

Light.

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

It is well to remember that the glamour, the beauty and the joy of Christmas centre, after all, in the birth of a little child—a wondrous child, truly, but the charm of it all hovers about the child. If the Christ could have arrived as a man, either by magic or as emerging from an unrecorded childhood, how different it would all have been!

Christmas and children must ever be associated. That is well. The sacredness of birth, the divineness of human life, the wonder of childhood, will more and more appeal to the world as it advances in true knowledge and spiritual perception. Here is a simple poem, by Catharine R. Watkins, which strikes the true note, and all the truer for its simplicity:—

God, who in His wondrous love
Made the starry hosts above,
Sun and moon to shine for Him,
Rolling back the darkness dim,
Gives His light anew to earth
With each tender infant's birth.

Worlds, without the sun, grow cold,
Hearts, without the children, old,
Little lights—they shed their rays
Over dark and troubled days,
Witnesses so fair and bright
Of their Source, the Light of Light.

Happy are the homes of earth,
Filled and blest with childhood's mirth,
May they know their priceless gift,
And the little lives uplift,
That no shade the light may mar,
For behold! it comes from far.

Edward Markham, in his poem entitled 'Christmas Banqueting Time,' tells part of the wonderful story of the life of 'Saint Elizabeth,' who was the wife of a king, but who lived the simple and lovely life of a true saint. Not out of disdain, but for very purity's sake, at the feast, she drank water only, and ate very simple fare, and, when her loving husband drank her health, this happened: he cried:—

'Not all the saints have felt the wind of death;
Come, drink to one who walks the Earth, my wife Elizabeth;
And I will pledge her beauty with this water in her cup.'
So, stooping down, he caught and swung her golden goblet up,
And tasted—paused—tasted again, for lo, it was rare wine!
More strangely sweet than any juice pressed from an earthly vine.

'Ho, varlet, from what pipe this wine and from what cellar shelf?'

'From good Saint Kilian's well, sire, and I drew it up myself!'
She flushed; the table stared; the duke looked foolishly about,
The hall so still, they heard far bells breaking the night without.

Then up spoke Helias, the Seer: 'I saw the water poured—
Saw, too, an angel bending by our lady at the board,
Pouring with courteous gesture from a flagon of red wine,
Then fading in the brightness of the firelight's dancing shine.
She heard in glad amaze: he wins God's favour unawares
Who, self-forgot in brother love, a brother's burden bears.

Dr. Carus, whose Chinese and other studies in 'The Open Court' have given us such pleasure, has just published, through the Open Court Publishing Company (Chicago), a most delightful and instructive volume, entitled, 'T'ai-Shang Kan-Ying P'ien.' It is called 'A Treatise of the Exalted One on Response and Retribution,' and has been translated by Teitaro Suzuki and Dr. Carus. It contains an Introduction, the Chinese Text with a verbatim Translation line by line, and a Translation in literary form, with Explanatory Notes and Moral Tales. It also contains sixteen plates by Chinese artists and a Frontispiece presentation of the Sage, Lao Tze, whose full disciple name is T'ai Shang Lao Chün = The Most Exalted Ancient Master.

The Introduction very clearly sets forth the composite nature of the work, and, as might be expected from Dr. Carus, the so-called 'mythological background' is minimised or chaffed. He says:—

There is another weak point in the religious notions of our treatise, viz., the belief in demons which in the stories involves the superstition of obsession. But let us remember that the New Testament is full of it, and the era of witch persecution in Europe, which is the worst aspect of obsession, is about simultaneous with the date of the T'ai-Shang Kan-Ying P'ien.

The Chinese may not as yet have passed entirely the stage of childhood diseases, but let us remember that the European race too had its measles.

Dr. Carus always seems to us to be throwing away the baby with the bath-water. All great sciences and all great truths had their beginnings in exaggerations and grotesquenesses. Time tames them: and it is for us to be patient and discriminate.

It is pleasant to note that, so far as the leading responsible persons in China are concerned, the feeling against missionaries is decreasing. This is, perhaps, owing to increased prudence on the part of the missionaries, who have long been a cause of trouble in consequence of their overstraining of their political status, and their reliance upon their respective governments, by whom they were, by treaties, officially forced upon the Chinese, who are practically a nation of conservative Spiritualists and ethical ceremonialists, as little likely to be influenced by the conventional evangelical missionary as any people on the face of the earth.

