

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—*Goethe.*

'WHATSOEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT.'—*Paul.*

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

'The Progressive Thinker' wields a sledge hammer in its assaults upon sham mediums; but it is always evident that the measure of its onslaught upon the false is the measure of its anxiety for the true. Concluding an 'exposure' of one who had long been favourably known as a medium, it says:—

We feel that too much cannot be said in favour of those mediums who, oft-times in face of privations and loss, stand firm and conscientious for truth and honest mediumship. To them Spiritualism is indebted for whatever of strength and standing and high influence it possesses.

The honest mediums are an upbuilding force to our Cause and to the world; while the dishonest and deceivers are a down-dragging influence, a detriment to Spiritualism and to the upliftment of society.

It is an undeniable fact that the path of the honest medium is made doubly rough and hard to travel, because of dishonesty and deception by those who pose as mediums and practise fraud. These rob the true mediums of their just earthly reward, and, because of their trickery and base deception, bring all mediums, however true and worthy, under suspicion as tricksters and dishonest. The good and the true are made to suffer because of the sins of the dishonest, lying pretenders, who palm off bogus tests and bogus manifestations.

With the true and the pure that we have in the mediumistic ranks there is no need of fear for the life of Spiritualism. It has truth as its basis and cannot crumble or perish. The world is coming to us rapidly, and the speed can be increased and the Cause expanded by purging this germ of infamy and pollution; and no one can be more earnest in this work than should every genuine medium. Even self-interest ought to be an incentive to their enthusiasm.

'Tragedy and Trifle,' by Mrs. W. P. Browne (London: Brimly, Johnson, and Ince) is an exciting story in the true sense of the word:—no descriptions of scenery, no fuss about 'local colour' (and yet, in a sense, there is plenty of it), no subtle philosophisings concerning states of mind and character,—but just a story, brilliantly told from first to last,—nine-tenths of it dialogue, witty and shrewd and full of movement. For all that, there is a problem in it, and a very serious one, too, turning upon a young girl's surrender of her lover in the hope of financially saving her father, and her marriage to an awful example of a vicar. The problem carries with it a sufficiently risky situation, but all ends happily, except for the wretched vicar.

Throughout the book there are bright and informing emergings of present-day topics, including Spiritualism, which is very impressively introduced. The characters that occupy the stage are distinct, crisp, and what one may

call full-bodied; and they can all talk and talk well. In fact the dialogue is exceedingly clever. A good deal of it would do on the stage of the Haymarket Theatre, a great contrast to the insipid dialogue of the conventional novel. But, beyond all this, the book, from beginning to end, is wholesome, with much that answers to the mirror held up to nature 'to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.'

The following, from 'The Light of Truth,' has about it an air of veracity that commends it to us:—

MAN TURNS OUT OF ROAD FOR MATERIALISED VEHICLE AND DRIVER.

(Given as told by the man himself.)

'I was living in the State of Colorado at the time this happened and was riding across the sandy plain between the B. and M. and U. P. railroads, near the little town of Snyder, when I met a middle-aged man in a lumber wagon, driving a span of grey horses. I gave half the road to him, but as he got even with me he reined up his horses and stopped. Thinking he wished to inquire the way, I pulled up my team also. "Hello, Mr. —," he said, calling me by name, "Your boy is in Akron; if you would keep him out of trouble, go to him at once." Just then my horses, not liking to stand, drew my attention for a few moments, and upon turning to ask the man where he got his information, found nothing of man, wagon, or horses; all had vanished as completely as if the earth had swallowed them. What could it mean? I had heard the rumble of the wagon, had particularly noticed the horses and received the message from the man. Now, to my knowledge, my boy was not at Akron, but at a small town farther down on the B. and M. I told my wife about meeting the stranger that night and asked her if I had better go. She laughed at me and said I had fallen asleep and been dreaming, but I would swear I was as wide awake as I am to-day while telling this to you.

'Well, you can judge my wife's surprise the next morning, when I received a telegram from Akron to "come at once, your son is there and in trouble."

'That trouble landed my boy in the reform school. Had I heeded the message the day before, I could have saved him from such disgrace.'

I am personally acquainted with the party who related the above, also the family, and know that it is said they had a boy sent from Akron, Colorado, to the reform school.

NETTIE L. WHITING.

March 14th, 1905.

Shenandoah, Iowa.

Hugo Preyer, writing in the same number of 'The Light of Truth,' about his early experiments, says:—

It early became a question with me whether it was the spirit in or out of the body which answered my questions and I finally found a very simple but efficient test, namely: Among the spirits that controlled physical manifestations, such as table tipping, &c., was a child of mine, known by its spirit name as 'Sunbeam.' When we would meet in the evening for manifestations, surrounded by doctors, lawyers, ministers, &c., I would ask 'Sunbeam,' 'Can you tell me what time it is by any gentleman's watch in the room?' The answer was 'Yes.' I would then request all not to look at their watches, and as no two watches would be alike to a second, we knew, if we knew anything positive, that we did not know the time of anyone's watch. That much positively settled, we asked 'Sunbeam' to please tell us to the minute, yes, to the

second, the time on someone's watch, whom we would designate, and invariably—in hundreds of cases—'Sunbeam' always gave the exact time to the second, thus proving conclusively that an intelligence outside of the visible intelligence was present, even if invisible to our mortal eyes. Unconscious mental cerebration does not account for this.

The 'Annual Festival' of American Spiritualists has, apparently, been a distinct success in every way. To use the 'Banner of Light's' verdant language, it was held 'amid the perfume of beautiful flowers, under the sheen of emerald palms, to the sweet strains of music and the stirring notes of song, with many a flash of brilliant oratory, and innumerable sweet messages from the great Beyond.' No wonder, as 'The Banner of Light' tells us, that 'a cheerful optimism appears to have been the burden of the speakers at the various gatherings, and a quiet and assured confidence pervaded the various utterances.'

We have heard so much about disunion among Spiritualists in America that it is reassuring and refreshing to be told that 'all asperities were smoothed down' and that 'harmony prevailed during the whole of Festival week.' But what have Spiritualists to do with 'asperities,' and why should there ever be anything but 'harmony' amongst them?

'The Zoophilist and Animals' Defender' prints an almost fierce Article on Professor Charles Richet, beginning with these words: 'The name of M. Charles Richet is familiar to our readers as that of a notorious and remorseless vivisector in Paris. He is the originator and performer of some of the worst experiments on record.' 'Commenting on these experiments long ago, we said: "M. Richet may safely challenge the world—perhaps the inhabitants of even a worse world than this—to rival him in the ingenuity of his torture."'

It is just as well that we should know in what kind of moral and spiritual atmosphere our comrades or semi-comrades live.

Messrs. Bruce and Davies (Melbourne) publish an 'Official Report of the remarkable Psychic Phenomena produced under rigorous test conditions through the mediumship of Mr. Charles Bailey, of Melbourne,' in Milan. The proceedings were published from time to time in 'Luce e Ombra,' and the 'Report' is a condensed translation of what appeared.

'THE SPIRIT REALMS.'

In an article on 'The Spirit Realm—Can we Communicate?' in the 'Manchester Evening Chronicle' of Friday, April 28th, the writer, 'J. B. L.,' mentions that the Manchester Spiritualists 'have just held their annual conference and announce a considerable accession in membership.' He goes on to describe the various phenomena on which Spiritualists base their claims, and gives instances of clairvoyance, psychometry and levitation from personal experience. He says:—

'During my investigations an unopened letter just received from the United States was placed in the hands of a psychometrist as a test. She appeared to go off into a light trance, and in a few moments she described the contents, which were quite unknown to the recipient. It was immediately opened, and we were exceedingly surprised to find that she had been quite correct in all her statements.'

'J. B. L.' testifies also as to movements of a heavy dining table, and the description, by two separate mediums, of the same attendant spirit, as well as of a spirit communicator who was recognised by having lost a finger. 'It is by such facts,' he says, 'that Spiritualism is gaining adherents, and it is time its claims were more seriously considered.'

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

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 25TH,

WHEN AN ADDRESS WILL BE GIVEN

BY

DR. J. M. PEEBLES,

ON

'Immortality: Its Naturalness, Its Possibilities and its Proofs.'

(The Address which was rejected by the Council of the Victoria Institute.)

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.

MEETINGS FOR THE STUDY OF PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF CLAIRVOYANCE will be given at the rooms of the Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., by Mr. A. V. Peters, on Tuesday next, May 16th, at 3 p.m., and no one will be admitted after that hour. Fee 1s. to Members and Associates; for friends introduced by them, 2s. each.

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 psychic culture and home development of mediumship. The next meeting will be held on the afternoon of Thursday, May 25th. 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 kindly places his valuable services in the diagnosis of diseases at the disposal of the Council, and for that purpose attends at the rooms of the Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., on Thursday afternoons, between the hours of 1 and 3. Members, Associates, and friends who are out of health, and who desire to avail themselves of Mr. Spriggs's offer, should notify their wish in writing to the secretary of the Alliance, Mr. E. W. Wallis, not later than the previous day, stating the time when they propose to attend. No fee is charged, but Mr. Spriggs suggests that every consultant should make a contribution of at least 5s. to the funds of the Alliance.

SPIRIT CONTROL.—Mrs. M. H. Wallis will attend at the rooms of the Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., for conversation with her spirit control, on Friday next, May 19th, at 3 p.m., prompt. Visitors should come prepared with written questions, on subjects of general interest relating to Spiritualism, mediumship, and life here and hereafter. These meetings are free to *Members and Associates*, who may also introduce non-members on payment of 1s. each.

