

# Light:

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

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

No. 1,070.—VOL. XXI. [Registered as] SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1901. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

## CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way .....	325	Hasty Conclusions .....	331
A Prophetic Vision .....	326	Old-Time Experiences .....	331
A Chain of Evidence .....	326	French Psychic Press .....	332
True Prayer .....	327	Counterparts .....	333
Can Dogs See Spirits? .....	327	Some Personal Experiences .....	333
On the Name 'God' .....	328	News from Mr. W. J. Colville .....	334
Helen Wilmans' Prophetic Visions .....	329	Spiritualists' National Federation .....	335
Col. Olcott's Belief in 'Fairies' .....	329	Society for Psychical Research .....	335
The Psychic Powers of Jesus .....	330	Society Work .....	335

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

We who are blest with the knowledge of the secret of spirit-life here and now, ought to find great comfort in it concerning the processes of what we call the outward life, though there is really no merely outward life. All life is inward, and results in inward issues, and is so down to the lowest form of life, and to the growth of a habit, the development of an instinct, the secretion of a scent. Everywhere, this glorious summer time, we are being taught how entirely the outward exists for the inward. 'The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life,' said Christ. So say the breezes, the sunbeams, and the rain, to blades of grass, and orchard blossom, and ears of corn. A late writer put it most tenderly and truly:—

The preparation has been going on long and silently in the dark workshop. The creative process has brooded and covered with its soft wings the younglings of the spring. The sky has taken a new and tender touch to bend over and welcome them, to shelter them when they come. The trees, still leafless, wake from their sleep: they begin to look alive. They gather deep purple tints, rich and dark, against the mists and the lighter hills. At their feet the turf has suddenly grown bright emerald.

Then the shrubs take up the symphony—a flame of red, a burst of sun-bright yellow, a whiteness as of angel's robes and seraphic choirs. The trees put on their livery in orchard and garden in a mystical maze of pale and rose and lilac tints, impalpable, melting into the blue of the sky.

The same great laws extend to the spiritual world, the same operations are carried out in the growth of a soul; for souls do grow, and they grow silently from prepared conditions, even like the grass of the field or the leaf upon the tree.

Purity, patience, faith, love, obedience, have distilled a precious quality,—not intellect, not brilliancy, not even morality in the abstract, but the charm of soulfulness, of being alive, of having grown by God's beautiful laws, of having imbibed the secret and silent influences that permeate the universe.

How consoling is this! There are the ordered seasons of the soul—the springs, summers, autumns and winters of the heart. There are days of desolations, and nights of glooms, and storms, and frosts, and, at times, everything seems to be going to wreck and ruin. But, at the great heart, the order is maintained and the processes are secured. We have only to watch God long enough in order to recal every doubt and fear, and bow the head and say: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name!'

How is it that 'The Land of the free' continues to be perpetually worried with efforts to curb freedom? They seem to be endless. Just now the fight is over medicine,

or, rather, the right to be cured or killed in your own way: and here before us lies No. 1 of a new monthly entirely devoted to resisting medical conservatism which is trying to put down competitors by law. This plucky magazine is called 'Our Home Rights,' and it puts on its flag two keen sayings, one by W. E. Gladstone and one by Mark Twain. Both are to the point. Gladstone said:—

A man ought to be as free to select his physician as his blacksmith, for he alone is to profit or suffer by his choice. The responsibility is his.

Mark Twain beats that:—

How is it that there are a thousand ways in which I may be permitted to damn my soul, but when it comes to a trivial matter like temporary ill-health, the Legislature must prescribe how I shall do it? It is absurd and ridiculous.

On the other side, 'Our Home Rights' gibbets one of the orthodox physicians who, in 'The Medical Times,' said:—

I think it would be better for the profession if we would all recognise the fact, that it is better to have patients to die under scientific treatment than to recover under empirical treatment.

'Empirical' here means unorthodox. It once would have meant homœopathy; it now means mental healing, curing through suggestion, mesmerism and spirit-healing.

We note that Professor William James, of Harvard, has been protesting, with true scientific breadth of mind, against the medical profession's Bill. He said:—

I hold a medical degree from Harvard University. I belonged for forty-four years to the most scientific of our medical societies. I have taught anatomy and physiology, and now teach mental pathology, in Harvard College. The presumption is that I am interested in science. I am, indeed; and it is, in fact, because I see in this Bill a movement in favour of ignorance, that I am here to oppose it.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts is not a medical body, has no right to a medical opinion, and should not dare to take sides in medical controversies. This safe neutral position the friends of the proposed legislation summon the Commonwealth immediately to give up.

Referring to the claims of the faith healers or mind curers, he said:—

You are not to ask yourselves whether these mind-curers do really achieve the successes that are claimed. It is enough for you as legislators to ascertain that a large number of our citizens, persons, whose number seems daily to increase, are convinced that they do achieve them, are persuaded that a valuable new department of medical experience is by them opening up. Here is a purely medical question, regarding which our General Court, not being a well-spring and source of medical virtue, not having any private test of therapeutic truth, must remain strictly neutral under penalty of making the confusion worse.

We have alluded thus pointedly to this matter because we have frequently noticed the putting out of feelers in the same direction, in this country. It is perhaps desirable to do what we can to make these feelers touch pepper and salt at once. We vote with Gladstone and Mark Twain.

The following deeply thoughtful lines, by the late Robert Buchanan, may, to some, seem exaggerated: but they are far from that; and, thinking of him now, they

have deep significance We hold it to be absolutely true, on the spiritual plane, that all gain won by trampling a 'poor struggler' down is 'base': and equally that all fame is base which is won alone. It is a hard saying, but the decisions of the spirit plane will often seem hard—may, indeed, always seem hard—to the mere combatant of sense and time:—

All gain is base,—  
The Victor's wreath, the Poet's crown,  
If conquest in the giddy race  
Means one poor struggler trampled down—  
If he who gains the sunless throne  
Of Fame sits silent and alone,  
Without Humanity to share  
His happiness or his despair.  
This Gospel I uphold, the one  
The latter Adam comes to prove;  
To every soul beneath the sun  
Wide open lies a Heaven of Love;  
But none, however free from sin,  
However clothed in pomp and pride,  
However fair, may enter in  
Without some witness at his side,  
To attest before the Judge and King  
Vicarious love and suffering.  
Who stands alone shall surely fall.  
Who folds the falling to his breast  
Stands sure and firm in spite of all,  
While angel choirs proclaim him blest.

We have received from 'The Free Age Press' (Christchurch, Hants), a copy of Tolstoy's 'Reply to the Synod's Edict of Excommunication,' translated by V. T. and A. C. F.' It is an affecting document. With extreme simplicity but startling force, Tolstoy admits his heresies and proclaims his freedom. One is reminded of nothing so much as of Coriolanus (without his temper) when banished from Rome: 'I banish you. . . Thus I turn my back. There is a world elsewhere.'

'I began by loving my orthodox faith more than my peace,' says Tolstoy, 'then I loved Christianity more than my Church, and now I love the Truth more than anything in the world. And until now the Truth coincides for me with Christianity as I understand it; and I profess this Christianity, and in that measure in which I do profess it I peacefully and joyously live and peacefully and joyously am approaching death.' Fancy excommunicating a man like this!

'Coming Events and Occult Arts' had better drop its over-minute predictions, especially about the weather. Almost anyone could draw up a prediction weather chart for any month in the year; and it would be wonderful if, on the whole, it were not passably correct, and if, occasionally, covering, say, thirty days, there were not a good shot. This is the sort of thing 'Coming Events and Occult Arts' is trying on. It is hardly worth the trouble.

#### A PROPHETIC VISION.

I send you an account of a vision I had nearly two years before the war broke out, as I think it may interest some of your readers.

In June, 1897, I was staying with a friend about five miles from Krugersdorp, South Africa. I had only been in the country about two months. One night, as I was lying awake, I suddenly had a vision of the veldt in front of the house all covered with soldiers on horseback. The next morning I told my friend, and he asked, 'Of what nation were the soldiers?' 'That I can't say,' I answered; 'certainly not English, because the uniform was all light, and I have never seen anything like it.' Six months afterwards I went to Durban, and there for the first time saw our men in khaki. 'That is the uniform I saw in my vision,' I said to my husband. Two years later our men were all over that very part, and about the same time my home in Zululand was looted.

ALICE GASSETT.

## A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.

BY 'AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.'

The subject discussed in these columns recently, 'The Weak Spot in Spiritualism,' impels me to send you the following notes regarding the reappearance (if I may so term it) of our esteemed family physician, Dr. M., who 'passed on' in 1886, and who, for sixteen years previously, had been our trusted friend and medical attendant. He was one of the most gifted medical men it has ever been my lot to meet, and his passing on was a great grief to all his patients, including ourselves.

In the year 1889, when my first active experiences in spirit return began, Dr. M. was among the first to open up communication with us by means of the table, and most satisfactory tests of identity were asked and received. His 'return' was rather a surprise to me, as in our frequent talks on religious questions he was (from his early training) Calvinistic in his views; while my opinions tended towards latitudinarianism. When our clairvoyant relative began to write automatically in 1890, among the first scraps of writing was one from Dr. M., in which the earthly script and signature were reproduced. The first message was: 'Dr. M. sends his kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. — (our names).' 'My father-in-law (name given) is here with me and hopes to write soon.' This last promise has never been fulfilled, chiefly, I think, because the father-in-law in question was a strong Evangelical clergyman when incarnate and not likely to write to me on the subject of spirit return; more especially as I had not the pleasure of his acquaintance when in earth life.

During the past ten years we have had at least six or perhaps seven messages from Dr. M., written automatically by the clairvoyante, and every one revealing identity and personality. In all, the earthly script is reproduced. On at least two occasions, when the life of one very dear to me appeared to be 'slipping away,' he controlled the medium and wrote me reassuring messages full of medical terminology, predicting recovery; and his prognostications proved correct. In three of the messages he repeated a sort of nickname he had for one of the family, and also another expression frequently in use by the clairvoyante when a young child, both of which we had quite forgotten and of which in particular the medium had certainly no recollection. I may also here add that as his father-in-law, referred to in the first message, had died in 1872, the clairvoyante knew neither his name nor designation when incarnate, so that thought-transference or the subliminal consciousness 'are not in it' as regards that message.