An American onlooker, who boasts that no trouble has arisen in connection with an American missionary, lately said of the unfortunate conflicts between the Chinese Government and the missionaries, that by far the largest number of them has been caused 'by the unwise and improper interferences of missionaries between their native

converts and the Chinese authorities, or by the assumption of civil rank and authority by missionaries.' He adds:—

The conduct of European governments toward China, their greed, aggression, and general attitude of domination, long prejudiced both officials and people against missionaries, who were popularly believed to make use of their professedly philanthropic work only as a cloak, and to be, in fact, spies of their own governments whose aim was the seizure of the Empire and the subjugation of its people. But, with greater mutual intelligence and less frequent occasions of misunderstanding, these causes of friction and conflict have, in great measure, disappeared. The true character and great value of the missionary enterprise as a factor in the modernisation of China, and in bringing it into line with the great nations of the world, are almost universally recognised and appreciated, at least by those who are being most radically affected by it.

We most sincerely hope this is a correct statement as to the present condition of affairs. Our only regret is that Spiritualist missionaries are not going to so promising a field.

We find 'The Grail' (New York, U.S.) unusually satisfying, though its highly poetic vocabulary is in some respects peculiar and a trifle limited. Here is a bit of it at its best; a lovely suggestive thought concerning 'the Hidden Creator,' from the artist's point of view:—

Excepting that the mind of nature imagines, the creative passion aglow in all her ideals, there were not even deserts to disappoint and mock with death. Roses were first dreamed and then came true on the bush. Birds are first imagined and then tell the beauties of some great mind to the winds. Some generous heart forefelt the harvests, and then they came gladdening to bless our hungers.

Even what we call lifeless matter was first mind, some artist soul imagining before gaseous vapour could round into a world, crystallise into a rock, lift into a mountain, melt into waters that in rivers laugh and in seas chant. I lay my hand upon this grey boulder here on the banks of the singing stream, beside whose happy waters some holy imagination first set me for these years of earth, and it is all apulse with imagination. Some great lover set its crystals unto loving until they each found their own and fellowshiped into this, which, however it seems to you, is to me as much an artist work as any marbles in great galleries glowing with the imaginations of men.

The piquant letter from Mrs. Brenchley in 'LIGHT' for December 15th is 'worthy of all acceptance.' Whoever 'P.' is, he is a lively truth-teller, and we are perfectly willing to believe it is our good, sensible St. Paul. Every word of his communication, from 'You look to us as saints' down to 'called you gods,' is highly probable; so is the communication from 'another.'

We have far too long been in ridiculous bondage to the past,—to past 'saints,' past 'prophets,' past 'authorities,' and past unclean or imperfect ideas. We want more faith in the winnings of the present and in the voice of the living God speaking to the living man. There never was a world like the world of to-day, so beautiful, so full of wonder and hope, so sweet and kind and clean—with all our many and grievous faults.

SPIRITUAL PRAYERS. (From many shrines.)

We thank Thee, God of our life! for bringing us once again to this season of Advent-time, and to all its beautiful and consoling memories, associations, and hopes. Help us, in spirit, to come very near to Thy well-beloved Son our brother, and to be conscious of our sonship in the light of his: and, as we enter into this lofty heritage, help us most willingly to take its high responsibilities, that we may be true to the Fatherhood and the Brotherhood, and live the life as Jesus did. Help us, like him, to be courageous in the face of danger, strong against all evil-doing, but pitiful towards the evil-doer. May we grow up into him in all things—into his compassion, his purity, his devotion to duty, and his loyalty to Thee: and, at this sacred season, may the child-heart of the Christ be with us all. Amen.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

AFTERNOON MEETING.

The Members and Associates of the Alliance are invited to an informal gathering at 110, St. Martin's-lane, on the afternoon of Thursday, January 3rd, from 3 to 5 o'clock, to welcome the

REV. LOIE F. PRIOR, of U.S.A.,

On the occasion of her arrival in London from Melbourne on her journey round the world in the interests of Spiritualism.

Tea will be provided. No tickets necessary.