'THE BURIAL REFORMER.'—Mr. Arthur Hallam, the editor of 'The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal,' has started a quarterly magazine under the title of 'The Burial Reformer,' which is described as 'devoted to the scientific investigation of trance and the various forms of suspended animation; the necessity for a more efficient method of death verification and certification; and the reform of the present burial system.' Five cases of narrow escape from, and one of actual, burial alive, between January 16th and March 7th of this year, are cited as amply justifying agitation. A report is given of the eighth annual meeting of the London Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial, under the presidency of Mr. William Tebb, F.R.G.S., whose republished book was recently noticed in 'LIGHT.' The office of 'The Burial Reformer' is at 12, London-street, E.C., and the subscription price is 1s. 2d. per annum.

THEISM FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

Two articles appear over the name of Mr. W. H. Mallock in the April numbers of the 'Hibbert Journal' and the 'Contemporary' respectively. Both have a somewhat similar motive. That in the 'Hibbert Journal' aims at exposing what Mr. Mallock considers to be the weaknesses of the line of argument adopted by Theists in defence of their belief, while that in the 'Contemporary' is similarly intended to exhibit the vulnerable point in an argument; but this time it is the position of Scientists *versus* Theism that he attacks.

The two articles taken together mutually interpret one another. If the 'Hibbert Journal' article were read alone, it would be possible (but for one saving clause in the last paragraph) to suppose that Mr. Mallock is himself an anti-Theist, but when read along with his contribution to the 'Contemporary' his purpose is quite obvious. And both the papers are instructive and stimulating. While both are clever, in the argument in the 'Hibbert Journal' one may detect many fallacies, whereas that in the 'Contemporary' is weighty and cogent. Unfortunately, however, the latter is likely to be less attractive to the ordinary reader, for the reasoning is closer and necessitates deeper concentration, while the article in the 'Hibbert Journal' is more easy to grasp (or it is more easy to think one has grasped it), and the fallacies it contains are liable to be overlooked.

In 'The Crux of Theism,' in the 'Hibbert Journal,' Mr. Mallock maintains that the non-Theist may concede two important points to Theists and yet leave the essential points of difference between them untouched. The two points are, first, that the causative element is spirit, not matter—'that the whole universe is a fundamentally spiritual fact'; and second, that evolution exhibits universal spirit working towards *purposed* ends. These, he says, might be conceded, but the real crux would still remain. The real crux he considers to be determinism and the problem of evil. Let the Theist but prove the reasonableness of belief in the freedom or self-determinism of man, and the beneficence of the Absolute Spirit, and he will then be in an impregnable position. This is what we understand Mr. Mallock to mean, but that this is his meaning was not clear till we had read the other article in the 'Contemporary.'

What Mr. Mallock actually *says* is, that what the Theist is 'bound to prove—or his Theism falls altogether to the ground—is that human beings . . . exhibit in their constitutions and their circumstances, if we treat the evidence fairly, an infinite and loving care concentrated on every one of them.'

To the question as so stated we have a right to demur. Theism does not 'fall to the ground' because the evidence which may satisfy a Theist (to whom the experience of life has taught non-transferable and priceless lessons of faith) fails to convince his judges. If such a rough and ready test were justifiable, Theists would have as good a right to apply it as non-Theists, and to say, 'Your non-theistic theories fall to the ground if you cannot *disprove* to our satisfaction the providential care of God over *every* individual.' When we reverse the position thus we recognise that it is not a just one. For in neither case can an exhaustively conclusive proof of so great a proposition be supplied.

When we turn to the 'Contemporary,' however, we find Mr. Mallock on broader grounds. He is now trying to show the strength of the theistic position, and he uses the only kind of arguments that can be used by finite minds in dealing with problems of the Infinite. The strongest convictions of which the human mind is capable are the result of the cumulative effects of study and experience; study and experience afford a variety of different kinds of testimony, some seemingly contradictory. With patience, judgment and sincerity these must be weighed and reflected upon, and when so considered the resultant conclusions which the mind draws are often of so convincing a kind as to be indelible. The man so convinced may be said not so much to possess his faith as to be possessed by it. His Theism will not 'fall to the ground,' even though it may be impossible to state the reasons for his faith in a way

to *prove* it to another who has not passed through the same experiences or the same study.

In the 'Contemporary' article Mr. Mallock indicates the line of argument which he thinks the defenders of Theism ought to pursue, and along which he considers their position is impregnable by any arguments as yet adduced by Science. He deals with three points, any one of which might afford sufficient material for separate consideration: Freedom or self-determinism, God, and Immortality. With regard to each he urges Theists to show, as he believes they easily can do, that belief in these propositions has been a most important factor in the evolution of the race; and that without such belief, although individuals here and there may maintain a high level, yet the race as a whole could not but sink, bereft of its highest aspirations, affections and motives.

Belief in human freedom, he points out, lies at the basis of our estimate of the value of heroism and affection. What enthusiasm could be quickened in admiration of self-sacrifice and courage if men were thoroughly convinced that the hero who gives his life for his nation or his comrade was acting on some automatic stimulus, and had no power to do otherwise? Or what lover would welcome a woman's affection if he knew that it was not a voluntary gift, but came by the compulsion of an external necessity? He proceeds to argue that Truth, Beauty, and Goodness make their appeal even to the most strongly-convinced anti-Theist, and to show in what way the appeal is in itself a witness to the existence of an Absolute Being in whom Truth, Beauty, and Goodness subsist, and from whom their reflection in man is derived. The scientist's struggle to get at the underlying reality of things implies that he is conscious that he is related to Truth; that he regards it as something superlatively important, as something whose value exists independently of his own recognition of it. What is this but the recognition that *Absolute Truth* exists? How unaccountable would be this love of Truth for its own sake if we must regard it as merely a bye-product of atomic groupings resulting from a fortuitous clash of forces!

After tracing the sense of Goodness as a witness to Reality, and not merely dependent on individual taste, he concludes by pointing out that those who have rejected Theism have admitted that their theories could not satisfy human requirements. He quotes Darwin and Spencer in support of this; he might also have quoted Romanes, and perhaps Huxley. If, he argues, the greatest thinkers among non-Theists felt that science left an unfilled void, does not this indicate that they had left regions unexplored which might have filled that void?

The whole article is worth careful reading. We have done but scant justice to it by this brief notice. It can hardly be said, however, that it meets the objections which Mr. Mallock raises in the 'Hibbert Journal,' and which he claims that defenders of Theism ought to meet. What it does do, however, is to show that Theism by no means 'falls to the ground' although the Infinite Care for individuals may remain only as a fair deduction from certain rationally consistent premises, but may not be absolutely *proved* to the satisfaction of non-Theists.

H. A. D.

'THE PSYCHO-THERAPEUTIC JOURNAL' contains an article on the value of suggestion during natural sleep as a cure for alcoholism; a warning as to the serious consequences of over-feeding; a note on the N-rays, and a report of a lecture by Dr. Quakenbos, of New York, on hypnotic suggestion as a factor in the training of unruly children. Other brief articles relate to 'Getting rid of the blues' and to the farm colony system of treatment, applicable to diseases in general.

THE DUGUID SÉANCES.—We have received a further communication from Mr. Marklew, in which he reviews Mr. Duguid's explanations of what occurred at the séances held at Audenshaw, Manchester, and points out that, in his opinion, they are, in some instances, altogether at variance with the facts, and in no case give a satisfactory justification of Mr. Duguid's conduct in the matter. We have also received communications expressing the opinions of correspondents who were not present at the séances referred to, but we think it is quite unnecessary to continue the controversy, as both sides have given their versions of the occurrences, and our readers are in a position to judge for themselves from what has already been published.

PREVISION.

Readers of 'LIGHT' are much indebted to Mr. Thurstan for his criticism in the issue of March 25th, on this difficult subject, and for the instances which he quotes. As to the term 'Paronist,' I confess it is barbarous, but so is 'telegram,' which is a useful coinage. Yet I think it is preferable to 'in a state of extense' for three reasons: (a) the latter is a periphrasis involving the use of five words; (b) the word 'extense' is itself hardly English; (c) it implies the idea of stretching, which seems contradictory, as the perception of paronistic time involves the idea of perfect quiescence and tranquillity.

When a somnambulist foresees that his magnetiser will appear at a given moment, it may be conjectured that he clairvoyantly sees him coming by thought-reading. St. Anthony may have had a paronist vision of the action of his future visitor; but it seems more likely that he deduced his conduct from a clairvoyant perception of his thoughts and motives. The case of the somnambulist Cazot would seem to be an instance of 'insight into causality.' Few things are better established than the fact of periodicity in disease. A tertian or quartan ague reappears in consequence of causes long previously set in motion. In certain diseases crises can be foretold in fourteen days, or at other fixed intervals. The intelligence which Cazot perceived might easily have become cognisant of the already started sequence of his bodily symptoms leading up to the crisis in June. The fact that the death of Cazot, the day before the culmination of the disease sequence, was not in that cognition, is proof that the seer was not paronist.

The case of Dr. B. looks much more like a true case of paronism. As none of the events foretold was in the mind of anyone present, we seem to be shut in to the conclusion that the Princesse de Joinville furnished a real instance of prevision, and was simultaneously perceptive of events happening in an extended present. It seems probable that family histories are phenomena largely dependent on the activity of disembodied intelligences, banded together for the aggrandisement or abasement of a family to which they have belonged in earth life. Should this be so, then the evolution of lucidity among the embodied members of a family singled out for special pre-eminence, would be likely to occur more often than in families not so strongly the objects of discarnate energy. There seems to be evidence of this in the history of Joan of Arc, who is said to have been controlled by St. Louis, in order that she might restore the fortunes of his family as well as those of subjected France. The Princesse de Joinville, on this hypothesis, might have had her paronist inner vision opened through the intervention of disembodied members of the Royal family.

