

Light!

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

No. 1,326.—VOL. XXVI.

[Registered as]

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1906.

[a Newspaper.]

PRICE TWOPENCE.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

A business man, one Arthur Richard Rose, has just written a book on 'A common-sense Hell.' He is neither flippant nor romantic, but just a sensible, logical, serious man of the world thinking things out. He squarely faces the idea of spirit-life in the beyond but strangely fails to grasp the fact that spirit-life can mean a spirit-body. He pictures his spirits as bodiless beings who, because bodiless, have no means of realising virtue as sacrifice and service. They are mere centres of thought and reasoning, and possibly of hope and despair. He casts his reflections in a taking form, by imagining a spirit who talks to him and supplies him with information concerning spirit-life. This spirit says :—

We know not even where we are in relation to other parts of the universe. There is no sun, nor moon, nor stars, nor locality for us. We know not whether hell is a place or a mere stage of existence. For us it has no metes nor bounds. For us it is as wide as the universe itself. We simply know that we exist in company with one another and we can communicate our thoughts to one another, but, as to our future, we know no more for certain than we did when we were on earth.

This spirit is in what may be called 'Hell,' but stands a little apart and gazes and meditates upon the horror of it : and the horror of it is the terrible power of malignant minds to depress and degrade. Thought-transference plays a principal part in all that. Evil spirits can, according to Mr. Rose, by combination, overpower their victims, and, by long practice, such spirits gain enormous power and a dreadful intensification of their own evil bias.

But, on the other hand, there are spirits on that plane who have hope, and who believe that the law of increased tendency will apply to cherished good as well as evil, and they seem to be unanimous as to the belief that each man must fit his own soul for anything higher, if anything higher is to be reached.

These speculations are evidently largely influenced by our spiritual philosophy and by spirit communications, but, as we have said, the writer fails to see that a spirit is by no means likely to be bodiless ;—rather the reverse, we should say. Besides, he does not bring into the account the unity of the spirit-world, and the presence there of the reign of law and the ministry of angels, both of which would greatly modify the dull and gloomy picture he gives us.

Differences of creed and ritual that have long separated and estranged good Christians in Germany have been largely shelved by the simple expedient of doing love-work

for the poor and the suffering : and one good man, a certain Johann Heinrich Wichern, began it.

It has taken a few years for the good seed to grow, but now there is a smiling harvest. A German writer declares that this example of humanitarian work has leavened the whole mass of Church life in Germany, that both Catholics and Protestants have been united in admiration of and participation in the good work, and that, in the relief of suffering and the effort to remedy social degradation, keen polemical antagonists have found a common ground of sympathy on which theological differences were reconciled or forgotten. The new initiative, says this writer,—

implies not merely a return to the essential spirit of original Christianity. It also brings about a mutual understanding of individual views among those whose dogmatic antagonisms it overcomes, or at least accommodates to each other, without at all ignoring them. Further, those who may be theologically divided, Protestants and Catholics, can join hands in practical work of beneficence without compromising their individual convictions. Without this co-operation in works, such religious convictions too often lead to nothing else but barren and pernicious disputations.

Prominent speakers, at a Congress lately held, referred to the work of the Mission as one of national importance in the reconciliation of religious factions in Germany. This writer says :—

The Evangelical Church has from the beginning been somewhat too much of a theological church. So far was this the case that during the first half of the nineteenth century it has very frequently happened that the whole life and activity of this church was absorbed by theological inquiry and speculation, and by the controversies in which theologians engaged in disputing either among themselves or with the divines of other religious bodies.

This is now greatly modified, and, at the Congress, the following quaint and significant resolution was carried ; that 'there is a much wider difference, involving a much greater peril to the unity of the nation, between the religious in life and the irreligious in life than between those of merely opposing views.'

This is getting down to the soul of things with a vengeance : and so, once more, we see signs of longing for the religion of the spirit. If the Founder of Christendom knows of it, as he surely does, how he must rejoice !

A letter from California, in 'The Progressive Thinker,' tenderly and bravely refers to the recent 'exposures' of sham mediums in the United States. It says :—

This seems to be a pruning time in the orchards of Spiritualism. The trees have sent their roots too far down in the soil of human life and its needs, to be uprooted. If, through all the turbulent years preceding the rebellion, when sectional feeling ran high, when in thought brother was against brother as they were later on the battle-field, when slavery with its terrible train of evils, upheld as it was largely by many a pulpit, disgraced the flag, if, I say, the spirit world could bring the power of the invisible hosts to bear on this, the chosen country, at such a time and under such conditions, and establish their claim, speak with a voice that no amount of persecution has been able to silence, I do not believe we need fear for the results, as between the true and the false in our ranks. The

same wisdom, the same power, is still 'behind the throne.' Let us trust it, but work while we trust.

This is a thought with something to hold by in it. We are too apt to forget 'the power behind the throne,' the power behind our watchfulness, our planning, our disappointment and our grief. There are probably uses in the 'pruning' which, at the time, hurts us. Let us trust and work.

Mr. Mallock, in his 'Reconstruction of Religious Belief,' speculates as to the survival of Christianity. Its antagonist, he says, is not irreligion but eclecticism which will take from Christianity its humanitarian virtues, something of its spiritual exaltation and much of its spiritual refinement, and will add to these a scientific account of life and of the existence of evil which God deplotes on man's account rather than resents on His own, and will consequently make of religion a movement towards strength, beauty and happiness.

The result of the competition between Christianity and Eclecticism is uncertain, but Mr. Mallock says plainly :—

Christianity has prevailed for so many centuries and among so many nations, because, while its cosmogony, its anthropology, and its doctrinal system in general, have satisfied the human intellect during past conditions of knowledge, its moral and spiritual teaching has satisfied even more completely the moral and spiritual needs of all men, from kings to beggars. If it is to retain its ascendancy, it must continue to fulfil the same functions; but in order to do this it must enlarge both its intellectual and its moral borders, purging its doctrines, on the one hand, of the now intolerable imagery derived from the old geocentric vision of things; and taking to its heart, on the other hand, ideals of knowledge, culture, mundane progress and enjoyment, which hitherto it has but barely tolerated, when it has not positively denounced them. If Christianity fails to effect this enlargement—or in other words, in proportion to the strength of those civilising impulses which it leaves un-sanctioned and unprovided for—its ascendancy will inevitably decline; and the new wine must be trusted to find for itself new bottles.

The following quaint and lovely lines 'from an obituary notice' have been sent to us. The analogy is not perfect, but the thought is :—

'Oh little bulb, uncouth; & ragged and rusty brown,
Have you some dew of youth? Have you a crimson gown?
'Plant me and see what I shall be—
God's fine surprise before your eyes!'

A body wearing out, a crumbling house of clay!
Oh agony of doubt and darkness and dismay!
'Trust God and see what I shall be—
His best surprise before your eyes!'

SPIRITUAL PRAYERS.

(From many shrines.)

Oh Thou Infinite One, whose loving energies find their manifestation in us, and in all the complex activities of the Universe, we desire to draw closer to Thee, by acknowledging ourselves the expression of Thy eternal thought, and the very outpouring of Thy creative spirit. Thou hast imprisoned us within the framework of material causation, so that under the ordinance of evolution, and through infinite gradations of consciousness, we might eternally progress towards eternal union with Thee. Show us more clearly the way and fill our being with the aspiration of Thy love. Give us a participation in Thy supreme joy, and hasten our admittance into the hierarchies of peace by quickening our wills to seek their realisation in the fulfilment of Thine.

THE VALUE OF WORK.—'The use of obstacles is to make us strong, to develop character in the process of overcoming them. The object of life is to gain wisdom by experience and the joy of life consists in conquering obstacles—in other words, in doing useful work.'—'The Nautilus.'

THE 'MYSTERIOUS POWDER.'

SOME WEIRD EXPERIENCES.

The friends who have contributed the following narrative have been so long and so well known to us that we have no hesitation in saying that their strange story may be confidently relied upon for the strictest accuracy in every particular :—

The communication of 'B. W.' respecting a 'Mysterious Powder' and its magical properties, which appeared recently in 'LIGHT,' and was copied into a certain London weekly newspaper, greatly interested two persons who do not happen to live in England, but who take a lively interest in what is going on there, and read the papers diligently.

One of these persons, 'Saint Barbara,' wrote for and received a small parcel of the 'Mysterious Powder.' The two friends held a consultation over it; the packet was very small, and they both desired to experience the wonders related by 'B. W.' but neither wished, by dividing the powder, to spoil the effect by using too small a quantity. 'Saint Barbara' unselfishly and magnanimously said she would willingly give it up to her friend—who is simply 'an ordinary woman'—and herself wait for a further supply. The proposal was rejected, and it was decided that 'Saint Barbara' should be the first to make an excursion into the unknown regions of the spirit world, and on her return should faithfully relate her experiences therein to her waiting friend.

The day was spent in wondering and pleasant anticipation. Speculation over the possible and probable result, not unmixed with anxiety, occupied the thoughts of the two friends and seasoned their conversation. To see once more the loved ones who had passed behind the veil; to gaze on faces radiant with life, that one had last seen stamped with the cold mysterious seal of death; to see with one's eyes that they were really living, moving, active; that death had been a delusion, a dream; that the lost ones were not lost, but were within our sight, our ken,—to learn all this what sacrifice could be too great? How could one be grateful enough for the means through which such knowledge could be attained?

So the day passed, and the friends separated for the night, the one full of glad anticipation, the other in some anxiety for her friend—for 'Saint Barbara' is no robust, everyday woman, but frail, delicate, and, as her name implies, saintly—her thoughts, hopes, aspirations directed more to spiritual things than to the things of earth.