Meetings in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East (near the National Gallery):—

MONDAY, January 14th.

PROFESSOR W. F. BARRETT, F.R.S., on 'The History and Mystery of the so-called Divining or Dowsing Rod.' With Lantern Illustrations. At 7 p.m. for 7.30.

THURSDAY, February 7th.

MME. E. D'ESPÉRANCE. (Subject to be announced later.)

THURSDAY, February 21st.

REV. J. PAGE HOPPS, on 'Evolution and Spiritualism: The Story of a Response.' At 7 p.m. for 7.30.

THURSDAY, March 7th.

REV. TYSSUL DAVIS, on 'Spiritualism as a National Religion.' At 7 p.m. for 7.30.

FRIDAY, March 22nd.

MR. G. R. S. MEAD, on 'The Gospel of the Gnosis.' At 7 p.m. for 7.30.

THURSDAY, April 4th.

ALDERMAN D. S. WARD, on 'Psychic Phenomena, Sacred and Secular.' At 7 p.m. for 7.30.

THURSDAY, April 18th.

REV. ADDISON A. CHARLESWORTH, on 'What is Man?' At 7 p.m. for 7.30.

THURSDAY, May 2nd.

MRS. LAURA I. FINCH, on 'The Psychology of Mediumship—Some Recent Experiments.' At 7 p.m. for 7.30.

THURSDAY, May 16th.

MR. J. W. BOULDING, on 'Philosophy versus Spiritualism, with Illustrations from Personal Experiences.' At 7 p.m. for 7.30.

MRS LOIE F. PRIOR.

The Rev. Mrs. Loie F. Prior, after a very successful season in New Zealand, lectured in Melbourne, Australia, during October last, and was welcomed by large and enthusiastic audiences. On Tuesday evenings she gave 'Demonstrations of Immortality,' and 'at these meetings,' says the 'Harbinger of Light,' 'every one of her clairvoyant descriptions has been recognised.' A 'farewell meeting' was held on November 5th, and Mrs. Prior started on her journey to England 'with the hearty good wishes of the crowd of friends she has made in Melbourne.'

We have received a letter from Mrs. Prior, written from Naples, in which she says she is in good health, has had a pleasant voyage, and is ready for work. She expects to reach London about the end of this month, and societies desiring to secure her services for Sundays or for week-evening clairvoyant 'demonstrations of immortality,' should write to her, care of 'LIGHT.'

The London Spiritualist Alliance have arranged to hold a social gathering of Members and Associates, at the rooms, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., on Thursday, January 3rd, from 3 to 5 p.m., to welcome Mrs. Prior to London.

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST.

SERMON BY 'A MIDLAND RECTOR.'

When Christ came the first time to the world we know that the world was not very worthy of Him. The world did not want Him, and tried to get rid of Him as soon as possible. Fortunately, it did not succeed, or we should be in greater darkness than we are. The world tried to quench, and hide, and shut out the light, but only with the effect, as so often happens, of causing it to shine more brightly. The world has never been over fond of being enlightened, or over anxious to receive any new truth. People like, naturally, to rest in their old delusions and superstitions; the adoption of a new faith is disturbing at first, and interferes with their comfort, but afterwards it brings the peace and life without which there would only ensue despair and stagnation. It is one of the great lessons of spiritual history that God does not leave the world to itself, otherwise it would be in even more evil case than it is. The world has never treated very kindly its great teachers and light-bringers; it has always, more or less, made martyrs of its prophets and reformers who have tried to banish darkness and corruption. Christ has been continually coming, indeed, in every fresh advance of thought, in every enlargement and enlightenment of men's minds, in every new message for each generation. But, just as of old, there have been few to receive Him, and those few have often been outside the churches. He is reported to have said of Himself, 'When the Son of Man cometh will He find faith on earth?' What if He should be coming to us all the time and we only lack the faith to perceive His presence?

Seeing how cruel a reception was given to Christ the first time, and how many obstacles and difficulties have been thrown in His way ever since, we should make it our great aim that nothing may be wanting on our part to prepare for His future coming; that we may always be so living and thinking and praying as to make it not merely possible, but a far easier and simpler thing, for heaven to communicate with earth. Let us remove everything from our lives, everything from our minds and hearts, that might block the way; let us attune our souls so that they may naturally vibrate in harmony with the heavenly music, and that no voice from the Divine may fall on inattentive ears. All the hindrances arise on man's side; God is always willing and always longing to make Himself known to us.

