

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—*Goethe*.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

We well remember the singular impression produced in London by that saintly-minded spiritual teacher, Swami Vivekananda, whose devoted labours in the United States and in this country, as well as in India, undoubtedly hastened his decease in what ought to have been the prime of life. His letters, which are being printed by 'Prabuddha Bharata,' are all ablaze with the zeal which literally consumed him: and it may be a surprise to many who knew him only as a preacher of Vedanta to find him out as a burning patriot, inciting Young India to 'Arise and shine.' There is nothing either new or profound in the following extracts from one of these letters, but they keenly reveal the manner of man that he was, and they suggest a lesson which Spiritualists might profitably learn:—

Act on the educated young men, bring them together and organise them. Great things can be done by great sacrifices only. No selfishness, no name, no fame, yours or mine or my master's even. Work, work the idea, the plan, my boys, my brave noble good souls—to the wheel, to the wheel put your shoulders. Stop not to look back for a name, or fame, or any such nonsense. Throw self overboard and work. Remember, the grass when made into a rope by being joined together can even chain a mad elephant.

Get every evening a crowd of the poor and low, even the Pariahs, and lecture to them about religion first and then teach them through the magic lantern and other things, astronomy, geography, &c. Train up a band of fiery young men. Put your fire in them and gradually increase the organisation, letting it widen and widen its circle. Do the best you can, do not wait to cross the river when the water has all run down. Printing magazines, papers, &c., are good, no doubt, but actual work, my boys, even if infinitesimal, is better than eternal scribbling and talking. Call a meeting at —, get a little money and buy those things I have just now stated, hire a hut and go to work. Magazines are *secondary*, but this is *primary*. Do not be afraid of a small beginning, great things come afterwards. Be courageous. Do not try to lead your brethren, but serve them. The brutal mania for leading has sunk many a great ship in the waters of life. Take care especially of that, i.e., be unselfish even unto death, and work.

Dr. Cobb, in his Church Calendar, has a slightly disparaging note on Spiritualism. He does not deny the facts, but he is oppressed with the rumours of fraud, and seems generally uncomfortable. We quite understand.

His concluding portion of the Study of 'Christian Doctrine from the point of view of a Mystic' is particularly good, as the following summing up will show:—

'Creeds change, rites pass, no altar standeth whole'; the statement which is adequate in one age is misleading in another, and pernicious in a third. The laws of the spirit remain constant; what is true of one life and possible to it may be true of all according to our capacities. The Mystic's first and abiding impulse is towards the Divine within and the Divine

without, the Divine everywhere, but always the Divine. If he studies the life of Jesus the Christ it is to find the Divine manifesting Itself; if he studies history it is to learn the laws of Divine working; if he belongs to a community, domestic, political, or religious, it is because it is in his eyes an organ of the Divine; if he values Sacraments it is because he sees that they are more than they seem, and because they declare that the Divine is not with them; if he is a reformer, economic, or social, or political, or ecclesiastical, it is because he yearns to make plain a highway in human life for the Divine; if he uses forms, and obeys canons, and reverences external authority, it is for others' sake rather than his own. For himself it is enough to know that the springs of his life are hidden, that like Cortes he ever stands gazing in awe at the great ocean, like the priestess of the Mysteries he trembles at the presence of the great Mysterious One who is half-revealed and half-concealed by those forms which the vulgar mistake for Reality.

From Mr. Stead (London: 3, Whitefriars-street) we have received the following: (1) 'Stead's Annual, 1906; The Parables of a Prophet; Tales and Talks of Tolstoy,' a clever compilation of matter which has already appeared 'at sundry times and in divers manners,' all very readable and wholesome: (2) The Letters of Julia, now called 'After death; a personal narrative,' with a new Preface, in which Mr. Stead informs us that 'there has been no break,' and that he has a mass of other messages which he may some day sift out and publish: and (3) 'Real Ghost Stories,' also with a new Preface in which Mr. Stead says, 'The reality of the invisibles has long since ceased to be for me a matter of speculation. It is one of the things about which I feel as certain as I do, for instance, of the existence of the people of Tierra del Fuego, and, while it is a matter of no importance to me to know that Tierra del Fuego is inhabited, it is of vital importance to know that the spirits of the departed, and also of those still occupying for a time the movable biped telephone which we call our body, can, and, given the right conditions, do communicate with the physical unconsciousness of the man in the street. It is a fact which, properly apprehended, would go far to remedy some of the worst evils of which we have to complain. For our conception of life has got out of form, owing to our constant habit of mistaking a part for the whole, and everything looks awry.'

'The Light of Truth' prints an enlightening study of Immortality by Mr. Henry F. Cope, turning upon the elevated idea that it may be inferred from Man's uncompleted work. There are many, says this writer, who look for immortality apart altogether from the desire for bliss. 'We are little concerned,' he says, 'with golden streets, with wings and harps': but what concerns us is the higher evolution of our natures, and the carrying on of our ideals to larger issues and more definite results. The following passages take us to a high plane indeed:—

Why, then, should men seek immortality, seeing they think little either of a heaven to be won or a place of torment to be shunned? We want to know whether we shall live and what that life shall be, because no one is satisfied to lay down a piece of work unfinished. The passion for immortality is the desire to complete things, the longing to set upon all effort

and labour the crown of its own completion, its perfection and righteousness.

No man ever saw his work fully rounded out here. None ever looked over the tasks of life's day without wishing he might attempt them once again. So many imperfections, so many things that could be done better now that the hands have acquired the skill of experience and the heart its enriching of wisdom. As soon as we have learned how to live we get ready to die. This is a strange school; where and when shall we put all its lessons to use?

If this is the place of training, somewhere the workshop must be. What worth were all life if its accrued wisdom never can be used? Is it strange that man cherishes the hope of a time and an opportunity to carry out the best he has planned and dreamed, to finish all that he has but begun or drafted out here?

Somewhere there must dawn a day fairer than this, in a land where all things shall fulfil their promise. The longing for that day and land is not the desire for ease, for the gross pleasures of the Oriental paradise. It is the fruitage of our passion for progress, our longing for right, our dissatisfaction with our imperfect selves, our discontent with anything short of the royal life of righteousness.

We would live where visions shall be clearer, where right and truth shall ever be regnant, where we shall have overcome the dragon and shaken off the mire, and we shall be what God meant us to be, the sons of the kingdom.

For reasons into which we need not go, none of which are in any sense blameworthy, Spiritualists occupy different points of view in relation to theological beliefs. This, indeed, is as it should be. Uniformity and insipidity are very near akin, and only in personal freedom of thought and in free discussion can we hope to hit upon approximations to the truth: and personal freedom is the life and soul of Spiritualism, while its bias must always be in favour of progressive thought.

A late writer very temperately states the real difference between the old theology and the new, and bases his remarks upon the general proposition that the difference relates mainly to credibility of facts. He says:—

The modern theology gives us God, only it is a God near at hand, and not afar off. It is not an angry God, who has hid Himself from His children until eternity, but it is the visible life of the universe, folding us close to Himself, with the warmth of the true Father. The modern theology is just as far from discarding the doctrine of sin as it is from discarding the doctrine of righteousness. It does not even discuss the problem of wrong-doing: it undertakes to cure it. It has little use for future hells and heavens as places of punishment and reward, for it seriously proposes the creation of a present heavenly state in this world. The atonement is just as vital with a liberal believer as with the soundest orthodox; but it is a literal, real atonement that brings man and God closer together. It does not consist in the death of a victim, but in the awakening of love and honour. The death of Jesus is a real fact; and the consequences of such a death enter into the entire history of mankind. It is not a partial failure, but an absolute success.

Salvation is not the being saved from punishment, but from the love of sin. Eternal life is even more vitalised by modern theology than by the creeds that it displaces. Bringing God close to us, as the real Father, we find His purposiveness manifested, not in the blotting out of His own attempts and the frustration of his plans, but in His eternally carrying those plans forward. Immortality has become a scientific doctrine. Instead of being a hope, hanging upon the teaching of a few passages of doubtful import, it has become the logical view of God, as a rational being—a being who cannot be balked of his purpose to lift his children to a knowledge of himself.

'LETTERS FROM JULIA' REISSUED.—As mentioned in another column, Mr. W. T. Stead, the 'amanuensis and publisher' of the well-known communications by automatic writing originally issued under the title of 'Letters from Julia,' has just republished them in another form under the changed title of 'After Death: A Personal Narrative.' We do not see any need for changing the title of a now classical book, but the interest of the letters remains, and so does the almost pathetic urgency of the writer's appeal for the establishment of 'a bureau of intercommunication between the two worlds.' The book can be obtained at the office of 'LIGHT' for 1s. 2d. post free.

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 NEXT, JANUARY 11TH,

WHEN AN ADDRESS WILL BE GIVEN

BY

MR. E. WAKE COOK,

ON

'Christian Science in the Light of Modern Spiritualism.'

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.

AFTERNOON SOCIAL GATHERING.

In the interest of Members and Associates who find it impracticable or inconvenient to attend evening meetings, a SOCIAL GATHERING will be held in the

ESSEX HALL, ESSEX-STREET, STRAND

(opposite the Law Courts),

on Thursday, January 25th, from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m., for conversation and the interchange of thoughts upon subjects of mutual interest. Afternoon tea at 4 p.m. Admission will be by ticket only. Tickets will be sent to all Members and Associates.

Meetings will also be held in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East (near the National Gallery), on Thursday evenings in 1906:—

Feb. 8.—MR. FREDERIC W. THURSTAN, M.A., on 'Some Things we Want for Ideal Investigation.' At 7 p.m. for 7.30.