Next morning dawned, and as the hours passed and there was still no sign of life from the chamber of 'Saint Barbara,' her friend began to be anxious, and as the hands of the clock neared the hour of ten had just made up her mind to enter the chamber and awaken the sleeper, when to her relief the bell rang. On entering the room she was met by a strong smell of burnt incense, and the sight of a pale grey film which covered the otherwise polished surface of tables, chairs, ornaments, &c. The atmosphere seemed decidedly thick and uncomfortable, and in need of renewing by the opening of the windows, which she proceeded to do, after assuring herself that her friend was still in the land of mortals, and, in appearance at least, the same as when they had said 'goodnight' twelve hours before.

It soon transpired that, beyond filling the room with smoke, through which she had vainly peered in the expectation of seeing the walls recede and a lovely flower garden open up to her view peopled with longed-for friends and acquaintances, 'Saint Barbara' had had no experiences whatever! The only results were a pain of smarting eyes, an aching head, and a decidedly bad humour. 'I am so dreadfully disappointed,' she sighed; 'I was so sure of experiencing something beautiful, and I know my beloved spirit friends expected it also, for, as you know, all last evening we were conscious of their presence and of their interest in the experiment. They were rapping constantly all round about us and evincing their pleasure in the prospect of my being able to see and recognise them. But nothing happened! not a thing! I made a little heap of the powder on that bronze plate, put it on the table, and when

ready for getting into bed I lighted it. Only a little night-light was burning in the brass lantern with the blue glass. All was quiet. The pattern on the top of the lantern made weird shadows on the ceiling, but that was all. I stared into the smoke as long as I could see it. Then I thought the powder must have gone out, so I got out of bed to look and stirred it up a little, scraped all the unburnt scraps together and relit them. I felt so disappointed and vexed. Before lighting the powder, I had prayed that God would grant me His blessing and allow my eyes to be opened to the spirit world where I knew my loved ones would be eagerly on the watch for me. I had even signed a codicil to my will, so that I could be satisfied that if I did not return to earth again all my earthly affairs were in order. And this is the result. Nothing happened, though I stared my hardest into the smoke, and never slept a wink till long after daylight. I don't believe there's any magic or anything else in that powder, it is only powdered joss-sticks. I'm sure if "B. W." crushed up some joss-sticks and burnt it he would see just as much and as well as with that powder. Mysterious indeed !

Most decidedly 'Saint Barbara' was in a very bad humour. She bathed her smarting eyes and grumbled over her disappointment, which in truth was a severe one, seeing that she had never once doubted that some glorious vision would result from the experiment. Nor had she entered upon it lightly, but believing and prayerfully.

A few days later, the friends received a further supply of the 'Mysterious Powder.' 'Saint Barbara' declined a further trial, saying: 'No! indeed, my eyes have not yet left off smarting.' 'B. W.' had sent careful instructions as to conditions and the quantity of powder to be ignited—half a teaspoonful.

'How much did you use?' asked the friend.

'About four spoonfuls,' replied 'Saint Barbara.'

'Probably that accounts for the smarting eyes, headache, and bad humour, as well as the grey dust on the furniture,' was the thought of the other, who is, as before mentioned, only 'an ordinary woman.'

Some days passed and the 'ordinary woman' did not trouble her head about the experiment. Truth to tell, she had no faith in it. The lack of result in the case of 'Saint Barbara' had shattered what little belief she might have had. The resemblance to powdered joss-sticks which 'Saint Barbara' had mentioned was palpable enough, and no amount of burning joss-sticks had ever affected the vision of 'the ordinary woman,' so she was in no hurry to put the powder to the test. One evening, however (Sunday, May 27th), having retired to her room earlier than usual, and having partly prepared for the night, she lay down on the couch, as is her wont, to read for half an hour before going to bed. The house was still and only an occasional croak of a frog or the twitter of a bird disturbed the quietude of the warm night outside. It occurred to her that she might as well give the powder a trial, if only to keep 'Saint Barbara' in countenance, and to be able to give the promised report to 'B. W.' as to the results. So she placed a little heap of powder on a brass plate on a chair in the middle of the room, lighted it, turned down the lamp and put a screen before it, and then, making herself comfortable on the couch again, stared into the thin streak of pale blue smoke before her. The walls did not disappear but the light seemed to go out, leaving the room in black darkness through which she stared at the palely luminous smoke that still ascended. A cold wind then seemed to sweep round her, the noise of it being blended with shrill whistles of locomotives and the roar of many voices. She began to shiver; a shawl lay beside her but she did not think of putting it on. She stared into the smoke, which formed a ring and floated away into a distance and there remained. Then it seemed as if this ring was the end of a black tunnel through which the wind rushed, bringing with it sounds of shrieks and tumult beyond bearing. She looked towards the opening of the tunnel defined by the wreath of blue smoke, and, eager to escape the cold and tumult, hastened towards it. Outside it was lighter, but not much; a mist or fog lay thick before her almost as impenetrable as the darkness behind her. But as she looked she could see gleams

of light through the mist, and she went towards them, and then she saw that they were the lights in the streets of a city! There were gas lamps, electric lamps, and also tramways—electric and otherwise. There were carriages and horses, and men and women, laughing, talking, walking slowly or hurrying past. No one took any notice of her, and she wondered a little how and why she had come there and what she should do. An electric tram halted close beside her and several people got out and some got in. Obeying an impulse she followed the latter and seated herself. Opposite to her sat a pale, haggard woman, very poor and badly dressed, holding on her knee a big boy of ten or twelve years, with dirty tear-stained face. The boy was shod in torn soleless boots and as one of his feet was bleeding the woman tied a rag round it. The conductor came to collect the fares. The mother tendered him a single copper coin. The conductor demanded one for the boy also, and the mother excused herself, saying she had no more, and that as the boy sat on her knee he took nobody else's place. The boy, she said, could not walk; so she had expended her last coin that they might reach home. The 'ordinary woman' wished to pay the conductor, who was obdurate, but before she could do so a man at her side brought out a coin and tendered it to the conductor. The mother thanked him and began to explain how the boy had hurt his foot.

While she was speaking a brake passed, to which four fine horses were attached, the horses galloping as though frightened or being driven furiously. They crossed the rails in front of the tram and something happened, she could not be sure what, but the horses entered a gateway, and three young men, accompanied by an older one, climbed into the tram. They had been in the brake that had crossed the rails. The three young men were all more or less intoxicated. One of them laughed and talked boastfully, and brought out a handful of bank notes from his pocket and flourished them in the faces of his companions. In doing this some silver coins fell to the floor. He stooped to pick them up, and as he did so she recognised in him a lad who at one time had been very dear to her. She called to him, but he took no notice. She then spoke to the elder man who was with the party, asking him to look after and protect the foolish lad from his companions, but the man took no notice of her.

Desperate at her failure and horrified at the condition of the young man, she followed them when they got out of the tram and went into a building which was evidently a club-house. There a man met the party and invited them to a game of billiards. She whispered to the young man to come away, and to go to his room. He would not heed her, and, others coming in, the party was increased. She did her utmost to persuade him to go to his room, and even accused the others of the intention to rob the young fellow, but none heeded nor noticed her. She heard the lewd and ribald talk, and when, in spite of her efforts, the young man went to the billiard room, she turned away heartsick and distressed at her failure.

She was so helpless and powerless that she wandered out of the place into the streets again, pondering on what she had seen, and wondering if any earthly power could prevent a young man going to ruin, unless he himself fought against temptation. She felt lonely and unhappy. She did not know whither she should turn her steps, and it vexed her that passers-by should utterly ignore her presence in the same way as the passengers in the tram, and the party in the vestibule of the club-house.

She stopped before a house, why, she did not quite know; but the door was open and she went upstairs and entered a room to her right. It was a bedroom. A lamp was burning, a woman lay sick in bed whom she recognised as one whose family she had frequently, at some sacrifice to herself, tried to help. A young girl sat by the bedside with her hat on, and read a letter to the invalid. Then the invalid and the girl talked together, and the listening woman heard herself spoken of and the help she had given made light of, and, moreover, she heard it hinted that her motives for helping them were not purely disinterested. This was too much, and she recalled the pleas they had made to her, and how she had impoverished herself in order to give them the help they required; and now

to know they were not only ungrateful but accused her of mean motives! A torrent of words rushed over her lips. Anger almost choked her. She felt that she must take the invalid by the shoulders and shake her till she took back her words. In spite, however, of all she said the invalid and the girl went on talking, taking no notice of her, and with resentment and bitter anger she left the room and went out into the air. In the midst of what she considered her just displeasure, it made her more angry still to remember that even now a letter, with more help, was on its way from her to the invalid.

So she wandered on, feeling her anger giving way to sadness and loneliness. She did not know which way to go, there was no one who noticed her, no one who spoke to her; she did not know where she was, nor where her home might be. She was in the midst of the grey mist and fog, and the feeling of desolation and forlornness seemed to swallow her up. She feared to move, for the mist was too thick for her to see where to place her feet. She forgot all her grievances in the need she herself felt for help. It seemed to her that this state of misery lasted for ages; she felt so small, so forlorn, so helpless, so very miserable that she could only wait till the light of day.

While she waited she heard, or felt, or saw, she knew not which, the words, 'Unto the hills will I lift mine eyes whence cometh my help.' The words seemed familiar, but she could not remember where or when she had heard them. While trying to think whence the words had come, she felt two strong hands grasp her shoulders, and turn her round. Involuntarily lifting her eyes, she saw, above the mist, a spot of rosy light. She watched it, and saw that it was the light of the rising sun on the snowy peak of a mountain. The hands still grasped her shoulders, and she felt safe, while she watched the rosy light creep slowly downwards, bathing the familiar heights in the glorious light of a new day.

Then she awoke. She was still on her couch in her room. The lamp still burnt, the daylight was creeping in through the chinks of the curtains, and a little heap of ashes was all that remained of the 'Mysterious Powder.'

