

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

No. 1,062.—VOL. XXI.

[Registered as]

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1901.

[a Newspaper.]

PRICE TWOPENCE.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

A publication entitled 'The present truth' is, we believe, a highly orthodox magazine: but what a menagerie 'orthodoxy' is!—a veritable Noah's ark of creatures clean and unclean: and, O, so changeable! But 'The present truth' is what interests us. So then, if this magazine is to be believed, the correct thing to-day is to regard Jesus Christ as deplorably ignorant when he said to the penitent thief, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' That appears to be the great heresy; for 'the present truth'—truth up-to-date, we may say—is that the dead are all dead asleep: not one conscious, not one really alive: every one, from Adam to Victoria, practically dead, waiting for 'the resurrection.'

That there are plenty of spirits about us, however, is freely acknowledged, but 'we know for a certainty that they cannot be the spirits of the dead, for "the dead know not anything." They are fallen angels. 'Be assured, then,' says 'The present truth,' 'that every time anybody receives a communication purporting to come from some dead friend, he is in direct communication with the devil or some of his host of fallen angels.' And yet this writer admits that there are 'ministering angels.' How can he be sure that these never communicate? These devil-mongers prove too much. But we are glad to have their testimony that 'there is not the slightest ground for doubt that men have had and do still have communications from these spirits.' We are also glad to note an expression of opinion that 'what has been done in this line in the past is but a small beginning.' So may it be! That, any way, is a bit of 'the present truth.'

A certain Albert Bagnulo has patented a ridiculously simple-looking invention for the transmission of power,—an invention which threatens to compete with electricity. It is nothing more nor less than an arrangement for the transmission of pressures through water enclosed in a pipe. Water, a pipe with branches, and a piston or pistons, practically form the whole of the apparatus. Oscillations, regulated by appropriate pressures, answer to electric thrills, and serve the same purpose. But, of course, the invention is sharply criticised by savants, one of whom says:—

Regarding inventions of this kind, it is best to be sceptical, and to be somewhat cautious in drawing conclusions from the unsupported assertions of the inventor. We have on paper a host of brilliant ideas and ingenious devices that burst like a soap-bubble when we attempt to put them into practice. We have only to look into our own memories

and we shall recollect how many splendid processes we have devised—which, happily, we have never ventured to put into execution. If we had, we should have lost our time, our trouble, and our money.

As to that, curiously enough, the scientific paper which prints this caution contains, on the same page, a reproof of the state of mind which produced it. 'The Electrical Review,' referring to the exquisite new invention, called the telegraphone, says:—

Electrical engineers have very nearly outgrown the ability to be astonished. We have dealt so long with apparatus and methods that seem to perform the impossible that it is only once in a while we can feel the thrill of real enthusiasm and surprise. To those who have had the privilege of seeing the remarkable performance of the telegraphone, described in 'The Electrical Review,' February 2nd, there comes back some of the old wonder that a few of us remember when first we heard the telephone or phonograph. The thing is so amazingly simple, and its performance is so astonishingly perfect, that one feels the natural wonder why it has not been done before and long ago. This instrument is one of a class that occasionally makes its appearance in the face of the belief of most people competent to know about it that it will not work. Doubtless if we had no telephones we would say, on inspecting a drawing of the original Bell magneto-apparatus, that, while there was a bare theoretical possibility that such a contrivance would transmit sound, yet it was perfectly evident that it could not do so in practice. Indeed, this feeling was shared by the public, engineers, Patent Office officials, and nearly everyone else who had to do with the telephone in its early history—until they heard it talk.

So is the world advantaged, and so are scientists humbled. So also does the word 'impossible' tend to disappear from our expectations and calculations, if not from our dictionaries.

Again a number of 'The War Cry' has drifted to us, and again we find in it much that attracts us, notably some curious stories of 'Answers to prayer,' so precise and so homely, that one can scarcely have the heart to deny. They remind us of similar stories told about Müller of Bristol and others. We are strongly inclined to think that Mr. Stead is right as to angelic telephony: but that involves angelic suggestion. What if the suggestion is twofold,—first, moving to the prayer and then moving the earthly answerer?

A lady 'Colonel' tells the following story:—

During the severe winter of 1884 I was stationed in Liverpool. Some forty thousand persons were on out-door relief, and five thousand on indoor relief. One week my Lieutenant and I sent the whole of our allowance to Headquarters to help what was called the General Fund, at a time when an appeal was being made pretty much on the lines of our present Self-Denial Week. Our soldiers were all too heavily burdened to be able to help much, and the collections amounted to very little. One night, we were starting for the meeting with our pockets absolutely empty; our cupboards, too, were bare. Before going out, we knelt down and prayed, reminding God of our condition. We were not moved, for we remembered the riches of our Father, and His love.

When we got to the meeting, as I was passing up the aisle to the platform, I saw an old man in a seat who appeared to be a stranger. I asked him if it was well with his soul. He said, 'Yes, praise God!' and stretching forth his hand he put a half-sovereign in mine, saying, at the same time, that the money was to meet our personal requirements.

I had not said a word to him about our needs, or about money, and tears of gratitude to God rolled down my cheeks as I praised Him for His remembrance of us. So far as I am aware, not a soul knew of our needs but God and ourselves.

This messenger of God we had never seen before, nor have we ever seen him since. Who he was and why he came that night I may never know, but no power can shake me out of the conviction that God sent him specially on that occasion.

Even thus does God cash His promises on the Bank of Faith.

Mr. Maskelyne, we are sorry to say, writes in 'The Referee' a long column on Spirit-communion. We say 'we are sorry':—sorry for *him*. The character of his pitiful effusion may be judged from the following:—

An enterprising gentleman at St. John's Wood has formed a society for the 'investigation' of Spiritualism. He has engaged to act as a medium an operative shoemaker. Here, at any rate, we have a medium who has long been in touch with the soles which return to earth. He is exclusively engaged for this society.

Mr. Maskelyne, we observe, says he has investigated this subject for forty years. What does he mean by this? We have never heard of him in connection with any serious inquiry. He is a mere conjurer, and if he has thoughts beyond his craft we have yet to be made aware of them.

An impressive and dainty little volume is Sister Nivedita's 'Kali the mother,' published by Swan Sonnenschein and Co. The good sister belongs to 'The Order of Ramakrishna,' of Calcutta, and there are pleasant glimpses of the sage and saint in the book. But, in the main, it is what the title indicates, an attempt to express the spiritual significance of India's ancient faith in the Divine Motherhood. There is original thinking in the book, and beautiful expression of it, a fitting vehicle. Incidentally, we get an exceedingly suggestive interpretation of the well-known hideous figure of Kali, garlanded with skulls, and holding a bloody weapon and a freshly-severed head: but 'mother,' and always 'mother,' adorable and loved. We should like this more fully elucidated, but the hints are enlightened and enlightening. The whole of this tiny book, however, is but a hint. We want more.

A somewhat piquant subject is chromopathy, or the colour cure. 'Another fad!' some will say: possibly, but so-called 'fads' have an entertaining way of asserting themselves and smiling at the wisacres. Chromopathy is not exactly a new thing. It has long been known that plants are exceedingly sensitive to colour. Red glass, for instance, will cause lettuce to grow literally 'like mad,' while blue will stunt it. 'Indian corn under white glass measured 25 inches; under red, 18 inches; under green, 8 inches; and under blue, 6 inches. Beans flourished under white and red glass, but perished under green and blue.' The writer of this statement, Mr. A. O. Eaves, is the author of a little book on 'The colour cure' (London: Philip Wellby), an effective presentation of the case in its favour. He goes so far as to insist that water, kept for a time in coloured bottles, has medicinal properties, of which full particulars are given.

But less than half the book is taken up with the subject indicated in the title. The remainder is devoted to the subject of mental science, especially in relation to disease.

MEMORY-CULTURE BY CONCENTRATION.—No method for improving the memory is so abundantly effective as to choose some one thing in which you take a special interest, concentrate for the time being your whole attention upon it and allow its image to form itself naturally within you. Let the object of contemplation be at all times a worthy one, and the exercise of regulating memory will at the same time bring many other needed blessings in its train.—W. J. COLVILLE, in the 'Banner of Light.'

OLD-TIME EXPERIENCES.

It may interest the readers of 'LIGHT' if I recall some of the experiences I had of the phenomena of Spiritualism in America, chiefly in the seventies, and with professional mediums—experiences which have made the inhabitants of the invisible world as real to me as anything in this old earth of ours; and which remain distinct in my memory, although most of the ordinary things that happened to me at that time have grown somewhat dim. I know that some people have a great distrust of professional mediums; but I, for one, owe them a great debt; and we must remember that 'the invisibles' frequently force an exceptionally mediumistic person into public mediumship, because they want a good instrument to 'spread the light.'

Accounts have lately been published of a new 'flower medium,' which remind me of the late Mrs. Mary Thayer, the 'flower medium' for many years so well-known in the United States, and with whom some of your readers may possibly have had sittings. I made her acquaintance in 1876, at Ancora, in the State of New Jersey, where I spent a couple of weeks attending the séances of William and Webster Eddy, who had a farm there (at least William had). Ancora is a scattered village, largely composed at that time of Spiritualists, and it was a trysting place for mediums and 'investigators.'

On one occasion, after an Eddy séance, I kept my seat for a moment in order to let the little crowd pass out of the heated, stuffy séance room, when a lady came up to me, and, much to my astonishment, suddenly fell into a kneeling posture before me, placing her hands on my knees, and her forehead on her hands. Immediately a small shower of fresh, cool, newly plucked roses and rosebuds fell on and beside us! The lady got up, rubbed her eyes, looked round in a bewildered way, and apologised; saying that she had been impelled to act as she had done. This was Mrs. Thayer, the flower medium, and I attended several of her séances at Ancora, and afterwards in Boston, and on more than one occasion sat beside her, and held one of her hands. Those séances were the shortest of any I ever attended—all was over in a few minutes generally.