Schopenhauer's foreseen accident with his inkpot might have been seen as the result of a twenty-four-hour paronism; it would be interesting to know if the accident happened (as it so easily might have done) more often than once. But Schopenhauer's idea of necessity and causality appears to be based on the theory of the indivisible sequence of future events from past activities, and upon the reality of three-dimensional time conceptions. The Greek idea of Ananke has the same logical derivation. Schopenhauer's conclusion that men and other animals are automata; Calvin's theory of predestination, with its immoral and revolting practical results; Priestley's inferences as a Necessarian; the fatalism of Islam, — these seem to be all founded on the apparently self-evident axiom that past and future are realities, that the present is non-existent, and that our time sense, resulting from our three-dimensional limitations, is a verity, and not an illusion immanent in those limitations.

The apparent incompatibility between the freedom of man to will, and the power of prevision to see by anticipation that will passed into action, seems due to the assumption that past willing results in future acting. Once realise that all willing and all action really take place simultaneously in a comprehensive intransitive present, and the dilemma seems to disappear. Freedom to will, and action, would not, in essence, follow as antecedent past and sequent future, but emanate as paronist co-existences.

It would greatly assist this deeply interesting speculation if some seer, gifted with the paronist power of seeing future events, would give your readers an account of experiences elucidating the theory, and whether prevision is accompanied by the power of sensing an objective present.

A. PHELPS.

'OBJECTIONS TO SPIRITUALISM.'

The useful little book in which Miss H. A. Dallas answers many of the ordinary 'Objections to Spiritualism' has met with a reception which, on the part of our Spiritualist contemporaries at least, must be highly gratifying to its author and encouraging to the Council of the London Spiritualist Alliance, who have undertaken its publication. Among the periodicals dealing with occult subjects, but not committed to the purely Spiritualist standpoint, 'The Occult Review,' for May, gives it an appreciative notice, and indicates its main contentions. 'The Theosophical Review,' on the other hand, betrays that tendency to impatience with everything spiritualistic that we hoped had almost died out among the leaders of Theosophical thought. Theosophists talk much about tolerance, but Spiritualists do not find that much of it comes their way!

The reviewer of Miss Dallas' book, in the May number of 'The Theosophical Review,' begins by saying that:—

'The fundamental dogma of the spiritualistic religion is one which we regard as an example of a fallacy which I should unhesitatingly call unphilosophical but for the awkward fact that all English philosophers fall into it; the assumption that when we have discovered a possible cause of some of the phenomena presented by our subject, we are thereby entitled to enforce it as the only allowable explanation of all of them. We entirely agree that certain phenomena exist which naturally suggest that in the invisible world around us there exist beings who, in a previous existence, have been human beings like ourselves; but we entirely refuse to admit the unproved and improbable addition that no other beings can exist there, which is supposed to be a deduction from it.'

A greater mass of fallacious arguments could scarcely have been packed into two sentences. The writer holds himself so immeasurably superior to 'all English philosophers,' let alone Spiritualists, that we will only say that we hope he knows his own subject better than he knows either philosophy or Spiritualism! We forgive him his irresponsible chatter about 'Spiritualistic religion,' with 'dogmas'—'fundamental' ones, too! and welcome his admission that the existence of human spirits is suggested by known phenomena. It is true that Spiritualism concentrates special attention on the experiences of these spirits, while Theosophy passes over this highly important phase of existence by speaking of it as merely a more or less rapid passage through the astral plane. To humanity in general it is the inevitable next step in advance, and therefore has far more general interest than speculations regarding Nirvana. Theosophists are fond of telling us what we may attain to after hundreds of incarnations or thousands of centuries hence, but this does not interest us as compared with the possibility of forming an idea as to the state of our departed loved ones; a state in which we may reasonably expect to join them sooner or later!

Not only do we decline to admit the accuracy of the reviewer's attempt to fasten upon Spiritualists the charge that they seek to enforce the spirit explanation of the phenomena as 'the only allowable' one for 'all of them,' but we completely agree with Mrs. Browning's opinion, which he quotes as though to cover us with confusion, 'that death does not teach all things. Foolish John Smith who died on Monday is on Tuesday still foolish John Smith. If people, who on Monday scorned his opinions prudently, will on Tuesday receive his least words as oracles, . . . they are, in short, 'foolish themselves,' says the reviewer, finishing up Mrs. Browning's sentence in his own words. Yet it is just 'foolish John Smith' that 'foolish John Smith's' loving widow and children want to talk with, not with a John Smith developed into an oracle!

This writer in 'The Theosophical Review' 'permits himself to remark' that 'for a long time the evidence for Spiritualism has been allowed practically to reduce itself to Dr.

Hodgson's private opinion of Mrs. Piper's impersonations of "G. P." and the rest," and asserts that 'it must be clear that this one case is not sufficient to support the fabric of Spiritualism all alone!' But it is part of our complaint against the Society for Psychological Research that it appears to be content to draw all its notions of spiritualistic phenomena from its observations with *one* medium, and that it seems to deliberately burke all attempts to widen the scope of its researches. All this, however, is no fault of ours. Spiritualists do not base their claims on one case alone—although one clearly demonstrated instance of spirit identity is sufficient to prove human survival and disprove materialism.

Miss Dallas is even blamed because it is still to Mr. Stainton Moses, who died years ago, that she 'has to turn for a presentation of the Faith which can be expected to appeal to thinking men.' But do not the orthodox sometimes quote St. Paul, and Theosophists H. P. B.? And further, is not the reviewer deliciously illogical in inferring that either Dr. Hodgson has 'allowed himself to be misled' or Mrs. Piper must be 'the one sole possible means of communication between the two worlds'? Clearly it is not the Spiritualists who seek to support Spiritualism on 'one case alone,' for they appeal not only to Dr. Hodgson's 'opinion,' to Mr. Myers and his experiences with Mrs. Thompson, and to Mr. Stainton Moses and his evidences of spirit identity, but to hosts of others, and in addition, to their own personal experiences which have convinced them of the fact of communion with the 'living dead.'

EXPERIMENTS IN MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

In the summer of 1904 I was on a visit to my sister, and shortly after leaving the railway station, on my way to her house, I saw her in the distance, and mentally telegraphed to her. She at once turned round, looked at me and waved her hand, and then went home. After I had been in the house some time I said to my sister, 'Why did you turn round and look at me as you were going home?' 'I do not know,' she replied; 'I was hurrying home, thinking you would be there waiting for me, and felt compelled to look round.'

As to the way in which I 'telegraphed' to her, I can only describe it as a mental shout, putting all one's mentality into it without making any noise.

On another occasion recently, as I was walking home to dinner, I saw a lady in front of me on the opposite side of the street whom I recognised. I concentrated my mind intently on her, and before I came up with her, nearly opposite, she turned and deliberately stared at me, just the same look that I should have expected had I called out to her. Another day my sister met me at a railway station and suggested I should leave my bag at a certain place and follow her on a road she named. I did so, and some little time afterwards I saw her walking along the road a good way ahead. I at once mentally telegraphed to her, and she responded by turning round and coming to meet me. She exclaimed, 'You have been quick, I did not expect you yet,' clearly showing that something must have influenced her to turn round.

The other Sunday I went over to Nottingham to attend the Spiritualist meetings, and was the guest of the president. In conversation I said to him, 'You ought to have known I was coming to-day, though I did omit writing to you, because early in the week I mentally telegraphed to you that I intended coming on Sunday.' 'Well,' he said, 'that is very strange, for, early in the week, suddenly, something seemed to bring you into my mind, and I wondered when you were coming to Nottingham again.' This case is rather vague, because we neither of us could fix the time exactly, but I think we both pitched on Tuesday morning as the probable time. I remember that many years ago, before I knew anything about Spiritualism, a man told me how he used to amuse himself, when at a concert, for instance, by concentrating his attention on the back of a lady's head, and so causing her to turn round, looking very much annoyed.

I shall be glad to know if any other readers of 'LIGHT' have had experiences of a similar kind.

Mansfield.

W. MONTAGUE WARD.

WHAT ARE 'HALLUCINATIONS'?

An important question is discussed by Dr. Helen Bouchier in an article, in 'Broad Views' for May, on 'A Theory of Hallucinations.' She points out that there are various states in which a person may have experiences which are not those of ordinary waking life, and says:—

'These abnormal states of consciousness have been variously described as hallucinations, illusions, delirium, or dreams, and are the effect of poisoning by certain drugs, or by the toxic products of fever and illness. They include the dreams of the opium eater and the morphia maniac; the delusions of the drunkard in delirium tremens; the visions and fancies of the patient under anaesthetics; the delirious imaginings of fever-stricken men.'

These all, says Dr. Bouchier, have one feature in common—the dreamer visits scenes and acts a part in dramas, the memory of which he brings back to waking consciousness; but if the conditions have been pushed too far, he does not so return, but 'passes from the state of sleep or delirium into the state of death.' All that the doctors know is that an overdose of a drug which produces delirium will be fatal.

Dr. Bouchier studies the problem from the other side. She takes up the experiences of the patients themselves, which are dismissed by the doctors with a curt 'Ah, they are delirious!' Her position is that:—

'The logical conclusion to be drawn is *not* that the hallucinations are merely isolated phantasmagoria having no connection with any sort of reality. If the drug takes the dreamer into a new country, amid strange surroundings, and keeps him there as long as he remains under its influence, one has the right to conclude that when the influence is prolonged the dreamer is still retained in the same strange country, and in fact does not return from it at all. In other words, what "dies under chloroform," or from an overdose of the drug, whatever it may be. But whether the dream ends in death or not, I maintain that the hallucinations, delusions, and dreams are really revelations; that the plane on which the spirit goes when the body is under the influence of drugs, of alcohol, or anaesthetics, is the plane to which that spirit will go when the body dies.'