P.S.—In order to ascertain if the foregoing was a real experience or simply a dream, I, the 'ordinary woman,' have written two letters, one to the young man whom I met in the tramcar and one to the invalid.

To the first I have no answer—and I do not wonder.

To the second I have a few lines in reply, saying:—

'Yes, it is a fact that L. was reading a letter to me late last Sunday night. She had spent the afternoon and evening at her uncle's and lost the train; had to come by the last. I had gone to bed, thinking she was staying the night. She got in just after twelve and had brought me a letter from her uncle and also one he had received from P.' (her husband, who is abroad).

In my letter to her I had not mentioned the conversation between her and her daughter, as in all probability they did not know they were overheard; and, may be, would not acknowledge that it was a fact.

Such were the experiences of

'SAINT BARBARA' AND 'AN ORDINARY WOMAN.'

Mr. Stanley Plummer, of Nottingham, writes: 'I tried my first experiment last night in bed, burning the powder on a live coal. The first sensation was like that of the magnetic trance. I felt the breathing getting deeper and slower, then changing to a quick breathing; then a sensation of fear, as of "the hair rising on end"; then I passed into a deeper trance and saw a tall Hindoo, the hair cut very close, with a bare place on top like a tonsure. He showed himself wearing a white turban and a loin cloth. His fingers were long and bony, and the figure altogether lean and supple. He made seven passes over me from the head to the foot, and three signs: the old sign of the cross, the circle with dot, and the double circle, joined as in figure 8. I heard my dead brother's name "Robert," and saw written in letters "the East."

'Then, in a waking dream, I saw my brother, who died a very unhappy death. He looked quite happy, with a sweet smile on his face; the right hand, lifted above his head, was pointing to a bright star. I heard that another brother—who has not

been very well—would require attention in the night. My mother and sister had to get up to him about three o'clock, and stay with him till five. I also got the impression that the sender of the powder could magnetise, or had done so in the past.'

GHOSTS AND THEIR CLOTHES.

The discussion in the 'Occult Review' with regard to the appearance of ghosts in clothes, is continued in the June number. An Editorial note informs us that 'Taibhse,' the author of the prize essay published last month, is Miss Maud Joynt, of Dublin, and that an essay by Miss H. A. Dallas will be published in July.

The article in the current number is by 'Lux,' otherwise Mr. Edwin Lucas, of Whitton Park, Hounslow, who takes the view that as ghosts (horrid word!) were once men and women, and as 'it is logical to assume that a man "dead" is to all intent the same as a man "alive," and would be actuated by corresponding motives,' we must consider why *men* wear clothes, and the reply is as follows:—

'It would appear superficially as if men wore clothes merely to keep themselves warm, yet, on reflection, this will be seen to be not the only reason, nor even the most important one. A policeman would be just as warm in the skin sack of an Esquimaux, but dressed as such he would not embody the modern idea of a policeman. A knight in armour gives an impression of a fighting man, but the same man in rags and tatters, although perhaps more comfortable and quite as warm, would not body forth the idea of a properly equipped fighter. Even in countries where clothes are not necessary for warmth, they are still worn, and with infinite gradations of form and colour. It seems clear, therefore, that men wear clothes principally for the purpose of manifesting ideas of authority and individuality. As a "ghost" was a man and every man will be a "ghost," it seems evident that a "ghost" wears clothes for precisely the same dominant motives, to express his individuality and identify himself with the position and period of his earth-life. . . . The theory which might well be formulated by any respectable ghost would be: As I was—so I am.'

The writer mentions the objection raised in the question as propounded by the Editor of the 'Occult Review,' and states it as follows:—

'It seems to present a difficulty to some people, this question of ghosts' clothes, as they say that even if the man is immortal, clothes are not, and therefore it is unreasonable, absurd, and impossible for an authentic ghost to appear clothed.'

But to our mind he just misses the true solution of the enigma. The bodily form, which appears as a 'ghost,' is not the real spirit; it is not therefore any more 'immortal' than the clothes; it is the immaterial counterpart of the bodily frame which was the means of expression for the spirit during earth-life; and the appearance of a man 'in his habit as he lived' is no more wonderful than his appearance in correct stature, form and features, and whatever reasoning applies to these applies to the clothes also.

A SPIRIT ADVISES VEGETARIANISM.—In view of the discussion about the soundness of arguments for vegetarianism, it is interesting to read in Lucy A. Mallory's paper, 'The Universal Republic' (Portland, Oregon), the Rev. Geneva Lake's account, given at the St. Louis World's Fair, of the way in which spirit counsel was given and followed. The writer says: 'Twenty-eight years ago, in a most unexpected manner, I became conscious of the admonitions of a supermundane being, who directed my mind to the desirability of abstaining from the use of flesh food. I was suffering greatly, in a variety of ways, but chiefly with stomach difficulties. At that time I had never given attention to the diet question or food reform. The suggestion made by the spiritual visitant much impressed me; from the very first the tabooed dishes were entirely discarded, and with appreciable benefit within a very few weeks. My mental powers increased, my moral fibre toughened, and my spiritual senses notably augmented—a sequel no gratifying that it would scarcely have been possible for me to refrain from communicating to my congregations the interest and enthusiasm which I felt, and which have not abated as years have passed on.'

PSYCHIC MEN OF ACTION.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE WORLD TO-DAY TOWARDS SOME OF ITS
PSYCHIC MEN OF ACTION AND THOUGHT IN
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY ALBERT GRESSWELL, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.S.

'Dass der Mensch ins Unvermeidliche sich füge, darauf dringen alle Religionen; jede sucht auf ihre Weise mit dieser Aufgabe zu werden.'—GOETHE.

We were told a short time since, in a communication from Paris to one of our leading dailies (the 'Daily News'), that His Majesty King Edward VII. would shortly be sojourning in Biarritz, in the very rooms where Napoleon III. dreamt his foolish dreams, while Bismarck, the practical statesman, smiled in silence at such folly. Now, everyone who is acquainted with the lives of Napoleon III. and Prince Bismarck, knows that the latter, the successful man, the man who conceived the great idea of the foundation of the German Empire, was the dreamer. This, the Prince declared himself in definite and unmistakable terms. He has described for the benefit of the world how he had a vision at the outset of his career, showing him his life's work, and he tells how he endeavoured to live up to the ideal of action then set definitely before him. In just such measure as he may be deemed to have succeeded, did he fulfil the behests of those instructions and commands, and only in so far as he made mistakes, did he deviate from the ideal path so wonderfully disclosed to him.

On the other hand Napoleon III. was a man of a more wavering, worldly turn of mind, and, as far as we know, he was in no sense a dreamer or visionary. So this case shows most clearly who was the practical man of success. No argument can disprove these facts, because they are attested in the lives of these two important personages. We can readily believe that, had Napoleon III. had the psychic power of Napoleon I., he would have had guidance, which would have averted his disastrous failure. In the case of Napoleon I. success was almost invariable, until such time as he disregarded his own most sacred intimations. With the loss of Josephine, he lost everything.

Let us take the case of another great practical man of action, our own Nelson. Has it not been told us that he, too, was shown in a vision his life's work, in which he succeeded in establishing the fame of Great Britain? Does the newspaper world call Nelson a dreamer or visionary? No; but he was markedly so. If he had faults, where is the man who can cast the first stone?

Now, in the same daily paper, in a review of a work on the great men of the Victorian age, we were told that General Gordon (honour be to him) was not a man who could be safely entrusted with a great undertaking because he held himself more responsible to his own spiritual insight (or guidance) than to those in supreme authority at home. We were told in the book in question that General Gordon failed in South Africa. Now, I ask, did Nelson hold himself bound by superior mundane authority, when he refused to see a signal, and thus won one of the greatest of his naval victories? No, he did not. In regard to General Gordon, it cannot be fairly said that he failed in South Africa, because he was recalled, and his advice was not taken. I make bold to say that, had he been allowed to have his own way, he would have won there, as he did in China and elsewhere. More than this, also, if only he had been trusted to have his own way, I do not believe there would have been either pro-Boers or anti-Boers, because things would, under Gordon's guidance and master-hand, have long previously settled down into an amicable and true and lasting peace in South Africa.

In Joan of Arc's case, when her advice was disregarded, failure was the result; but further guidance was given to ensure further successes. So it was in Gordon's case. General Gordon was the greatest general of the Victorian age, and did work which no one else could do, and would have done far more, but for prejudice against his plan. George Washington and Abraham Lincoln in their lives illustrate the same truths, for both were psychic.

It has often been asked why so many men of thought have

had no experiences of the kind they have so anxiously—as is said to have been the case with Henry Sidgwick—sought and longed for; and it has been assumed by many that, because they have so failed, therefore such experiences have not occurred to anyone.

It is indeed just because many are not practical that they have failed. So far indeed from psychic people being unpractical and 'dreamers' in the sense in which the newspapers use these expressions, they are really the only chief creative practical men of action, of power, of success, of development, and of uplifting of the human race.

Every living man and woman is at heart either a Spiritualist or a materialist; and by the term Spiritualist I mean one who believes that God is a Spirit, as Christ tells us, and that we are all spirits in temporary fleshly cases. Christ acknowledged no go-betweens; never talked about petty sectarianism which so harasses the world; never stated that he should rise again in the flesh, but would do so in the spiritual form. Indeed, had he appeared in a fleshly form, it would merely have been the case of the re-animation of a lifeless body, and would not have touched the question of the survival of the spirit independent of the flesh.

The facts of the spiritual world are not supernatural; they are not even supernormal; they are so really natural, as to demand a return to that natural faith, which has accomplished so much for man in his uplifting. They are the facts which are yet to rid man of his animal cruelty and injustice, and to bring him to the level of the highest and best that God will bestow on His obedient and faithful co-workers.

