoveries as above.

In reply I may mention that the 'Lancet' in 1895 inserted a letter from me on the subject, and the editor drew the attention of his readers thereto. In this letter I urged medical men to note the things said by those under anæsthetics; but although about 20,000 medical men read the 'Lancet,' and probably about 20,000 men and women are put under anæsthetics annually, yet my idea met with little public investigation.

Two years ago, while residing in Oxford for some months, I brought the question before Professor Caird and other psychologists, pointing out that my theories and experiments went in the direction of an experimental and scientific psychology, instead of a mere talking about mental philosophy.

The problem seems to me most momentous; but to obtain a sufficient hearing, one would require to devote his whole energies towards accumulating the evidences furnished by the many thousands who annually are placed under the influence of anæsthetics, and this undivided attention I have not been able to give; but I am convinced that in this direction will be found the scientific demonstration of the soul as independent of the body.

GEORGE WYLD, M.D.

7, Westbourne-street, Hyde Park.

'SPIRIT TEACHINGS.'—FRENCH EDITION.

The January number of 'Revue de la France Moderne,' publishes an article on 'Spirit Teachings,' of which a French edition has just been issued. The criticisms are not applied to the original, which is much appreciated, but to the translation. Whilst praising portions as admirably rendered, the writer laments the omission of interesting passages and consequently greater monotony in the character of the French edition; he also regrets occasional inadequate translations, and quotes a passage which he says is even a misrepresentation of the original. The greater part of the article is occupied with a translation, made by the author, of a passage from Section XXIX. which is omitted in the French edition and which he considers very instructive. This edition is published at 42, Rue Saint Jacques, Paris.

'LIGHT.'

As an inducement to new and casual readers to become subscribers, we will supply 'LIGHT' for thirteen weeks, post free, for 2s., as a 'trial' subscription, feeling assured that at the termination of that period they will feel that 'they cannot do without it,' and will then subscribe at the usual rates. May we at the same time suggest to those of our regular readers who have friends to whom they would like to introduce the paper, that they should avail themselves of this offer, and forward to us the names and addresses of such friends, upon receipt of which, together with the requisite postal order, we shall be pleased to forward 'LIGHT' to them by post, as stated above?

NOTES OF A PRIVATE CIRCLE.

By 'V.,' GLASGOW.

III.

I was able to renew my acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Coates in March, 1899. They had, I found, been experimenting for psychic photographs all the winter, holding regular sittings every Wednesday and Saturday. When I could, I took part in these sittings for photographs.

April 1st.—I joined this evening for a camera sitting. During the darkness many spirit forms were seen, particularly by Mrs. Coates and Herr V., but none by myself. One old lady was described by Herr V. as wearing a 'mutch,' all 'piped round the front.' (A mutch is a white cap, formerly much worn by old Scotch women.) This figure had been described three weeks previously, when Herr V. was not there. She seemed to be a relative of mine; who, I could not tell. Other forms were described, one a curly-headed boy, about five years of age, and a man, whom I thought I recognised as a cousin of mine. Herr V. also described a man dressed like a judge in wig and gown, in the style of eighty or a hundred years ago. Mr. Coates thought that there was a resemblance to his grandfather, who was a High Sheriff and J.P. about that period in the county of Longford. I am not putting these forward as evidences of identity, but rather to give an idea of the nature of these sittings. We sat twenty minutes in the dark, before a camera, in which a plate was exposed by means of a magnesium light. Evidences of identity we had later on in these sittings, and, as usual, in the most unexpected way.

For instance, Mr. Coates observed in the dark an outline-like, silhouetted figure of a lady bending over the back of my chair; her hands were resting tenderly over my shoulders, and she was whispering into my right ear—the purport of her message being that I was to speak more freely to those at home about these things, and to tell them that she was now perfectly happy, having got over the sorrows and trials of her earthly life. While I was wondering who this spirit was, Mrs. Coates was impressed to tell me that this lady was not like, and was not, my wife, although the general outline of forms corresponded, but my married sister (Mrs. T.), who had in reality died from 'broken-heartedness.'

While the foregoing description was being given, Herr V. saw the spirit too, and said that she would be about thirty-eight years of age, but looked older, having passed through much tribulation during her lifetime. He also saw her as she looked at twenty-one or twenty-three years of age, and described her accurately as being an exceedingly good-looking girl.

With reference to these descriptions, I can safely say that they all corresponded with my sister T. as to appearance and age, and who passed away from the causes named. That she should come back and wish the family to recognise her seems to be natural; but cautious Psychological Researchers would possibly accept the foregoing as a good instance of 'collective hallucination,' or possibly of 'veridical telepathy.' If so, well and good. I am content to accept it, on these three unpremeditated testimonies, as a genuine attempt of my spirit sister to make her presence known to my family and self.

April 2nd.—We had an ordinary sitting; and a message was received through the table, purporting to come from my father, and saying, 'John, I gave your message to M.,' and then dealing with private matters. The curious thing concerning the above, of which Mr. and Mrs. Coates were ignorant, was the message referred to. I had asked father, prior to his decease, when he entered the spirit world and was able to do so, to give to M. 'my love, &c.' This was months before father passed away. I had talked to him about M., and he alone knew the reason why I did so. I had forgotten, for the time, about the request, until it was recalled to my mind by this incident. It will, therefore, be admitted that there was a certain amount of test in the message. My father then attempted to control Mrs. Coates. He was not able to speak owing to the paralysis and his general mental conditions prior to his transition. He, however, left impressions, and these were certainly characteristic

of both the spirit, his affairs, and the special position in which he stood related to me.