On one occasion, at a séance with Mrs. Titford about five years ago, her control 'Harry,' who could by no possibility have known of his existence when in earth life, said, 'Dr. A. M. is here and will try to materialise.' He endeavoured to do so, but only a part of his massive form, face, head and beard was visible to us by the luminous card. Again, at another séance with Mrs. Titford a year later, 'Harry' informed me Dr. M. was present, and says, 'You are not to walk so much as you have been doing or you will hurt yourself.' 'Harry' knew nothing of a walking tour I had just had in the Peak of Derbyshire, and of one day's enforced walking a longer distance than usual through losing our way at the entrance to Dovedale, but the doctor had evidently been with me in my peregrinations, and now cautioned me on the first opportunity. Again and again Dr. M. has visited the clairvoyante in her room, along with her control, the ex-Lancashire Doctor (Dr. S.) before referred to by me in these columns; and together they have consulted when illness was in the family, and messages containing their joint advice have been written by the clairvoyante in the peculiar script of the ex-Lancashire medico. The last written message from Dr. M. was penned a year ago, and the internal evidence was (to me) overwhelming in proving identity.

But the latest incident in the chain of evidence occurred a few nights ago. On the morning of Monday, June 10th, the clairvoyante informed me that Dr. M. had been in her room the preceding night, and talked with her a good deal about his family, and particularly as to his wife's health,

which he said is not good at present. Just before going away he said, 'Tell Mr. — (my name) to give Mr. A. my kindest regards.' She then put to me the pertinent query, 'Who is Mr. A.?' to which I replied, 'Yes, I know.' Now Mr. A. is a member of the legal profession, not known to the clairvoyante. Mr. A. some five years ago told me he had been trying to investigate Spiritualism in rather a desultory fashion, by visiting a medium; and on my giving some of my experiences, including Dr. M.'s return, he said, 'Why, I would so like that, as he was, when here and for many years, our family doctor, and we missed him so much.' The Doctor's message will be duly given to Mr. A. the first time we meet, but I point emphatically to it as a complete and 'closing link' in a chain of evidence of spirit identity running through twelve years; and as showing that, in many instances, there is no 'weak spot' in spirit identity and return.

If among my voluminous notes a similar case can be found, I may at some future time deal with another instance of spirit return. Meantime the case of Dr. M. is, to me at least, most convincing and satisfactory.

*Addendum.*—Since the foregoing was forwarded for publication Dr. M. controlled the medium on the evening of Thursday, June 20th, and wrote me a letter of four pages. The script and the signature are both as before, and the internal evidences of identity and of his continued interest in the household are overwhelming. For instance, in regard to the state of health of a near relative, which at present is causing anxiety, he controverted emphatically two remarks he must recently have overheard being made by two of my daughters, and of which I had been made aware, but of which the medium had been in entire ignorance. I simply give this additional detail, as showing that our spirit friends are often very 'watchful,' and in the present instance our former medico has been specially observant. He also again sends his regards to Mr. A. These adminicles of evidence afford me further proof, if such were necessary, of the identity of Dr. M.

#### TRUE PRAYER.

We have received a report of an interesting lecture delivered by Mr. W. J. Colville, in Australia, upon 'Prayer: Its Real Efficacy in the Light of Mental Science,' in the course of which the speaker gave expression to many thoughtful and spiritually helpful ideas. He clearly summed up his argument in the following words:—

'An earnest, faithful prayer at night, before falling asleep, often disposes the mind to the reception of illumination during sleep, when otherwise troublesome dreams or broken rest would have ensued. When we are in earnest enough about anything to pray steadily for it, we are setting occult machinery in motion to bring it to pass; but true prayer never dictates ways and means, and never presumptuously or inquisitively suggests how an event should or probably must take place. We give our students everywhere the following concise directions in connection with instruction concerning prayer, in our lessons on psychic healing:—

'1. Let us bear in mind that we are living in an orderly, well regulated universe, with the order of which we cannot, and should never seek to, interfere; therefore our rightful aspiration is for added light; never should we seek to accomplish the unnatural, and concerning the strictly supernatural we may honestly confess ignorance.

'2. Never let us pray for anything which includes conflict between diverse interests, but seek only to see our own duties clearly and do them faithfully.

'3. Always let us remember that reciprocity is the law of life; that we are co-operating entities sustaining interdependent mutual relationships; consequently the good of one enhances the well-being of all; likewise the welfare of all includes the health of each.

'4. Let us never seek to discover at the outset through what channels those blessings will flow to us which we need to embody in our work, but confidently expect the right means to be employed to convey to us whatever will conduce to the most efficient performance of our mission.

'The prayer of faith opens our spiritual vision to behold in due season the special steps we need to take—always one by one—to reach the goal of ultimate attainment of our highest hopes. Whenever an undertaking is commenced in full assurance of faith that it is a righteous project, we should hold ourselves ready to await the coming of all the assistance necessary to its entirely successful conduct.'

#### 'CAN DOGS SEE SPIRITS?'

I have heard two or three instances of dogs having been supposed to have seen spirits, but not having notes of what I heard at the time, I will not attempt to give an account of these. But I have witnessed personally two instances which I fully believe to have been cases in point; of these I took notes directly afterwards, and I will now put down the events as they occurred.

I am well used to dogs, and have been amongst them all my life. I exhibit some, and have six at the present time, all different in character, and as distinct in their natures as so many people.

About the middle of May I paid a visit to a well-known medium. Some days afterwards, I was sitting alone in my room in the dusk, with one of my dogs curled up on my knee, a toy dog of very delicate breed, and of most gentle disposition, amiable and friendly with all visitors. My back was towards the door, when suddenly the dog got up, pricked her ears, seemed to listen, and then stood up, putting her forepaws on my shoulder in order to see *over* me and *behind* me at the door, as she would have done had anyone come into the room. Her eyes followed something about the room, about the height of the head of a person, and she seemed to take great interest in something or somebody; then she looked at me, as much as to ask why I made no advances to this 'thing' in which she appeared to be so much interested. It was so uncomfortable that I turned my chair round and faced the door, not liking this watching of the dog, and the feeling of someone being behind me. After a while, the dog settled down on my lap again as before. This experience was distinctly uncomfortable to me.

About a week after this, I was very wakeful one night, waking after short intervals; sometimes I lit a candle and read, but at last, about one or two o'clock, or perhaps later, I lay quite restful and comfortable, but very wide awake.

A dog that sleeps in my room, about this time jumped up on my bed and settled herself across the bed, with her head towards the door. This dog is not a toy dog and is of very decided character, very affectionate to me, but a most determined fighter, and an excellent house guard. I should be very sorry for any stranger who came into my room at night. Even those of the household she would growl at if they came in without knocking; a stranger she would certainly fly at.

The room was just light enough to see objects in it faintly, and I saw the dog get up and lie in an attitude of attention, instead of curled up, as she had been. Her head was to the door. She pricked her ears, and began to growl gently under her breath, at the door, as it seemed to me, and I tried to listen if anyone was coming up the stairs, or on the landing. However, she then began to do *just the same* as the other dog had done previously, moved her head in accordance (so it seemed) with the movements of some person in the room, as if they came from the door, stopped, went towards the window, stopped again, on to the foot of the bed, and so on. The dog growled all the time, but did not offer to fly at any one, nor to bark. This went on for some ten minutes, I patting her meanwhile and soothing her down, fearing she would bark and raise the whole house; and finally she seemed to be quit of this visitor, and curled herself up on the bed but refused to go down again to her own basket.

The medium to whom I went thinks the dogs saw a spirit on each occasion. She has seen dogs every time I have paid her a visit, which she says is not usual. She described a dachshund going out of the gate with me on my first visit, but she did not know the kind of dog. I lost a very old favourite of this breed about four years ago. She also described two mastiffs as accompanying a spirit near me on one occasion, and mastiffs have had a local connection with some of my family.

Is it possible that dogs can see our surroundings (as well as spirits) and so form their opinion of us, which is certainly a very decided one in most cases? Personally, all animals are fond of me; even strange ones are quiet, and I can train them with great facility, but I am extremely fond of all animals, and seem to understand what they think of, and they seem equally to understand me.

'ASTRA.'

## ON THE NAME 'GOD.'

BY RICHARD HARTE.

The little breeze raised by a remark of mine about Providence and 'coal-scuttles' a few weeks ago, shows that the fundamental problem of Religion—the nature of God—lies very near the surface of Spiritualism. This is only natural, since a large proportion of Spiritualists look upon Spiritualism as a religion; but that little breeze also shows how necessary is a clear idea of what that fundamental problem of Religion really is; and, with all due respect to my critics, the recent correspondence in 'LIGHT' about the Providence of God betrays a certain confusion of ideas in regard to the three meanings of the name 'God.' Now, although 'LIGHT' is not a 'religious organ,' but professes to be 'a Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research,' I think that this subject is of sufficient importance to all Spiritualists to justify me in asking permission to call attention in your columns to the marked distinction which exists, but is too seldom recognised, between those three meanings of the Sacred Name.

In the first place, God is the name given to the 'First Cause' of everything that exists. This is the 'Unknowable,' the 'Unconditioned,' or the 'Unconscious' of Herbert Spencer, and other philosophers; it is the Omnipotent, the Eternal, the Infinite God of Religion; it is the 'Supreme' of the Bagvad Gita; it is the 'One without a second' of the Hindu Religio-philosophy; it is the 'Great Breath' (without a breather) of the Buddhist. In fact, this is Deity in the unmanifested state, which we can only attempt to explain to ourselves by calling it 'the Permanent Possibility of Existence.' This unmanifested Deity is the source of everything that exists, on all the planes of being. It is impersonal. It is not living, because it is in itself Life; it is not conscious, because it is in itself Consciousness; it has no qualities, or attributes, or relations, because it is in itself Quality, Attribute, and Relation. It contains in itself infinite possibilities of life, consciousness, quality, and relation, only one of which infinite possibilities exists in the universe which is now manifested—much as this sheet of paper on which I write contains only one of the innumerable things I might write upon it. If we would represent Deity by a symbol, a block of marble might serve for that purpose; for that block of marble is a true 'plenum,' since it contains, as possibilities, the image or likeness of every form that has ever existed, or ever will exist. The Kabba, or sacred stone of the Mahomedans, is perhaps worshipped as typical of God in this all-comprehensive, impersonal sense.