'I do not know,' say many, 'which step to take'; but often enough their ignorance is due to lack of courage and faith, and chiefly to lack of endurance.

CUMULATIVE PROOF OF SOUL.

In a recent address, at the University of Toronto, on the subject of 'Psychology,' Dr. Edwin C. Abbott, it is reported, stated emphatically that he

'did not deny the existence of the soul, nor urge that it was not within the province of psychology to deal with its phenomena. He did not, on the contrary, affirm or even presuppose its existence. For years there was a bitter controversy between the materialists and the Spiritualists, which ended in the triumph of the latter. He contended that true, scientific psychology should be neither spiritualistic nor materialistic; it should rather concern itself with the patient investigation of the facts of life and experience. He argued for the "open mind," the mind free from that prejudice which has so long impeded the progress of psychology.'

Having shown how science, physical and mathematical, had freed itself from the old scholastic dogmatism, while psychology had largely retained the ancient and inadequate methods, Dr. Abbott continued:—

'The "new psychology" will be superior, in that its exponents do not attempt to formulate a deductive science upon this or that assumption. We begin rather with no assumption whatever; we try to patiently investigate the facts of experience, letting those facts lead to whatever conclusion that method makes inevitable. If we are to find a soul let us find it as the cumulative proof, not as the primary assumption.'

But do the experiences of all the observers of psychic phenomena in the past count for nothing? Is psychology to be treated as a new science for another two thousand years and more before conclusions can be formulated, and the cumulative proof arrived at? In no science except psychology—the 'new psychology'—are the records of previous observers ignored; in no other science does the inquirer expect to have everything put back to the zero of 'no assumption' so that he may have the credit of framing one for himself. If the observations of philosophers and psychical investigators have not yet furnished 'cumulative proof' of the existence of a soul, no observation ever will. It would be well if our budding 'new psychologists' could be put through some such course as was undergone by candidates in the ancient mysteries, after which, as we are told by some of the old philosophers, all doubt as to the existence of the soul was for ever removed from their minds.

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

SATURDAY, JUNE 9th, 1906.

Light,

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

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

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SPIRITUALISM A CURE FOR ATHEISM.

We have just received from Canada a brilliant discourse by the Rev. J. T. Sunderland on 'The Modern Conception of God.' It keeps quite clear of what we know as Spiritualism, but, indirectly, it demonstrates that we have the key to what will be a cure for Atheism and a satisfying thought of God. In reality, however, there are not many Atheists left, though Agnostics abound: and there is a vast difference between Atheists and Agnostics. The Atheist shuts the door and pulls down the blinds, but the Agnostic, in varying degrees, lies open to the fresh air and the sunshine, and may even like to look towards the horizon for the dawn of a diviner day.

Even the man who imagines he is an Atheist may to-day be in error as to that. He may have in mind the old-world notion of God as what Matthew Arnold called 'a magnified and non-natural man,' or the old-world Jewish God 'who is represented to us as changeable, vengeful, often angry, appearing in bodily form, delighting in blood, commanding human sacrifices.' Mr. Sunderland's experience is that of many others. He says:—

I have learned by experience to be very careful about making up my mind that any one is an atheist. For I have taken pains for many years to talk with so-called atheists whenever an opportunity has offered; and I have found in a large majority of cases that their disbelief was simply a thing of definitions—it was a disbelief in such a God as they had been taught to believe in in their childhood—a God localised, having a bodily form, standing up in the sky as a venerable old man, or sitting on a throne in a far-off heaven. Such a God they had grown away from any possibility of believing in. And because the preachers whom they had been accustomed to hear preach, and the persons whom they had been accustomed to hear talk about God, had continued to represent God in the old way, and no one had come to them distinctly to set forth a more rational conception, they had little by little settled down into the thought that they did not believe in God.

One of the greatest needs of our time is a larger, more intelligent, more adequate, more worthy conception of the Divine.

Such a conception of God has come to us, partly through the enlarged thought of the Universe that has followed the revealings of modern science, but still more because of our modern emancipation from the merely earthly point of view and earthly limitations, an emancipation won for us by the old Mystics, and still more by the new Spiritualists. Something very revolutionary happened when it was found out that instead of this being the only world it was but one of perhaps millions, and the old Roman Catholics were led by a true instinct when they

were terrified at the declaration that the earth moved round the sun.

A step still more momentous was taken when the immanence of God in all things took the place of the notion of God, located somewhere in space and seated on a great white throne. An external God is a limited God, though such a God may be more easily imaged, but an external God is no longer possible from the Spiritualist's point of view. That tremendous Presence and Power which is the Spiritualist conception of God is the inmost of all things; 'the Soul of all,' as Mr. Sunderland says, 'the Power that energises all, the Intelligence that shines through all, the Will that directs all, the cause and explanation of the whole wonderful evolutionary process that has brought into existence worlds and man.'

It is, at present, not to be wondered at that large numbers of persons, and even some leaders of religious thought, look on at the changed thought of God with alarm. They are not able to think of God except as a 'magnified' man. They must have Him as presentable to the imagination or not at all. They would have a portrait of Him if they could, and they do not see the peril of this tendency of theirs. They do not see how essentially near akin it is to idolatry,—to the worship of a form.

We warn them that Religion itself is in danger from this extreme and literal presentation of God; and that if the Science and the Spirituality of the day are to be won for Religion this can only be, as Mr. Sunderland says, by cordially receiving the new conception, and going forward to adjust religious thought and literature and institutions to it. As he wisely says:—

Our conception cannot be too high or too large; when we have reached our highest the full truth will still be far beyond us. When we use the word God, we must learn to mean at least all that Spencer means, and if possible, more. We must learn to mean what Matthew Arnold does when he tells us that in all human history nothing comes out to view more clearly and inescapably than the fact that there is in the world 'a Power not ourselves, that works for righteousness.' We must learn to mean what Paul did when, facing the thinking Athenians, he declared, 'God is not far from every one of us; we are his offspring; in him we live and move and have our being'; and what Jesus meant when he said, 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.'

This thought of God has come to our day as a revelation not less real, not less from God, than any revelation in days gone by; and it has come just when it was needed, to deliver us from the depressing survivals of old idolatries, and to stop the estrangement of the best minds of our age from Religion. Tennyson, who so profoundly voiced in many ways the new thought of God, spoke for the great emancipation when he turned from the rituals, the altars and the creeds, to man himself, and said:—

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit
can meet:
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

This is pure Spiritualism, and it might well content the modern mind, with its repulsion from the thought of an external and located God, and yet with its enlarged capacity for accepting the idea of vast realms of being and insoluble mysteries far beyond its ken. What Mr. Sunderland says, in this admirable discourse, points to our cure for Atheism:—

Let us not be alarmed. Matter is not all! It is not the greatest thing there is. The most glorious continent that has ever risen into human view, or that ever can, is the continent of Spirit. Man is a finite bit of that mysterious continent; God is the Infinite of it. Men will see more clearly by and by. Mere things will not always overshadow mind; chemistry and geology and telegraphs and ships and money will not always seem to men more important or more real than truth, and right, and love, and hope, and duty, and worship, and those things

of the soul that make man man. Men will yet come to see that of nothing may we have more glorious or more sure knowledge than of the great empire of Mind; and all the same whether we think of individual minds dwelling for a time in human bodies, or of the Infinite, Eternal and All-comprehending Mind, whose outward manifestation is the physical universe.

We are confident that in some such reverent reticence, but also in some such glorious faith, the modern mind will find its intellectual and spiritual home.

'READY TO BATTLE.'

The words 'Ready to battle' occur in a Hebrew psalm, and the whole sentence runs thus: 'When I speak unto them of peace, they make them ready to battle.' An observer of his fellow men will recognise that this sentence is not merely applicable to some particular case, but is expressive of a frequently recurring experience, of a characteristic of humanity, in fact.

There is a combativeness in man which instinctively prompts him to oppose. And in ordinary conversation if anyone commits himself with earnestness to the defence of a cause, or a person, or a principle, it is more likely than not that he will be met controversially, and that his expression of his views will elicit a counter expression, which not only would not have been uttered, but which, very possibly, would not even have been mentally formulated unless it had been prompted in this way.

This instinct to oppose is by no means altogether objectionable; on the contrary, man without it would never become individualised. He is incarnate for purposes of education, and in large measure probably for the purpose of becoming individualised. Thus combativeness has its value; nevertheless as man the animal develops into man the spirit, he learns to control the instincts and qualities which he finds inherent in his nature, and by controlling them he reaps the full benefit of the education which his instincts are intended to afford.

The person who permits himself to make 'ready to battle' in ordinary conversation becomes a bore. We all know this kind of bore; the man who never will agree to any statement of opinion made by another, who always finds it necessary to point out the foibles in the character of a person who is praised, and insists on assuming the pessimistic attitude towards any scheme about which someone else is particularly hopeful. A man like that is not the sort of person one would choose to take as a companion on a holiday, although he may not be a bad fellow in other respects.

The habit of making 'ready to battle' easily grows upon a man, and he may be quite unaware that he has formed it. The worst of it is, once formed, it is not easily broken, and if he goes out of the body without even having begun to rid himself of it there is no reason to suppose that he will at once become a peacemaker on the other side.

We hear often of the opposing forces in the Unseen; of the spirits who try to frustrate the hosts who are working for the furtherance of righteousness, for the evolution and progress of mankind. Are we to suppose that these opposing spirits are all wicked and malicious? It seems unlikely. Judging by what we know of spirits incarnate, *deliberate* malice and wickedness are not the main cause of the slow progress made by those who work for good, in the realisation of their objects. Of course there is deliberate wickedness and malice both over there and down here; but wickedness that is very pronounced usually stultifies itself. Much of the difficulty which hinders the realisation of high purposes is caused by the indulgence of the combative instinct, an indulgence which is often not very intelligent. A man is often not able to

give an account of his reasons for opposing, for he has never reflected much upon them, or if he has, he is not aware how much his opposition is due to nothing better than a mere instinct. If a thoughtful person watches himself and others he will soon recognise this tendency of a man to go contrary to his fellows, which, as we say, is not wholly evil, but may readily become so if not kept well in hand.

