

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

One of the truly spiritual thinkers and writers of America, W. C. Gannett, has given his contribution to the Emerson Centenary, in the form of an Essay on 'Emerson's Vision of Unity.' Emerson knew nothing of the supernatural: he knew only the natural. He did not divide between Matter and Spirit:—

All was Spirit, all was Soul; the outward world but the mirror of the Soul in endless, beautiful reflection. 'Other world!' he cries, 'there is no other world. God is one and omnipresent. Here, or nowhere, is the whole fact.' The one miracle is Nature; and everything in Nature is 'perennial miracle.' This was not metaphysics in him; it was not science; it was not theology. He simply saw it so; the fact of things was Oneness.

The names by which this poet called his vision of the Unity were many. God; the Over-Soul; the super-personal Heart; the Blessed Unity; the Laws alive and beautiful; Nature; and, sometimes, Fate. Most of us fear the pronoun *It*, as savouring of degradation when speaking of the Mightiest. He feared the pronoun *It* as little as he feared the pronoun *He*, knowing that what he meant was simply unpronounceable. To-day we are wont to call it the doctrine of the Immanence of God. In his day it was less familiar, and was feared as Pantheism. Few things reveal more clearly the spiritualising of religion during our last half-century than the new daring of the emphasis upon the Immanence of God in Nature and in Man. The doctrine of the Holy Spirit is at last taking possession of the mind and heart of Christendom.

That last statement is arresting. Is 'the doctrine of the Holy Spirit,' then, a doctrine which turns upon the inbreathing and inworking of the God-life in all things? And may not that be the meeting-place for us all?

A recent number of 'Unity' contains a report of many excellent utterances at a certain religious Conference. One of these, on 'The real mission of a Church,' has won our attention, chiefly on account of a wise speech by one whose spiritual writings always attract us, the Rev. James Vila Blake. He does not like the present tendency to sensationalism or secularism in the Church, and he shrinks from the restless linking it with the every-day subjects of the world. The leader and teacher in the Church, he thinks, should keep to the high lands, to the 'things of the soul, of thought, of spiritual affinity.' These things, he says:—

Draw into union, often over many miles, profoundly and sacredly related spirits, and thereby a Church is made. For this distinctive Church the pulpit should put away that haste to be garrulous about everything which has made it often the disdain of sedulous and severely thoughtful minds, and should put on gloriously its own peculiar themes, wherein it may speak with a noble authority. The domain of the Church is

simply religion, and in matters of conduct this means motive. 'Tis the office of the Church to bring the mind to that altitude of motive from which the problems of the world will become clear. Such a Church is peculiarly needed in great cities. It is the main protection from the tumult of frivolities, crimes, ostentations, politics, and the horrible war of business.

This is a thought of great moment, and, as regards London, is urgent in the extreme.

It is well that the old notions of what usually goes by the name of 'Orthodoxy' should be held fast to their places by men who see farther than the creators of them. In this way rationalisings and mercifulnesses creep in, and the necessary transformations are achieved. That is about the best thing we can say of Dr. S. W. Koelle's new book, 'The Goal of the Universe, or The Travail of the World's Saviour' (London: Elliot Stock). The author is steeped, soaked and saturated with these old notions, but he finally emerges into a sunny region that the creators of the notions never imagined.

He believes in the restitution of all things, through Christ, to God. Here is his conclusion:—

'God all in all': this is the sublime destiny and the restful Goal of the Universe. The rigid duality, now constituting a separation between God and the world, the obscuring ponderosity of the visible over the invisible, in consequence of which the fool can now say in his heart, 'There is no God' (Ps. xiv. 1), cannot be permanent. It will end in a state of perfect union. The Creator will become one with His Creation. . . . As God dwelt in the Son of man, so He will dwell in all men.

This is in perfect accord with the best thought of the age, and, as we have said, it is good that it should come from the camp where all the old verbal idols are worshiped, and where all the old notions are revered.

We strongly commend to our readers Mrs. Greenwood's appeal (in last week's 'LIGHT') on behalf of the Lyceum Union. The secretary of the Union has done and is doing important work in connection with the organising and conducting of Lyceums, and it is mainly on his behalf that the appeal is made. We only wish that our London friends knew what a Yorkshire or Lancashire Lyceum means: but above all we wish that they could make the acquaintance of Mrs. Greenwood's Lyceum. The work commands our admiration, and we shall always be glad to hear of its being forwarded. We can assure our friends that seed (*i.e.*, money) sown in this good soil is certain to bring forth fruit abundantly.

A seriously thought-out book is Dr. T. J. Hudson's new work on 'The Law of Mental Medicine: The correlation of the facts of Psychology and Histology in their relation to mental therapeutics' (London: G. P. Putnam's Sons). The book is a purely scientific one. The subjective mind is treated as a worker 'through instrumentalities'; that is to say, there must exist a physical mechanism through which the mind operates, and that mechanism must necessarily be adapted to its uses. The

physical structure is regarded as obviously adapted to the uses of mental healing, and it is regarded as obvious 'that a correlation of the facts of psychology and histology must lead to some very valuable discoveries, not alone in the field of mental therapeutics, but in all branches of inquiry where the control of the body by the mind is a factor.'

'My Change of Mind. A Story of the Power of Faith,' by Mrs. Athey (London: Elliot Stock), is presented as illustrating 'the power of mind over matter,' treated 'from a scriptural standpoint.' We thought that queer phrase had disappeared, but it is here, in the publisher's circular, looking, in our modern sunshine, for all the world like a bit of belated cant.

The story is, from an 'evangelical' point of view, in harmony with the 'New Thought' school of wonder-workers through contact with the Infinite, and the exercise of the all-powerful will.

Lucy A. Mallory takes a wisely comprehensive view of man's position in the Universe. She says, in 'The World's Advance Thought':—

If Deity is all-wise, everything, both good and bad, is working out to a wise purpose. To suppose otherwise would be to ascribe foolishness to Deity. Ignorance does not perceive the wise purpose of life, because it is short-sighted and narrow-minded. To understand a universal purpose the mind must be capable of grasping the harmony and unity of all things.

How obvious that is! and yet how few of us live as though it were true! We criticise God and complain of Fate almost as though they were defaulting debtors or prisoners at the bar. Poor puny man! what has he to do with balancing accounts with The Infinite? We came, we know not whence; we grasp, we know not what; we go, we know not whither. We can but trust; and be sure that the Mighty Master of it all understands, and that Justice will, in the end, be done. There are no accidents and no uncertainties in the great whole.

SPIRITUAL PRAYERS

(From many shrines).

Gracious Father, teach me so to enjoy the felicities which Thou hast unsparingly bestowed upon me in Thy great mercy that they may not act as a snare to my soul. May not Thy blessings inflate me with arrogance and vain glory, but fill me with humility and fervent gratitude to Thee. May I remember that they are not designed to make me worldly-minded, but to call forth my greater and more earnest exertions in the cause of Him from whom I have received them. May the temptations of prosperity not drown the voice of conscience; and, amidst all the enjoyments of life, may my heart steadfastly cleave to Thee—Thou Giver of every good that we possess. Teach me, Kind Lord, that as I cheerfully enjoy Thy gifts now, I may be prepared to abandon them as cheerfully, if need be, and be satisfied with whatever position I may fall into. Help me to remember always that the highest honours and the sweetest joys of this life are only for a moment; and may I always aspire to that prosperity and that wealth which perish not—the prosperity of the soul, the wealth of a righteous heart. Be with me always, O Lord, and preserve me from temptations. Amen.

MISS MACCREADIE wishes to intimate to her many friends that she will be out of town during August.

MADAME KATHERINE ST. CLAIR desires to inform her friends and clients that in future her address will be 317, Regent-street, W.

MULTIPLE CONSCIOUSNESS.

BY JOHN B. SHIPLEY.

III.—MODES OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

The field covered by known forms of vibration is large, but it is very evident that, as far as physical science is concerned, it is strictly limited to the forms of vibration—even be they infinite in number and character—which act through the material universe. Even here, vibratory motion assumes different forms in matter of different degrees of inertia. Ponderable matter is capable of transmitting only the slowest forms of vibratory energy which affect the special sense organs adapted to receive them, namely, sound and heat; the latter, however, appears to be an agitation of the molecule differing from sound on the one hand just as the transmission of a push or pull differs from it on the other. The ordinary forms of electricity also appear more especially in connection with solid and liquid particles. Thus we can have the same piece of metal transmitting at the same time four different forms of energy—mechanical force, sound, heat, and electricity, these being movements of the particles in four different modes and rates at the same moment.

But when we come to the higher modes of vibration, we find that these, even the most familiar ones, already take us beyond the region of ponderable matter. Light, for instance, is transmitted, not by the solid, liquid, or gaseous particles of matter, but by a higher form of matter which we call ultra-gaseous, or etheric, and the Röntgen and Hertzian undulations appear to be transmitted by a still more ethereal medium, which penetrates the particles of matter which is opaque to light—that is, which does not permit the light-bearing ether to perform its task of transmitting luminous vibrations. Hence in the physical world we already have several classes of vibration, divided as to mode by the manner and medium in which they are conveyed, and as to degree by the rate at which they are propagated, and at which they cause the medium to vibrate. Nor can we assign any limit to the rate at which these vibrations may be produced, although there is no doubt a limit beyond which known or postulated forms of matter cease to respond to, or transmit, these vibrations.