The room at Ancora in which they took place had hardly any furniture except a long bare table and a number of wooden chairs; there was no ornamental drapery, nor any possible hiding places. At the appointed hour, some twenty or thirty people assembled, and chatted, examined the floor and ceiling, shook the chairs, looked under the table, thumped the walls, and otherwise behaved as investigators do when they want to 'make sure.' Presently Mrs. Thayer came in; and having chatted for a few minutes, in order to 'get into sympathy,' she lit a candle (if the séance was in the afternoon, as many I attended were), and directed us how to close the shutters so as to make perfect darkness. Then all took chairs, and placed their hands on the table, touching or joining hands, and the light was put out. On some occasions there was a delay of ten minutes or so before anything happened, but when the conditions were good the candle was hardly blown out before Mrs. Thayer gave a great shiver, and perhaps a groan, and we heard things plump down on the table, and first one sitter and then another would call out, 'Oh, a flower has been put into my hand,' or 'Something has fallen into my lap!' or 'Gracious, what is this moving on the table in front of me!'

Almost immediately some loud raps gave the signal for a light, and then a curious sight met our eyes. On one sitter's head would be a rose, on another's a lily; this one would have a flower stuck in his hand, that one a spray of some shrub, and so on; while on the table, covering it from end to end, there was a varied collection of plants and animals—detached flowers, plants with roots and earth, small branches broken from shrubs and trees, rabbits and guinea pigs, pigeons, canaries, sparrows, and different wild birds. The live things were always in a dazed state, from which it took them some time to recover. Sometimes the plants and animals came from some place near, and were recognised, but generally they were declared to be strangers. That is what a successful séance with Mrs. Thayer was like; but if she was not feeling very 'fit,' or if the atmospheric or other conditions were bad, there might be a quarter of an hour's

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delay, and the plants and living things brought would be much fewer.

I was present at a test séance in Boston with Mrs. Thayer afterwards, as one of a committee to examine and fasten up an empty box, and to publish a report if anything were put into it during the séance (which we afterwards did). The box was about a foot cube, and had a square of glass let in on the top. We locked and padlocked the box, and corded it with many cords, and sealed it with many seals; and just before the light was put out we each in turn looked through the glass in the lid and satisfied ourselves that the box was really empty. Hardly had we taken our seats in the darkness when there came a call for a light, and on striking a match the box was found to be full of a collection of flowers, and strange odds and ends, among which was a photograph that one of the sitters claimed as having been taken out of his album at home.

Mrs. Thayer was at that time a woman of thirty-five or forty; always good tempered, pleasant mannered, and sympathetic, and willing to satisfy inquirers to the utmost of her power. That her phenomena could have been fraudulently produced, even with the help of any number of confederates, I believe to be an utter impossibility; and that is also the judgment of everyone I ever met who had had a sitting with her. If anyone doubts the genuineness of her mediumship, let him try to imitate it—let him, if he can, do the same things under the same conditions. All the 'properties' he will require from which to select are, a clothes-basket full of perfectly fresh-cut flowers of all kinds; four or five good-sized plants from the greenhouse, just taken out of their pots, with roots, earth, and all complete; a few branches newly broken off from shrubs and trees, from two to four feet long; two or three rabbits; half a dozen pigeons; an assortment of canaries, starlings, and sparrows, all in a stupid, sleepy, wabby condition. Even this fine tableful would not make him equal to Mrs. Thayer, if what I was told be true, namely, that on more than one occasion cats, dogs, and coons have been 'apported'; but this I did not witness myself.

'CHRONOS.'

(To be continued.)

WISHING.

Do you wish the world were BETTER?
Let me tell you what to do.
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true.
Rid your mind of selfish motives;
Let your thoughts be true and high;
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were WISER?
Well, suppose you make a start—
By accumulating wisdom
In the scrap-book of your heart.
Do not waste one page on folly,
Live to learn and learn to live.
If you want to give men knowledge,
You must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were HAPPY?
Then remember, day by day,
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way:
For the pleasure of the many
May be oft-times traced to one,
As the hand that plants the acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.

E. W. WILCOX.

HEALTH CONTAGIOUS.—I have heard of one who said that if he had had the making of the world he would have decreed that health rather than disease should be contagious. If he had been clearer sighted he would have seen that health and goodness are even more contagious than disease and evil. The universe is constructed on that plan, and what he said he would have done God had already done. There is something in a great man which adds greatness to every one with whom he converses. You cannot look at him with admiration without reshaping your own life and determining to make it larger.—GEORGE H. HERWORTH.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Kindly permit me to give the following narrative to your readers in continuation of my contribution which appeared in 'LIGHT' of January 26th:—

A highly-esteemed Catholic clergyman and author, Christoph von Schmidt, who died in 1854, at the age of eighty years, as a member of the Cathedral Chapter (Domkapitel) of Augsburg, has left an interesting autobiography in which he, though he does not otherwise show any interest in occultism, minutely records some remarkable events which took place during the early days of his priesthood.

In the village of Lengensvang, which belonged to the large parish in which Mr. v. Schmidt was the clergyman, there lived a youth of about twenty years. From his earliest days the lad had suffered from epileptic fits of the worst description. Sometimes he might have them twenty times during the day, falling down suddenly, and afterwards sleeping heavily.

His parents could not allow him to take his meals with them, as the fits were so horrible to witness, and the smallest excitement would cause them to return. Sometimes several men were needed to hold the boy while under these terrible attacks.

The parents being well-to-do people, and esteemed members of the community, kept the facts as secret as possible; but three of the fits having taken place publicly, for instance, one at church, Pastor Schmidt got to know about them and went to see the poor youth at his home. He found him looking ill, and, to all appearance, very much distressed.

And the poor lad got worse. He could not leave his bed or even assume a sitting position in it, as the fits would immediately throw him down. In this miserable condition the young man threw himself on the mercy of God; and Pastor Schmidt relates the further course of this wonderful case in the boy's own words, as accurately as he could remember them. It must be added that the word 'Bue,' which occurs in the narrative, belongs to the Bavarian peasant dialect, and means *son, child*. The boy said:—

'It was the afternoon of July 3rd, 1796; everybody in the house had gone to church, and all the doors were locked. I was lying quite alone in my bed in the uppermost room, when my misery became more clear to me than ever before, and I wept so bitterly that the tears streamed down my cheeks. I prayed with more fervour than ever, stretching out my arms towards the image of the Mother of God, which hangs near my bed, when a knock came at the door. The knocking was repeated very loudly, and I began to hope for some help. I went on praying. The door was then thrown open with a violent crash, and I was frightened and crept under the counterpane; but I perceived that something was drawing it away from me. Though gripping it strongly I had to leave my hold of it. Then I saw a white globe, as white as the purest piece of linen. The ball glided up and down my body, and a voice came and said: "Bue! thy cross is heavy, very heavy, but trust in God and rise; thou shalt be helped." "May God reward thee!" I said, and the form moved upwards and vanished.

'A moment afterwards my father came home from church. On entering the house he was astonished to find the upper storey illuminated. He came up the stairs, and saw that the door to my room, which on leaving he had carefully locked, was open. "Have you left your bed," he asked, "and have you been able to rise?"

'I told him what had happened, but father insisted on its having been a dream. But I said, "I know that I was awake, and you will never make me believe the contrary."

'Father went to seek the chaplain who had performed the afternoon service, and the chaplain said: "This thing may be of God; believe this, and trust implicitly in the Divine help."

'Now I rose from my bed and sat down on a large chest in my room. I was able to pray fervently and trustfully, and I was very hopeful. While thus praying, something fell down on the box from the ceiling. I looked upwards—the globe was again visible. It descended through the air and

took its place beside me on the chest. I shook with fear. "Bue!" said the voice. "God sends me here; thou art cured. Thou canst now go wherever thou wishest."

'Hearing God's name, my terror ceased, and I became quite easy in my mind. "Thou art cured; walk, stand, do as thou likest," the voice said again; "thy cross has been taken from thee."

The youth added his regret that he had not remembered thanking the 'globe' for its kindness, and his astonishment at its being able to speak. He said also that the voice very much resembled that of a very kind neighbour, Gottfried Ehrhardt, who had recently died.

Pastor Schmidt found the young man's expression so sincerely happy and grateful, and so candid, that he had not the least doubt about the truth of the story; and after this event his health was perfectly restored, and he never had any relapse, though sometimes working in the fields many hours and in the hottest sunshine, which formerly would have been like death to him.

In another remarkable case of a supernatural character, related by Pastor Schmidt, he begins by speaking of the elevated mind and high moral standard of the person who told him about it. It was a young chaplain, whose disinterestedness and devotion were appreciated by all who knew him. He was a deep thinker and a man of prayer.

Schmidt once undertook a walking excursion with this man, whose name was Weber, and in the evening twilight, while wandering in the brilliant moonshine across valleys and mountains, and while listening to the song of the nightingale, their hearts being disposed to confidential communications, Weber told the following episode, which had left a deep impression on him:—

Some years ago he had been chaplain in a large parish called Mittelberg, and on a cold and stormy evening he was seated with the clergyman of the parish at their supper. A poor, lonely boy knocked at the window and, shaking from hunger and cold, begged for alms. Weber obtained the priest's permission to take the child indoors and give him some of the warm soup.

It being evident that the child was ill, the chaplain got him put to bed and nursed him carefully during a violent fever, from which the boy recovered, but only to fall into an illness from which he finally died in the course of the ensuing summer. Weber nursed him spiritually and physically. He taught the boy, who was an orphan, to say the Lord's Prayer and he told him many incidents of the life of Jesus, to which the boy listened with joy. He grew in faith and divine knowledge of the love of God and Jesus Christ, and his patience under suffering was something marvellous. As autumn approached the boy passed peacefully away, to awaken in a better existence.

The following winter Weber paid a visit to a sick person, a German mile from his home, and stayed so long that it had become quite dark when he left. A labourer in the place offered to accompany him, but Weber, knowing how hard the man had worked the whole day, would not trouble him, thinking it would be easy for him to get home as he knew every step of the way.