When we contemplate the forces at work in the Unseen and observe how strong is the opposition there, we should realise the importance of exercising a wise control over this propensity during this time of education.

'When I speak unto them of peace they make them ready to battle.'

How are we to regard these antagonistic spirits? Of whatever grade they may be, there must be kinship between us and them; none have fallen so low as to lose all trace of their original Source. They, too, are spirits, part of the One Universal Being who is our eternal inheritance. In our warfare we must never forget this, and we must never fight them with their own weapons. Their weapons are sometimes malice, sometimes ill-will and hatred, and they are always selfish and unloving. Our weapons must never be like theirs. Our sword must always be 'bathed in heaven,' that in that atmosphere of pure love we may become keen to discern between good and evil, true and false, with the result that finding 'the soul of goodness' even 'in things evil,' we shall 'believe all things, hope all things, endure all things,' and turn opposers into friends by the sheer force of unquenchable hope: a hope which can only subsist by virtue of an abiding faith that there is only One Life of whom, and in whom, and through whom are all things.

'ABSOLUTELY CONVINCING.'

It has been well said that every man must contribute something to his own conviction. Call it readiness, receptivity, power of appreciation, and response, it is always the inner self which recognises truth, and without the inner vision, the outward 'sign' is useless. The 'Harbinger of Light' says:—

'According to the mysterious law governing communications between the two worlds, those looking for a "sign" hardly ever get it. It is always some personal experience, very often of a trivial nature, that awakens the consciousness to the fact of the link between souls incarnate and discarnate. Every scientific investigator who has accepted the spiritual hypothesis will tell you that it was not "in the rushing wind or the earthquake," or in the wonders of the séance room, that he heard the "still small voice of recognition." His heart was touched by some word of love from the Great Beyond that showed him clearly that the link that binds souls throughout the Universe was unbroken. There is never a case of this kind that would be "absolutely convincing," as outsiders so often demand. Each one must get his own experience. This is the first step towards the ordering of our lives by spiritual forces, to which such as have entered the path of spiritual development can testify.'

'TO HELP MADAME MONTAGUE.'

In response to Mr. Samuel Hopgood Hart's suggestion in 'LIGHT' of the 2nd inst., that a relief fund should be raised to help Madame Montague, and in addition to his offer of books (to the value of £1) to be sold for that fund, we have, up to the present, received the following subscriptions:—

	£	s.	d.
'Some Eastbourne Friends'	1	14	0
Mr. E. Dawson Rogers	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hipkins	1	1	0
Mr. James Hopgood Hart	1	0	0
'C. L. S.'	0	10	0
F. Hider	0	5	0

We shall be pleased to receive further contributions to this fund and to forward them to Madame Montague. —[ED., 'LIGHT.']

SHAKESPEARE AND SPIRITUALISM :

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

BY MR. J. W. BOULDING.

An Address given to the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall, on the evening of March 29th, 1906; Mr. H. Withall, Vice-President, in the Chair.

(Continued from page 261.)

People often say to me, 'Now don't you think you imagine these things? Don't you think it is fancy when you feel this hand coming out of the dark?' And I reply 'Certainly not. I am not at all imaginative, nor at all fanciful in these matters. On the contrary, I am calm and cool; in fact critically cold and wintrily severe.' I know there is a great deal of deception in occult things: some people deceive others, and many deceive themselves, but I have always been exceedingly careful to do neither the one nor the other. The man who deceives others on such sacred matters is a criminal, and the man who deceives himself is a fool, and I know I am neither. At least I know I am not a liar, and I hope you acquit me of being a fool. I am sure, however, there are many fools in Spiritualism as in everything else: people, that is, who befool themselves, and are the dupes of their own credulous minds and deceptive imaginations. Of course, I am dependent upon clairvoyants for a great many of the evidences I receive from time to time, and when several clairvoyants, entirely independent of each other, give me evidences of the same kind, respecting the same people, I am bound to come to the conclusion that those evidences are true. Now I had a series of tests of this character respecting a very noted and famous man, no less a person, in fact, than Napoleon the Great. Sceptics and scoffers will naturally say to me, 'What has Napoleon to do with you, or you with Napoleon? What link of connection can there possibly be between you and him?' And I reply, 'None whatever; only a similar link to that which introduced me to Anne Boleyn.' But you shall hear the story and judge for yourselves.

I had a commission to write on the subject of Napoleon Bonaparte; and when I sat down to study this subject an unusual power descended on my head, which felt like a hand of extraordinary weight. All through the day it remained there, but thinking it was my mother's influence I did not trouble to make any inquiry. I had promised to dine that evening with a lady in Kensington, whom I had greatly interested in Spiritualism and who had invited several friends to meet me. After dinner we had a séance, and I then inquired if any spirit friend could tell me the name of the intelligence who had been with me that day. Much to my surprise the name spelt out was 'Napoleon.'

I did not believe it, of course—I never do believe anything until it has been proved—and thinking my presence at the table might have somehow influenced its movements I resolved to put it to the severest test. So, going away to the end of the drawing-room, I asked my mother to spell out to the friends still sitting at the table the name of the master of the boarding school where I was first educated. The name was a peculiar one, and none of these friends had known me before, except the hostess, who had herself known me but a little while. Without any hesitation the answer came; and it was quite correct—the name was 'Vipond.' Now do you think anyone was likely to guess such a name as that? Could any of you have guessed it? Smith or Jones or Robinson might have been possible—but 'Vipond,' no! This answer being true I felt warranted in concluding that the other was true, and that it was 'Napoleon' who had been attracted to me that day. I do not know, however, if I should have registered it amongst my fully-attested and certified proofs if it had not been for subsequent confirmations. A short time afterwards Mrs. Russell-Davies came to see me, and after dinner we had an informal kind of sitting. As soon as she sat down she exclaimed: 'I see two very white and shapely hands on the

table, and on the forefinger of one there is a ring with an imperial signet.' 'Can you tell me whose hands they are?' I asked. After a moment or two she replied 'Napoleon Bonaparte's.' 'Oh, indeed!' said I, feigning astonishment, 'why should Napoleon come to me?' 'You are writing on Napoleon,' said Mrs. Davies, 'that is why he comes.'

Now observe the particulars of this evidence. First of all it is a matter of history that Napoleon had very white and elegant hands; of which we are told he was exceedingly proud. Then notice the fact that he wore the imperial signet; and, thirdly, remember that this lady was then a comparative stranger, and had not heard, even by a hint, that I was writing on the subject of Napoleon. One day, when I felt the hand again, I asked, if it was indeed Napoleon, whether he would go that evening to a medium whom I named, and there give me evidence of his identity again.

I went that evening to Mr. Vango's, and when he came to me Mr. Vango said: 'I hear the name of Joseph. There is somebody named Joseph near to you. I do not see the form but I hear the name.' Now could anything be more disappointing? I expected Napoleon, and the person who came was some unknown Joseph. 'Joseph!' said I, 'I never knew anybody of that name, except a curious old relative who was insane, and a friend who was nearly so.' 'Ah!' said Mr. Vango, 'I have made a mistake. I hear more clearly now; and now I see the spirit. It is not a man at all. It is a lady. It is Josephine—the Empress—wife of Napoleon.'

Now this, I thought, was more remarkable than the vision of the Emperor himself; for as I went purposely to find Napoleon, had his name been given to me by the medium, a sceptical critic might have suggested that it was distinctly a case of thought reading; but when Josephine came, of whom I was not thinking, it was evident that the vision was not a projection from me, but a revelation through Mr. Vango. (Applause.)

Some two years ago, when these incidents had faded and Napoleon had been laid aside amongst my finished studies, suddenly, one day, the apparition of the great warrior came again. I was in Glasgow; and, on calling at the house of a friend, a lady, gifted with the psychic faculty, who was also calling there, asked me if I had lost anybody of a military character. I replied, 'No I have not, no one.' She then said, 'Well, there is a military man in the room near to you, and he wears a cocked hat and a grey overcoat'; and before I had time to think, she added, 'Why, I can see who it is now. It is Napoleon Bonaparte.' I then went to Mr. Robertson's to lunch, as I was staying with him. I did not mention what I had been told; I had no reason for my silence, but I nevertheless was silent. After lunch he and I adjourned to his library, and as we sat there talking, he suddenly exclaimed, 'Why, here is Napoleon Bonaparte walking about. What has he to do with you?' I then explained the possible link of connection between us. On reviewing all these facts, happening as they did in this extremely simple and natural manner, and coming through the clairvoyance of such different people, and at such different times, I think I am justified in concluding that they were genuine spirit manifestations, and that the great soldier and conqueror, who was once the scourge and terror of Europe, attracted by some influence or moved by some motive connected with my work, paid me occasional visits, and honoured me, as I hope and have reason to believe, with his approval of the portrait which my pen had drawn. (Applause.)