In the second place, God is the name used for one particular form, among an infinity of possible forms, which Deity assumes when manifesting in this actually existing Cosmos. God is then no longer the name of an Infinite Possibility, but the name of a fact—of the one great and only Fact. God then becomes personal, an entity, a spirit as distinguished from spirit; 'conditioned,' conscious, sensitive to pain and pleasure; endowed with intelligence, will, and purpose; subject to law and necessity, and to the limitations of cause and effect. God in this sense bears much the same relation to God in the sense of Deity, that the statue of some particular individual bears to the infinite possibility of statues contained in the block of marble out of which that one statue was sculptured. The characteristic of everything which exists is impermanence. Every manifestation of Deity comes into what we call 'existence,' lasts for a time, becomes exhausted or worn out, and goes out of existence again; and this must necessarily be true of our present universe, the sum total of all manifested existences; therefore the highest God (in this personal sense) can be but a temporary manifestation of Deity. Though Brahma, or the personal, conditioned God, may live for untold aeons, he is, after all, but a transitory manifestation of Brahman, the impersonal Permanent Possibility of Existence.

In the third place, the name God is used as synonymous with 'my idea of God'; and God in this sense varies in nature and attributes from age to age, from nation to nation, and from individual to individual, and has no other existence than as an image in the mind of him who believes in his reality. When these 'my-Gods' cease to be believed

in, they die and disappear. Where are Apollo and Bacchus now? Where are Thor and Woden, Thot and Anubis, Bel and Istar, Agné and Varuna, and the thousands of other 'my-Gods' that have lived their little lives in the minds of their worshippers, and died when these died? It is 'my idea of God' that is the subject matter of Theology; it is 'my idea of God' that will damn you if you do not believe in Him; it is 'my idea of God' that you must love. In England every man is allowed to love and worship his own idea of God; but the maxim 'Love me, love my God' still holds good all over the world, and I tremble in writing this lest I should unwittingly give offence by what I say.

A belief in God in the sense of unmanifested Deity is a necessity for the human mind as soon as it has reached a certain stage of development. A belief in God, in the sense of Deity manifested in Nature or the Cosmos, is an inference which is unavoidable as soon as a certain amount of knowledge of Nature on all the different 'planes,' physical, psychic and spiritual, has been accumulated. A belief that a God really exists who corresponds to the image which a person fashions for himself, and sets up in his mind, is the product of 'suggestion'—of the verbal suggestion of a 'religious teacher,' or of the auto-suggestion which comes from an erroneous inference drawn from a false analogy. The first is the God of Philosophy; the second is the God of Science; the third is the God of Theology.

It stands to reason that even the fullest manifestation of Deity, even the highest existing, personal, 'living' God, can know nothing of unmanifested Deity, the eternal source of all life. Of the nature and attributes of manifested Deity nothing is, or can be, known to us except by experience, through inference from observation on the various planes of being on which we exist. As to 'my idea of God,' about whom theologians dispute, and whose nature and attributes are determined by Canon of Council, Act of Parliament, or decree of Pontiff, and whom we can mould and fashion to our liking, all we can do is to give our votes in favour of 'an honest God,' who, according to Ingersoll, is 'the noblest work of Man.'

Manifested Deity, the divine person or entity 'whose body Nature is, and God the soul,' has undoubtedly likes and dislikes, wishes and purposes, but what these are we cannot know by imagining, as our theologians do, what we would feel, and think, and do if we were God. We can but infer without bias, from a comprehensive knowledge of Nature as a whole, what those preferences, wishes, and purposes really are, and then, as a matter of prudence, conform ourselves to them. Deity in manifesting becomes organised, in a hierarchical fashion, into innumerable apparently independent, but in reality interdependent, centres of life; and these, from the lowest to the highest, are wheels within wheels. The higher grades in the Divine Hierarchy are unknown to, and unrecognised by, us at present, for we are completely absorbed in the worship of 'my idea of God,' and only vaguely and feebly allude to these Celestial Beings as Guardian Angels, or as Arch Angels. It is these Celestial Beings that were caricatured in the Gods of the Heathen. They are component parts of God, much as our organs are component parts of ourselves. And Man himself, being also a manifestation of Deity and an actual fact, is necessarily an integral part of God, the all-comprehensive Fact.

We are only now becoming aware that we are as yet almost wholly ignorant of the fundamental facts on which a true Religion must be based—ignorant of the very elements of a real Theology. But I must cease, for I have already trespassed too much on your valuable space. I shall only say in conclusion, if you will permit me to do so, that any of your readers who are interested in these ideas will find them more fully put forward, in a popular form, in two little books of mine which were published some time ago, called 'Lay Religion,' and 'The New Theology.'

'HELP WANTED.'—'Sale' wishes to express his hearty and sincere thanks to those ladies and gentlemen who have so nobly responded to his appeal for help, and to the mental healer who is giving treatment to a 'soul on fire.'—'SALE.'

\* See the advertising columns of 'LIGHT.'

## HELEN WILMANS' PROPHETIC VISIONS.

I have just read your remarks on the psychic power I sometimes manifest. It is so common with me that I rarely speak of it. Occasionally it is prophetic; and I must say I cannot understand prophecy; how anybody can know what is going to happen before it happens—if the thing is out of the common way—I cannot tell.

About six weeks ago, when my daughter Ada was with me—the one who interprets my symbols—I was sitting on the porch. It was almost dark. Our electrician, Mr. Michaels, was off duty; someone told us he was ill in bed. I was looking up the street in the direction of his house. There was an open space among the trees through which the river shone white. In this open space as I looked, with eyes wide open, I saw a huge butterfly come into shape. It appeared quite six feet wide across the wings. Dark as it was, I saw the colours as plainly as if it had been daylight. They were sombre; brown and black with a little yellow. I called Ada and told her what I saw. 'Mamma,' she said, in a startled voice, 'Mr. Michaels is going to die.' I said, 'Nonsense!' and thought no more of it. The next day Mr. Michaels was better. A neighbour called in the evening, late, and told us he was up and dressed. After the neighbour left, Ada came out, and I told her. As I was telling her I looked in that direction again, and there was the same butterfly. 'What can it mean?' I asked.

'Mamma! it means that that good, splendid man is going to die,' she said.

He did die in three days.

About a week later my husband, who has great confidence in my psychic powers, came and sat on the porch by me and said: 'Close your eyes and try if you can see Michaels.'

I did not close my eyes, but looked out upon the river. In a few moments I saw a boat, through the openings of the trees. There were five or six men in it and several were rowing. When it came clear of the trees a man stood up in it, smiling, and waved his hat at me. It was Michaels. There is not the shadow of a mistake about it. *It was Michaels*; and he was smiling as usual. I scarcely ever met the man that he did not smile. The boat passed by our landing, and turned in at the next landing, near which he had lived. It went under some trees and I saw it no more. The whole thing was so vivid that unconsciously I rose to my feet and waved my hand at him. But my husband saw nothing.

Several years ago a Mr. Dorr brought his wife to me to be cured of rheumatism. She was the frailest looking creature I ever saw; worn to a skeleton with sickness. Mr. Dorr was six feet six inches tall, and well proportioned, and strong as a giant. He was a splendid specimen of our Westerners. He was in the habit of carrying his wife to our house for her treatment as if she had been a baby. One day while I was treating her I saw an alarming symbol. After the treatment I found an opportunity and told him of it. I was tremendously impressed. I felt sure she was going to die.

He was on his way to a Southern town where he intended going into business, and I said: 'If you take your wife there you will lose her.' But he was one of those men who could not be daunted. 'Why,' he said, 'if Nell should begin to get worse, I'd snatch her on the cars quicker than you could wink, and bring her back here.'

What I saw was three balls that seemed to start from somewhere up north; they passed over the Capitol building at Washington, and then over the town of Douglasville, where I was staying. They passed on south until they were over a small village of unpainted houses. In this village there was one large house; a very large frame house, as plainly built as could be. Right over the top of this house the balls fell, and broke the ridge pole of the roof; after which the building collapsed and went entirely to pieces. Then out of the dust there arose three immense black plumes and waved backward and forward three times.

When Mr. Dorr asked what my interpretation was, I pointed to the fact that the number three was impressed upon me; whether three weeks or three months I could not tell; but it meant death; and who else could it mean but Mrs. Dorr?

'It don't mean Nelly,' he said; 'and as for me when I "kick the bucket" I'll let you know beforehand.' Then he went on in his humorous way talking about kicking the bucket—which is Western vernacular for dying; and finally he sang a song about climbing the golden stair.

In a few weeks, Mrs. Dorr being quite recovered, they started for their new Southern home, and I heard never a word from them for nearly three months. Every few days some of the family remarked on their silence; and one evening they insisted on my trying to get some news. My husband said he had a question to ask mentally. I closed my eyes and kept seeing things, but nothing that I considered of any importance. I said, 'I can't do it. It is all a jumble of nonsense.'

'Well, tell me what you saw,' insisted my husband.

I saw first of all a pair of very large boots upside down and empty. Then I saw a water 'bucket,' and a large foot gave it a kick; after that I saw a ladder that was made out of brass or gold; and a large pair of boots was climbing it.

'Who wore the boots?' my husband asked.

'I don't know; I only saw the boots.'

Now Mr. Dorr's boots had been a subject of amusement for us. Boots were out of fashion, and we used to coax him to dispense with them. It was our nonsense that brought them into prominence.

After I told what I had seen my husband said: 'Helen, Dorr is dead!'

'It is not so,' I said, startled almost into anger.

'It is so,' said Charley.