When we come to think of it, it seems remarkable that the first disciples should have been so eagerly awaiting Christ's second advent. One would have thought that, with the events of His first coming comparatively recent and vivid in their minds, they might have been satisfied to rest in them and gather from them the life and inspiration they needed. But what had happened in the past, so far from contenting them, only made them look forward more anxiously to what was yet to come. And, though not in the way they looked for, no doubt Christ did come many times to them and was often at their side. I do not think Christ ever did come or ever will come in the manner that the world has expected Him. That does not matter so much so long as we are in the right condition to receive His visits when He *does* come. The first coming was very beautiful, it was the greatest light that had ever dawned upon the world; the glory of it is around us still; but, as those to whom it came, because of its exceeding brilliance, lived in an atmosphere of constant expectation, so should we be always looking forward to brighter manifestations still.

The first time, Christ came as a child when the world was in a state of childhood, but the second time He will no longer be a child, but the perfectly developed Spirit of love and truth and beauty. As we ourselves advance in faith and readiness to receive His message, He will come with greater and greater power. We cannot go back too often in thought to that first manifestation of the divine childhood; our own greatness is to be as little children—but God's children—and we must press on towards maturity. The lessons of childhood should prepare us to take up the duties of men and women. And we must be ready to receive not only the Christ of the

past with His message for a bygone age, but we must be even more eager to welcome the Christ of the living present, with His message for the peculiar needs of our own time. It is never enough to build upon the old and make the most of that; we shall only lose the ground we have if we are not always pushing forward towards new discoveries and attainments.

What is the great weakness of all the Christian churches at the present day? Look at Russia, look at Rome, look at our own Church of England! In almost every church and chapel in our land there is too much going back. The old ideas and traditional beliefs have absorbed our attention, and we have not been eager enough to look for new and fuller revelations. Christ never spoke as though He were not coming again; He said, 'I have many things to say to you but ye cannot bear them now'; and those who were immediately connected with Him never supposed, for a moment, that there was to be no further coming; it was upon that event, not on what had already happened, that they fastened their highest hopes. What was good enough for yesterday is not necessarily good to-day.

What is going on now everywhere? The world is crying out for new light, and those to whom it should have naturally looked for guidance have none to give it. Those who should have been in the vanguard of progress and heralds of the coming Christ are lagging far behind. People whose minds and souls are awake are hungering for food, and there is nothing but the old bones which have been hashed up again and again, until every vestige of nutriment has long ago been extracted. They are even mouldy with age, but still our religious leaders go on trying to make soup of them, and poor, thin, unsatisfying stuff it is. The bread of heaven must be fresh gathered day by day. That is not the worst kind of unbelief which rejects many little details of what was said to have happened thousands of years ago, but that fatal blindness which will not see the new light that is waiting to spread itself over our souls to-day.

They tell us our childhood is the happiest time, the time when life was full of love and innocence and brightness; but, instead of going back with wistful regrets to what is past, we should take those early intimations as hints only of our coming greatness, and we should look forward, as we grow older, to increasing splendour.

Has Christ spoken to you once? Do not be satisfied with that, but look forward still to revelations of brighter hope and fuller meaning. Never believe that God cannot speak to you now as plainly as He ever spoke. Take the first coming as the pledge of future comings. Believe that Christ and His angels can come as near to you to-day—aye, nearer than they came to the world of long ago. Wait for them, if need be, but never think they will not come; whatever has been shall be yet again. Always be ready to go forth to meet them.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.—No meetings will be held at 110, St. Martin's-lane after Friday, the 21st inst., until the 'Social Gathering,' on January 3rd, 1907, to welcome the Rev. Mrs. Lois F. Prior.

THE UNION OF LONDON SPIRITUALISTS will hold a Conference on Sunday, January 6th, at Sigdon-road Council Schools, Hackney Downs, at 7 p.m. Speakers: Messrs. G. T. Gwinn, J. Adams, P. Smyth, and A. Card.