Feb. 22.—MRS. W. P. BROWNE, MRS. M. H. WALLIS, MR. GEO. SPRIGGS, AND REAR-ADMIRAL W. USBORNE MOORE, on 'Some Notable Personal Experiences.' At 7 p.m. for 7.30.

Mar. 8.—THE REV. LUCKING TAVENER, on 'Modern Art—the Spiritual Element in the Works of Blake, Rossetti, Burne Jones, and Watts'; with *Lantern Illustrations*. At 7 p.m. for 7.30.

Mar. 29.—MR. J. W. BOULDING, on 'Shakespeare and Spiritualism; with Illustrations from Personal Experiences.' At 7 p.m. for 7.30.

April 12.—THE REV. J. PAGE HOPPS, on 'The Holy Ghost the Comforter.' At 7 p.m. for 7.30.

April 26.—THE REV. J. HUNTER, D.D., on 'The Modern Revival of Interest and Faith in the so-called Supernatural.' At 7 p.m. for 7.30.

May 10.—MR. L. STANLEY JAST, on 'The Spiritual Significance of Symbols.' At 7 p.m. for 7.30.

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. Ronald Brailey, on Tuesday, the 16th inst., and on the 23rd, at 3 p.m., and no one will be admitted after that hour. Fee 1s. each to Members and Associates; for friends introduced by them, 2s. each.

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 will attend at the rooms of the Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., on Thursday afternoon, the 18th inst., 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

Monday, stating the time when they can attend, so that an appointment can be arranged. 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.

PSYCHIC CULTURE.—Mr. Frederic Thurstan, M.A., will kindly conduct a class 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, on the afternoon of *Thursday next*, the 11th inst. 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.

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*, the 12th inst., 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.

Article XVIII. provides that 'If any Member or Associate desire to resign, he shall give written notice thereof to the Secretary. He shall, however, be liable for all subscriptions which shall then remain unpaid.'

REMINISCENCES OF W. STANTON MOSES.

Some letters, written by the late Rev. W. Stainton Moses to personal friends, have been placed in our hands with permission to publish them if we should think it desirable to do so. As we believe that they would interest many of our readers we shall accordingly print one from time to time as opportunity occurs, and we begin with a 'breezy' one from Scotland which will present our old friend in a somewhat unfamiliar light—namely, as an ardent admirer of natural scenery:—

September 15th, 1878.

Port Sonachan, Loch Awe.

DEAR MRS.—, I wish I could give you any notion of the beauty on which I have recently feasted my eyes. One would need to dip the pencil in very gorgeous colour to make the attempt, and failure would be a certainty. The ride from Callander to Dalmally was, in its way, something very splendid. At any time those huge masses—Ben More and his scarcely inferior companions—must look imposing, but seen in the light of a full moon on a cloudless evening, they were wonderfully fine. A silvery tone was over all, and the slightly mysterious air that moonlight gives made the effect very enticing. The railway winds in and out among the huge masses, while one wonders how it is ever to get out. The line is certainly a triumph of engineering skill. It stops at Dalmally, but the line is being now made to Oban, so that when you carry out your intention of making a summer headquarters at Oban, you will be able to explore all this part of the country at your ease.

Dalmally I remembered well. I daresay you know it, nestling down under the shadow of huge Ben Cruachan. I always thought it a very fine centre of scenery, and recollect well my drive over the 'Rest and be Thankful' pass. The line was choked with tourists—a hideous crew, though they seemed to enjoy themselves vastly. I got out of it as quickly as I could. It is by no means the place I should choose to stop in—a 'public house' with a vengeance, through which a perpetual stream of touring humankind is passing. One can have no comfort in such a place, and I bolted like a shot.

This is quite different. It is just the place you would like, and the hotel is very comfortable and well ordered. It stands just ten miles from Dalmally, high up on the shores of Loch Awe. Its windows command the loch both ways, and the room in which I am writing looks right upon Ben Cruachan. It would be hard to find a grander view. The whole extremity of the loch is encircled with a vast amphitheatre of mountains from Ben Cruachan to Ben Lui, and the views wherever one looks are charming. Yesterday it was perfectly fine. Every peak was clear, and one could make out every cranny on the precipice of Cruachan. The distant mountains

rose tier upon tier as far as the eye could reach, with a deep purple haze upon them. The loch was as calm as a mill-pond, and of a deep indigo blue. The near mountains had the pink or rose-coloured heat haze over them. The upper part of the loch is dotted with little islands, each covered with trees, and as I was rowed in and out among them yesterday, I thought I had never seen anything quite so heavenly. I had a real long day. I got afloat by 9.30 and came in at 6.30, having fished all day, except one hot half hour.

To-day the whole aspect of the place is changed. A S. E. gale (or hurricane rather) sprang up in the night. The glass has fallen $\frac{1}{2}$ ° since yesterday, and is falling still. The whole landscape is blotted out with a sheet of rain driven by a hurricane of wind. The loch is torn to tatters, and vast sheets of foam are flying across it. The waves are like the waves of the ocean, and no boat could live upon it. Even the big ferry cannot get across, and the people are defrauded of their beloved Kirk and 'Sawbath' dose. It is hard to see the other side, and Cruachan is effaced completely. The wind tears down the loch with a howl, that has caused me to cry out for a fire; and the rain, I am told, has already raised the loch a boat's length. My gillie pulled our boat high and dry last evening. This morning he found the water all round it. It is hard to fancy that twelve hours are all that separates this gruesome spectacle from yesterday's scene of placid beauty. But this is characteristic of Loch Awe. It is noted for its sudden changes and also for its wretched weather. When it is fine it is the exception, and the storms are terrible.

You would be charmed with Port Sonachan. It is just the place where you could be happy. The inn is fairly large and there are at least two good private sitting-rooms, one of which is now occupied by T. M. Richardson, the water colour painter. The house contains a regular artistic company, and is evidently a resort of the fraternity. Richardson, I hear, has been in the habit of coming here for twenty years. One of our party, Dr. Eatwell, himself an artist, has seen Richardson's portfolio, and is in ecstasies with its contents, though no colour that man's ingenuity has devised can reproduce nature here.

Just below the garden terrace is the place where the boats are kept, and one can get on the water at any moment. The *cuisine* is good, quite good enough for any reasonable person. The butter and cream are exquisite. The rooms are a little small, but clean and well appointed. Altogether I have made a mental note of Sonachan. *It suits me*. I never went over prettier water than I did yesterday, and, moreover, there is always Cruachan in his glory, and any number of grand effects.

I don't know what I shall do. Weather will guide me, and I am content to wait. I am fond of riding like a chip on the crest of the wave, to be floated on or to drift into a back-water as the event is. But I must at any rate face London and a stove pipe, collar, black coat, and the awful category of society proprieties, on Monday at latest. That is a melancholy fact. If the weather clears I shall probably stay here till Saturday, spend Sunday somewhere—Callander or Stirling, or some place where I am handy for the day mail south on Monday. Or, if the weather is broken, and the storm continues, I may go sooner. Who knows? Not I, and consequently nobody. Sufficient for the day, &c.

I fear you have been having broken weather in the South, if I may judge from the papers. I hope you have been more fortunate than some places I have read of. You certainly have had your fill of horrors. That Princess Alice catastrophe was almost unique in horror.

I send you some very good photos of the loch, Cruachan, and the Orchy, but they give no adequate idea, however, of the reality.

I shall be very glad to see you all again.

Yours sincerely,

W. STANTON MOSES.

GOOD ADVICE.—Do your work well, whether it be for life or for death. Help other people at theirs when you can, and seek to avenge no injury. Be sure you can obey good laws before you seek to alter bad ones.—JOHN RUSKIN.

THE TRUTH ABOUT HYPNOTISM.

Contrary to general belief, hypnotism in itself is absolutely harmless. Many look upon it as highly dangerous, and regard the hypnotist as an agent of the devil; but that is the outcome of ignorance and superstition. The public are led into this belief by the reading of sensational tales. They do not understand the subject, and therefore have an indefinable fear of it, but this fear is fast disappearing with the advancement of knowledge.

Hypnotism is the induction of a state, having no physiological difference from that brought about by natural sleep. The same mental faculties are dormant during hypnotic and natural sleep, and the same faculties are active in both.

The supposition that only persons of weak will are hypnotisable shows a lack of knowledge. On the contrary, weak-willed persons, and those under the influence of drink, make most difficult subjects. Those with sound minds and strong wills make the finest subjects. Idiots are considered un hypnotisable, but there is a small percentage of the mentally unsound who can be successfully treated by this agent.

Can a person be hypnotised against his will? is a question which appears to require a clear and decisive answer. In truth no one can be hypnotised against his will, for the sufficient reason that to be hypnotised the subject must do his part to bring about the condition, by concentrating his mind and placing himself in a passive, non-resisting attitude. Many have been hypnotised against their wish, but never against their will, for if a subject refuses to comply with the conditions necessary, or resists, there can be no results. Like everything else, we are free to avail ourselves of it or refuse, as we desire.

Some believe that a good operator should be able to hypnotise every subject upon the first attempt. This is not always practicable. Only a certain percentage can be put to sleep on the first trial, but all persons of sound mind may be influenced in some degree, after repeated trials.

Is frequent hypnotisation harmful? No. People have been hypnotised daily for several years, for scientific and other purposes, but in no instance has the slightest harm resulted. It has been claimed that, if put repeatedly under hypnotic control, people lose their will-power and eventually become wrecks, but this is quite a mistake. Hypnotism does not weaken the will, nor injure the system in any way. On the contrary, it is the surest method of strengthening both. The subject certainly becomes more adaptable after repeated trials, but this is quite a different matter, and has nothing to do with the strength or weakness of the will. Subjects frequently possess stronger wills than the operator.