*And it was so.* News of it came in a few days. Now note the prophecy that came during the treatment I was giving Mrs. Dorr; the impression of the number three; and it was the ridge pole of the largest house in town that was broken. The prophecy related to Mr. Dorr instead of his wife. The wife is now living in Chicago, Illinois. I have given the right names.

HELEN WILMANS.

Sea Breeze, Florida, U.S.A.

## COLONEL H. S. OLCOTT'S BELIEF IN 'FAIRIES.'

According to the Chicago 'Chronicle,' Colonel H. S. Olcott, in a lecture recently delivered by him in that city, made reference to a former address given by him in Dublin, on 'Irish Fairies.' The Colonel repeated, what he then affirmed, viz., that, in his opinion, 'the fairy stories that are told by the Irish peasantry are true.' He continued:—

'There were fairies, and there are fairies to-day. They hover through the air and have power over various phases of animal and vegetable existence. They influence our lives. They can be called forth by certain influences and made to exert their power in the same way in which they are accredited with doing in the tales we tell our children. Some of them are good fairies and some of them are bad fairies. They can be used by bad influences and they can be used for moral purposes.

'There are plenty of men who can call these fairies and make them do their bidding. All the stories that are included in the folklore of the nations are true or are based on facts. This is my candid belief, and I believe that I am upheld in it by scientific facts. When I first made the statement that I believed in the denizens of the air, one of the London papers said: "Colonel Olcott must be a very courageous man to express his belief in fairies at this period of civilisation." Well, I am a courageous man, and I assert solemnly that I believe in fairies.'

AMONG all the amount of talk in the world about occultism, magic powers, immortality of the body, &c., there is no real vital thought. Whatever real occult powers, so-called magic powers, or great knowledge of spiritual things, have been obtained by anyone, no matter what his religious beliefs or teachings may be, be he Hindu, Chinese, Roman Catholic or Protestant, the story is always just the same; that is, a life of purity, and true soul or childlike devotion to God the Eternal Spirit; a recognition that in and of the individual self there is great need of, and an earnest reaching out to, the fountain of all knowledge, wisdom, and power; to gather to one's self those attributes which correspond perfectly to the teachings of Christ of Nazareth.—'Occult and Biological Journal.'



OFFICE OF 'LIGHT,' 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,  
LONDON, W.C.  
SATURDAY, JULY 13th, 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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### THE PSYCHIC POWERS OF JESUS.

If Spiritualists knew what was good for them they would rally round the Jesus of the Gospels with possibly more eagerness than they would manifest in any other direction. He is more truly their representative than any other being in history. From first to last he is supremely the mediator or medium between the world of sense and the world of spirit. This fact has lately been brought out in an Address of great insight by the Rev. R. Heber Newton, just published in the 'Proceedings of the Second Annual Convention of the International Metaphysical League,' held last winter in New York. The volume is one of very unusual interest, containing, as it does, nearly thirty Papers of much spiritual value, written by some of the brightest thinkers in America. It is published by the League at its offices, in Boston, Mass., at 50 cents.

We select Mr. Heber Newton's enlightened Paper, not only because it is intensely alive with spiritual thought, but because, in concentrating attention upon the psychic powers of Jesus, it captures, by a flank movement of a most legitimate character, every man on the Christian side: and it does this by showing that Jesus was essentially a psychic or spiritualist medium; and, beyond that, a witness to Humanity's permanent and growing psychic or spiritual powers.

If the Gospels are to be credited, Jesus undoubtedly possessed these powers in a very high degree: and these powers were manifested in numerous and most varied ways. He could read the thoughts of those who were about him. This is frequently affirmed, and it is expressly said that 'he knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of men, for he knew what was in man.'

He had also a strange power of distant vision; that is to say, he was clairvoyant. To the Roman centurion who came to ask his help for his dying son, he said, 'Thy son liveth': and, as he went on his way home, his servants met him with the news that the crisis was past and that his son was better: and then, asking them when the change took place, 'the father knew that it was at the same hour in which Jesus had assured him that his son was alive.' Several other cases of a similar kind, Mr. Newton cites.

He possessed, too, the power to read the future and the past; witness the case of the woman of Samaria, and his foreseeing his own end, with its triumphant climax: 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.' He knew who the betrayer would be. 'In his triumphal procession, welcomed with the acclaims of the populace, a vision of the future of that beautiful city opened to him. He saw the

Roman armies encamped about the holy city; he saw the horrors of the siege. Filled with sorrow, in the vision of this view of coming horrors, he burst forth into tears.'

He had the power of mastering men, in a way not to be accounted for by our ordinary methods: how else could he have driven the money-changers and the stall-keepers from the temple? In the Garden of Gethsemane, his was the really kingly presence there. When his captors told him whom they sought, he said: 'I am he'; and, 'as soon as he had said, "I am he," they went backward and fell to the ground.' Mr. Newton, in describing this incident, hardly brings out with sufficient sharpness the palpable intervention of spirit-forces here. His 'somewhat in his presence so majestic, so divine' hardly accounts for what happened.

He apparently had the power to make himself invisible. When the ignorant and bigoted Jews set upon him, to fling him from the brow of a hill near by, 'he, passing through, went his way.' Mr. Newton justly says: 'The indication to my own mind is that, for the moment, he escaped their vision: and, right through the midst of the throng, glided out from the crowd, no man seeing or recognising him as he thus escaped. A similar tale is given of his appearance, in the latter part of his life, in the temple. The mystics' dream of the helmet of invisibility would seem to have been realised in these experiences of Jesus.'

Above all, he had the power of healing, with a look, a word, a touch, or, at a distance. The excitement about his person and his movements largely turned upon his possession and exercise of this power. The subtle nature of this power is impressively brought out in the story of the woman with the 'issue of blood' who was immediately healed by touching the hem of his robe. 'He was instantly conscious of the touch, and said to his disciples: "Who touched me?" . . . They reminded the Master of the throng round about him. He knew the difference between the touch of accident and the touch of purpose; between the touch of curiosity and the touch of believing desire,' and said, 'Virtue is gone out of me.'

The Gospels being the witness, he was a medium for levitation: he heard voices of unseen beings, and 'angels ministered unto him.' At the 'Transfiguration,' his disciples saw Moses and Elias talking with him. 'There can be no mistaking the fact,' says Mr. Newton, 'that, from the beginning to the end of his career, he is in habitual communion with the unseen spheres; has power to summon presences from the other world, has power to see their forms, to hear their voices, and to maintain habitual converse with them. These are the records concerning Jesus. What are we to make of them? What, indeed! These things are 'woven in and out of the whole story. They cannot be pulled out of that story without pulling it to pieces.'

What Mr. Newton makes of them is this—that Jesus manifested normal human powers. He assured his disciples that they should do 'greater works'; and 'the story of the primitive Church is one of the habitual and systematic exercise of these powers.' There is no question here of the violation of law. What we call 'miracles' are effects of adequate causes, and the causes inhere in our nature. 'The powers of Jesus were the powers of a man. They were human powers.' 'They are the powers latent in all men, as they are the children of God—the potentialities of every man, as he is the son of God. Given his growth into the divine image, and there will be his growth into the powers of the divine man.' This is rather remarkable teaching for a clergyman of the Episcopal Church.

Mr. Newton holds that these powers are now again emerging, and says: 'In the marvellous range of psychic powers opening upon the close of our century, we behold

the counterparts of every strange psychic force of Jesus.' 'Since 1840,' says Mr. Newton, 'these experiences have multiplied, challenging the attention of the world as never before. For the first time in human history, these experiences have been studied systematically and scientifically. Despite every attempt at explanation, in the face of ridicule unstinted, these experiences have persisted in remaining with us. . . . Wherever one turns, he will find hosts of intelligent, thoughtful, educated people who are thoroughly persuaded in the reality of communion with the unseen world.' That is true, but something else and something deeper is true—that these psychic powers are themselves 'signs and wonders'—veritable predictions and pledges of 'the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory,' awaiting us when we part forever with this earthly tabernacle, and pass on to the 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

#### HASTY CONCLUSIONS.

If you think the following incident likely to be of general interest, and to serve also as a warning against hasty conclusions, I shall be pleased if you will make use of it:—

About three years ago I was greatly desirous of becoming acquainted with some Spiritualists, hoping thus to have opportunities for investigating things that very strongly attracted me. To this end I advertised in 'LIGHT' to be received as a paying guest in a Spiritualist family. I was fortunate in getting into a haunted house inhabited by two mediums.

My experiences began forthwith, but it is of the first one only that I am now about to speak.

On the day of my arrival I was unpacking, and having placed some articles—among them a large sized box of Vinolia Cream—on a high shelf in a cupboard, I crossed the room, and was kneeling in front of my trunk when something struck the floor near me with a loud bang! After a little searching I discovered the Vinolia box under a chair, about as far from the cupboard as the room allowed of. If it had fallen in a natural way (which, however, was absolutely impossible from the spot where I had placed it) it would of course have dropped straight down and remained there—the round metal box being enclosed in a square cardboard covering.

Later in the week I was informed through 'Planchette' that this little surprise had been given me by my 'Uncle Jim,' in token of the presence of spirit friends, and of welcome. I remarked that I was sorry to find fraud associated with the episode, for I never had any uncle. This took place nearly three years ago. While with my brother at Bournemouth lately, he requested me to hunt up a family record in my possession, tracing as far back as 1660. Before handing it over, not having seen it for many years, I somewhat idly glanced through it, and coming down to almost the latest entries, I found my mother's name, those of her sisters, and, to my utter astonishment, the words 'also a son James who died when six weeks old.' So I had an 'Uncle Jim' after all! or rather I have him still, and he has made his presence known to me, and I am glad to find that there was no fraud where I too rashly believed to have found it.

C. S. E.

MR. W. J. COLVILLE.—In another column we publish an interesting communication from Mr. W. J. Colville, but we have one item of news which he was too modest to mention, but which has reached us from another correspondent, namely, that he has been presented with a gold watch and chain by his admirers in Sydney.

