

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

No. 1,215.—VOL. XXIV. [Registered as] SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1904. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

We often have to express our wonder at the painful things said by Spiritualists of Spiritualists in the United States. Here, dipping into a pile of papers, we fish up, for instance, a copy of 'The Light of Truth,' with the following in an editorial:—

You whose eye falls on this bit of writing, listen. Are you a Spiritualist? That is to say, do you accept what the essence of every message you have received from the spirit world contains—love and peace and wisdom and charity and benevolence? Do you accept these principles or qualities, or sentiments for what they are, that is to say, having within their meaning a practical revelation to the world? Are they to your mind abstractions of a life of idealism, a Utopia, apart from this life in which you have a place, or are they applicable to this life and a part of your working hypothesis of it? In a word, are you a Spiritualist because these things have come to you and find response in your own soul?

You answer to all this, 'Yes.' Very well. Now, what are you fighting about? There are many of you. You are scattered all over this broad land, your name is legion. You are in high places, you are in low places. You are rich, you are poor. You are leaders in your particular sphere. You are followers in the same sphere. You attend your meetings, you confer with one another, you mount your rostrums and speak to the people, giving them, as best you can, the truth as you have found it.

And yet you fight, you quarrel, you are envious of one another; you go about with cudgels in your hands, as it were; you fume and worry and fret. You break up your meetings, you isolate yourselves from each other, you disorganise, disintegrate and die.

What is the matter with you? Why this monstrous anomaly, this stupid contradiction of ideas and works? Listen. You have loaded the heavenly side of your natures—that side to which the angels and workers there are attracted—with your physical and mental infirmities.

Being in 'The Light of Truth' we suppose we must take it as true, but it is anything but easy to do so. What we hope and half believe is that the writer has an unusually high standard of spirituality and social devotion, and is tired of the dust in the common arena. Perhaps, what he takes for harsh conflict and hustling is only a part of the necessary push and pull of conflicting ideas in a world which is trying hard to find the truth. But even this can be ruled by the fraternal spirit, and inspired by love.

Mr. C. A. Hall gives us, through 'The Systematic Publishing Company,' a pamphlet on 'The New Science of Man.' It runs to only fourteen pages, but the writer, who is not without thought, manages to contradict himself in relation to mental control, in one place blessing it, and in

another place condemning it. So, at all events, we read the following passages:—

Inquiries into the rationale of mesmerism, hypnotism and spirit-control lead us to report unfavourably concerning their alleged efficacy in therapeutics. They are found to establish relationships of an undesirable—even paralyzing—character. We respect the will of man too highly, and hold his freedom to be too sacred, to advocate the use of practices which involve the domination of one individual by another; and we cannot speak too strongly against those specialists who advocate the use of hypnotic suggestion as the means of obtaining influence over others. This use of so subtle a power is nothing less than criminal, and we are sorry to note that its victims are numerous. Speaking with exact knowledge, we warn the unsophisticated against being inveigled into practices the results of which may be extremely disastrous.

Our science also embraces a knowledge of mental forces and the manner in which they operate. It accounts for many remarkable phenomena in the realm of mind, such as mind-healing and the wonders of telepathy. Being always practical in its tendency, it shows how telepathy may be legitimately utilised in the control of health and circumstances, and how helpful mental forces may be made by intelligent concentration.

Perhaps Mr. Hall sees a vital distinction between 'the rationale of mesmerism and hypnotism' in relation to therapeutics, and a knowledge of mental forces and telepathy in relation to the control of health. There may be a distinction, but it cannot be so vital as to warrant blessing the one and banning the other.

The Rev. Charles Voysey, in a late sermon on 'Prayer as aid to right thinking,' once more gets on dangerous ground with over-emphasis upon his peculiar version of 'dependence on God,' 'in matters of faith and religion.' We are driven to ask bluntly whether there is any possibility of depending upon God apart from being true to common-sense, conscience, and sincere conviction. The prayer for God's guidance in relation to faith and religion is surely a prayer for light, and for honesty and courage in relation to it. But Mr. Voysey appears to resent such a version of God's guidance if it leads away from his ministry. He says:—

Men and women are led away more easily than they think from long-cherished convictions by the subtle influence of novelties and morbid activities due partly to advancing knowledge which is misapplied, and partly to the craving for excitement and the fascination of research into the unseen world and the future life. Instances occur to me of persons specially given to an overweening confidence in their own understanding, proud of their intellectual clearness and accuracy, led astray from their Theistic Faith by the allurements of Theosophy, subliminal consciousness, Spiritualism, hypnotism and so-called 'Christian Science' and 'The New Thought.' They were confident that they would never change their convictions. They thought they could stand alone. They did not think of their dependence upon God and His holding them by His hand. They did not pray for more light, they failed to supply oil to their lamp which soon flickered and went out, and betook themselves to tapers and farthing rushlights instead—all because they did not want and did not seek the help and guidance of God and trusted more in their own understanding than in His teaching.

Mr. Voysey probably does not know it, but the unbiassed reader will not fail to detect here the note of the

disappointed shepherd. We do not blame him : but we are sure it will help him if he would broaden his window, enlarge his outlook, and extend his view of the area occupied by the guidance of God.

Eleanor Kirk, in her 'Idea,' reports the following from a friend. She heads it, 'The Bank of Comfort':—

'What do you think of sending a vibration of joy to your bank when one is as cross as a bear?' a friend asks. 'The other morning I awoke with a headache—which I, of course, should not have had—and found that something was the matter with everybody and everything in the house. The maids had overslept, the children bade fair to be late to school, &c. For a few moments the atmosphere was pretty tense. Finally, my little boy, ten years old, who was doing all he could to help, looked up with an arch smile and asked :

'Why don't you send something to the bank, mamma?'

'What bank?' I inquired in pie-crust style.

'Why, the bank of comfort, of course,' he answered. 'You know if you put in something you can take out something, and mebbe that will cure your headache.'

'I will do it this minute,' I responded; and, taking the blessed little fellow's hands in mine, I sent a great wave of love to everybody who was belated or cross or worried or headachy or miserable for any reason. It seems almost incredible, but in two minutes or less I was free from all pain and annoyance. I had given and received at the same instant.

'Now you are all right!' said Freddy, as he hurried off to school. You see, your IDEAS are read aloud, and my little son often asks very intelligent questions, but I did not know that the "Bank of Comfort" had made such a practical impression upon him.'

Bless the boy! And this brings me to the desire of my heart—proper New-Thought schools for children. This little one has been vitally touched and will be of telling service to his family, his comrades, and the world. And there should be a great many more.

The Rev. J. W. Chadwick, preacher and poet, in a beautiful study on 'The Social Earth,' argues that the whole body of natural science is man's conversation with the earth and other bodies of like composition. 'The man of science speaks to the earth, and it teaches him.' 'Coming to Nature, we are coming to our own, and it receives us cordially. It runs to meet us like a child into its mother's arms':—

If he is Lyell, it teaches him geology,—how the great changes in the earth's history have been effected as gradually as the shifting of a sand-bar on the coast; if he is the elder Darwin, it teaches him the origin of species by processes of natural selection; if he is one of the younger Darwins, it teaches him the mystery of the tides,—how the same kind of force which heaps them on our mundane shores tugs at the viscous substance of the cooling suns and planets, and gives to them their characteristic forms.

But the earth is not more social with the scientist than with the poet. She was more social, I think, with Wordsworth than with any other poet. No other sat at her feet so patiently and listened so enrapturedly to her beloved tones. He said, and did not exaggerate,—

'To me the meaneast flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

There was no aspect of the green and glorious earth which did not give him fair and noble thoughts. Do you say, This was because he had a poetic mind, and not because the earth was 'full of visions and of voices'? Tennyson, for example, wrote :—

'In the spring a livelier iris mantles on the burnished dove ;

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

But how about the twenty thousand doves which will be shot to pieces a few weeks hence on Long Island or elsewhere, just for the fun of it, by able-bodied men, who will fancy themselves doing something fine, engaging in a manly sport? What do they care—these men—about the livelier iris mantling on the victim's throat and breast? But this only means that, as it takes two to make a quarrel, so it takes two to make a conversation. To have a social earth on the poetic plane, as on the scientific, you must have a social man to talk with her,—not necessary a Wordsworth or a Bryant, but a man with some poetic feeling, something of poetic soul.

Inquiries have been made concerning a reference to Robert Browning's phrase, 'Tis we musicians know.' It is from 'Abt Volger.' Here is the context :—

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard ;
Enough that He heard it once ; we shall hear it by-and-by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue
thence?

Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be
prized?

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,

Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe :
But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear ;

The rest may reason, and welcome ; 'tis we musicians know.

A writer in the London 'Chronicle' gives a long account of visits to two mediums. Notwithstanding some conventional frivolous, there is an undertone of seriousness in his story; the following very significant little paragraph ending the account of his first visit ;—'It was indeed strange. There was the whole of my life-story laid bare, every sorrow, every trial, every success. It was all there.'

THE DAILY PRESS AND SPIRITUALISM.

I am inclined to think that your 'Notes by the Way' in 'LIGHT' for April 9th are rather unnecessarily rough on the daily Press, and on Mr. Harold Begbie in particular. This is a matter in which we must be 'thankful for small mercies,' and should remember that anything that draws attention to Spiritualism is, in its way, a gain for the cause. It is publicity we need, and any mention, even adverse, is better than the 'conspiracy of silence' which has so long been kept up by the Press in general. It is a common saying among newspaper men that a slashing article may be one of the very best advertisements.

With regard to Mr. Begbie, I only know that he makes a specialty of interviews, in which he succeeds in the main in giving a vivid picture of something more than the mere superficial man he is describing. If I remember aright, he recently erred—in the opinion of Sir Oliver Lodge—in giving that gentleman's more private views rather than those which he held as warranted by strict scientific inference; he failed to distinguish between the man and the professor. If now he has represented Sir William Crookes as the scientist rather than as the man, he may perhaps be pardoned for having fallen into Charybdis.