Some ask, 'What protection has a person when under the influence of an unscrupulous operator?' If the subject is morally sound, he or she will reject all suggestions of an improper character, or awaken immediately, placing the agent in an awkward position. The same characteristics are shown in hypnosis as are exhibited in the waking life. No moral persons will commit a crime; they will sometimes go through the form for purposes of amusement, &c., but cannot be forced to actually do anything to which they conscientiously object. On the other hand, those of loose morals will exhibit the same characteristics under hypnosis as in their waking life, often telling falsehoods to shield themselves when they think it prudent to do so. Notwithstanding this, hypnotism is the most rational means of raising a person's moral standard.

No operator can gain absolute control over a subject even temporarily; the subject's sub-conscious mind is always on the alert; he never absolutely loses consciousness. When we sleep the conscious mind sleeps, but the sub-conscious never sleeps; it carries on its work of repair most effectually when the objective mind offers no interference.

It can be readily understood why hypnotism is a remedy for functional and nervous disorders, when it is remembered that all the functions of the body are under the control of the sub-conscious mind, with which hypnotism deals.

Hypnotism is also a powerful aid in medicine and surgery and often supplants the knife, it being possible by its means to produce a perfect state of anaesthesia.

In the education and development of children hypnotism is very useful. It can be so directed as to strengthen the mind and eradicate bad tendencies.

It enters also into commercial life. Those possessing a knowledge of it succeed where others fail. The lack of force of character often means ruin.

There is no danger in hypnotism, but there is much in ignorance concerning it. We fear that which we do not understand.

ALFRED A. ROBINSON.

'LIGHT, MORE LIGHT.'

I.

It is unfortunate that it has become somewhat of a fashion to write on 'occult' matters and to relate ghost stories—real and otherwise—in the secular Press, for it is to be feared that amid all this superficial treatment of the phenomena of 'the debatable land' the deep and solemn significance of the facts may be lost sight of and ignored. Nothing can be of greater moment to mankind than the satisfactory solution of the problems which beset the thoughtful wayfarer on life's path.

It is surely not too much to say that every other consideration pales before the ever recurring question 'If a man die shall he live again?' I have frequently had to stand bare-headed beside the open grave, surrounded by a company of sorrowing mourners, and watch the descent of the casket containing the mortal form of some beloved relative or friend. At such times the sadness of life and the bitterness of death come home to the heart. I have wept with those who mourned the loss of cherished friends and have realised the inadequacy of worldly possessions in that solemn and trying hour. When the heart is torn and bleeding the soul's cry arises for 'Light! more Light!'—for comfort and guidance from the unseen. Douglas B. Hart, in the following lines, tenderly expressed the infinitely sad and pitiful state of mind of those who suffer the grief which is

'The sorest of human pain,
When we cry, and cry, but our cry is vain,
For those who never can come again.
But nature cares not for human woe,
For the ages come and the ages go,
And the flowers that are fallen no more shall blow,
And never shall hope celestial come
To my weary heart; since thy beauty's bloom
Is sullied and blurred in the grasping tomb.'

It is perfectly natural that we should regret to leave this beautiful world and bid farewell to our friends and loved ones. It is not pleasant to reflect upon the sorrow they will experience when we leave them, and it is still more repugnant to a healthy mind to contemplate the possibility that death may be a *cul-de-sac* and not a thoroughfare—the end of all and not a beginning of a new era of progress. The mind naturally shrinks from the thought that it will cease to be and end in nothingness, and those who think of death as 'dreamless rest,' still have a lurking idea that they will know that they are consciously enjoying it; a Jewish Rabbi is reported to have said that if after death he found that there was no future life, he would be greatly amused! That is just it; we cannot accept the idea that we shall *not* know.

'Tell it how we will,' says the Rev. George H. Hepworth, 'the story of life has a line of tragedy running through it, and one goes but a little way before he stumbles on a disappointment or a grave.'

In the midst of life's monotonous toil, suffering, temptation, failure and bereavements, men and women lose heart, and grow pessimistic and despairing, until they exclaim, as did Robert Browning:—

'Truly there needs another life to come!
If this be all—
And other life awaits us not—for one
I say 'tis a poor cheat, a stupid bungle,
A wretched failure. I, for one, protest
Against it—and I hurl it back with scorn.'

The fact is we all need help and cheer. We must have something or some one to work for; some hope or ideal to lift

us above and out of ourselves. We need some ray of light in the gloom of our adverse circumstances ; some strength when we are downcast because of short-coming or wrong-doing ; some ministering angel to comfort us when our beloved are lost in the mists of death and we know not where they are ; otherwise we shall feel as did Tennyson when he said :—

'I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with the weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,
I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.'

How anxiously we look for letters from our dear ones when they sail across the ocean ! How we miss them and pray for their welfare ; but all the time we know that letters *will* come. Those of us who have passed through this experience can sympathise with those who, with tear-dimmed eyes, watch the out-going steamer, until it is lost in the mists ; but their pain is small compared with the anguish of the dark days that follow the 'passing' of one whom we have cherished, who has gone never, never to return ! No wonder we cry, heart-brokenly, 'Where are the dead ?' and ask with Marianne Farningham :—

'Where are those who have gone
And left us vacant places ?
We have the desolate blank,
And the longing for their faces ;
We have the memory
That fills our soul with weeping,
The silence, and the cold,
When last we saw them sleeping.
In old familiar scenes
We stay since they bereft us,
But where, oh where are they,
Our missed ones who have left us ?'

It is, moreover, far too often the fact that, for those who go, the passage into the unseen is a leap in the dark. They leave this world with regret, and fear the unknown future : they shrink with dread from the thought that death may be the last thing, the end of all. They imagine the other life to be unsubstantial, non-natural, and its people unhuman ; they are not sure that they are fit for it, or that they would enjoy living with angels forever in the ordinary traditional heaven ; neither can they think that they deserve the endless, useless, and unutterably horrible pains of the traditional hell.

Bereft of the companionship of the departed, those who remain to mourn their loss often feel that the solitude is unbearable and the uncertainty regarding their fate becomes intolerable ; the very intensity of the affection which linked them heart to heart adds to the present woe and wrings from the mourner the pathetic cry—

'Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.'

Who has not felt the yearnings expressed in those touching lines addressed by the poet, James G. Clark, to his departed mother ?—

'Is there no grand, immortal sphere
Beyond this world of broken ties,
To fill the wants that mock us here,
And dry the tears from weeping eyes ?
Where Winter melts in endless Spring,
And June stands near with deathless flowers,
Where we may hear the dear ones sing
Who loved us in this world of ours ?
I ask, and lo ! my cheeks are wet,
With tears for one I cannot see :
O Mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me ?'

The traditional faith of Christendom has fostered the idea that there cannot be any legitimate response from the 'other side' to the sufferer's agonised plea for comfort and light in the darkness of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Between heaven and earth there was no highway of communication, and the future was a long and pitiful blank, without a ray of joyous or cheering sunshine. One who represented the old faith said to the Rev. G. H. Hepworth : 'My child and I have

parted. As a redeemed angel she will not know me !' One cannot wonder that with such an idea of the future life his heart was well nigh broken.

It seems that the bitterest pang of death, and the one that stings us most deeply, is the terrible feeling that the parting is for ever ; that the ship of death has carried our dearest 'across the bar' to a 'bourne from whence no traveller returns.' This prevailing ignorance and consequent uncertainty regarding the states of the departed in the after-death world—not only of their *ultimate* destination but of their *immediate* fate—casts a gloom over the days and adds terrors to the nights of those who loved them, and it is here that Spiritualism comes to the aid of grief-stricken mourners and supplies them with the information and comfort for which they hunger. As Archdeacon Wilberforce said at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1881, 'The strength of Spiritualism lies in the knowledge, partial and imperfect though it be, of the future life,' while 'the weakness of the Churches as opposed to the strength of Modern Spiritualism is in the ignorance of that life, and in misapprehension of Scripture teaching concerning it.'

W.

THE LARGER LIFE.

A selection of essays from the works of Mrs. Ursula N. Gestefeld has just been brought out by Mr. Philip Wellby, of 6, Henrietta-street, W.C., under the title of 'The Science of the Larger Life' (price 3s. 6d. net). These essays, originally contributed to a Chicago monthly journal, 'The Exodus,' form a consecutive presentation of Mrs. Gestefeld's views, which are already familiar to readers of 'LIGHT.' Her aim is—

'to teach each one the law of his own being and the means by which he may learn to co-operate in the Divine method for the unfoldment of the individual life, and attain to the spirit by which he may become, not merely a travelling pilgrim in a weary world, but an armed warrior, whose field of conquest is the kingdom of the soul, and whose goal is the realisation of Divine sonship.'

One of Mrs. Gestefeld's first essays, which gives the keynote to the book, is on 'The Ascension of Ideas,' upon which, she says, ascension for the human species depends, for we are always within the limit of our ideals ; thus salvation, physically and morally, depends upon our having as our own idea of man the likeness of the true and divine, adding :—

'Some day the divine and eternal fact will supersede all human and temporal facts. We can hasten that day by thinking and speaking of our real being as the central governing fact of existence now. By forming this idea, holding it continually in mind, never letting it go or losing sight of it entirely, we grow more and more conscious of its truth and power. We grow more conscious of the invisible, which is felt rather than seen as the real, and the objects around us, even the physical body, as the more unreal of the two.'

