

# Light:

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

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

Our greatest difficulty on the occult plane is connected with prevision. Past 'leavings,' so to speak, we can understand more or less, but how to account for presentations of events before they occur, even to minute details, is the puzzle. Many attempts at an explanation have been made, but not one has satisfied us, and we are disposed to think that a perfectly satisfactory explanation is not possible on this plane.

The suggestion that comes the nearest to satisfying us is the theory that our originality is an illusion, and that we are, after all, little more than instruments or care-takers. The players of the game are out of sight, and we are but the pieces on the board. We note that Bessie Leo, in the current number of 'Modern Astrology,' advances this theory, and rather convincingly, with the help of a useful illustration. She says:—

It is stated by Madame Blavatsky and many other writers on occult laws, that events take their rise on the Manasic Plane. As ideas passing into the desire-region or Astral Plane as thoughts of passion, emotion, &c., they then take astral form, and lastly they appear objectively on the physical plane as acts or events. Thus all acts and all events are but the effects of pre-existing mental causes. In fact the physical world might be likened to the dial-plate of a clock; it is but an indicator of the operations of the world of causes acting within, just as the hands of a clock record the movements of the works hidden inside.

The Editor, in this number of 'Modern Astrology,' sets forth a deplorable Horoscope for the Czar of Russia. He says:—

Nicholas II. is in himself a humane and peace-loving monarch, but he is in the clutch of destiny, and has very little opportunity to exercise his own free will. He is 'individually' fated, the Sun applying to the opposition of Saturn after leaving the cusp of the mid-heaven. The obstacles in his path are insurmountable, as a study of his nativity will clearly indicate.

This war is 'the beginning of the end' for the Czar; indeed, it is an open question if he will live to see its end, for the Sun is applying to the square aspect first of Jupiter and then of the Moon, both in the eighth, the house of death. From the beginning of the war every influence points to a speedy termination of physical existence for this ill-fated Emperor.

Will he survive the present year?

It is doubtful. And even should he do so, his country is threatened by an internal revolution which will go to hasten his end.

'Writing in Mind' on 'Rhythmic Living,' Cora A. Moore pleads for more attention to the unity of being, as between the physical and the psychical. This is distinctly useful. The protest against the supremacy of the physical has always a little tended to exaggeration,—

sometimes to very dangerous exaggeration in the crushing out of physical functions and enjoyments. Our modern protest is not at all likely to lead to any such exaggeration, but, all the same, we need the lesson which insists upon the unity of feeling and expression: in other words, the body must be trained to be a pliable and exact expression of the emotions and the mind. 'Bring the physical and mental being into a corresponding state of responsiveness, where the best revelation of the personality and the highest artistic interpretation is possible, and there results the external symbol of the noblest mood of the soul,—personal magnetism.'

Too often, soul and body are either at war or are a dissonance in relation to feeling and expression: but soul and body ought to be absolutely at one, like player and flute. The writer of this wise little Paper on 'Rhythmic Living' says wisely:—

To each of us is given the power to express the truth as we ourselves see it, and to spread about us an atmosphere wholly individual—for while the soul is the perceiver and revealer of truth, the body must consciously or unconsciously express it. It is what a person is that affects us, but it is what he does that too often misleads and causes misunderstandings.

What is generated in the minds of our fellow-beings we have no means of divining except through a physical medium, which therefore should be carefully trained to correctly express the varying phases of mind and soul. Just so far as this interaction of mind and body is perfected, thus far is a magnetism evolved and expressed, which puts us in complete harmony with those around, because we are now 'To ourselves true—and cannot then be false to any man.'

That harmony of the soul about which we hear so much means merely an equilibrium between the three natures, and these three expressing themselves harmoniously.

Gaining this, the whole man becomes rounded into the best that in him lies—and the world is his.

In our natural and desirable revolt against the old savage 'evangelical' Hell, we are in danger of drifting away from recognition of the real Hell,—the Hell, not of arbitrary tortures, but of natural results. 'The Light of Reason' has just drawn attention to this in an impressive little Essay on 'The Nature of Retribution,' by 'L. C.,' who says:—

It is a well-known fact of daily life that the thing we do for the first time with difficulty is done the tenth or the hundredth time with ease, until at last the doing of it is second nature. The nervous system becomes the willing partner of the moral life, and little by little the chains of an acquired tendency are bound round the victim, and 'he that is unrighteous' brings forth fruit after his kind.

This is true of the physical, the mental, and the moral life. The disused limb becomes the atrophied limb; the unused faculty means loss of that faculty; the rein given to the passions to-day means less of controlling power to-morrow.

We make the fight harder for ourselves and the conditions harder to grapple with and overcome. As, one by one, the cells of the physical organism die, they are replaced by new ones fashioned in accordance with the tenor of the mind and the habit of the life, so that in our flesh we reap the consequence of our thought. As, one by one, wrong choices are made, the evil thought or the evil action tends to become less volitional and more automatic, and our nervous system is no longer our servant but our tyrant. Thus we become bound in the chains



of habit, and habit is only another name for character, and character *may* be only another name for retribution.

It is a terrible thought. None of the hells invented by theologic superstition is half so awful as this.

We very much doubt that last sentence, but the Hell suggested, as the Hell of self-created bonds of evil, is bad enough. There must always be, however, possibilities of repentance, education and emancipation.

'The New Age' gives us the following Browning story. It is by no means improbable, though wonderful enough, but we also would like confirmation if any way possible;—

A friend has sent me a remarkable anecdote of Robert Browning. I do not see it in the biography of the poet recently published, and perhaps some reader will inform me whether it is authentic. It is of an incident which occurred while he was spending a long holiday in an out-of-the-way corner of France. Browning and his sister, in the course of a stroll towards the sunset, reached the crest of a hill. It was a glorious afternoon, and the landscape, enveloped in light mist, greatly impressed the poet.

'Could there be anything more restful than this scene?' he exclaimed. 'The whole world seems at peace.'

What it was that led him to the thought he could never afterwards explain, unless it was the desire for effect, but he caught his sister's hand, and pointing to the fields continued:—

'Do you see that potato patch there? What would you say if there was a man lying there at this moment who had been foully murdered?'

His sister did not reply, and they strolled homewards. Next day they learned that at the time a man really was lying murdered in the patch, and that the body had been found soon after the pair had left the hill.

'Elitka' sturdily resists the gospel of 'Live for others.' It maintains that 'Live your own life' is best for each one and for others as well. But this is saved from mere selfishness by the assertion of the doctrine that true life is life from the sense of unity. In that way, living one's own life is really living for, because from, others: but, in doing this, it may be necessary *not* to live for others in the ordinary sense of the phrase; the ordinary sense of living for others being—living for *some* others. But this may do harm, we are assured. It may be best for these 'some others' to be denied and held back for the general good and for their own, just as it is often good for children to deny them and restrain them, even letting them reap the results of their misdeeds.

This is perhaps a hard doctrine, but all the great doctrines concerning living from the centre are more or less hard. In any case, the following is undeniable:—

One must live his own life consciously if he would assist to elevate and free others. To do this *he must live his own life from the point of view of all lives*. This alone enables him to unfold to the realisation both of his inherent dignity and of the equal dignity of each and every other Soul or Self.

Edith Sanderson's suggestion concerning a 'mistake of some importance' in our article entitled 'A New Birth of the Spirit,' is a matter of opinion, just as it is a matter of opinion as to the best or highest of the three Manifestations. As to that, we did not offer our own opinion but cited the book we were reviewing.

#### SPIRITUAL PRAYERS. (From many shrines).

O Thou that makest both light and darkness, Thine is also the light invisible, the revelation of God to our souls. All writings of law and oracles of prophets, all music of Psalms and instruction of Proverbs, Hebrew and Gentile, these all are rays from Thy fountain, Sun invisible and spiritual, with whom is no night forever. May we rise to newness of life, O Father of our spirits, who canst bring again from the dead those who are sunk in sorrow or slain by sin, and who canst perfect us in every good work, to do Thy will, to whom be glory for ever. Amen.

#### 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 NEXT, 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 '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 Mrs. M. H. Wallis, on Friday next, May 6th, 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 Spiritualism and 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, May 5th and 12th, 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.

#### 'THE RELIGION OF ISLAM.'

Mrs. Stannard delivered a very able and interesting address on 'The Religion of Islam,' which was much appreciated and attentively followed by a large number of the Members and friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance, on Friday, the 22nd inst., in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall, S.W. As Mrs. Stannard has promised to give the same address elsewhere we withhold its publication for the present, but hope to be able to give a full report of it in an early issue of 'LIGHT,' and also a portrait of Mrs. Stannard, printed on a plate paper supplement.



## 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.

*(Continued from page 202.)*

I told you in the beginning of my address that a young lady appeared in company with my grandmother, and now you know what relation the young lady was—my mother. Yes, my mother! and the story of her is another tragedy, though it is not associated with the axe, or the sword, or the horrors of Tower Hill; for there are tragedies in domestic life that the world never hears of; and sometimes they are as painful, pathetic, and melancholy as those which the axe exhibits with a bloody emblazonment, and history records with a shudder and a sigh.