Mr. Begbie has thrown several stones into the still waters of placid newspaper indifference, notably in his 'Daily Mail' articles on 'Shall we Live Again? Science and the Riddle of Life,' and 'A Vision of Thought—the Bent and Trend of Modern Opinion,' as well as in a highly appreciative notice of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, concluding with the words :—

'A young man telling a few people out of London's millions that the mystery of life is explicable and supportable on only one ground—this, that the Creator whose work we cannot comprehend is Abba Father to every individual soul throughout this teeming globe, and that each man may assure himself of God's encircling care by surrendering himself to the Way, the Life, and the Truth.

'A voice crying in the wilderness of London, and doing his work with the rest of us.'

Not half a bad creed, so far as it goes, whether for newspaper man or for preacher; we shall get farther anon.

S.

TRANSITION OF MR. F. EVERITT.

Mr. Thomas Everitt writes: 'Mrs. Everitt and myself are now in the North at Bishop Auckland, in consequence of the, at last rather sudden, departure of my dear brother, Mr. Fred Everitt, who left this state on the 12th inst., with the full knowledge and consciousness that he was leaving friends here to join loved ones "over there," some of whom he could already see about him; which made him the more anxious to grasp their outstretched hands. The manner of his departure shows the value of the assurance which a knowledge of Spiritualism gives, as we are constantly trying to impress upon our acquaintances and friends, and upon all with whom we come into relationship.'

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

A meeting of the Members and Associates of the Alliance will be held in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East (near the National Gallery), on

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 6TH,

WHEN AN ADDRESS WILL BE GIVEN

BY

DR. W. R. WASHINGTON SULLIVAN

ON

'THE CONTINUITY OF SPIRITUAL LIFE.'

The doors will be opened at 7 o'clock, and the Address will be commenced punctually at 7.30.

Admission by ticket only. Two tickets are sent to each Member, and one to each Associate, but both Members and Associates can have additional tickets for the use of friends on payment of 1s. each. Applications for extra tickets, accompanied by remittance, should be addressed to Mr. E. W. Wallis, Secretary to the London Spiritualist Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF PSYCHOMETRY AND CLAIRVOYANCE will be given at the rooms of the Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., by Mr. J. J. Vango on Tuesday next, April 26th, and by 'Clairibelle' on May 3rd and 10th. These séances commence punctually at 3 p.m., and no one is admitted after that hour. Fee 1s. to Members and Associates; to friends introduced by them, 2s. each.

TALKS WITH A SPIRIT CONTROL.—The next séance will be held at the rooms of the Alliance, with Mr. E. W. Wallis, on Friday next, April 29th, at 3 p.m., prompt. Fee 1s. each, and any Member or Associate may introduce a friend at the same rate of payment. Visitors should come prepared with written questions, on subjects of general interest relating to life here and hereafter.

PSYCHIC CULTURE.—Mr. Frederic Thurstan, M.A., kindly conducts classes for Members and Associates at the Rooms of the Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., for the encouragement and direction of private mediumship and psychical self-culture. The next meeting will be held on the afternoon of Friday, May 6th. Time, from 5 o'clock to 6 p.m., and visitors are requested to be in their places not later than 4.55. There is no fee or subscription.

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 will attend at the rooms of the Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, Charing Cross, W.C., on Thursday afternoons, between the hours of 1 and 3. Members, Associates, and friends 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 day, 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.

INVESTIGATING AND RECORDING COMMITTEE.

A committee has been formed by the London Spiritualist Alliance for the promotion of the following objects:—

- (1) To collect, sift, and record any evidence presented to them by public or private mediums.
- (2) To assist in the development of mediums.
- (3) To show hospitality to any foreign mediums visiting this country.

It is earnestly requested that all who can assist the committee in the prosecution of these objects will do so.

Communications to be addressed to the Secretary of the Committee, Dr. A. Colles, Office of the London Spiritualist Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

THE LANGUAGE OF SPIRITS.

BY J. B. SHIPLEY.

The question of a common or universal language is now 'in the air,' spread abroad, perhaps, by thought-radiations—from what centre, who shall say?

One of the latest revivers and exponents of ancient and eternal truth, Beha Ullah, has urged the adoption of such a language on account of its importance as a means of union and concord, and as one of the most potent aids to the spread of civilisation and knowledge of truth.

In connection with the numerous attempts to establish a common language among the dwellers on earth, only one of which has, in our opinion, the prospect of ultimate success, it may be interesting to note that, as we believe, there is, and always has been, such a universal language, used by spirits themselves, and we consider that this universal language is the ultimate origin of all the languages on earth, which have resulted from efforts to represent it by transcription and utterance, so as to be perceptible and intelligible to our organs of sight and hearing. For not only did thought precede words (contrary to the strange dictum of an eminent word-specialist, who imagined that without words there could be no thought), but pure thought is abstract and universal, giving rise to thought-forms in the individual mind, which again we strive to represent in words or by written signs. And in one sense the sign is nearer to the thought-form than the spoken word, for it is an attempt to picture the thought-form as it exists in the mind.

The really natural language consists neither of words nor of written signs, but of gestures, by which we strive to indicate the nature of the thought-form in which our mind clothes and images the pure thought itself. The gesture is represented in the pictured ideograph, as may be seen on the Egyptian monuments, which, in addition to hands in various attitudes, present other parts of the body, such as the eye to indicate the act of seeing, the feet to suggest walking, and so forth. The gesture of pointing at an object, or of indicating its form by means of the hands, is replaced by a picture of the object itself. But there are other impressions which are most naturally conveyed by imitative and suggestive sounds, in the way children do. Then the picture language only needs to be completed by the addition of arbitrary characters to represent these sounds, and the spoken one by words to represent the objects, and we have the essential elements of written and spoken communication. The use of phonetic or alphabetic characters to denote the sounds, instead of representing the objects themselves, was a further double stage of invention, while the use of auxiliary sounds, either detached or joined, to indicate the class or relationship of things and acts, gave rise to grammatical inflections. But as these successive improvements and adaptations arose in various localities, they varied between tribes and nations, and so there came to be 'Babel' on the earth.

Now to work backward from the gesture, and see what it signifies: When a man makes a gesture, it is not altogether an arbitrary one, and yet it does not convey the whole of his meaning. The gesture is an action which indicates vaguely the nature of a definite thought in the mind, which it is desired to convey to another mind. Whether that mind receives the idea or not depends largely upon the telepathic sympathy between the two persons. This sympathy exists even now, in our material age, and usually quite independently of our knowledge of what is called telepathy, which is regarded by scientists as a recent psychological discovery. It is as old as consciousness itself, and probably formed the earliest means of communication between soul and soul. As a matter of fact, we find that those peoples who are most accustomed to express themselves by gestures are the quickest to apprehend the meaning of a stranger when the spoken word fails to convey it.

These telepathic waves form a real language between souls, but whether this language becomes recognised and understood by the conscious mentality is another question. It depends upon the 'attunement' of the various phases of the conscious-

ness. The medium, or sensitive, is one who is strongly gifted with the power of bringing down to earth, as it were, those messages that are ever flitting across the ether of true thought ; for spoken thought, or thought framed in definite words, is only the translation of the message into human language.

Such evidence as we can glean from spirit phenomena, especially those of intuition and clairaudience, points to the fact that spirits are able to convey their thoughts to each other totally independent of the language formerly spoken by them while on earth, while the communications received by clairaudients are also quite independent of all question of nationality or mother-tongue. As used to be said of telegrams, the message is sent 'in a fluid state,' and it is put into intelligible form by the appropriate receiver, which, in this case, is the mental organisation acting through the physical brain.

If we could all develop this faculty, we should know that every one of us was sending forth waves of thought or influence, which another responsive soul could perceive and render into words, and thus we could telepathically communicate with those attuned to our thought without any use of spoken language, and writing would then only serve as a means of recording the ideas we thus caught on their ethereal flight. We should each in turn be transmitters and receivers, and each would be impressed with the ideas which his friend wished to communicate. In many instances this actually takes place, and often these instances seem to be mere coincidences, but they are few indeed as compared with what might be the case if we would each one strive to constitute himself or herself a 'station' for these invisible and inaudible wireless messages.

The wireless message which came to the present writer, and which forms the basis of this article, is now repeated in clearer and more extended form. Here it is:—

'Spirit can talk to spirit, and friend to friend, without speech or language. All that is needed is that the message be conveyed from the higher consciousness to the lower one, and this is each man's separate and independent work. Let him learn to accomplish it ; it is his duty to himself and to his fellows on both sides of the Great Divide which now separates them ; and by so doing he will be performing his part in the regeneration of humanity, obeying the call of God, and qualifying himself for communion with the messengers of Divinity Itself.'

TALKS WITH A SPIRIT CONTROL.

At a recent séance held by Mrs. M. H. Wallis, in the rooms of the London Spiritualist Alliance, 'Morambo,' the medium's control, answered, among others, the following questions, for the report of which, taken in shorthand, we are indebted to the courtesy of Miss May Harris:—

Q. : What is meant when it is said at a séance that the power is exhausted ?

A. : To answer briefly, I will explain my association with this medium. Those sitting in the circle, as well as the medium, give off nerve force, and I, to do my work through her, have to make inroads upon this force, which, from the demand made upon it, gets exhausted much in the same way as air does with you, in a closed room full of people. This force is my means of communication. I might go on using this weakened power, but my medium, on regaining her normal condition, would feel very much exhausted. When sitters are warned that 'the power' is going, they would, if wise, close the séance at once, for it is just at that time that an element of danger creeps in, especially in regard to those sitting for development, as a wandering spirit might then come along, and might exercise undesirable influence through lack of sufficient positive force to prevent his intrusion.

Q. : After man passes into the spirit world has he any direct knowledge of events transpiring on the earth plane except through the organism of a sensitive ?