The same idea is outworked and enlarged upon in the essays on 'Insight and Outsight,' and 'Destiny and Fate,' in which the power of the personality is strongly emphasised, along with the necessity for exercising the whole of our faculties, and thus gaining in self-consciousness through recognition and use of the powers of our being. If our senses and faculties are 'using us according to their own nature,' we are 'ignorantly experiencing the unrealities of being,' which to us are 'the realities of existence' ; while if we use our powers, we are 'built higher and higher, we become of finer and more lasting quality,' and manifest harmony instead of discord, and healing, by the removal of causes of disease, instead of sin, sickness and sorrow.

True individualism (to cite some of the themes touched upon) uses words as storage batteries, by suggestion cares for the body, replaces false impressions by constructive imagination, utilises energy to make things go right, and, by mastering rather than by being mastered, attains to and obeys only the law of true liberty. As examples of these processes the author gives us chapters on the evolution of various highly diverse types of men, and winds up with an exhortation to 'live in the Eternal, not in time.'

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TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

Time is one, not manifold; and birthdays, new years, and the almanac are sheer illusions,—convenient and in some respects essential, but still illusions; for, as we have said, Time is one. Deeply considered, Time itself is an illusion; and past, present and future may simply be the symbols of our limitations. In any case, the stream of what we call 'Time' is progressive, unbroken, and takes no note of sun and moon and what they do.

But we are beset with illusions that are the realities of our limitations, and by these we must steer as best we may as though Time danced attendance upon sun and moon, and as though the almanac told the literal truth. Hence, as we talk about the rising and setting sun, so we may talk of years old and new, and flatter ourselves that somehow we begin life again with a birthday, and start afresh with a new year.

Moreover, this has its practical advantages, especially if we can call that practical which appeals only to sentiment. And why not? Are we not largely controlled, after all, by emotions, symbols and associations? If, then, the advent of a new year gives us the impression, the emotion, of a fresh start in life, and comes to us with an appeal from memory and hope, we do well to accept the seeming as a reality, and ask ourselves what better things we can write on the fresh turned page.

First of all, it will be our wisdom to let the past take its proper place in our life: but that proper place is hard to define because it involves both forgetfulness and remembrance;—forgetfulness of old griefs and burdens, and remembrance of all that may consecrate sorrow, and serve as guidance and warning for days to come. It is a cruel error to let the past darken the present and spoil the future, but it would be a waste and a wrong not to profit by its mistakes. Only in one way was Longfellow right in saying

Let the dead past bury its dead:
and that way was suggested by Tennyson's challenge to

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more.

It is wrong to 'go mourning all our days.' That which Time brings us should be accepted with ready hands, whether joy's garland or mourner's wreath, and it is as foolish as it is ungrateful to let the shadows of the past spoil the sunshine of to-day.

In another way is this true:—with regard to old offences. These should be all left behind with what we deem the past. 'Bad debts' are these, which ought never to come into the balance carried over to the new year. It is always seasonable to turn over a new leaf with regard to these, but the dawning of a new year makes that duty

imperative indeed. Robert Burns used a fearful phrase: 'Nursing her wrath to keep it warm'; not an unpardonable thing to do as he depicted it, but utterly wrong when nursed too long, to keep it purposely and artificially 'warm.' With special significance might we wisely pray now the prayer, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'

And what of the old besetting sins, as well as the old offences? Is it an exaggeration, or an offence, or only a commonplace, to say that everyone has his rank patch of ground in his garden of life?—hidden perhaps away from the common gaze, but probably all the more rank because of that: and that may be true, in most cases, short of the existence of actual vice:—nothing worse than morbidity of temper, belittling selfishness, base playing for safety, excessive desire to be 'thought well of' and to escape being singular: or perhaps nothing worse than a certain shrinking cowardice that prevents perfect sincerity. What a fine chance a new year gives for turning over a new leaf!—for escaping from the slavery of that easily besetting sin!

But what of the winnings of the years?—of our realised resolves? Looking back with clear vision, these are the genuine treasures of a man's life, and with a good grip should he keep hold of these. Nor is this always easy to do. Even here, 'familiarity breeds contempt,' or the world defrauds us of our resolves and dreams. Wordsworth tells of the glory that attends our early days, but

Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy.
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy.

The Youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended.
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

That is not literally true of infancy, boyhood and manhood, but it is true as a parable of what happens in many lives. We are apt to get disheartened, or what we call 'disillusioned,' and we let go of our ideals, and accept the commonplaces of the world instead of our visions. And yet these ideals and visions give us our surest hold upon God and Man and Truth and Heaven.

All this, however, is retrospective: and perhaps the best remains in the reflection that we must not be content with merely holding our ground. After all, progress is the highest good of life. In truth, it is, one might say, the only thing worth living for. At any rate, it is the only noble thing in manly living. It is perhaps, to Spiritualists, a commonplace to say that the main business of life is soul-growth, but, commonplace or revelation, it is a mighty truth. Money-making, pleasure, success in enterprises, sheaves of honours and troops of friends, are all parts of the by-play of life, and could be all done without; but the central significance of life is found in the evolution of life. 'I am come,' said Jesus, 'that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly': and yet he had nothing to give that belonged to what we have called the by-play of life. The life he had to offer was life indeed.

Nor is a long life needed for the perfecting of life. How wisely and nobly Ben Jonson put it!—

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be:
(Or standing long, an oak three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

SPIRIT AND MATTER.

The philosophy of materialism may be said to have deified matter, for by ascribing to it the 'promise and potency of all life,' it claims for matter a homage analogous to that which religion claims for the Divine Being. Spiritual philosophy, on the other hand, has tended to depreciate the value of things material. Extremists along this line have re-echoed the teaching of Plato, that it is a counsel of perfection to 'very greatly despise the body.' In both these philosophies truth and error are blended. It is the truth in each which has won their worthiest adherents, it is the error in each which has repelled that large section of thinking persons who, without perhaps exactly knowing why, distrust both of these philosophies.

Perhaps the nexus which unites the truth in materialism with the truth in Spiritualism lies in the middle region which, for lack of a better word, has been called variously spiritism, psychism, or metapsychics.

The strange phenomenon of psychometry is suggestive of wonderful possibilities. Although at present it is too little understood to afford a basis for forming definite conclusions, large-minded students of science are already recognising some of the hidden laws and latent truths which these facts may involve, and are allowing themselves, with the help of a disciplined imagination, to gaze into the mystery which, like Merlin's Gleam, 'comes slowly brightening out of the glimmer.'

In an address delivered some months ago at Birmingham, Sir Oliver Lodge made the following striking remarks:—

There is a truth in materialism, but it is not a truth to be readily appreciated and formulated. Matter may become imbued with life, and full of vital associations. Something of the personality of a departed owner seems to cling sometimes about an old garment; its curves and folds can suggest him vividly to our recollection. I would not hold that even a doll, on which much affection had been lavished, was wholly inert and material in the organic sense. The tattered colours of a regiment are sometimes thought worthy to be hung in a church. They are a symbol truly, but they may be something more. I have reason to believe that a trace of individuality can cling about terrestrial objects in a vague and almost imperceptible fashion, but to a degree to enable those traces to be detected by persons with suitable faculties.

There is a deep truth in materialism and it is the foundation of the material parts of worship, sacraments and the like. It is possible to exaggerate their efficacy but it is also possible to ignore it too completely. The whole universe is metrical; everything is a question of degree. A property like radio-activity or magnetism discovered conspicuously in one form of matter, turns out to be possessed by matter of every kind, though to very varying extent.

So it would appear to be with the power possessed by matter to incarnate and display mind. There are grades of incarnation. The most thorough kind is that illustrated by our bodies; in them we are incarnate; but probably not even in that case is the incarnation complete. It is quite possible that our whole entire personality is never terrestrially manifest.

Perhaps science, when she has enlarged her borders, instead of deifying, will re-consecrate matter and will justify the beliefs of those who, guided by an instinctive intuition, have used material things as sacraments and tokens of spiritual realities. If it is discovered that material objects can become impregnated with subtle emanations which connect them in a semi-physical way with the persons who have handled them, we shall have in this fact a remarkable justification for customs that have been scoffed at as foolish superstitions. And we shall also have fresh motives for putting into the labour of our hands the highest aspirations and purest thoughts and affections which we can command. The mother who makes or mends the garments for her children may be, in a sense hitherto unrecognised, doing spiritual work. For she

may be weaving into the texture she handles, thoughts and emotions which, if the individual she clothes is sensitive and receptive, may re-act upon it, and enable her to influence it for good or for evil. We may venture to think of these possibilities as something more than mere fancy. Sir Oliver Lodge's words sanction these speculations. By reminding us that there may be 'grades of incarnation,' he puts before us a suggestion pregnant with stimulating possibilities and also with serious warnings.

The Christmas Festival which has just been observed commemorates an incarnation—the incarnation of One who took upon Him matter, in form like our own, and permeated it with His thoughts, His emotions, and His will in such wise that contact with His incarnate life became life-giving, healing, and inspiring. Diseased bodies were healed by touching the hem of His garment; dark minds were enlightened, cold hearts were melted, sin-sick souls were cleansed; the men and women who contacted Him were lifted to a purer, higher life, and those who saw them felt in them a super-terrestrial influence, and wondering 'took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus.'

This was an incarnation of Spirit in a superlative degree. It was an ideal incarnation; but was it intended to be regarded as an isolated instance? Was it not rather a type of that which should be universal, a manifestation of the eternal relation of the Supersensible to the sensible, of Spirit to matter, of man as the priest of creation, consecrating the phenomenal to the use of the noumenal, the external to the internal, the created to the Creator?

'It has been always easy,' writes Sir Oliver Lodge on another occasion, 'to deride or condemn the bodily side of our nature, but by the highest seers this has not been done. The glorification and transfiguration, not the reprobation, of the body has been the theme of the highest prophets and poets.'