Mother came to the table, and among other questions I asked, 'Who was the old lady who came so often, wearing the white mitch?' The table spelled out two letters, when Mr. Coates was impressed to say, 'K,' which was the old familiar Scotch cognomen of my father's oldest sister, Aunt K. I well remembered her from the name and the description, which were at once recognised by Mrs. B. at home. For some time past I had been reporting progress to her, and indeed, at this time, she was the only one in the family to whom I could talk freely of these matters. Since father's death there was much less antagonism, and fewer objections to my continued investigations. I could now proceed more openly.

April 9th.—Had an interesting sitting. Held two plates with Mrs. Coates. The plates were my own and marked. When developed they had two curious appearances on them, but no recognisable forms. There was evidently an attempt on the part of the friends to do something.

There were other communications, purporting to come from my mother, and as these related to private matters I will not deal with them now, but will, as soon as verified or otherwise, come back to them again.

We now had a curious experience. The table commenced to move, and, from the sound and half rotatory motions, the whole suggested the movements of an engine under steam. Mrs. Coates passed under control, the table still keeping up the movements. The medium, in pantomime, indicated a rough sea and engine working, intimating disaster, and apparently suggesting an accident to A.'s steam yacht. We then got a message from mother, indicating that my brother E. would get a shock, through an accident on the yacht, and urging us to induce A. to sell the yacht. My brother A. owned the yacht, and E. is my eldest brother. The refrain of the message was to sell the yacht. 'Sell, sell, and change the fate.' This was, on the face of it, a most peculiar message.

There was an attempted control by my father and then the medium was released. From impressions received, mostly of a private character, I determined to have a consultation with Mrs. B. with reference to the yacht. It was most difficult to approach A., who among all my friends was and is the most opposed to Spiritualism. Indeed, it would have been a difficult matter to talk to him about the yacht under such circumstances. Mrs. B. was strongly impressed, and determined to speak to A., and my brother E. was also told about it. As so many things had turned out to be true, it was decided that Mrs. B. should speak to A., who, as a result, to the surprise of most of us, decided to sell the yacht, which he did on April 26th.

Eight days after the yacht was sold a serious accident occurred on board. While under steam the piston rod broke and the piston and the cylinder cover were blown through the engine-room skylight. The deck hand had been looking down the same a second or so before. Had he remained where he was, he would in all probability have been killed on the spot. If the yacht had remained in our possession the accident would have occurred as foreshadowed. The accident arose through an invisible cross section flaw in the heart of the piston rod. Had my elder brother E. been aboard it is possible that he would have received a severe nervous shock, or possibly fatal injury, for it was a common habit with him, and indeed with all of us, when aboard, to look down at the engines through the skylight. Since then the other disasters predicted about the yacht have been fulfilled. The warnings and their fulfilment impressed the home circle deeply. E. is sympathetic, but still afraid to join in the investigation; while A. keeps his mind to himself, but does not hinder me as formerly.

But to return to this sitting, which dealt with E. and the yacht affair. Mother was very emphatic about the approaching danger, and the means used to convey the idea of such an accident seem now to me to have been remarkable. My father sent a very characteristic message about affairs at our 'Works,' and as far as I can judge now, it was at the time very sound advice. The message was given by impression through Mr. Coates. Through Mrs. Coates I also obtained an accurate description of my wife's personal appearance—

the style in which she wore her hair, the dress worn in earth life. On the previous day, in Glasgow, I had a corresponding description, through another sensitive.

My father now attempted to control Mr. Coates, who resisted because of the unpleasant physical, or rather pathological, effects. When released, Mr. Coates gave the result of his impressions, also a description of the room in which father died, and of a very marked habit of my father's; all of which were most accurate. Thus, from time to time, I got more and more evidence of the presence of spirit friends, and their desire by various tokens to make themselves known.

April 16th.—Before the sitting proper, Mr. Coates was impressed to tell me of an incident, the only one of the kind—a heated discussion which had taken place between my father and myself some fifteen years before—in our long connection in business. Mr. Coates described the room and the incident, relating to the adjustment of a certain piece of machinery, in which I was right. This was very remarkable, and furnished another clue to the personal influence of my father.

My mother then gave a long message, through the table, relating to private matters, and to members of the family, especially to brother E. Her statements regarding him and her relation to him while on earth, his mental attitude, cautiousness, and incessant industry, were all correct. There were other matters or incidents more or less within my knowledge. Some I will say nothing about, but will wait and see how matters will turn out. The whole message, however, bore the impress of my mother's knowledge and interest.

April 23rd.—We sat at the table as usual, and almost immediately we had movements indicative of communications. I expected to hear further from my mother, but what I expected did not take place. The influence purported to be that of my brother Alexander, who plunged immediately into family affairs, with a special message to my brother E. This was interesting, especially as I had now been able to talk to E. about these sittings and about the many things which had taken place in connection with them. He was pretty sympathetic, and was convinced that there was something in it. These experiences of mine were becoming like a 'Pilgrim's Progress,' from darkness to light.