Now, although Consciousness is manifested through the physical universe, and is acted upon by the impressions received from that universe, yet all our researches within the range of the physical universe only serve to convince us that, however closely we analyse these processes, the fact remains that we are only dealing with means and intermediaries, with processes for influencing the Consciousness, and we are no nearer explaining on material grounds what the Consciousness *is*, for the reason that, however it may manifest or be impressed through matter, it is something that belongs to another sphere of existence, and matter is to it merely an instrument, of which it makes use as the telegraphist makes use of his batteries, and wires, as instruments for conveying his thoughts. If I send a message to a friend by telegraphy, the friend may understand the whole mechanism employed, but the more he studies it the more he will become convinced that this mechanism has had nothing to do with the origination of the thought that I have imparted to him by its means. The batteries and wires, the bells and transmitting and receiving instruments, may explain the method of transfer of the thought, but the thought itself originates in none of them. This being so, it would be most unsafe for him to infer that I have no other means of communicating my thought to him except through the telegraph.

In like manner, the physical senses being but the aids to Consciousness, in fact its instruments for perception, as the tongue, lips, or hand may be the means for its expression, it is not to be assumed that Consciousness, or even communication, is impossible without the aid of these senses, any more than that it is impossible for the eye to see without the aid of microscope or telescope.

In fact, it is for the most part only the slower modes of

vibration that are capable of affecting the organs of sense, either directly or by means of mechanical appliances. And possibly it is just because they are slower modes of vibration that the Consciousness has need of physical organs and instruments for perceiving them. Above the plane of the physical senses (planes in this sense being determined by rate of vibration) there may be an infinity of planes of higher vibratory force, to which we have only to attune our consciousness in order to receive impressions through the instrumentality of these vibrations.

In like manner, we must not too readily assume that the material brain is the seat of Consciousness, in the sense that Consciousness can only exist in connection with its material particles. It is the seat of Consciousness in this sense, that it is the organ through which the Consciousness works in its relations with the external world. It is a sense organ, an instrument of the Consciousness, as the eye is a sense organ of the brain for light, and the ear for sound. It is also the acting instrument of the Consciousness in its outward action on the external world, as the hand or tongue is the instrument of the brain.

In these phrases we speak of the Consciousness as a unit, but the purport of these papers is to illustrate the fact that the Consciousness is not a unit, or rather (for this expression may be taken as meaning more than we desire to imply) that the Consciousness is a multiple unit, a whole with parts, through which parts it manifests in different forms, just as the brain acts through the various organs of expression. Some of these parts betray a deeper and at the same time a more extended field of perception than others; hence we shall hereafter speak of planes of Consciousness. These planes interact, transferring impressions from one to the other, more or less perfectly, and with more or less power of externalising these impressions, and transmitting them to the outer world. But, whatever be the imperfection of the co-ordination between these planes, we do not take the extreme view that has been mooted by some, that they constitute different individualities within what ought to be a single personality.

There are also possible fields of Consciousness that we can but dimly conceive, and of which not many of us have any personal experience; yet it is the consensus of the intuition of mankind that there exist infinite heights of Consciousness, which, not being able to reach them, we look upon as superhuman, and call Divine.

This, then, is the theory of super-sensual Consciousness: that Consciousness may exist on many planes, and an indefinite number of sub-planes, each including a number of vibrations which is infinite even within assignable limits, in the sense in which the number of ultimate colours (that is, of wave-lengths) within the finite range of the visible spectrum is unlimited.

'A CHILD MEDIUM.'

I am grateful to 'F. L.' for so kindly replying to my request for corroboration of the account of his child, Lilian Marjorie. The account he gives of her is lovely. This more detailed record of the circumstances attending the announcement she gave of her aunt's death makes a great difference in the impression the fact makes upon one. As recorded in the French journals it seemed to me that it did not suggest very conclusively a supernormal interpretation; but 'F. L.'s account of the matter gives a different colour to the incident and alters its value.

As regards the dates, there is a mistake somewhere. I have not kept the number of 'Etudes Psychiques' from which I drew the information, but I am confident that it was issued as the February number. I have by me, however, the last number I have received, and this is headed thus: 'Revue d'Etudes Psychiques; publication mensuelle; 2^e serie, 3^e année, Mars 1903. No. 3. And immediately following is an article bearing date '26 Mai 1903'! Later follows another dated '1^{er} Juin 1903'!

This is a curious arrangement.

H. A. DALLAS.

PARACELSUS.

By 'W.' ILFRACOMBE.

Magic, we are told, is nothing more than the right use of will-power, guided by imagination; and so far is faith in the power of will carried by a few—'fanatics' shall we say?—that it is even asserted that mortals may put on immortality without tasting of death! I have no wish to argue this question, but I would say that if immortality is wished for by any, merely for personal pleasure or individual existence, without any thought for the rights and well-being of others, then it is not deserved (even if desirable), neither are such persons fitted for it. But if, like Lord Shaftesbury, they desire immortality in order to continue their work in the vineyard of the Lord, purifying the world from sin, forgetting self in love for others—who, in such cases, would wish to limit the power of the spirit to overcome the law of death?

So many books have been published in recent years on magic and mental science in various forms, that at first one would think the subject a modern discovery, but that is far from being the case. Paracelsus, to go no farther back, who was born in 1493, taught that the power of the will, and faith in one's self, could accomplish all things. But this power and faith must be derived from God; it must not be merely blind faith, an empty creed:—

'The power of the true faith extends as far as the power of God. Man can accomplish nothing by his own powers, but everything may be accomplished by the power of faith. . . . Faith does not come from man, and no man can create faith; but faith is a power coming from the Source of all good. Its germ is laid within man, and may be cultivated or neglected by him; it may be used by him for good or for evil, but it only acts effectively when it is strong and pure—not weakened by doubt, and not dispersed by secondary considerations. . . . A strong faith and a powerful imagination are the two pillars supporting the door to the temple of magic, and without which nothing can be accomplished. . . but true faith rests in knowledge, and without knowledge there can be no faith.'

Yet we are often told by the orthodox that it is the highest state to have faith without knowledge—except such as the Bible contains—for where there is knowledge faith ceases. 'Faith' alone should be 'the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' And in discussing the subject of psychic phenomena, the orthodox—or perhaps it would be better to say *some* of the orthodox—believe they close the question in a very satisfactory way by quoting the passage, 'Blessed are they who, not having seen, yet believe.' With some the intuitions are sufficiently developed to give faith in spirit life without any proof or psychic manifestation. They, surely, may be called 'blessed.' Others, again, having the psychic powers of hearing or seeing do not need the material proof of physical sight and touch, which Peter demanded. The passage referred to—like many others in the Bible—without explanation or reasoning, gives power to priests to stifle investigation, and is also the cause of much superstition. The acquirement of knowledge is ever a stepping-stone to higher faith; and without faith there would be little knowledge or progress of any kind. They act and re-act on each other.

The following might have been written by one of our modern faith-healers:—

'He who wants to employ it must have only *one* object in view. Disease may be caused and cured by faith, and if men knew the power of faith they would have more faith and less superstition. We have no right to call a disease incurable; we have only the right to say we cannot cure it. A physician who trusts only to his own science will accomplish little, but he who has faith in the power of God acting through him and who employs that power intelligently, will accomplish much.'

Paracelsus criticised very severely the medical profession of his day, and his efforts to introduce reforms met with the not unusual fate; he was hated and persecuted by those who had vested interests in the subject, or whose minds were unable to grasp his broader thought. Though a doctor, and the son of a doctor, the 'regular physicians' of Nuremberg denounced him as a quack, charlatan, and impostor! And his cures of some, as they thought, incurable cases which they, no doubt

maliciously, sent to him, did not improve matters for him. He denounced the doctors because they ignored God, and the power of God working through them, in the cure of disease. If he lived in these days would he be less severe? Would our 'preventive medicine,' our vivisection, commend itself to him? Unfortunately the medical profession seems always to have the tendency to follow on materialistic lines—though there are, of course, noble exceptions, as there ever have been in that and all other professions and ways of life—exceptions who are the 'salt of the earth.'

One biographer writes in a very severe style about Paracelsus and his methods. He says:—

'Paracelsus was a man of most dissolute habits and unprincipled character, and his works are filled with the highest flights of unintelligible bombastic jargon, unworthy of perusal, but are such as might be expected from one who unites in his person the qualities of a fanatic and a drunkard.'

His style of writing was certainly at times very bombastic, and to those who know nothing of psychic and spiritual power, some of his occult knowledge, which Spiritualists can appreciate, becomes foolishness and 'bombastic jargon.' Another writer says of him:—

'Paracelsus was the Adam of the medical world. Through him came sin into the profession. He was the introducer of mineral medicines . . . (he) exalted quicksilver or quack-silver, usually called mercury, to the family of medicines. For this great exploit he earned the name of *Quack*. This epithet was never applied before.'

Paracelsus was always a student of the occult, and no doubt gained much information on the subject during his travels in India and Tartary, where he was said to have been a prisoner. In Franz Hartmann's 'Life of Paracelsus,' there are many interesting paragraphs from his writings, quite in keeping with our 'New Thought.'

'The spirit is the master, imagination the tool, and the body the plastic material.'

'The great world is only a product of the imagination of the Universal Mind, and a man is a little world of its own that imagines and creates by the power of imagination. If man's imagination is strong enough to penetrate into every corner of his interior world, it will be able to create things in those corners, and whatever a man thinks will take form in his soul.'

'The sun acts upon the visible soil of the earth, and upon invisible matter in the air; imagination acts upon the invisible substance of the soul, but the visible earth is formed from the invisible elements of the earth, and man's physical body is formed from his invisible soul, and the soul of man is as intimately related to the soul of the earth as the physical body of the former is related to the physical body of the latter, and they continually act upon each other, and without the latter the former could not exist.'

Besides individual development through the powers of will and imagination—

'A man may come into possession of creative power by identifying his own mind with the Universal Mind, and he who succeeds in doing so will be in possession of the highest possible wisdom. The lower realms of Nature will be subject to him, and the powers of Heaven will aid him, because Heaven is the servant of wisdom.'

And—

'Everyone may regulate and educate his imagination so as to come thereby into contact with spirits, and be taught by them.'