If the inorganic matter which a person handles may be so permeated by subtle emanations as to become the vehicle for emotional or mental forces (and the facts of psychometry suggest this possibility), this must be true in greater measure in relation to the substance of human bodies. The human organism must, in that case, be saturated with influences the quality of which will depend on the character of the thoughts, desires, and aims of the individual to whom these organisms belong.

Along these lines the mystery of heredity may, perhaps, some day find a partial solution. Young has said, 'Guard well thy thoughts! Our thoughts are heard in Heaven,' but there is, perhaps, an even more serious consideration involved in the remembrance, that inevitably and constantly, our thoughts and, *more effectually* our emotions, are registering influences on the substances we handle, on the garments we wear, and yet more potently on the bodies in which we are incarnate, and that the effects of those influences will be operative long after we have passed out of the material conditions we have helped to mould.

To quote once more from Sir Oliver Lodge:—

'He who is able to strike a high note in this most difficult problem' (in the relation of spirit to matter)—'a problem in which each individual has to work out his own destiny almost unaided—will find that, by self-control, by avoidance of injury to others, and by filling his mind with worthy thoughts, he can attain higher regions of emotion and imagination than are open to the mass of mankind . . . and those who are able to grasp the idea while still young, and to act on it throughout their lives, not only raise their own souls in the scale of existence, but constitute the hope of a progressive human race.'

A GENEROUS SPIRIT.—A writer said of a friend that 'his heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.'

A STATESMAN'S LETTERS FROM THE BEYOND.

'Broad Views' opens its New Year number with a remarkable series of extracts from 'Letters from the Next World,' being communications received by automatic writing from the late Lord Carlingford, who, as Mr. Chichester Fortescue, was Chief Secretary for Ireland up to 1874 (when he received a peerage), and a Cabinet Minister in the Government of 1880. He was a religious-minded man who longed to believe in a future life but could not, and we learn from the article, with regard to the source of the letters, that—

'Very soon after his death Lord Carlingford began to communicate, from the next world, with his cousin, Mrs. Arthur Nugent, gifted herself with psychic faculties which enabled her to become conscious of his presence. As the situation developed, it was found desirable to make use of the more completely developed faculties of another medium, and during the six or seven years that have since elapsed, the communications coming over in this way have constituted an extensive correspondence, the more private portions of which have embodied for his cousin, who knew their author very intimately in life, such overwhelming certainty of his actual identity that the whole correspondence is of peculiar and entrancing interest. . . . The lady through whom these letters were written, a very highly gifted medium, whose integrity is beyond question, would have been quite unable to write them in her normal condition.'

The extracts given from the letters thus received bear largely upon the continued opportunities for work afforded by the future life, and its enhanced possibilities of realising ideals which on earth seemed mere dreams. The writer goes back to the hopes of his earlier life, regretting only the years of repining, when all seemed dark to him, and says :—

'I see a future of work which I am capable of performing, a bright and hopeful future, wherein my best and noblest aspirations can be fulfilled. Mortal life is the training school; this life is the fulness of all things. What seemed wild dreams on earth can here be realised, and only here can we read clearly the lessons of life and their results. Every noble desire and idea can be made perfect, and our Divine Creator's scheme of existence begins to grow clear to me who tried to solve the mystery on earth. I see clearly that man cannot live for himself alone, it must be One and All. Selfishness is the word for failure in one's duties of life.'

The writer from the Unseen drops many hints as to what he has gathered of the philosophy of spiritual existence; he believes in evolution through successive existences, even involving reincarnation, but always progressive. He says :—

'There are hidden things connected with spiritual matters which natural life could not grasp or comprehend. Spirit, the Divine side of Creation, has its own existence quite apart from, although animating, mortal life. It lives on through countless existences, from the beginning of time into eternity, passing ever upwards, never going back, each experience developing, strengthening and building up a structure fitted to hold its own through eternity.

'At present few mortals recognise the enormous capacity of the human soul, or have sounded half its depths. How often have I cried out for light, thinking all was dark, not seeing that the light was there shining in my own soul, and actually prompting the desire for its illuminating powers to radiate through my entire being.

'I see that we all have our part to do—to leave the earth better for having lived in it. We must work, not because it is our duty, but because we recognise that we are part of a great scheme, and love to take our share. Our whole soul must be in all we do.

'The highest and best spirits are not those who have held pleasant places on earth; they are those who have passed through the fire, who have fought the battle of life, and overcome the obstacles in their path. High or low, rich or poor, man or woman, are in the earthly life for a purpose. That purpose is to evolve the Divine within them, until in the last days of the old planet there will be no physical death as now known, only a change, and that so gradual as to be almost unknown.'

The writer realises that 'the spirit world is actually in the midst of the material one,' and that spirits and mortals, 'so to speak, rub shoulders.' Scientists, inventors, statesmen, and other thinkers continue their activity in the spirit world; they

often find in the minds and utterances of mortals the clues they seek, and, in return, endeavour to inspire the thoughts of their earthly colleagues on questions of interest and utility to mankind.

RICHARD HODGSON, LL.D.

IN MEMORIAM.

I have read with appreciation your short but sympathetic notice of the transition of Dr. Richard Hodgson, in 'LIGHT,' of December 30th last.

The severe loss to the world of scientific psychical research is patent to all; but those of us who were his personal friends can alone realise the full extent of that loss.

To the outer world he was the enthusiastic researcher, sparing no pains in his conscientious and brilliantly intelligent work. In old days his name was chiefly associated with an unwearied and relentless exposure of every kind of sham or pretension, endeavouring to win either notoriety or money at the expense of human credulity. Naturally this roused much antagonism against him in the hearts of the *rooks* who wished to pluck their pigeons peacefully. Later on, when his studies and experimental work had changed his standpoint and modified his scepticism without decreasing the value of his accurate judgment and alert observation, the antagonism was not less marked although its ground had shifted.

He was now in the position that all open-minded and intelligent men and women must be content to occupy who prefer Truth to Peace. Some of his former associates complained of his credulity whilst others denounced his partisanship of one special medium to the exclusion of all others. The fact is Dr. Hodgson was so enthusiastic and conscientious a worker, and so loyal to those who worked with him, that this narrowing of his field of observation, though regrettable, was almost inevitable. It was the piece of work put into his hands, and he certainly did it 'with all his might.' He considered that persevering and conscientious investigation of a single reliable medium was likely to yield more valuable, if less sensational, results than the more varied experiments of more casual researchers. People may differ as to Dr. Hodgson's judgment on this point, but none who knew him can doubt his *bona fides*.

Sir Wemyss Reid, in his late interesting autobiography, has left it on record that 'a public man who has absolutely no enemies must be a person who has deliberately shirked his duties and stifled his conscience.' In later years Dr. Hodgson was called upon to bear the test of misrepresentation and even calumny, in doing what he felt to be his duty. I do not suppose he ever looked upon it as a test, for to that essentially single-minded nature no other course but the one where duty pointed could have appeared possible.

I think it was this absolute singleness of eye and purpose that made Richard Hodgson's life appear so simple; and it was this simplicity, combined with a high order of intelligence, that gave him his remarkable influence over many minds so alien to his own. Worldly-minded men or pretty, frivolous women seemed alike capable of doing justice to the directness of his nature and the 'courage of the pure in heart' which in him was so conspicuous. He had that 'gift of the gods' which we appreciate in Herkomer's most famous portraits; for, unconsciously, he achieved a like triumph. He could penetrate and appeal to the *soul* even when imprisoned behind silks and satins and the small conventionalities of life, or the cynicism and paltry ambitions of the 'man of the world.' All who knew Dr. Hodgson at all well must have realised this power in him; probably he alone was unconscious of it.

With his undoubted talents and powers of mind, many more popular and successful fields of enterprise were open to him as a Cambridge LL.D. than the arduous and ungrateful task which he chose as his life's work. He was content to let others pass him in the race and to do his own bit of work in his own way. We can rejoice in realising that the value of his work—as has been well said—must increase as the years go on.

I must add one more feature to this imperfect sketch of my

friend. Next to his straightforward simplicity of perception and action, I think the keynote of his life was a genial *joyousness* of outlook. He was the very incarnation of Browning's lines :—

‘God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world.’

I remember some few years ago staying in a country house with him in the North of England, when the conversation at dinner one evening happened to turn on the probability that in the future we should have to make compensation to those we had wronged, and atone for our other misdoings. Dr. Hodgson had urged this view of things. Our esteemed host, speaking from the orthodox point of view, protested against such a ‘terrible idea,’ and evidently much preferred the prospect of an absolute forgiveness as the result of an act of faith, and to think of our sins, with their consequences, as ‘cast into the depths of the sea.’

I can see Dr. Hodgson in my mind's eye, his whole face radiant with almost boyish enthusiasm as he threw back his head with a joyous laugh and said : ‘Terrible? Not a bit of it! It's the most glorious thing in the world to feel that we shall have to suffer for everything we have done wrong—I don't want to shirk it! Why, *how else are we ever to learn to do better?*’ On this joyous note of manly confidence in the Divine wisdom and love which are responsible for the education of the soul, I will end my feeble attempt to put on record something of the true character of the man whose work is so well known to us all. I consider it a great privilege and honour to have known him and to have been called his friend for the past nine years.

Eastbourne,
December 31st, 1905.

E. KATHARINE BATES.

HYPNOTIC SIGHT.