Our psychic photographic experiments were proceeding slowly, but we were assured that we should succeed. Friends on the other side have much to learn before they are able to do much in this way. Indeed, the whole matter of control and mediumship appears surrounded with great difficulties.

May 7th.—Mr. Coates gave a unique description of an old man with broad and lofty forehead (surmounted by a black skull cap and wearing an old dressing-gown), whom he had seen on the previous evening while holding a photographic sitting. At the first and imperfect view, he thought the spirit seen was an 'old Chinaman,' but when it came again and again, he saw that it was my father. What surprised him was the skull-cap and the old gown, which gave that Chinaman-like appearance. This was very striking (1) Because I was not there, and the picture could not have come from my mind; and (2) as a matter of fact, my father in his retirement used to dress in this easy manner and walk about his garden at S—. On one occasion some friends from Australia calling upon him, told him he was 'just like a fat old John Chinaman.'

Mrs. —, my mother, succeeded in controlling Mrs. Coates. She said that she was sorry she had passed away without speaking to me, she had so much to say about father and the future. She then went into private matters, which exhibited a keen knowledge of our family affairs, such as one would expect coming from her. It was an interesting control, and given apparently under great difficulties.

My brother Bereton controlled Mr. Coates for a time, giving some indications of his present condition and certain counsel to myself; he also dealt with some of our affairs. The more one goes into Spiritualism, the more one is struck with the intensely human interest that these spirits take in our human affairs.

My father attempted to control Mrs. Coates. This was resisted. His influence is unpleasant, bringing both pain

and mental confusion with it, more like attempted forcible obsession than control experienced from others. Mrs. Coates gave her impressions. He appeared to be in a rage, did not seem to realise his state, and was very selfish and positive, interfering with the circle, although, owing to his forcefulness, unable to accomplish his object. Owing to father's persistence we had to break up the circle.

May 14th.—Had a long message through the table purporting to be from mother. It dealt with the family, and was somewhat in character with the last message. It contained many indirect tests.

May 21st.—Messages were continued from mother; but, like others given by her, they cannot be published. Mrs. Coates saw the form of an officer, in the uniform of, say, sixty years ago. He was accompanied by a large tiger and an Asiatic woman; might be Burmese. The officer had a black moustache. His hair, once black, was turning to grey. He had a long, almost Wellington, nose. Supposed to be a relative of mine. There were several soldiers on both sides of the family, one of whom died in the Far East, and as far as I know corresponded with the foregoing description. Up to the present, however, I have had no further information from this source. I have recorded the incident to show how interesting and varied private séances may be. The evidences of intelligences at work, giving signs, tokens, and visions, are many, confirming our faith, strengthening our hopes in the continuity of life, and in the reality of 'the other world order.'

(To be concluded.)

PRAYERS FOR THE DEPARTED.

We take the following extract from a sermon recently delivered by the Rev. Canon Wilberforce and reported in the January number of the 'St. John's Parish Magazine':—

'Intercessory prayer is that Divine essence of soul union, that heavenly ministry, which laughs distance to scorn, and creates a meeting place in God for sundered hearts and lives. I cannot analyse it, and reduce it to a proposition; but neither can I analyse the invisible fragrant vibrations which proceed from a bunch of violets, and which will perfume a whole room. I cannot analyse the passage through the air of the dots and dashes of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy. But I know that intercession is a current of the breath of God, starting from your own soul, and acting as a dynamic force upon the object for which you pray. It sets free secret spirit influences (perhaps the Father's mighty angels, that excel in strength, who can say?) but which influences would not be set free without the intercession. I can well understand Mary Queen of Scots saying that she feared the prayers of John Knox more than an army of 10,000 men. Why should not intercession be part of God's regularised working, as much as wireless telegraphy? Why should it not be a natural law, and none the less spiritual, because natural? Such forces do exist—call them thought-transference, psychic sympathy, spiritual affinity, what you will. These forces of influence between man and man, acting independently of distance, are rapidly claiming recognition from the physical investigator. Why should not intercession be one of these secret affinities, appertaining to the highest part of man, and acting, by Divine natural law, directly upon the object prayed for, originating from the Divine nature in you, and passing, full of the infinite resources of God, directly to the one for whom you pray? Moreover, who shall dare to limit this Divine outflow of spiritual sympathy, this wireless current of God's dynamics, to the experience of this earthly life? Why should any suppose that it cannot pass into the spirit world, into the other dimension? "Star to star vibrates light, so may soul to soul pierce through a finer element of her own."

DR. GARTH WILKINSON.—We have in type a report of Mr. Page Hopps' address to the London Spiritualist Alliance on Dr. Garth Wilkinson's 'Improvisations from the Spirit,' but we cannot find space for it in the present issue. We shall give it next week, accompanied by a portrait of Dr. Wilkinson.

THE CORNER STONE.—Let it be remembered that mediumship is the bedrock of Spiritualism, ever and always. Who is there that is now wielding any power and influence in this movement, either in the scientific or religious world, that has not come into the work through some medium? Name him.—'Light of Truth.'

'THE GREAT LAW.*'

A truly critical or even adequate review of this important work is manifestly impossible in the space which can be devoted to it in the pages of 'LIGHT.'