AN APPARITION OF THE LIVING.—In the December 'Review of Reviews,' p. 609, Mr. Stead gives a letter received from the neighbourhood of Johannesburg. His correspondent relates an incident which occurred not long since to a friend and his wife in Cape Colony. They were at different ends of their bedroom, talking, when the husband called to his wife to ask if she had seen anything. 'Yes,' she replied, 'a shadow cast by someone on the stoep' (verandah). 'Well,' rejoined the husband, 'I have seen my mother, and she seemed in a desperate state, and beckoned to me; she had on a red dressing-gown with black spots, which I have never seen her wear.' Immediately afterwards a messenger arrived in hot haste to summon him to his father's deathbed. When they arrived the mother came to meet them, wearing the dressing-gown described, and her son exclaimed, 'Mother, you have been to the farm to-night!' She said, 'I believe I have; I felt as though I must seize hold of you and bring you.' The correspondent concludes: 'This is a true story, and you can make use of it if you like.'

MR. STEAD ON THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE.

In the December 'Review of Reviews' Mr. W. T. Stead gives his experiences with the Zancigs, and refers to another claim to have established a marvellous process of thought transference. With regard to the performance at the Alhambra, which Mr. Stead witnessed, in company with Mr. Sinnett, he lays great stress on the rapidity with which the transference of thought is effected:—

'Mr. Zancig does not face his wife; he is for the most part with his back towards her, looking intently at the articles displayed to him. Strings of figures hastily scribbled in the distant gallery, and deciphered with difficulty by Mr. Zancig, are written out without hesitation by Mrs. Zancig in a clear, bold hand. Mr. Zancig is never for more than a moment in the same place. Here, there, and everywhere, rushing about from one part of the house to the other. Articles are thrust into his hand one after the other, and sometimes his wife describes them before he himself has quite realised what they are.

'After this kind of thing had been going on for fifteen or twenty minutes the door of our box was thrown open and Mr. Zancig jumped in. He was in a state of great tension. "Give me something," he cried; "anything you like, a banknote or what you please." We were in the furthest box from the stage, on Mrs. Zancig's right hand. Mr. Sinnett hurriedly rummaged through his pocket-book and produced a cheque. Mr. Zancig bent over the ledge of the box, his face not turned towards the stage, but his eyes intent on the cheque. "What is this?" "A draft." "How much is it filled up for?" "It is a blank, not filled up at all." "What is its number?" And then and there that marvellous woman wrote up with absolute accuracy and without a moment's hesitation figure after figure, until the right number was written on the slate.'

Mr. Stead says that every ordinary explanation fails to explain. Ventriloquism was impossible, for the answers were often written before the words could be spoken. Concealed telegraph wires were out of the question, for Mr. Zancig ranged over the whole building. Preconcerted signals were 'impossible to carry out with the breathless rapidity and rush with which the tests were taken. The notion of confederates is equally absurd.'

Private demonstrations proved still more conclusive to Mr. Stead and his friends, and brought out a curious fact which has been noted by Miss E. K. Bates, on p. 579 of 'LIGHT'; namely, that the percipient may write or draw the test on the slate more correctly than she gives it verbally. Mr. Stead reports that once or twice she called out a wrong number; but when she brought her slate into the room, 'the series of figures was written correctly, from which it would appear that the telepathic current finds less difficulty in moving the fingers than in moving the tongue.'

Mr. Stead also prints a communication he has received from a Mr. Andrew McConnell, of 20, Capitol-avenue, Atlanta, Ga., U.S.A. This gentleman had the good fortune to meet a gifted lady whom he calls Miss Mabel Ray, and describes as highly intuitive and broad-minded. They formed a circle, and started experiments with the table; Miss Ray gave Mr. McConnell a mental treatment for ill-health, and he became so receptive that, he says, he could feel the immediate effect of her silent treatment through his sub-conscious mind.