We must, however, be careful lest by over cultivation of the imaginative faculties a different—and very undesirable—goal be attained from the one desired.

From the following sentence one would think that Paracelsus was quite an estimable character:—

'A man who wholly belongs to himself cannot belong to anyone else. Man has the power of self-control, and no external influence can control him if he exercises this power.'

Yet he must have been very lacking in self-control, for, according to another authority, he made enemies wherever he went by his irritable temper. At Salzburg, as a result of one of his frequent quarrels with some of the orthodox medical profession, 'he was pitched out of the window of an inn by the doctor's servant, and had his neck broken by the fall.'

While considering the misfortunes and faults of Paracelsus,

an incident related by Colonel Olcott in 'Old Diary Leaves' comes to mind. The Colonel was sitting with Madame Blavatsky in their dining-room, listening to a conversation between H. P. B. and a spirit visitor, some part of which amused the Colonel so much that he began to laugh very heartily. Madame rather hastily reproved him, and said that if he laughed deep down in his nature like that, their spirit friend would become conscious of it, and might feel hurt. This remark gave the Colonel food for thought. He says:—

'We can act and think on the physical plane only—superficially—or we can think deeply, intently, and act from strong feelings or convictions, and so our influence passes to the spirit-plane. Superficial thoughts may not reach the soul, which would consequently starve. Can we not also *sin* superficially? Can there be such a thing as sin, like beauty, but skin deep? Think what that may mean.'

In like manner, perhaps the faults of Paracelsus may, to some extent, have been but 'skin deep,' but his occult knowledge, his intuitions, his insight into Nature's laws belonged to his inner nature—his soul-life. In charity let us so think of him.

MRS. STANHOPE SPEER.

The 'Isle of Wight Mercury' has the following notice of Mrs. Stanhope Speer, whose decease was recorded in our last week's issue:—

'The deceased lady passed part of every year, for something like thirty years, in Ventnor, and since the death of her husband, Dr. Stanhope Speer, about fourteen years ago, she has resided permanently at Fairholm, Park-avenue. Unhappily, during most of this period Mrs. Speer was a confirmed invalid and a great sufferer. Those who remember Dr. and Mrs. Stanhope Speer in earlier years will not have forgotten the great interest they took in everything concerning the well-being of Ventnor, and even up to the last the deceased lady's name was to be seen on many a local subscription list. Dr. and Mrs. Speer were never asked in vain to assist any movement for promoting the comfort and pleasure of others, and the annual autumn concerts they organised will be readily recollected by all residents and visitors then in Ventnor. By means of these concerts no less than £300 was raised for completing the building of the Assembly Rooms, now the Town Hall. Mr. Charlton Speer, only son of Dr. and Mrs. Speer, a musician himself of great talent, on those occasions gathered round him a number of eminent London artists, and the concerts were regarded as amongst the principal functions of the year. Dr. and Mrs. Speer were especially liberal supporters of the old Ventnor Town Band. The late Mrs. Speer was devotedly nursed by her daughter, to whom and to Mr. Charlton Speer we offer our sincere sympathies.'

THE SPIRIT OF MAN.

There are a few questions I very much desire to place before your readers in the hope of getting some satisfactory elucidation. Whence does the spirit of a man come? What is its beginning? How is it that there is such a difference between men—one a genius, another almost a fool; one born to riches, another to poverty? And what is that 'still small voice' called conscience which we have within us? I ask these questions from a sincere desire to find out what is taught by the leaders in the ranks of Spiritualism. Every other religion and sect gives definite answers to these questions according to their light. They believe them, and they are more or less intelligible to those who think as they do, or, of course, they would not be advanced. That they are a hopeless jumble to those who think differently from them does not so much matter; the point is that among themselves it is clear. But so far as I have studied (about four or five years), I cannot find among Spiritualists even a decent attempt to answer these questions. We seem content to believe that 'life after death' having been proved, nothing else matters. Dr. Peebles has certainly attacked the questions in a recent pamphlet, but in a by no means clear manner, as one would have expected from that able writer. Our philosophy seems to me to be very incomplete if it does not include a working theory upon those points, and that there is a difference of opinion is only to be expected. But the fundamental basis should be agreed to by all.

Pietermaritzburg.

W. E. MARSH.

DR. GEORGE WYLD.

A VARIED CAREER.

Many readers of this journal must be familiar with the tall, spare figure and striking features of Dr. Wyld, so often to be met with at the Alliance and Psychical Research meetings. The doctor, in a recently published little volume entitled 'Notes of my Life,'* gives us some interesting details of himself and his work. The Notes disclose a strenuous, many-sided life, and suggest an alert and penetrative mind, quick to seize upon a new idea and keenly persistent in its efforts to utilise it. His career is, in many respects, a remarkable one. It is not given to everyone to write himself down as doctor of medicine, company director, builder, publisher, politician, and author, or to claim acquaintance with such notables as Professor Blackie, Carlyle, and Ruskin.

Born on March 17th, 1821, at Bonnington Bank, a charming house about a mile to the north of Edinburgh, Dr. Wyld was one of a family of fifteen—nine sons and six daughters—of whom three died in early life. From the age of twelve to fifteen he attended the Edinburgh Academy, and subsequently Cunningham's English Scientific Academy. At the age of sixteen he was placed for four years with J. W. Campbell and Co., warehousemen, of Glasgow, during which time he was often called upon to work from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., with only an interval of an hour for dinner. At the expiration of this engagement he went to London, and after hesitating between banking, stockbroking, and the Church, he finally selected medicine as a profession. Before settling down to study he tried his hand at publishing, and was for a year touring on the Continent. As regards the latter he says: 'My whole expenses were only £130; my plan was always to arrive at a new place in daylight, take a bedroom, and dine out, and so save heavy hotel charges.'

Incidentally he mentions that about this time he became interested in phrenology, and joined the London Phrenological Society. He thinks that the size of the head sometimes increases with age. His own, he tells us, at eighty-two was larger than it was at twenty-five. Another physical peculiarity which he has noticed is in connection with his height, which up to the age of sixty-five was exactly five feet eleven inches, but for the last fifteen years has been one inch more. In 1851, he took his degree as M.D., at Edinburgh, and a few months later he boldly declared himself a homœopathist, and began to practise as such. He gives but few particulars respecting his marriage; but we gather that he first saw his future wife under somewhat romantic circumstances.

The doctor has been in three railway accidents and has once been struck by lightning; but fortunately without serious injury in either case. From 1869 to 1900, he was a director of the District Railway Company, and he has also been largely interested in the affairs of the Gas Light and Coke Company.

As a politician he claims to have initiated the founding of the Liberal Unionist party, and at one time he even had thoughts, at the suggestion of friends, of a seat in Parliament, his ambition being to contest Northampton, and if possible defeat Bradlaugh. Circumstances, however, did not favour his plans, and they were abandoned. We next find him designing and building a house at Wimbledon, which, owing to the defalcations of his solicitor, he was never able to occupy.

Professor Blackie married a sister of Dr. Wyld's, and he is referred to as making a 'picturesque figure, with his long surcoat, his felt hat, and his plaid.' He was affectionate, but outspoken, with a habit of frequently bursting into song. 'This custom he somewhat alarmingly, on one occasion, exemplified by breaking into the loud singing of "Will ye go to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie?" while, from the pulpit of an orthodox Scotch church, he was delivering a lecture meant to be serious.' Of Mrs. Carlyle we are told that as 'Jinnie Welsh she was a clever, amusing, and interesting woman, fascinating many in Edinburgh, including an uncle of mine. Her ambition to unite herself with Carlyle as the rising genius

in Edinburgh tempted her into a mistake. She was a lady born, while he was of humble origin, and accustomed, as a youth, to physical labour.' Ruskin is set down as being 'somewhat feminine in mental calibre, and with an inferior brain to that of Carlyle.'

As is well-known, Dr. Wyld is keenly interested in Mesmerism and Spiritualism. He early became a practical mesmerist and a member of the Mesmeric Society, of which Archbishop Whately was president, and Dr. Elliotson the ruling spirit. He was converted to Spiritualism through D. D. Home, with whom he had sittings in 1854. Some years later, in 1884, Dr. Wyld succeeded, he says, in obtaining direct evidence of the passage of matter through matter. The experiment was made at a sitting with Husk, during which iron and copper rings were threaded upon the arm of the medium. The manifestation was afterwards investigated by a committee appointed by the Society for Psychical Research, who, we believe, were not altogether satisfied as to its genuineness. The doctor also sat with Slade, and being absolutely convinced as to the reality of his powers, he took up the cudgels on his behalf in the celebrated case *Lanckester v. Slade*—a step which seriously affected, for a time, his prospects as a medical man. Later he successfully advocated vaccination from the calf direct, with the result that the Government took the matter in hand. Calf vaccination was recognised, and the doctor's reputation in his profession re-established.

In 1879 Dr. Wyld met for the first time Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott—a meeting which led to his becoming the president of the British branch of the Theosophical Society. Resigning the office in 1882, he became interested in the Christo-Philosophical Society, of which he was subsequently made the president. As an old member of the British National Association of Spiritualists, Dr. Wyld assisted at the founding of the Society for Psychical Research, becoming with Mr. C. C. Massey, Rev. Stainton Moses, Mr. Dawson Rogers, and others, a member of the first Council. Other objects that have engaged Dr. Wyld's attention have been the London smoke nuisance, and the establishment of a society for the Simplification of Legal Proceedings.

As an author Dr. Wyld has written 'Theosophy and the Higher Life,' 'Christo-Theosophy,' and a 'Life of Jesus Christ,' a novelette entitled 'Dr. Macgregor Roy,' and a full-blown novel, which still lies in his desk awaiting a publisher.