A. : It is exceedingly difficult for any spirit, after having passed from the body, to get into exactly the same relationship with the earth as he could before the change ; though it is possible for some spirits who are still surrounded

by material conditions to draw near to that plane and sense pretty exactly what is going on there. This, however, is accomplished through their own mediumistic power, or that given off by someone on the earth plane.

Q. : Do you consider that the physical suffering and the misery so largely present in the world are necessary to man's spiritual evolution ?

A. : Considering the matter broadly, I should judge them to be necessary, or they would not exist, but when you come to individual application there is more latitude. I think, however, that they are largely preventible if man only exercised his power rightly ; but he does not, and suffering calls attention to the fact, and may, therefore, in that way be necessary. Personally, if I could, I would set the sufferer in the way of acting so that suffering should be no longer possible. By-and-by, when greater knowledge is gained and man's power of application is stronger, much of what is now imperfect will be perfected, and greater harmony will be experienced.

Q. : Is it a fact that some spirit people, almost immediately after passing over, can perceive passers in the street, and are very surprised to find that the latter take no notice when approached by them ?

A. : Yes ; more especially is this the case if consciousness is active immediately after passing over and before the earthly conditions have been dissipated. Spirits in this state can discern their friends on earth more clearly than after they have grown out of, or away from, the physical conditions.

Q. : To use your medium as you are now doing you must have acquired certain knowledge ?

A. : Yes ; I experimented, but my first discovery in this respect was more in the nature of an accident than of an intention. I found myself thinking somewhat strongly in regard to a certain subject, being then associated with another medium, and suddenly an avenue of communication seemed to be opened. I thought a little more intensely, and found myself expressing my thought imperfectly through the lips of that medium. I think I was partially guided to do so by someone wiser than myself.

Q. : When one is under an anæsthetic what becomes of the spirit ?

A. : I can hardly say what occurs in every instance, as the experience varies with the individual. I know of instances (in cases of surgical operation, where great care was necessary) of spirit assistants taking the individual away whose body was being operated on, and keeping him on the spirit side until the time for return to earth. It is very likely that, the nervous strain having been removed, a more speedy recovery ensued than would otherwise have been the case. In some instances, a sort of mesmeric power is exercised by spirit people over the patient in order to lessen the spirit's activity when there has seemed to be danger in its withdrawal from close association with the body, and it has then been left, or kept, in a state of semi-consciousness.

Q. : Are we right in inferring that you are using the medium in order to express your thoughts through a suitable channel ?

A. : Yes ; because if I were to speak, if I were to come in my own proper state, you would neither hear nor see me. Where people possess physical mediumship I have occasionally been able to manifest my presence, but usually I am limited in regard to your side to expression through either this or another medium.

Q. : Do we learn during sleep ?

A. : Yes. It is a good thing to bring troubles to the borderland of sleep, that is to say, just before dropping off, to formulate a request in your mind for any knowledge or help required ; and if there is spiritual activity the difficulty will be met during sleep. If thought is clear immediately before sleeping the answer to your question will be most likely retained on awakening.

A PREVISION OF A BURIAL.—'The Theosophist' gives a pathetic story of a little boy and girl who said, as an excuse for being late for tea, that they had followed a funeral, and had seen two little coffins taken to the grave and buried under a sycamore tree. Their mother whipped them soundly and sent them to bed, believing that they had lied to her, as the grave belonged to her family, and could not be opened without her knowledge. The children, however, remained in bed until their deaths a fortnight later, from scarlet fever, and the funeral occurred just as they had described it.

EXPERIMENTS IN PSYCHOMETRY.

BY EDITH HAWTHORN.

The following brief notes are taken from the reports of two long and searching experiments made specially for certain scientific purposes. The experimenter and the sender of specimens were the same as in the cases reported last year, namely, Miss Hawthorn, of London, and Mr. S. Jones, of Dudley.

The first experiment was made upon a small piece of the twig of a tree, which was posted from Dudley on Friday evening, March 25th, 1904, received in London, Saturday evening, March 26th, and psychometrised on Sunday morning, March 27th, at about eleven o'clock, when the bells were ringing for church. The twig was no sooner touched than the experimenter exclaimed :—

'What is this agitation? This trembling? The very roots down under the earth are quivering, and beetles are running hither and thither over the roots in fright. Even the very worms are restless, busily at work under the soil corkscrewing their way to the surface. The voles, the worms, and the insects all feel these tremors, and are strangely agitated. The worms and insects have a vague sense of fear, but possess neither intelligence nor power to help themselves to flee from some indefinable, invisible danger. The voles, however, attempt to escape, but are impotent against the fate that appears to be coming so fast upon them. The tree from which this twig was broken feels the earth's tremors, but has no sense or consciousness of fear like the voles, insects, and worms.'

[Mr. Jones' reply to the above is as follows : 'These impressions are very remarkable from the fact that about 4 p.m. on Sunday, March 27th, "a crowning in" of the earth's surface occurred between three and four hundred yards from where the tree stands, owing to the mining operations. It is quite likely that these lower orders of creatures were sensible of the earth's tremors, due to the disturbance that was taking place.' The experimenter was, as one may say, full five hours in advance of the public knowledge of the event.]

'This twig brings with it a sense of fullness, that almost touches the borderland of pain—yet not pain as it is generally understood. There is also a sense of juice, or sap, pushing its way with difficulty upwards through invisible channels, and there is altogether a sense of pain and travail within the entire tree.'

[Mr. Jones' reply is : 'The leaf buds are now pushing forth.']

'The tree is not a high one, or thick in girth. It brings with it a sense of fruit—apples.'

[Mr. Jones replied : 'Quite correct. The tree is not at all a high one, or of any great girth, and it is an apple tree.']

'This twig brings with it a shiver ; an atmosphere and sensation of cold. Its very roots appear cold and chilled. The soil is not warm or comforting, helping to drive the life forces rushing up the trunk into the branches, but is cold and wet, retarding the tree's progress.'

[Mr. Jones concludes his report by saying : 'The soil in which the specimen grows cannot be called favourable. It is stiff, cold, and wet. The roots of the tree grow quite close to a well of water, cold enough to give one "shivers" at any time. The soil in which the tree grows is kept constantly saturated beneath the surface by this well of water.']

The next experiment was made upon a bird's feather, the result having, we hear, been proved useful in offering valuable suggestions to bird-fanciers, and which will, no doubt, be eventually adopted by them. The first impression recorded is this :—

'This feather has been in rather close quarters. In a basket. Its owner is a little bundle of nerves, and the vibration of these nerves makes the little body appear to tremble ; yet it is not the trembling of fear, for though it is in such close quarters, it seems to realise somehow that it will soon be

released from its prison. It goes somewhere by train, for there is the rattle and vibration of the railway.'

[Mr. Jones replies : 'It was a flight or wing feather from a Homer pigeon which was purposely sent by rail for this experiment, in a basket, to Fernhill Heath, near Worcester, to fly back to Gornal Wood, in all about twenty miles as the crow flies. The pinion was cut from its wing immediately it reached home. It flew the journey in good time.']

'It is released from its close quarters. It is flying upwards, wheeling round and round. The chief motion, the chief feeling, is centred under its wings. Great nerve propellers are there at work, all directed by its little brain, so that one wonders vaguely why airship inventors do not place the director in the head of the ship. The bird seems to be making straight for the sun.'

['A special characteristic of this particular bird,' writes Mr. Jones, 'which is noted for its high flight.']

'It soars higher and higher. It does not know where it is. It is in a strange neighbourhood.'

['It was a strange neighbourhood,' replied Mr. Jones. 'It had never been flown from there before.']

'In its nervous trepidation it soars still higher, till suddenly it appears to come in contact with some subtle force or current, which connects it with its home. For at the moment, seeing with the bird's mind, the experimenter saw the tiniest of tiny pictures, the interior of a small pigeon-cote, or loft, in which was a handful of peas and a jar of water. It was as if the bird had sharply visualised a mental picture of its home whilst fluttering in the air.

'The bird appeared to both see and feel this current, but until it was quite assured of its contact with this exquisitely fine vibration, it seemed to suffer an agony of nervous anxiety. But when once the connection was made its anxiety disappeared, its confidence restored, its wings made a few revolutions, and then it set forward for a direct and steady flight for home !

'It did not appear to trouble about looking for landmarks, but kept in the course or track of this fine magnetic current. Passing over towns its course became more difficult, for the currents or vibrations were not so clear, and became inextricably mixed up with the distant hum and din of street noises, so that instead of trusting entirely to these vibrations, it began to look for landmarks, which appeared to be high church steeples, weather vanes, cowls, and stacks of chimneys, each view of which looked as clear and fine as a sharp negative, demonstrating what a peculiarly beautiful, natural lens a bird's eye must be.

'Now it is passing through a dense cloud, which is not smoke, and instinctively it quickens its flight, for the cold, or rarefied air, causes it to catch its breath for a second or two.'

['This is doubtless quite correct,' writes Mr. Jones. 'The weather was bad that morning, and at intervals very dense ; heavy clouds seemed to hang in the direction of the bird's flight.']

'Approaching home the bird's troubles appear to begin, for it hears men in all directions whistling the same "Call !" and, as it hovers high in the air, it finds it a matter of difficulty to detect the difference between the real, true home whistle and the "decoy" whistle. It also appears hyper-sensitively sharp and wary in steering clear of numerous men and boys who seem trying to entrap it. Surely it must once have been entrapped, or why this strange, overwhelming fear of being decoyed into a strange place ?'

[Mr. Jones replies : 'The pigeon was "entrapped" once by a decoy, and kept a prisoner for some weeks. Decoys are everywhere. The district simply teems with pigeon-fanciers, every one of whom tries his best to trap all he can.']

'Is there a tabby cat, also a black and white one—the latter, with a white mouth, about the bird's home? For they both appear to be a source of considerable anxiety and dread to this poor little bird.'