When Miss Ray went North, Mr. and Mrs. McConnell succeeded in getting messages from her through the table. Then Mr. McConnell found that he could use his arm to give raps, representing replies from Miss Ray to his questions. Next he tried automatic writing, and 'it worked finely':—

'After a few days' practice Miss Ray could write automatically, using my hand, in her own handwriting, which I could not have duplicated to save my life, for I had no talent for imitating another's hand. My own handwriting is so nervous and scratchy that few can read it; hers, a smooth, even, woman's handwriting. Then, reasoning that as her conscious mind could enter my sub-conscious mind, and direct my hand as her own in writing, why could not my conscious mind begin to hear the message? I tried thus to blend the conscious and sub-conscious, and gradually succeeded, until after a few more days our minds were so blended in the same vibration, and so sensitively receptive to each other, that we could talk through our minds at a distance of 1,200 miles with as much ease and distinctness as though conversing in the same room.'

Mr. Stead thinks that this power of communication ought to be demonstrated before experts, and that, if it is proved, it will be a marvellous revelation of the hitherto latent and almost unsuspected powers of the human soul. His own experience, he says, 'has sufficed to prove that, providing two minds are in tune, they can transmit thought over hundreds and thousands of miles.'

MILLER'S MATERIALISATIONS CRITICISED.

The remarkable series of materialisations given during Mr. Miller's recent stay in Paris appears to have satisfied those best qualified to judge as to the genuineness of these phenomena; Dr. Encausse ('Papus') and M. Gaston Mery have published articles in which they declare themselves convinced, and in the last number of the 'Revue Spirite' M. Léopold Dauvil has retracted the rather unfavourable judgment pronounced by him after a former séance, and has frankly admitted that the phenomena are of unimpeachable genuineness. The last to stand out on the other side appears to be M. Cesar de Vesme, who, in the 'Annals of Psychical Science' for December, discusses 'Further Séances with Miller in Paris.' But his argument is not too coherent, as we hope to show, and is largely confined to captious questionings of other people's observations; M. de Vesme does not appear to have been present at any of the séances. References to previous exposures are skillfully interwoven to unsettle the reader's mind, yet it is admitted that 'there exist phenomena whose genuineness seems to be undeniable, even when the medium has not been searched.' To judge by the reports that have been summarised in 'LIGHT,' Miller's phenomena would seem to fairly belong to this class.

When M. de Vesme comes to analyse the test-séance held at the residence of M. Gaston Mery, described in 'LIGHT' for November 10th, at which the medium stripped himself completely and put on fresh clothes in the presence of three medical men, who did not lose sight of him until the séance commenced, his criticisms become almost ludicrous in their ineptitude. For instance:—

'It seems, then, that although no one held Mr. Miller's hands, as we suggested, when he remained outside the cabinet, at all events some of those present saw them motionless on his knees. It is not quite the same thing evidentially, for in the darkness a pair of white gloves resting on his knees could easily be mistaken for hands; but we must make the best of the evidence as it is. The strongest testimony in Miller's favour is the sensation of contact with warm flesh experienced by Dr. Chazarain when embracing the phantom that purported to be his daughter.'

'M. Gaston Mery and other investigators have noticed that as soon as the medium goes into the cabinet "the materialisations become more complete," and that "under the folds of material one has the impression of seeing a body moving." We have also remarked that this fact, which is perfectly explicable, without having recourse to the hypothesis of fraud, by the theory that the presence of the medium in the cabinet increases the intensity of the psychic force, unfortunately also favours the supposition that, as long as Miller remains outside the cabinet, he is obliged only to simulate apparitions by shaking muslin lay-figures, but that when he is inside the cabinet he is able himself to impersonate the phantoms. In the scene we have described, Miller, playing the part of Betsy, would have had to sustain with one hand a mannikin dressed in the medium's clothes.'

All of which is absurd, as Euclid says. Let M. de Vesme strip himself and put on other clothes before three medical men, then let him produce white gloves, muslin lay-figures, clothes for 'Betsy,' and a mannikin to hang his own clothes on meanwhile! M. de Vesme omits to charge the three doctors with hopeless incompetence; yet, here is the alternative: either the search was a farce and the evidence of the doctors utterly unreliable, or the materialisations took place under 'fraud-proof' conditions, and therefore were incontestably genuine. Let M. de Vesme say to which of these sharply defined alternatives he adheres.

At last we come to the real grievance, to the cause of M. de Vesme's animus against Miller and all his works. It is that the séances 'were "drawing-room meetings," and not "scientific experiments" made with recognised savants.'