So varied and interesting a career should provide a fine study for the astrologers. We venture, therefore, to ask Dr. Wyld if he has ever had his nativity cast, and if so with what result.

The 'Notes' were penned at Tunbridge Wells, whither the doctor has retired after some sixty years' residence in London. He is now in his eighty-third year, in the enjoyment, he writes, of a green old age. We congratulate him, and respectfully tender our good wishes, and a friendly recognition of all that he has accomplished.

A. B.

'A SPIRIT MESSAGE VERIFIED.'

I have read with interest the incident described by 'J.' in 'LIGHT' of the 1st inst., and am sorry to note that he spoils the good effect which he desires to produce by apologising for certain omissions. The readers of 'LIGHT' believe that the Editor is worthy of the utmost confidence, and when his readers see a footnote from him saying, 'The names, addresses and documents, &c., referred to are in our possession and can be vouched for,' it adds great weight and creates a lasting impression on the minds of inquirers. Would it not then be as well for 'J.' to give the Editor these details, in confidence of course, stating where the hospital in question is situate and where the incident took place abroad, and giving the assurance, if it occurred abroad, that there was not time for a letter to reach this country relating the circumstances, prior to the séance? With these assurances the incident would be very convincing indeed, and far more instructive than the narrative as it stands at present. I sincerely hope that 'J.' and his friends complied with the sailor's request, and sent out fervent prayers upon the thought-plane, asking the angels to carry aid to the unfortunate one, so that he may be brought into the light; therein lies the upliftment for him and them alike.

F. L.

* 'Notes of my Life.' By GEORGE WYLD, M.D. Kegan Paul, Trübner and Co.

OFFICE OF 'LIGHT,' 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON, W.C.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 8th, 1903.

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WHAT WILL REMAIN?

It is not to be denied that the pace of the never-ceasing crumbling away of old faiths is, in our own day, being hastened: and it is also undeniable that the stage of crumbling at which we have arrived is specially disturbing; so much so that even many good Spiritualists look with some foreboding upon the scene, wondering whether, after all, every vestige of the old faiths will be submerged by the drifting mud and sand of pushful criticism and impertinent unbelief.

We do not take this depressing view. 'Pushful criticism and impertinent unbelief' are indeed hard to bear with, and there is much mischief they may do, especially amongst the young and the inexperienced;—it is so tempting to push and so easy to laugh. But we are inclined to think that criticism and unbelief have their distinct uses even when pushful and impertinent. Grave divines and careful discriminators are not needed for the sweeping up of the dead leaves or the cleaning out of stables: and we may be sure that our most disagreeable critics and our most scornful unbelievers are possible only because there is rubbish to clear away. Let the enlightened Spiritualist be the first to admit this: he can best afford it.

Our own firm hope and belief is that when the *débris* is all cleared away we shall be healthier and happier, and that the abiding things will then be better understood and loved. In truth, our great need just now is the simplification of religion, and its clearer and closer identification with the facts and outlooks of daily life. It is to this that our spiritual interpretation of life bears witness. We have no quarrel with other people's priests, rituals, creeds, sacraments and churches; for all these may be helpful to them. All we say is that these are but symbols, helps, instruments. The rock realities are beneath them all. The abiding things go deeper down. What are these abiding things? Nothing new; nothing astonishing; nothing difficult to explain. They are the greatest simplicities; themselves, in a way, unchangeable and yet the cause of ceaseless change.

First of all, an ever-heightening ideal of God will remain:—not the same ideal, the same picture, the same vision, but an ideal that is never able to be a finality, an ideal that compels to surrender, and that forces the onward and upward march. The truth here is that no

vision of God has been or can be perfect. He is that inconceivable but most real Power which makes this a Universe. He is

That God which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element:

and He is the determiner of that

One far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.

If that is so, it is perfectly certain that no one creed could ever express Him, that no one book could ever contain all He has to say, that no one age—nor all the ages combined—could ever exhaust Him: and from this it follows that as an Ideal He must always remain, and be uplifted and enlarged and glorified from age to age. Creeds will become obsolete, rituals will wane to echoes, old dreams of Deity will fade, but that from which they all came, and that in whose presence they will all pass away, will remain,—the Ideal of the All-Perfect, the Life-Giver, the Lover, the All-Sustainer, the Altogether Blessed and Beautiful of the Universe.

It follows from this that ever-brightening hopes for Humanity will remain; for the glory of God is the hope of Man. Jesus spoke the highest word when he taught the world to call God 'Father,' and to say, 'May Thy kingdom come and Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.' The human Ideal really keeps pace with the divine Ideal. As much of God, the All-Beautiful, as there is, so much of ever-brightening hope for Humanity will there be. Man has never taken himself seriously enough. He has trembled and cringed before the awful Unseen Powers, and overdone his wail as to his being a 'miserable sinner.' He has either rampaged about the world like a demon, or behaved as though he were stealing from his own pantry. He has seldom believed in God: as a rule, he has only feared Him; and fear of God has been responsible for much of his fear of Man. But, age after age, the prospect has brightened, and the dream of one age has become the commonplace of another, while freedom, 'broadening slowly down,' has tended to give him possession of himself, and endless dreams of better things to come. As Spiritualists, finding the centre of all life and of man's destiny in the spirit-self, we should never tire of encouraging this. Customs, institutions, forms of government, social distinctions, the relations between wealth and work, must all change, equally with priesthoods, churches, rituals and creeds; and for the same reason,—that the inner controlling forces make for progress; so that, while all is subject to the law of change, the ever brightening ideal for mankind remains.

But something else remains,—in one sense the best of all:—ever deepening and ever more sacred longings for persistent life remain. Here again, everything connected with the longing for immortality is subject to the law of change. It is only the ideal that remains. All the old heavens and hells will vanish, with the old gods and demons, and with all the old nonsensical or arbitrary conditions of 'salvation': but the consciousness of kinship with God, and the sane sensation of belonging to a harmonious and law-controlled plane of being, to which the spirit-self bears witness, will help Man to better trust his spiritual instincts, and to be conscious of continuity in relation to these subtle laws that bind him to two worlds, for discipline, growth and service.

The outlook is really full of hope. Let the old dead leaves go, no matter what wind blows or what hand sweeps them away. A good God, who is the all-sufficing hope for Man, is over all.

EUSAPIA PALADINO.

M. Bozzano contributes an important statement of an experience with Eusapia Paladino, to 'Etudes Psychiques,'* in connection with an incident related by the sixteen investigators at Palermo, whose report was noticed in 'LIGHT' June of 13th last.

Readers of 'LIGHT' will remember that the investigators made the following statement :—

'On two occasions when we were not holding a séance and when Eusapia was in full light, quite close to a table where were many little books, she used a thread which she had between her hands to move an object, and allowed us to believe that she was perpetrating a conscious fraud.'

M. Bozzano proceeds to say that this incident had seemed to him altogether perplexing and surprising. He asked himself: Is it likely that Eusapia, intending to trick in full light, should be so naïve and stupid as to use a thread, which would be sure to betray her, when she might preferably have used one of her own hairs with greater probability of success? He continues :—

'In fact this affair was for me an enigma; nevertheless facts are facts, and in spite of myself I came to the conclusion that Eusapia had on this occasion tricked with effrontery, and moreover, in a foolish, ill-judged manner.

'But in the course of March and April of this year, Madame Paladino came for the fourth time to Genoa, and this is what happened one evening at the house of my friend, Chevalier Peretti.'

M. Bozzano here relates movements of objects without contact (seen by the red light of an electric lamp), similar to those which frequently occur with her. He then continues :—

'Whilst these phenomena of movements at a distance were proceeding, all the experimenters were able to see clearly, suddenly, something like a big whitish thread, which, starting in an indefinite way from the ends of the fingers of one of Eusapia's hands, passed and joined itself, in a manner equally indefinite, to the tips of the fingers of the other hand. Doubtless the medium was tricking; none of the investigators could help recalling at that moment the episode at Palermo. But the medium exclaimed, with a voice of pleased surprise, "See! Look at the thread! Look at the thread!"

'This spontaneous and sincere exclamation on the part of the medium, suggested to M. Peretti to attempt a test, both simple and decisive. He stretched out his arm and began by pressing lightly and then drawing towards him slowly, this thread, which bent, resisted for an instant, then broke and disappeared suddenly, the body of the medium trembling with a quick, nervous shudder. It is unnecessary to describe the surprise of everyone; a fact of this sort was sufficient to solve at once the perplexity; the thread was not an ordinary thread, but a fluidic filament!'

Another experiment was then tried in full light. A black cloth was spread on the medium's lap; a table was arranged so that its shadow fell upon the cloth; the medium's hands were placed in the shadow, the fingers being opposite each other at about ten centimetres distance, the backs of the hands raised and the fingers slightly apart. After a few moments, four fluidic filaments, very slender and whitish in colour, were observable passing from each finger tip of one of Eusapia's hands and joining themselves to each of the corresponding finger tips of the other hand.

This phenomenon only differed in degree of intensity from the one previously observed. M. Bozzano says that they repeated this experiment twenty times in the course of these séances at Genoa, and he recommends others to try the experiment at the close of any successful séance with Eusapia.

This communication is dated Genoa, June 1st, 1903. It is followed by further statements as to the occurrences at the Palermo séances, these statements being made on the authority of Chevalier Ciccio Montalbano. Doctors Samonà, Mirto, and Melazzo, the Marquis Natoli, Professeur Manastra, and M. le Capitaine Mondini, were also present on this occasion in the circle. Among other things Chevalier Montalbano relates the following :—

'The medium murmured, "My gentle Adèle! my gentle

Adèle!" Madame Samonà rose and placed herself behind the medium, where she felt caresses on her cheeks and on her neck, and she heard a light sound in her ear, such as might be made by rubbing the ends of finger nails against each other. I heard this characteristic sound which I could not explain. Madame Samonà told us, however, that her father, the late Prince of Formosa, in moments of affectionate effusion was in the habit of calling her, "My gentle Adèle," and he often playfully produced this little dry sound with his nails in her ears. Dr. Samonà, her husband, and M. de Formosa, her brother, confirmed these details.