['Yes,' concludes Mr. Jones. 'There is a grey tabby cat, also a black and white one, such as you describe, which prowls about, and make the pigeon's owner anxious, as well as the pigeon !']

OFFICE OF 'LIGHT,' 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON, W.C.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23rd, 1904.

Light,

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

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

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

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

HERBERT SPENCER'S THEISM.

A few alert and prepared spirits are recognising the undoubted truth that Herbert Spencer laid one of the broad and deep foundation stones upon which, in days to come, the temple will be reared that will serve as a place of refuge for millions who find it impossible to believe in an over-humanised God.

Of course, poor Human Nature can seldom, if ever, rise higher than itself in the picturing of God. Its 'revelations' are reflections of its mental, ethical and spiritual states, as the Bible itself abundantly shows. From the God who came down to see what the builders of the Tower of Babel were about, to the God who was known as 'mighty in battle,' and on to 'Our Father,' every portrait of Him had, for its original, the likeness of a man. It was inevitable; but it has nearly had its day. Very soon man will not anthropomorphise God any more.

It is just here that Herbert Spencer comes to our help, first by clearing away the old collection of portraits, and then by teaching us how to do without them. He might say with Hamlet:

I must be cruel, only to be kind.

He does not deny the 'Infinite and Eternal Power'; on the contrary, he affirms Him (or It). He only says that this Power is too great for our survey, too far removed from our mode of being to be comprehended. He thinks it reasonable to conclude that 'this Infinite and Eternal Power is as much above and beyond what we mean by personality and consciousness as we are above vegetable growth': and the inference is that we can no more comprehend the mode of being of the Infinite and Eternal Power than a mushroom can comprehend the mode of being of a man.

But two thoughts of first-rate importance must here be brought into the account. Herbert Spencer strongly affirmed the inevitability of the great inference that the Infinite and Eternal Power existed, and of the equally great fact that we must take account of those deep and urgent instincts and emotions which somehow connect us with that Infinite and Eternal Power. In other words, he affirmed the reality of that vast mysterious region which we connect with Religion and God; and he very plainly taught that what we know as Materialism did not and could not account for all that we know of life, and all that we mean by 'Man,' to say nothing of God. In a sense, then, he was both a Theist and a Spiritualist, tentatively. In addition to this, we must carefully note the words of this exact thinker and writer. He does not entirely deny some mode of personality to God; he only suggests that it is reasonable to say that the Infinite and Eternal Power is 'above and beyond what we mean by personality,' just

as we are far above and beyond what a mushroom might mean by personality.

Of course, many, even of the rationally-minded, will shrink more or less from this; and several communications that have come our way indicate this shrinking. The latest of these reaches us from the United States, in the form of a criticism by the Rev. J. M. Davidson, half appreciation of and half lament over Herbert Spencer's relentless dismissal of our old humanising of God. He thinks that this indicates a kind of intellectual limitation, a 'lacking in one vitally necessary attribute of the philosopher.' 'He needed,' he says, 'the quality of introspection, or, shall we call it, creative imagination. He was too prone to stop where his external facts stopped; and while, for the safety of his system of philosophy, this was well perhaps, he nevertheless threw out from the sphere of his work a large body of genuine human experience.'

This may be so, but the matter goes deeper. Herbert Spencer's probing of personality in relation to God was not the result of not seeing; it was the result of seeing. Most of us are conventional. We echo: we are in the fashion and go with the stream. He was original, independent, apart. We take Mr. Davidson as a fair average specimen of the interested but disturbed student of the signs of the times. He does not clearly see what he can take refuge in if he surrenders what we mean by personality. He is like a believer in a future life who fancies it will vanish if he gives up the resurrection of the body; and yet, in a way, he does see that we can decline to humanly personify God—can confess our inability as to that—and yet retain the inference that the Infinite and Eternal Power has, in a way that we cannot comprehend, all that is intellectually and spiritually represented in and by personality. He says:—

May it not be that God is indeed as much larger than we as we are larger than vegetable life (and such a measure of difference must be too small), but in addition, as we, though raised so far above vegetable life, include in our organism everything that is vital in the organism of the vegetable cell structure, protoplasmic circulation, assimilative organs, and the like; may not God, although raised above anything that we could conceive of as the sum of His being, yet include in His being everything that is essential to our personality?

So then, Herbert Spencer's 'above and beyond what we mean by personality' may include, only in a higher mode, all that is included on the intellectual and spiritual side of human personality. To that we may reasonably cling, and yet be perfectly aware that we know nothing of the mode of being of an omnipresent and omniscient God. We do not care, then, to deny Mr. Davidson's half sad suggestion that 'our higher anthropomorphism, which is implied in our desire for a personal God, must go the way of the lower anthropomorphism which led men to think of God as engaging in human pursuits, following the chase, engaging in quarrels, commanding the Jews, as their king, to annihilate their enemies.' Only we again say that the denial of the old personality is quite compatible with a new inference that can do without definitions.

Mr. Davidson gets a glimpse of it when he subsides into content 'if we can find a life behind the laws.' 'If we know that behind the law one awaits us who really knows and feels and loves, then we are constrained to fortitude, knowing that in that Mind a purpose holds which turns every single incident to account for us, that no event can befall which will not work us good at last. You see,' he says, 'that we are unwontedly near the state of blind trust of old. We are indeed. It is the only hope for us.' Quite true, but we would not say that sadly. 'Trust' is not only our 'only hope,' it is the best hope, the brightest hope; and some day, as Mr. Davidson suggests, when this is better understood, Spencer's contribution to religion will find its crown.

INTERESTING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

BY MR. J. W. BOULDING.

An Address given by Mr. J. W. BOULDING to the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance on April 8th, 1904, in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall—Mr. H. Withall, Vice-president of the Alliance, in the chair.

MR. BOULDING said: Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—It is an injunction of the Apostle Peter that we be ready always to give to every man that asketh us, a reason of the hope that is in us; an injunction which is certainly most reasonable, for if a man *cannot* give a reason he must be either very ignorant or very incapable; and if he *will* not give one he must be either very churlish or conscious that he has none to give. Especially should we be ready to give a reason for the hope that is in us when that hope is a great one, a vital one: one that, if established, can afford great comfort to comfortless hearts, and brightness to darkened homes, and extend the horizon of human vision beyond the boundary line of the life that now is, into the vastness and glory of the life that is to come. To give a reason for such a hope, and especially a reason that is substantiated by facts, must be of all reasonable acts the most reasonable; commending itself by its utility to the reason of others; while showing the sanity of the mind that gives it. It is this injunction—this duty, that I have undertaken to fulfil to-night. Being in possession of this precious hope I shall try to show you how I came into possession of it, by what steps I was led to it, by what evidences I was convinced of it, by what proofs, ‘many and infallible,’ it was built up in my life, and incorporated with the things that I know and have been assured of; and I trust that when I have finished you will agree with me that my reason is a good one, a sufficient one, a final one; that I have not followed cunningly devised fables, or been the victim of any hallucinations of my own; but that I am simply a believer because I cannot be otherwise; and a witness to you of what my eyes have seen and my judgment has approved of the truth and the power of the world to come.

I certainly should not stand here, in any case, to tell you a series of cunning fictions which on such a subject would be a series of bare-faced lies. I tell the truth as it has been told to me; and I leave you to draw what conclusion you may please. I only ask you to remember one thing: that on such a subject I would not utter a word that was false, or even trick out a tale for the sake of theatrical sensation and effect. If I were guilty of such an act I should judge myself unworthy of that eternal life to which I hope, with you, presently to come; I should feel I had committed a sin, not only against the spirits of the dead, but against the Everliving Spirit, the Father of us all, and should expect to come under the fearful condemnation of being never forgiven, neither in this world nor in that which is to come.

My investigation of this subject, then, arose in the most natural and legitimate way. It sprang out of my ordinary studies and avocations. I did not seek it; in fact, it sought me. A few years ago I was writing on an historical subject in which Queen Anne Boleyn was the principal figure. After that subject was completed, and I was taking a little necessary rest, I wandered one morning into a public library with the intention of glancing for a moment at a daily newspaper which I was not at that time taking in. That newspaper happened to be engaged, so I casually took up the ‘Daily Chronicle.’ The ‘Daily Chronicle’ was a newspaper that I had never been accustomed to read, and why I selected it on this occasion I cannot say. I have often wondered since if I was influenced to do it. For if I had not done it I might never have known anything about Spiritualism. On such small incidents as this our destinies often hang, and a casual circumstance is sometimes the turning-point in our whole career. Be this, however, as it may, I will tell you what happened to me. I saw in that paper—and, strange to say, it was the only thing I saw, for after that had caught my eye I put the paper down—I saw

a preliminary notice of a new book that was then in the press, purporting to be an account of some spiritualist experiences by Mrs. Russell-Davies, among which, it was said, she claimed to have had personal communications from Queen Anne Boleyn. As I had just been writing a new work on Queen Anne Boleyn this naturally arrested my attention; and although I did not believe the statement in the least, yet I was sufficiently curious to put myself in communication with Mrs. Russell-Davies, and ask her if she could really vouch for the truth of that statement. In a day or two I received not only a reply in the affirmative, but a letter inviting me to call on Mrs. Russell-Davies, which I immediately proceeded to do. I need not weary you by telling you all the details of that interview; it will be sufficient to relate that one or two startling facts were communicated to me; one in particular, which struck me very forcibly, was the name and date of one of my ancestors a hundred years ago, which name and date I verified by writing to one of my relations who resided on the spot, and who copied them from the stone in the old churchyard. Other matters in relation to Anne Boleyn were also related to me; but though I was impressed by the singularity of these communications I was not at all convinced of their alleged origin in the world of spirits.

‘THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE.’