But fresh snow had fallen and all the roads were covered with it, so that the chaplain lost his way. Suddenly he heard some ice breaking under his feet and he felt himself sinking deeper and deeper into the water of a lake, without anything to take hold of. He looked upon himself as lost. Then he saw a radiant light. Surrounded by light clouds he saw the boy's smiling, transfigured face; that boy whom he had prepared for his death and whose eyes he had closed. The form seized his hand and drew him up on *terra firma*; it reached out with its arm in the direction which he had to go, and then it disappeared. Weber, who had been saved in this wonderful manner, reached his home with indescribable feelings.

The next day he went to look at the place where he had been so near drowning. He could trace his own footsteps to the dangerous place, and his were the only footsteps visible in the new-fallen snow. He looked at the newly-formed ice in the spot which had been broken in the very deepest part. His heart went up in thankfulness to God.

Pastor Schmidt adds that this event was a convincing proof to him and the chaplain of the continuance of life after

death, and that many Divine promises after this stood out in new light to them. They saw that the loving dead in another existence still could follow their fate and with God's permission come to their assistance.

I think that these two narratives may be accepted with perfect trust, coming from such honourable and serious persons. Both took place in Bavaria among Catholics, who are very little interested in spiritualistic phenomena.

MADAME T. DE CHRISTMAS DIRCKINCK-HOLMFELD,
Valby, Denmark.

'MYSTERIOUS DRAWINGS.'

In 'LIGHT,' of December 8th, 1900, we printed an interesting letter by Mrs. Effie Bathe, in which that lady described the remarkable automatic drawings of M. Desmoulin and related the particulars of a séance which she had with him. The letter in question was accompanied with a portrait of the artist himself. In 'LIGHT' of the following week Mrs. J. Stannard kindly furnished our readers with additional particulars regarding these remarkable productions, which, we learn from an interview reported in the Paris edition of the 'New York Herald,' M. Fernand Desmoulin has courageously placed upon public exhibition in the Petit Gallery in the Rue Godot de Mauroi. There are a hundred or so of drawings, among which are landscapes and figures, the latter especially being most interesting from an art point of view. The 'interviewer' of the 'Herald' says:—

"M. Desmoulin is an engraver, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. He is a very attractive man, who has never made any drawings other than those necessary to his art, and, he discusses his own case as a pathological case relating to a stranger or a person indifferent to him. It is therefore in the most perfect good faith and with perfect modesty that he appreciates the value of his productions, for which he has no sort of feelings of artistic paternity.

"Not only," said he, "I cannot explain what power I obey in tracing these lines, but I dislike rather than not their artistic forms; for the landscapes verge on impressionism, the figures resemble those of Rodin. These compositions, so lacking in precision, evoke reminiscences of Watteau or Lancret. They are altogether foreign to my instincts, and when I look at them I can hardly realise that it was I who traced them."

"How long have you been under the influence of this power which you involuntarily obey?" I asked.

"Ever since June 12th last year. On that day my first drawing was dictated, and since then I have made 322 in 240 days."

"Do you occupy yourself with Spiritualism?"

"Not in the least; I assure you that I have never even tried table-turning. Nevertheless, I must admit that it was after a family gathering, at which there were some private manifestations of Spiritualism (in which I took no actual part) that I began to be a prey to this unconscious graphic movement, under the influence of which I make all these drawings. When seated at table as day was closing, my hand unconsciously took up a black crayon, and soon, after tracing concentric lines from the periphery to the centre, produced the somewhat shapeless drawing that you see, which nevertheless surprised me. Each of the drawings of this first period I involuntarily signed 'Instituteur.' Those that came later, and which, as you see, are much more complete, bear the signature 'Ton Vieux Maître,' which in its turn gave way to the signature 'Astarté.' I need scarcely tell you how ridiculous I consider these signatures, especially the last. But I do not choose these signatures—they are imposed on me. You will have noticed that all these latest drawings are in three-coloured pencils. There are the ordinary office crayons and also coloured pencils such as are used for annotating. Sometimes I hold the pencil in one way, sometimes in another; mostly in my clenched fist, but never in the style of a real draughtsman."

"And the signature 'Ton Vieux Maître'! How do you explain it? Have you not had in your youth a master, recollections of whom might suffice to explain the signature?"

"No! Curiously enough, I never had a drawing-master. I became an engraver by my own unassisted efforts, and I have no recollection of ever having been the disciple of any master. I assure you that to me all this is inexplicable. I consider most of these drawings—of my drawings, if you will, though I have to some extent the right to disavow their paternity—as altogether imperfect. I do not

conceal my feeling that there is in this manifestation to me, who do not seek to make any deductions, a kind of phenomenon very hard to explain. I have passed over the absurd side of the question, and confined myself only to the singular character of the thing, and I concluded that of whatever nature the phenomenon might be, it would be interesting to make it public. Such is the motive of this exhibition."

"M. Desmoulin asked my opinion as to the artistic value of some of the drawings, but in an indifferent manner, as though the works of an artist unknown to him were under discussion. And when I pointed out a drawing, No. 42, "Mascarille," a Watteau head in which I found a special attraction, he admitted its merits, as I did; but he severely criticised other drawings, whose imperfections it pleased him to exaggerate.

"Some of these drawings," he resumed, "were traced backwards and some in darkness. Some of them, suddenly snatched away while the pencil was on them, bear traces of tears. Some others, I cannot explain either how or why, are covered with concentric lines which form thick disks. Others (such as No. 31, which is signed "Vieux Maître") are portraits. Nevertheless, in this drawing the arrangement of the hair is not at all like that of the model who was behind me in my studio when the features were traced. The figure is represented with a hat on the head, and the hair rolled in a most improbable fashion, whereas my model was bareheaded, and wore his hair like everyone else."

"Here M. Desmoulin showed me a portrait of a woman in sanguine, with her hair down in long curls.

"No. 69, three heads in profile for a medal; No. 71, "Sosies," two women's faces exactly alike; No. 70, a woman with vine leaves in her hair, and No. 83, an impressionist landscape which M. Desmoulin asserts was dictated to him backwards, are the most striking features of what to those who understand how they were produced is a most interesting exhibition."

WHAT LIFE IS FOR.

Writing in the 'Higher Law,' Horatio W. Dresser deals with the 'Spiritual Ideal' and tries to point out the way in which the seeker may consciously prepare for the manifestations of the spirit. He says:—

"I shall leave out of account the questionable experiences, where we do not know whether we are merely contemplating ourselves, our physical activities, or the features of some incarnate spirit, and confine myself to the genuine, unmistakable evidences of the peace and power, the love and wisdom, of that Spirit of spirits whom we call the Father. I shall not attempt to prove the genuineness of these experiences; it is useless to endeavour to demonstrate them to those who have not in some measure felt the touch of the Spirit. Their presence is their proof; there is no other. If you have perceived the presence, you know; if you have not, you do not know; and thus ends all argument.

"Another important phase of the spiritual ideal is its close connection with the ideals of art, of beauty. I emphasise this relationship because the tendency of the spiritual zealot is to neglect the art ideal. Man is not here simply to build character by triumph over obstacles, selfishness, and sin. It is impossible to state in one sentence what life is for. The spiritual enthusiast is apt to say it is for the growth of the individual soul. But what of the social ideal? Is that inferior to the ideal of individual perfection? The scientific man says life is for knowledge. The philosopher says it is for ultimate truth. The practical man comes forward with another definition. All are right. Life is for all of these ends, and many more. That man's life would be narrow indeed who should insist upon developing his character every moment. Around us is the fair world of nature, where each may behold a phase of beauty never seen before; and so life is also for expression. It is not rounded out and beautiful unless we develop within ourselves and express to others that which corresponds to the external harmonies of nature and human society."

MAN NEVER DIES.

"Twixt Death and Life, 'twixt Life and Death,
'Tis but a swiftly fleeting breath;
'Tis but the drawing of a veil;
'Tis but a sigh, a moan, a wail.
A little of suspense and wonder,
A misty veil that's rent asunder,
A moment, then, of soul surprise,
And this is where the mystery lies,
That, though 'tis Death, man never dies!

MRS. R. S. LILLIE.

A MEMORIAL TO ADIN BALLOU.

We have received a copy of the Proceedings at the unveiling of the Adin Ballou Memorial at Hopedale, Massachusetts. The suggestion which led up to this Memorial had its birth at a social meeting in Dorchester, U.S., where our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Tebb were, as usual, discussing good men and good work. Mr. Ballou was an ideal truthseeker, humanitarian and lover of peace; a good Spiritualist too, whose book on our subject ought to be reprinted here, as an English memorial of him.

This record of the Proceedings at the unveiling of the statue is, in many ways, charming; but the Prayer has deeply impressed us, both with its deep thoughtfulness and exquisite beauty. Apart altogether from the occasion and the man, the ideal here presented has profound spiritual value.

PRAYER.

Almighty and ever blessed God, our heavenly Father, we are gathered here to-day to pay the tribute of our reverent love to one whom thou didst bless as thou didst thy servant of old, and whom thou madest a blessing to us and to a great multitude no man can number. During many eventful years he went in and out amongst us—a man of God, a humble, faithful follower of thy Son, Jesus Christ. We humbly invoke thy blessing upon us and upon these services. May a deeper sense of the beauty of such a life and its worth to the world come into all our hearts. To live in an age full of distractions, full of the idolatry of mammon worship, of materialism, of atheism, and yet to live the higher life,—never swerving from the path of rectitude, never losing sight of the true ends of life, never bartering spiritual treasures for the dross of our market places, to have been always the same calm, manly man,—this won all our hearts. His life was a light shining in the darkness. It made the place where he dwelt to be like a city set upon a hill whose light is shed abroad over distant fields. His words appealed to our sense of justice, truth, righteousness, and love; his presence, to all the sentiments of a true and genuine manhood. He taught us the worth of character, showed us how a steadfastness in adherence to principle gives dignity and power to life. He illustrated the charm of simple manners, sincerity in speech and fidelity in action. He made attractive to us the quiet heroism of a life that seeks only to be true and useful. By his life he made the gospel luminous. He became our instructor in righteousness. He was our leader in works of reform. He interpreted for us the divine word in nature, in human experience, and in the holy book. His sincerity chastened us, his purity won us, his goodness wrought as a spell, his wisdom excited our reverence, his courage inspired us, his sweet spirit was a continual refreshment. Our Father, we loved this man whom thou didst bless, and we pray that we may never forget him and the sacred lessons of his life. Forever inscribed upon the tablets of our souls may his gracious memory remain. May his fidelity to convictions of right and duty, and his benignity in the maintenance of them, come more and more into our lives. Persuaded that we are right, may we, as fearlessly and unselfishly as he, withstand the evil and fight against the iniquity that assails us. May we have more of sympathy for the weak, the sorrowing, the poor, the bereaved, and all the multitudes that need a friend, a consoler, and inspirer.