It would not interest you if I were to tell you the story of my mother's brief and troubled life, but I will give you the particulars of her early death—the event which makes her so dear to me, and probably makes me so dear to her. When I was born, my elder brother, who was quite an infant, was lying ill in an adjoining room. A few days after my birth he passed away, and the nurse who was waiting on my mother, with an indiscretion that one can hardly credit, rushed into the room and told my mother the child was dead. With an exclamation of agony my mother threw up her hands, fell back in a swoon, never rallied from the shock, and in a few days followed her child, and left me motherless and alone in the world. That is the brief story of my mother's death, which I feel quite justified in calling a tragedy, though it is a tragedy only of the domestic order, a tragedy of the fireside, a tragedy of the home. Now, was it to be greatly wondered at that the opening of the spirit world to me should have brought my dear dead mother to my side; that hers should have been one of the first faces revealed to the clairvoyante, hers one of the first names whispered in my ear? The descriptions of her were admirable, corresponding exactly to a painting I possess, and accompanied always by a message from her in accordance with the traditions of her beautiful life, whose burden was love, only love, always love. Once she consoled me respecting an incident which I had often pondered with a doubtful mind; an incident of which the medium could have known nothing, as she was in this instance a complete stranger, who had only just landed on these shores from America, and had met me casually in the drawing-room of a friend. Once, also, she materially helped me in a business negotiation by advising me not to communicate at present with the person I was dealing with, although the delay had tried my patience to the utmost. 'Do not write,' she said, 'it will not be good for you to write.' 'How long shall I wait?' I asked. 'A week,' she said. I waited a week. On the Monday morning of the week following I asked: 'Shall I hear to-day?' 'No,' was the answer; 'wait.' On the Tuesday morning I was up in my study early. 'Shall I hear to-day?' I asked. 'Yes.' 'This morning?' 'Yes.' This was exciting, and a critical moment in my correspondence with the unseen; it made me quite nervous. I was afraid it might turn out to be a mistake; and I could not bear the thought that if it should be a mistake it would shake my confidence in my mother, or at least in the correctness of her communications with me. So I felt I must give her the opportunity of retraction or, at any rate, of correcting me if the mistake had been my own. So I said: 'Are you sure, mother dear, that the letter is coming this morning?' 'Quite sure.' 'Don't say so, mother, if you are not; say you think so, or you hope so, or anything to save yourself from suspicion if your knowledge should be imperfect.' 'I am quite sure.' 'If that be so, mother, you must know what are the contents of the letter.' 'Yes.' 'What are they?' 'He accepts your terms.' 'All of them?' 'Yes.' By this time the delivery of letters was at hand. I listened, and I heard the postman knocking in the

road. My heart beat fast with tremulous expectation. Would mother's reputation be established or shaken? her testimony proved or disproved? My excitement became intense. At last the postman entered my gate; he knocked at my door. I flew to the box. I took out the contents. There was a letter—only one, and that *the* one; I opened it, and it was so; the terms were accepted, the business was complete. My mother was right, and her message was true.

This may, of course, have been only a coincidence: but I think you will agree with me that it was a strange coincidence, a remarkable coincidence, almost what is ignorantly called a miraculous coincidence; and the inference is as strong and conclusive as any inference could possibly be, that there was an Intelligence who communicated the information, and that Intelligence my mother. And now I think I can add to this fact another which is even more remarkable, and which, in my opinion, confirms the correctness of the former beyond dispute.

I did not know when my mother was married. No one had ever told me, and for some reason, or perhaps for no reason, I had never inquired. It occurred to me one day that I should like to know; and as I was going on a visit to an uncle of mine in the country, an uncle who I knew was present at her wedding, and the only surviving person who knew her, I thought I would make it my business to inquire. On arriving at his house, I, therefore, asked him the question. But being nearly eighty he did not seem able to recollect either the year or the month. He could give me, he said, an approximate date, but could not tell me the date exactly. Then I said to him, 'Don't tell me at all; keep it to yourself and I will make it a test question to my mother.' In a day or two afterwards I took the coach to the town where she was married, a journey of about fourteen miles. On alighting from the coach I took my pencil and an envelope from my pocket and there in the public street I said, 'Now, mother, I am going to the church where you were married. I do not know the date—never heard it. Uncle does not remember it—only approximately. You no doubt do know it. And I want you to give it to me here and now.' Immediately I felt my hand being moved, and the pencil wrote a date on the envelope. When I looked at it I thought, 'This is surely wrong,' for I had an impression that it must be at least a year earlier—an impression which was derived from the fact that a child, as I have told you, was born before me, and I did not realise that her two children had been born so quickly. So I asked again if that date was correct. The answer came, 'Quite correct.' Armed with this, therefore—though I still did not believe it, so impressed did I feel that the date was earlier—I wended my way to the parish church. Fortunately it was open, and the verger was sweeping the aisles. So, calling him to me, I asked if he could get me a certificate of a marriage that had been celebrated there. 'No,' said he, 'I cannot get that for you, because the clergyman is not here. But I can show you the books if you know the date.' 'Well,' said I, 'I do not know the date, and my friend does not remember it, but I have reason to suppose this may be the date.' He replied, 'I will soon satisfy you.' So, fetching the key, he unlocked the safe, got out the book, opened it at the page, and there, sure enough—month and year perfectly correct—was my mother's marriage in the Church Register, with my uncle's signature as the witness thereto; almost appalling me with the truth of the communication, while delighting me with its proof that my mother was alive, and her love and her memory had not perished, but had triumphed over the oblivion of death and the grave.

When I got back that evening to my uncle's I asked him if he had been able to fix the date. 'Well,' said he, 'I have been thinking about it ever since you have been gone, and I have come to a conclusion.' 'Yes,' said I, 'what is it?' And then he proceeded to give me the wrong year and the wrong month also. 'You are wrong,' said I triumphantly. 'You are wrong altogether, and the memory of the dead is better than the memory of the living. Read that.' And I handed him the envelope with the spirit's communication. 'Well,' said he, 'where did you get that?' 'In the street,' said I. And then I told him the tale I have told to you. 'And to-morrow



morning you will get the proof: for I have paid for the certificate, and you will see the evidence in black and white.' Up to this point I believe my uncle had privately considered I was 'touched'—'mad,' I think he had called me—but he was now convinced that there was 'a method in the madness'; and I hope he went a little further than that, and even believed that, like Paul, who was also deemed 'mad' because he talked about spiritual revelations to the uninitiated Roman, I was not only not mad, but speaking the 'words of truth and soberness.'

You may imagine the effect that correct message had on my mind when I saw the evidence in that old Church Register. Here was a fact which was absolute in its proof. The letter I referred to might have been a coincidence; but there could be no question of a coincidence here. It did not coincide! It did not coincide with anybody's memory, impression, or opinion. It was not in my uncle's mind. It was not in my mind. What was in both our minds was something totally different. Then, I ask you, whose mind did the information come from? and I feel I ask you with a triumphant conviction that your answer must be what mine was, is, and always will be—'From my mother's mind, my dead, lost mother, who is not dead but alive, not lost but found.'

Overpowered with emotion I left the vestry and sat down in a pew. Was it not enough to overcome any man unless he were made of flint or steel? Being made of neither, but of ordinary flesh and blood, it overcame me and stirred my emotions to their profoundest depths. As I sat there I pictured to myself the morning when she was wed. I saw in imagination the fair young bride coming down the aisle in her beautiful youth and new-found joy, and going forth to begin her untried journey, towards an unknown future; dreading nothing, suspecting nothing, filled with the dreams of love and hope, home and happiness; with the air full of sunshine, the heart full of music, and the world full of joy; and then I thought of the sorrow, the glooming of the sky, the fading of the sunlight, the ceasing of the music, the sudden end, the darkness and the grave; and I bowed my head and sighed 'Poor mother!' But as I bowed in the silence and solitude of the church, I felt the hand whose spirit-touch I now knew so well, fall on my head with its sweet caress, and I knew that my mother was with me there—happier, far happier, than when she walked those aisles on that bright spring morning, and dreamed her illusive dream of love. Then I took out my pencil again and she wrote these words—and there was no doubt then from whom they came—'Kneel down, my darling, where I knelt, at the altar where I was wed.' And like a little child I obeyed and went. It was the first time I had heard my mother's command, and I felt I must become a little child and enjoy for once the privilege and pleasure of obeying her gentle voice. And if ever the heavens were opened to me they were opened then; if ever angels descended on me, they descended then; I felt the touch of the celestial fingers; like fluttering doves they came about my face; I felt them on my forehead, I felt them on my hair; they wafted my cheek with their mystic influences, they breathed on me, as I hope, the benediction of the skies; it was the baptism of a new and higher life; and I vowed on that spot, where my mother was wed, that I would be wedded henceforth to the truth; to this special truth, so singularly revealed and so singularly confirmed; that I would be the servant and soldier of the angels of God to do battle with materialism, agnosticism, indifferentism, and every other 'ism' that was opposed to the truth, and the true interests of mankind, and publish with the boldness of one who had seen and known, proved and felt, the nearness of the heavens, the reality of the soul, the communion of saints, the ministry of angels, and the life of the world to come.

#### COMMUNICATIONS FROM A COUSIN.

So much, then, for this third line of evidence. And now I will proceed to another, if you are not tired of listening to me—the evidence which has been furnished by another spirit, this one also a member of my family, and one of those who communicate through my hand. Indeed, she is the chief communicator; acting as a kind of scribe for the rest, and writing in a neat, small, lady's hand, which is quite distinct from the

writing of my mother; who, I may here pause to observe, does not very often write herself, and then with considerable difficulty; being, as she has explained to me, farther advanced, and, therefore, not in such close touch with material things.