This view is supported by cases which are mentioned, in which the spirit has the sensation of travelling long distances in order to return to the body, and even of finding itself unable, for a time, to re-enter its earthly habitation. It is also pointed out that dreams and hallucinations produced by drugs would seem to be of two distinct varieties, the delightful and the horrible or terrifying; but this is part of the lesson to be learnt:—

'The plane upon which the spirit may enter when it is released from the body must depend upon the condition of the spirit itself. The debased and brutalised spirit of the habitual drunkard enters, in delirium tremens, upon the plane where dwell other degraded beings, hideous and terrifying; the confirmed opium-eater debases his spirit till it becomes no longer capable of rising to the plane of spiritual ecstasy. . . . It lends an extraordinary interest and reality to our conception of the life after death, if we can accept the theory that hallucinations are veritably revelations, in which glimpses may be obtained of the country beyond the great barrier towards which we are all travelling.'

All this agrees with Dr. George Wyld's contention that the action of anaesthetics is a proof of the existence of a soul independent of, and surviving, the body.

'SWEET SOUNDS IN A SICK ROOM.'—The 'Daily Chronicle' of the 4th inst. reported that for three or four nights mysterious and sweet music was heard in the room in which a young woman, a Salvationist, lay dying at Camborne, Cornwall. The music occurred at frequent intervals, mostly in the dead of night, and lasted about a quarter of an hour. Ensign Jones, a Salvation Army officer, was at first somewhat sceptical, but failed to find any natural explanation of the music, in which, he says, he could distinguish the clear notes of the cornet, the harmony of the harp, and the whole made up an indescribable chorus, but he could not make out any tune. He heard the strange music two or three nights in succession, and half-a-dozen other people, relatives and friends, who were in the house, spoke reverently of what they described as 'heavenly music.'

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TRY THE SPIRITS.

'Reason' gave us, last month, an impressive message from '*Spirit Carl de L'Ester*,' '*Per Sara Weiss*,' on the serious duty of standing on guard when engaged in any form of spirit-communion. We see no reason to doubt the spirit-origin of this message though we might say with Horatio, 'There needs no ghost, come from the grave, to tell us this.' And yet, if the message comes from a 'ghost,' it certainly has added meaning and seriousness. In any case, the subject of 'Try the spirits' is always wholesome and always in season.

The message acutely begins with the old adage, 'As a tree falleth, so it lieth,' and this is applied to the fall of the body from which the spirit rises, to go to 'its own place' or sphere, dark or bright, evil or good. 'Mortals who live a pure and exalted life will, upon being freed from the earth plane, gravitate to a correspondingly exalted spirit plane; but if their lives have been devoted to self-indulgence, to a cultivation of greed, of jealousy, of anger, of licentiousness, which debases the human to the level of the brute, and to the many sordid desires of the spiritually undeveloped human, they also inevitably will gravitate to their own place.'

At this point the seriousness of the message is seen. The evilly disposed as well as the benevolent can, from 'their own place,' influence us, and do, as a matter of fact, take part in spirit-phenomena. Malicious, vicious, or mischievous spirits work upon partially developed sensitives and make them responsible for untruths. This writer strongly advises a stern policy of dismissal in the case of untruthful and vulgar 'controls': but is dismissal quite possible? He says:—

Should an indecent tramp enter the home of a self-respecting person, how quickly would he be ejected; yet self-respecting sensitives not only admit but entertain spirits whose moral gravity is so dense, so wholly unspiritualised, as to hold them on the earth plane. Inevitably, association with them tends to the spiritual retrogression of the sensitive and in no way advances such spirits. 'Birds of a feather flock together,' is truer than most homely aphorisms.

That, on the face of it, looks right enough, but two thoughts occur to us:—first, as already suggested, can we turn out the unseen tramp? and second, is it always desirable, if there is anything to learn from him, and if we can be fully on our guard in holding communications with him?

It is doubtless true that by refusing to hold willing and direct communication with him we may retire to some

extent behind the defences of our wills, but that is hardly equivalent to ejection, and there may be cases where it would be doubtfully safe. Then, as regards holding communication with the spirit-tramp for what we may call scientific purposes, we hold that much is to be said in favour of it,—quite as much in favour as for the naturalist who welcomes dead birds and dry bones, and pores over them as specimens that may help to solve interesting problems or fill up lacunæ in an important branch of science.

To tell the truth, we are often inclined to think that we are too apt to shrink from the apparently undesirable, and thus miss special opportunities for studying most important sides of spirit-life. We ought to be wise enough, cool enough, and good enough, to deal even with a tramp, if we are interested in the Poor Laws and in one side of human nature which is vitally related to every other side of it.

'*Spirit Carl de L'Ester*' very properly warns us: and that is right enough, but, if there are to be voyages of discovery there must be risks. He says:—

He who said: 'Try the spirits,' evidently understood the necessity of 'trying' these (to you) invisible visitors. Should some strange person come to you bearing a message from some far distant dear one, would you accept the message without question or collateral proof? Certainly no sensible person would do so. Then do not without questioning accept from spirits whatever may come to you. A trained bank cashier seldom mistakes the ring of a base metal; neither need a sensitive who lives a true life be imposed upon by base spirits. Cultivate constantly the highest qualities of your nature.

That, of course, is highly sensible, and so is the advice to beware of spirits who are silly enough and mischievous enough to deliberately wish to make a good medium ridiculous.

A specially useful warning is that concerning ignorant spirits who, from mere want of knowledge and out of the selfish desire to control a medium, may do much harm:—

Generally, upon entering into their new state of existence, spirits who may be unlearned in the law of return into mortal conditions, seek to communicate with those still in the physical body. They are eager to reach some loved one or some friendly acquaintance. Or they are anxious to exploit their newly-found powers. In either case they, finding some sensitive, easily controlled and complaisant, like fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and frequently the result is as harmful to the spirit as to the sensitive.

A sharp reproof is given to believers in long-standing controls by children 'and, generally, very shallow, mischievous and pert children they are,' says 'Carl.' 'Yet sensitives of much dignity of character and spiritually inclined submit themselves to the control of these immature, ignorant, supposedly child spirits.' Children, he asserts, grow to maturity on the other side. 'No such monstrosities as twenty-five-year-old infants anywhere exist.'

Sensible again is the entreaty not to play with Spiritualism. 'It is safer for you to play bare-handed with edged tools than to trifle with a power which, in righteous uses, is the greatest, grandest of all possessions, but, when prostituted to base or foolish ends, becomes an utterly demoralising agent.' This warning is followed by a remarkably impressive statement whose burden is, 'WE KNOW YOU,'—a solemn thought;—but this leads to the encouraging statement that a sensitive who is honest, earnest and a seeker after truth for truth's sake is taken in hand and helped, both by development and protection.

The message concludes with an appeal and an aspiration:—

You who profess a belief in its grand and saving philosophy, what are you doing to further its interests? Are you cleansing your souls of hatred, of envy, of jealousy, of all uncharitableness, of anger, which is madness, of unworthy thoughts and desires, and are you making your lives so clean that angels can come to you? When truthfully you can answer Yes, you will find your feet on the threshold of the Kingdom of Heaven,

whose open doorway invites all to enter who are striving for progress, and to learn the wondrous lessons taught by One who is Infinite in love, wisdom and power.

Ere long, dear friends, you all will pass to our side of life. Through loving service for humanity, through earnest seeking after truth, through purity of thought, word and deed, through highest aspiration for all that may ennoble your selfhood, I pray that you may become fitted for communion with loving angels, who joyfully will aid you along the ever-ascending ways leading to inconceivable felicity, and a clearer understanding of all that is Divine.

THE MINISTRY OF THE LIVING DEAD.

An Address given by Mr. J. W. Boulding to the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, on April 27th, 1905, in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall; Mr. H. Withall, Vice-President, in the chair.

(Concluded from page 214.)

As I am now talking about spiritual phenomena, I may here tell you of an incident which was to me, and to others present, an absolute proof of the power of spirits over material objects. I was attending, some time ago, a little circle at a medium's house where I had seen, in a dim light from a fire, among other singular phenomena, a musical box floating in the air, and passing about the room in various directions, without contact with human hands or any visible appliances that could account for this departure from the law of gravitation.

On arriving one evening at the house where the circle was held, I was informed that there could be no séance as the medium was ill and in bed. It struck me, however, that the clairvoyante being absent it would be a splendid opportunity of testing the reality of some of the phenomena which I had witnessed in that room. So I asked if we might hold the séance by ourselves. Permission having been granted, and the consent of the sitters obtained (with the exception of one who declared it was of no use and who took his departure with predictions of our failure), we proceeded to hold our unassisted meeting. There were five or six sitters besides myself, and I knew some of them were more or less mediumistic. Before we sat, however, I managed to secure that musical box. I carefully examined it and satisfied myself there was nothing about it that could give it wings, or cause it to disobey the law of gravitation. Placing it on my knee and covering it with my hands, I carefully protected it from all contact, saying to myself, 'Now if this box floats out of my hands and performs its former aerial navigation, I shall consider what I have witnessed a proven fact.' For some time nothing happened but raps on the table, and one or two lights of a phosphorescent character: but presently, in a moment, without sign or warning, that box escaped, like a bird from the snare, sailed gracefully upward, passed round the cornice, moved hither and thither where the influence carried it, and at last, in obedience to my request, came down in a direct line from the ceiling, near the window—a very high ceiling, by the way—touched my face with the gentlest of salutations, and then sailed off again to the top of the room, where it continued its flight until the power was exhausted, and it fell with a heavy thud on the table. Now that I consider was a *conclusive test*. (Applause.)