A frivolous criticism in the 'Liverpool Daily Post' speaks of it as 'elusive and abstruse.' And so the subject truly is to the large proportion of readers in these days—readers who require all their reflection, judgment and opinions provided for them by their various favourite masters, according to their pre-occupied capacities; in other words, their prejudices. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the general critic at once proceeds to air *his* prejudices, whereas the whole tenour of the work is to disarm prejudiced modes of reasoning and to induce the reader clearly to consider the matter in hand entirely on its own merits and demerits.

The writer has evidently been a student of comparative mythologies for a long period of time, and he has in consequence brought together an exceedingly interesting array of quotations from all the known and orthodox writers of the day. Unfortunately, perhaps, for himself and his subject, he has been so fair and generous, and so far-reaching a student, as to stray in search of wisdom to the less orthodox of modern writers, and according to the critic of the Liverpool 'Daily Post,' his quotations from 'the gospel of theology according to Sinnett' damn the work at once. It has yet to be proved that this 'theology according to Sinnett,' whatever the critic specially means by theology, is as fallacious as he assumes the theosophical arguments to be. However, in this, as in other authorities, your readers are as well able to judge as any ordinary newspaper critic, and they certainly do not require their thinking done for them.

The peculiar merit of this finely written work, to my mind, is that its trend is to the noble philosophy of the great Leibnitz,—'pre-established harmony'—the inevitable trend of all true philosophy dealing with speculation concerning first principles. Unlike most writers on these subjects—*wide* Geoffrey Higgin's 'Anacalipsis' and other great works—the author is *constructive* in his aim. He does not merely present an array of facts, myths, legends, &c., proceeding to dilate on and narrate other authors' similar presentments; but having gathered them together, *he* proceeds calmly to introduce order and cause, and unity, in place of multiplicity. In consequence, one arrives, at the end of the work, with a feeling of peace and exaltation, and the conviction that the true note of the Universe *is* pre-established harmony, or that exquisite form of justice which now as ever calls forth the Divine fiat that 'all is good.'

The evil lies always in 'multiplicity,' never in unity, but I do not wish to enter on these metaphysical grounds, as words are easily misused and consequently misunderstood.

Shortly, I would like to add that the especial value of the work in question is, that while admitting the validity of the correspondences of symbolisms in the Sun myths and worship, serpent worship, phallicism, and so forth, the author firmly negatives the shallow philosophy that proffers these symbolic views, and their appertaining rites and ceremonies, as the *source* and cause of religion. To all reflective minds Mr. Williamson's argument is the conclusive one, that these symbolisms were not causes but effects, and that the world and man reflect the active causes from other spheres of existence. Man originates nothing; he reflects, as the microcosm, all of the macrocosm; his varying religions are the varying outcomes of this reflection and interaction. According to his nature he yields to the lowest and most degraded symbolism of the interaction of spirit with matter, as understood by at least the lower aspect of phallic worship. Other and loftier natures have ever been led to philosophy and theology, tracing the forms of Sun worship, &c., to their divine origin in the science of Life on the spiritual plane, as well as studying the beneficent or malignant effects of the physical orb on this physical planet.

Behind all these phenomenal effects, Mr. Williamson points out, lie great cosmical causes. Nothing begins here, in the sense of creation; *i.e.*, on its own base, so to speak.

*By W. Williamson. London: Longmans and Co.

Religion did not grow out of its own base, as the material philosophers long to make us believe. Happily mankind as a whole, trusting to its own intuitions, does not altogether credit this material philosophy; and it is, as we see, already discounted by the greatest thinkers (I am now speaking of orthodox ones, to satisfy those people who are still governed by the fashion of the day in thought as well as in everything else) and writers of very recent times.

The mystic goal of Mr. Williamson's philosophy or Theosophy will doubtless not commend itself to those thinkers either who apprehend that all wisdom is announced by 'scholars' only; for, unfortunately, scholarship now-a-days, as in the works of the 'schoolmen' in mediæval times, is usually chiefly useful to explain to the reader how much the writer has read and studied of other writers. Hence the egoism and irritability of scholars to the opposing opinions of other scholars. The readers gain little but the array of opinions; the scholar rarely quotes his own, except argumentatively; and, unfortunately, so many readers are so dazzled with this mode of writing that they entirely forget they are very little, if any, the wiser for their trouble; and, in fact, if they take up the work of a rival scholar, they have the additional mental disturbance of having the matter in hand discoursed upon from a quite different point of view. This is usually scholarship, not philosophy. The critic I have before mentioned proceeds to put 'The Great Law' on the shelf of oblivion, because *he* does not consider the author a scholar. Nevertheless I think that scholars who are really such—that is, students studying philosophy—will owe a debt of gratitude to the calm, judicial, philosophical attitude of the writer, who does *not* leave his readers in a quagmire of confused thought at the last chapter, but lifts them to an altitude of serenity and *true substance*, where his thoughts may roam in peace, and his footsteps find solid ground. What this conclusion more especially is, I leave to your readers to see for themselves.

ISABEL DE STEIGER.

HORSES AND DOGS AS GHOST SEERS.