I was sufficiently impressed, however, to make a resolution that I would continue my investigations; so I selected a medium who was holding public sances in the West of London, viz., Mrs. Mason. When I got there, however, everything looked so dull and uninviting in the evening dusk that I stood on the pavement and hesitated to enter; and at last resolved that I would give it up and go home. Had I done so I think it would have ended the business; but just at that moment—was it due to some influence like my taking up the ‘Daily Chronicle’?—I cannot tell; but just at that moment someone opened the door and invited me to come in. So in I went. I found the room nearly full, and not wishing to be at all prominent I took a chair in the extreme corner, where I thought I should be the least likely to be observed by the medium, or anyone present. Soon after the proceedings began, however, I found that there was no chance of escaping observation. If, like Jonah, I was fleeing from the presence of the angels it was certain that the angels were determined to pursue me: and it was lucky for me that there was no whale to swallow me up. Almost as soon as the medium began she singled me out with conspicuous accuracy; and if she drew her bow at a venture she certainly took a remarkably correct aim, and smote the enemy between the joints of the harness. ‘You are a literary man,’ said she. ‘How do you know?’ I asked. ‘I do know,’ she replied; ‘for I see pens all about you.’ ‘A very good shot,’ said I to myself; ‘she is a clever little woman anyhow; and it is lucky she did not see tape-measures, or swords, or shovels, or any other implements, about me, for I deal with nothing but pens.’ And she followed up that shot with one even more killing—‘You have been reading Swedenborg lately; for I see Swedenborg himself standing beside you.’ This was, in fact, quite a ‘startler,’ for I was at that very time reading a book of Swedenborg’s, with whose works I had previously made no acquaintance. One of the members of that society then became clairvoyant, and rising up said the spirits were showing him a picture of me in a large building crowded with people, and I was wearing a black silk gown. He supposed, therefore, that I was a judge. I recognised myself in that silk gown and that crowded building; but I did not tell him what I was, or ever had been, as I wished, for evidential reasons, to conceal my identity. In the following week I went again to that meeting, and then I received a more convincing proof. As I sat in the room the medium said, ‘I see an old lady beside you,’ and after giving me some very characteristic particulars she told me it was my grandmother. Now grandmothers are not always dear to their grandchildren. Some of them are old, and cross, and fidgety; and some were even dead before their grandchildren were born; but in my case neither of these unfortunate circumstances was true, for my grandmother brought me up, and she was one of the sweetest,

dearest, and most lovable old ladies that ever dandled a child upon her knee, or told him stories by a winter fire. I need not say, therefore, that I cherished a profound regard for her memory, and the revelation of her presence was a gospel indeed, if it was true that she was alive and could visit me, and cherish me and love me still. I asked, therefore, if the medium could get her name. She immediately proceeded to make characters with her finger on the table before me, which, conceiving them to be letters, I vainly attempted to form into a word. When she had finished I said that I could not read what she had written. The answer came: 'I have not been writing; I have been drawing. I have drawn a full-blown rose. Was Rose your grandmother's name?' It *was* Rose, only Rose! And I must say it was the loveliest picture I had ever looked on, though there was nothing on the table but that imaginary scrawl.

This domestic interest whetted my appetite as no amount of Swedenborgs could possibly have done. To be brought again into touch with one who had been so much to me, and whose death had been the greatest calamity of my young life (for she died when I was only eleven years old), this invested Spiritualism with a pathetic charm and made me long for further knowledge of a science so beautiful, so consoling, and evidently so true. Selecting, therefore, another public medium who lived miles away from the former (Mr. Coote, then residing at Chelsea), I presented myself to him in the ordinary way. I may tell you at this point that I had become sufficiently impressed with the truth of this science to think it possible that my grandmother might be near me, and could hear what I said. So, sitting in my study before I left home, I asked her, if she were really there, whether she would favour me by going to Mr. Coote's and giving me this evidence of her identity again. Now it happened that there was only one other person present besides myself, and after Mr. Coote had dealt with him he turned to me and said: 'I see a great many spirits crowding about you. But there are two in particular who are pushing to the front, and evidently determined to be identified first—the one a young lady' (whose name he gave me and I shall tell you about her later on in my story) 'and the other an old lady; I fancy she is your grandmother.' 'Yes,' said I, 'possibly. Can you get her name?' 'No,' he replied, 'I cannot see any name. But when you asked that question she held up a red rose over your head. Has that anything to do with it?' It had all to do with it! The rose again! The beautiful rose! So fragrant in my memory. So fadeless in my love!

By this time, as you may imagine, my interest in Spiritualism was fairly alight, and, like King Solomon's four voracious creatures, I was never satisfied and could never say 'Enough.' So I went to other places, on the same quest, Mr. Vango's for one, and over my head, wherever I went, in triumphant proof of the existence and identity of the guardian of my youth, the same red rose unfolded its petals and refreshed me once more with its loveliness and love.

Shortly after this Mrs. Russell-Davies came to dine with me, and after dinner we adjourned to the drawing-room; and no sooner had we sat down than this same sweet face from the long ago re-appeared with additional evidence for me; for, after describing her features correctly, Mrs. Davies said: 'She wears across her forehead a small brown wig.' That was to me a conclusive test. The little brown wig which I knew so well, with which she hid the few thin hairs that time and infirmity had changed to grey, and which I had seen her so often put on to soften the rigour of life's white winter and bring back some semblance of the days of her spring—that wig was to me a conclusive proof that it was she and none other, the dear one that was gone. I could not, however, resist asking for the usual and final proof; for that rose had assumed by this time a kind of picturesque and poetic beauty which I was loth to lose; and, in response to my question, Mrs. Davies said: 'I see a flower: she is holding it over your head: it is turning crimson: it is a red rose.' Yes, there it was again—the red, red rose, which death had not blighted, which the grave had not withered; the fairest flower in the garden of my memory, which had lost none of its beauty by the chills of death; but was living still in a fairer clime, and breathing its sweetness

into this wintry world, to cheer and gladden me on my journey home.

So much, then, for my 'Romance of the Rose.' And I now return to the line of evidence on which I started, namely, that of the Queen Anne Boleyn.

QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN.

In my first interview with Mrs. Russell-Davies I naturally asked for a description of the Queen as she appeared to her: and one of the most striking features of her appearance was a rather remarkable display of jewels. Whether spirits are in the habit of wearing jewels I do not know. Certainly no Biblical student could object to the idea, because the Bible lends colour to it. Not only is the Heavenly City described as one mass of blazing gems, but the seven angels are said to be arrayed with precious stones, pure and bright: and the horses in the vision had breast-plates of jacinth, and the white-robed company had crowns upon their heads; and the faithful and true witness had many diadems—all of them, we presume, glittering with gems, which has always been the fashion with Royal persons; and especially Royalties of Oriental lands from which the Bible imagery is all derived. And if the Bible student objects that this is no literal description of the invisible Heavens, and is only symbolical of their spiritual beauty, I accept the objection without a moment's hesitation; but remind him also that this jewellery in which Queen Anne appears may not be real either, or in any sense jewellery as we understand it, but only symbolical of glory and distinction; though it may also be the reality and spiritual substance of which earthly gems are the shadows and images: these being the 'patterns' of things in the Heavens, and their vanishing pictures on this material plane. Well, be this as it may, the Queen was described to me as still adorned with queenly splendour, and in particular wearing a girdle of gems with a loop of precious stones hanging down in front.

On one of the early occasions on which I visited Mrs. Mason she described to me a very bright apparition of apparently an ancient spirit, whom she had not previously seen, and who was represented as standing near to me. So bright was this spirit that the medium seemed surprised that we could not see her ourselves; and various conjectures were made as to what personage the splendid visitant might be. Miss MacCreadie, who happened to be present, and who also saw her, suggested 'Joan of Arc,' but no name being given the mystery was unsolved; and it shows how slow I was to jump to a conclusion, or furnish a clue, or even to form a conjecture of my own, and how far removed all this was from a mere mental image proceeding from my mind, or what is usually called thought-reading, that it did not strike me even as a fancy that this might be the Queen Anne Boleyn herself.

On the way home, however, the thought did strike me, and at the same moment I experienced a very curious sensation, as if an impalpable hand had passed over my face, producing a cold and uncanny shiver; and as soon as I had got indoors I wrote to Mrs. Davies, telling her of my experience, and asking her the question, and by return of post I received an answer that Anne Boleyn was now able to touch me and convince me of her presence, and that she had been to the meeting where I had attended. This, however, was not complete evidence; because I had given her these particulars and suggested her reply, and, therefore, had discounted and vitiated my proof.

On my next visit to Mrs. Mason the same apparition was described to me again, and this time I had the remarkable testimony that 'she was wearing a girdle of precious stones, with a kind of loop of jewels in the front.' I now knew who the spirit was supposed to be, though she did not tell, neither did I say, who she was, and so the secret was kept between us.

Once more after this she came there again. And now observe what follows, for it is remarkable as evidence. I received a letter from Mrs. Russell-Davies to say that Anne Boleyn would appear no more through that medium, having given me, she considered, evidence enough. So I thought I would put that letter to the test. I went, therefore, to that medium again and again, but no Queen Anne appeared any

more. I tempted the medium to describe to me again that radiant spirit bedight with gems; but no answer could I get except the same positive and even sorrowful denial. 'No, sir, I cannot see her; the spirit is not here'; proving to a demonstration, as I venture to think, the truth of both clairvoyantes, the one who said she would not come; the other who said she had not come; not less than the genuineness of the apparition itself. And lest anyone should imagine, as some suspicious people have imagined, and suggested to me, that there was some collusion between these two mediums, let me say that I ascertained as a positive fact that these two ladies were not personal friends, and had never met face to face.