H. A. DALLAS.

A SPIRIT BRINGS NEWS OF A DISTANT FRIEND.

The following, I hope, may interest some of your readers. On the afternoon of March 7th last, my daughter and I, when calling upon a friend, were asked to sit with her at a small table to see if we could get some table-tipping. For some time several messages were rapped out for our friend on matters of no concern to us, and I confess that neither of us felt at all interested. We were both in a passive, indifferent mood, not at all eager to get anything specially for ourselves. Suddenly the surname of a friend of ours, who passed on some years ago, was rapped out. I said aloud, 'Give me a test so that I may know it is you.' Then the letters E. K. B. were rapped. These corresponded with the initials of a friend then travelling in India. We had not heard from her since December last. My first thought was, 'Can she have passed over?' and I felt rather alarmed, but said aloud, 'Well, what about her?' Then the table rapped out these words: 'I am glad her cough is better.' I asked, 'Has she been ill?' and the answer was, 'Yes.' Nothing particular was given after that. Our impression was that this could be no test at all, and only some joke. However, the next day I wrote to E. K. B. to tell her all about it. She answered at once, and I now quote from her letter, which I have still in my possession :—

'April 12th. . . You ask what I was doing on March 7th. I have kept a diary in India, and can therefore tell you exactly. . . On Friday night, March 6th, I was very ill all night. . . Now the odd thing is that although I had no natural "cough" I did try to cough with all my strength. . . If you were sitting in the afternoon of Saturday, March 7th, that would have been about ten o'clock in the evening with me near Mussoorie, just the time when I was going to bed after my few hours up, and feeling a little relieved. . . We had to put off our journey for a day owing to this mysterious attack, so it has been a very marked thing, and the *only* day that I have had to spend in bed from illness since I left England.'

The spirit friend whose name was given had never known E. K. B. in earth life, and therefore nothing in our minds would naturally connect him with her. Had this communication about the illness come through automatic writing, telepathy might, perhaps, be said to explain; but what caused the table to rap? Our friend with whom we were sitting is an absolute stranger to E. K. B., and has never heard of our spirit friend. I may add that when his name was rapped out I was not too well pleased, as any communications from him are regarded by us as sacred, and not for strangers. This may appear a trivial incident for your paper, but some readers may consider that it has not an unimportant bearing upon the question of there being 'intelligent operators at the other end of the line.'

E. C. B.

I am the lady mentioned by 'E. C. B.,' and can testify that she has given an entirely accurate account of the circumstances and the quotation from my diary. My attack of illness was sudden and severe, and as the pain was very great I was coughing all night, off and on, trusting to remove any obstruction that might be causing the severe pain; but in vain.—E. KATHARINE BATES.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. R. BOURSNELL.—We have been asked to draw attention to an advertisement which appears on another page in this issue of 'LIGHT,' in which the friends of Mr. R. Boursnell announce their desire to present him with an illuminated address as an expression of their sympathy and appreciation.

* The number is dated 'Mars,' but as it contains papers bearing dates May and June, there must be some odd mistake in the numbering of these journals.

SOME RECENT EXPERIENCES.

BY 'AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.'

I.

In April last I had arranged to have two séances with Mrs. Treadwell at St. John's Wood, on my return from the Midlands, where I went for a fortnight's holiday. At the time of doing so, I had mentioned the arrangement to a lady friend of ours, who is an earnest and devoted Spiritualist. While in Yorkshire I had no communication with this lady, who had in the interim gone to St. John's Wood, and held a séance with this veteran medium. At that séance a near relative, whose transition, and subsequent materialisation were dealt with by me in these columns, came to our lady friend through Mrs. Treadwell, giving her name and other details of identity. The lady then said to her, 'You will be having Mr. — (my name) soon, when you will be able to talk to him.' 'No,' was the reply, 'I don't think he will be coming just yet, but when you see him tell him from me that at his first séance with Mrs. Treadwell my desire is that he should come alone.' Other details of identity and personality were given, and the lady informed me when we next met that she had no doubt, from the reproduction of the voice and other personal incidents, that it was my relative who had communicated and sent me the message in question. At the time it was given my arrangements for the two séances were still in force, and it was only a few days afterwards that it was found impossible for me to have any sittings at all before Midsummer, so that on comparing dates I found that in the end of April, before I had any idea on the subject, my relative on the other side knew the séances arranged for would not be held, thus showing that at times 'over there' there is premonition of events occurring or not likely to occur.

On June 23rd last, by arrangement previously made, I had the first of a series of sittings with Mrs. Treadwell. As requested by my late relative I went alone. The rapidity with which the medium went into the trance-condition was most remarkable, and then followed a meeting, lasting over an hour, of a sacred and most affecting character, a spiritual outpouring of love and of memory, a revelation to me far exceeding in volume, in intensity and elevation, anything that I had ever before experienced—the intervening period between transition and return having, as it were, clarified, richly advanced, and ennobled the dear member of the household, who, after years of suffering most patiently borne, had now found rest, sympathy, and peace in the beyond. Details cannot be given beyond saying that the personal tests were overwhelming. One test only I mention, namely—she informed me that in calling me by the peculiar name she did at the materialisation séance we had with Mrs. Mellon in the end of September last, she meant to give me an absolute test of her identity, as her face was not distinct on that occasion so far as I could see, but was only discerned by our clairvoyante.

At her request, and in consonance with my own desire, a second séance was arranged for the following Sunday evening, and here again a similar and fuller most blessed experience befel me. On that occasion Dr. Epps, Sophy (the medium's Indian control), our son F., Dr. S. (our clairvoyante's medical control), and a Miss F., a friend of ours on the other side who is near to our departed one, also manifested.

The third séance was attended by one of my sons and myself, also at request of our departed relative, and here again the sitting was most convincing and profoundly affecting—no one again controlling the medium but the same spiritual personage. On the fourth occasion Mrs. Treadwell came to my house at my request, in my absence from town, and sat with several members of the family, including the clairvoyante, who then saw and recognised her; and here again the sitting was of a thoroughly family character. At the fifth séance two of my sons were present along with myself, and again the proofs of identity were overwhelming. On that occasion my son F. also controlled, as did an old friend J. S. R. who had appeared on former occasions with the medium.

My sixth séance, the last séance of the series, took place on July 23rd, and was held at my request simply to bid 'good-bye for a season' to our departed one. On that occasion she requested me always in future to sit with this medium, or indeed any psychic, *alone*, or at most with not more than two or three of the family, as she felt she could never appear and communicate with me in the presence of strangers. She also promised in about a year to make a certain spiritual manifestation to me in my room, and said also that, if I could, I should arrange for a materialisation séance with Mrs. Mellon in the course of the autumn, and this I am hopeful of being able to do. On all the occasions of my own sittings, the earthly voice was reproduced; at others the voice of the medium occasionally 'broke in.'

I have only given a bald outline of these recent sacred and convincing experiences, and will simply add in conclusion that fully convinced as I have been of spirit return and identity, through the mediumship of this excellent lady medium, my recent experiences of Mrs. Treadwell's power as a trance psychic have fairly transcended anything previously had by me during the fifteen years over which my investigations into the reality of Spiritualism have now extended. Long may she be spared as a valuable exponent of the reality and truth of spirit communion.

(To be concluded.)

THE LATE MR. CHARLES BRIGHT.

The 'Harbinger of Light' says: 'Many of our readers will remember Mr. Charles Bright, well-known in Melbourne from fifteen to thirty years ago both as a journalist and public speaker. He was chairman at some of Dr. Peebles' large meetings at the Opera House on the occasion of his first visit to Australia, and subsequently lectured himself for the Victorian Association of Spiritualists in the Temperance Hall. Prior to this, however, he was deeply interested in Spiritualism, and wrote a series of articles on "Modern American Spiritualism," which were published in "The Argus" under the *nom de plume* of "Epsilon," in one of which appeared a communication from a disembodied spirit received through the hand of the writer. We were intimately acquainted with Mr. Bright in those days, and esteemed him as a speaker, a writer, and a broad-minded man. He passed out of the body in the latter part of April, his spiritual vision being very acute during the last few weeks of his earthly existence.'

Mrs. Bright said that, 'Just before his death, he talked of Mr. Myers' book on "Human Personality." Mr. Bright had closely watched the proceedings of the Psychical Research Society, of which Mr. Myers was a prominent worker, and hailed with delight his accession to the ranks of those, who like himself, had brought the clearest intellectual vision to the study of occult forces, and had come to see that our life begun here is but a school to prepare us for the grander, fuller life beyond.'

The 'Bulletin' stated that, 'When the late Charles Bright showed signs of almost immediate dissolution, his medical attendant warned him that he could not live more than a few hours. The invalid said, "I have communicated with the unseen world and shall not die for two months." And he lived two months exactly.'

THE ATTITUDE OF THE PRESS.—After quoting instances of fair and broad-minded treatment of Spiritualism which characterises some of the Continental newspapers, the 'Harbinger of Light' asks: 'When will the Press, both religious and secular, in English-speaking communities which profess to pride themselves on their love of fair play, copy the example of foreign journals while discussing the subject of Spiritualism? Anything more illogical, as well as unjust, than the attitude assumed by Australian newspapers in reference to it, whenever they forget their conspiracy of silence, it would be difficult to imagine. Frauds and counterfeit phenomena have been detected and exposed in connection with it, and therefore all the phenomena of Spiritualism are deceptions and delusions! This is the stock argument. Why not say, "Cheques and banknotes are being continually forged, therefore all such documents must be regarded and rejected as having been issued by rogues and cheats, and every description of paper money is wholly unworthy of credit, and not to be accepted as currency"?'