Under this arresting heading, 'The Daily News' gives us the following significant stories 'from a correspondent in Italy':—

There is a widespread belief in South Germany, in Ireland, in Scotland, and I know not how many countries, that horses and dogs have 'an instinct' for uncanny realities. In Germany the popular notion is that no horse will pass by the place where the body of a suicide lies; or even by the spot where someone has committed suicide; or where an execution has taken place. This is something different from the repugnance that all horses have to the neighbourhood of a slaughter-house. Only two days ago a Tyrolese horse of very docile disposition, driven carefully by his Italian owner, was greatly upset at having to pass two widely-separated Government shambles, used for supplying meat to the crews of Italian warships. He was also greatly disgusted at having to go near a scavenger's cart. His protests, however, were mild compared with the behaviour of horses under 'uncanny' influences. 'The Moro's' owner said: 'A horse has a keener nose than any dog'; and he talked soothingly to him; 'didn't know why that dirt-cart was always in the same place'; 'well-well'd' him, and told him 'the slaughter-house was fifty yards off his road,' and so forth. In 'haunted' quarters, on the other hand, the horse refuses with determination; he trembles; snorts; is covered from head to heels, in time, with a white foam; his eyes roll, and shoot fire; and the end is sometimes a bad accident; sometimes, a hard-bought victory for the driver; sometimes, his ignominious defeat.

I could name Irish cross-roads past which almost every horse in the county refused to go quietly after dark. The last purchase, from, maybe, the other end of the island, might be taken to the spot without any (possibly—indoctrinated) equine companion to frighten him; but he unfailingly 'turned rusty' as soon as he trod the unhallowed ground. The local explanations were various; that the land on one side was 'cursed,' that formerly criminals were executed and then buried at many cross-roads, and possibly here; and

that the fir trees, and a castellated lodge in one angle of the intersecting ways, made the spot terribly dark, and so on. But seven miles from that point other roads crossed, where no dark limestone building and no pines interfered with the light of sun, stars, or moon. Here, also, day and night, horses were stricken with panic. A clergyman told me that when returning from preaching in a neighbouring rector's church at about two in the afternoon, his good old mare stopped short, afflicted with all the usual symptoms of terror. His man did what he could, with voice, whip, and reins, to induce her to go on. The little mare swerved from side to side, she reared, she backed, but absolutely refused to keep on her homeward way. The rector suggested that his man should take the mare by the head, and lead her past the cross-roads. The plan was tried, fruitlessly! They drove the car away, 'to let her forget,' Larry said. Again, a useless experiment! The rector counselled galloping past the point, and was nearly upset for his pains! In despair, at last, he told Larry to 'get home the best way he could,' while his reverence let himself down from his 'jaunting car,' and trudged four or five miles towards home before a steaming mare and a weary Jehu overtook him. 'Sure, afther all, 'twas backing done it, sorr,' said Larry. But they had failed to back the mare over 'th' Crass' before the rector started for home on foot. The outside car had been over two hours, dancing about at the terrified horse's heels, before Larry (his queer old livery coat thrown over the animal's head) succeeded in 'progressing backwards.' This was only one of dozens of similar adventures that happened to other neighbours at the same place. Not long after the rector's difficult passage, arterial drainage brought to light a skeleton nine feet under the surface of the field, just inside the road fence. There was no record, and not even a tradition, of how the bones came there. They were subsequently buried in a churchyard, and the horses don't 'shy' there any more. The old-fashioned inhabitant says to the 'superior' person, 'I told you so,' when all the former misadventures on that highway are recounted.

I have great pleasure in telling the said Superior Person the following anecdote, for which I can vouch: A young squire had just attained his majority and entered upon his first regular hunting season. He did not spare his horses. After a very hard day he was bringing home a tired horse. His man, with another weary hunter, was closely following him. The twilight had fallen; the roads were 'heavy,' and it was difficult to get the horses along, until a light cart came towards them, when the squire's hunter stopped dead. He then evinced the strongest excitement. He tried to turn round and fly from the cart, and away also from home. All signs of fatigue were chased by the more violent emotion, terror. His rider fought with the animal, but could not make him advance. The 'second horseman' at last shouted to the driver of the cart to stop, the groom's horse being only a degree less unmanageable than the master's. When the cart had pulled up close to the fence the squire's horse rushed past it, almost falling into the road ditch opposite in his effort to get as far as possible from the awe-inspiring vehicle. The second horse followed, also with a rush. 'You know what was in that cart, Master Tom,' said the groom, lapsing, in the emotion of a terrible moment, into the old name for his boy-master. The youth was asking at the same moment: 'What on earth has come over these blessed brutes?' 'It was poor Terence's body that they're taking to where he'll be buried in a graveyard,' the man said, stammering and stuttering for fear, 'No horse will go nigh or near a suicide's body.' The fact was that the local clergy had refused Christian burial to 'Terence's' remains, and the widow was 'spiriting away' the coffin to a distant parish, where (as she hoped would be the case) no questions were asked. The Superior Person finds it difficult to account for the behaviour of the tired hunters on this occasion. I can answer for it that the more the circumstances were investigated the better stood the case for the vulgar view—the view of 'Master Tom's' second horseman.

HATRED IS A DESTROYER.—Hatred is the meanest vagrant tramp one can harbour in his mental habitation. If harboured long enough, it will thoroughly destroy both the mental and physical mansions, so that they will become curses and hells to their owners.—L. A. MALLORY.