Some striking and instructive experiments in mesmerism, described by Mr. Edwin J. Ellis, in the ‘Occult Review’ for January, under the title of ‘Hypnotic Sight,’ led to rather curious results. It is well understood that a hypnotised subject can be caused, by suggestion, not to see a person who is in the room; but in the case narrated the ‘invisible’ person exchanged coats with another. The latter then appeared to have no coat on because the ‘invisible’ man's coat remained invisible even when worn by another person; and the subject was greatly astonished at seeing the other coat, when worn by the ‘invisible’ person, parading about the room apparently without any wearer! The inhibition of sense did not extend to touch, and when a cat, which the subject believed had been put out of the room, was placed in his hands, he was greatly puzzled, describing it as something soft, and then as a velvet cushion with a pin in it—for the cat had put out her claws. When a spoon was slipped under the cat's body, the subject saw it, for the cat was quite transparent. When he tried to pick up the spoon, ‘he could not make out what warm and yielding substance seemed so to fill the empty air that it absolutely got in his way.’ The writer concludes that opacity is ‘a by-product of sight, depending on mental conviction and removable with this—all laws of light notwithstanding,’ and that we owe the sight of the sunlight ‘merely to a credulity with which we are born.’

EDWARD MAITLAND ON THE BIBLE.—The series of papers entitled ‘The Bible's Own Account of Itself,’ contributed by Edward Maitland to the ‘Agnostic Journal’ in 1891, and published in volume form in the same year, has now been republished, under the editorship of Mr. Samuel Hopgood Hart, by the Ruskin Press, Stafford-street, Birmingham, in a sixpenny edition, or, cloth gilt, 1s. 6d. This little book gives, in a condensed form, much of the substance of the new presentation of Christian and universal truth contained in the larger works of the author and Anna Kingsford, and forms a very readable introduction to their rather abstruse mysticism. There are two appendices, added by Mr. Hart from writings by E. Maitland in his possession, giving further consideration to the questions of the Trinity and of orthodoxy in relation to gnosia. We note also that a new edition of ‘The Story of the New Gospel of Interpretation,’ with portraits of E. Maitland and Anna Kingsford, is in the press, and will be published at 3s. 6d. net.

A SPIRIT BOY APPEARS.

A correspondent, ‘H. J. L.,’ of Chelmsford, writing in the ‘Referee’ of December 24th last, related a clairvoyant experience of a young lady, called ‘Miss K.,’ who, at the time of its occurrence, was in India, and about nine years of age. She accompanied her mother to visit a friend, Mrs. S., residing temporarily in Lucknow, in a house which had formerly been a boys' school. Mrs. S. had a son named Ernest, who was expected home for his holidays, and who was a stranger to Miss K., but as he did not arrive, and it was getting late, Miss K. was put to bed in a room which opened on one side into the dining room, and on the other side into a disused swimming bath. Shortly after she had lain down, the door of the swimming bath opened, and a boy, dressed in bathing costume, passed through the room. He was fair, with light hair, and about ten or twelve years old. Miss K. thought it must be Ernest, and called out his name, but he took no notice, and apparently passed into the dining room. She followed him, and excitedly asked Mrs. S. ‘Where is Ernest?’ who replied that he had not arrived. ‘But I saw him come in here; he has been having a bath,’ she exclaimed. Mrs. S. again assured her he had not yet returned home, and put her into another room to sleep. When Ernest arrived the next morning Miss K. saw that he was dark, and different from the boy she had seen the previous evening. Four years later she again met Mrs. S., who then explained to her that the house had formerly been a school. One of the boys had been drowned in the swimming bath, and from that time his figure was constantly seen in the room where Miss K. had been put to bed. Mrs. S. had heard the reports of the boy's appearance, and had purposely put Miss K. and her mother into that room, to test the truth of the reports, thinking that if they, who knew nothing about the story, should see the apparition, then ‘there could be no doubt about it.’ Several other people, including Mr. S., afterwards saw the boy, and the house was finally pulled down. A few years later Miss K. met the mother of the boy who had been drowned, and was informed by that lady that the description she had given of the boy was certainly that of her son.

A NOBLE WOMAN WORKER.

With ‘La Lumière’ for this month is given a sheet of a biographical dictionary of workers for benevolent objects, in which an article is devoted to Madame Lucie Grange, who also writes under the pseudonym ‘Hab.’ (for Habimelah), and who, along with her husband, founded ‘La Lumière’ in 1882. From her childhood she had been at times clairvoyant and prophetic; she said once, ‘To-night there will be fire in the water.’ In fact, a house took fire in the midst of an inundation. Another time she announced that she would eventually go to Paris, as she had work to do there, which afterwards came true. Her husband, Adolphe Grange, we are told, ‘had evolved to the heights of a sane spirituality; he was converted by circumstances both singular and sublime.’

At the Humanitarian Congress in 1900, Madame Lucie Grange lectured on ‘The New Spiritualism and the Universal Communion of Souls in Divine Love.’ She took the line that man must not neglect his spiritual destiny; that he must seek happiness, not alone in the application of social theories, but in the study of sociability, and in striving towards benevolence in all human relations; that social harmony needs harmony of hearts; she desired that ‘schools of goodness’ should be founded. Lucie Grange's literary mission is one of education in spiritual progress, which, she holds, is the divine magic for overcoming evil of every kind.

It is curious to note how psychical studies and the literature relating to them seem to be coming to form a large and important branch of ‘Women's Work.’ Not to enlarge on the number of women mediums and speakers who occupy Spiritualist platforms in England and America, there are American Spiritualist and New Thought magazines edited, and largely written, by women, while ‘LIGHT’ can count among its more or less regular contributors a goodly list of ladies who are earnest and indefatigable workers. Nor has Madame

Grange been alone in her sphere and country, for the 'Revue du Spiritisme' was for many years directed by Madame Leymarie. We have had English occult journals edited by women, and a lady well known in psychical circles directs the English edition of an old-established French review of psychical science. As translators of spiritual literature, too, the names of four ladies who have made their mark occur at once to the mind. In fact, it seems as though these subjects appealed with special force to the sex whose crowning characteristic is a keen and clear intuition.

THE COURAGE OF CONVICTION.

Miss Lilian Whiting, writing in the 'Banner of Light,' says:—

'Professor Hiram Corson, of Cornell University, one of the greatest scholars and savants, a literary critic who is of the exalted order of creative interpreters, the friend of Browning and the editor of an edition of "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," to which he contributes an "Introduction" that is, all in all, probably, the ablest critique ever written on Browning's poetry, says, in a private letter, under date of November 25th, 1905—with full permission granted to quote his words—"I have been a Spiritualist all my life, and have never been an 'investigator.' It was never necessary for me to investigate the subject of communications from the spirit world. I have generally found that 'investigators' have been people whose lines of thought have so moulded their physical brains as to result in cerebral defects which, in turn, result in inveterate incredulity as to all spiritual things."

'Again, in the same letter, Dr. Corson quotes Thomas à Kempis as saying, "He to whom the Eternal Word speaks is set free from many opinions," and thus comments on these words: "What a significant sentence! Such a one doesn't have opinions about spiritual things—he knows—he has what Rabbi Ben Ezra, in Browning's poem, calls 'knowledge absolute.' By the 'Eternal Word' I understand the Divine Immanence. The 'Eternal Word' is ever ready to speak to everyone, but everyone is not ready to be spoken to, and to fit one to be spoken to by the Eternal Word is the highest aim of education."

'These words of Dr. Corson's seem to me too great, too convincing, too authoritative in their noble claim, not to be shared with the larger audience. Dr. Corson has the full courage of his convictions. He does not resort to the semi-confidential attitude of many prominent people who will assert: "I really believe in Spiritualism, but you must not quote me publicly as saying so. I do not call myself a Spiritualist, you know." Is it, then, more decorous to call one's self a materialist?

'The Rev. Dr. E. Winchester Donald, the late rector of Trinity Church in Boston—the lofty, noble, tender, wise and beautiful spiritual teacher—often spoke freely, and without any restrictions of privacy, of his own experiences in entering into communication with many in the unseen world, and at one time he remarked to me: "You do not go any further in your belief of the absolute oneness of the life here and the life beyond death than I do. I not only believe it; I know it; I have it."

'Let each one be true to the faith he holds; let him keep faith with his highest and his noblest convictions. Instead of denying that he is "a Spiritualist," because, indeed, there is some prejudice (which is simply ignorance of the true significance of Spiritualism)—instead of denying his faith and apologising for the fact that he cannot help believing there is "something in it," though he begs you will consider this admission as "wholly confidential"—instead of this ignoble attitude, let him insist that the term "Spiritualism" shall not be allowed to refer to anything base, fraudulent or inconsequential. . . Truth requires no apology. Shall not all Spiritualists unite in saying, "Shams and frauds and the low, the base, the inconsequential are not Spiritualism, any more than the Chaddbands are representative of the ministry in its faithful service and noble integrity, or any more than counterfeiters and rogues are financiers, or than slysters are lawyers, or than political wirepullers are statesmen; Spiritualism has no more to do with frauds and trickery than has finance with the creation of counterfeit bank bills. When it is fraud and trickery it is simply—not Spiritualism!" Let us hold the term as standing exclusively for the noble ideal of spirituality—a term that includes all intellectual effort, all moral aspiration after the divineness of life. As a matter of actual fact, Spiritualism in its largest significance and highest interpretation is the philosophy that includes and focuses all ethical truth.'

PRESENTATION TO MR. WALTER HOWELL.