'GUIDE TO MEDIUMSHIP.'

Under the above title, those well-known workers, E. W. and M. H. Wallis, have produced a book of real excellence, replete with valuable information of a kind which is being eagerly sought for by multitudes of inquiring minds.

I am quite aware that the book has already received an appreciative notice in 'LIGHT,' but I have been so much impressed by its perusal that I should be glad of permission to express my own views, at some length, concerning it.

The work is divided into three parts. Part I. is headed, 'Mediumship Explained'; Part II., 'How to Develop Mediumship'; Part III., 'Psychical Self-Culture.' The book is excellently arranged and interspersed with fine and highly appropriate citations from distinguished authors, both in poetry and prose. There is a very great deal in the first and second parts of the volume which will specially appeal to religiously-disposed persons who wish to feel sure, before investigating Spiritualism practically, that they are not acting at variance with the examples set by prophets and apostles of olden time, and very forcibly are we shown that a modern spiritual revelation is in direct line of continuity with the revealings of ancient days. There is a serious, reverent tone pervading all the chapters, and persons who would pursue inquiries into the spiritual domain with no higher motive actuating them than idle curiosity are warned that they had better give up all hope of receiving useful information from spiritual sources; but honest seekers after light, who are impelled by noble motives, and are willing to inquire earnestly into the mysteries behind the material view, are given much helpful, encouraging direction how to proceed to draw aside the mystic curtain. The materialistic tendencies of much ecclesiastical assertion is called an unholy alliance between Church and materialism, and the rebuke administered is well deserved by those to whom it applies, for no wholesale charges are brought against clergy or laity of any denomination.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallis evidently believe and teach that though every human being is a spirit, not everyone is necessarily what is commonly understood by the term 'medium,' as that which characterises a distinctly mediumistic person is a high degree of sensitiveness quite above the average. In this regard it may be said that the authors are simply making mediumship akin to genius of all varieties, and there is much contemporary as well as historical evidence in favour of this position. That all phases of mediumship are valuable, and should be treated with respect, and that mediumship stimulates latent powers, are among the pronounced teachings of the book.

Concerning the holding of circles much valuable advice is offered, and the suggestions of many experienced sensitives have been intelligently summarised and are laid before the reader in condensed form, easy for ready reference. 'Meet the spirits half way' is the heading of some very useful paragraphs. All undue scepticism is deprecated, but a rational attitude towards spirit communications is maintained throughout. The third part of the volume is particularly valuable, as it summarises many of the most advanced teachings of the present day and puts them forward in simple, beautiful, and attractive phrase. Numerous quotations could be made, if it were permissible to extend this review to any appreciable length; but space is limited and it is to be hoped that all interested will procure and study the volume, a brief excerpt must suffice. The following are good sample sentences, and show very clearly the drift of the authors' intent:—

'If it be true that all bodies grow as the result of the formative power of the indwelling life which calls them into being and maintains their existence, then our physical organisms may fairly be regarded as "materialised forms," more enduring, it is true, than those which are sometimes observed in the séance chamber, but just as certainly manifestations of spirit power. It follows, therefore, that physical life is a phenomenal expression of spirit, and that *this* is a spirit world, the first stage in our career as conscious entities, and that we are spirits clothed upon with "forms" which are utilised and governed by our soul forces, more or less consciously and intelligently employed. This world, then, is a spirit sphere, its laws and forces are spiritual, and, therefore,

physical and spiritual conditions are but varied aspects of the same facts.'

Proceeding from the foregoing proposition as a basis, the authors logically build up a very intelligent and acceptable view of life, optimistic in outlook and calculated to inspire all who strive to live nobly, hopefully, and usefully, prizing the life that now is though anticipating a still larger, freer and more glorious life hereafter so soon as we are prepared to understand and appreciate it.

Deep breathing and other highly desirable psycho-physical exercises are explained towards the close of the volume, and much is well written concerning various modes of healing. An eclectic position is taken and held consistently, for though various therapeutic schools are mentioned none is singled out for exclusive commendation. Concerning self-confidence the following helpful words occur:—

'Our outer life manifestation is but a fragmentary expression of what we are in reality; we can educe our powers, quicken, strengthen, and intensify our consciousness, enlarge our sphere of influence and reveal our true nature by self-cultivation; but below (or within) all that is evolved lies the permanent reality, the spirit self.'

Externally the book is as attractive as are its contents; it is very nicely printed in clear bold type on excellent paper, and handsomely as well as substantially bound in scarlet and gold, rendering it an ornament to a library and a most acceptable gift to a thoughtful friend. Taken all in all, it is just what is needed to start inquirers into Spiritualism on a right track and encourage them to proceed cautiously but hopefully along the road to successful discovery of the truth that we are indeed denizens of a spiritual realm now, and such we shall continue to be when we are dismantled of our present sheaths of outer personality. The volume is published by 'LIGHT,' 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., and the price is 4s. 4d. post free.

W. J. COLVILLE.

MAN THE INTERPRETER.

Man is the Interpreter of the Universe. But spiritual things must be spiritually discerned, and without that sympathy of soul which supplies the key to and opens the door of the inward realities he stands unseeing and unheeding outside that realm of beauty. Dr. Martineau, in his 'Hours of Thought,' finely said:—

'If you will believe only in the perceptions of sense and distrust the intimations of the spirit, it is a question how low you will descend for your test of certainty. Will you depend upon your own faculties in proportion as they are simply animal, and deny them in proportion as they are divine?—confide in your eyesight and give the lie to the conscience and affections? The herds that low amid the Alpine echoes have, no less than you, the outline of the everlasting hills, and the verdure of the pine-cleared slope, painted on their vision, and the chant of the distant torrent swelling and fainting on their ear: is their perception truer,—are they nearer to reality, because they cannot, with you, meet the sublime gaze of Nature and see through to the eternity of God? The grandeur and the glory that you behold, are they not *there*? the divine expressiveness, the speaking appeal to your silent worship, the mingling of something secret with your spirit, as if unseen thought were flowing from the mountains and the sky, to meet the answering radiation of your soul,—are these, which are the human privilege, a phantom of unreality,—a delusion which the fortunate brutes escape? It is impossible! Call it imagination, call it wonder, call it love, whatever it be that shows us the deeper significance of the world and humanity and makes the difference between the surface-light of sagacity and the interpenetrating glow of worship, we owe to it whatever highest truth, whatever truest guidance, we have. Wherever there is anything beautiful to read, anything holy, anything tender and profound, this alone avails and commands the key of true interpretation. The hard and literal mind mistakes everything in proportion as its import is of priceless worth; misses, beyond all others, the drift of human language, still more the silent expression of look and action, and gropes without apprehension through the blessed hieroglyphics of life and nature. Does not the poet, does not the prophet, ask for a reader with enthusiasm enough to appreciate him, and complain that by others he is *not understood*? If the greatest *human* works and utterances demand for their apprehension a soul kindled with

intense affections, can we doubt what is the qualification, and what the disqualification, for reading the *Divine*? May not their Author—Soul of our souls, who breathes the eternal poem of the universe, and attunes our minds to hear it, who provides at once the hymn of the morning stars that sing together and the chords of the spirit that tremble to their strain, ask as clear a response from us as we demand from one another?

‘When, therefore, in higher moments brought by the sorrows of life, the tension of duty, or the silence of thought, you catch some faint tones of a voice diviner than your own, know that you are not alone, and *who* it is that is with you. Stay not in the cold monologue of solitary meditation, but fling yourself into the communion of prayer. Fold not the personal shadows round you; lie open to the gleam that pierces them; confide in it as the brightest of realities—a path of heavenly light streaking the troubled waters of your being, and leading your eye to the orb that sends it. Learn to distrust the suggestions of lower and more earthly hours, and scatter the fears of the slothful, unawakened heart. If we treat the very “light that is in us as darkness, how great is that darkness!” Be it ours to doubt the glooms, and not the glory of our souls; to lie low beneath the blinding cloud, and simply cry “Lord, that I may receive my sight!” and rise up to prophesy, only when the heavens are opened, and the divinest scope of things is clear; to court, and not to shun, the bursts of holy suspicion that break through the crust of habit and the films of care, and accept them as a glance from the eye of the Infinite—the “witness of His Spirit with our spirit, that we are the children of God.”’

AN HISTORICAL FACT FORETOLD.

The great French Revolution of 1789 was predicted in the year 1414 by the Bishop of Cambrai, Pierre d’Ailly, surnamed ‘The Martyr of the Heretics.’ He was the Treasurer of the King Charles VI., and Ambassador of the Pope.

He was all his life a student of astrology—a science much neglected in our day—and pointed out the absolutely undoubted revolutions of the planet Saturn in conjunction with Jupiter. This is what he wrote in his work ‘*Tractatus de Concordiâ Astronomicæ veritatis cum Narratione Historicâ*’ :—

‘The eighth of these great conjunctions took place in the year of the world 7040, and in the year 1789 of our era one of the greatest periods of Saturn will be accomplished. Then if the world should exist at that time—which only Almighty God Himself can know—will then occur numerous great, extraordinary, and terrible changes and troubles accompanied by wars in the world.’

The Bishop Pierre d’Ailly added that he could not determine exactly how much of the world might survive this terrible year, 1789; but he believed, however, that as a result of this disastrous year, the Anti-Christ and his abominable government would not fail to appear.

This prediction of the Bishop of Cambrai is not one of those that from ambiguity or vagueness of expression will permit any other interpretation. Readers interested, or curious, may verify this by a perusal of the work of Pierre d’Ailly, ‘*Tractatus de Concordiâ Astronomicæ veritatis cum Narratione Historicâ*,’ published in Louvain, in 1499.