This spirit came to me about a year after my grandmother's and mother's first communications; the word 'cousin' being the earliest announcement of her presence. I asked, 'What cousin?' She then gave me her Christian name. I then said to her, 'Well, if you are my cousin you can tell me the name of the gentleman whom you married.' You will think it is strange, perhaps, that I needed to ask such a question, but I must explain to you that, although in my boyhood I had seen a good deal of her, and indeed was much attached to her, yet circumstances arose which separated me from her family, and I saw no more of them for a long time, and then only once or twice, when new estrangements cropped up and I saw them no more. I knew, however, that this girl had, in the meantime, married; I knew also that shortly afterwards she died; and died under circumstances similar to my mother's, after whom, by another singular coincidence, she had been named at her baptism; but beyond the knowledge of these two facts I had no certain information about her. What was the name of the gentleman she married I did not recollect. It had passed from my mind into complete oblivion. So I thought if I could get that name direct from her, it would be a further corroboration of the truth of Spiritualism. No sooner did I put the question than the answer came. I read the name, but it did not awaken any slumbering recollection. Though I must have heard the name at the time, I had so completely forgotten it that it not only seemed unfamiliar, but I questioned its correctness. However, I knew there was proof to be had. So, having obtained from her the name of the cemetery where her body was buried, I set out in quest of the necessary corroboration. I did not know, of course, in what year or month she died, so I asked her as I entered the gates of the cemetery; and retreating into a sheltered spot, where the influence was less likely to be weakened by the wind, I obtained this answer: 'I cannot be certain of the day of the month, but can perfectly remember the month itself and also the year.' As I stood there she wrote them with a pencil through my hand; and it was by means of this writing that I was able at once to find her grave. Going straight to the office where the records were kept, I asked the clerk if a lady of that name had been buried in that cemetery in the year and month written on that paper. He immediately referred to the records, and found it, and then accompanied me to the spot, where I read it on the tombstone, literally correct, and corresponding exactly with the communication I had received.

Now, as regards my cousin's married name, I anticipate in this case a sceptical objection. I hear someone say: 'You have confessed, Mr. Boulding, that you must have heard that name, although you had forgotten it. Now, don't you think that somewhere in the depths of your consciousness that name was slumbering, and your mental activity suddenly roused it and brought it to the surface of your awakened memory?' And I reply: 'No, I don't; I admit the justice of the criticism from your point of view, though I am sure it is not the explanation of the fact.' And now I will prove to you from another person's testimony that it did not come from my slumbering recollections, but from her own intelligence and nothing else.

A friend of mine, residing near London, who had given evidences of possessing psychic powers, resolved one day that he would make the experiment of trying to get some spirit writing on his own account. After several attempts he finally succeeded, and one afternoon when I was visiting there he suddenly took out his pencil and began to write. I asked him what he was doing, and he said: 'I am asking my sister, who has passed on, to give me a list of the names of the spirits present in this room, and I should like you to ask your communicating spirit to do the same, so that we may compare notes and see if they correspond.' I complied with his request, and when both lists were completed he asked me to read mine first, as there was one name on his paper which was unfamiliar to him. The following was my list: My mother, my grandmother, my cousin, his father, and his sister.

'Yes,' said he, 'they coincide exactly, with one exception. I have: My father, my sister, your mother, your grandmother, but instead of your cousin I have a Mrs. Churchill.'

'Why,' said I, 'that is my cousin.' Now here was proof



absolute and perfect, for my cousin was a complete stranger to him; and her name, to him, was absolutely unknown. So that, if, as the sceptical objector suggests, the name was hidden somewhere in the dusty crevices of my brain, and swept into light, like the woman's silver piece in the parable, it could not have been hidden anywhere in his; for having never heard it he could not have lost it: and the silver piece must have come direct from the spiritual mint, new and bright, with my cousin's own superscription upon it. And I ask you, therefore, as honest and candid people, who are able and willing to judge a case by the ordinary rules of human evidence, whether I am not warranted in coming to the conclusion that these communications, both to me and him, did come from a disincarnate intelligence, and that intelligence Mrs. Churchill, my cousin?

If I had time, I could give you, moreover, a mass of communications received from her, and from others through her, concerning matters of business; predictions of letters that were coming to me, and telegrams that were coming, and other things that were going to happen, of which I had not the slightest knowledge or idea; and which did happen, in the way and at the time indicated; so that it is impossible for me to doubt that there is an invisible watcher beside me, who, somehow or another, obtains prevision of these events, and whose interest in me is so strong, and her affection so constant, that she gives me timely notice of their approach and enables me to prepare for them, and to some extent guide my life in accordance with her announcements. And though I would not have you for a moment think that I rely upon them with a blind and foolish trust—for, on the contrary, I am always suspicious of them, and sceptical till the predictions are proved, which may seem ungrateful, but is at least discreet—at the same time I note them down as probable events 'that cast their shadows before'; and when they come to pass, I atone for my scepticism by an over-abundant gratitude for the messages that have been given.

I will give you one instance of this kind which I received in Glasgow three years ago, in which case my cousin, acting this time for my mother, relieved my mind of a great suspense, and gave me some information that I very much required. When I left London for Glasgow I promised a friend that I would write on a business matter as soon as I arrived; and my friend promised to send me an answer by return of post. This friend was going to stay for a week at a place in the North of London, and to the address given to me I wrote on my arrival. I did not receive, however, the promised answer by return of post; and nearly a week elapsed and I still got no answer. I became, therefore, somewhat anxious, and began to think some accident must have happened, so I made up my mind at the end of the week to send a telegram, and ascertain the cause. Just as I was about to send that telegram my mother interposed by saying through my pencil, 'Don't telegraph till I have been to see.' In about ten minutes, quicker than any telegram could have been delivered in London, my mother came back, and, in my cousin's handwriting, gave me this message: 'Your friend is not in the North of London; did not go there at all; was prevented, and went soon after you left to the West of London [to an address which she gave me]; is there still. Your letter has been posted on, and you will get a reply in Glasgow this evening, so don't telegraph.' I did not; and that evening, according to the prediction of my mother, a letter did come, and it verified all the particulars my mother had given me. You have heard, I daresay, of the man who, when he was told the priest would confess him for a shilling, replied, 'I'll confess to God and save my shilling.' Now, I was in a similar case. The Post Office would get me this information by a return wire for a shilling; but I said, 'No, I'll trust my mother and save my shilling.' So, you see, Spiritualism may be even commercially a blessing; and no other science that I know of could have given me, under the same circumstances, so much as even a shilling. This is only one of many similar instances in which valuable information has been given me and afterwards verified; and can you wonder, therefore, that with such vivid and otherwise unaccountable proofs, Spiritualism is a living and ever-present reality to me?

I may also mention another curious communication that was given to me through Miss Constance, the medium I have referred to previously in this lecture. At the time when I was visiting her I had for some years retired from all public speaking and had devoted myself exclusively to literary work. And my friends, or shall I say my enemies—for I find it sometimes difficult, as no doubt you do, to distinguish one from the other—well, friends or foes, whichever they were, they had come to the conclusion that, so far as public speaking was concerned, I had retired for good, and was an extinct force. Now Miss Constance was in the habit of receiving a great many of

her communications in the form of symbols, and sometimes of quite elaborate and vivid pictures. At one of my sittings with her she told me that my grandmother was showing her the representation of an extinct volcano. 'Oh!' said I, 'what does that mean?' She replied, 'You are the volcano!' Well it was the first time that my portrait had ever been painted as a volcano. So I said to her I did not consider that I could in any sense be called volcanic. And an extinct volcano seemed rather hurtful to my natural conceit. 'Yes,' she continued, 'you are the extinct volcano—in the opinion of your friends, and I see a number of them walking about and dancing on the volcano.' 'Oh!' said I, 'very kind of them, I am sure. And dancing too; well I never!' 'Yes,' she said, 'and they are saying to one another, "He's quite extinct! Perfectly extinct!"' How lovely to hear one's self extinguished like that! 'But now,' she said, 'a curious thing has happened. The volcano has woken up, it is in a state of violent eruption and all these dancing people are suddenly swallowed up.' I did not know at the time what the volcanic business meant, though I think I do now. It meant that the force I once spent in public on other lines was destined to break out with new energy in the advocacy of Spiritualism, which is itself, I take it, rather volcanic in this world of old, time-encrusted and worn-out ideas. I certainly did not give it that interpretation then. On the contrary, when several mediums told me I should do some public work for Spiritualism I replied quite angrily, 'I'm sure I can't, and if I can I won't!' Yet here I am, you see, to-night doing it—a volcano in actual and even violent eruption. And I may say even more. For, as Falstaff said 'that he was not only witty himself, but the cause that wit was in others,' so I may say the same in relation to Spiritualism. For a week or two ago, having taken a Sunday service in one of the Established churches in Glasgow, and being like Paul, 'crafty and catching men with guile,' I wiled the clergyman and his wife to a sitting with a private medium, a friend of mine, on the Monday night; and being much impressed, and I may say convinced, by what he saw and heard that night, he preached in this church on the following Sunday a sermon on 'Wonderful Spiritualism.' So you see the subterranean forces in me were so violently eruptive that I was not sufficient of myself to give them vent, but they were compelled to throw up another volcano, and belch forth their lava where all was so simple and so green before.