At the Birmingham Ethical and Psychical Society's rooms on Saturday, December 30th, a tea party, at which upwards of sixty friends sat down, was followed by a farewell reception to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Howell. Mr. Harry Lucas (president), on behalf of the Society, presented Mr. Howell with a purse of gold, contributed by members and friends as a token of their appreciation, and in his address referred to the good work done by Mr. Howell during his four years' ministrations amongst us, and paid a warm tribute, echoed by all, to his intellectual abilities as a lecturer. Mr. Lucas also observed that, notwithstanding the changes that had taken place in the Society, Mr. Howell had not lost any of his old friends, and had gained many new ones. Mr. Howell, who was received with hearty applause, suitably thanked the members and friends, on behalf of Mrs. Howell and himself, for their token of appreciation, and after a retrospective view of the four years' work, he expressed the hope that the Society might in future exceed its past success. Messrs. Galloway, Davis, Towell, James, Clements, C. Watson, and Miss Dunlop added their testimony, and personally thanked Mr. Howell for the good they had derived from his teaching. During the evening vocal and instrumental music, recitations, &c., were given by Miss Hands, Mr. Pugh, Miss Lloyd, Mr. Conner, Mr. Summerfield, Mr. Towell, and Mr. James, whose kind services were heartily appreciated.

On Sunday evening last Mr. Howell addressed a large audience, his subject being 'The Evolution of Prayer, and Prayer as a Factor in Evolution.' C. W.

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.

A Direct Spirit Message.

SIR,—At Christmas time in 1904 I had a remarkable psychic experience to record (see p. 19 of 'LIGHT' for 1905), and this year (1905) I have a similar one, in which many of your readers will be interested. Permit me to record it briefly in 'LIGHT':—

Mrs. Theobald and I spent our Christmas Day quietly, at home, and had our son and his wife (Mary) and daughter to visit us. As usual, we had sent presents to our grandchildren, and among the presents was a packet of writing paper for Mary, which she took home with her, unopened, in the evening. I said, as I did last year: 'If you get any spirit writing on that paper, please send it at once.' Next day she wrote, and, remembering how our spirit friends had outwitted her before, she turned down a corner of the notepaper, on which she wrote her address, and then wrote a short letter to announce their safe arrival home, and added, 'We have not got any writing; there is no sign of it, although *they* (the spirits) seem very busy over something, and well pleased with themselves. One thing, they are not going to use the inside of my paper *this time*,' &c. But, folded over her own letter, inside the envelope, was another sheet of notepaper and written on three sides of it was a spirit message of greeting to us. Mary was ignorant both of the writing and of the fact of this sheet being enclosed with her own letter. She had clairvoyantly seen them about, but evidently she had not seen all they *did*. It is a very marvellous and very pretty phenomenon, but how was it done? MORELL THEOBALD.

P.S.—Let me congratulate 'LIGHT' on having completed its twenty-fifth year. I was in at the start, and in the thick then of 'Spiritualism at Home,' as its early records testify.

24, Handen-road, Lee.

December 30th, 1905.

Mr. F. Podmore: 'Then and Now.'

SIR,—In a recent number of 'LIGHT' I read a long quotation from some writings by Mr. Frank Podmore, which indicated that about thirty years ago he was an ardent believer in Spiritualism. He is now the 'doubting Thomas' of the Society for Psychical Research—the leader of the Sadducean wing of that body. I cannot find any statement of the reasons which led Mr. Podmore to abandon his early faith, though I have sought in many books which seemed to promise the desired information. I should be obliged if any reader could tell me where to look, or could give information on the point. When a man of Mr. Podmore's ability changes his views there must be some good reason, and I should like to know what it was. SEEKER.

Properties of the Ether.

SIR,—While greatly obliged to Mr. Wilmshurst for his courteous reply to my question, I fear he is trying to combine two irreconcilable theories. My view is that ether, if ponderable, must necessarily be gravitational, and if non-gravitational, then *ex hypothesi* imponderable. Permit me to point out that the fact of Professor Mendeléef having inferred the existence of an element some twenty-five times lighter than hydrogen, does not prove that this element is the ether of the mathematical physicist, and until it is shown to be the same we cannot adduce the possible existence of an element having this atomic weight as a proof that the ether is a ponderable element.

As to Mr. Wilmshurst's second paragraph, can we conceive, 'theoretically and mathematically,' of a ponderable substance not subject to the earth's gravitation? Would not this imply that universal attraction might have an exception, and a highly important one to us, namely, the earth itself? I repeat, that I can more easily conceive of a gravitational body being imponderable, in the sense that we may be unable to measure its gravitational power and determine its precise weight, than I can conceive of a ponderable body being non-gravitational. I fear that the books will not enlighten me as to Mr. Wilmshurst's personal opinions and the precise significance of his own phrase.

S. G.

'Mediumship and Fraud.'

SIR,—I was glad to see Dr. Theobald's letter in 'LIGHT' of December 30th, dealing with the important subject of 'Mediumship and Fraud,' which I think should be thoroughly and temperately discussed. In his thoughtful letter Dr. Theobald makes out a strong case for a suspension of judgment in reference to alleged exposures of fraudulent practices on the part of mediums, and suggests that tricks may be performed by mischievous spirits. Now, sir, admitting Dr. Theobald's contentions, I would like to ask, how then could a medium who actually tricked be detected and the fraudulent character of his performance be proved? If a spirit plays tricks, surely the medium who continues to afford that spirit opportunities for so doing is responsible and must take the consequences. Further, when there are evidences that 'toggery' and other articles, for use by the alleged 'materialised spirit,' have been provided beforehand and are not materialised by the spirit at the time, is the medium to be held blameless? If so, how can genuine phenomena be proved and honest mediums protected from the snitch of suspicion and unmerited condemnation?

L. T.

SIR,—I am not surprised at the article by Dr. R. M. Theobald, in last week's 'LIGHT,' as I have seen many others of a like character in the Spiritualist Press during the past nineteen years. But, as president of a spiritualist society, I strongly protest against such pleading for indifference towards deception, when found in a materialising medium. Every fraudulent medium can safely shelter himself behind the excuses made by Dr. R. M. Theobald. If, for instance, a form goes up to a sitter who inquires if it is 'A. B.' whom he met in Ireland, and the 'form' says it is, when, as a matter of fact, the sitter had never been in Ireland and did not know 'A. B.', then the excuse is made that it is a tricky spirit, or else that the sitter brought an element of fraud! If a 'form' brings out an alleged spirit light, which on being squeezed rather hard breaks, and some of the bits are afterwards examined and found to be part of a watch glass with phosphorescent paint daubed on the inside—as has really happened—again we are asked to believe that it must be due to bad conditions! Every fraud perpetrated in the past by mediums can be explained away on such grounds, but I fervently agree with a writer in 'LIGHT' some time back who said that what we want is honesty. If, as Dr. R. M. Theobald says, a genuine medium is 'occasionally so foolishly anxious to satisfy those who come in search of wonders that, in the absence of power, he may supply deficiencies or failures by discreditable assistance of his own,' then he is a fraud—a wicked fraud—deceiving people in the most sacred of all things, the return of loved ones from beyond the grave—cheating the bereaved for money! I say that such conduct is not that of an honest man, no matter how long he may have passed with credit before the public, for he is gaining money under false pretences. Could we trust that man again? Should we not be fools to place our worldly goods in the safe keeping of such men? And yet Dr. R. M. Theobald would say yes, in the case of a medium discovered tricking who had been known to give genuine phenomena!

So long as mediums refuse to sit in proper light, in my opinion, the public are entitled to demand test conditions; otherwise sordid motives will always prompt the addition of the spurious phenomena. Those who pay must swallow all with

blind credulity or have such letters and articles as that under criticism flung at their faces.

It is a peculiarity of many Spiritualists that in every case of exposure they damn the expositors instead of the exposed!

Let us have no 'pious frauds' in Spiritualism; no one who loves truth could possibly condone them in connection with such a subject, if they were earnest in their Spiritualism.

If we cannot get genuine phenomena without the fraudulent being mixed up with them, I am convinced, as the result of my experience and observation, that we are better without materialisations altogether, for the darkness, the lack of test conditions, and the frequently questionable nature of the proceedings do more harm than good.

Nottingham.

J. FRASER HEWES.

The Mediumship of Dr. Slade.

SIR,—May I crave a few lines in 'LIGHT' to protest against the garbled and unfair manner in which a writer, signing himself 'A Grown-up Infant,' in last Monday's 'Daily Telegraph,' mixes up conjuring and Spiritualism? His self-appellation is curiously appropriate, judging by the article, which indicates that his mind, on some matters, has not much advanced or expanded beyond the infant stage.

I will pass over the repulsive self-sufficiency of the writer, arising probably from ignorance of the subject of Spiritualism, but one cannot so easily ignore the unfairness of his lucubrations.

I fail to see the necessity to libel Dr. Slade in particular or mediums in general, in order to advertise Maskelyne. If Maskelyne can imitate the mango trick and the well-known fakir performances, slate writing, rappings, &c., let him do it under the same artless conditions so frequently observed, and it will then be time enough to asperse and insult genuine and honest mediums.

One might disdain to reply to ignorance so obvious, but not so in regard to the writer's cowardly attacks against a dead man. I maintain that Dr. Slade, after his so-called exposure, amply demonstrated both in America and Germany, in the presence of the most competent and critical witnesses, the genuineness of the phenomena. The writer's explanation as to how Slade produced the writing on slates would really be laughable in its grotesqueness, if it were not such a travesty of the truth. 'It is easy,' he says, 'to produce spirit writing, when you know that words written on a slate with an agate point become as invisible when wet as they are visible when dry; it is almost as easy to write on a slate beneath a table, if you fix a pencil to your finger with a ring!'