I am glad I was able to do that clairvoyante justice soon afterwards. For, talking one evening to a lady in Kensington, to whose house I had been invited, she confided to me her belief that that clairvoyante was a fraud, and that the musical box performance was a trick of the Maskelyne and Cook order. 'Well,' said I, 'if that be so, it very much discounts Maskelyne and Cook, for I must be Maskelyne or Cook, or both, which I certainly am not, and have no desire to be!' Then I told her this story as I have told it to you, and proved to her complete satisfaction that the clairvoyante was genuine, that the musical box performance was no Maskelyne trick, unless it was a Maskelyne (or masculine) spirit who had done the trick from the spiritual side. (Laughter.)

Leaving the merely phenomenal and reverting again to the useful, there is another benefit that Spiritualism may be the means of conferring on us, and that is, the warning of some approaching disappointment or peril. We know that it often breaks the force of a heavy trial if we get a hint of its probable coming. Half the disturbance of the shock consists in its suddenness and our unpreparedness to meet it. Just as the weather prophets do us a service when they send up the storm signal and tell us there are indications of a tempest on the wing, though the air about us is calm and clear and there is no present sign of it in our immediate vicinity, so the prediction of a change in our circumstances, or some untoward event in our material affairs, prepares our minds to encounter the difficulty and often mitigates its evil consequences. Now, these unseen spirit guides and watchers have been proved again and again to occupy this useful and beneficial office. Standing on their watch towers they sight the distant storm on our horizon, and run up the signal to warn us of its approach. Many are the accounts I have heard from others of these timely indications, and I myself have received them too. I will give you an instance. About three or four years ago I had made arrangements with a well-known London gentleman for the production of one of my historical works. It was to be produced in a few months from the time when we came to an agreement on the matter. There had been no hitch in the negotiations, no dispute as to terms, nothing of a disagreeable or doubtful nature; even the date was fixed, and so far as human foresight could determine, the production would come off at the appointed time. Now I was sitting in my study one morning, writing at my table, when this message suddenly came to me from my dead mother: 'Your work which Mr. —' (giving me the name) 'was to produce in May has been postponed to a later date on account of the great risk at the present time.' You can imagine how startled I was at that message. I could not understand it at all, as there had been no discussion between us as to any special risk. I asked my mother if the message could be repeated, and a second time it was written in the same words. I was, however, doubtful still, and unwilling to believe it, so I asked briefly, 'Is it bad news or good?' 'Bad for the present,' was the immediate reply. Three days after that I received a letter from this gentleman, saying, 'You know how extremely I like your work: but in consequence of the Queen's death and the general disturbance of affairs in London, and the great risk at the present time of so much money, I must ask you to let me postpone it to a later date.' There you see was a verification of the message—a proof that the storm signal was true; though I was ignorant that even a cloud was in the sky. Now I ask you, who sent up that storm signal? It is clear to you, I hope, that I did not. I was absolutely ignorant that a storm was in the air: neither did I believe it when the signal was hoisted by that invisible hand. I believe that it was my dead mother who was watching on my horizon for the signs of a change. Whether you believe it or not, matters nothing to me. I had the warning, I had the consolation, if consolation it might be called: and the preparation of mind for the evil news which, in its suddenness, would have been a heavier blow if the storm signal had not been run up and this kind and timely warning had not been given. (Applause.)

On another occasion I had, so far as I could see, satisfactorily concluded a business arrangement with a gentleman, and felt no doubt as to the final result. But I happened shortly afterwards to be in the company of a very accurate clairvoyante, who, without any information previously given, described to me this gentleman and the business relation into which I had entered. I asked her if she thought it would turn out satisfactorily. I thought I might ask that question as I had not volunteered any information, or, indeed, asked her any business question at all; in fact, any thought of fortune-telling was entirely absent from my mind and alien from my purpose. The moment I put that question she said: 'A knife has flashed out from the darkness and it seemed to hurt me.' 'A knife!' said I, 'what does it mean?' 'I think,' she replied, 'it means that your business with this gentleman will end in disappoint-

ment, and not only that, but his treatment of you will hurt you.' *It did*, and I think I may say it was the shabbiest treatment I had ever received from a business man! Now, who gave me that warning? Whence came that knife? It came from where the other warning came—from the watchers in the Unseen, from the ministering dead, who are interested spectators of human affairs, sympathising with our sorrows, foreseeing our difficulties, and by timely warnings preparing us to meet them. (Applause.)

Perhaps some may be inclined to say, 'But what trivial matters the departed seem to be engaged in! Have they nothing better to do than that?' To such I would reply, remember that nothing is trivial that concerns the comfort and guidance of a human soul, and that a great mind and a generous heart can make the smallest things both great and good. You have become so accustomed, through the teachings of modern religious people, to think of the dead as engaged in artificial and unnatural occupations—such as waving palm-branches, and tuning harps, and singing interminable and monotonous songs—that your minds have been warped and your ideas fossilized. The natural relations of the dead to yourselves have been presented in a conventional, artificial, and altogether unnatural aspect. But what was it that they delighted to do for you while here? The everyday duties and ministrations of human life. And were these great things, or only little things? You must remember that great opportunities are rare occurrences. All human life is made up of trivialities—little acts of friendship, little deeds of service, little gifts of affection, and it shows how your thoughts have been warped and discoloured that you cease to regard your departed friends as occupying the same relation to you now as then, and call those things unimportant, trivial, and small which were once so great, so important, so precious, and which in their totality made up a life of faithful service and devoted love. (Applause.)

Many people also not only scoff at the trivial things that spirits interest themselves in, but at the humble means they use for their communications. 'A tilt of the table,' they say with a sneer, or a 'tiny rap,' or 'the movement of a pencil,' and many other ways equally simple and equally small. But how would you have them communicate? Would you like them to drop a thunderbolt down your chimney? Would you like them to explode a bomb-shell under your bed? You object to the harmless, the simple, the natural. Would you like the terrific, the mysterious, the unnatural?

People who talk about 'trivialities' put me in mind of the great Syrian leper, who, when the prophet told him to go and dip in the Jordan, hastened away in a rage, because the prophet could bid so great a captain as he do such a little thing as that! 'My father,' said his servants, remonstrating with him, 'if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it?' He had to do the little thing, or do nothing at all; and at last his brilliant cavalcade stood again at that lowly prophet's door, while he, the great Syrian captain, descended with a humbler step and a simpler mind, and confessed that the prophet's command was right and that his own demand was wrong. (Applause.)

Besides, when you talk of 'trivialities,' you show your ignorance, or at least your forgetfulness, of all the methods with which modern science has made you familiar. What is it you employ for your communications with distant friends and correspondents in this world? A small wire, with a needle at the end of it. Why don't you ridicule that? Is there no analogy between the tick of the needle and the rap on the table? What if that rap be the spirits' telegraph? And what if electricity be the force that is used in both? When you look at the telegraphic operation it seems only pastime, and the instrument looks like the plaything of a child; yet it brings you into correspondence with remotest climes, and is sometimes big with weighty messages, the decisions of governments, the fate of armies, and the destinies of nations, dynasties, and the world.

The tiny spirit rap on the table may represent greater correspondents and deal with mightier interests, touching, as it does, the activities of the unseen and the destinies of the soul,

and who knows from what remote regions of the universe its messages may sometimes come, what planetary systems it may connect with its magnetic links, what vast circuits of being it may bring into contact with the humblest mind? while, like the earthly needle to which we have referred for an illustration, it is at the command of the greatest, within the reach of the poorest; a simple universal servant of mankind. (Applause.)

When you sneer at its simplicity, you forget that the highest end of all human thought, knowledge, and science is to reduce things to simplicity, and make mysterious and complicated processes easy and plain. The great end of Art is simplicity; the highest result of culture is simplicity. The profoundest emotions of the human mind, and the greatest institutions of human society, are compelled to fall back on simplicity for their ultimate expression. A grip of the hand is the simple utterance of the truest friendship, sometimes the only possible utterance, as in times of overwhelming grief; while a peculiar grip is the Masonic sign of the greatest and most powerful Brotherhood in the world. The silent meeting of two pairs of lips is the simple token of a love that cannot be expressed by all the eloquence of human language—the outlet of those tides of affection which are swelling up in the breast with almost uncontrollable might, and are forced by the poverty of human speech to condense themselves in the simplicity of a silent kiss. So that when you despise that little tilt or tiny rap, you show your ignorance of your own necessities, and of all the analogies of human life; and you unconsciously protest against the social usages and the human methods which are at once the most familiar, cherished, and indispensable in the world. And these methods of communication, as I have said before, are the revelation and property of this spiritual religion—this religion whose shrine is the domestic table, whose altar is the domestic hearth, and whose fire is the love, the inextinguishable love, of the family and the home. (Applause.)

How very valuable also is this eminently practical science in reference to the attitude of the sceptical mind. How are you to convince the sceptic that the dead are still alive? You can never convince him by taking him to the cemetery. That is not the place for sceptics at all! Thomas Didymus goes there, and comes back as he went. 'Except I see,' he cries, 'I will not believe.' And he sees nothing there but the silent mound, the shivering grass, the nodding flowers, and the last inscription on the cold, white stone, which tells him that all is over, and past and gone! Even if he be a philosophic Thomas, a poetic Thomas, he can only moralise, like Hamlet, over the eyeless skull of some poor Yorick:—

'Here hung those lips that I have kissed, I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar? Not one left now to mock your own grinning! Quite chapfallen! Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her: "let her paint an inch thick, to this favour must she come!"'

There's not much comfort in that, is there? Nothing to cheer the heart. Nothing to inspire the hope. It's all dust—eyeless, tongueless, senseless dust!

But the ministering dead; the dead that are not in the grave, and not far away in the skies; the dead that are here, that are alive; the dead that have never died—the dead that are still by the fireside, still in the old armchair, still our relatives, our comforters, our friends—these can remove our doubts, enlighten our darkness, and chase away our scepticism as the dawn chases away the night! (Applause.)