Mr. Boulding then proceeded to give, in detail, an account of some interesting and conclusive experiences with Mr. Husk, under perfectly satisfactory conditions, in the course of which he several times saw his mother materialised. To me (he said) those materialisations are a precious memory. What is a materialisation but the resurrection of the dead? The grave giving up its victim? The eternal mystery of death being solved? I have heard the voice that has long been silenced. I have seen the face that has long been lost. She is not a dead mother to me, but a mother that is alive, and alive for evermore. She not only lives but lives for me; death has not changed her nature or chilled her love. She is nearer to me than ever, always near, and infinitely more sacred through the consecration of death. There is no wall of partition; no separating distance; nothing but the imperfection of mortal knowledge, nothing but the dimness of mortal sight. There is no impassable gulf, no insurmountable barrier; only a veil, only a veil. I have no longer, therefore, to grope as the blind; no longer even to walk by a trembling faith. I can say 'I have seen with my eyes, and my hands have handled the eternal secret'; and though it is true that I 'know but in part,' and prophesy but in part, and see at the best but 'in a glass darkly,' yet it is also true that the knowledge *is* knowledge and not a guess; that the glass reveals the reflected face, and is a real mirror of the great reality; and that I am only waiting for the veil to lift, to change the partial to the perfect, the reflection to the fact, when I shall see her 'face to face, and know even as also I am (by her) known.' Standing on the borderland amidst such experiences as these, I can enter into the feelings with which Pope wrote that beautiful ode, 'The Dying Christian to his Soul,' and though there is no evidence that he had had any spiritual manifestations, or was anything but a poet, yet the poet stands the nearest to the spiritual world by the sensitiveness of his mind, and the quickness of its apprehensions, and I can quite imagine that he was very near to it when he penned that ode, whose literal correspondence to the experiences of the dying we shall all presently prove, and I hope as beautifully and triumphantly too.

Mr. Boulding then brought his address to a close by dramatic recitation of the Ode to which he had referred ('Vital Spark of heavenly flame'), and resumed his seat amidst general applause. The proceedings closed with a cordial vote of thanks to Mr. Boulding for his very interesting address.



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### RELIGION'S SOURCE.

Spiritualists who are very zealous in their belief that Spiritualism is a Religion might find it profitable to ponder the question, 'What is Religion?'—not 'What is a Religion?' The two questions are quite distinct: in a way, they are actually antagonistic; for, when we talk of 'A religion' we usually, perhaps always, mean a set of opinions, a system of ceremonials, a cult, or even a 'Denomination': but none of these can be regarded in any other light than that of Theology or Sacerdotalism, or organised religious sociability. They may be a sort of canned Religion, or decoction of Religion, but Religion itself is beyond and above them all. At the very best, they may have grown out of or upon Religion, but root and trunk are greater than them all.

From this point of view, a Professor of the University of Chicago, Dr. Ira W. Howerth, has lately published a clever Essay in which he traces Religion, not only to religious ideas and emotions beyond all Theologies, Temples, Cults and Churches, but to thoughts and social instincts that relate to the conscious union of man with the Power, whatever it is, that is about him, working out Its or His destiny or will. Dr. Howerth reminds us that most of the definitions of Religion hitherto accepted have turned upon definite and particular beliefs concerning God and the spirit-world. The result of this has been that the believers in those particular beliefs have usually outrageously narrowed the area and significance of Religion, have banned or even burnt those who differed from them—have, in fact, made Religion a petty little freehold of their own, with neither charity nor hospitality for their neighbours, but only dividing walls here, and a gulf of fire dividing them hereafter. Do we exaggerate the truth by a hair's breadth?

It is the special duty of the Spiritualist to protest against this, both by testimony and example, and he must not risk the loss of the value of his testimony and example by any imitation of these mutually excluding sects. It is his business to hear the harmony beneath the discords, to see the universal beneath these fussy particulars, to find mother earth beneath this wilderness of trees and flowers and weeds. To the Spiritualist, words are nothing, creeds are nothing, rituals are nothing, so-called sacraments are as nothing, compared with the uniting spirit, the deep yearnings of the soul which have given birth to all creeds and rituals and sacraments,—

yearnings which alone connect the human spirit with that inscrutable Power upon which we all depend.

Dr. Howerth alludes to a subject which is seldom referred to but which is simply vital in importance, and which ought to seem so to those who are charged with the exposition and defence of Religion. We would put it in this way;—What is likely to be the effect upon the 'religions' of the application of science and criticism, if we define Religion as creed, or ceremonial, or sacrament? Upon real Religion, Science and Criticism will have no effect except to purify it and free it from hiding mists; but their effect upon the organised religions will undoubtedly be disastrous. Fancy making the stability of Religion turn upon the Genesis account of the creation of the earth and man! or risking Religion upon the chance of science and criticism endorsing the claim that the Bible is the consistent and infallible 'Word of God'! or insuring the permanence of Religion by investing in the divine authority and power of a priest! Dr. Howerth quite justly says:—

Have we not in this idea that religion is belief, an explanation of the supposed conflict between science and religion, and the confidence expressed in some quarters of the present decay and final disappearance of religion? Looking upon religion as belief, and witnessing the destructive effect of scientific criticism in every department of knowledge, many acute minds have regretfully or gleefully acknowledged that religion must decrease as science increases, and that there will come a time when religion will have disappeared.

He then proceeds to the higher ground upon which we took our stand at the beginning. 'In defining Religion,' he says, 'we must be careful to distinguish it from religions. Religion is the root, the source, the mother of religions. It bears the same relation to the various religions as a genus to its species. A definition which applies to only one religion is no more a definition of Religion than that of a particular person is a definition of the genus homo.' 'Obviously, beliefs may decay, may undergo modification, may be supplanted, demolished, by the enlargement of knowledge. But Religion, the source of all religious beliefs, remains the same through all their changes and permutations. Religion is a constant, belief a variable.'

What, then, is the source or essence of Religion? Dr. Howerth, eliminating every outgrowth of it, even in such an elementary form as belief in spiritual beings, finds Religion's last term in an effective desire to be in right relations to the Power manifesting itself in the universe. From that simple desire, all priesthoods, sacraments, creeds, prayers, rituals, churches have grown. Man has always desired to be on the side of that Power, and to get that Power on his side. He has bargained, prayed, adored, prostrated himself, tortured himself, stultified himself, anything, to appease, divert, annex, the threatening Power: but, out of that primitive desire, that vital germ, have all our so-called religions grown, even to the cry of Jesus: 'Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit.'

This desire of the mind, or conscience, or will, to be in right relations—and in profitable relations—with the Power manifesting itself in the universe, is all that is essential to Religion, according to Dr. Howerth, and therefore it is beside the mark and idle to attack it by attacking the Bible, or the Church, or the Creeds, or the Priesthoods, as these are only temporary modes of manifestations of Religion upon which science and criticism beat in vain. 'Science,' says Dr. Howerth, may attack particular forms of belief, but religion is unassailable. It is conceivable that the scythe of scientific criticism, as it sweeps over the field of religious thought, may cut down all modern religious conceptions, but the roots of religion,



embedded in the soil of man's nature, will not be touched, and soon new beliefs will arise to take the place of the old. Science can no more destroy religion than it can destroy love. Nothing can affect religion but a demonstration that no mysterious power exists, and there need be no fear of that. Only the fool hath said in his heart, There is no such Power.

There is no real conflict, then, between Science and Religion, but only between Science and some local or temporary expressions of Religion. Even Atheism or Agnosticism may thus be religious, and, in truth, help to purify and emancipate Religion. And, finally, as Dr. Howerth says: 'If Religion has been correctly defined, it is not something that has been revealed to one people and withheld from another. It springs up naturally as an element in the constitution of man. It is not dependent upon the accuracy of his thought. Its roots are in the heart, and it exists as a permanent reality.'

### THE INWARDNESS OF EVENTS.

In a charming volume of essays, called 'Ourselves and the Universe' (by J. Brierley), published some two years ago, there is one entitled, 'The Inwardness of Events,' in which the writer points out that 'it is only when we begin to realise that every event, in addition to its outer form, has an inward life of its own, mystical, infinitely complex, whose full development may take centuries and millenniums to unfold, that we are in a position to study it aright.' That is a pregnant sentence, worthy of serious consideration. In any endeavour to interpret events in accordance with this suggestion, we shall, of course, be liable to make mistakes; but provided we are duly humble and fully aware of our liability to err, our mistakes will do us no serious harm, and the effort to look through the outer surface of events in order to discover, if possible, their inward significance will be a spiritual education for which it will be worth while to risk paying the price of many mistakes.

That there is an inner significance, what Mr. Brierley calls an 'inwardness,' in the happenings of history, both individual history and national history, is a truth to which we become increasingly alive as our study of events broadens and deepens. This does not imply that we can always define what that significance is. We may sometimes be least able to do so when we are most conscious of the fact that the events are big with meaning, and that they are not only world incidents, but cosmic symbols.

It was this consciousness that made its presence felt in the soul of the writer of the Apocalypse when he 'wept much,' because none was to be found worthy to 'open the book and to loose the seven seals thereof,' until it was revealed to him that in the secret place of the Most High there is an Interpreter who can open the sealed book of history and show to those who desire to learn, that portion of the inner significance which they are fitted to understand, giving them glimpses behind the veil of phenomena into the realm of causes and principles.

There are many events which, by their character, appeal for consideration, and seem emblazoned with the mandate: 'Take the book which is open in the hand of the angel, that standeth upon the sea and upon the land.'

Such an event, for instance, was the long sixty years reign of Queen Victoria. This reign of a woman, as Sovereign of the greatest Empire the world has probably ever known, is, to those who look upon history in order to discover its inwardness, a symbol of profound significance. We have had women on the throne of England before, but never one who, as wife and mother, represented so adequately the womanhood of the race in its noblest and most feminine aspect. The event in its external form, as

an occurrence, is past, but 'in addition to its outer form it has an inward life of its own, mystical, infinitely complex,' and we stand on the threshold of 'centuries and millenniums' in which we look to see that inward life unfold, and in its unfolding we hope to find the fulfilment of Goethe's prophetic utterance:—

'Das Ewig, Weibliche,  
Zieht uns hinan.'

The passage in which these familiar lines from Goethe's 'Faust' occur has been well rendered in Dr. Anster's translation:—

'All we see before us passing  
Sign and symbol is alone;  
Here, what thought could never reach to  
Is by semblances made known;  
What man's words may never utter,  
Done in act—in symbol shown—  
Love, whose perfect type is Woman,  
The Divine and human blending,  
Love for ever and for ever  
Wins us onward, still ascending.'