Let me descend from emperors, empresses, and thrones, to the domestic fireside again, where most of my experiences have been recorded, and where the spirits whom I love best love best to come. I enjoyed quite a resurrection scene of domestic life, in the company of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Macbeth Bain, a year or two ago. Mr. Bain and I were talking together on various subjects, chiefly theological, when Mrs. Bain broke in on our conversation by describing the entrance of my grandmother, whose person and characteristics she described remarkably well, and in her hand, compelling him to come by her superior will, was an old gentleman in knee-breeches, low shoes, and an old-fashioned coat with brass buttons. She was determined that

he should hear the argument, signifying by her gestures that it would be for his good. How vividly Mrs. Bain brought before me, by this characteristic situation, the scenes of my childhood; the dominant grandmother, the reluctant but still submissive grandfather, the religiously disposed mind of the one, the materially disposed mind of the other. The ages of these spirits, given by Mrs. Bain, were also absolutely correct—she between sixty and seventy, he between eighty and ninety—as also was the marked contrast in their physical stature, he very short, she remarkably tall; nor less firmly outlined were their opposite mental features, she being a woman of dominating will, he a man of submissive spirit; he being a person who would not care for a theological discussion, she revelling in the exchange of opinions and the clash of arguments: and always towering over him in her imperious mind as in her physical stature, and compelling him to do whatever she desired. Then came an episode which was a bit of pure unaffected nature: the clairvoyante said that the old gentleman had managed to slip away, and, quick as lightning, his wife had slipped off after him. She soon returned, leading in her refractory husband, who was still protesting by the deprecatory movement of the disengaged hand, but protesting in vain, against the compulsion of her powerful and over-mastering will. I was vastly amused by the whole scene; so life-like, so distinctly reminiscent of the old days at home: and I gathered from it, moreover, this evident truth, that the personal characteristics of our living dead are still the same; that even the sweet lovable weaknesses and infirmities remain; that our beloved ones are not exalted into a sphere of being that fills us with apprehension, and makes us tremble at their approach: that they are men and women; or if angels, angels only in service and power to minister, and that when we see them we shall find them just what they were—or if changed at all, dearer, sweeter and more human than before. (Applause.)

Mrs. Bain was a stranger to me; to the spirits she had described a total stranger; and yet she depicted them so vividly that they seemed to have actually risen from the dead and to be again performing the parts they played in the obscure drama of their long-bygone history.

Later on in the evening, when we were seated at the fire after a comfortable repast, Mrs. Bain said she saw my grandmother trying very hard to give me a physical proof of her presence. She said, 'Your grandmother is trying to turn over the glass from which you have been drinking.' We were all a good way off from the table, and no one else was present in the room. I watched the glass, and in a few minutes, without any human contact or approach, over went the glass. And thus ended what I think was a combined intellectual and physical manifestation of spirit presence and spirit power; a remarkable series of proofs, proofs not only correct in fact, but vivid in their presentation. (Applause.)

You will have observed that the manifestations of my spirit-relatives have been usually of a pleasant and agreeable nature. But in one or two cases at least they have been unpleasant and disagreeable. I don't mean unpleasant to me, but unpleasant to others, who, it may be, have been unpleasant people, or who may have done unpleasant things.

When I was in Glasgow, Mr. James Robertson went out with me to spend the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Hill, the friends who used to lead the musical portion of the services. Now Mrs. Hill is a very excellent clairvoyante; and as we sat by the fire in her drawing-room she saw a spirit approach me who gave his name as 'Robert,' but although her description of him was remarkably good, especially in reference to his peculiar hair, I failed to recognise him. Immediately afterwards, however, Mr. Robertson saw him and became controlled by him, and then followed what was to me not only a convincing but very painful experience. Rocking to and fro with his hand on his heart, he exclaimed: 'My God! my God! I murdered innocence! I murdered goodness! O my God! my God!' And after many agonised utterances and attitudes, during which I sat completely silent and somewhat appalled, Mr. Robertson, coming out of the impersonation, turned to me and asked: 'Who is this Robert? Robert?' and in reply I explained that Robert was my uncle, who, when I was a child,

resided with his mother, my grandmother. When my mother died, leaving me a babe only a few days old, grandmother took me; but when I was ten years old my grandmother also died. Before her decease, as she lay on her death-bed, she sent for her son, my uncle, and having called me also to her side, she said to him: 'Now, Robert, you know my love for this boy. You know how tenderly I have cared for him. This is his home; and I desire you to promise me that after I am gone you will take my place—that you will be to him what I have been; continue his education as I have begun it, and provide for him until he is old enough to provide for himself.' That was her solemn injunction; and his solemn promise was instantly given. On that understanding he was left possessor, in partnership with his younger brother, of all she possessed as her separate estate. It would take too long to tell you all that happened after her death, and to condense into a few words the world of loss, misery, and suffering that was crowded into my little life as the result of his broken promise to the dead; a history of suffering which it would be difficult to parallel in the life of any helpless and neglected child.

I remember now, and shudder as I remember, the days in which I wandered about in the fields, hungry and penniless; the nights in which I walked about cold and shivering; nights when, as Shakespeare says, 'Mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me, should have stood that night against my fire.' This happened on the very spot where I had been the petted darling of the house, but was now a little wanderer, a child of ten short summers, around whom the winter of cold neglect had closed with its icy grip, and had it not been for merciful deliverances springing up afterwards from other sources, such a condition must have inevitably been my death; and, therefore, when 'Robert' came back and said through the lips of a stranger to whom I had never mentioned these painful incidents, 'I murdered innocence, I murdered goodness,' his words had unmistakable significance. In the light of these facts, how important it is that we should be kind to the living, so that, if we return to our earth friends again, we may not be obliged to come as spiritual beggars, mere tatterdemalions from the realm of bankrupt ghosts, but clothed and beautified with that benevolence of disposition and sweetness of soul which made us so welcome in the days gone by; so that, like the great Christian Master who was 'known of his disciples in the breaking of bread,' we may be recognised by some similarly beautiful and blessed characteristic, and cause our loved ones to exclaim with a joyful surprise: 'Just like him! he is still the same—the same genial, kindly, sympathetic soul; or, if changed, changed only because he has shaken off the last taint of this corruptible body, and is nearer to the angels and more like unto God.' (Applause.)

(To be continued.)

THE SPHINX SYMBOL.

The late Professor Max Müller has said, 'No savage ever worshipped a mere image of wood or stone but he always had in mind a Greater-than-himself, and the idol was only the Symbol of This.' We must agree that idols have had a place among the civilising agencies in the world's history. The feelings of fear and reverence evoked by the elemental powers of Nature, which the savage recalled in the presence of his idol, were the same emotions which he by-and-by experienced in the presence of a fellow-creature spiritually greater than himself. Carlyle has told the world what an influence hero-worship has had on developing humanity. With the progress of the ages man's consciousness of God grew clearer and more intense. His intuition was deepening, and it was but a question of time when symbols helpful to the growth of the spiritual life should supersede those fetishes hideous to the eye, and which degraded rather than elevated and freed the soul.

One of the few beautiful and helpful idols of the young world was the Sphinx. Its great size and durability alike testify to the skill of the builder and the estimation in which it was held. By it are symbolised two essential characteristics of the spiritual life, viz., Strength and Beauty. What figure

could more fittingly express the idea of strength than that of a lion? There was one defect, but that was remedied. The Egyptian cut off the face with the cruel jaws and substituted in this place of honour the features of a maiden. Then, Strength gazed upon the world through Beauty's eyes. Woman is the perfect symbol of beauty. No one can look on G. F. Watts's picture, 'She shall be called "Woman,"' without acknowledging this. There we see that Woman, appropriating the Spirit of God, manifests it on its highest plane, while the same spirit on a lower plane reveals itself in the birds, butterflies, and flowers.

Ancient man in the worship of the Sphinx, then, had prominently portrayed before his physical and inward eyes these two prime qualities, strength and beauty. Someone may say, We have higher thoughts than these in the holiness of God and the love of Jesus. True, but we must remember that holiness, and love, and joy, and peace are but these same principles, strength and beauty, realising themselves in actual life. Strength and beauty are manifested by everyone who wills to be energetic and pure. Intuition grows in the reverent. The pure in heart see God. The danger is lest we should sit at ease during the hour for worship, and, lacking spiritual insight, see less than the ancient worshippers at the shrine of the Sphinx.

G. W. BUCKTHOUGHT.

CRADDOCK A GENUINE MEDIUM.

Without wishing to involve ourselves in a controversy from which we have steadily held aloof, we cannot, in justice, refrain from mentioning the remarkable article contributed to 'Broad Views,' for June, by Rear-Admiral Osborne Moore, who, having had specially good opportunities for judging, has come to the conclusion that Craddock possesses the gift of mediumship, however he may have abused it, either knowingly or involuntarily. The Admiral says:—

'Those who assert that Craddock is an ordinary vulgar cheat are as much in error as the infatuated women who have lately been writing to him expressions of sympathy and confidence. Six clairvoyants of undoubted power, five of whom are professionals not previously acquainted with him, have sat next to me at his sances. All assured me that the manifestations they witnessed were genuine, and three described to me forms which subsequently made themselves known to my non-mediumistic senses.'

The Admiral gives numerous details of confirmatory evidence, showing a close connection between the phenomena obtained in Craddock's circles and those given by sensitives elsewhere. These items, he says, are not a quarter of those contained in his notes. Many of the corroborative phenomena were obtained through a sensitive who is a member of the Admiral's own family, and whom he calls A. He is a professional man, who has had reason to suspect the genuineness of 'Abdullah' and other appearances at Craddock's sances. The Admiral himself seems to give up 'Abdullah,' suspect 'Graem' of intentional trickery, acquit 'Dr. Alder,' and believe firmly in 'Joey,' 'Sister Amy,' and 'Cerise,' whom he advises to transfer their aid to another medium, for he admits that, owing to complicity between some of the controls and Craddock himself, the latter's mediumship is 'useless for spiritual purposes.'