'THE SPIRITUAL REVIEW.'—The July issue of 'The Spiritual Review' is a valuable and varied one. Mr. R. Cooper relates interesting incidents which occurred in the early days of the movement in this country. Mr. William Oxley re-states his experiences with different mediums for physical demonstrations, and the Editor, in his 'Matters of Moment,' has some wise and weighty words regarding the status of Spiritualism in this country at the present time. Reviews, letters, and several interesting articles make up a useful issue of this magazine.

#### OLD-TIME EXPERIENCES.

(Continued from page 319.)

I think we should talk of 'mediumistic education,' much as we speak of 'hypnotic education.' The old mesmerisers did not know, for a long time, that their apparently insensible subjects were perfectly conscious of what went on, and heard everything that was said in their presence. Many hypnotisers are still oblivious of that fact, and unconsciously 'educate' their subjects; and I feel sure that spirits are liable to conform, to a considerable extent, to suggestions given them unconsciously by the sitters. I only wish to mention now the suggestion that they cannot manifest if there is much light—'much light' sometimes being anything above one fire-fly power. As sure as any hesitation is for any reason manifested by the manifesting spirit, some sitter will declare that 'there is too much light'; and there come three raps from the cabinet, and down goes the light to nothing. In the twelve private sittings with Mrs. Cadwell, mentioned in a previous paper, I determined to see if I could not get the spirits to accept the suggestion of 'more light,' and having got the consent of the others I gradually raised the light until we sat with two out of the three gas burners well turned on, and the chandelier hung right in front of the cabinet. One evening at Mrs. Williams' séance, when she occupied a flat in Sixth Avenue, I had an experience which I consider was a remarkable 'specimen.' Mrs. Williams had not been feeling well all day, and when séance time came she decided not to give a sitting, and the roomful of people were turned away; but hardly had they gone when five friends of the medium arrived from the New Jersey side, and evinced so much disappointment at the prospect of being sent away empty that Mrs. Williams consented to sit, declaring, however, that she did not consider this a 'proper séance.' Now the lady who conducted the séances had left, and I, who had 'loitered on the premises,' offered my services in that respect. The light, which shone right into the faces of the spirits, generally consisted of one-half jet of gas in a blue globe. I lit the two jets, the second one being naked, and turned them down very low; and Mrs. Williams, before she went into the cabinet, warned me that, as she was ailing, the spirits would only be able to stand very little light. I said to myself 'Ha, ha! we'll see!' and as soon as she was entranced I turned both gas jets full on. Mrs. Williams was right; the spirits could not stand much light, but that was just the beauty of it! What happened was that one after another the spirits appeared at the curtain in various degrees of completion. At these séances, the spirits who came for the first or second times used to open the curtain timidly themselves; but when they grew hardened, the curtain was raised for them at each side by independent hands (which were occasionally seen), the spirit being thus suddenly brought into view. On this occasion the curtains were quickly drawn aside in that fashion, and held back, and what we saw was a form partly materialised; and this was followed by others in a similar state. Sometimes there would be no eyes, sometimes the lower part, or the side of the face would be missing; sometimes the body would be a mere shapeless pillar; and in every instance the spirit in a moment collapsed—either sinking down into a shapeless mass, or throwing up the arms and dissolving as it fell backwards. Now, what astonished me was that, one after another, the spirits faced that destructive light, to the number of ten or twelve, and made no complaint. No voice came from the cabinet; no attempt was made by the cabinet spirits to gauge the light before allowing the materialised form to burst into view. The five friends of the medium said nothing; they seemed to be as surprised and interested as I was myself. At last one of them suggested that the light was too strong; and it had to be lowered considerably below its ordinary regulation height, before the spirits could come out and behave as they usually did. I had not the courage to tell the medium what I had done, and I advised her friends not to mention it; so perhaps she does not know it to this day. Mrs. Williams was the most kind-hearted woman possible, but she had a temper of her own!

At that time it was rather difficult to distinguish between Mrs. Williams and her control, especially in the twilight,

when I sometimes called in to have a chat. On these occasions she frequently saw and talked to spirits, when in her normal state. On several occasions, when controlled by 'Brighteyes,' she took my handkerchief, and with a quick sewing movement of the fingers made it into a bag, which she allowed me to take into my hands, but which I never had light enough to examine. It certainly was put together firmly; but the medium had no needle and thread, and the bag came undone when she gave it a shake. She foretold on several occasions what spirits would come to me at the next sitting. In this way she described and gave the name of a spirit who lived in London at the beginning of last century and was an occultist. She said that he told her there was a book of his in the Astor Library. Needless to say, I searched for it; but I found that in the book the two baptismal names of the spirit were in reverse order from what he said; he stuck to his version of it, and I don't know whether he or his book is right. It was the spirit of an old man with white hair and black skull-cap, high cheek bones, a high forehead, a long white beard, deeply sunk eyes, and dressed in a kind of dressing gown—altogether a characteristic and remarkable personality. He told me he was much attracted to me, and that he had died in great poverty ('*Absit omen!*' thought I). He came quite strongly, and the very first time he appeared he seemed to read my thoughts. I was thinking that his beard looked rather like tow; he smiled at me and said, 'Come and pull it.' It was certainly hair, and I pulled it gently. 'No, pull it hard,' he said, 'try if you can pull it off!' I gave it a tug that might have pulled off a horse's tail, but that beard stuck tight!

One day I called on Mrs. Williams and found a lady friend of hers there, who proposed that we three should sit 'for the lights' (in total darkness); Mrs. Williams consented, and we darkened the room, placed a large round table against the wall, and put our hands on it. In a few minutes the lights appeared. There were flashes of light all about, streaks from one to three feet long, and balls of bluish light which moved slowly in front of us and over our heads; but the prettiest lights were what Mrs. Williams' friend (a medium, but not a public one) called 'the butterflies.' These were bluish lights that fluttered, several at a time, all about the room, chiefly near the ceiling, with a motion just like that of a butterfly, but they seemed to be bigger than that pretty creature. All this time we heard many footsteps behind us in the room, and were frequently touched; and presently some of the cabinet spirits said, 'Good evening, friends,' and began to talk. It was interesting to me, for the two ladies chatted with these spirits about things and people, exactly as if they were mortals like ourselves. One of the cabinet spirits came behind me and laid his hand on my forehead; it was icy cold, and I asked him why it was so. Instead of replying he took it off and immediately put it there again, when I found it pleasantly warm. The only explanation he gave was that the conditions in spirit life are different from those of earth life! One of the Indian guides came behind me and saluted me. I asked permission to touch him; this was allowed, and turning in my chair, I felt all down the form, which was dressed in Indian costume; at least I infer so, for I felt a dress composed of leather, feathers, and beads. We did not sing any hymns, but laughed and talked all the time. Sometimes, however, the spirits at these dark sittings were in a serious mood, and talked in a very profound strain, enunciating a religious philosophy of an advanced kind, imbued with Eastern ideas of religion and life. 'Brighteyes' always spoke of 'Mr. God,' but in a reverent way. The voices of some of Mrs. Williams' male controls were a very deep bass, such as no woman could possibly imitate. Neither could one woman speak in two voices at the same time. Some twenty years ago, Mrs. Williams was one of several very remarkable materialising mediums in New York.

(To be continued.)

A cheque for £92 12s. 10d. has been received by Dr. Josiah Oldfield on behalf of the hospital of St. Francis, S.E., from the Ven. Basil Wilberforce and Lord Llangattock. This amount represents the Hospital Sunday collection at St. John's Church, Westminster, and is presented to St. Francis because, by the foundation of this general hospital, no vivisection can be done at or in connection with it.

'CHRONOS.'

## THE FRENCH PSYCHICAL PRESS.

### 'ETUDES PSYCHIQUES.'

The latest number of '*Revue des Etudes Psychiques*' contains a very interesting article on some phenomena recorded in a previous issue. We regret that the article is too long for reproduction in its entirety. The phenomena of which it treats are briefly as follows:—

A gentleman, called M. Bessi, sent to the editor the account of two experiences. The first was this: M. Bessi one evening in December, 1899, was quietly talking to his wife's family, at Panicale, in Ombrie, when a sound like that of a gun-shot was heard in the room; and the smell of powder was distinctly detected. Search was made, and the owners of the house were questioned. They seemed disturbed, and told M. Bessi that this was not the first occasion on which such a thing had occurred, and that it had always been the precursor of the speedy death of a relative. They had hardly done speaking when a bell was heard to ring: it announced the arrival of a relative whose house was some distance off. He came to state that he too had heard the mysterious report of a gun. A fortnight later the mother of this man died suddenly.

A fortnight after the above occurrence M. Bessi was working alone in a room in the same house at Panicale, when by mistake he put out his candle. Raising his eyes to the large mirror which covered a part of the wall, he was startled to see the following scene enacted before his eyes. It seemed to him that the mirror was transparent, and he saw through it a lighted room—not belonging to the house however. In it he saw an old lady, the mother of the cousin who had visited him just after the sound of the gun had been heard; she was writing, and when she had finished doing so she placed the written sheet in a drawer of the writing table and seemed to fall asleep in the chair where she sat. The vision faded gradually. On the morning following this vision the old lady was found dead in her room: in the drawer of the table was found her will.

M. Cesar de Vesme seems to have made full and careful inquiries into the circumstances of this narrative. The answers to his questions were ample and satisfactory: he discusses the case at length in an article which occupies a dozen pages and affords interesting reading.

This is followed by another article, also interesting, in which M. Bozzano states his opinion that the impression of '*déjà vu*' ('already seen'), experienced by so many, is due to premonitory dreams. M. Bozzano relates an experience of his own which certainly supports his theory.

Among other interesting matter in this number of the review there is an article on the new President of the Society for Psychical Research, Principal Oliver Lodge. It is a short but appreciative summary of his past connection with science and psychical research; and particularly draws attention to the unflinching attitude he assumed when he maintained that, even if Eusapia Paladino were fraudulent during the sittings at Cambridge, that fact did not invalidate the evidence which had convinced him of the genuineness of the phenomena he had previously witnessed with her. Such a truly judicial and scientific attitude of mind is beyond all praise. Unfortunately, it is far from being the common property of all psychical researchers.