Again, we may take as another instance of an event of this arresting character, the dramatic crisis when the representatives of all the great Powers of Europe were imprisoned within the walls of Peking, and compelled, temporarily at least, to make common cause in the presence of a common peril. What the 'inwardness' of that event was we may, perhaps, hardly venture to determine, especially at the present moment and in view of the terrible war in the Far East, so near to the spot where this great peril occurred; but that the significance of the event is not exhausted we may be very sure; and as we try to read 'the open book in the hand of the angel who stands on sea and land,' we recall Charles Kingsley's warning:—

'We sit at ease too often in a fool's paradise till God awakens us and tortures us into pity for the torture of others. And so, if we will not acknowledge our brotherhood by any other teaching, He knits us together by the brotherhood of suffering.'

The spiritualistic movement is another of these notable events, and it is on this account that it has a claim on the respectful attention of all thinking men. We do not mean that it is everyone's duty either to take up the subject experimentally or to study it exhaustively. Certainly not; to some, experimental research would be detrimental rather than beneficial, and all have not the time to study the subject exhaustively. What we would urge is that intelligent and thoughtful men should not allow themselves to ignore it, but should endeavour to understand its bearings sufficiently to recognise in some degree the 'inwardness' of the movement, its real significance as an event in history. In attempting to do this we should do wisely to lay to heart the advice of F. W. H. Myers: 'Let them follow fearlessly wherever truth may lead, and beware of pre-constructing from too few factors their formula for the Sum of Things.'

Those who neglect this advice and permit themselves to make hasty generalisations and to express crude opinions formed upon insufficient data, must inevitably miss the clue which would lead them to the true interpretation of the psychical developments which are in progress. They may be shrewd critics, but they will not be seers. Their penalty will be to remain blind in the presence of a great Dawn. Living in the very flow of the current of the life of the ages, they do not feel its motion, and are unaware whither it is bearing them.

'FOUND BY PLANCHETTE.'—We have received a number of newspaper cuttings of a story to the effect that the body of a missing boy, the son of a soldier in Stirling Castle, was discovered at the bottom of an old well as the result of a message which a lady, who lives some distance from Stirling, had received by means of a planchette. Can any of our readers verify this report and supply us with the particulars?



## TRANSITION OF MRS. CORNER.

We regret that we have to record the decease of Mrs. Corner—the Miss Florence Cook of Sir William Crookes' 'Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism.' Mrs. Corner had for some time been in poor health, but until very recently there was no serious apprehension of a fatal issue. She passed away in the early morning of Friday, the 22nd inst., in the forty-eighth year of her age. We are sure that her numerous friends will join with us in the expression of very sincere sympathy with the surviving members of the family. Miss Mack Wall, who knew Mrs. Corner intimately, kindly writes as follows:—

'A postcard which I received on Monday, the 18th inst., and which had been written to me by Mrs. Corner's wish, was the first intimation I had that she was very dangerously ill with pleuro-pneumonia, accompanied by violent hemorrhage. I at once went to see her.

'Except that she was in bed and was racked by violent paroxysms of coughing, I found her quite her usual alert, bright self. Her voice, too, had its usual tones, and there was not a trace of invalidism, or self-pity, in her manner. She was evidently, with a full knowledge of her condition, quite content that it should be as it was. The only remark which she made having a tinge of sadness was this: "My husband" (who is now far away, in the East) "will be so disappointed, when he comes home, to find me——." An attack of coughing prevented her from finishing the sentence.

'I stayed with her but a very few minutes, as I knew it would be harmful to her to be led to talk much, and the only question of public interest which I put to her was whether she had felt her control, "The Captain," with her at all. I put this question because I thought it might please her to be reminded of his constant care of her—of which I had heard both from her and him—in other illnesses. She said, "No, I do not think there is strength for him to manifest now."

'I was not able to go to see her again until Wednesday, when I found her easier than she had been on the Monday, and, if possible, even brighter than she had been then. She told me that on the previous day the curate of a neighbouring church had called upon her, and she went on to say that, after he had sat with her for some little time, he had said to her: "Now, do tell me; is it ignorance or knowledge which makes you so calm?" and that she had replied, "It is knowledge—I know." I then said to her, "And you have no fear, have you?" Speaking slowly and deliberately, so as to give full emphasis to what she said, she answered, "I have not had a single tremor." I subsequently heard from the friends who, at her own wish, had asked this clergyman to call upon her, that the next time he saw them he told them that he had never before met such absolute fearlessness in the face of death. I cannot help thinking, knowing how truly Mrs. Corner was a Spiritualist at heart, that Addison's example was in her mind, and that in asking to see a clergyman she was actuated by the desire to show at least to one such how a Spiritualist and a medium can die.

'I was not able to visit her on Thursday, and by nine o'clock on Friday morning I received the telegram from her daughter which told me that at 6.15 a.m. she had left this stage of the journey of life and had been called into the next. I went down to Battersea at once. There I learned that on the previous day the doctor had been quite hopeful about her, as the worst symptoms of her case had apparently disappeared, although she herself told her eldest daughter in the course of the evening that she knew she was dying.

'And in the middle of the night a change set in. At 5 a.m. the doctor was summoned. When he entered the room he said: "You are nearing the end." "Yes," she said, "I know that, I know that I am dying." The doctor then asked if she would like to see a clergyman. She said, "No, why should I? I am perfectly happy; I have not the slightest fear." A little later, seeing, I suppose, that death was imminent, he asked her if she had any messages to send to anyone. "No," she answered, "only my love—my best love—to my husband." Then she turned on her side, with her face away from the

watchers, and lapsed into unconsciousness, upon which death soon supervened, failure of the action of her heart being its immediate cause. The interment took place at Battersea Cemetery on Monday, April the 25th.

'During the last twelve months Mrs. Corner had given very few sésances, but from the latter end of November, 1902, till April 7th, 1903, she gave a series of weekly sésances to me without a break, except in one week, when she was ill in bed. The last eight or so of those sésances were more remarkable in results than any of the two preceding series I had had with her. Perhaps, by permission of the Editor of "LIGHT," I may give at another time an account of some of the phenomena obtained at these sésances. Mrs. Corner had, I believe, only given one or, at most, two sésances since Christmas last.

MARY MACK WALL.'

Another esteemed lady friend sends the following words of appreciation:—

'I was with Mrs. Corner the day before she passed over. I heard she was dangerously ill, and was glad to think that she wished to see me before she went on. She has had a difficult life and done good service; how difficult perhaps none of us can fully realise. I am very glad to feel that during the last few months I have been able to know her as a woman, and not merely as a medium, and to appreciate her good qualities and sincerity. I have a very friendly sympathy for her, and wish her God-speed and progress with all my heart!'

## MR. STANTON MOSES AND REINCARNATION.

Mr. Kane, in 'LIGHT' of April 16th, cites from 'Spirit Teachings' a passage in which 'Imperator' says that the incarnation as man of the spirit of Jesus Christ is 'a type of the descent of spirit into matter as its sole mode of progress'; and then, commenting upon this passage, Mr. Kane assures us that 'it is a clear exposition of reincarnation.'

To take the latter point first, I cannot myself find in the passage even the faintest suggestion or implication of reincarnation, and still less does it seem to supply 'a clear exposition' of that doctrine. Incarnation surely does not imply reincarnation!

Then as regards the doctrine propounded by 'Imperator' that 'reincarnation is the sole mode of progress open to a spirit,' I freely admit that equally human experience, and inference from known facts, and information supplied by the spirit world, suggest that, with a view to the education of a free and responsible being, a course of such sharp experience as normally falls to the lot of a spirit weighted with a material body, and placed in a corresponding environment, seems to afford the best imaginable means for securing the end proposed. Indeed, that this arrangement forms part of the Divine theory and will, upon the subject, appears extremely probable, and suggests one cogent reason why war, and suicide, and plague, and capital punishment, and any other preventible cause of the curtailment of earthly life, must entail upon those who favour or promote them a very serious responsibility.

But, while admitting the great moral value of incarnation experience, when I find Mr. Kane endorsing 'Imperator's' assertion that reincarnation is a spirit's sole mode of progress, I enter a protest on the three grounds of (a) authority; (b) *a priori* reasoning; (c) ascertained fact.

(a) The authority *contra* which I cite is 'Imperator' himself. On p. 26 of 'Spirit Teachings,' after remarking that 'more progress is the one desire of spirit,' this authority adds: 'Return to earth is *not* the only method of progressing.' He says 'only' in reference to that allusion to temporary controls over mediums which occurs on p. 25, and to which I lately made reference. And that progress is actually effected in the spirit world (without the aid of reincarnation) is proved by his remark on p. 45, 'All things with us are subordinated to the education of the spirit, which is *perpetually being developed*.' That between 'Imperator's' two sayings there is some discrepancy is evident; and I think it is best explained by supposing that in using the word 'sole' in the passage cited by



Mr. Kane, the speaker merely intended to emphasise the importance of incarnation as an educational instrument.

(b) What is the verdict of probability—of *à priori* reasoning? If we suppose that there are beings—human in all other respects, but who have been born without any material bodies into a non-material world—it is surely difficult to perceive any reason why the law of incarnation should apply to them at all.

(c) If I next inquire whether there can be adduced any evidence of fact in support of this reasoning, and confirmatory of 'Imperator's' denial that reincarnation is essential to progress in all cases, the same volume, 'Spirit Teachings,' answers that there can. For in 'LIGHT' for August 13th, 1892, p. 301, col. 2, 'Imperator' is represented as saying through 'M.A. (Oxon),' in reference to a very dear friend of the party who had passed into spirit life a week previously, that 'she slept, and a guardian angel named "Harmony" had the care of her spirit—an angel who had never been incarnated, and whose occupation it was to look after those spirits who had been prematurely removed from earth.'