To illustrate this point I will give you an instance of the way in which my good spirit folk helped me out of a difficulty with a sceptical friend, who asked me, when I was spending an evening at his house, if I could get the name of his deceased father. Now, as I have told you before, I am always nervous when I try to get evidences for other people, especially sceptical people, because, if I fail, they are apt to say I am claiming a power which I do not possess. However, I thought I would try. I must tell you at this point that I had an impression that his father's name was James—an impression derived from the fact that my friend's name was 'James,' and as he was the eldest son, I presumed he would have been

named after his father. Judge my surprise, therefore, when my pencil spelt out, not 'James,' but 'Benjamin.' 'Was your father's name "James?"' I asked, obscuring my knowledge. 'No,' he replied quickly, with a twinkle in his sceptical eye, as much as to say, 'I have caught you in a trap.' 'Not James!' I replied, with cool nonchalance, 'No, I thought not. But was it Benjamin?' 'It was,' he answered, with a startled look. 'Now ask him, will you,' cried he, forgetting, in his surprise, all his scepticism; 'ask him why he altered his will, and cut me out of my money.' 'Because,' his father replied, 'your sisters persuaded me.' 'Ah!' said he, turning to his wife with all the assurance of a perfect Spiritualist, so fully had he shot up from a dwarf doubter to a giant believer, 'I told you it was my sisters who persuaded him to do it.' Quite a little family history, wasn't it?—all in a minute! and given to me by whom? By whom could it have been given but by the so-called dead?—the ministering dead! (Applause.)

And then, again, what long periods of time the evidences of this science cover and embrace. If you go to the sepulchre you will find it is only a brief recorder of the dead it contains. After a few years the records begin to fade; no one knows at last who was buried there, and, in the words of the Preacher, 'the memory of them is forgotten, neither have they any more a portion for ever in anything that is done under the sun.' Indeed, I do not know of anything that brings so forcibly to our minds the utter loneliness to which human nature is at last reduced as an old country churchyard. Whatever tale the tombstones had to tell, Time has erased it from their stony memories, and they falter in the telling like gossips who have grown old. Except as a matter of idle curiosity, no one is interested in their story; those who once came on pious pilgrimages to read it again and again, with tearful eyes but never-wearied love, have one by one grown old and dropped beside them into the same oblivion, until at last not a single relative or friend who knew the subject of these pathetic lines is left. The tenant is dead—passed away, forgotten, left to himself, alone, alone, for evermore alone! But the science that is not associated with the tomb boasts the privilege of bringing back to our side even these long-forgotten dead. Ancestors whose names have become illegible on their headstones return to us with those names on their living lips, and we hear retold the story of their pilgrimage and many of the incidents that adorned the tale. Some of my own ancestors who have been dead for three centuries were amongst the first who came to me when I came into contact with spiritual phenomena, and I was able to verify the information they gave me by reference to the registers in the parish church under whose shadow they lived, in whose pews they worshipped, and in whose precincts their mortal remains repose. You have heard me relate, also, how many times Queen Anne Boleyn has bridged the gulf of these intervening centuries, has taken an interest in my life and work, and has taught me to look up to her as a trusty guide, and not less to love her as a gentle friend. But I want to tell you now another incident in which she came to me for a special purpose.

I had often told some friends, named Holden, with whom I frequently stay when I visit Birmingham, many instances in which Queen Anne had appeared to me through clairvoyants and communicated with me through my own hand. My friends on one occasion arranged during my stay with them, to ask a medium who lives in the country about thirteen miles from Birmingham, and who knew nothing of me or any of my experiences, to come and dine with them, and after dinner give me a sitting. Before the sitting commenced I received a promise through my pencil that Anne Boleyn would be present, and when the sitting began I received a statement that she was actually there. Well, for two hours we sat, but no Anne Boleyn could I get any report of from the medium presiding. The chief spirit who came was a young lady who protested that she was my sweetheart when I was a boy. I had a good many sweethearts when I was a boy; but even an old sweetheart at that particular moment was an annoyance and an impertinence, especially as I failed to recognise her at all. So I rather impatiently dismissed her, saying mentally, as the

Roman governor did to St. Paul: 'Go thy way for this time, when I have a convenient season I will call for thee.' I then took out my pencil again, and again I was assured that Anne Boleyn was present, but that was the only assurance I could get. The medium, though garrulous on other matters, was on this subject quite dumb. At last the sitting came to an end; to my great disappointment, not to say my annoyance, as I had given my friends so many instances of Anne Boleyn's appearance, and had never once been disappointed before. However, there was no help for it, and I bore my discomfiture as philosophically as I could. Now for the sequel. A few days after I had arrived at my home, Mr. Holden wrote me a letter to say that since my departure the medium had been to see him; and she then made this extraordinary statement: 'I did not tell your friend all I saw that afternoon. I did not like to, for I was so frightened. I thought what I saw was an evil omen to him, and I was afraid to speak of it.' 'Well, what did you see?' asked my friend. 'I saw,' said she, 'a lady without a head, lying on the ground. It made me feel quite faint. The strange thing was that when I was going out of the room—and this was what frightened me the most—that lady without a head rose up from the floor, and, standing between me and the door, spread out her arms, and tried to prevent me from going out.' Of course she did: Anne Boleyn wanted her to tell me what she saw, and tried to keep her in the room until she had done so, but all in vain. But the spirit that had befriended me so many times did not leave me discredited, but followed up the medium with a blessed persistence till she told her tale and justified mine. (Applause.)

The last observation I shall make to-night on this subject is the privilege and power of moral correction and direction that are associated with this Religion of the Communicating Dead. So far as other religions are concerned, we may be in need of counsel, in need of warning, in need of correction—desperately in need, but the tomb breaks not its eternal stillness, the voice that was once so timely in its warnings, so tender in its counsels, so sweet in its tones, is hushed for ever in that silence of the grave. Call! but there is no answer. Cry aloud! but there is no response. Only the echo of your own voice—the echo, it may be, of your deep despair.

Feeling that their dead are there, people continually go to the cemetery, and hover round the grave with a melancholy tenderness, but what do they get there? what profit is there in the going? what satisfaction for having gone? They have only opened the old wound; and dissolved their strength in the idle luxury of useless tears.

Saul, the first King of Israel, was a fool in many things, but he was not so foolish as that. He was in sore distress, in great need of a friend, longing once more that he might hear the voice of the dear old Samuel, the counsellor of his youth, and the monitor of his best and brightest days, and resolved that he would hear that voice again if the dead were alive and the dead could speak. But where did he go? Did he go to the sepulchre at Ramah where Samuel was buried? No! not there! Not there! But to Endor, to the woman who, as rumour whispered, had the power to call up the dead. For Saul was a Spiritist, had always been a Spiritist; and though the spirits he had dealt with were, unluckily for him, not always the spirits of the good, yet they were spirits, and he knew they were; and though in a passion of revenge against the evil spirits which his own bad conduct had called about him, he had chased the mediums out of the land, foolishly thinking that if he got rid of the mediums he would get rid of the spirits (attacking *them* when he should have attacked *himself*, on whom bad spirits had fastened because he was bad); yet despite all this, he was a Spiritist of the most pronounced and positive type: and in his distress and despair he resorted to the only place where he could get into contact with spirits. He inquired of the woman at Endor. And just as Hamlet's father, in complete steel, revisited the glimpses of the moon, so the dead seer, in his prophetic mantle, appeared and announced to the king his approaching doom. 'To-morrow! To-morrow shalt thou be with me!'

I can tell you an incident which is almost a parallel to this weird and ancient Hebrew tale—an incident which happened to a gentleman who is related to my family, so that I can absolutely vouch for its literal truth. This gentleman was very fond of gambling, and had caused considerable anxiety to his wife on that account. It was his habit to sit up at night at his own house, with gentlemen friends, to whom he sometimes lost large sums of money in playing at cards. His wife had been for some time in a delicate condition, and she gradually grew worse, and died while she was still very young. But when she lay on her death-bed she talked very seriously to her husband about this gambling propensity, and ultimately obtained from him a promise that he would never touch the cards again. For some time he resolutely kept his word; but one winter's night, about twelve months after her death, having a party of gentlemen at his house, the old fascination suddenly returned, and, forgetful of his promise to his dead wife, he proposed to them to spend the night in the same old way. About eleven o'clock the servants were dismissed and went to bed, and the house being quiet, the cards were brought out and the gambling commenced. For some time they went on in their exciting play, winning and losing and getting more and more fascinated and more and more absorbed. Suddenly, about one o'clock, the door of the room, which had been fast closed, mysteriously opened, and there, right in front of the master and his guests—still, statuesque, with a look of silent reproach on her pale face—stood the woman to whom the promise had been given and broken. His hands shook, he dropped the cards and cried out, 'My God! It is my wife!' The party broke up in disorder, and my friend received such a shock to his nervous system that he was obliged to consult a specialist, who immediately detected that he had received a fright.

Here, you see, was a case in which the dead wife returned to warn her husband of the possible ruin that awaited him and her children: to claim by her eloquent silence the fulfilment of a promise made in his interest and theirs; to prove to him that the dead have memories, and that their love has not been quenched, or even chilled, by the grave; and to prove to others that the residents of that world, though they seem so distant and so still, are near, and watchful over those that are left, and will, when possible, take their hands, as the spirit men did the lingering Lot, and snatch them from the fascinating and deadly Sodom. (Applause.)