Out of the shadows into light—out of despair into hope—out of hate into love he led them. He comforted them; he brought them to the healing and refreshing waters of life. O Father, as yonder statue, massive, majestic, lifelike, stands through storm and sunshine, and all the tumult of the elements from year to year, an impressive spectacle to the people of this place and to the strangers who shall visit it, may its moral significance never be lost. May the venerable man as he beholds it say, 'Surely virtue makes life worth living.' May the young say, 'It is noble to serve the needs of the world, to spurn ignorance and indolence, and to live for the cause of truth and righteousness.' May all who behold it say, 'To be such a Christian as he, is to be a prince in the city of our God.' May his associates in the ministry of Christ emulate his example. May God bless and sanctify the life of his servant and all the solemnities of this occasion, to the everlasting welfare of his people, for His holy name's sake. Amen.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.—We are requested to state that one or more members of the Council of the Alliance will be in attendance at the rooms, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., every Wednesday, from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m., when they will be pleased to meet any friends who may wish for an interview.

OFFICE OF 'LIGHT,' 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON, W.C.
SATURDAY, MAY 18th, 1901.

Light,

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, Office of 'LIGHT,' 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. E. W. Wallis, Office of 'LIGHT,' and not to the Editor. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to Mr. E. W. Wallis, and should invariably be crossed '— & Co.'

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

'LIGHT' may also be obtained from E. W. ALLEN, 4, Ave Maria-lane, London, and through all Newsagents and Booksellers.

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A DEAN IN A FOG.

The Dean of Bristol has the reputation of being a learned man, but we wish he would write better English. He tells us that he relies upon the 'guidance of the Holy Spirit,' but we wish he would be more logical. He sends to us a Bristol Cathedral sermon on 'The Resurrection,' but we wish he had told us what The Resurrection is. The fact is, with every desire to be reasonable (except when he talks about Spiritualism, and then he is simply tiresomely petulant) the good Dean flutters at the parting of the ways, in a fog, and comforts himself with talking pretty platitudes, quoting poetry, and abusing the man who knows the way.

The Dean says a great deal about 'the raising of the dead,' but we never see what he actually means, though he suggests a postponed resurrection; nor does he ever tell us what end is to be answered by a postponed resurrection, though he draws a quaint distinction between Paradise and Heaven. 'Those who sleep in Jesus,' he says, 'are not in Heaven yet, but in Paradise. Theirs is a waiting time of blissful expectation.' What are they waiting for? To get their bodies back, on 'the resurrection morn'? But one would think that would hardly be a subject for 'blissful expectation.'

The curious thing is that the Dean does not really believe in what he calls the 'sleep' in Jesus: and his slipshod use of that absurd word, in this connection, only shows how the old notions still fog him. He believes the so-called 'sleeping' are very much awake. He believes in 'a condition of existence where we shall be "not unclothed but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life."' He believes in 'continuity of life.' He believes that death does not 'extinguish life,' and reminds us that Moses and Elijah appeared to Christ and the disciples on Mount Tabor. What then are Moses and Elijah waiting for? What 'resurrection' do they need? Why potter about the world's dust-heaps, in order to find the consummation?

The Dean suggests that Jesus was an exception; for he 'raised himself.' Who, then, 'raised' Moses and Elijah? Who raises the corn? 'The power of God?' Admitted; but 'the power of God,' working through natural law, 'raises' every child of earth from the decadence of death, and each one has his own 'resurrection morn,' and 'raises himself' just as truly as Jesus did. 'O, but he raised his body,' says the Dean. Did he? That is dangerous ground to take. Did, then, 'flesh and blood' enter into the spirit world? Paul said they could not, though the creed of the

Church contradicts him. But the resurrection of Jesus is valueless to us in every way if it were merely a physical one. It casts doubt on the whole transaction, and says nothing to us about any other resurrection, for we know that our dead do not so rise, and never can. No: the whole value of his resurrection resides in the fact that as a human spirit he survived death, and in the precious suggestion that what happened to him, as a child of God, will happen to us all.

Throughout the first half of his sermon, the Dean is sentimental and tender, though a good deal incoherent; but suddenly he turns upon Spiritualism with a fierceness which almost suggests the turning of a sentimentalist into a bully. And all for what? Because we are not content with pretty phrases and scraps of poetry, but press on and take him at his word. Yes, 'take him at his word'; for, before his attack upon us, and when he is still in his maudering mood, what does he say? First, there is the deep craving to know. 'There is a desire, may I not say a craving, deep and hungering, common to all, apart from Christianity, to know more of the condition and state' of the dead. 'There is a yearning, pure and tender, not stimulated by mere curiosity for light, come from what quarter it may, which shall irradiate the darkness or twilight of that world of those who are not dead but are living elsewhere.' Nay, more: the value of the appeal to sense is even admitted. 'It is difficult to conceive of anything else in the nature of evidence that shall convince than an appeal to "sense."' 'The Evangelists,' he says, 'all agree as to the nature of the evidence on which we are to believe the reality of those facts, which are urged in support of the truth of the Resurrection. It is nothing less than what the Positivist demands, viz., the evidence of the Senses, such evidence as comes within the cognizance of Sense, an appeal to Sight, Hearing, Touch.' And yet, when we propose to supply the same evidence with regard to the resurrection of others, we are furiously denounced!

But the Dean goes farther in his unconscious justification of us. Death, he says, 'does not necessarily obliterate mutual recognition, memory, the enduring nature of affection, the power to re-visit particular places, and of holding spiritual intercourse and communion with those still here.' He adds:—

One of the very worst men it has ever been my sorrow to know, who seemed dead to all religious influence, and made habitual mock of religion, said to a deeply-loved sister when she was dying, 'If you can come back from that other world and re-visit us, come to me with some message for my soul.' The thought, not superstitious but encouraged in God's word, that our loved ones are watching us, it may be are very near us, perhaps praying for us, should be a thought either to restrain, or to encourage.

And yet, if this irreligious man tried to get now the evidence which satisfied the Evangelists centuries ago, the Dean would treat him as a blasphemer, a knave or a fool; for he brands Spiritualism as 'one of the greatest impostures of the age,' he identifies it with mere vulgar trickery, and pours out upon it page after page of ignorant ribaldry and scorn.

But he has had experiences. He tells us that he once went to a séance and 'summoned' St. Paul, who came, but when 'asked to identify himself by writing his name on a slip of paper, could not write it in Hebrew, Greek or Latin.' An investigator who 'summoned' and demanded like that must be prepared for anything. 'At one particular séance,' says the Dean, 'a Bishop happened to be present, and the Spirit through the Medium said, "I hate a Bishop."' We should like that spirit's opinion of a Dean.

'God,' says the Dean, 'would have us rest contented with what He has already been pleased to reveal.' This is nonsense. God is not 'pleased to reveal' anything. Man discovers what he can, though every discovery has been

denounced by some one, and usually by the priests. Spiritualists, he says, worship 'they know not what.' That is not true. Spiritualists differ in opinion nearly as much as Church people do, but, as a rule, they 'worship the Father, in spirit and in truth': and if, in doing that, they use the Bible with discrimination, and stand clear from certain old harsh or played-out dogmas, surely they will come to no harm for that.

But, says the Dean, God has expressly denounced Spirit-communion as an 'abomination.' Has He? Yes, says the Dean, 'God in His Holy Word.' Alas, that 'Holy Word' also denounced the man who gathered sticks on the Sabbath, and commanded that he should be smashed and killed with stones (Numbers xv. 32-6). What is the Dean going to do about that?

But he surrenders partly to Psychical Research, in the end, and to what he calls 'telaphy' and 'wireless telegraphy,' and looks out with bland wonder on what they may portend. There we leave him. He may safely stroke those puppies. They will not bite—just yet.

THE WEAK SPOT IN SPIRITUALISM.

It is about seven years since the subject of Spiritualism first attracted my attention, and yet I am still 'on the fence' or 'at the window.' There is much in it one cannot help but admire—beautiful philosophy, excellent teaching, lofty ideals, and honest and intelligent adherents and advocates; yet something (to my mind) is lacking.