This very remarkable statement by 'Imperator' suggests three questions: (1) Does not 'angel' here probably mean 'human spirit'? At any rate we find 'Imperator' on a later occasion closing a séance with the aspiration: 'May the loving Father give you the blessing . . . and when you join the angel hosts,' &c. Then (2) Is it credible that any spirit who had not already 'progressed' considerably should have been entrusted with the very responsible work committed to 'Harmony'? And yet she had never undergone even a single incarnation! (3) Upon Mr. Kane's hypothesis, was not 'Harmony' on this very account specially disqualified for the duty assigned her, to wit, the looking after spirits prematurely removed from earth? That 'guardian angels,' as such, are of very exalted rank, always, in fact, enjoying the right of *entrée* to the courts of heaven, seems to follow from what Christ says about children and 'their angels.'

If these queries of mine prove nothing else, they are at least calculated to indicate that Mr. Kane is hardly justified in his suggestion that all the 'inquiring minds' are on the side of Theosophy!

As to the prospect of our being reincarnated on some other planet, I can only say that to me, as a reader of A. R. Wallace's recent book on 'Man's Relation to the Universe,' it is not at all an agreeable one.

Sutton Coldfield.

E. D. GIRDLESTONE.

#### THE POWER OF INTROSPECTION.

The following has been communicated to the 'Daily Telegraph' by its Paris correspondent:—

'Doctors Sollier and Comar, both specialists in the study of hysteria, state that they have discovered the existence of a new and remarkable sort of power of second sight in certain patients. Instances of the form of vision in which the seer perceives at dusk, under certain conditions, his own double are well known to the scientific investigator as well as to the romance writer. This kind of vision has been named "external autoscopy," and is supposed to be due to a peculiar development of the physical sense of the ego, or the physical consciousness of self. The new phenomenon just discovered is "internal autoscopy." Certain female patients observed by the two doctors have been found to possess when in a hypnotic trance what appears to be the extraordinary power of seeing inside their own bodies. This is introspection in a literal sense. Uneducated women knowing nothing of anatomy have described, for instance, in their own language, using no scientific terms, the exact process of the circulation of the blood in their own bodies. As they talked they seemed to be following with the mind's eye the pulsations of the heart, the working of the valves, the arteries, and the veins, picturing the whole morphology of the circulation with extraordinary accuracy, though in their own popular parlance. The most remarkable case observed was that of a woman who, being taken with the first symptoms of appendicitis, and afterwards put in a trance, gave a detailed description of the internal effects of the malady, and said notably that she saw a small piece of bone which was causing her sufferings. Eventually it was found by the doctor, when the woman had recovered, that the appendicitis was precisely due to the presence of a piece of bone exactly tallying with the description given by the patient. This was introspection with a vengeance.'

#### AN UNEXPECTED SEANCE.

There are some of us who *know* of, and are able to recognise, 'spirits' in the lower orders of creation. To these an incident here recorded may be of interest:—

On Thursday evening (April 7th), amongst a numerous company of Eastertide visitors assembled in the spacious drawing-room of a large boarding-house here, a young lady stood talking to an elder one, whom she was then meeting for the first time. Suddenly the young lady—Miss P.—gave a little stifled exclamation and reeled sideways. For some unaccountable reason the majority of the other visitors burst into loud laughter, but the elder lady, happening to be a psychic herself, immediately recognised trance symptoms, and guided Miss P. to a chair.

Miss P., assisted by Mrs. L., fought strenuously against going into trance amidst the noisy, careless throng of guests. Without success, however, for the trance became complete.

Two relatives of Mrs. L.'s joined her in trying to secure some degree of quiet for the medium's sake; but, the result not being satisfactory, and Miss P. being distressed, Mrs. L. kept hold of one of her hands to sustain her against the mass of scepticism and opposition. Miss P. then began calling out names of persons, always the Christian name, but in many cases both Christian and surname, and bidding the owners come to her.

As each one came in turn, stood beside her, and took her outstretched hand, she mentioned the name of relative or friend of the person, asked if that person recognised the described one, and, upon receiving the astonished but instant affirmative reply, proceeded to give details concerning conditions, surroundings, &c., of the absent ones, and prophecies for the future.

In only two instances did she give messages from those who had passed over; all the others were from or about absent ones still in the flesh. To one gentleman the name of his only son, together with his surroundings in Canada, were given, finishing with 'He is quite happy; waiting for you to come to him in two years' time.'

To a naval officer not previously in the room, but whom she had requested Mrs. L. to seek, the medium said, 'R., you know Mary B.?' (full names were given). 'Yes, yes,' he assented in astonishment. 'Find her and—marry her!' she commanded, and then added with pathetic hesitancy, 'I am Mary.'

I must here record that in this, as in many of the other messages, the medium's voice was altered quite remarkably.

The officer told us afterwards that his engagement to Miss Mary B., who resides at the Antipodes, had been broken off two years and a-half ago entirely through his own fault, that he had bitterly regretted it ever since, and that now that he had received this communication he had written by the outgoing mail, praying her to renew their former position with regard to each other.

About the middle of the séance the medium called loudly 'Jack, Jack!' As no one in the drawing-room answered to that name, several of the guests went into other rooms inquiring, but returned and reported that there was no 'Jack' in the house.

'Jack! Oh! Jack! Why don't you come to me?' asked the medium in tones of deep distress. Mrs. L. explained that there was no person of that name in the house.

The medium replied reproachfully, 'He isn't a person, he is a spirit. He's not in the form of a man. He's a—a—a—oh! he has four legs! Bring him and let me touch him.'

Mrs. L. directed the owner of a large brown spaniel called 'Jack' to make him pass under the medium's hand. As she felt him she exclaimed in a deeply thankful, restful voice, 'There! Now I am happy. I have touched him although he is only a—a—a—dog!'

The painful hesitation at naming the animal, and the sorrowful, *hushed* tone in which she at length said 'dog,' were most pathetic, and produced a deep impression upon all the witnesses.

Margate.

MAUDE FOXALL LEWIS.



## THE SPIRIT'S BODY.

It was with much pleasure that I read the remarkable narrative by Stainton Moses regarding his 'Vision of Death,' which you appropriately reprinted in 'LIGHT' of April 2nd. Such an experience, if it stood alone, might be open to question; but when it is confirmed by independent witnesses who have had almost identical visions, it is surely of great value. An excellent *brochure*, entitled 'The Spiritual Body Real,' compiled by Giles B. Stebbins, and issued by the 'Banner of Light' Publishing Company, Boston, Mass., U.S.A., gives the testimonies of a number of clairvoyants who have witnessed the separation of the spiritual body from the dying physical form. The descriptions given by these psychics are intensely interesting, the more so in view of the fact that they are confirmed in almost every essential by the statements of Stainton Moses and others in this country and on the Continent.

When spirits manifest themselves to us they invariably do so as human beings—they are people, not ghosts. They present themselves in human forms, and fully justify Whittier's saying:—

'No; I have friends in spirit-land,  
Not shadows in a shadowy band,  
Not others, but themselves are they.'

We have all been taught to repeat St. Paul's words: 'There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body'; but I fear that for the most part we have had but the haziest idea what that spiritual body is, and one of the greatest services that Spiritualism has rendered us is that it has helped to clarify our thoughts and render definite and comprehensible our conceptions regarding the resurrection body.

Nowhere, perhaps, is this subject more fully and convincingly dealt with than in the valuable work by M. Gabriel Delanne, entitled, 'L'Ame est Immortelle,' which was recently translated by Miss H. A. Dallas, and published in London.\* In this translation, entitled 'Evidence for a Future Life,' the author claims that 'the soul retains after death the type exhibited in the physical body,' and that during earth life the body is enveloped by a psychic form which he denominates the 'perispit,' from 'peri—around, and spiritus—spirit.' In support of his position M. Delanne dwells at considerable length on the 'study of the soul by means of magnetism'; 'the witness of mediums and spirits to the existence of the perispit'; the testimony to appearances of 'the double'; the experiments of Colonel de Rochas and Dr. Luys; spirit photography and materialisations; and he makes out an extremely strong case. He claims that the 'phenomena produced by the momentary evacuation by the soul of the living body' so closely resemble those 'produced by discarnate spirits that they can only be distinguished by certain psychic peculiarities,' and argues that this shows 'that there is real absolute continuity in the manifestation of spirit, whether incarnated in a terrestrial body or not,' and further, that 'in view of the existence of the psychic body, we can explain scientifically the method by which the soul preserves its identity throughout its immortal career.'

Miss Dallas has laid the Spiritualists of Great Britain under a deep debt of gratitude for her service to the Cause in translating and publishing this valuable work, and I trust it will have a very large sale and meet with the recognition it so richly deserves. W.

\*'Evidence for a Future Life.' Philip Wellby, London; or from 'LIGHT' Office. Price 7s. 6d., post free 7s. 10d.

## COLOUR HEALING.

In a late issue, the 'Progressive Thinker' gave the following condensed summary of Dr. Babbitt's 'chromopathy,' a system of healing by the use of colours:—

'Red is the right colour to employ when it is desirable to stimulate the patient to greater excitability, and its use suggests vigour and courage. It is a mental and physical tonic or invigorator.

'Blue is the cooling sedative colour, which antidotes fevers and allays every febrile tendency. Its use is recommended in cases where the patient requires to be soothed or calmed.

'Yellow or amber is valuable for intellectual stimulation; it is nerve animating, and assists brain workers to accomplish a large amount of head work as distinguished from muscular effort, without experiencing an unpleasant reaction or subsequent fatigue.