And so, forsooth, this is the colossal secret unveiled! This is how Dr. Slade took in learned savants, scientific men, and Professor Zöllner, not excluding the then great professional conjurers! This ridiculous explanation will not hold water. It is simply stupid, as it fails to deal with all the elaborate tests instituted by critical minds to prevent fraud. The writer is probably ignorant that over and over again sitters brought their own slates, securely fastened, and which were never handled by the medium. But this omission on the writer's part was probably a convenient one, with the object of upholding a gross misrepresentation. I am not attempting to vindicate Dr. Slade. Those whose opinion is worth anything know that he stood vindicated long years ago, in spite of the stupid, mendacious, and cheap methods of up-to-date journalism with which 'they love to tickle the ears of the groundlings.' In conclusion, may I draw the attention of the readers of 'LIGHT' to the fact, that even during the last dark days of Slade's life, his medical attendant vouches for the fact that writing was sometimes obtained on slates, when he (Slade) was too feeble to hold them, and even when he was as far as eight or nine feet away?

'Cremona,'

CHAS. WILLIAMS.

Brondesbury Park, N.W.
December 26th, 1905.

A Caution to Sensitives.

SIR,—Will you allow me, through your columns, to give a warning to all sensitives not to sit at the Psychical Research Society's rooms at Hanover-square, at any rate while the present council hold office?

I am a life member of the Psychical Research Society and much regret having to write this, but it is absolutely necessary.

A friend of mine, who is a fine sensitive, was asked some time ago to give a reading, which she goodnaturedly did, charging nothing for her time and trouble. There was a person present who was smoking a cigar. For a man to fill a room with smoke in the presence of a lady to whom he is a perfect stranger, a good deal of effrontery is required; but when the object of the meeting is to test the phenomena of visualisation

his conduct becomes a downright outrage. It also implies, either that the offender is entirely ignorant of the conditions required to obtain psychical phenomena, or that he wishes to render the sitting abortive.

In this case there is no doubt that this person did know the conditions which clairvoyants demand for the successful exercise of their gift, and the only conclusion to come to is that his object was to embarrass the lady, and spoil the exhibition of her powers.

Fortunately, there was a gentleman present who (according to my friend's description) must, I think, be a powerful personality and mediumistic, for his sympathy and tact dissipated the annoyance felt by the sensitive, and saved the situation. She has, however, declined to sit again in rooms where she may meet with the same antagonistic elements.

About six or seven weeks after this, and after she had declined to sit again, she received a postal order, which just covered her travelling expenses to Hanover-square and back. If the president or any vice-president of our Society wish to know the name of the offending member, I shall be glad to give it to them.

8, Western Parade,
Southsea.

W. USBORNE MOORE,
Rear Admiral.

The Chambers Séances at Newcastle.

SIR,—Mr. Elstob, in his letter in 'LIGHT' of December 30th, says that he withdrew from the sub-committee only 'after finding all the arrangements were concluded,' but it was not until after he heard Mr. Bryce, the secretary, read a letter from Chambers stating that he would cancel the contract for the sittings if the committee invited the barman (I don't know his name) who behaved so brutally at Mr. Easthope's. Mr. Elstob ran himself into an untenable position by insisting on the person referred to being invited or the abandonment altogether of the sittings, which he urged could have no public value if his friend were to be excluded. The barman's carriage stopped the way, but law and authority ordered it to drive on, which it did, taking Mr. Elstob along with it. Personally I consider that Chambers acted quite within his rights in protecting himself from the proverbial pack of hounds which were after him.

Gosforth.

J. MOULD.

Tottenham Children's Christmas Treat.

SIR,—Kindly allow me to acknowledge the following subscriptions received from your readers in answer to my appeal on behalf of the Christmas treat given to poor children by the Tottenham society: A. Molland (India), 10s.; A Reader of 'LIGHT,' 5s.; A Lewisham Friend, 5s.; E. L. Boswell Stone, 2s.

In thanking these kind friends I should like to say that we entertained sixty very poor children who participated in a good meal, a Christmas tree laden with beautiful toys, and were each presented with two warm garments. It did our hearts good to witness their delight and the pleasure with which they took part in the games. We hope to be able to greatly extend our work next year.

ANNETTE TURNER,
Assistant Secretary.

Ivy House, Upper Fore-street,
Edmonton, N.

FACULTIES OF PIGEONS.—The story of a dog who knew when it was Sunday, and went to church by himself when the family were unable to attend, is doubtless familiar to most, but M. Thauziès, in the Paris 'Temps,' tells of a pigeon who objected to being sent away for homing flights, as was done every Saturday. For several Saturdays in succession her owner was unable to find her, and only through the pigeon being brought home by a neighbour did he learn that, just as regularly, she had been found on Sunday mornings in this neighbour's pigeon-house, to which she had gone on the Saturday afternoon and stayed there until there was no risk of her being sent out for training-flights. The same writer relates how a friend of his, who had sold some of his pigeons and afterwards changed his abode, was surprised to find in his new pigeon-house some of the birds he had sold, and who had never been there before. It was found that these birds had been seen flying around the old loft, and it is thought probable that they had accidentally fallen in with some of their old companions and accompanied them to the new home. The writer thinks that carrier pigeons 'are endowed with a special intelligence, which observes, compares, and reflects.'

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.

THE UNION OF LONDON SPIRITUALISTS will hold a conference at Braemar-road, Plaistow, on January 7th. Speakers: at 3 p.m., Mr. Rex; at 7 p.m., Messrs W. E. Long, Rex, and J. A. Adams.

STRATFORD.—IDMISTON-ROAD, FOREST-LANE, E.—On Sunday last Mr. Wrench's address was followed by psychometrical delineations. On Sunday next, at 11 a.m., discussion; at 7 p.m., Mrs. Webb. Thursday, investigators' circle.—A. G.

HACKNEY.—SIGDON-ROAD SCHOOL, DALSTON-LANE, N.E.—Services will be resumed on Sunday next, January 7th, at 7 p.m. Mrs. Roberts will deliver an address, and Mr. Roberts will give clairvoyant descriptions.—N. RIST.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—On Sunday last, after an enjoyable members' experience meeting, a Watch Night service was held. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. J. W. Adams, president, will give a New Year's address. Mrs. Adams holds a public circle every Thursday.—J. P.

CHISWICK.—110, HIGH-ROAD.—On Sunday morning last great benefit was reaped from healing mediumship exercised by the spirit controls. A Watch Night service was largely attended and very much enjoyed. On Sunday next, at 11 a.m., spiritual circle; a hearty welcome to all.—R. S.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday evening last Mrs. M. H. Wallis gave answers to eight written questions in a manner which greatly pleased an interested and inquiring audience. Mr. Leigh Hunt presided. On Sunday next Mr. J. W. Boulding will give an address.—S. W.

BRIGHTON.—COMPTON HALL, 17, COMPTON-AVENUE.—On Sunday last Mr. Harry Fielder gave eloquent and practical addresses on 'Living Souls,' and 'Spiritualism in its Relation to Life.' Speaker on Sunday next, Mr. W. T. Ruffle. On Monday next, at 6 p.m., the annual tea and social will be held. Tickets, 1s. each. All welcome.—A. C.

CLAPHAM INSTITUTE, GAUDEN-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. Metcalfe gave an interesting address on 'Time and Eternity,' relating his own striking experiences. Solos by the band were highly appreciated. Mrs. A. Boddington presided. Service on Sunday next at 7 p.m. prompt; at 8.15 p.m., circle. Thursday, at 8.15 p.m. (Room 3), public circle for psychometry and clairvoyance; silver collection.—H. Y.

PECKHAM.—CHEPSTOW HALL, 139, PECKHAM-ROAD.—On Sunday morning last the public circle was well attended; in the evening, Mrs. Powell-Williams, of Manchester, presided, and Mrs. A. Webb gave an address, followed by successful clairvoyant descriptions. At the after-circle the clairvoyant descriptions given by Mrs. Powell-Williams were all recognised. On Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., circle; at 7 p.m., Mr. Underwood; at 8 p.m., members' meeting. On Sunday, January 14th, Mrs. Powell-Williams, clairvoyante.

BOURNEMOUTH.—21, CHARMINSTER-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. Walker's trance address on 'Good and Evil' was much enjoyed. Some spirit drawings were shown and admired, and an after-circle was held.—P. R. S.

BALHAM.—19, RAMSDEN-ROAD (OPPOSITE THE PUBLIC LIBRARY).—On Sunday last Mr. George Morley gave a fine address on 'Why be a Faithist?' followed by clairvoyant descriptions.

BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD.—HENLEY-STREET.—On Sunday, December 24th, Mr. H. Fielder gave an inspiring address and sang a solo composed by himself. On Sunday last Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Adams gave excellent addresses and at midnight the members held their usual Watch-Night circle.—W. R. S.

STOKE NEWINGTON.—GOTHIC HALL, BOUVERIE-ROAD.—On Sunday morning last a discussion was held. In the evening Mr. E. W. Wallis gave a stirring spiritual address on 'The Watchwords of Spiritualism: Truth, Freedom, and Progress!' which was greatly appreciated by a full audience.—S.

SOUTHAMPTON.—WAVERLEY HALL, ST. MARY'S-ROAD.—On Sunday, December 24th last, Mr. Vineer gave a reading of Dickens' 'Christmas Carol,' and the collection, amounting to 15s. 2½d., was handed to the 'Hilda' fund. On Sunday last, a splendid address by Mr. E. M. Sturgess on 'The Christ that is to be,' was much appreciated.—W.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—SURREY MASONIC HALL.—On Sunday morning last many visitors attending the public circle received spirit messages and clairvoyant descriptions. In the evening Mr. Long's address on 'The Gift of the Spirit' was highly appreciated by a considerable audience, and many stayed to the Watch-Night circle.—S. C.