During the whole of that time I have been a constant subscriber to 'LIGHT,' and both my wife and myself have been much benefited and helped by the cheery optimism, clear judgment, sound reasoning powers and spiritual helpfulness of the Editor and his contributors. From the standpoint of ethics and philosophy your paper and the cause advocated have been helpful in every way, but, as you would be the first to admit, there is good philosophy and sound teaching in other subjects and forms of religion, but these are no proof of their absolute truth and value. The main questions the intelligent inquirer will ask are, Is Spiritualism true? Is there satisfactory evidence that those who have 'passed on' really do come back to this earth and communicate with the friends they have left behind? The investigating circles I had the privilege of attending in Birmingham were helpful so far as they went, but they did not go far enough, and the dark séances were, in my judgment, more or less a failure. The fault may be in the investigator, but he is at any rate anxious to get at the truth, and would only be too glad to get any evidence of a more complete and satisfactory kind. I am quite willing to admit the difficulties associated with materialisations, but when everything in their favour has been said, it must be admitted that the evidence produced up to date is small. In your 'Notes by the Way,' in 'LIGHT' of May 4th, you seem to hit upon the weak spot. We get no tests or satisfactory proofs from those we have known in the flesh ourselves. James Burns, Stainton Moses, H. R. Haweis, Florence Marryat, Rowan-Vincent, and others have gone beyond the veil, but we hear of no test of their continued existence in another sphere that is conclusive to those who are accustomed to weigh evidence. We get messages purporting to come from distinguished persons who have 'passed on,' but when you compare these with their writings and thoughts expressed when here, such messages are very disappointing. Considering that Spiritualists are constantly passing into the great beyond, I think you will admit that the evidence they bring to us is very unsatisfactory, and proofs of their actual existence there are very few and incomplete. There could hardly be a fairer or more honest man than the late H. R. Haweis, and yet, as you say, 'we want proofs that he is there.' Perhaps my difficulty may be shared by others. If so, we shall all, I feel sure, be glad of any real help in the matter.

G. H. J. DUTTON.

Skegness.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

(Concluded from page 219.)

The most effective cause of the spread of Christian Science remains to be mentioned, namely, that it has come at the right 'psychological moment'; for the world is now heartily sick of its false pretence of knowledge of invisible or divine things. People want a religion which by its vagueness will satisfy their consciousness of ignorance, and by its authoritativeness will save them from the stagnation and despondency that accompany uncertainty and doubt; and a good many think that they find this combination in Christian Science. What we have to consider now is, why the theory of the Universe which is put forward by Christian Science is found by so many people to be more satisfying to the emotions, and more satisfactory to the intellect, than the earlier and cruder attempts to solve the problem of existence, which still survive in the old religions. There is no reason why we should not treat this question quite as dispassionately as an orthodox Christian would treat the causes of the rapid spread of Mahomedanism or Buddhism in the days of their youth, for they too appeared at the right psychological moment: so let us consider why the basic propositions of Christian Science—'There is no Matter,' 'The All is Spirit,' 'The All is the Good,' and 'There is no Evil'—meet with the comparatively ready acceptance they do.

It is an elementary maxim in the Psychology of religions that, once a proposition is accepted as true, it produces the same effect upon the mind whether it be fact or fiction; and that in order to be accepted as true, it is not necessary that the proposition be understood, for it is enough that the mind be sufficiently accustomed to it for it to *seem* in some vague way to be understood. The fundamental propositions of all religions are thus accepted; but the believer feels himself absolved from any crime against reason that this might imply, by the idea that those things are divine mysteries, and that a divine mystery is something which ought to be believed without being understood. Now, there are two ways in which the mind becomes sufficiently accustomed to an incomprehensible proposition to accept it as true; the first is through the direct and authoritative repetition thereof in the shape of an unsupported assertion; the second is through being prepared for it by reason of the previous acceptance of apparently similar propositions. Christian Science makes a very effective use of both of these methods. Not even Mahomedanism employs downright, unsupported assertion so unsparingly as Christian Science does: and the assertions which it makes find acceptance because they are in accordance with 'the spirit of the times'—that is, because people are accustomed to accept apparently similar assertions without question.

Christian Science denies the reality of Matter; but a certain school of Philosophy has done so for ages; and no one is persecuted now, or even laughed at, for believing that what we call the external universe exists only in his own consciousness—that, in fact, Matter does not exist. Science, again, has recently almost given Matter its *coup de grace* by reducing it to the mere effect which vibrations and vortices in an unknown something have upon our nerves—that unknown something having only a theoretical existence, and being practically indistinguishable from nothing. Even the popular adoption of the word 'dematerialise' to express disappearance, shows how the wind blows, shows how the old idea of Matter is changing: for to dematerialise means far more than to evaporate. A solid that becomes a gas still remains Matter; but a solid that dematerialises ceases to exist on the material 'plane,' although still continuing to exist on some other plane—'astral,' spiritual, ideal, or what not. In fact, the proposition that 'Matter does not exist,' is uncommonly like a truism which we fail to recognise at first because it is introduced to us with a great flourish of trumpets as a new discovery.

That 'the All is Spirit' is a slightly different proposition, but one which we are almost equally prepared to accept. All religions contrast the spiritual world with the material, and declare that the material world will by-and-by vanish into the nothing from which it came, while the spiritual

world is eternal. From infancy we have been told that only spirit is lasting, and only the lasting is real. Science, indeed, knows nothing of Spirit; but there is an ignorance which is only the forerunner of knowledge, like our ignorance of the parts of Africa marked on the map 'not yet explored.' Science says, 'The sensations which we think to be proof of the existence of Matter are caused by vibrations in —' and there it stops. It says, 'Heat, light, electricity, and so on, are modes of motion of —,' and it gets no further. It says, 'The universe came from the fire-mist, and before the fire-mist there was —,' and there it stops again. What is this 'missing word' which Science does not know, or is afraid to pronounce? Christian Science declares that this missing word is 'Spirit'; and it thinks that Science is very stupid not to be able to guess it. But if Science does not know the missing word, Christian Science makes no pretence of knowing any other; and neither of them has the least idea of what Spirit really is. Nevertheless, the Christian Science assertion, 'The All is Spirit,' looks so like an old acquaintance that we are apt to let it in without examining its credentials.

Christian Science declares that 'The Good is the All,' avoiding the question of a personal God as much as possible. Its God is 'The All,' 'The Good,' or 'Spirit,' an impersonal Deity, which acts through the intermediary of 'the Law'; the Law being apparently the executive power of the Good, which, like the 'Karma' of the Theosophists, assumes some of the attributes of a personal God, and thus saves 'the Good' from being a mere metaphysical abstraction. Now the absence from Christian Science of direct reference to a personal God, as a personal God is commonly understood, is rather an advantage to it than otherwise; and why this is so is easily explained. In proportion as our conception of the Universe has expanded, our idea of the power and importance of a personal God has contracted, just as a child's conception of the power and importance of its father contracts as it grows older and learns how big the world is. When this little earth was believed to be the whole Cosmos, men's conceptions of Deity and Personal God coincided, but it has become very difficult now for educated people to focus together, so as to form one image, the 'Loving Father,' who looks after our small personal interests, and sympathises with our little joys and sorrows, and the Infinite and Eternal Spirit of Life, on which countless myriads of Solar Systems, and all they contain, depend for existence—very difficult, for example, to believe that it is 'the Infinite' who sees that we do not catch cold by sitting in a draught, or 'The Eternal' that takes care that we do not fall over the coalscuttle on the stairs. Every time we look up at the stars we feel the absurdity and the incongruity, not to say the impiety, of attributing directly to Deity trifling events which, from their very nature, could not possibly be the work of any God whose place in the Cosmos is higher than that of the Household Gods of the Heathen, or that of the 'Spirit Guide' of the Modern Spiritualist. It is impossible to co-ordinate understandingly two such unequal and discrepant ideas of God; and as the human mind expands, it becomes more and more occupied by the conception of God as Deity. The consequence is that a very large proportion of the worship which the orthodox Christian now gives to 'God' is of the nature of adoration of Deity, the impersonal element in the composite idea of God; inasmuch that the expectation of any interference with the laws of Nature on our behalf—which is the function of a Personal God—is commonly regarded as superstition, although from habit we still go through the form of asking for that interference when we pray. Now, this habit has become a scandal for thinking and honest people, and he who enters Christian Science quietly drops that inherited burden of dead belief, and thus puts himself right with his reason and conscience without setting all the village dogs barking, leaving himself free to regard God unreservedly as 'The All,' and 'The Good,' conceptions of Deity which are quite in accord with the modern spirit.

There remains the assertion 'There is no Evil.' Many people are prepared to give even this apparently nonsensical proposition a hearing; partly because of their desire to 'justify God,' partly because they now understand that

the operations of Nature are calculated to eliminate evil automatically as soon as it begins to operate very seriously—the real evil of Evil being its polymorphism, or tendency to recur in some other form. Now, we must remember that all through the ages two conceptions of religion have existed side by side—the 'priestly' and the 'prophetic.' The former pictures religion as obedience to the will of a despotic 'Person' entirely distinct from ourselves, alternately a Father and a Judge. The latter represents religion as the means or process of becoming united with God through progressive spiritual development. Both conceptions exist as elements in the popular religion of today; but they are by nature incompatible—as irreconcilable as vinegar and oil—and they would have separated before now were it not for the assiduous mixing together they get every Sunday in church and chapel. The priestly view of religion is the earlier and cruder, and it is now found in perfection only among savages; the prophetic view is that of individuals and communities in proportion as they become spiritually developed. Philosophy has always taken the prophetic view of religion; and Science supports it *volens volens*, for that view is an extension of its favourite doctrine of Evolution; while the priestly view involves an arrest of cosmic development, a ridiculous impossibility in the eyes of Science.

The whole tendency of modern thought is towards the prophetic view of religion—that man has developed, is developing, and will develop, in intelligence, in goodness, and in power; the difference between the modern and the ancient conception of the process of drawing nearer to Deity being that we conceive it to be a collective progress of the whole human race, as well as of the individual; whereas, union with God was formerly believed to depend wholly on personal effort. Now, Christian Science is in accord with the prophetic view of religion, which is essentially the modern one, and thus again it finds acceptance by its resemblance to conceptions that are to us familiar. Indeed, Christian Science goes to the extreme in its apparent belief in, and desire for, union with God; for it disendows Matter, disestablishes Evil, and utterly condemns 'the mortal mind'; and it believes that, even in this life, human beings can attain to a portion of the divine consciousness, and thereby obtain a portion of the divine power. Like Science, it believes in the almost unlimited potency of man, but it looks for the increase of his power, not to education, but to growth; it does not seek it in the cultivation of the 'mortal mind,' but in the attainment of a higher consciousness, and in the acquisition of new and superior faculties. How far this belief is justified—whether Christian Science is in any degree the Truth—is a question into which it has not been my purpose to enter.