'Purple, which is a combination of red with blue, suggests a healthy stimulus coupled with a sense of repose. It is, therefore, to be highly recommended in a great variety of situations and can be employed more frequently with greater advantage than any other single colour.

'Pink always suggests hope, and is a counter suggestion of great service and most beneficial utility whenever a tendency to pessimism or despair has been prominent.

'Green, the colour of Nature's perennial garment, is the special antidote for nostalgia, or home sickness. It can be effectively introduced to counteract general restlessness or sense of dissatisfaction with new surroundings.

'Violet is the most spiritually suggestive of all colours and can be used with benefit in rooms where people congregate for religious exercises and like uses.

'Through coloured glass the shining of the solar ray or electric light will produce the most perfect results, but all articles of furniture and wearing apparel exert a decided influence on sensitive persons by virtue of the special predominating colour.

'All neutral tints are quieting as they approach to white, and depressing as they shade toward black.'

## 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.

## 'An Anxious One.'

SIR,—Fourteen years ago I became a convinced Spiritualist principally through some lectures delivered in the Pendleton Town Hall, Manchester, by Mr. E. W. Wallis, in reply to some lectures that had been previously given by the Rev. Ashcroft, who was a strong anti-Spiritualist. I have been a pretty frequent reader of the 'Two Worlds' for many years, and I have been a constant reader of 'LIGHT' for the last seven years—that is, during the time I have resided in London.

I have been, and am, a very strong Spiritualist, but it has been through the evidence of others—evidence that I could not possibly resist.

I have this year had two severe spells of illness, and my doctor dreads a third. During these times of enforced idleness I have wondered many scores of times how it is that with all efforts and strong desires I have never yet had a single particle of personal proof that there are any intelligences on the other side who will and can communicate with me. I have been asked over and over again what proof I have that the teachings of Spiritualism are true, and never once have I been able to refer to any of my own experiences. Am I always to be in this position? Am I always to feel that my friends on the other side are utterly heedless and careless of my sufferings? I am just as certain as I live that there are ways of communicating with them and getting responses from them, if only I knew how, and I daresay it does seem strange that all these many years have brought me just nothing of a satisfying nature, and that in answer to questions I have to refer to the evidence of others.

Can your readers help or advise me? If they can I should feel very greatly obliged and grateful.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.

## Address Wanted.

SIR,—I shall be greatly obliged if any of your readers can and will inform me at what address a letter would reach Mr. Emmens, the noted American man of science.

J. HAWKINS SIMPSON.

Budleigh Salterton.

A CAUSE OF TROUBLE.—It appears that the late Thomson Jay Hudson not only confused and disturbed the minds of inquirers into Spiritualism, but he succeeded in puzzling and distressing the booksellers. 'The Exchange and Mart' says: 'A book called "The Law of Psychic Phenomena" is just now causing much trouble to the booksellers. It passes under all sorts of names, which appear to be in a state of gradual and irritating evolution. One day a man walked into a shop in the Strand and said he wanted "Physical Pneumonia," and became enraged when directed to a neighbouring chemist. Things have gone wrong ever since. "Flysic Phelmonia" is now heard on occasion, and "Psyche and Mona" is not unknown. So much for the education of the twentieth century.'



### The Society for Psychical Research.

SIR,—Of the many correspondents who object to the attitude of the Society for Psychical Research towards psychic phenomena not one has noticed what is, in my opinion, their greatest fault. While deserving of commendation for insisting on strict canons of evidence, they seem to ignore the necessity for similar accuracy when making charges of fraud against a medium. To filch from the latter his good name is evidently, to them, a matter not worth a passing thought, so long as a preconceived theory can be thereby supported. The records of the Society now contain two flagrant cases of this sort, and the great offender was the late Mr. Myers, not Mr. Podmore. Mr. Myers was one of a committee who reported that Madame Paladino was guilty of systematic fraud, and that report stands to-day without one word of evidence to support it. That appearances may be deceptive has been well proved since then, but the chief point is that it was considered unnecessary to publish the reasons with the report.

For the other case Mr. Myers is solely responsible. It appears that he attended a séance given by a well-known medium at a private house, and that the results were abortive, or of doubtful significance. Not content with founding a charge of fraud on what he actually observed, he proceeds to give an explanation of a phenomenon which did not take place at all on that occasion, and then wonders that anybody could still believe in the honesty of the medium! Now thousands of people in London, myself included, believe in the genuineness of the phenomenon, having witnessed it under various conditions, and know that the thing described by Mr. Myers is only a gross caricature of the reality. Here, however, the chief point is that judgment should be passed on a phenomenon never witnessed by him. In what country, civilised or uncivilised, would a man be condemned on this sort of evidence?

To further show how sadly a man's judgment and accuracy may be confused by preconceived ideas, I need only refer to Vol. I., p. 133, 'Human Personality.' To support a theory of sleep memory he there endeavours to explain a case by supposing that a momentary spasm of the ciliary muscle had extended the range of vision of a myopic subject. But spasm of the ciliary muscle, as every schoolboy knows, has precisely the opposite effect, increasing the myopia, and so further limiting the range of vision; and we thus see an elementary scientific fact treated with as much contempt as if it were a medium. I quote this instance to show that the investigator with a thesis to support requires as careful watching as any medium, and may be just as likely to delude himself, or those who believe in him. For this reason it is all the more necessary that psychic researchers should beware of making charges of dishonesty on palpably insufficient grounds.

M. KELLY.

129, Gordon-road, W. Ealing.

### Spiritualism and Theosophy.

SIR,—At the risk of being included among people of a certain class who rush into print when they should keep silence, may I be permitted to say, if our theosophical friends will kindly consent to anyone but themselves discussing this matter, that I quite agree with Miss Edith Ward, 'that Nature, in all her processes, points to the path of spiral evolution' (See 'LIGHT,' February 27th.) But I should like to suggest that this simile of the spiral staircase, as an illustration of reincarnation, is getting rather hackneyed, it has been used so often.

And has it never occurred to Theosophists that an argument more detrimental to their theory could hardly be employed? A spiral never passes twice through the same point! Madame Blavatsky's chain of earths was so evidently imagined to meet the fact of spiral evolution; but it remains a mere imagination, and nothing more, without one particle of proof.

And further, the constant harping upon the idea that anti-reincarnationists reject the theory because they do not like the idea of returning to earth is getting monotonous, and is not true. Some of the foolish and thoughtless may give that reason, but all thinking Spiritualists base their rejection of it upon the ground that it is unreasonable, has not an atom of proof in support of it, and is subordinating spirit to matter. In any case happiness is not a question of locality, but of individual growth and the capability of living in harmonious accordance with environment; and a developed individual could be just as happy and useful upon the earth plane as upon any other.

In discussing the temperamental differences of individuals it is well to realise that those who desire communion with their friends in the real life, and are consequently attracted to spiritualism rather than to Theosophy, are governed by the heart. The heart stands for love, and God is love. Love is God's highest attribute, and yet all Theosophists I ever heard

of place Theosophy on a higher plane than Spiritualism. An example in point is to be found in this same issue of 'LIGHT' in the Countess Wachtmeister.

Spiritualism is full of warm-hearted, human sympathy; Theosophy is nothing but icy, intellectual abstractions. Theosophists, again, seem to think that because their theories are not understood that proves them to be correct. Are they not aware that anyone in the slightest degree intuitive can sense at once whether an argument is sound or not without going into all the details?

As long as Theosophists write to 'LIGHT' or lecture to the Alliance in favour of reincarnation, I sincerely hope and believe there will be found Spiritualists sufficiently in love with truth to be ready to controvert their theories, however much they would prefer to have a clear field all to themselves.

A. K. VENNING.

Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

### Spirit Photography.

SIR,—In 'LIGHT,' of April 4th, 1903, you published a letter in which I related how at one of Mr. Cecil Husk's séances I recognised, in one of the materialised spirits with whom I conversed, the original of a spirit photograph taken a few days before by Mr. Bournsall with myself as the sitter. The following also may interest your readers:—

At the time to which I refer in that letter I sat to Mr. Bournsall for several pictures, and each time one or more forms appeared on the plate more or less distinctly. One of these bore a striking resemblance to my deceased father, and, although his face appeared to have got a peculiar twist (which I am told happens not unfrequently at materialising séances in consequence of unskilful manipulation of the material by the spirits in their eagerness to appear), I believe it was my father.

I left England soon afterwards and returned to Trinidad. For reasons of my own I said nothing about these photographs until quite recently, when I showed them to some friends, one of whom, Miss Cathie McKay, a clairvoyante, immediately recognised one of them as 'Pat,' an intimate acquaintance of hers when she was a little girl residing with her parents in Demerara, about ten or eleven years ago.

About four years after Pat passed over, Miss McKay developed clairvoyance and became aware that he was her control. After a time other duties called Pat elsewhere, but he continued to visit the family occasionally, and subsequently returned, and for some years controlled a member of Mr. Andrew Learmond's family, now residing in this Colony.

About a year ago he left again, but has continued to visit his old friends down to the present.

Miss McKay, whose clairvoyant gift has been permanent since its development, has been a member of Mr. Learmond's household for the last four years, and has consequently been in touch with Pat all the time.

A copy of the picture having been sent to her parents in Demerara, they at once recognised Pat, before reading the letter which accompanied it.

EDWIN ELLIOTT.

Port of Spain, Trinidad.

April 4th, 1904.

I certify that the foregoing, so far as it relates to myself and our friend 'Pat,' is true in every particular. He had always promised us his photo, but we did not know at what time or place he would 'sit.' We are all very pleased to have the photo, and will always treasure it as a precious souvenir.