Shortly after this a strange experience happened to myself. As I sat in my study one day I thought I felt something touch me. Gradually that mysterious touch increased both in frequency and certainty, till at last there was no longer any doubt in my mind that some person or some thing was touching me, and evidently meant that I should understand and know it. By degrees it became so powerful, and I may add so decidedly uncomfortable, that I began to feel quite melancholy. I could get rid of it neither by day nor night. It was like a cap of ice fastened on my head; and you can imagine how uncomfortable that feeling must have been. At last I went to a medium, a different one this time—a lady who has now passed away—and I asked her if she could see anything singular about my head; and she told me she saw the hand of a spirit there, and whose was the hand, and why it was there. I then asked that the hand might be removed, as I presumed the object of its pressure had been gained by my recognition of it; and in obedience to my request it was removed; and although I have felt it again and again, and am constantly feeling it, when (as you will presently learn) necessity arises, yet the ice-cap has never been put on again, and no discomfort has ever attended it; but, on the contrary, it has been the signal of messages and communications which have been of the greatest material comfort and benefit.

Now this medium, to whom I had gone to consult her about the 'ice-cap,' told me that if I would take a pencil important messages would be given me through my hand. I resolved at once to test that opinion, and after a few ineffectual sittings I suddenly found that a power external to myself was moving the pencil and giving me information as to the writer's identity. I shall tell you more about this in a minute or two, but meanwhile I want to show you what happened as the result of it, in reference to the Queen Anne Boleyn. I was sitting one afternoon writing in my study, my mind being engaged on a subject entirely unrelated to spirits, when I felt a sudden knocking as of a hand on the left side of my head. Taking up my pencil I asked, 'Who is there?' and I received the reply 'Anne Boleyn.' 'Oh,' said I, 'is it really you? Well, now, if it is, I want you to give me a proof which I can regard as conclusive. Will you?' To which she replied, 'I will if I can.' 'Well,' said I, 'will you go to Mr. Vango's with me on Thursday evening, and give me the evidence of your identity again?' She replied, 'I will go.' 'You need not give your name,' said I, 'if you do not wish to, but just wear that girdle of jewels with the loop of jewels that you have appeared in before, and by that sign I shall be able to recognise your presence.' On the evening appointed, therefore, I went: not without misgivings, I candidly admit; for my mind is naturally sceptical, as I presume all trained minds are; and I half ridiculed my own seriousness in going on so singular and intangible a quest. Others ridiculed it too, and one laid a small wager of sixpence that I should not get what I wanted. It was not a large wager certainly, but even sixpences are not to be despised in these hard times. The séance came off in due course, and Mr. Vango saw no one near me except the form of an old man whom I could not recognise. 'Oh,' thought I, 'I've lost my sixpence!' And in my disappointment at not getting my test, I exclaimed rather petulantly, 'I don't know the old man. In fact, I don't know any old man; never knew an old man in my life—who would be likely to come to me.' In fact, I felt so angry at any old man presuming to take the place of my Royal friend, that I snubbed him, hustled him off, and metaphorically speaking, 'settled' him, and banished him to limbo. All very wrong, I freely admit, very presumptuous and disrespectful, and quite wanting in the reverence which is due

to age, especially a venerable and aged spirit; but you must make some allowance for a man's feelings who had come to meet a queen with gems bedight, and only encountered a quite unrecognisable and nameless old man. You may imagine that all through the remainder of the séance I sat in a kind of spiritualistic 'dump,' feeling that I had either been fooled or had fooled myself; when suddenly just as the séance was closing the clairvoyant turned round, looked across to the point where I was sitting, and said, 'Oh, I must speak again to that gentleman over there.' 'To me?' I asked. 'Yes,' he replied. 'There is a spirit who has just come, and is standing right in front of you. She has an oval face, brown eyes and hair, and is a person who lived about three centuries ago. I can see that from the style of her dress; besides, she has written 300 over your head. She has a belt of shells round her waist, and a loop of them hangs down in front.' 'Are you sure they are shells?' I asked. 'Look at them closely and tell me.' After a moment's pause he said, 'No, they are not shells, they are precious stones.' 'And now,' he continued, 'she has a gold stick in her hand, with a knob at the end of it; and now she has a crown on her head—not like the crown which our Queen wore at her Coronation, but a small crown. And now, oh! what do I see? there is a dark mark coming round her neck; her throat is covered with blood; and now her head is off; and with her right hand she is holding out a long scroll towards you. Do you know what it means?' 'I do,' I replied. 'Do you know her?' 'I do.' 'She gives me no name.' 'I know her name.' A few moments after he suddenly said, 'I hear the name of "Anne." Does anyone here know any spirit by the name of "Anne"?' 'Oh, yes,' exclaimed an old lady, 'I had an aunt of that name.' 'Yes,' said I, mentally, 'and England had a queen of that name. It is no Aunt Anne, but Anne Boleyn.' The name was for me, though the intervening pause had diverted the attention, so that no one suspected whence, or for whom, the name had come. I almost fancied I could hear Anne Boleyn asking me in the words of Ariel in 'The Tempest,'

'Was it well done?'

and I mentally responded,

'It was well done!'

Fine Spirit! Thy charge exactly is performed.'

For here, you see, was evidence in full measure—'good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over'; evidence beyond what I had asked for or expected; not only the girdle of jewels which was the preconcerted and promised sign of recognition, but the whole insignia of queenly royalty, the sceptre in the hand, the crown on the head; the entire tragedy, in fact, of her life as represented by its initial and final scenes; from the Coronation in the Abbey when she was decked with the crown matrimonial by her infatuated husband, to the semblance of the closing tableau on Tower Hill, when the head fell and the murder was complete, and the Queen of the Royal Blue Beard was no more.

There is still one other link in this chain of evidence which was supplied at another séance by another clairvoyante, which, with your permission, if you are not tired of the subject, I should like to present to you to complete the story.

Some months now elapsed, and the impression of these evidences seemed to be getting dim; and I began to feel rather sceptical again, and there were not wanting people who tried to cajole me out of my faith, and to persuade me that it was all a delusion and a fraud. Such people are always at one's elbow; the sceptic and the scoffer are never absent; and if it were not for the renewal of one's evidences from time to time I fear one's faith would waver and the comfort of it fail.

So I resolved to get another proof if I could, and I selected the Queen Anne Boleyn as the test. Sitting in my study, I asked the spirit who usually communicates with me, 'whether she could bring Anne Boleyn to another meeting if I attended one that evening?' My communicating spirit replied rather abruptly and reproachfully 'that she did not think I needed another proof from her'; but I, as abruptly and positively, answered 'I did'; whereupon she promised to do her best to secure the attendance of my patroness the Queen. About four

o'clock she returned to me with the message 'that she had seen Anne Boleyn and that she had promised to attend, and would be at the séance at eight of the clock.' The medium in this case was Miss Constance, and, like Mrs. Mason and Mr. Vango, was a perfect stranger to me. She did not even know my name, as they did not; and neither of them knew it until I appeared on your public platform in St. James's Hall, and then they recognised me and learned my name. I arrived at Miss Constance's at ten minutes to eight, and as soon as I had sat down I asked my usual communicating spirit if Anne Boleyn had arrived, and received through my pencil the somewhat rebuking reply: 'At eight o'clock she comes.' I was sitting next to Miss Constance, talking to her on ordinary topics of the day, the meeting having not yet begun, when an old gentleman broke our conversation by asking what time the proceedings would commence. 'At eight o'clock,' the clairvoyante replied; and at that moment the bell of a church hard-by began to toll for evening service. 'It is now five minutes to eight,' continued the clairvoyante; 'when that bell ceases it will be eight: then I shall commence, or very soon afterwards.' She then resumed her conversation with me. Presently the bell ceased to toll. It was eight o'clock. As the last stroke fell I saw an expression of surprise pass over the sensitive features of the lady, who almost simultaneously exclaimed: 'A spirit has just flashed down between you and me. And she seems very anxious that I should begin the séance.' 'Oh,' thought I, 'this is punctuality indeed, and a great lesson to Spiritualists, who are remarkably distinguished for their extreme unpunctuality.' The clairvoyante immediately took her seat, we took ours, and the séance began. 'I must begin with you,' she said, turning to me, 'for this spirit wishes it. She is a rather dark looking spirit,' she said. 'What!' cried I, interrupting her, 'an Indian, do you mean?' thinking after all I was about to be disappointed in the object for which I came. 'Oh, no,' she said, to my great relief, 'I only mean she is not fair, but slightly olive-toned in her skin,' which, by-the-way, was good evidence and new withal; for Anne Boleyn was, I believe, of this complexion. 'She is a lady of ancient days,' said the medium; 'I should think of the period of Elizabeth or near it; she was a high-born lady, in fact she was a Queen: she suffered some wrong; was injured and betrayed; in truth she was executed. But she seems to be a great friend of yours, and comes to you often, and is interested in you much. Do you know her? for I get no name.' 'Oh, yes,' I responded, 'I know her quite well.' Then, after giving me one or two messages, the spirit apparently withdrew. And now comes the link that closes up this remarkable chain of evidence: and to get to which I have gone over the same old story. After she had retired, and when, so far as the clairvoyante and those who were present were concerned, the interview with her had ended, the clairvoyante said quite suddenly: 'I saw a spirit, dressed in black, cross from this gentleman' (indicating myself), 'pass in front of me, and exit by that wall: and he had a drawn sword on his shoulder.' I knew what that meant, though I saw quite clearly that no one else did. To be sure of the fact I asked the clairvoyante who he was? She said she had 'no idea.' And one of the sitters exclaimed: 'Better not call him back by any question: he was evidently not a person whose company is to be desired.' Now I will tell you who he was, and what the vision of him signified. He was the executioner—the executioner of Anne Boleyn. 'Why did not the clairvoyante recognise him?' you naturally ask. Because he was not bearing the historic axe. For let me tell you a fact which perhaps many of you do not know; Anne Boleyn was not executed with the axe, but with the sword. The executioner was not English, but French. Henry sent over to Calais to fetch the French headsman to the Tower: and he cut off the head of Anne Boleyn with the sword: and so far as I know hers was the only head that was ever cut off on Tower Hill by an executioner with the sword. I understood the sign, therefore, though no one else did; and it closed and completed what I think you will agree with me in describing as an historical chain of very remarkable, interesting, and conclusive evidences.