R. HARTE.

(Concluded.)

A PREMONITORY DREAM.—The 'Ridgetown Dominion' records that a young man named Jenner, of Raleigh Township, for two different nights dreamed of falling off a load of hay, telling his wife of the great impression it made on his mind, so that when a neighbour wanted him to deliver some hay he very reluctantly put on a load for him. Before leaving home he carefully examined the build of the load and had his wife do the same. Kissing her good-bye, he got on again, though she asked him to walk if he felt so nervous. The roads being rough he stopped a passer-by and had him see that all was right. Being reassured of its safety, he started on again, but had not gone far before the load upset, and in jumping off the opposite way to its fall, he struck head first, it is supposed, on the axle of the front wheel and never regained consciousness.—'The Sermon,' Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

MAN THE SPIRIT.—In finding our true and higher self we find God—and in finding Him, we find our true relationship to all that exists. In no other way is the highest altruism possible. If we fail in this one sacred quest, our efforts, philanthropic, social and reformatory, must be measurably abortive. Here alone is the source of all true power. Why? Because we have touched the source of all power, 'I am in the Father and the Father in me'; and when the disciples, questioning, asked Him to show them the Father, He said: 'Have I been so long time with you and yet have ye not known me?' It will be no extra-cosmic God, adored with temples and gems and gold, that will be man's highest conception of the divine in the coming future, but the God of Humanity, and our sacrificial altar will be service.—ELIZABETH HUGHES, in 'The Theosophist.'

REV. H. R. HAWEIS AND 'MIDLAND RECTOR.'

With reference to your comments on Mr. Haweis' 'communications,' I may point out that the means for receiving them at my disposal are extremely limited, owing to the medium's state of health and other circumstances. The probability is, as far as I can judge, that he wishes to speak at least twenty times for every single opportunity that is offered. When he does get a chance, his fluency is unchecked until, a signal evidently being given by those in control for fear of exhausting the medium, he is obliged to leave off abruptly. I am thankful to take what comes, and when I can get it. I could not possibly, under the present circumstances, make any suggestions, it might altogether interfere with communication. My medium is extremely sensitive and has an utter abhorrence of any publicity. The conversations that take place are to me *personally, extremely valuable and interesting*, though they could not of course be equally so to others, even if they were reported. I have myself no difficulty in understanding that he has no anxiety to supply *tests* for his friends; the very desire for them, in his view, spoils the conditions. In order to do so he would have to find a suitable medium, and he seems always to have had a particular dislike to paid mediums as a class. Of course, I myself am getting the most complete test every time he speaks—the individuality is so marked and real—but this advantage I cannot share with others. Later on, possibly, some mutual friends of his and mine may be admitted. The distinction between 'amateur' and 'immature' medium, in your correspondent's letter, does not seem to me important. A mistake might easily have been made, though I think 'amateur' was the word used. In the strict sense of the word an 'amateur' medium, as such, is doubtless the best: but the word is often used to imply *incompetence* of a person who *plays* with an art that he has not thoroughly mastered.

You say in your editorial notes 'we don't want sermons'; that I can understand: but it is also a known fact to me and others, that there are hundreds of intellectual men and women in London, and scattered about outside it, to whom Haweis' sermons were the 'meat and drink' of such spiritual life as they had; and now that there is *absolutely nothing* to take their place a great blank is left. Surely there are sermons and sermons, and his were *unique*. His production of them was certainly an important function; he himself regards it still as the chief function of his life. It was only the missing touch of *complete personal conviction* which he feels was needed to make them an even greater power.

When you said that the last sermon I sent you did not suggest Haweis to you, I wondered how often you might have heard him preach. I, who have never heard him preach at all, except more than twenty years ago, when he was not at all the same, seemed to recognise him most clearly; though, as he says, he has no wish in his influence to supersede me entirely.

However, while writing, I may as well add that on Easter Sunday I preached a sermon which I did not specially trace to him; but on coming out of church a friend of Haweis's, and a regular attendant at his church, and who happened to be staying here, at once remarked: 'Do you know that was the last sermon I heard Mr. Haweis preach, almost word for word?' She then mentioned several peculiar expressions in it which he had used, and which I had unconsciously repeated, and added: 'If his last sermons are ever published you will find your own amongst them.'

I don't think that 'LIGHT' is quite the place for sermons; you have so much more important matter to report; and I myself would far rather read one week's number of 'LIGHT' than a volume of sermons, with the single exception of the sermons of him who is the subject of this letter. I have read 'LIGHT' almost from its commencement, and find it as interesting as ever, though we have got far beyond the preliminary stage of inquiry, when proofs and tests seem of importance. (As I wrote the last sentence there was a loud and unmistakable rap of approval on the table.)

'MIDLAND RECTOR.'

LOST.—A silver pencil case, engraved 'Maud,' and containing a cedar wood pencil, was lost in the St. James's Hall on the night of the recent conversation. It was a much-prized gift from a friend, and the owner will be pleased to hear from the finder. Address C. T. W., Office of 'LIGHT.'

VALUABLE WARNING BY CLAIRAUDIENCE.

I have been greatly edified in reading the experiences of Mr. John Kenworthy, and am glad to find I am not the only favoured one in getting guidance to books, and openings to passages, in answer to my thoughts and for instruction. No doubt, many are thus favoured if they would but observe and tabulate facts which would be so beneficial to others, but few have the courage to rush into print, fearful of derision. I will, however, tell of one time, though so far back as 1858, when I crossed the Atlantic from America and entered Liverpool with a lot of luggage. When this had been duly inspected by the Customs, a lady passenger accosted me, anxiously inquiring where I purposed staying till the following day. As I gave her to understand that I should go on to Wales after the one night, she persuaded me to go to the nearest hotel, one she recommended as very comfortable, and the day being so very wet I thought it would be as well to do so, and accordingly I availed myself of her advice and hastened on to the address she gave me. I had my luggage placed in a store room on the entrance floor, at the side of the hall door, after which I and my younger brother hastened to dinner. Presently the same young lady came and sat beside me, but as I was tired after the voyage I soon repaired to a room upstairs, where we had our tea. Soon after this the young lady came to say good-bye. Well, I was glad, for I wanted to talk with my brother about home, and the pleasure of seeing all again. But in the midst of all this conversation a voice spoke in my ear saying, 'Your luggage is *all gone*.' At this I started but did not move till the voice repeated, 'Your luggage is *all gone*,' this time more emphatically. I then, without a word, rushed downstairs, and to my great surprise found all had gone, and the leather labels strewed on the floor. I was panic-stricken, and turning to my brother said, 'We must have a cab; get one quickly. We will follow that lady to the pier. She said she would leave No. 6 pier for Glasgow.' We did so, and when there we had to be persistent to get on to the boat and to see the captain; identify the luggage by producing the right key for the right box and giving particulars of contents of each. After all this we were moving off with a porter in front, when we encountered the lady again, who demanded the luggage, saying that if the things were ours she must have left hers behind in their place. I offered to take her back to the hotel that she might satisfy herself, when she hesitated, and the captain wished to know whether I would give her in charge. 'Oh no,' I said, 'there is One above who will take charge of her.'

I have here related, as briefly as I can, one of the little incidents in my life illustrating the value of the gift of clairaudience. This was long before that gift was so generally recognised, and I was always afraid to refer to it lest my friends should consider me insane. I have, however, been guided better, and in every way more reliably, by clairaudience than by any other gift; but though it is most valuable I cannot command it. It comes to me only when it is most needed and of real benefit.

SARAH JANE WHITAKER.

88, Ashmore-road,
Paddington.

THE HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE.—The tenth annual meeting of the Humanitarian League was held on May 2nd, at Essex Hall, Strand. Mr. Ernest Bell, the chairman of the Victoria-street Anti-Vivisection Society, presided, and among those who took part in the proceedings were the Rev. W. D. Morrison, late chaplain of Wandsworth Prison; the Rev. J. Stratton, who has played so large a part in the abolition of the Royal Buckhounds; Captain Carpenter, R.N., D.S.O.; Mr. J. Frederick Green; the Rev. Harold Rylett; Mrs. Suckling, Miss Edith Ward; and Messrs. Salt and Collinson, hon. secretaries. It was pointed out in the report that the progress made during the last ten years in humanitarian feeling has been due in large measure to the League's activities. The following resolution on the subject of the Royal Buckhounds was passed at the meeting: 'That the Humanitarian League, in recording its satisfaction that the discontinuance of the Royal Buckhounds is recommended in the report of the Select Committee on the Civil List, conveys its hearty thanks to that large section of the Press which has supported the League during the past ten years in its endeavours to obtain this reform.'

MYSTICISM.

Nothing is more dangerous than Mysticism, for it produces that madness which defies all human wisdom. It is always the mad who overturn society, and great politicians can never foresee outbreaks of insanity. The architect of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus promised himself eternal fame, but he reckoned without Eratosthratos.

During the past twenty years inquirers into the mysterious and occult have multiplied by the hundred thousand. Some are attracted by the glamour of certain so-called secret societies—some either in the hope of seeing or working great wonders, and but few in the absolutely unselfish hope of benefiting all mankind.

Ever since man perceived his own ignorance, or 'saw that he was naked,' he has tried to pierce the veil of effects to arrive at causes; and this desire, when kept within bounds, is perfectly legitimate.

For many centuries mystics and magicians worked red, black and white magic. They swayed kings, rulers, and potentates, and their doings even destroyed planets and submerged continents. At length arose one who came as a Master, who demonstrated that he had all the forces of Nature at his command. He did not come as a mystic of any order, although many mystic societies have, without any foundation, claimed him for their own. But he was after the Order of Melchizedek, and he taught, 'If any man will do the Father's will, he shall know.'