Those who read French easily may find it worth while to peruse this excellent number, which may be obtained from 23, Passage Saulmier, Paris.

### 'LE SPIRITUALISME MODERNE.'

In '*Le Spiritualisme Moderne*' we find a letter addressed by M. Bera to the Editor of '*L'Echo du Merveilleux*,' in defence of Madame Rothe's mediumship. After pointing out that even were fraud *proved* against her on certain occasions—which so far is not the case, since the suspicious circumstances do not amount to proof—still this would not absolutely disprove the abnormal character of much of the phenomena which have been witnessed. He asks by what means such facts as these could be normally accounted for, viz.: that a room previously scentless should become filled with the odour of flowers, and that flowers should be presented both dry and glistening with water. He repeats that



a branch of mimosa was brought to him at a season when florists could not procure it for him. Commandant Bera also states that Madame Rothe has never to his knowledge accepted the smallest remuneration for her services. To this M. Baudelot adds his testimony, and a postscript informs us that Madame Rothe intends to come to London in October, without M. Jentsch. If this intention is fulfilled we may hope shortly to have opportunities for careful investigation of her powers.

### COUNTERPARTS.

The numerous letters which I receive from various parts of the world inquiring about the Brotherhood of the New Life lead me to think that the correction of some recent Theosophic errors on the subject of Counterparts would be of use. In the 'Vahan,' for June, 1901, 'X. Y.' asks what is the fundamental truth underlying the doctrine of counterparts. This 'fundamental truth' is just the doctrine itself; nothing more, nothing less. The Theosophical replies to this question show that the writers have not yet fully grasped the truth. 'G. R. S. M.' says 'Lake Harris's sympneumatic theory was popularised by the genius of Laurence Oliphant.' But Harris never used the term 'sympneumata': the 'counterparts' of which he wrote were not the 'sympneumata' of Oliphant; for the latter were astrals, if not worse: and the teachings which Oliphant gave forth after his secession from the Brotherhood of the New Life were a mere travesty of what Harris taught. No greater mistake could be made by the inquirer than to conclude that the two schools of Harris and Oliphant were identical. 'G. R. S. M.' alludes to the Orphic tradition that 'the original male-female soul, as a punishment for its daring, had been divided by God; and now each part went about in the cycle of necessity seeking for its fellow.' Doubtless these ancient myths embodied, though often in a grotesque form, an occult truth. The myth of the creation of Eve out of Adam approaches, however, far nearer the truth; especially if for *tzila*, a rib, we read *tzalem*, an image. The true doctrine of counterparts, with a refutation of another Theosophic error thereon, is given in 'Respiro's' pamphlet, 'T. L. Harris, the Seer.'

'A. W.' contends that the 'twin-soul' is simply the individual's 'higher self.' 'E. L.' asserts that 'duality, in whatever sense, is imperfection. Unity is the bed-rock of things.' 'A. L. B. H.' declares that the "'twin-soul' is the "sub-conscious mind"; . . . it is incapable of inductive reasoning, it can only make itself felt as an imperious autocrat, it cannot argue, and can never be fully expressed or made evident on the physical plane.' If so, then it is not the 'counterpart' to which Harris refers. The writer continues: 'There is no authority worthy the name for the idea that the Ego has sex; and therefore each soul is looking about, through all infinity, for its complementary soul.' The latter clause is a caricature of the true teaching, and was never taught by Harris: as for the Ego possessing sex, this was taught by Swedenborg, and was not he a giant of intellect?

But even Theosophy is evolving, and gradually, if slowly, absorbing the 'Gospel of the New Life.' In the 'Ancient Wisdom,' 1897, we are thus taught:—

'This bliss-aspect is named in the theosophical terminology, Buddhi; . . . and it belongs to the fourth or Buddhist plane of our universe, the plane on which there is still duality, but where there is no separation. Words fail me to convey the idea, for words belong to the lower planes where duality or separation are ever connected; yet some approach to the idea may be gained. It is a state in which each is himself, with a clearness and vivid intensity which cannot be approached on lower planes; and yet in which each feels himself to include all others, to be one with them, inseparable and inseparable. Its nearest analogy on earth is the condition between two persons who are united by a pure, intense love, which makes them feel as one person, causing them to think, feel, act, live as one, recognising no barrier, no difference, no mine and thine, no separation. (It is for this reason that the bliss of divine love has in many Scriptures been imaged by the profound love of husband and wife, as in the *Ramayana* of the Hindus, the *Song of Solomon* of the Hebrews and Christians. This is also the love of the Sufi mystics, and indeed of all mystics.) It is a faint echo from this plane which makes men seek happiness by union between themselves and the object of their desire, no matter what that object may be. Perfect

isolation is perfect misery; to be stripped naked of everything, to be hanging in the void of space, in utter solitude, nothing anywhere save the lone individual, shut out from all, shut into the separated self: imagination can conceive no horror more intense. The antithesis to this is union, and perfect union is perfect bliss. As this bliss-aspect of the Self begins to send outward its vibrations, these vibrations, as on the planes below, draw round themselves the matter of the plane on which they are functioning; and thus is formed gradually the Buddhist body, or bliss-body, as it is appropriately termed.' (p. 216-8.)

This is, perhaps, as clear an exposition of the sacred doctrine of counterparts as it is possible for Theosophy to evolve at present. The teaching of T. L. Harris goes much farther; and all who desire further knowledge should read the experiences quoted in 'Respiro's' pamphlet, 'Internal Respiration.'

E. W. BERRIDGE, M.D.

48, Sussex-gardens,  
Hyde Park, W.

### SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

To encourage other inquirers, I send you a short account of my experiences in Spiritualism, of which I knew nothing till recently. My first experience came through a pupil of mine whom I did not know before she came for lessons in music. The second time she came she told me I was a born medium, and that I had many spirit forms round me! I was interested, but did not feel quite satisfied that it was a thing I ought to have anything to do with. She begged of me, however, to sit alone and try what impressions I could get from a letter from a friend of mine, just to satisfy her that she was right; and to convince myself I did so, and was surprised to find how passive I could make my brain, and what a clear picture I had of the friend who had written the letter. It was written in a large 'works,' and I had not the slightest idea what the inside of the place was like, but when I described it my friend said I was right. I also described men working in the 'shop,' which I had never seen before. We were very much interested, and visited a room in Sheffield where Spiritualists hold meetings. I must confess that we were somewhat disappointed until a gentleman came to me and said that I was surrounded by spirit friends, several of whom he described, mentioning also the instruments I played, and how I was helped by high-class professionals on 'the other side.' The man was quite a stranger to both of us. I then began to see the spirit form of a lady. I was in the habit of sitting many hours alone, painting, and this lady came and stood beside me with a palette in her hand, and I am sure helped me with my work. She seemed so real to me that I talked to her just as if she was in the body. She is a splendid guide, always trying to help and to do good; she also gives music and poetry. She told me I should develop better in my home with my friend, and we have accordingly sat together about three times a week for six months. To commence our sittings I play the autoharp and my friend the mandola. This attracts spirit friends round us, who sometimes bring violins and 'cello, and play with us, often asking for certain tunes to be played. Others sing, and I can assure you I have never heard anything like the effect; sometimes it sounds as if hundreds of bees were humming, all in harmony with the tune. The next form I saw was that of a gentleman, who gave me some ideas about machinery to give to my friend, and these ideas it is thought may turn out to be valuable. I visited Blackpool and there met a lady who was a Spiritualist of some experience. She told me I could develop automatic writing and diagnose disease. As I was talking to her I saw the form of a clergyman in the room and described him. She said, 'It is the guide of a friend of mine.' When I returned home he came to my room. I was playing a tune at the time, but I did not know the words to it and he gave me five verses for the tune, which I have used ever since. His son also comes; he is a splendid baritone singer. An Indian also comes and shows me some beautiful designs in gold and silver and ivory.

When I go to concerts I often see spirit forms by the artists. One violinist I saw had a spirit form by him, inspiring him and guiding him. When we got home he came to my room and now comes and plays with us. One Sunday

evening we were just going to sit when the form of a clergyman came, wearing a surplice and carrying a violin; he gave the name of Haweis. Owing to the circle in which I had moved, I did not know anything of this gentleman, but my attention having been called to the name in 'LIGHT,' I wrote to the Editor for a photo, which he kindly sent me, and I recognised it at once. This form comes every day, and sometimes only plays but very often speaks and gives good advice. To us the spirit forms are personal friends; we enjoy our sittings very much and wish we had known of Spiritualism long ago. I am sure it is a help to anyone who will follow it in a right spirit. I have only asked one of the forms not to come again. This was a Frenchman. I was sitting for automatic writing when he came and guided my hand, and I wrote three sentences in French, a language I do not speak. He signed his name and told me he should like me to draw. I got some drawing-paper and sat before an easel with closed eyes, and my hand went very quickly over the paper. I did a rough sketch signed by this name. I did not like him at the first but thought I would see what he wanted. I found, however, that my first impression of him was right. He did not care what other spirit friends wanted, he must be always first; but apart from that I could tell that I should very likely lose some of my other friends, for he quite spoiled the harmony of the circle; so I asked him not to come again; he might be useful to someone else, but I could not enjoy his company or work with him as I do with the others. I think it is the same with spirit friends as with earthly friends. I seem to feel at once if I like them or not. From what I have read, and the little experience I have had, I think I have been very fortunate in having such good spirit friends round me, as this is the only one out of a large number that I do not like; not because I think he is a bad man, but he is tiresome, and what I call a 'disturbing element' in our circle.

I have not done much automatic writing, as I am so busy with other things, but I intend to develop it as soon as I have the time to spare, but my time is nearly all taken up with pupils. I have read Mr. Wallis's useful little book, 'How to Develop Mediumship,' and I find we have been carrying out the suggestions almost to the letter, simply by following the advice our spirit friends have given us. I will not use my gifts simply to satisfy curiosity. I want to be of some use in the world, to comfort the sick and help the fallen, to give peace to tired hearts, and hope of a life to come, and I believe this can be done through Spiritualism used in a right way.