The best proofs of the reality of spirit phenomena through Craddock take the form of references on the part of 'Joey' in sances at Pinner, to visits paid by him to Admiral Moore and his sensitive, A., at Southsea. Thus, on various occasions, 'Joey' reported that he had heard conversations between the Admiral and A., and then gave his own opinion on the matter in dispute. On one occasion, 'Sister Amy' told the Admiral that she had seen him sorting papers into a new desk, and that 'Graem' had listened to a discussion he had had with A. Once when 'Joey' made himself known to the Admiral, sitting with A. at Southsea, the sensitive felt impressed to try to write, but only got three words and a scrawl. The message was attributed to the influence of a relative who had previously communicated. The next day, at Pinner, the Admiral asked

'Joey' what he was doing at that particular time. He replied, 'I was down in your room trying to make A. write.' Craddock could not possibly have known of this fact normally, and the answer was given, it may be noted, on the day on which he was exposed, about twenty minutes before the seizure took place.

Admiral Moore also mentions instances in which two faces appeared to different sitters simultaneously, and there appeared to be other forms moving in the centre of the semi-circle of sitters, the medium meanwhile being heard rubbing himself in the cabinet at intervals. Although he considers that Craddock has been guilty of personation, Admiral Moore says:—

'Nevertheless I believe that a careful study of this man in trance, by a circle of five Spiritualists of both sexes, would determine some facts of the greatest possible interest. Strict test conditions would be necessary. Cages and nets are not much use in private houses; all that is required is to keep a suit of clothes without pockets specially for sances; let the medium change into it in the cabinet in the presence of two men, and then give him all the sympathy and confidence possible.'

Meanwhile he advises Craddock and his control 'Graem' to 'repent, and sin no more.'

CHALLENGES TO CONJURERS.

Commenting upon the unsatisfactory and not very edifying dispute between Archdeacon Colley and Mr. Maskelyne, the 'Daily Express' of May 30th said: 'Can Mr. Maskelyne produce all the effects which have been ascribed by powerful testimony to spiritualistic mediumship? If he can he will prove that ordinary material agencies are sufficient to account for the manifestations.' This is absurdly illogical. If Mr. Maskelyne, by the use of machinery, or 'material agencies,' were able to imitate the phenomena associated with mediums he would not prove that the phenomena which he imitated were produced in the same way—he would only prove that he had succeeded in imitating the genuine manifestations. The imitation, however, would not 'account for the manifestations' which occurred where no mechanical agency was used, any more than a sham half-crown proves that no half-crowns are genuine. We are certain that Mr. Maskelyne could not, under the same conditions, produce even a passable imitation of phenomena which we have witnessed. But far too much fuss is made about Mr. Maskelyne. Exception is constantly being taken by critics, and by some Spiritualists, to 'professional mediums'—why not, then, exclude 'professional conjurers'? Why call in Mr. Maskelyne, as if he were an unbiassed and impartial judge?

The 'Express' admits that Spiritualists are able and willing to detect and expose spurious mediumship, and they are quite competent to take care of themselves without the aid of a conjurer.

Spiritualism is a subject for calm, level-headed, scientific inquiry, and money challenges, on one side or the other, are out of place. Spiritualism has held its own so long, and demonstrated its main contention so thoroughly, that even the 'Express' is moved to ask:—

'Is it probable, or even credible, that there should be nothing but sham in a movement which has attracted the sympathy, investigation, or adherence of such diverse personalities as Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, Dr. Russel Wallace, the late Mr. Frederic Myers, Signor Lombroso, the astronomer M. Flammarion, the dramatist Sardou, and the late Dr. Parker, among many others? Such names alone provide *prima facie* evidence that there is a genuine body of fact awaiting further investigation.'

We have refrained from commenting upon the correspondence which has been going on of late in the 'Daily Express,' and which has been more or less about Spiritualism, because it has added nothing new or noteworthy. If, however, it helps to put a stop to promiscuous, dark circle exhibitions its reactive influence will be beneficial, for, as a good friend of Spiritualism said recently: 'The phenomenal side is being made an obstruction to the growth of spirituality instead of being the foundation on which it should firmly rest.'

SPIRITUALITY.

If, as we believe, 'God is Spirit,' then Spirit is force, energy, creative power; and spirituality, or the quality of being spiritual, does not mean mere sentimentality, or amiable weakness, but it means vigour, sincerity, conviction, fervour, purity, as well as feeling, emotion, and piety. Lillian Whiting, in the 'Banner of Light,' recently said:—

'Spirituality is executive and creative. Its achievements may be seen in all directions. It may take the form of such work for humanity as that of religious ministry, of educational reform, of endeavour to embody new ideas in the social order; or building a railway across the continent, inventing the ocean cable, or working out the problem of wireless telegraphy. In any event, spirituality includes spiritual energy, which is force, and which manifests itself as power.

'There often seems to be a curiously erroneous conception as to the nature of spirituality; and it is not infrequently held to be mere passivity and negation rather than purpose and positive energy. An amiable person who drifts harmlessly in life; who lives in the constant attitude of accepting God's will; who is resigned, so to speak, and regards resignation as a moral virtue—of such an one his friends often remark that, although he contributes little to the progress of others or himself, he is yet a person "of great spirituality." Now while these virtues may, and certainly do, enter into the spiritual aim of life, they cannot alone represent that achievement, nor constitute it.

'It is not enough to pray that the kingdom of heaven may come. There is something to do to contribute to this result. The kingdom of heaven is to be built up out of hope and belief and endeavour and love. It is not to be bought, but to be made. It may begin in one's own room—even in one's own mind. It must begin there if it is to work outwardly. It manifests itself in a home, in a community. It manifests itself in a man's own life.

'Nor is this manifestation seen in a "calm and indolent ease." It is seen both in achievement and in creating conditions for achievement. It is seldom that the work one desires to do can be found; it must be made. Vacant places do not wait for someone to discover them; they are created out of new combinations of circumstances and conditions by the power of spiritual energy.

'It is sometimes said that no life is so fortunate that it is free from difficulties and perplexity, but a truer rendering would, indeed, be that no life is so unfortunate as to be free from these, for the soul gains the strength of the hardship it overcomes, and thus its hardship is good rather than ill fortune. He who will keep on, true to the highest ideal that is revealed to him, through good report or evil report, through happiness or hardship, through delights and difficulties—regarding these as purely incidental matters, as we regard a stormy day as a mere incident in Nature—he it is who enters on the spiritual life, now and here.'

THE APPEAL OF 'A WANDERER IN THE SPIRIT LANDS.'

'There is no despair of earth, great as it often is, equal to the despair a spirit feels when first he realises in all its force the meaning of the barrier which death has placed between him and the world of mortal men. Is it then wonderful that on the spirit side of life all means are being taken by those who seek to help and comfort the sorrowing ones, both on the earth and in the spirit land, to roll back these barriers and to open wide the doors, that men and angels may walk and talk together upon earth, as in the days of old when the world was but young? If there is much that is trivial, much that seems silly and foolish, and even vulgar and grotesque and terrible, in the manifestations witnessed through many mediums and in many circles; if there are fraudulent mediums and credulous fools or vain and conceited egoists in the movement, is it not so with all great but unrecognised truths struggling for acknowledgment, and should not all these things be excused in view of the fact that they are all attempts, clumsy and foolish it may be, yet still attempts to open the doors and let the light from the spirit world in upon a sorrowful earth? Find fault with these false or misdirected efforts if you will, but also seek for knowledge to direct them better, and you will help on those who are trying to climb to higher things; and do not try simply to sneer them down and crush and stifle them; rather recognise them for what they are—the efforts of the unseen world to lift the veil which hides your beloved dead from your eyes.'—From 'A Wanderer in the Spirit Lands,' pp. 69 and 70.

REV. DR. JOHN HUNTER IN BECHSTEIN HALL.

Those of the readers of 'LIGHT' who listened to Dr. Hunter's address to the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, on April 26th, in which he dealt with the higher aspects of the spiritual philosophy regarding 'modern inspiration,' will be pleased to learn that he will begin a series of special services in Bechstein Hall on Sunday morning next, June 10th, at 11.15, when he will take as his subject 'God is Spirit.' These services will be continued for four Sundays, and are being given during his summer holiday at the instigation of some of Dr. Hunter's friends, who deplore the loss to London, by his return to Glasgow, of his teaching of the larger views of Christianity, at a time when the people of the metropolis were just beginning to appreciate the Scotch divine as an intellectual and spiritual force, in whose discourses sectarian prejudice has no place.

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.

'Edward Maitland.'

SIR,—Kindly allow me to thank your correspondent, Mr. Samuel Hopgood Hart, for his letter in 'LIGHT' of May 12th, concerning Mr. Edward Maitland; and at the same time to apologise for my delay in acknowledgment. I hope, shortly, to obtain and read the works of which he makes mention.

As Mr. Hart is no doubt aware, there has been published, since the date of Mr. Maitland's transition, a book called 'The Gospel of the Holy Twelve,' purporting to be a translation of an early Essenic writing, preserved in one of the monasteries of the Buddhist Monks in Thibet, dictated to the 'Editor' by (amongst others) Edward Maitland and Anna Kingsford. In the explanatory preface, p. 7, the 'Editor' refers to the former as 'his esteemed friend'; but notwithstanding Mr. Maitland's and Mr. Kingsford's efforts to prove the contrary, as explained in the former's 'Life of Anna Kingsford,' Vol. II., pp. 341 *et seq.*, the 'Editor' states on p. 8, that Dr. Anna Kingsford 'recanted nothing of her convictions and died a member of the Latin Church, though by interference of her relatives she was buried with Protestant rites.'

This appears to convey the impression that she was subservient to the authority of the Latin Church, and wished to be buried in conformity with its rites, but that her relatives failed to respect her wishes.

The 'Editor's' remarks appear to me to be out of harmony with Mr. Maitland's and Dr. Kingsford's joint work, 'The Perfect Way,' and directly so with the latter's 'Apologia,' on p. 304 of Vol. II. of her 'Life.'