I could illustrate my subject by giving you other and similar experiences, but I have said sufficient for the present, and I hope I have succeeded in proving my case—that Spiritualism is a living fact in a living world; that the dead are not dead but alive, and influencing with their life our daily lives; that Spiritualism, therefore, is a truth for the present as well as for the future; that it is intimately related to the world in which we dwell and the chain of circumstances that compose our history; that there are lines of communication between us and unseen intelligences who are thrilling with interest and throbbing with love; that there are faces behind the veil glowing with sympathy, and hands stretched out in helpfulness; that, in a word, it is not the religion of the death-bed, the funeral, or the tomb, but the religion of the market-place, the warehouse, the office, and the home, and that the voices which we thought were silenced for ever whisper in our ears with intensified tenderness and a sympathy more true:—

'We still are with you, though above you;
We watch you always, always love you;
By day your sorrows and your joys we share,
By night you sleep beneath our special care;
And what of God's good Providence you see,
That guiding, gracious Providence are we!'

(Applause.)

At the close of Mr. Boulding's address, a number of questions, put by members of the audience, were answered by him, and the proceedings closed with a cordial vote of thanks to Mr. Boulding for his able and interesting address.

EXPERIENCES WITH AMERICAN MEDIUMS.

In 'Broad Views' for May, Rear-Admiral W. Osborne Moore gives an instalment of his experiences with mediums while in America, where he went 'expressly for the purpose of investigating Spiritualism as carried on in that country.' The paper, which is entitled 'American Spiritualism,' was originally read as an address before the Psychological Society of London, of which the Admiral is now vice-president. As lately as 1903 he expressed his opinion, in a book entitled 'The Cosmos and the Creeds,' that there was 'scarcely any evidence for the Ego revealing its existence after death. The evidence for the continuance of life beyond the grave is feeble and unconvincing.' A good séance with Mr. Husk, however, caused the Admiral to reconsider his position, and in visiting America he did so as an earnest inquirer.

Landing in New York on Christmas Day, which was on a Sunday, Admiral Moore attended a materialisation séance the same evening, when a spirit who had previously manifested to him in London, a lady relative who had shown him kindness when a boy, walked out of the cabinet straight towards him, much to his astonishment. This lady appeared afterwards to clairvoyants in America, giving different tests to prove her identity, one of which was a reference to meeting him on this occasion, and to the fact that he had gone back to his hotel to leave his cane, fearing that, if he took it to the séance, as his name and address were engraved upon it, it might afford a clue to the medium. This 'final and most convincing test' was given through Mrs. May Pepper, of Brooklyn.

Being a perfect stranger in New York, Admiral Moore decided to go to that city, and, as a home-thrust at 'the man who slanders Mr. Stainton Moses,' he remarks that he did not make appointments from England, send up his card, give lists of his relatives, alive and in the spirit land, to the mediums, or commit any such absurdities. Yet he obtained evidences, not only of the presence of recognised friends, but of the fact that spirits were cognisant of his doings, and were able to describe them, through the medium, and to add forecasts of future events, which came true.

Remarkably fine materialisations and dematerialisations, through the mediumship of Mr. De Witt Hough, were observed by Admiral Moore, by the light of a lamp covered with blue paper, its brilliance being 'just sufficient to enable a person who had good sight to read a watch with a white face.' A Colonel Baker, who was killed in the War of Secession, materialised, and pointed to a portrait of himself on the wall. 'Dim as the light was, it was sufficient to see the resemblance.' A spirit form would dematerialise through the floor, and a totally different one would rise up in its place, sometimes even 'from the bare carpet five or six feet outside the cabinet.'

Propos of Mr. Hough, Admiral Moore has something to say ament the credulous incredulity of 'Researchers':—

'I sometimes think that when a man or woman joins the Psychical Research Society, it there and then becomes a point of honour with them to avow entire disbelief in any materialistic [or materialisation] phenomena. My inquiries from one gentleman elicited the objection that he saw General Hamilton adjusting his waistcoat. I cannot, for the life of me, see why a self-respecting spirit should not adjust his waistcoat. Developing through the carpet is a tiresome process, and the wonder is that the spirit does not also require to tie his cravat and generally pull himself together. Another friend said there were confederates in the circle. "Who?" I asked. "Why, there was one sitting next to you." The man sitting next to me was a medical man of reputation, whose history I am well acquainted with; the idea was ridiculous. . . To give an idea of how little the objectors understood the problem, one man said, "The medium stayed in the cabinet after it was all over." He actually could not understand that time was necessary to allow a medium to recover from trance!'

Excellent results were obtained also with Mrs. Margaret Gaule Reidinger, usually known as Maggie Gaule. This lady described to Admiral Moore some photographs that he had brought with him, and made the following statement, referring to a well-known leading Unitarian divine of New York:—

'Do you know, it is a very curious thing, I have tried to bring Dr. S. into communication with his son, and have never

succeeded in doing so. He is beside me now, and he wishes me to tell his father that he was beside him in his study this morning when you called upon him. He says: "My father pointed to a picture and said: 'That is my son.'" He afterwards showed you another portrait of him. He gave you a letter or authorised you to use his name, to assist you to obtain an interview with Mrs. Piper. Let me tell you, you will not get that appointment yet, next week, nor the week after; but you will achieve your object before recrossing the ocean. You have written to Dr. H. to-day.'

This, says the Admiral, was correct in all essentials. The photographs referred to had only been mentioned, not shown, to Dr. S., and he had not spoken to anyone of the interview or its details described by the spirit of his son. On later occasions, when the photographs have been produced, the right ones have been picked out, by three of the mediums, even when placed face downwards, and when no mental suggestion from Admiral Moore could have influenced the choice.

NOTES FROM DR. J. M. PEBBLES.

Necessitated to return to America earlier than my original purpose, I beg to state that I can make no more engagements for lectures with Spiritualist societies, and further, I herewith cancel my second engagement with the Hackney Society, two engagements for parlour evening converse upon Spiritualism in the United States of America, and also with the 'Union of London Spiritualists,' for their meeting to be held at South-place Institute. At this convention of only a day, with seven speakers, earnest and clever, booked upon the advertisement, I can be of but very little service, much as I would enjoy being present and meeting these speakers, mediums, and co-workers. Leaving to-morrow, the 6th inst., for Manchester, for a course of lectures, and then on to Glasgow, I can, on my way back to London, lecture in Sheffield on the 17th, and Leeds on the 18th, and so do far more good, I think, than by being present at the Union of the London Spiritualists. I have had delightful meetings in Nottingham and Birmingham, and my heart was made glad by the harmony and enthusiasm there manifested. I have promised to revisit all these societies on my return to England. I am to be at Merthyr Tydvil on the 21st, and on the 23rd I am to spend a day and a night with that brave, regal-souled man, Alfred Russel Wallace.

This morning's 'Daily Chronicle' contains an interesting letter from the Rev. F. B. Meyer, of London, who has been holding revival meetings in Los Angeles and San Diego, California. He informs us that there is a strong movement in America for the 'introduction of the Bible and religious instruction into the elementary schools of the United States.' This effort has been made by parsons and priests several times and uniformly failed. Jews, Roman Catholics and Protestants could not agree upon just what should be read as Bible in the schools, and then there are, in America, Mormons with their Bible, Vedantists with their Vedas and Upanishadas, and some Buddhists with their Tri-pitaka, and the inquiry is 'What Bible shall be read in our schools?' This movement will doubtless fall through as the others have.

The Rev. Mr. Meyer speaks of the 'orange groves in full bloom and the air laden with tropical scent in California' in winter time, and closes his interesting letter with these words: 'The Americans are kindness itself; but, oh, for a few moments of a real London fog!' In return I have to say Londoners, Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Welshmen, are 'kindness itself'; but, oh, for a few moments, aye, months, of the real, pure, bracing atmosphere of the Pacific coast in place of London smoke and fog. And yet, with all this choking smoke and fog, I like London—and shall drop down here again upon no distant date for a longer stay.

I cannot close this note without stating that my stay with Mr. and Mrs. Watts at their hotel, Hunstanton House, 18, Endsleigh-gardens, has been most delightful. Everything is clean, neat, comfortable and every way pleasant—just the place for liberalists and Spiritualists to find quiet home life in London.

J. M. PEBBLES.

18, Endsleigh-gardens, London, N.W.
May 6th.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. DAVID DUGUID.

In response to the suggestion, made by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, in 'LIGHT' of April 1st, that the great body of Spiritualists, especially those who have attended his séances, should show their appreciation of the life-long services of Mr. David Duguid by subscribing towards a testimonial for his benefit, we have received the under-mentioned subscriptions—which were accompanied, in all instances, by letters of sympathy expressing the unabated confidence of the writers in Mr. Duguid's mediumship and integrity. Doubtless further contributions will reach us from other friends of Mr. Duguid:—

	£	s.	d.
Dr. Alfred R. Wallace	2	2	0
Mr. James Robertson	2	2	0
Miss Alicia Flint	2	2	0
Mr. H. A. Roome	1	1	0
Mrs. E. S. James	1	1	0
'Bidston'	1	0	0
Dr. Berks T. Hutchinson	0	10	6
Mr. Morell Theobald	0	10	6
Mr. Ernest Meads	0	10	6
Mr. R. Barker	0	10	6
Miss Mack Wall	0	10	0
'Sympathy and Trust'	0	10	0
A Friend	0	5	0

'THE OCCULT REVIEW.'

Writing in 'The Occult Review' for May, on 'The Ego,' Mr. David Christie Murray descends on the depths of the subliminal mind, which forgets nothing, and on the permanence of the personality, which to him 'looks vital.' He says:—

'As I have recently been arguing elsewhere, we accept the indestructibility of matter as a truism, and we have no logical right to believe that a law which is indisputably true in the lower realm is not true in the higher. Beyond all that we can say or dream, the personality of man at its highest manifestation is the noblest thing that Nature has yet produced. Why, in a world where all else is scrupulously conserved, should the loftiest of all its products be thrown away?'