DEATH FORETOLD BY A PALMIST.

According to the 'New York Sunday World' 'Cheiro' the palmist was signally successful in forecasting the fate of Major John A. Logan, who was recently killed in the Philippines by being shot in the head. The 'World' gives an illustration of the right hand of Major Logan, which shows a break in the 'head line,' at thirty-five years of age, caused by the 'line of destiny.' Regarding this break 'Cheiro' warned Major Logan, two years before the occurrence, that he would be killed by a wound in the head when he was thirty-five. Of this fact there seems to be clear evidence. Major Logan is reported to have frequently referred to it himself, and before he went to Manilla he said to a friend, 'You know "Cheiro" said I was going to be killed in my thirty-fifth year; perhaps it will be out there in the Philippines.' The paper containing this account, and also the 'impression' of the hand of the unfortunate officer, can be seen at the office of 'LIGHT.'

VALUE OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

It is interesting to observe how materially the point of view from which we approach 'the phenomena called spiritual' affects our estimate of their significance; and it is as true here as elsewhere that familiarity often breeds contempt, or something very much akin to that feeling. Mr. Herbert Burrows, in his recent address to the London Spiritualist Alliance, strongly deprecated the repetition of phenomena. He seemed to think they were degrading, and could be dispensed with if we only formulated a philosophy of life and endeavoured to develop our inner powers, or higher self. This view, however, does not altogether commend itself to the Rev. Minot J. Savage, who, from the standpoint of his experiences and his contact with men and women of an inquiring turn of mind, bears testimony to the immense value of the manifestations of spirit presence, and the evidences of identity, to sincere agnostics and others who are heart-hungry. In his valuable new book which has just been published in this country, entitled 'Life Beyond Death,' Mr. Savage says:—

'Let me make a statement which seems to me of the utmost importance. If so much as a hair or a grain of sand be moved, though it be only a fraction of an inch, by any power which is not "physical" in the scientific sense, then it seems to me that we have crossed the Rubicon that separates our ordinary life from what is called the "spiritual." And if this movement be under the guidance of intelligence, then it demands something more than physics to account for it.'

After relating a number of very striking phenomenal manifestations, to which we hope to recur, he speaks in the following sympathetic terms of the intense longing for evidence of continued existence which so very many honest and intelligent people experience:—

'The real agnostic is a truth-seeker. I have never found one in my life who wanted to doubt anything that a man with a heart would not wish were untrue. I have had men say to me, with tears in their voices as well as in their eyes, that they would give their lives to know that there is another life after this. One of the noblest men living in this city to-day, as we were once sitting talking together, and the long hand on the clock began to near the figure twelve, where the short hand already was, said to me: "Mr. Savage, if I could have as much evidence, personal to myself, of a continued life after death as you have had, for the price of it I would gladly die when that hand reaches twelve."

'I have been corresponding with one of the most famous of these men in the world; and he is longing with heart-break for evidence that is satisfactory to him for a belief in the kind of God that I believe in.

'This is the reaction of agnosticism that we are in the midst of to-day; and men who are more or less agnostic, if you only knew, you would find in many of the pulpits of New York. If you only knew, you would find them sitting in front pews, and gladly paying the bills, because they think that possibly the Church is doing some good, at least morally and philanthropically, for humanity. If you only knew, you would find that the men to whom this word applies are often the noblest men, the most upright men, the farthest from being liars, the most honest in their business, faithful and loving and true, and doubting because the evidence to them is not sufficient, and because they feel that they must be honest with them-

selves and tell the truth, or else, if there is another life, they would not be worth saving.

'I do believe, however, that there are more certainties in the world than these doubters are aware of, and that as soon as they can be made manifest to them they will gratefully accept them; and I believe that we are on the verge of discovering and making manifest the grandest beliefs of the ages, so that we can set them down with their evidence in the presence of these honest agnostics, and have them thank us from the bottom of their hearts for enabling them to say at last, "I know."'

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

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

Cure of a Police Constable.

SIR,—Thinking that it will be of interest to your readers, and particularly to sufferers, I beg you to kindly insert the following in your valuable paper.

Having been a constable in the Metropolitan Police during nearly eighteen years, I began to suffer pain in the spine, which increased to such a degree I could not perform my duty. The inspector of the station accordingly put me under the treatment of a police doctor, who treated me for four months, but as I became gradually worse I was examined by the chief police doctor, who sent me to St. Thomas's Hospital, where I remained for three weeks without experiencing any benefit, on the contrary becoming much worse and my left leg being then almost useless. Then the said chief police doctor sent me to Middlesex Hospital, where I remained for nine weeks, after three of which the said doctor came to the hospital and said that I should never be able to perform my police duties again, an opinion which accorded with that of the doctor of the hospital. I was consequently removed from the police force on a small pension. During my residence in the hospital I became infinitely worse; I suffered so much pain in my head that I could not turn it either way; I could scarcely walk a few steps, and I lost my memory, and my back and the left leg became also much worse than before. Then the doctor of the hospital sent me to a convalescent home, where I remained for three weeks, but as I did not experience any benefit, being in such a miserable state that I could do nothing, I left the home very sadly afflicted. In that state I decided to put myself under the treatment of Professor Omerin, and I did so. Having examined me, he told me that he could effect a cure, and I soon began to believe in it, in consequence of the benefit that I experienced; and at length I have been able to take a situation, where I work twelve hours a day and have to walk a mile and a half to the place, which I can do without any difficulty. I have been in fact greatly astonished and delighted by the effect of the treatment of Professor Omerin, who saved me from the very miserable state in which I was during a period of eleven months, a state in which I was unable to do anything.