In these words of primal simplicity lies the whole secret of knowledge and the way to knowledge, and he who will give himself unconditionally to God, to know and do His will, shall reap the reward. 'Many are called, but few are chosen.' It is this simplicity that has confused modern mystics. They are like children working in a laboratory, regardless of results. They recklessly combine chemicals till they, even unwittingly, discover some new and potent combination which destroys both them and their labours. 'Except the Lord build the house,' 'Ye cannot put new wine into old bottles,' nor new cloth into old garments; nor is it possible to graft ancient Oriental teaching and methods upon Occidental minds. The old order of things changeth, but there are some who cling tenaciously to the old, and who do not perceive that the Eagle from the West is overshadowing the Unicorn from the East.

The old mystics with laborious cult worked from within to within, from circumference to centre, but the teachings of Jesus started at the centre and comprehended the circumference. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God,' 'The kingdom of God is within you.' Here is the centralisation, the mainspring, the fountain-head of all lore, occultism, knowledge. But, some will say, Jesus of Nazareth was an Oriental! Quite so; and let us here point out that, having known, studied, and in all probability practised Oriental methods, he made and preached the well-known formula, which so many read with their eyes, and so few with their hearts, 'Lest they should be converted and I should heal them.'

He who truly works and learns, desires not to do signs and wonders ('there shall no sign be given'), and he knows that those who look with awe upon a consciously projected double, or a mysteriously levitated body, are but mental dwarfs. But it is of their own free will that they stunt their soul growth.

It is only through 'the narrow way' of the Nazarene that certain desirable results can safely be obtained, and those who try any other way are but robbers of the sheepfold. We recommend a study of the first five verses of the tenth chapter of St. Matthew, which he who runs may read. Those who reach the highest now attainable are but few, but they do so by the divine Order of Melchizedek, an Order which never was and always is, and which always was and never is, which is a Mystery.

The foregoing remarks were suggested by an article in the 'Occult and Biological Journal.'

H. W. T.

'LIGHT' SUSTENTATION FUND.—The treasurer gratefully acknowledges the receipt of £1 from Madame de Laversey, and £1 1s. from the Hackney Society of Spiritualists, kindly contributed to the fund for the sustentation of 'LIGHT.'

MERCIFUL NATURE.

In the article entitled 'Merciful Nature' which appeared in your issue of April 20th, you applauded the restrictive policy in respect to vivisection as adopted by the National Anti-Vivisection Society. For many years I worked under that banner, and quite believed that this cause was one to which the truism that 'half a loaf is better than no bread' is applicable. But bitter experiences of my own in the work—heart-breaking disappointments—drove me to study the history of the subject; and I saw that it is a question to which this aphorism does not apply at all. When you ask for half a loaf you run the risk of getting the crumbs at present doled out to you taken away. Nothing could be more dangerous to the cause than a debate in the House on an Amendment Bill. The vivisectionists, who have powerful representatives in Parliament, would use the occasion to get an amendment the wrong way, and obtain more power for the vivisectionists, and less mercy for the animals. What happened in 1876 is surely a sufficiently severe lesson for all anti-vivisectionists. We do not wish history to repeat itself in this respect. The story of this dreadful experience, a shame and disgrace to the whole nation, is told in 'The Claims of the Brutes' (being a reprint of the twentieth chapter of the 'Life of Frances Power Cobbe, by herself'). It has been reprinted because of its great value to workers in the cause, who can learn from its study what nothing else can teach them—how clever the vivisectionists are in using any opportunity we may give them. To ask that vivisectionists should apply for a license for every experiment, and to ask that no experiment is ever to take place without the presence of a competent inspector, is to ask for conditions which the vivisectionists will evidently and certainly not submit to. Is it likely that a busy vivisectionist will be bothered to take out a hundred licenses in the year instead of one? Is it likely that he would allow an inspector to be present when he was in the excitement of his difficult work? And would any inspector be of the slightest use whose degrees and qualifications were not equal to his own? The vivisectionists have already pointed this out—that this clause would be useless unless the inspector and vivisectionist held equal rank, and could determine with equal authority what is, and what is not, painful; and that every vivisectionist would have to be provided with an inspector to look after him, which would involve the Government in an enormous expense, for each such inspector would require to be paid at the rate of something like a thousand a year. The restrictionists appear to forget that the question raised is a moral one. As Professor Ray Lankester pointed out long ago, if vivisection is a good thing you cannot have too much of it, and consequently restriction is unnecessary. If it is a bad thing it must be abolished. Let those who feel in doubt come to the meeting to protest against vivisection at the Brown Institute, which was founded as a hospital for the merciful treatment of animals, and where most cruel tortures have been inflicted upon them. The meeting will be held on May 23rd, in the Banqueting Room, at St. James's Hall. Admission is free, by ticket. The tickets can be obtained on application to me or my co-hon. secretary, Miss Pierrepont, at our office, 202, Wandsworth-road, South Lambeth, S.W. I shall be very happy to lend the 'Claims of the Brutes' to anyone who would like to look into the history of the movement. I call upon all Spiritualists to remember what Lord Shaftesbury pointed out, that the faithful love of the dog for its master must surely be an emanation from the divine, and must therefore be immortal.

MABEL COOK, Hon. Secretary.

Surrey branch of the British Union for Abolition of Vivisection, 202, Wandsworth-road, Lambeth, S.W.

MR. J. DODSON, hon. solicitor and general secretary of the Occultists' Defence League, asks us to announce that a general meeting will be held at Sellar's Restaurant, 17, Great Ducie-street (opposite No. 6 platform, Victoria Station), Manchester, at 3 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, the 22nd inst., when all members and others interested, or desiring to join, are urgently requested to attend.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

You invite your readers to send you records of any abnormal phenomena of which they may have had personal experience. Perhaps the following will be of interest :—

I was brought up under the strictest Gospel teaching, and at the age of fifteen years (eleven years ago) cast in my lot with the Wesleyans ; but, alas ! I found after three years that I still had an aching void which their doctrines could not fill. I tried others, with the same result, and then was bordering on infidelity when Madame Stephanie came to this part in December of last year, and told me of your valuable paper, 'LIGHT.' I have had many involuntary visions as well as others, and am sometimes quite at home with the crystal and even a glass of water. My first vision was as follows : I was in perfect health at sixteen years of age, and living at St. Erth, five and a-half miles from Penzance, Cornwall, and whilst walking alone across some roadway fields on May 1st a voice spoke to me ! I looked, but could see no one and again walked on. Again the voice spoke, and looking towards the gate whence the voice seemed to come, I saw the form of a man clothed in white. Naturally fear fell upon me, and I stood spellbound whilst the voice said : 'Johnnie, you will leave home and have sickness and undergo operations.' At this the spell was broken, and I ran for another gate, but on reaching it the same form was there ! I ran back to the first gate, with the same result, and then fainted, during which time I had a vivid view of a hospital ward and its occupants and spoke to several of the inmates and the nurses. But when I awoke from the faint I was lying at my own door, a mile and a-half from where I had been when I became unconscious. As time went on the effects of the vision wore away and it was totally erased from my memory. Years passed ; I reached the age of twenty-two, and had been in Wales (Neath) about a year when I lost the use of my side and was taken to the General Hospital at Swansea, and on entering the ward all was familiar to me—sister, nurses, patients, and everything, even down to the most minute detail and the tone of their voices. I underwent twelve operations, as the apparition had said I should, and came out cured, after eight months. I do not know whether or not it was my father who appeared to me, as he left this life when I was very young, and therefore I cannot remember him ; but I should like to know.

If any of your readers would give me advice how to cultivate my powers I should be thankful, as I have been unable to work since December 18th, 1900, through an accident.

This was my first abnormal experience, but not the last by a good many.

E. J. S. JAMES.

Tynewedd, Treherbert, S. Wales.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

'Two Sorts of Goodness.'

SIR,—May I say a few words in answer to 'E. D. G.,' as the point he discusses in his note in last week's 'LIGHT' is a serious one ?

The 'moral colour in an agent's intentions' is simply *his conception of the results (good or ill) which will flow from his act*. Spiritualists (and they only) ought to see that good intentions do, and must, produce exactly equivalent and related results of good. The idea that there may be 'good in intention' which fails to produce results of goodness, is a doctrine of materialism and annihilationism. An act, done for good or ill, wisely or foolishly, may produce no result capable of being related to itself by our human and limited power of observation. But the act takes its course through the spirit-world, and bears, here and there, *the exact fruit of the intention*.

'The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small,

Though with patience He stands watching, with exactness grinds He all,'

is not a hazy sentiment, but precise truth.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN C. KENWORTHY.

P.S.—I congratulate you with all my heart on your leading article of last week. Precisely such acknowledgment of truth is, above all, demanded of us by the spirit-world.

The Law about Palmistry.

SIR,—I notice that many of your correspondents are asking—'What is the law about palmistry?' and 'Why are some palmists prosecuted and others not?' Being a palmist myself I have naturally made inquiries, and have pleasure in answering these questions.

A high authority, the Home Secretary, said 'Palmistry in itself is not illegal if there be no intention to deceive thereby.' It has therefore rested with the palmists prosecuted to prove that they had 'no intention to deceive,' and this they have been unable to do. Many of those recently prosecuted were 'clairvoyants,' not palmists, and it is hardly possible for a clairvoyant, however genuine, to prove this.

Some of these so-called 'palmists' were quite uneducated, and all more or less ignorant of the science they professed to practise.

The best palmists have not been prosecuted because the police of most towns only prosecute the low fee (6d. and 1s.) palmists, in accordance with the intention of the original 'Vagrant' law.

A genuine palmist could prove 'no intention to deceive,' because he or she could (and does) always point out in each client's hands the lines or marks indicating the event or change mentioned, and, further, prove that such reading was in strict accordance with the laws of scientific palmistry; so that *intentional* deception becomes impossible even if the reading should not prove true in any given case.

C. YOGA.

375, Sauchiehall-street,
Glasgow.

A Dream.