JOSEPH DE KRONHELM.

Gajsin, Podolia, Russia.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DIAGNOSIS OF DISEASES.—Mr. George Spriggs has kindly placed his valuable services in the diagnosis of diseases at the disposal of the Council, and for that purpose attends at the rooms of the Alliance, 110, St. Martin’s-lane, Charing Cross, W.C., every Thursday afternoon, between the hours of 1 and 4. Members and Associates who are out of health, and who desire to avail themselves of Mr. Spriggs’s offer, should notify their wish in writing to the secretary of the Alliance, Mr. E. W. Wallis, not later than the previous Saturday, stating the time when they propose to attend. No fee is charged, but Mr. Spriggs suggests that every consultant should make a contribution of at least 5s. to the funds of the Alliance.

PAST AND PRESENT.

It is frequently asserted that there is a wide difference between the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism and those of olden times. This is in accordance with the well-nigh universal disposition to belittle the age in which one lives and extol the past—‘the good old times’—but I am disposed to think the poet is right who sings :—

‘O white is the sail in the Far-away,
And dirty the sail at the dock;
And fair are the cliffs across the bay,
And black is the near-by rock.
Though glitters the snow on the peaks afar,
At our feet it is only white;
And bright is the gleam of the distant star,
Though a lamp were twice as bright!’

As an illustration of this tendency it has been pointed out that the Germans have been uncovering ancient Babylon, and Dr. Koldwey, who was in charge of the work, is reported to have proved that the city was neither as magnificent nor as extensive as popular imagination has always pictured it. He declares that it was inferior in size to modern Pekin, its famous walls being not more than eight miles in circumference, and as sun-dried mud bricks were the only available building material, imposing edifices were out of the question; in reality the explorers have convinced themselves by actual measurement that the biggest public room, the banqueting-hall, wherein occurred the ‘Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin’ incident, was barely fifty feet long. These facts indicate how true it is that distance lends enchantment to the view! In the same way the people among whom Jesus lived and wrought believed in the miracles of bye-gone days; but they asked Him for a ‘sign,’ and when He gave them proofs of His mediumship they said He worked by the power of Beelzebub, and declared that He was mad. ‘We know that God hath spoken unto Moses; as for this man, we know not whence He is’ (John ix. 28, 29). They looked back to the ‘good old times,’ when their fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written: He gave them bread from heaven; but their fathers, who doubtless looked still further back, did not think so highly of that bread from heaven, for they declared ‘our soul loatheth this light bread’ (Num. xxi. 5).

It is a curious feature of our human nature that we should fail to realise the value of our present-day blessings, and, like Lot’s wife, turn our eyes longingly backwards as if the best things were behind us, instead of which the living present surpasses everything that the olden days had to offer. If evolution is true, then it must be the fact that the race is moving on from better to best.

‘When the distant things crowd near and close,
We see they are dingy and gray!
For the charm is lost when the line is crossed
‘Twixt Here and Far-away.
For the charm is lost when the line is crossed
And we see all things as they are;
And know that as clean is the sail at the dock
As the sail on the sea afar.’

The fact is, God has never left Himself without a witness. ‘The thing that He doeth He doeth for ever’; and as the world is ever moving onward and upward, the present age represents the high-water mark of the race, and all man’s discernment and discovery are God’s revelations. As God’s daylight flows into every room that has the windows open to receive it, so God’s inspiration flows into all human beings who make themselves, by prayer and effort, fitted to receive it. As Robertson, of Brighton, said: ‘An inspiration as true, as real, and as certain as ever prophet or apostle reached, is yours, if you will.’

A. R. S.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- ‘F. M.’—We can make no use of your communication because you do not give us your name and address.
- ‘S. K.’—Thanks! But we have had enough of the subject for the present.
- ‘O. O.’—Regret to be obliged to return your verses, as we do not accept original poetry.

PLASTER CASTS OF THE HANDS.

By 'YOGA.'

To those who know something of hand-reading how interesting is the cast of a 'famous' hand such as that of the late Mr. Gladstone! In a good cast every line, however fine, stands out in relief and even the grain of the skin and the finger patterns show with the utmost clearness. Some persons I know collect casts—casts of the hands of dear friends and of 'celebrated' persons—and it seems to me that such collections should, and do, possess a far deeper interest than mere collections of, for instance, postage stamps, over which so many spend thousands of pounds.

During some years past I have received many letters from readers of 'LIGHT,' resident in the country or abroad, who wish to have their hands read by a good palmist but have no idea how to get this done without coming to town—which, of course, is often impossible. Sometimes they enclose ink-and-paper impressions, over which much labour and patience have evidently been bestowed, with little result except an undecipherable smudge. Ink impressions are troublesome to take well and at best they are very inferior to casts, as the lines and mounts do not come out in relief or show with anything like equal clearness.

When tinted and varnished, casts of hands make pretty table ornaments which are very suitable for bazaars, &c., and sell readily at remunerative prices. As it is quite easy for anyone to take perfect casts of hands and the cost of plaster is about a penny per pound, 'practical instructions for taking casts' may interest many readers of 'LIGHT.'

First wash and then oil the hands with a little sweet oil. If you are alone you can only cast one of your own hands at a time, but with the assistance of a friend both hands can be taken at the same time and joined together so as to make one cast. Use only the best fine plaster of Paris (like that used by dentists) and be careful to keep it in a dry place and in air-tight tin or package.

Place half a pint of cold water in a large bowl and from the edge of a saucer sprinkle three-quarters of a pound of plaster lightly over the surface, letting most of it fall about the edges. As it becomes saturated with water it will sink to the bottom of the bowl. The plaster should be added until the water seems to be full, and care should be taken to avoid lumps or it will never beat smoothly. The mixture must now be stirred with a strong wooden spoon such as a jam spoon, which should move rapidly round and round the bowl. The spoon should not be removed during this operation for fear of air bubbles.

As soon as all the dry plaster has been beaten in and the mixture is beginning to thicken to a creamy consistency, it is ready to pour over the hands, which should first be covered with a thin coat. See that there are no air bubbles and then cover with the rest of the plaster. Everything must be done as quickly as possible, otherwise the plaster will become hard and useless before you are ready to pour it over the hands.

Turn the hands to be cast palms upwards and rest them on a table. Then build damp sand under the hands and all round the fingers so that the plaster cannot get underneath. Bend the fingers a little upwards and keep the thumbs well down. Under favourable circumstances the plaster should be firm in ten minutes. Then remove one finger at a time with care and leave the casts to dry.

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 War Delusion.

SIR,—I have been much impressed by the masterly way in which your correspondent 'H. J. J.' deals with this important question, and feel impelled to submit some thoughts which occur to me as *apropos*. But it is useless, and worse than useless, to discuss a crime, whether that in an individual or a nation, without first stripping away as much of the pseudo romance which is supposed to envelope alike a murder by an individual, and a wholesale series of murders by the licensed assassins of a nation. We must be prepared to abandon all euphemisms, and be content to think of, and call, a spade a spade. We cannot write with kid gloves on, or speak through a respirator, on this universal crime; hence no considerations of snobbery or toadyism must deter us from at once denouncing those few individuals for whose aggrandisement the art and science of wholesale murder is encouraged. We are too prone to think and speak of ourselves as 'civilised,' whereas we are still only trying to become so; for surely the employment of

physical terrorism or force is incompatible with civilisation. If not, then the French Revolution was verily the culmination of the civilisation of the period, instead of a temporary lapse into barbarism. The fact that soldiers alone are dressed up in gorgeous fancy costumes points to an original intention to attempt to dignify, by glamour and outward pomp, those whose misfortune or lot it was to practise a shameful trade. How many recruits would accrue to any army if the costume was that of a butcher? or the title, 'Hired Assassin'? Not one. Most European armies are recruited by force, the others are filled principally by fraud and misrepresentation—as is our own—only a relatively small proportion of the recruits being impelled by any so-called 'patriotic' ideas. The desire for change and excitement is the only incentive—where the desire to be freed from the hourly struggle for bare food does not operate. The late events in South Africa have proved that no cause is so base or mean but that men can be found to fight for it—the excitement of the fight being the only reward, outside a mean subsistence! Now if I go out and kill a rascal whose whole life is a menace to the people, I am a murderer, and, if caught, shall be hanged; but if I go out with twenty thousand others and suppress an entire nation, and cause untold suffering, I shall probably get a peerage and an immense sum of money, and the entire nation will grovel at my feet and call me a hero! Why this difference between the wholesale and the retail murderer? Is it logical? Every unit in a nation ought to be as responsible for its crimes as he is for his share of the taxes which pay for their perpetration—does no one ever think of this? Again, all the cant about 'making war impossible by improving the means of waging it' is as false and untenable as that we shall render the telescope useless and unnecessary by improving lenses! In England, thank God, our military officers do not take their unholy trade seriously; it is not with them a study, as with the Russians or Germans. They enter the Army *en amateur*, and because it is a 'gentlemanly' profession, forsooth! Many have not even that excuse, but adopt the career simply because it is hereditary, and has become a family tradition. They do (being Englishmen) what little they are obliged to do, well; but the less there is to be done the better they like it. As soon as drill or parade is over off comes the uniform—for these dilettante slaughterers are secretly ashamed of their trade *per se*. It is only when the trumpets blare, and the groundlings yell, that little Jack Horner puts on all his gewgaws and frills and says, 'See what a good boy am I!' Away, therefore, with all cant and humbug. Do not let us any longer consent to dignify so contemptible and vile a trade, or stick our heads in the sand and bleat about its 'necessity'! Nothing wrong ever was, or ever can be, necessary. Until this is realised and acted upon we can never rightly call ourselves *civilised*.

(ONE WHO HAS WORN THE RED CROSS.)