CATHIE MCKAY.

70, Oxford-street,

Trinidad, Port of Spain.

April 8th, 1904.

### Fulham Society of Spiritualists.

SIR,—Kindly allow me a little space in 'LIGHT' to appeal to your readers for donations towards a bazaar we intend to hold on May 19th and 20th, either in cash or by gifts of drapery, wearing apparel, fancy articles, flowers for the flower stall, confectionery for the refreshment stall, provisions, such as tea, sugar, and articles of a like nature for the 'pound' stall; or books for the book stall, especially those dealing with Spiritualism and kindred subjects. The following ladies will be glad to receive the donations and gifts: Mrs. Bick, 47, Ringmer-avenue, Fulham, S.W.; Mrs. Spink, 35, Cologne-road, St. John's-hill, Wandsworth, S.W.; Mrs. Turner, 3, Bettridge-road, Fulham, S.W.

WALTER TURNER, Hon. Sec.

3, Bettridge-road, Fulham, S.W.



## 'Dr. Slade.'

SIR,—In reply to the inquiry of W. T. Wilson in 'LIGHT,' of April 16th, until I make inquiries I cannot give the year he wants, but Miss Keeves (as was her name then) may have it in her diary, as she was visiting me at Brunswick House at the time with Dr. Slade, the Psychological Hall being part of my premises. Before I knew that 'Dr. Wilson' was Dr. Slade, Mr. Gillman and myself visited him at Park-street one Sunday at noon, and I subjoin the copy of writing given me on a slate which I still have :—

To all my friends.—Now I am a happy man again, for my darling wife Jane has met me in this beautiful land of rest to part no more. My Friends, look more to this truth, for the more you know of it the more happiness you will receive. Say to all our friends that Robert Simpson and wife are very happy; we lived at 33, Mount York. I am Robert Simpson.

I may say that I confirmed the facts written in the message by calling at 33, Mount York, at the time.

JAS. LINGFORD.

30, Hyde Park-terrace, Leeds.

## London Outdoor Work.

SIR,—Will you kindly permit me to draw attention to the season for outdoor propaganda which is just commencing? Many are able to narrate experiences, or could give brief explanations of points in our philosophy, who would not care to occupy a society's rostrum. I want to discover any who are willing to perform even this small duty in return for blessings personally received from the spirit friends. Battersea Park, Clapham Common, and Finsbury Park have seen the commencement of many conversions to Spiritualism, on the part of those who could not be reached by other methods. The formation of societies is also directly traceable to this cause alone. Even our regular speakers would do well to take a course of lessons which are easily obtainable at the hands of sceptical people who force you to reconsider every position you advance. The result cannot but be beneficial to the speakers. It is also an excellent training ground for young aspirants to platform honours, and all will admit the need for more workers and clearer exponents. My suggestion then is this: that if we can find sufficient workers to take our place on Clapham Common we shall be pleased to assist in forming or sustaining other outdoor centres. All that is necessary is for the local workers to provide a platform with three responsible people in charge, to act respectively as chairman, literature distributor, and general assistant to preserve order. Tact and inoffensive behaviour will do the rest. If twelve recognised speakers, or a few earnest souls in each locality, will join in this unpaid labour of love we can start at least eight centres of activity with a regular change of speaker each week. The grounds selected must be the usual debating centres—parks and L.C.C. spaces.

If any trinity of friends willing to guarantee the presence of the platform, *and of themselves*, during June, July, and August will drop me a line, and workers desirous of assisting will do the same, we can commence the ensuing season with a definite and satisfactory plan of campaign.

H. BODDINGTON.

Clapham Spiritualist Institute,  
Gauden-road.

## 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.

CAVENDISH ROOMS.—51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday last Mr. W. J. Leeder, of Nottingham, answered in an able manner questions written by the audience. His replies proved very helpful and instructive. Mr. H. Hawkins, vice-president, ably presided. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Ernest Marklew will deliver a trance address; doors open at 6.30 p.m.

CHISWICK.—AVENUE HALL, 300, HIGH-ROAD.—On Sunday last Dr. Berks Hutchinson recounted a few of his experiences as a psychological investigator during the last thirty years. The address was extremely interesting. On Monday last, taking 'The Broken Melody' as his theme, Mr. H. Fielder discoursed inspiringly on 'Harmony and Discord,' and their bearing on spiritual advancement. Speaker on Sunday, May 1st, at 7 p.m., Mr. J. MacBeth Bain. On Monday, May 2nd, at 8 p.m., Dr. Berks Hutchinson.

STRATFORD.—84, ROMFORD-ROAD (OPPOSITE THE TECHNICAL INSTITUTE).—On Sunday last an earnest and stirring address by Mr. G. Tayler Gwinn, on 'The After Life,' was much appreciated by a very attentive audience. On Sunday next a lecture will be given entitled, 'Reason,' by Mrs. Heigham (Associate, London College of Psychology).—W. H. S.

BRIGHTON.—BRUNSWICK HALL, BRUNSWICK-STREET EAST.—On Sunday last a cultured address on 'Inspiration and Revelation' was given by Mr. R. Dimsdale Stocker, followed by answers to questions. On Sunday next Mrs. Russell-Davies will lecture on 'Spiritualism *versus* Theosophy.' Hall open on Tuesdays, 3 to 5 p.m., for inquirers and reading.—A. O.

FULHAM.—COLVEY HALL, 25, FERNHURST-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. J. Huxley's trance address on 'The Resurrection' was listened to with marked attention, and well received. Mr. Huxley also gave clairvoyant descriptions at the after-circle. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., address and clairvoyance by Mr. Ronald Brailey. Wednesday, May 4th, at 8 p.m., Mr. G. H. Bibbings.—W. T.

HACKNEY.—YOUNG'S ROOMS, LYME-GROVE, MARE-STREET.—On Sunday last Miss Chapin, the blind medium, gave a trance address entitled 'Creeds and Prayer,' followed by successful illustrations in psychometry and clairvoyance. Speaker on Sunday next, Mr. Robert King; and on Friday, at 8 p.m., at 95, Downs Park-road, Miss Chapin will hold a circle for inquirers.—N. RIST.

BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD, HENLEY-STREET.—On Sunday last Mr. R. Boddington's able replies to questions from the audience were much appreciated. Miss Morris presided. On Sunday next, the London Union conference; speakers, Messrs. E. Marklew, G. T. Gwinn, A. Clairiaux, G. Wright, and J. Adams; at 3 p.m., Lyceum. On Wednesday, at 7 p.m., Band of Hope. Saturday, social meeting.—D. G.

CLAPHAM SPIRITUALIST INSTITUTE, GAUDEN-ROAD.—On Sunday last numerous written questions were ably and eloquently dealt with by Mrs. Boddington. A violin solo by Miss Buxton, and selections by the band were highly appreciated. Mr. Boddington presided. A large number stayed to the after-circle. On Sunday, May 1st, there will be an experience meeting, and on Thursday, strangers are invited to the public circle for psychometry at 8.15 p.m.

CATFORD.—24, MEDUSA-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. W. Millard delivered an able trance address on 'The Religion of Spiritualism,' and the usual after-circle was held.—R.

LITTLE LIFORD.—CORNER OF THIRD-AVENUE, CHURCH-ROAD, MANOR PARK.—On Sunday last Mr. Fielder delivered a thrilling address entitled 'The Great White Christ,' and also kindly conducted the after-circle.—A. J.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—73, BECKLOW-ROAD, ASKEW-ROAD.—On Sunday evening last Mr. E. Burton gave an interesting lecture on 'How I became, and why I remain, a Spiritualist,' and Miss Marion gave some good illustrations in clairvoyance.

SOUTHAMPTON.—WAVERLEY HALL, ST. MARY'S-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. E. M. Sturgess lectured on 'Some Lessons to be learnt from Clairvoyance and Psychometry,' and Mrs. Sturgess gave practical illustrations of both gifts, to an attentive audience, many strangers present.—H.

WEST LONDON SPIRITUALIST CLUB, 61, BLENHEIM-CRESCENT, NOTTING HILL.—On the 12th inst. Mrs. F. Spriggs kindly gave us an evening with her spirit guides. An instructive address was much appreciated by a good number of friends and members.—A. W.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—On Sunday morning last Mr. Wilson read his final paper on 'The Development of the Will,' which we hope he will publish. At the evening meeting Mrs. Wesley Adams gave an impressive address upon 'Light and Darkness.'—W. E.

DUNDEE.—GREENLAW-PLACE, CLEPINGTON-ROAD.—Splendid meetings have been held with Miss Cotterill, whose guides maintained the high estimation in which they are held here. Other meetings were ably addressed by our president, Mr. J. M. Stevenson, also by Mr. G. Petrie, and Mr. Watson, Mrs. Inglis and Mrs. Odhner being the clairvoyantes.

PLYMOUTH.—BANK-CHAMBERS, BANK-STREET.—On Sunday last Mr. Trueman delivered an interesting address on 'Love and the Life for a Spiritualist.'—M.

PLYMOUTH.—ODDFELLOWS' HALL, MORLEY-STREET.—On the 21st inst., the body of Mr. Zachariah Reynolds, an old worker, was laid in the grave, Mr. G. Bibbings, of Leicester, officiating. In the evening, at the Oddfellows' Hall, Mr. Bibbings gave an impressive address, and said of Mr. Reynolds that after nineteen years of closest friendship he 'never knew him to speak unkindly to anyone; he was a gentleman; loving, kind, and true.' On Sunday last, Mr. J. Evans gave a fine discourse on the 'Resurrection,' and Mrs. Ford gave clairvoyant descriptions.—A. W. C.