SIR,—I have got out of bed at 3.40 a.m. to jot down a dream from which I have just awoke. I dreamed that whilst at a friend's house I took off my ring in order to wash my hands. Then suddenly I found myself at another friend's house very late at night, or early in the morning. Whilst there it began to rain, and as I had only a stick with me my friend lent me an umbrella and I left my stick. I had not gone far when I met a third friend, who accompanied me part of the way to—strange to say—my old home in England. On parting, he returned and I continued my journey. My old home I found, but I had to approach it by walking over a plank and taking a step down, as though on board ship. In a small room I found someone—an elderly lady—awaiting me, but I did not ascertain who it was, as the storm burst, and the thunder awoke me to the fact that I had taken off a much-prized ring on retiring for the night, and for the first time for years had been without it on my person for any lengthened time.

I write to ask your readers if this dream may be accounted for by the very fact of the absence of the ring from my finger being 'sensed,' if I may thus use the term, by the inner self, while the outer was asleep. And if this may be so as regards the absence of the ring from my finger, how about the various circumstances that led up to the dream-storm that woke me, made me get out of bed, find and put my ring in its place, and write this letter to you at such an unreasonable hour—most unreasonable to me, for I am by no means 'an early bird,' as a rule?

TEDEC.

Durban, Natal, April 13th, 1901.

'No Necessity for Death.'

SIR,—I think Captain Pochin need have no fear of being considered 'a lunatic.' So many of the controls are now teaching that there is no necessity for death, that if he goes to any of the really spiritualistic mediums he will hear, what I have over and over again from my control, that is, that as Spiritualism becomes better understood men will grasp the fact that by living morally and physically pure, cleanly, wholesome lives in all ways they will become more and more in touch with the spiritual world, until they are able to pass over in the body as Elijah did. God's gift to men is life. They themselves brought death into the world through sin.

Some months ago there was an article in 'LIGHT' on a letter received from Mrs. Helen Williams, who thought her controls were wishing to make her understand that they wanted to return to earth, and I think perhaps it may interest you to hear that long before her letter appeared I had been told by my control that numbers of men were working in their sphere to return—men of much learning, who would preach and teach and bring their knowledge in all its purity to this earth, to cleanse men's lives, and show them that it would be possible to pass from one sphere to the other without the intervention of death. I think you will find this is what Mrs. Helen Williams' controls were wishing to make known.

ANNA M. JARVIS.

Penge.

A Materialising Circle.

SIR,—My wife and myself are very much interested in Spiritualism, but have no means of personally investigating it in our immediate neighbourhood, as, so far as we know, there is no circle and no medium within one hundred miles of our place of residence. Twice during the last two years have we gone to London largely for the purpose of attending séances, of which we have been present at nearly twenty. We have both seen and heard some very remarkable things, but perhaps nothing under what could be strictly called test conditions. At all events, this has been true of the materialising séances. As these have in all cases been conducted in absolute darkness, and as the materialisations have always been of a very limited character and only momentarily visible, the result has not been of an absolutely conclusive nature. Now, constituted as my mind is, by far the most convincing evidence, where obtainable, is of the materialising kind, when observed under test conditions; and what I am anxious to know is whether there really is any materialising circle in London in which fully developed forms present themselves, under some reasonable degree of illumination, and on pecuniary terms within the reach of slender purses. I shall feel exceedingly obliged if any of your correspondents will kindly favour me with the desired information, as we expect to be again in London in the course of a few weeks.

AN INTERESTED INQUIRER.

'A Perplexed Inquirer.'

SIR,—'Inquirer' has had the same sort of experience with the 'table' that I have had, but if he continues to study the subject he will probably soon get better results. Personally I looked upon the table communications as trickery until I read Sir William Crookes' book, and I have employed dozens of tests which have convinced me (though naturally sceptical and hard to convince) that there is some extraordinary 'intelligence' moving the table. For instance, after writing several words, both French and English, on a paper several yards away from the table around which some friends and relatives were sitting, the words were accurately spelt out through the mediumship of one of the sitters, and on asking the 'intelligence' to give us any better proof, the instructions were that Mr. R. should go out of the room, write a word on paper and fold it up and then come and hold it over the table without contact. This was done and the word 'keenest' was correctly and slowly spelt out. Before spelling, the sitters were asked to re-arrange themselves around the table.

The communications one gets through table-tilting are often meaningless and deceptive, as if some practical joker or lunatic were manifesting, but often the same 'intelligence' will regularly bring sensible information, and in my case remarkable facts.

T. W. J. ALLEN, M.D.

Soul and Spirit.

SIR,—Why is there so much controversy and argument concerning the exact meanings of soul and spirit?

Surely if people would but reason with themselves they would be satisfied. And yet how varied are the conclusions at which people arrive, as varied as their own particular characters, modes of thought, and opinions and prejudices.

In 'LIGHT' of April 27th, the extract sent by 'Inquirer' from the 'Banner of Light' almost coincides with my own view of the subject, but it appears to be rather involved. My own definition seems so conclusive and sufficing to myself, that I cannot but feel there is perhaps some point I have overlooked.

Is not the Spirit, the life, the power that enables the Soul to say *I*; to point to itself as the Ego? Therefore is not the Soul, the Ego, the individual, the personality, the separate and distinct particle or entity, or whatever may be the scientific term?

The body, of course, is the outward sign, the shell, whose every part is a material counterpart or parallel to the different phases of the Soul's character.

'Inquirer' asks if Spiritualists should not in reality be named soul-ists. That depends on their own decision. But 'Spiritualist' is more applicable, I think, for if life and God mean the same thing, as Spirit—and I contend that without Spirit there would exist no Soul or Ego—then it is the Spirit we search for and Spiritualists we must be called.

I have heard the control of Madame Montague say that the 'Soul can be destroyed but the Spirit never,' which supports my theory that Soul was evolved from Spirit.

Such is my idea, and though I cannot cloak or embellish it with deep and mysterious scientific explanations I hope your readers will find it of some use.

SEARCHER.

Astral Influences.

SIR,—Your correspondent, H. W. Thatcher, raises a point in his letter in 'LIGHT' of May 11th which it seems to me needs further elucidation. 'How to protect mediums from astral influences' is, says Mr. Thatcher, a laudable object of inquiry, but will he please explain what he means by 'astral influences,' and also state where the danger of being open to them comes in?

INTERESTED.

LYCEUM UNION CONFERENCE.

The eleventh annual Conference of the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union was held at Pendleton, Manchester, on Sunday last, May 12th. Three meetings were held, the morning and afternoon sessions being devoted to the business of the conference, and the evening to a public demonstration. The gatherings took place in the Town Hall, the president of the Union, Mr. Alfred Smedley, of Belper, occupying the chair on each occasion.

Upwards of seventy delegates were present, and a number of visitors were interested spectators of the proceedings. The statement of general accounts for the year showed, in round figures, an income of £69, including balance due to treasurer of £18; the expenditure being £52; balance due to treasurer £17. The publishing fund accounts showed a total receipt of £155 5s. 8½d.; expenditure £74 1s. 1d., leaving a balance to credit of £81 4s. 7½d. The statistical returns showed that the Lyceums possessed a membership of 6,187 scholars, and 954 officers. The routine business having been disposed of, the question was considered of an offer, by Mr. John Ainsworth, of a house and furniture to be used as a home for Lyceum children needing the benefit of change of air and scene, which home was to be handed over to the Executive of the Union. The Executive presented a report detailing the protracted negotiations with Mr. Ainsworth, and after the delegates had discussed the topic it was decided not to proceed further in the matter. The consideration of the appointment of a permanent secretary and of the revised constitution was in each case deferred to an interim conference to be held in August next.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: Mr. Albert Wilkinson, Nelson, president; Mr. A. E. Sutcliffe, Sowerby Bridge, treasurer; Mr. Alfred Kitson, secretary; Mr. Jonah Clarke was elected to the Executive, and Mr. J. J. Morse was re-elected to that body.

A largely attended meeting was held in the evening, at which appropriate addresses were delivered by members of the Executive and other friends.

RECEPTION TO MRS. LYDIA H. MANKS.

On Tuesday, May 7th, the Junior Spiritualists' Club tendered a Club Reception at their rooms, 26, Osnaburgh-street, Regent's Park, N.W., to Mrs. Lydia H. Manks, the estimable lady whose name is now so familiar to Metropolitan Spiritualists. Mrs. Manks was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Crawford; and a number of the prominent medium workers in town united with a full muster of the club members in doing honour to the guest of the evening. The proceedings were of the charmingly informal nature for which the gatherings of the Junior Spiritualists' Club are so favourably known, what little speech-making there was being confined to the remarks made by the president of the club, Mr. H. Hawkins, and those by the vice-president, Mr. J. J. Morse. Each speaker warmly eulogised Mrs. Manks for her excellent work as a medium, for her sweet and womanly disposition, and as a visitor from the land across the seas whom we are delighted to have in our midst. The guest of the evening made a warm-hearted and graceful acknowledgment of the fraternal courtesies extended to her by the club and visitors. Letters were read from Mr. George Spriggs, Mr. Thomas Everitt, Mrs. M. H. Wallis and Mr. E. W. Wallis, expressing regret at their inability to be present. Various vocal and instrumental items were contributed by Miss Alice Hunt, Miss Fanny Samuel, Miss Florence Morse, Mrs. W. Paulet, and Mr. H. R. Boyden. During the evening the company adjourned to the dining-room, where a bountiful and excellent variety of refreshments were duly discussed. Among the company present were Mrs. Everitt, Mr. A. J. Sutton, Miss Laidlaw, Mrs. Hett, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper-Butler, Mr. Applegarth, Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Mrs. Rushton, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Vango, Mrs. Crawford and the two Misses Crawford, Mr. Guynette, Miss Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Meyrick, Madame Gerrard, Mr. Alfred Peters, Miss Hett, Mrs. Graddon-Kent and Miss Graddon, Mr. Dudden, Mr. W. Ham, Mrs. Delaney, Mr. Roberts, Miss MacCreddie and Miss Lily MacCreddie, Madame Florence Montague and Mr. Montague, Miss Porter, Mr. S. J. Watts, Miss Rosoman, Miss Barron, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Davis, Mrs. J. J. Morse, and Miss Jackson.