ALFRED GREEN.

18, Shroton-street, Lisson-grove, N.W.
January 20th, 1900.

THE OLD DUETS.

As alone o'er the past I ponder
In the waning hour of day,
My hands on the keyboard wander,
Though my heart is too sad to play;
Then the rich red rays come streaming
From the sun, as in gold it sets,
And I glide, like a sleeper dreaming,
Into one of the old duets.

Though 'tis nought but a tuneless jingle
That the outer world can hear,
Both parts of the music mingle
In my soul's awakened ear;
For I feel (though the scoffer jeer me),
With a thrill I can ne'er forget,
That a loved one's form is near me,
Taking part in that old duet.

While the notes from the unseen fingers
With mine in the music blend,
Still the golden sunset lingers
Till the day-dream nears its end:
Then I pray, as the night steals o'er me,
That soon, where the sun ne'er sets,
With the one who has gone before me,
I may play all the old duets.

W. P. SLAUGHTER.

SOCIETY WORK.

NORTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, 14, STROUD-GREEN-ROAD, FINSBURY PARK.—On Sunday last, both morning and evening, Mr. Jones conducted the meetings. Mr. Hewitt gave a paper on 'Spirit Control,' and other friends also spoke. Meetings next Sunday, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m., and on Tuesday and Wednesday, at 8 p.m.—T. B.

MERTHYR SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, CENTRAL HALL, MERTHYR TYDFIL (WALES).—On Sunday last, our new worker, Mr. E. S. G. Mayo (Cardiff), acquitted himself most creditably. The subject, 'The Triumph of Truth,' was ably dealt with, and much appreciated by the large audience. Mr. Mayo will prove a valuable addition to our band of speakers in connection with the cause.—W. M. H.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, 73, BECKLOW-ROAD, W.—On Sunday last an address was given by Mr. H. Brooks, showing how important a knowledge of the 'I am' is. He gave as a motto for the New Year, 'Man, know thyself,' which is the essential pivot upon which the true philosophy of life turns. Questions were answered satisfactorily. Next Sunday, Mrs. Boddington will give the address.—J. P.

BLACKBURN.—The building committee of the Blackburn Spiritualist Church have decided to build a church upon a plot of land adjoining St. Peter's Vicarage, St. Peter's-street, Blackburn. The church will be on the upper floor, the ground floor being devoted to the children's Lyceum. Seating accommodation will be provided in the church for 663 persons. The cost of land and buildings and furnishing will probably be about fifteen hundred pounds.

CHURCH OF THE SPIRIT, SURREY MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—On Sunday last, the first of a series of addresses, explanatory of mediumship, brought a good muster of friends and inquirers, who were deeply interested in the discourse, and brought many questions relating to spiritual gifts and their development, which will form the subject for Sunday next, at 6.30 p.m. The public circle is held every Sunday morning, at eleven o'clock, and inquirers are heartily welcomed.—L.

BLACKPOOL.—At the annual gathering of members on January 8th, it was reported that the church premises had been conveyed from the builder, Mr. S. Butterworth, to eight trustees; the money due to Mr. Butterworth (£700) being paid to him by raising a loan of £650 from the Blackpool Corporation on mortgage; while the balance (£50) was defrayed out of money in the treasurer's hands, as also were all the expenses connected with the transfer. This is a fine illustration of the growth of the Spiritualist movement in Blackpool.

THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST CONFERENCE MEETINGS will be held on Sunday, February 4th. An open-air meeting, weather permitting, in the Grove, Stratford, E., at 11.30 a.m. In the Workmen's Hall, Stratford, at 3 p.m., Mr. W. J. Colville will address the conference upon 'Socialism versus Spiritualism,' after which questions will be permitted. Tea will be provided by the Stratford friends at 6d. each. At night Mr. Colville will speak upon the question 'Has Psychology or Spiritualism a Message for the Present Time? If so, What is it?'—M. CLEGG, Sec.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—Mrs. M. H. Wallis was again heard to great advantage on Sunday last, when she delivered an address entitled 'Spiritual Powers.' Despite most inclement weather, the audience was fairly numerous, and the uplifting and encouraging teachings expounded by the speaker deeply impressed both inquirers and Spiritualists, producing that mentally-refreshed feeling which is so helpful to students of life's problems when pursuing the train of thoughts which such utterances arouse. Mrs. Wallis also gave seven clairvoyant descriptions, four of which were at once recognised. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Wallis will reply to suitable written questions.—L.H.