I should like, however, before I quit this part of my story, to give you one little incident which occurred last Saturday. I was sitting in my study, writing a few additional remarks on an earlier portion of the Anne Boleyn story—that portion which related to her wearing jewels. I had finished those remarks, when suddenly I felt a very emphatic knocking on the left side of my head. I took no notice of it at first, but it became so importunate, I may even say imperious, that I took my pencil and asked: 'Who is it?' I received the reply: 'Anne Boleyn.' I then asked what she wished to say to me, and she replied: 'Anne Boleyn does not wish you to make those observations.' I was rather sorry, for I thought the observations were very good. How vain we are, you see, of

our little trite remarks! But she persisted that she wished them to be omitted, so I immediately cancelled the two sheets in obedience to her desire. Now, could there be, I ask you, a stronger proof of the objective character of this communication? First, I was not expecting any; secondly, it opposed what I had written; thirdly, it was a communication that did not come through my mind, only through my hand, which I had to spell out as it came; and, lastly, I tried to overcome the objector, and gave in only because the objector was so strong and persistent. If I had had no other evidence, that one piece of evidence must have convinced me that, whether it was Anne Boleyn herself or not, it certainly was someone other than myself.

This finishes, then, the story of Anne Boleyn the Queen, and I shall now tell you a few facts concerning another spirit who is not a Royal personage, but is very dear to me—dearer, indeed, than any Royalty could possibly be, viz., my own mother.

(To be continued.)

'LE SOMMEIL NATUREL.'

BY M. SAGE.

M. Sage has lately issued a new book, which he says was prompted by the perusal of Mr. Myers' work on 'Human Personality.' It is a clever book, and likely to be widely read on the Continent. The full title is: 'Le Sommeil et l'Hypnose, leur nature, leur phases, ce qu'ils nous disent en faveur de l'immortalité de l'âme.' This sufficiently indicates the character of the book. It is not a *résumé* of Myers' large work, although based upon it to some extent. That the author should have been able to write this volume of over three hundred pages in so short a space of time (the work can only have been begun since February of last year) shows that M. Sage must have acquired a very thorough knowledge of what has been written on this subject during the last ten years.

Sleep, the hypnotic condition, intellectual acquirements obtained in sleep, thought transference, trance, &c., are discussed in turn. The writer breaks a lance with conventional scientists, whose orthodoxy will not suffer them to look facts in the face, and he severely upbraids them for clothing ideas in language unintelligible to ordinary men. There is something spicy in his attack upon this sort of pedantry. Nevertheless, he is obliged himself to have recourse to unintelligible terms before he is half through his book, and his fourth chapter opens with a confession that his attempt to dispense with them altogether has broken down. His main attack, however, is upon materialism. To this enemy he gives no quarter. He states frankly that he was once a materialist himself, and he attacks his former position with an ardour quickened doubtless by the joy of emancipation from the bondage of a pessimistic philosophy. He still speaks of 'les religions' in terms of scorn and dislike, but his antagonism to these is not intended to involve any denial of God, for he says:—

'It may be that in reality there exists nothing in the Universe except souls gravitating towards God, that is to say, in process of evolution, and the worlds are only a series of temporary illusions originating in the thoughts, unconscious or conscious, of other souls.'

And again:—

'There may be in the Universe only monads, evolving; the material atom and the human soul-world may thus be but monads at far distance from each other on the ascending ladder. Thus we fall back into monism, but a monism rather less puerile than that of Haeckel and his disciples. In what, then, does world evolution consist? In the progressive discovery of the Absolute, of God, of the Great Monad, a discovery which is made through a series of perhaps infinite illusions or mayas, our worlds. These illusions, however, would always have a substratum that is real—the monads and their thoughts. In short, there would be nought but souls and their thoughts, all beside being simply illusion.'

His complaint against 'les religions' is that, as he considers, they fetter thought; but he points out that in this respect materialists are equally culpable, and he does not hesitate to denote the materialistic hypothesis as absurd. To him immortality now seems 'infiniment probable.' He is one more instance of the great change which is gradually but surely passing over

the minds of all thoughtful students of this youngest of the sciences. All have not yet experienced the change; a few may be too habituated to a materialistic or agnostic attitude of mind to change at all in this life, perhaps; but in fifty years' time, perhaps in less, it will probably be patent to all searchers after truth that the philosophy of materialism is quite defunct.

H. A. DALLAS.

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.

Mr. Alfred V. Peters.

SIR,—By the time you receive this I shall have left Switzerland and be in Germany. After leaving Geneva we went on to Zurich, where we met a friend whom I had corresponded with for a long time, but whom I had never met in the flesh. We instinctively recognised each other at once at the station. At Zurich we found a very warm welcome; and although we were strangers to the people, yet the fact of our being Spiritualists was sufficient to induce them to take us to their hearts and open their homes to us. Our friend, of whom I have already spoken, and the worthy president of the spiritistic society, did all in their power to make our stay a bright and happy one. I gave about twenty sittings altogether, and two big ones, such as we have in England. I was the first medium who has given a séance in Zurich from the platform. At my last séance in Zurich I saw a Spiritualist whom I knew years ago in London, and we were pleased to meet after so long a parting.

Leaving Zurich I went on to Basle, where I held two big séances and several small ones. My wife left me at Basle, and is now in England, as duty called her home, but I stay on to work in Germany and other countries. I am going to Freiburg-in-Baden, to Dr. G. von Langsdorff, who is known to many by name in England. I am well in health, and hope all my English friends will accept this letter as a sign that I have not forgotten them.

By the way, if any readers of 'LIGHT' would like to extend the usefulness of 'our paper,' and would like to post it on after reading it, I can give them the addresses of some Continental Spiritualists who would welcome it into their homes. I think many English Spiritualists would do so if they knew of the isolation of many of our Continental friends. I may be addressed as under:—

ALFRED VOUT PETERS
(Care of Dr. G. von Langsdorff).

Freiburg-in-Baden, Germany.

Traced by Clairvoyance.

SIR,—Sometimes people ask me what is the practical use of clairvoyance. They admit that it is very interesting, but sometimes say they fail to see how it does anybody any good. I am always ready to give them an answer from my own experience.

Some years ago we totally lost sight of one of my brothers in Australia. Two other brothers there did their best to find him without result; but though I was in London—the other side of the world—I was able, through the assistance of Mr. Vango's clairvoyant guides, to send them such directions as to where our lost brother was that he was soon recovered. I was quite unknown to Mr. Vango when I went to one of his séances. I gave him no clue whatever as to what I wanted, but he gave me at this first meeting a very good description of my brother, including his Christian name, and said that he was lying very ill in a hospital which was a tent, somewhere in Australia. I wrote to my brothers, and the hospital tent gave them a clue which enabled them to find him and to take him to their home. He was suffering from the illness described by Mr. Vango's guide, though we did not know he was ill at all. We were all most grateful.

L. B.

'A New Birth of the Spirit.'

SIR,—I have just read in 'LIGHT,' of March 26th, the article entitled 'A New Birth of the Spirit,' and beg to call your attention to a mistake of some importance in reference to the three Manifestations.

It is the one upon whom the Bab confers the title of Beha Ullah (Glory of God) who is considered the greatest of the three Manifestations. In fact, the Behais habitually use this title of Manifestation as referring to Beha Ulla alone. His son, Abbas Effendi, signs himself 'Abdul Beha Abbas,' meaning that he (Abbas) is the servant of Beha. This is his only claim, and, as he very beautifully expresses it, his Crown of Glory.

Paris,

EDITH SANDERSON,

'Class Antagonism.'

SIR,—Even if Mr. J. Bruce Wallace had not replied to 'A Socialist' I was intending to make some comments upon his letter, with your permission.

The whole difference between these two protagonists seems to lie in the omission, or the insertion, of a single word—the word 'interests.'

What is a 'class'? Is it not composed wholly of human beings with feelings just like those of any other 'class'? Antagonism of classes is, therefore, antagonism of human fellows; and that is surely the last thing any Socialist can wish for, since his avowed aim is to secure concord and cordial co-operation.

That society in this country is disfigured by vast injustice and misery, which very largely originate in that antagonism of class-interests which all Socialists deprecate, I fully admit. Yet, while I would gladly co-operate with 'A Socialist' in trying to remove all opposition between the interests of rival classes, the method I should employ would be, not to intensify class antagonism, but rather to open the eyes of those classes which are unjustly favoured by our present economy, to the fact that their privileged position does, and must needs, involve enormous misery to others—in the hope that their noblesse will, once they vividly realise this truth, induce them of their own accord to prefer sharing that average lot which the equalisation of income-making opportunities would place within reach of all citizens alike, and to work for it.

That end I would pursue in the following ways: (1) I would make it the main object, in every child's education (as Robert Owen did) to eliminate selfishness, i.e., excessive self-love, from his heart; while (2) I would educate the adult public to see that equally the material interests of the country as a whole, and the barest sense of Justice and the law of Kindness, demand the establishment of Economic Equality.

Side by side with these measures I would employ the political power of the enfranchised masses to socialise increasingly our economic institutions. For, 'while,' as was said by the famous Socialist Lassalle, 'it is the folly of immature minds which have no notion of the laws of history, to make a revolution, it is equally foolish and childish to suppress by external means a revolution already developed from within.'

There would seem to be some natural connection between Socialism and Spiritualism. We often see the two creeds united in one person, e.g., in Robert Owen, the two Wallaces (A. R. and J. B.), V. C. Desertis, the teachings of the guides of 'M.A. (Oxon),' and of the New Testament, as well as largely in Sir Oliver Lodge and Edward Carpenter. The reception of either creed implies an earnest and candid mind, as its avowal does the courage of one's convictions.