A. E. G.

Sheffield.

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'THROUGH THE IVORY GATE.'

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WORDS BY JULIAN STURGIS. MUSIC FROM 'ENGLISH LYRICS,  
SET 3,' BY SIR C. H. H. PARRY.

I had a dream last night,  
Dream of a friend that is dead;  
He came with dawn's first light  
And stood beside my bed.

And as he there did stand,  
With gesture fine and fair,  
He passed a wan white hand  
Over my tumbled hair,

Saying: 'No friendship dieth  
With death of any day;  
No true friendship lieth  
Cold with lifeless clay;

'Though our boyhood's playtime  
Be gone with summer's breath,  
No friendship fades with Maytime,  
No friendship dies with death.'

Then answer had I made  
But that the rapture deep  
Did hold me, half afraid  
To mar that rose of sleep.

So, with closed eyes, I lay,  
Lord of the vision fair;  
And when 'twas perfect day  
Only the day was there.

MR. W. J. COLVILLE.

Though it is a long time since I have sent anything to your columns, I have during my long sojourn at the Antipodes been frequently delighted and edified by the pages of your most instructive journal, which I am happy to say is being very extensively read in the public reading rooms of all the chief Australian cities; no paper, indeed, is more eagerly sought after and diligently perused in the School of Arts Library in Sydney, which is always frequented by an immense crowd of readers. I was very much pleased to see your kind allusion a few months ago to my anticipated return to London. In the course of a business letter to Mr. Lingford I incidentally mentioned my fervent hope that I should soon see London again, not expecting that it would gain such wide publicity as your columns have given it. In consequence of your advertising my expected return to England I have received up to date nearly forty letters from old and new friends inquiring as to the expected date of my arrival and the arrangements to be made for my public appearances and semi-private lectures. I now ask you to inform your numerous readers that my engagement in Sydney—where I am having immense audiences twice and often three times every Sunday, and nearly every evening in the week, either in the city or the suburbs—terminates with the end of July. Early in August I expect to embark on the Canadian Pacific steamer for Vancouver, *en route* for England. I shall no doubt be detained a few months in America, where I have numerous opportunities for lecturing and important business with publishers, but at the very latest I hope to be installed in London early in December next. Before my arrival I shall advertise in your columns full particulars concerning my lecture-courses in London, and hope that our mutual friend, Mrs. Bell-Lewis, whose name I am glad to see often appears in your columns, will again act as advance agent, fully empowered to make engagements for me previous to my arrival.

I am sure you will be glad to learn that very great and serious interest is now being taken all over Australia and New Zealand in all those numerous and important questions which are so ably discussed in your paper from week to week, and you cannot be other than highly pleased to know that your recent editorials have been quoted far and wide, and have given solid help and comfort to many perplexed and doubting people. Mr. Terry, of the 'Harbinger of Light,' in Melbourne, efficiently aided by his extremely competent secretary, Miss Hinge, and a large staff of able assistants, is doing a most successful business and carrying on highly successful and influential meetings. During my recent visit to Melbourne I had immense audiences on several occasions, despite the fact that rain often came down in deluges for several days in succession. In the beautiful city of Adelaide, where I have filled five successful engagements during the past fifteen months, I find unbounded interest in all phases of spiritual and generally progressive thought, and I anticipate equally favourable symptoms when I visit Brisbane, where I expect to lecture immediately I leave Sydney on my way to Vancouver. New Zealand (particularly Wellington) is a very fruitful field for work. Mrs. Ada Foye has been there more recently than my visit, and has reported even greater enthusiasm than I witnessed during my singularly successful course of lectures there last January.

The visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to Melbourne, Sydney, and all the other chief cities of the Southern Hemisphere is passing off brilliantly. All the cities are splendidly decorated, business has greatly improved, crowds of visitors from the Northern Hemisphere have seen Australia for the first time, and their Royal Highnesses, who are beloved as well as greatly respected wherever they go, have certainly been instrumental in substantially aiding the progress of the Australian Commonwealth. At the time of writing the weather in Sydney is perfect; this is the Australian November, and is indeed a very different month from its English equivalent. Gentle showers fall occasionally, but the weather is nearly always fine and bright and the temperature pleasantly temperate.

When I know the exact date of my departure for England I will again communicate with you; meanwhile I think I can safely promise that I can fulfil any engagements which may be made for me in England not earlier than Sunday, December 15th. With all best wishes for old and new friends, wherever they may sojourn, believe me, sincerely  
your co-worker,  
W. J. COLVILLE.

4, Norwich-chambers,  
Hunter-street, Sydney.  
May 27th, 1901.

## ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE SPIRITUALISTS' NATIONAL FEDERATION.

The twelfth annual Conference of the Spiritualists' National Federation was held in the Music Hall, Surrey-street, Sheffield, on Saturday and Sunday last, July 6th and 7th. Three sessions were held, one on Saturday evening, and one each on Sunday morning and afternoon, Mr. John Venables, Walsall, president of the Conference, presiding at both gatherings.

The statement of accounts showed a gross income for the general fund of £192 2s. 6½d., and expenditure £155 15s. 4d., leaving a balance in hand of £36 7s. 2½d. The propaganda fund secretary reported that the receipts had been £346 12s. 5½d., expenditure £297 1s. 2½d., leaving a balance in his hands of £49 11s. 3d. That amount, added to the balance of this fund in the hands of the general treasurer of £41 17s. 6d., gave the sum of £91 8s. 9d. as the amount now available for propaganda work. The committee had conducted 243 meetings during the year, the cost of which they state at 12s. 7½d. per meeting. The National Fund of Benevolence Committee reported a gross income of £83 5s. 1d., payments £71 3s. 7d., balance in hand at May 29th last, £12 1s. 6d. The consideration of the various reports occupied the whole of the Saturday evening session.

At the Sunday morning session, after the presidential address, which was an admirable and cogent review of the past and present state of the Cause, and was warmly endorsed by the entire company present, the major portion of the time was devoted to the further consideration of the Constitution, in view of the fact that the Board of Trade refused a license to dispense with the word 'Limited' from the title. Mr. Tallent-Bateman, the solicitor, advised that the incorporation should be as a 'Company Limited by Guarantee,' which proposal was adopted by the Executive, and, on their behalf, was duly placed as a motion before the Conference by Mr. J. J. Morse, and agreed to by the delegates. The matter was debated by the delegates and associates, Mr. Jno. C. Kenworthy participating in the discussion, but his remarks did not appear to be received with favour by the meeting. At the afternoon session the memorandum and articles of association, amended in accordance with the new form of application for registration, were duly passed, and when the registration is effected the body will in future be known as 'The Spiritualists' National Union, Limited,' in all its official descriptions.

The election of officers and committee resulted as follows:—Messrs. Holgate, Burnley; Butterworth, Blackpool; Johnson, Hyde; Kitson, Dewsbury; Morse, London; Parker, Bradford; Parr, Bootle; and Mrs. Stair, Keighly, as members of the Executive. Mr. W. Johnson, Hyde, was unanimously elected president of the Conference for 1902. Mr. Wm. Greenwood, Hebden Bridge, and Mr. Wm. Harrison, Burnley, were unanimously re-elected as treasurer and secretary, respectively. On the invitation of the Bootle Society of Spiritualists, the Conference decided to hold its next meeting in that town. A largely attended meeting was held at night, nearly one thousand persons being present. Ten minutes' addresses were delivered by the following speakers: Mr. Wm. Johnson, president-elect; Mr. J. Macdonald, Patricroft; Mrs. M. H. Wallis, London; Mr. Jones, Barrow-in-Furness; Mr. Seersby, Grimsby; Mr. Pawson, Bradford; Mr. Owen, Barrow-in-Furness; Mr. W. Appleyard, Sheffield; and Mr. J. J. Morse, London. The meetings were thoroughly successful in every respect, and much credit is due to the local friends for the very admirable arrangements made for the comfort of the visitors.

## 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.*

## The Society for Psychical Research.

SIR,—It is with great satisfaction that I have read the letter of Miss Bates on the recent meetings of the Society for Psychical Research. Having in 1878, by patient investigation, convinced myself of the truth of psychic phenomena, I, on my return from India in 1888, meditated joining the Society for Psychical Research, not with the hope of learning, but believing that my experience during ten years might be of service to that society. I went to one of the meetings and heard Mr. Podmore on ghosts, and I at once realised that one society could not contain us both. I was unaccustomed to public speaking at that time, or should have expressed my opinions on the spot. I fancy Mr. Podmore must have prevented many intelligent people from joining the Society for Psychical Research.

I was present when Dr. Abraham Wallace read his very interesting paper, and was surprised to find that Mr. Podmore was still the Mr. Podmore of 1888! Having been well

acquainted with Dr. Wallace for ten years and knowing the great care and caution he has exercised during his investigations, I felt sure his paper would be a well considered and able contribution to the literature of the Society for Psychical Research. Mr. Podmore, in his remarks as chairman, proved himself incapable of growth, and lacking ordinary powers of comprehension. I should as soon think of taking Sir Walter Scott's opinion on music (he only recognised one tune, and doubtless never expressed opinions on the subject) as that of Mr. Podmore on psychic phenomena. A man cannot help having no ear for music, or being colour blind, but we do not go to such for opinions on music and colour. We most of us learn to some extent our own limitations as our hair becomes grey!

I often wondered how it was that the late Mr. F. W. H. Myers was so long coming to conclusions on psychical matters; and realised that he perhaps had the patience to delay, and as it were wait, in order to bring others who had fewer opportunities for investigation along with him; but when I remember that he, during all those years, has borne with Mr. Podmore as a co-researcher, I feel that the much-bepraised 'Griselda' is pushed into the background, and the angel-wings of Mr. Myers ought to have been perceptibly growing before the eyes of his followers and friends.

I was not present at the reading of Dr. Hodgson's paper, and I do not know him personally, but I respect him for his patient work and courage. If he is the gentleman who so drastically exposed Madame Blavatsky many years ago, I cannot but feel that time has brought its revenge.

ALICE GORDON.