BRITISH SPIRITUALISTS' LYCEUM UNION.—Two propaganda meetings will be held in the Co-operative Hall, Station-road, Bury, on Sunday, February 11th, at 2.30 p.m. and 6 p.m., sharp, when the following members of the executive will address the meetings: J. J. Morse, Esq., London, president (*afternoon meeting only*); John Venables, Esq., past president, Walsall; S. S. Chiswell, Esq., Liverpool; Thomas Olman Todd, Esq., Sunderland; Albert Wilkinson, Esq., Nelson; Mrs. M. H. Naylor (clairvoyant), Middlesbrough; and Mr. Alfred Kitson (secretary), Dewsbury. Special hymn sheets will be provided. Silver collections at the doors. Refreshments will be provided for friends from a distance at a nominal charge. The Bury Lyceum will hold a grand open session, at 10 a.m., sharp, in the Lyceum, Georgiana-street. Friends are cordially invited. Members of the executive committee will give brief and bright addresses.—ALFRED KITSON, Sec., Royd-street, Hanging Heaton, near Dewsbury.

LIVERPOOL, DAULBY HALL.—Mr. W. J. Colville's farewell meetings attracted enthusiastic audiences to Daulby Hall on Sunday last. On Sunday, January 28th, Mr. Colville will give three lectures in Sheffield (Attercliffe), and on Monday, January 29th, at 8 p.m. He then returns to London for farewell meetings, ending February 5th.—W. J. C.

HACKNEY SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, MANOR ROOMS, KENMURE-ROAD, MARE-STREET, N.E.—Mr. J. A. White, in his address on Sunday last, referred to the antiquity and universality of spirit communion; and quoted from the religions and practices of ancient and modern peoples in support of his contention, thus presenting to his audience a mass of information in an interesting form. Mr. White's clairvoyant descriptions were remarkable for their wealth of detail, and (with the exception of one which was only 'partially recognised') were admitted to be wonderfully accurate. A special feature of Mr. White's descriptions is the delineation of the mental and spiritual attitude of the spirits prior to their transition. Next Sunday, address by Mr. D. J. Davis. Thursday, members' circle at 226, Dalston-lane.—J.K.

BATTERSEA SPIRITUALIST CHURCH, HENLEY-STREET, BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD.—Last Sunday evening, Mr. Timson, in his address, showed how a knowledge of Spiritualism teaches us a wider realisation of life and its infinite possibilities, also how to make the most of our privileges. Mr. Fielder also spoke in his usual eloquent and interesting manner. Mr. Boddington presided over what was a very harmonious meeting. On Sunday, January 28th, 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 speakers will conduct the service. On Tuesday, at 6.30 p.m., Band of Hope meeting; Thursday, at 8 p.m., a public circle will be held; and on Saturday, a social evening will be spent, commencing at 8.30 p.m. On Thursday, February 8th, Mr. J. J. Morse will give a trance address for the benefit of our Lyceum funds.—YULE.

STOKE NEWINGTON SPIRITUAL SOCIETY, BLANCHE HALL, 99, WIESBADEN-ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON-ROAD (Near Alexandra Theatre).—On Sunday last our meeting was entertained by our willing, helping friend, Mr. Sherwood, who narrated some of his experiences since accepting the truths of Spiritualism. Mr. Sherwood concluded by giving some demonstrations of magnetic healing, which excited much interest. On Sunday next, at 3 p.m., the Lyceum will meet; at 7 p.m., Mr. Alfred Peters will give an address and clairvoyance. On Wednesday, January 31st, at 8 p.m., Mr. E. W. Wallis, Secretary of the London Spiritualist Alliance, will lecture on 'Spiritualism: Its Value for all Sorts and Conditions of Men.' Circle every Monday, at 8 p.m., at 51, Bouverie-road, N.—Miss JOHNSTON, Corresponding Secretary, 81, Dunsmore-road, N.

KEIGHLEY.—Of Mr. Walter Howell as resident speaker, the 'Keighley News' states that an enthusiastic reception was recently accorded to Mr. Walter Howell, to inaugurate his work as regular pastor of the Keighley Spiritualist Society. A number of eulogistic speeches were made, and Mr. Howell, in reply, expressed the hope that they would not expect too much from him; he could not be successful without the cordial co-operation and support of every member. While the primal mission of Spiritualism was to emphasise the continuity of the soul's conscious individual life after the change called death—while that was the first principle of Spiritualism in the order of time, in the order of importance he held that there was another truth that was vastly more important, and that was the need of a higher, a richer, and a better quality of life here. In so far as he could, during his residence in Keighley, he should hold reciprocal relations with any orthodox or heterodox societies. If there were any mutual improvement classes in either church or chapel which had a discussion on Spiritualism they had only need to send him word, and he should be glad to give his services in order to show that Spiritualism offered the most substantial bulwark to the cherished faith and hope in the hereafter.

OBITUARY.

LATIMER.—Passed to spirit life on January 11th, at the age of forty-seven, Eleanor Latimer, of Springwell, Gateshead. She had the comforting knowledge of the presence of many spirit friends, as she was able to see them around her. The funeral service was conducted by Mr. Penman and Mrs. Beckitt.

'PROVERBS,' says a shrewd observer and adviser, 'exert an undue influence over the human mind. Proverbs perverted may slay their thousands. Beware at this season of that one, "Stuff a cold, and starve a fever." The meaning of it is, Stuff a cold, and you will have a fever to starve.'

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—'LIGHT' may be obtained from Mr. W. H. Terry, Austral Buildings, Collins-street, E.