I think, in justification of their life work as iconoclasts, this matter ought to be set right.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED GIMEL.

'Materialisation and Physical Science.'

SIR,—Permit me to reply to Mr. Gregory's kindly criticism of my article on 'Materialisations,' in 'LIGHT' of May 19th.

Mr. Gregory objects to my argument from analogy with the processes of animal (including human) life, on the grounds that in these the 'pre-existing matter' is tangible and visible; whilst that from which the 'materialised' form of the séance chamber is made up, is, previously and subsequently to the 'building up,' invisible and intangible.

I should like to know from Mr. Gregory how much of the oxygen and hydrogen used in anabolism, or how much of the carbon dioxide produced by katabolism, is visible to, and tangible by, himself. I would also remind him that even visible and tangible foods come, either directly or through other animal forms, from vegetable organisms, by which they are manufactured from gases which are just as invisible and intangible as those employed in the respiratory process. The visibility and tangibility of matter, or the reverse, are simply dependent on, and conditioned by, environment. Moreover, it is probable that the substance employed by spirits in 'materialisation' is visible to the trained clairvoyant in the form of what are known as 'auric emanations.'

In the concluding paragraph of his letter, Mr. Gregory makes the somewhat startling assertion that katabolism is susceptible of analysis. I presume that this is an unfortunate slip of the pen; and suggest that Mr. Gregory means that the

products of katabolism are susceptible of analysis. Quite so; and it is not antecedently improbable that, when the laws governing the substance of the 'materialised' form are more fully understood, that substance too will be, by processes proper to itself, 'susceptible of analysis.'—Yours, &c.,

DAVID T. APPLETON.

Cured by a Spirit-given Prescription.

SIR,—Nine months ago my daughter was to all appearances dying of consumption; the doctor stated that she would only live for about eight weeks.

Having failed to get advice from the mediums on the platform at the Spiritualist public meetings, I was advised to see a medium privately, so I called on Mr. S. B. Jones, of Liverpool; but, to my great disappointment, he said that he only sat for his own circle of friends. I begged very hard, and at last he consented to psychometrise a brooch of my daughter's. He at once told me the nature of her disease and that I was alarmed because the doctor said she would only live eight weeks; he further said 'I do not wish to interfere with your doctor, but if you care to try a remedy which will cost but a few coppers, my spirit guides give me one and say it will not only ease her, but will cure her.' He then named some herbs, which I got at once, and prepared the medicine according to his instructions. After the first three doses my daughter felt greatly relieved and was able to sit up and chat. When the doctor called he was astonished at the improvement, and more so when I told him he would not be required again.

My daughter persevered with the medicine, and in eight weeks, the time at which the doctor said she would be gone, she was able to walk out of doors. She is now entirely well and I am delighted to know that Mr. Jones has become a platform worker for Spiritualism. The cure is the more remarkable as Mr. Jones does not normally know anything about herbs.

Sefton Park, Liverpool.

M. LESTER.

Hospitality Needed.

SIR,—In view of the visit to London of the National Union of Spiritualists for their annual conference on June 30th and July 1st, the Union of London Spiritualists would be glad to receive the names and addresses of friends, in and around London, who will kindly entertain one or more of the many delegates who are expected (viz., sleeping accommodation, with supper and breakfast, on June 30th and July 1st), and in this way assist in welcoming our friends and co-workers.

We shall be pleased to receive donations from those friends who are desirous of assisting, but have not convenience for or are unable to accommodate visitors, so that we may be enabled to secure the comfort of all who come from a distance.

Secretaries of London societies would greatly assist us by at once urging upon their members and friends the necessity for help, and the names and addresses of all those who will co-operate in this direction should be sent to the undersigned not later than June 18th.—Yours, &c.,

T. B. FROST, Hon. Sec.

33, Radipole-road, Fulham, S. W.

CARDIFF.—The Cardiff Spiritualists recently removed to new and more commodious premises and spent £84 in decorating and furnishing them; the members themselves did almost all the work, less than £7 being paid for labour. There is, however, a debt of £37, which the committee of the church are anxious to clear off as speedily as possible, and they have issued to their friends, and to all who are interested in the spread of Spiritualism, an appeal for help. The average attendance at their Sunday evening services is over two hundred persons, and a number of very useful week-night meetings are being held. Contributions are earnestly solicited, and may be sent to Mr. E. G. Sadler, president, or to Mr. G. Harris, secretary and resident speaker, 58, Queen-street, Cardiff.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.—Maxim Gorki says: 'Misfortunes must teach us brotherhood,' and the earthquake disaster at San Francisco seems to have had that effect in many cases, for every artificial barrier was swept away; men stood face to face, and nothing counted but human love and helpfulness. Benjamin Fay Mills, in the May issue of 'Fellowship' (an 'earthquake souvenir'), says that, among other results, 'long-standing wounds among friends have been healed, family feuds ended, and broken strands united.' It seems strange that such a terrible disaster should be needed to show the sufferers the folly of enmity and estrangements—of misunderstandings between friends, and of strifes and bitter feelings where fellowship and good will once prevailed—yet so it was, and so it will continue to be apparently until Spiritualism enthrones the spirit of loving-kindness and forbearance in all hearts.

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.

READING.—8, BLAUGRAVE-STREET.—On Sunday last Mr. E. Hough gave an interesting address on 'Man's Relationship to God and the Universe.' On Sunday next, Mr. F. Clarke.

FULHAM.—COLVEY HALL, 25, FERNHURST-ROAD, S.W.—On Sunday last Mr. D. J. Davis, of Canning Town, gave an earnest address. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., and Wednesday, June 13th, at 8 p.m., Mr. G. H. Bibbings.—W. T.

STRATFORD.—IDMISTON-ROAD, FOREST-LANE, E.—On Sunday last Mr. Clarke's address was well received. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., discussion; at 7 p.m., Mr. Walker; Thursday, investigators' circle; Monday, 11th, Mr. Bibbings.—G.

322, EUSTON-ROAD, N.W.—On Sunday last, morning and evening, our resident speaker, Mr. T. M. Mellini, gave excellent addresses and spiritual advice. Next Sunday, trance addresses, at 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m., on 'How to Attain Spiritual Progress.'—R. W. C.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—73, BROOKLOW-ROAD, ASKEW-ROAD, W.—On Sunday last Mr. Beel, of Camberwell, gave an uplifting address, with interesting personal experiences. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Nurse Graham. On Thursday, at 8 p.m., clairvoyance. On Saturday, at 8 p.m., free healing.—E. A.

CHISWICK.—110, HIGH-ROAD, W.—On Sunday last, at the morning circle, several mediums were entranced. In the evening Mr. H. Fielder's interesting address on 'The Master Spirit' elicited some discussion. On Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., circle; at 7 p.m., Mr. Percy Smyth on 'The Spirit's Mission.' Choir practice at 10.45 a.m.—A. P.

HACKNEY.—SIGDON-ROAD SCHOOL, DALSTON-LANE, N.E.—On Sunday last Mrs. Agnew Jackson gave an earnest address on 'The Pentecostal Gifts of Spiritualism' and clairvoyant descriptions. Madame Nellie Cope kindly sang a solo. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Ronald Brailey, address and clairvoyance.—N. R.

BRIGHTON.—COMPTON HALL, 17, COMPTON-AVENUE.—On Sunday last Mr. Taylor Gwinn's addresses were greatly appreciated, especially that in the evening on 'The Spirit Out-poured.' Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mrs. M. H. Wallis. Silver collections. Hall open on Thursdays from 3 to 5 p.m. for inquirers.—A. C.

CAYENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday evening last Mr. W. T. Cooper, president, read an interesting paper on 'The Present Aspect of Spiritualism.' Mr. W. Laughton presided, and Mrs. A. Cooper, R.A.M., ably officiated at the organ. Sunday next, Miss MacCreadie, clairvoyant descriptions. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7 p.m. sharp. Silver collection.—A. J. W.

CLAPHAM INSTITUTE, GAUDEN-ROAD.—On Sunday last invigorating speeches by Mr. Adams and Mr. Rex were warmly appreciated, and Mrs. Boddington gave excellent clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., Lyceum and circle. At 7 p.m. (prompt) address and clairvoyance, by Mrs. Boddington. Thursday, at 8.15 p.m., psychometry. Silver collection.—H. Y.

LIVERPOOL.—DAULBY HALL.—On Sunday last Mr. John Lobb delivered addresses, the attendance in the evening being very large.

BOURNEMOUTH.—21, CHARMINSTER-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. Walker gave a very good address entitled 'Where are we?' A good after-circle was held.—C. S.

WALSALL.—Mr. John Lobb recently paid a visit to this town, and a large audience listened to his interesting address, which was descriptively reported in the local 'Recorder.'

SOUTHPORT.—HAWKSHED HALL.—On Sunday last Mr. Aaron Wilkinson gave addresses and excellent clairvoyant descriptions. Mr. Kitson presided, and at the Lyceum service addressed the children.—E. B.

PLYMOUTH.—Oddfellows' Hall, Morley-street.—On Sunday last Mr. Le Cras gave an able address on 'Is Inspiration Infallible?' and Mrs. Martin's clairvoyant descriptions were very good.—M.

ST. LEONARD'S-ON-SEA.—109, LONDON-ROAD.—On Sunday last Archdeacon Colley's challenge was discussed, and Miss Chapin spoke feelingly on spirit guardianship and gave remarkable test descriptions, all recognised.

GLASGOW.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, 136, BATH-STREET.—On Tuesday and Thursday of last week, in Dixon Hall and Liberal Rooms, Partick, Mrs. M. H. Wallis, of London, gave good addresses and clairvoyant descriptions. On Sunday, morning and evening, Mrs. Inglis, of Dundee, in her usual quaint manner, gave splendid clairvoyant descriptions.—R. R. G.