What is Socialism after all but the application of the Golden Rule to both private and public life; and what the morals of Spiritualism, unless they be 'love' at once of truth and of humanity?

E. D. GIRDLESTONE.

Sutton Coldfield.

P.S.—That story about 'Others' which Mrs. J. P. Hopps told the Alliance on Lady Day, and which you reported on page 177, was a whole sermon in a nutshell!

An Acknowledgment.

SIR,—I, for one, am much refreshed by Mr. J. Bruce Wallace's letter showing the mischief of class antagonism. Your pages could hardly be better used than in publishing an exposition that what is called civilisation can be nothing better for humanity than a fence hedging us within the vicious circle that has through the ages exhausted what tendency there may have been towards real progress. Mercifully, for the past half-century, there have been vouchsafed signs and tokens that what man cannot do by himself will be so far done for him that, where there are dispositions towards better things, growth will be promoted by gardeners who have learned their lesson where prejudice is a weed. And it is because your paper abounds with demonstrations of the action of spirit agency in the direction of altruism that such teaching as is contained in the letter I am writing about cannot be too much insisted upon by you.

GILBERT ELLIOT.

Highfield, Mottingham, Kent.

Concentration.

SIR,—Will some reader of 'LIGHT' kindly give me a short and clear description of 'Concentration,' the object of it, and the manner of obtaining it? I remember a short letter of Dr. Peebles appearing in 'LIGHT' some time ago, but I cannot find it in my back numbers and should be obliged if anyone would give me information about it.

AN INQUIRER.

Animals in the Spirit World.

SIR.—In reply to the letter of Major Kelly (p. 180), may I say that it is necessary to distinguish, as I have so often insisted, between different classes of phenomena? As far as non-psychics are concerned, phenomena may be divided into three groups: psychic perception of material objects and conditions, at a distance, or with regard to past or future time; perception of spirits, and reception of messages from them; thirdly, manifestations by spirits so as to be perceptible to one or more of the normal senses. This is only intended as a superficial classification, and the point to be illustrated is, that in the first case there is no question of the existence or return of spirits, merely of enhanced perceptive powers, while in the second group the evidence of spirit return is confined to the statements of the clairvoyant or medium, and in the third it is more or less conclusively demonstrated to the sitter.

The instance cited by Major Kelly belongs entirely to the first group; the dog was seen in just the same way as any article of furniture, or any person, might have been seen as being in the (distant) room at the time to which the visualisation referred.

The original instance reported on p. 161 referred to the vision of the form of a dog that had ceased to live on the material plane, and hence belongs to the second group. Two things are suggestive: First, that the medium appears at first to have believed that an actual living dog was in the room, showing that the vision was a very vivid one; and second, that there was an association with an object buried with the dog. I do not consider that this proves that the fact of the plate being buried was the cause of the perception of it by the medium; for returning spirits can call up, by force of association, the picture of objects connected with them. Two instances of this have been given in 'LIGHT' recently, in the one case an album containing a photograph, in the other a ring, both of which were in possession of the respective sitters. ('LIGHT,' pp. 154, 164.) In other words, it is quite possible that the dog would have been able to impress the sensitive with the form of its own special plate, even if that object had not been placed in its grave. Nor do I consider that such survival of the vital principle of the dog, as a still living entity, *proves* anything with regard to the existence of a higher, or soul-principle, more than is proved by the manifestation of intelligence by animals during life. It simply proves (if accepted) that the same intelligence persists and survives after the dissolution of the outward body, leaving us free to make what further supposition we may please.

S. G.

'Scepticism Natural.'

SIR.—In a recent issue of 'LIGHT,' under the heading of 'Scepticism Natural,' you quoted some interesting remarks from the 'Harbinger of Light' as to the necessity for test conditions in séances for physical phenomena, and in the same issue there was a letter on the subject of 'materialisations' by Mr. Edwin Lucas, in which he complains of the attitude of those who press for test conditions for phenomena of the kind referred to. Fraud we know is, unfortunately, only too common on this plane of existence, and where the opportunities are greatest there it will be found most in evidence. That there are cases of fraud in connection with Spiritualism is, I am afraid, only too evident, and this makes the necessity for test conditions the more imperative. Then why should one who acts accordingly be sneered at? Rather, I think, ought he to be commended for his efforts to get at the *Truth*. Mr. Lucas makes reference to Sir William Crookes' evidence in connection with materialisation, and applauds the methods which he adopted. Well and good! But did not Sir William apply tests? One can do so and yet be sympathetic. In other words, the application of tests does not necessarily imply a belief that the phenomena are not genuine, but rather that we shall not take as genuine that which could easily be simulated by fraud.

I am tempted to make these remarks in connection with my own experience of materialisation séances given by Mr. C. To him I applied tests which in no way hampered him or created adverse conditions; in fact which were unknown to him; but by these tests I had it most conclusively demonstrated to me that while it was supposed he was still in the cabinet, and that the form which was seen was therefore a genuine materialisation, he was really outside and might, therefore, have personated spirits either consciously or unconsciously; and yet many persons took the occurrence as absolute proof of the phenomenon of materialisation, and do so still. This, I think, sufficiently demonstrates the need for the application of tests. I wonder how many have founded their belief in materialisations on similar evidence!

London,

JOHN J. HAMILTON.

'The Resurrection of Christ.'

SIR.—By an oversight the word 'solidarity' was used for 'solidity' in my article on 'The Resurrection of Christ.' I corrected the error in the proof in one place and overlooked it in another. The result is to confuse the sense. Of course I meant to say that vortex motion produces the effect of 'solidity'—not 'solidarity.'

H. A. DALLAS.

SOCIETY WORK.

Notices of future events which *do not exceed twenty-five words* may be added to reports if accompanied by six penny stamps, but all such notices which exceed twenty-five words must be inserted in our advertising columns at the usual rates.

BRIGHTON.—BRUNSWICK HALL, BRUNSWICK-STREET EAST.—On Sunday last a good and scientific lecture on 'The Empirical Aspect of Psychic Research' was given by Mrs. Effie Bathe. On Sunday next Professor R. Dimsdale Stocker will lecture on 'Inspiration and Revelation.' Hall open Tuesdays, 3 to 5 p.m., for inquirers, reading, &c.—S. C.

CLAPHAM SPIRITUALIST INSTITUTE, GAUDEN-ROAD.—On Sunday last Madame Delva gave an interesting and practical address on 'The Power of Thought,' and Mr. H. Boddington made some characteristically clear and appropriate remarks. On Sunday next Mrs. Boddington will answer written questions from the audience, and will hold her public circle for psychometry on Thursday, at 8.15 p.m.—S.

HACKNEY.—YOUENS' ROOMS, LYME-GROVE, MARE-STREET.—On Sunday last an earnest address by Mr. Rands, one of our members, on 'Soul Culture,' evoked frequent approval. Mr. Gatter followed with a short trance address. Mrs. Dysart and Miss Vandeleur each sang a solo, to whom we tender our heartiest thanks. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Miss Anna Chapin, address and psychometry. Circle on Fridays, at 8 p.m., for members, 95, Downs Park-road, Clapton.—H. G.

CAVENDISH ROOMS.—51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday last our good friend, Mr. E. W. Wallis, gave an excellent trance address, which was most instructive to investigators and Spiritualists alike, the subject being 'Spiritual Phenomena.' One of the late Rev. G. Hepworth's sermons, read by Mr. Wallis as a lesson, was well received. Mr. Fred Spriggs ably presided. On Sunday next, Mr. W. J. Leeder, of Nottingham, will deliver a trance address. Doors open at 6.30 p.m.

PECKHAM.—CHEPSTOW HALL, 139, PECKHAM-ROAD.—On the 15th inst., a very spiritual address by Mr. Mayo, of Cardiff, was much appreciated. The public circle on Sunday morning last was very successful. In the evening many strangers were present (due to our open-air work on Peckham Rye), and Mr. Butcher gave an instructive trance address on 'Man, His Powers, Principles, and Purposes.' A violin solo by Mr. Webb was much enjoyed. On Sunday next, at 11 a.m., public circle; at 7 p.m., Mrs. H. Checketts. On Friday, the 29th inst., at 8 p.m., Mr. Marklew. Admission 6d.

FULHAM.—COLVEY HALL, 25, FERNHURST-ROAD.—On the 13th inst. Mr. E. Mayo delivered a splendid address on 'The Spiritualist's Answer to the Materialist.' On Sunday last Mr. H. Fielder spoke earnestly on 'The Broken Melody,' ably assisted by Mr. Poole, who gave several solos on the 'cello.' On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Huxley, address and clairvoyance. On Wednesday, the 27th inst., at 8 p.m., Mr. Ernest Marklew will give an address entitled, 'The Devil's Dialogue with Aïman.'—W. T.

CHISWICK.—AVENUE HALL, 300, HIGH-ROAD.—On the 14th inst., Mr. E. W. Wallis delivered an excellent trance address on 'The Future Life as Revealed by Spiritualism.' On Sunday last Mrs. Boddington spoke convincingly on 'A Rational Religion,' and on Monday Mr. A. Clegg gave illustrations in clairvoyance, and many spirit friends were readily recognised. On Sunday, April 24th, at 7 p.m., Dr. Berks Hutchinson will relate some 'Personal Experiences.' On Monday, the 25th, Mr. H. Fielder, subject, 'The Broken Melody.'—K.

CARDIFF.—87, SEVERN-ROAD, CANTON.—On Sunday last a beautiful address was given by a former Cardiff Spiritualist, through the instrumentality of Mrs. Preece.—J. H.

SOUTHAMPTON.—WAVERLEY HALL, ST. MARY'S-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. E. W. Oaten, of Portsmouth, gave a logical address on 'Passive Resistance—from a Spiritualist's Standpoint.'—H.

CATFORD.—24, MEDUSA-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. Millard's excellent trance address on 'Religion and the Future Life' was much appreciated. A good audience attended the after-circle.—L.