## Isiac Tablet and Tarot.

SIR,—To correct a perhaps pardonable impression, which I infer exists, in *certain* quarters, that their application to divination, viz., as in the vulgar 'Fortune Telling' is almost, if not the sum total of 'Tarotism' or Tarot card study, I submit the following passage illustrative of their identification with the Bemine or 'Isiac Tablet,' rendered into English from a leading work of the Abbé Constant (Eliphaz Lévi) and which at least is suggestive, as showing a connection between the two, and that from the higher analogical standpoint. This can be easily traced by comparing the plate of twenty-two designs given with the Tablet as a premium.

'This table is divided into three equal compartments; above are the twelve celestial mansions; below, the twelve-laborious stations of the year; in the centre the twenty one sacred signs corresponding to the letters.

'In the middle of the central region sits the image of the Jynx, multiform emblem of the universal entity, corresponding to the Hebrew God, the one letter from which all the others are formed. Around the Jynx, we see the serpent triad corresponding to the three mother letters of the Egyptian and Hebrew alphabets; to the right of the two triads, the ibis-form and the serapian; to the left, the nephtean triad and that of Hecate, figures of the active and the passive, of the volatile and the fixed, of the fecundating fire and the generative water. Each couple of triads, combined with the centre, gives a septenary; the centre itself contains one. Thus the three septenaries give the absolute numeral of the three worlds, and the complete number of the primitive letters, to which is added a complementary sign; as to the nine characters of numbers, is added the zero.'

Dr. Westcott's monographs, valuable and interesting, on 'The Isiac Tablet,' 'The Sanctum Regnum,' 'Sepher Yetzerah,' can also be profitably consulted by the student.

Bath.

ROBT. H. FRYAR.

## The Theatres.

SIR,—I am sorry to read the following remark in this week's 'LIGHT':—

'One need not attend to know it; it is quite sufficient to read what the newspapers say about them.'

This is your verdict with regard to the theatre. May I ask what you would have written if you had read a remark like this in another journal, but with regard to the séances held by Spiritualists?

Did it not occur to you that the newspapers might be quite as wide of the truth with regard to the theatres as they generally are with respect to the Spiritualists?

While desiring fair-play for ourselves, let us not condemn a whole class on mere newspaper evidence, because they do not interest us, or appeal to more educated tastes.

A. K. C.

[It was very far from our intention to 'condemn a whole class,' and we are sorry if our words were so clumsily chosen as to suggest to our correspondent the contrary impression.—ED. 'LIGHT']

## The Spiritualisation of Mediumship.

SIR,—I wonder whether you will agree with me that the time has come when mediumship should enter upon a higher plane of expression?

I believe that the highest form of mediumship is exhibited when the subject is in full possession of all his mental powers.

The poets, orators, artists, writers, musicians, composers, inventors, that have stirred men's hearts by endeavouring to interpret to their less advanced brethren the exalted glories of the spheres, are, to my thinking, the grandest mediums the world has.

Some very excellent and noble orations have, no doubt, been delivered through trance mediums, but would anyone for a moment compare the best of them with a speech by any real orator in full command of his own powers? And the same may be said of other forms of phenomenal mediumship.

Mediumship, as known in the world, may be necessary to appeal to the gross materialism of the day, but the thoughtful Spiritualist will surely recognise a higher form in the cultured speaker who entrances and sways his hearers by his eloquent, burning words; the writer who moves his readers at his pleasure to mirth or tears; and the other masters that are inspired from the higher spheres.

No one who has thought on the subject can doubt, I think, that the lower forms of mediumship have done much to retard the growth of Spiritualism among educated, refined people. That they are necessary in the present undeveloped state of humanity, I allow, but I would urge that they are merely a stage of unfoldment to be outgrown. Are not the higher examples that are named above more convincing proof, to a spiritually-minded person, of the reality of the spirit world than any of the phenomena that go by the name of mediumship?

If it is a truth that all we sense on this lower plane has its origin in the spheres, then we are all mediums more or less, according to our growth out of the lower nature; and the great masterpieces that move the world are the results of being in touch with higher spheres than ordinary mediocrity can reach.

The, to us, strange indifference of advanced souls that have crossed the 'divide' to giving positive evidence of their individuality through the lower forms of mediumship, seems perfectly natural on this view of the case. Things at once assume their correct proportions to them.

If this is true it is evident that we want a new word to define the higher forms of mediumship and distinguish them from the lower.

A. K. VENNING.

Los Angeles, Cal.

## National Federation Fund of Benevolence.

SIR,—The duly audited balance-sheet of the above fund, as presented to the National Conference at Sheffield on Sunday last, shows the amount received for the year ending May 29th, 1901. There is a slight error in the report, by which the 'working expenses' are stated as £1 1s. 1d., instead of 11s. 1d. The net sum received for the fund for the period stated above was £62 0s. 9d. With the sum from previous audit, of £2 13s. 1d., and the sum of £18 11s. 3d. received from the treasurer, the gross amount to the credit of the fund was brought up to £83 5s. 1d., from which amount £72 2s. 6d. was paid to the various beneficiaries during the year, leaving a balance in hand of £12 1s. 6d. for the new account.

I am sorry to say that the disbursements for June and July have entirely exhausted the funds in my hands, and have compelled me to draw upon the General Fund of the Federation, so that the usual disbursements might be made. This being the case, it becomes necessary for me to make an urgent appeal to all friends of the fund, and also to those who have not yet assisted it, to favour me with a goodly contribution during the next two weeks, lest the fund has to suspend operations until the needful support comes in again. In such case those whom the fund assists must needs be deprived of the little help afforded them. I am sure my appeal will not be in vain. Again thanking you, sir, for inserting my communication,—I am, on behalf of my committee and myself,

Faithfully yours,

J. J. MORSE, Hon. Financial Secretary.

Florence House,  
26, Osnaburgh-street, London, N.W.  
July 8th, 1901.

AMOUNTS RECEIVED DURING JUNE.—Miss E. M. Hodges (first contribution), 2s.; Mr. H. Withall, £1; 'A. A. S.', 2s.; Mr. J. Gulline, 2s. 6d.; Mr. J. Thackeray, 1s. 6d.; Mr. Rustomjee Byramjee, 5s.; Miss E. M. Hodges (second contribution), 2s.; Mrs. Kate Taylor Robinson, 2s.; 'Lindum', 1s.—Total, £2.

## Freedom.

SIR,—Now that the subject of 'Organisation' among Spiritualists is claiming so much notice, I think every one should distinctly express his views about it. It seems to me that *absolute* freedom of thought and action should characterise the movement, and this cannot exist where system prevails. As Mr. Harte says, 'Organisation leads to doctrine, dogma and creed,'—and I would add, *leadership*. We want neither leader nor guide. Perhaps it is the lingering love of old and worn-out systems that leads us to seek these material helps.

An organisation may give the subject importance in the view of some, but the success thus gained would probably be quite ephemeral. 'He that believeth shall not make haste.'

ELIZABETH K. BREE.

## Genuine Palmistry.

SIR,—I should like to tell you of a curious confirmation of the truth of *genuine* palmistry, which came to me the other day. I have amused myself and my friends for many years by 'telling fortunes'—of course not professionally. It seems I told a young girl, personally a stranger to me, two or three years ago, that she would travel, and would have a bad accident on horseback; the danger would be to her head.

I met her, not recognising her, a few days ago, and she told me she had been out in India, and crossing a river on horseback, the horse stumbled in a hole, and she was thrown on her head in the water, and taken out unconscious. She then remembered what I had told her.

Now to me the curious part of any literal fulfilment, like this, lies in the fact that I never feel that the lines of the hand *alone* enable me to decide. For one thing, the face is necessary to study; and I could not tell anything without holding the person's hands in my own.

There are people who are repellant to me in some unknown fashion, and also people entirely commonplace or 'earthly,' whom I refuse to touch. Now, I wonder if this is a common experience, because if so, I think it tends to prove some magnetic sympathy, and may also explain the difficulties of professional palmists, who cannot pick and choose their clients, but must do the best possible, without the psychic sympathy, which is certainly my own strong point. I shall be glad to hear the views of your readers on this subject.

M. B.

Bradford.

## Help for an Old Worker.

SIR,—Having had the pleasure during the past four years of receiving many evidences of the truth of spirit presence, and the power of loved ones in the angel world to communicate with us, through the mediumship of Mr. J. G. Robson, who I learn has been a worker in the movement for nearly thirty-five years, I appeal to your readers on his behalf. Being fifty-eight years old, he has great difficulty in getting employment of any kind, and the pecuniary results of his mediumistic work are but little. He was, I am informed, an auxiliary postman for over twelve years, leaving the Post Office in 1893, through ill-health, with no pension for his services, and since that time he has, to my knowledge, had a great struggle to avoid the workhouse. He has several gifts, trance speaking, tests, clairvoyance, clairaudience, also drawing and music. Others resident in Camberwell and Peckham would, I know, testify to his powers if desired. He greatly needs a little pecuniary help just now, and should any be disposed to do something for him, I shall be very happy to receive contributions at my address, and acknowledge them in your paper, or otherwise, as desired, and for anything kindly given Mr. Robson will be most grateful.

Asking that you will grant space for my appeal for one in whom I have confidence, and is really in want of assistance,

1, Little Liverpool-street,  
Walworth, S.E.

WILLIAM PANTLIN.

## SOCIETY WORK.

SOUTHALL.—1, MILTON-VILLAS, FEATHERSTONE-ROAD.—On Sunday last, Mr. Millard gave a very enjoyable address on 'The Spirit of Purpose and Doing.' Inquirers will be heartily welcomed.—E. B.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday last Miss MacCreadie, the well-known clairvoyante, gave delineations of a large number of spirit friends, twenty-three of whom were recognised, and gave many loving and cheering messages to the large audience. Miss Florence Morse sang 'The Lost Chord,' to the delight of all hearers. Mr. G. Spriggs presided very ably. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. J. J. Morse will deliver a trance address (doors open 6.30 p.m.)—S. J. WATTS, Hon. Sec., 2c, Hyde Park-mansions.