SIR,—Seeing that man has evolved from the animal kingdom; knowing as we do that the animals, to a large extent, prey upon each other, destroy and devour each other's bodies for the sustenance of life, is it not on these lines that we are to look for the explanation why man takes so much interest and delight in warfare and things military? The chief work of all Governments seems to be to train and equip men to destroy each other's physical bodies. How slow we seem to be to realise that man with his five senses is very near, in certain respects, to the animals, and yet with such a future before him. Could not some of your very able correspondents, who have the ability and time—with the help of the angel world—do something to awaken thought in the minds of men, with a view to raise them to something higher and nobler? It seems that we cannot expect much from the religious bodies, as they are at present constituted, for they are training boys to the use of arms and to learn military drill.

F. POLLARD.

'Mind and Body.'

SIR,—My letter in your issue of July 11th having brought me so many inquiries, may I beg space in your columns to reply, and so avoid the labour of writing to your readers all over the country? The 'Gem Cooker' is the latest for 'conservative' cooking, and should be substituted for boiling any vegetables to be served at table. If only for one person the jar set in a saucepan of water is an excellent arrangement, quite large enough for fresh or dried peas and beans, potatoes, carrots, and onions, &c. 'Stock' for soup, gravy, or sauce should be made by washing and tearing to pieces a variety of the outside leaves and stalks of any green vegetable and salad stuff; put into a saucepan, cover with cold water and boil gently three hours, then strain off. Every second day return the strainings to the liquor and bring to the boil. Make all quite fresh once

a week. For thickening use wholemeal flour and Crosfield's vegetable butter. A variety of nut butters and nut cream rolls can be had from the London Nut Food Company, 465, Battersea Park-road, S.W., and a variety of cakes, biscuits, and breads from the Wallace Bakery at the same address. Shredded wheat and triscuit (biscuit) can be bought now from most good grocers or from Bilson and Co., 88, Gray's Inn-road, W.C.

These foods are all 'pure' and these firms have price lists and send goods all over the world. For literature I advise 'Dietetic Advice for Young and Old,' 1d.; 'Physianthropy,' 6d.; 'A Brief History of the Wallace System,' 3d.; 'The Wallace System of Cure,' by Oskar Korshelt, 3d.; and a cookery book called '366 Menus,' 1s. These can be got from the office of 'The Herald of Health,' 3, Vernon-place, London, W.C. After reading these each one must choose for him or herself how far the 'pure' diet shall be adopted and how much of the cereal foods can be prepared at home. Excepting from the firms I have mentioned I fear it is impossible to get anywhere prepared foods that are free from chemicals or preservatives. These so-called 'preservatives' are used almost universally and few persons are aware of the mischief they do when taken into the human system.—Yours, &c.,

26, Bethune-road,
Stamford Hill, N.

J. C. BRACE.

Literary Etiquette.

SIR,—In my letter ('LIGHT,' July 11th), I correctly quoted the name Basil A. Cochrane as the signature to a letter in a previous issue. To Mr. Cochrane as a person I made no reference. My letter was addressed to the Editor of 'LIGHT.' Had I placed the name in quotation marks it would have inferred that it was a *nom de plume*. Mr. Cochrane ('LIGHT,' July 25th) is offended because I quoted his signature *once*, precisely, without addition or diminution, and then proceeds to give mine incorrectly, *three times over*, and to hold me up as wanting in courtesy. Is this literary etiquette?

S. G.

Theosophy.

SIR,—Will any of your readers be good enough, through your columns, to give me an idea of how I can readily assimilate the essential elementary principles of Theosophy? I have struggled through various books on the subject, but seem to be only getting farther out of my depth. How may one feel that the teachings of Theosophy provide the immediate means not only of obtaining assistance, but of extending that assistance to those around us? It certainly seems to me to rob one of a God that one may appeal to, and substitute merely a general principle.

C. W. WILLIAMS.

The Secret of True Mysticism.

SIR,—Allow me to heartily endorse your remark in 'Notes by the Way' of July 25th, 'What puzzles us most is—how Mrs. Besant knows all this.'

This applies to all such utterances respecting things incapable of scientific proof. Where such proof cannot be given one man's assertion is as good as another's—the one having the greatest self-confidence and intellectual pride being able to swamp the other by sheer force of dogmatic assertion, based on mere personal opinion and bias.

Self-sacrifice, devotion to others, the little homely work well done, cheerfulness, courtesy—in fact Love, is the only guide in spiritual things, and quite irrespective of belief or unbelief, sex or position.

Love, and Love alone, gives Wisdom in such matters, and not cold intellect or unstable emotion. 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of Righteousness and all these things will be added unto you,' is eternally true, both spiritually and scientifically, and is the secret of all true mysticism, which is the daily life lived among men and for men, and *not* the sham mysticism of aloofness, peculiarity, pride, and selfishness.—Yours, &c.,

T. W.

Thought Transference.

SIR,—Recent communications in 'LIGHT' and other papers have aroused much interest on this question and many fail to see how these things can be, because they do not realise the need of being absolutely passive if you would give or receive messages.

May I quote two instances which may help inquirers? On a recent Sunday, I was attending a religious meeting held on the basis of absolute silence, and I opened my Testament at John vi., and thought how much a few words from this would help the company. At the same time I fixed my thoughts on an individual

in another part of the room, and almost immediately afterwards the individual upon whom I had been fixing my thoughts and who had been hitherto absolutely passive, got up and spoke on the same chapter (John vi.). The same afternoon I wanted the address of an individual over thirty miles away. As she would probably be passive at that time I just lay on the couch and fixed my mind on her and desired the address, although I had never seen her. On my being able to call a few days afterwards, she remarked that she was glad to see me, and what was remarkable to her was that, when she had been sitting as passive as possible on the previous Sunday afternoon, she felt compelled to take pen and paper and say that she was staying at such an address, and if it was possible for me to call while she was there she would be pleased if I would do so. On my asking the time the answer was, '1.30,' which was exactly the time I had tried to send the message!

Somerton.

THOMAS BAKER.

SOCIETY WORK.

MANOR PARK.—TEMPERANCE HALL, HIGH-STREET, N.—Speaker on Sunday next, at 6.30 p.m., Mr. Evans; and at 8.15 p.m., Mr. Horatio Hunt. Subject: 'Spiritualism.'—P. G.

PLYMOUTH.—13, MORLEY-STREET.—On Sunday last Mr. Phillippus gave an address on 'The Miracles of Jesus.' We regret that Mrs. Trueman was absent through indisposition.—T. P.

BRIXTON.—SPIRITUAL BROTHERHOOD CHURCH.—On Sunday last an address on 'Harvest' was much enjoyed. On Sunday next, at 8, Mayall-road, at 11.15 a.m., communion service; at Raleigh College Hall, at 7 p.m., Mr. Tayler Gwinn.—J. P.

BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD, HENLEY-STREET.—On Sunday last Mr. Feilder gave a very inspiring address on 'Revelation.' Mr. R. Boddington presided. On Sunday next, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mrs. Checketts; on Tuesday, at 7.30 p.m., Band of Hope.—E. BIXBY.

CATFORD.—24, MEDUSA-ROAD.—On Sunday evening last Mr. W. Millard delivered a trance address on 'Loyalty and Spiritual Impressions,' which was much appreciated by a good audience. Meeting each Sunday at 7 p.m.; séance follows; developing circle on Thursdays, at 8 p.m.—R.

BRIGHTON SPIRITUALIST CENTRE, BEHIND 32, QUEEN'S-ROAD.—On Sunday last, a very interesting lecture on 'Colour Significance' was given by Professor R. Dimsdale Stocker, which was followed by clairvoyance from Mrs. Currey, good tests being given in one or two instances.—C.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—ATHENÆUM HALL, GODOLPHIN-ROAD.—On Sunday evening last Mrs. Graddon-Kent gave good illustrations in clairvoyance and psychometry. Mr. and Mrs. Kent gave a pleasing rendering of a duet, 'Friendship.' Miss Walton ably presided at the piano. On Sunday next, Mr. Ronald Brailey. (See advertisement.)—P. H.

CHISWICK TOWN HALL.—On Monday, July 27th, at the Town Hall, Mrs. Dowdall gave clairvoyant descriptions of spirit friends to a good audience. A garden party will be held at Hampton-on-Thames, on August 22nd. Tickets, of the secretary, 1s. each. On Monday next, Mr. A. V. Peters. (See advertisement.)

HACKNEY.—MANOR THEATRE, KENMURE-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. D. J. Davis treated his hearers to a closely reasoned and logical address on 'Spiritualism in Everyday Life,' and the applause at the close showed how much it had been appreciated by the large audience. Mr. Ruckey kindly sang 'Life,' and we shall be pleased to hear him again on future occasions. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Alfred Peters will deliver an address and give clairvoyance.—H. G.

NEWCASTLE PSYCHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY.—On Wednesday, July 29th, Mr. Morrell, of South Shields, gave good clairvoyance, and the open circle on Saturday, the 1st inst., was very successful. On Sunday evening last Mr. Seddon gave an address on 'Spiritual Life' to an appreciative audience. At the after-meeting two members gave clairvoyant descriptions for the first time in public, and Mr. Seddon gave a psychometrical test to a lady.—H. SEDDON, Hon. Sec.

BELPER.—Mr. and Mrs. Boddington, who have been doing such excellent work for Spiritualism in Battersea Park, London, have just concluded a week's mission in Belper, and we have been delighted with their services. Two meetings were held in the Market-place, which were attended by not less than five hundred persons at each meeting. Men, women, and children listened with close attention to the teaching so earnestly set forth by Mr. and Mrs. Boddington. We sincerely recommend societies to secure the services of Mr. and Mrs. Boddington, who by their practical example show their devotion to the cause of Modern Spiritualism.—H. W.