In the same issue of the 'Review' Mr. Robert Calignoc continues to discuss 'Astrology in Shakespeare,' and the editor, in a 'Note of the Month,' accords his 'assent to astrology as a system based on readily verifiable facts,' though not necessarily to all the 'ways and methods of most modern astrologers.'

'Some Experiences of the Supernormal,' related by Alice Isaacson, and a story of 'The Palazzo C.' will not only please those who dip into occult literature for the sake of finding tales of the marvellous, but, as we gather from an editorial note, may prove to be of evidential value.

Mr. W. L. Wilmshurst, in continuing his articles on 'The Present Aspect of the Conflict between Scientific and Religious Thought,' speaks of 'New Factors tending to Reconciliation,' and especially of the new psychology and the recognition of a higher consciousness which can, at times,—

'Dwell for a brief period in the Emyrean of the Eternal Mind and commune with it. Such communion is now explicable on perfectly rational and psychological grounds, though we have been wont to describe it as emotional, transcendent, mystical; to think of it as the product of superheated imagination, rather than to regard it as a normal, if unusual, phenomenon.'

A CAUSE OF MISUNDERSTANDINGS.—'We are always doing each other injustice, and thinking better or worse of each other than we deserve, because we only hear and see separate words and actions. We do not see each other's whole nature.'—GEORGE ELIOT.

'THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW' for May contains two highly interesting descriptions of ancient systems of thought: an admirable article on 'Pythagoras and his School,' by Mrs. Mary Cuthbertson, and an exposition, by Mr. G. R. S. Mead, of 'Philo: Concerning the Sacred Marriage,' the mystic union of the soul with God. The concluding quotation from Philo should especially be borne in mind by those who seek to penetrate the mystery of the birth of the 'only beloved Son.' Evolution, the New Birth, 'body' and 'mind' in psychology, and 'the true inwardness of Karma' are also discussed in this number.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

The Proposed Test Séances with Mr. Duguid.

SIR,—In the postscript to his letter in 'LIGHT' of April 29th, Mr. Blackwell expresses a hope that Mr. Duguid will assent to the offer recently made by Mr. Lucas and give a series of three test séances to the Society for Psychological Research. I beg you to permit me to say that the Society would be most happy to make arrangements for the proposed séances under conditions to be arranged beforehand between Mr. Duguid and themselves, and to be communicated to you in order that the public may judge of their fairness, having regard to the susceptibilities of the medium on the one hand, and a due control of the phenomena on the other. I should like to add my sincere hope that, if Mr. Duguid should see his way to consent to this proposal, the experiments may result in satisfactory evidence of powers to the genuineness of which in the past so many now bear eloquent witness.

EVERARD FEILDING,

Hon. Secretary, Society for Psychological Research.
20, Hanover-square, W.

Mrs. Besant and Hindu Criticisms.

SIR,—The accompanying statement, from the letter of a valued Benares correspondent, refers to the manoeuvres of the Swami Agamya Paramahansa, whose extravagant pretensions were largely advertised by the Press last year. His attack upon Mrs. Besant was recently referred to in your columns, and your readers may appreciate the other side of the picture. I can personally vouch for the accuracy of the paragraph.

EDITH WARD.

Theosophical Publishing Society,
161, New Bond-street, W.

'Svámi Agamya is the head of a small body of people in India, a very limited number. He came in the winter to the opposite side of the river on which Benares is built, declaring that he would not enter Benares till the Theosophical Society, the Central Hindu College, and Mrs. Besant were swept out of it. About a dozen meetings were arranged by three or four of his disciples, at which liberal abuse was poured out on the above-named trio. A sprinkling of decent people attended the first meeting, and left disgusted, and the remainder were attended by the illiterate, except one, in which a leading pandit, not knowing the kind of meeting, was persuaded to preside, and he strongly rebuked the convention, and advised them to do some work themselves, instead of abusing those who did. The meetings grew rowdier and rowdier, and the last ended in a general row, in which the Svámi's leading disciple, the convener of the meetings, abused the Svámi as a fraud and a pretender, and the chorus of abuse among sections of the party led to the closure of the meeting by the police. The Svámi, who had not been able to enter Benares because of his vow, departed in high wrath, and appears to be venting it in the English papers, where no one knows the facts. Here he is an absolutely unimportant person, and no one in the least cares what he says. He is one of the small fry who seek notoriety by attacking well-known people, who all ignore him and his abuse.'

An Inquiry.

SIR,—In 'LIGHT,' of April 22nd, I saw 'An Inquiry,' by 'Shaw,' concerning a report that Jesus of Nazareth lived many years after His reputed crucifixion. At Easter, a friend sent me a book called 'Jesus of Nazareth: A Tragedy.' It is written by Mr. George Barlow, the poet, and a note at the commencement says: 'Rejecting the orthodox supernatural view of the climax of Jesus' life as obsolete, . . . I accordingly wrote three endings.' One of these 'endings' presents the view expressed by your correspondent as a tentative suggestion, but attributes the restoration of Jesus to one woman—Mary Magdalen.

Should your correspondent like to purchase this work, it is now supplied (I think) by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., so a note in the copy here informs us, and can be obtained through any bookseller. But if 'Shaw' would like to see it without buying I would send my copy on loan if you will kindly be the medium of communication between us.

May I express my sense of satisfaction at reading the beautiful presentation of Mr. Massey's character by Mr. G. H. Poake, in 'LIGHT,' of April 29th? It has been among my

deepest and most inconsolable griefs that characters such as Mr. Massey's seem so rare. What can the mere external differentiation count beside the fundamental unity of that 'Divine Humanity' towards which we are evolving?

A FRIEND.

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.

STRATFORD.—IDMISTON-ROAD, FOREST-LANE, E.—On Sunday last Mr. Walker gave a very able address and psychometric readings. On Sunday next, at 11 a.m., discussion; at 7 p.m., Mrs. Webb. On Thursday, Mr. Wrench.

HACKNEY.—SIGDON-ROAD SCHOOL, DALSTON-LANE, N.E.—On Sunday last a large audience listened to Mr. Robert King's deep and interesting address on 'The Science of Peace' and to his answers to questions from the audience. A solo by Madame Cope closed the service. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Ronald Brailey, address and clairvoyant descriptions.

BRIGHTON.—COMPTON HALL, 17, COMPTON-AVENUE.—On Sunday last, morning and evening, lectures of a high order were given by Mr. R. Dimsdale Stocker. Sunday next, Mrs. Bezan (of London) will occupy our platform at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m. Hall is open on Tuesdays from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m. for inquirers, investigators, &c.—A. C.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—73, BECKLOW-ROAD, ASKEW-ROAD, W.—On Sunday last Mr. Lewis delivered a good address on subjects submitted by the audience, which was much appreciated. On Sunday next Mr. Lewis will give an address on 'The world is my country, and to do good is my religion.'—E. T. ATKINS, Secretary *pro tem*.

CHISWICK.—AVENUE HALL, 300, HIGH-ROAD.—On Sunday morning last newcomers were welcomed to the circle. In the evening Mrs. Smyth gave clairvoyant descriptions and helpful messages. On Monday, a vigorous debate on 'Reincarnation' was opened by Mr. J. Purcell Quinton. On Sunday next, at 11 a.m., spiritual circle; 7 p.m., Mr. D. J. Davis. Monday, at 8 p.m., Mr. E. S. G. Mayo, special address.—H. G. H.

FULHAM.—COLVEY HALL, 25, FERNHURST-ROAD, S.W.—On Wednesday, May 3rd, Mr. G. H. Bibbings gave an address in his usual masterly style on 'Swedenborg.' On Sunday evening last Mrs. Atkins gave clairvoyant descriptions very successfully. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. H. Fielder. On Wednesday, May 17th, at 8 p.m., Mr. Ernest Marklew, Editor of the 'Medium.'—W. T.

CLAPHAM INSTITUTE, GAUDEN-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. Linsby gave an interesting outline of his early experiences of spirit return. Mr. Frank Clark and Mr. H. Bodington effectively dealt with various questions from the audience. Mr. Pateman delighted all with an excellent violin solo. On Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., open circle and magnetic healing; at 7 p.m. (prompt), service. Thursday, at 8.15 p.m., public circle (Room 3); clairvoyance.—H. Y.

BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD.—HENLEY-STREET.—On Sunday last the Union of London Spiritualists furnished us with three important speakers—Mr. Tayler Gwinn, president of the Union, who told us, amongst other things, 'How to get to Heaven'; Mr. Frost, who gave statistics concerning Lyceum work and workers; and Mr. Drake, who told us why he was a Spiritualist. Mr. Adams presided. After-circle very good. On May 25th, public circle, 8 p.m. May 14th, Lyceum anniversary; recitations and songs by the children, speeches by good speakers.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday evening last Mr. John Lobb (member of the County Council, and for thirty years Editor of the 'Christian Age') gave an address on 'Some Talks with the Dead: Communications from their Lips,' to a crowded audience. Mr. Lobb, who received a hearty welcome, related some of his personal experiences at materialisation séances, and mentioned the names of many well-known men who had returned and given him messages of encouragement to proceed with his good work. All who know Mr. Lobb and have heard him talk can readily understand that he was loudly applauded. Miss Laughton sang a delightful solo. Mr. G. Spriggs and Mr. W. T. Cooper, who supported the speaker, thanked him heartily for his splendid address. On Sunday next, Miss MacCreadie will give clairvoyant descriptions. Doors open at 6.30 p.m.—S. G. WATTS, Hon. Sec.

SOUTHAMPTON.—WAVERLEY HALL, ST. MARY'S-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. Walker's splendid trance address on 'Death Defeated' was well appreciated.—W.