These séances in Paris, says M. de Vesme, are 'only of the same value as those given at San Francisco'; and that is 'practically nil.' Mr. Miller called at Professor Richey's Paris residence to invite him to a séance, but he was absent. M. de Vesme insinuates that 'the fact of [Miller] not wishing to submit to the examination of a Scientific Commission, which would observe his rare faculties and would proclaim them, is not calculated to accredit his love of truth,' and renders him open to suspicion. We would rather have a fair amount of common sense than any Scientific Commission in the world.

A SERMON ON HAUNTED HOUSES.

The 'Warwick Advertiser,' of December 8th, reports a sermon preached by the Rev. W. Gilbert, at Brook-street Congregational Church, Warwick, on 'Haunted Houses in Warwick,' from which we take the following passages:—

'It has been said that there are certain houses in Warwick in which, during the still hours of the night, strange and unaccountable occurrences take place. Many people who have lived, or are living, in some of the very old houses of the town have frequently heard strange footfalls upon the stairs, and vigorous scufflings upon their landings in the dead of night. It is an easy thing, if not a very satisfactory one, to put all these occurrences down to ignorance and superstition—and then we remember that some of the foremost scientists have made useful investigations in this field of study. We think of Professor Crookes, of the late F. W. H. Myers, and the Principal of Birmingham University, Sir Oliver Lodge, whom we may take the liberty to call a near neighbour. These men of world-wide reputation will testify to the reality of certain manifestations under certain conditions. Mr. Myers, at least, claimed to prove in a scientific way that the personality survives bodily death by reason of these living spirits which dwell around us. Now in one old house in Warwick it is said that at a certain time rather early in the night, but occasionally in the early morning, a spirit enters by the front door, stalks across the large hall, ascends the staircase, steals along the corridor, and then passes up a second flight of steps to the attic in the roof of the house. The spirit appears familiar with all the turns, passages and rooms of the house. It, however, keeps to one particular route, as though it came in late at night and retired to rest in the attic above. As far as I know it has never been seen; only the solemn footfalls in the night time have been distinctly audible. In another case, after a similar manner, footsteps have been distinctly heard on the stairs and landing, startling the occupants of the house, not once or twice, but a great number of times. Screams, it is said, have also been heard coming from the passage, while one particular bedroom door was constantly flung open during the night.'

After stating that he did not assert that these were supernatural phenomena, though they might probably be regarded as 'superhuman,' Mr. Gilbert continued:—

'God fulfils Himself in many ways. And it would seem that He has beset us behind and before by ministering spirits sent to do us good. It would also appear there are other spirits, spirits of evil, tampering with which means hopeless destruction. And now I pass on to what may be regarded as safer, more familiar, and surer ground. We are all spirits. And do you know that as spirits we each create our own environment, and make it either good or bad? That environment remains after we have passed away. It may be that that environment may account for some of the impressions of manifestations men have claimed to see, and some of the strange voices men have heard. If you go to Kenilworth Castle alone, peer into that dungeon, stand and meditate by the side of it, a weird sensation will pass through you, a creepy feeling seizes and numbs the senses, an eerie influence steals across the heart. You seem to be suddenly precipitated into the midst of those heartless, cruel men of old. Almost can you hear the dying groans of the helpless victims from the dark depth of the dungeon, until at last the associations and environment of the place are too strong, and you pass to more congenial influences. A strange feeling creeps over you as you wander through the forsaken halls of an old manor house standing in lonely isolation, far from the haunts of men. An influence beyond your power to control forces you to think of the olden times when the place was peopled with sad or happy faces, and when the merry cries of children re-echoed through the deserted corridors. The people who have gone before have left behind either a hallowed or unhallowed association about the place, and your spirit is moved accordingly.

'I have stood beside the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford,

where Latimer, Cranmer, and Ridley were burnt at the stake for the faith that was in them. And somehow, as one stands and meditates, their spirit of self-sacrifice, of true courage, of noble heroism, grips the soul and sends one away with a greater defiance for sin, a fresh animating courage and a more virile faith. You cannot escape the solemn associations of the good spirits who have gone before, any more than you can the evil ones. All have left their impress upon the world's life and thought. And then in a word I wish to ask what impress are you making upon those of your day and generation? What environment or associations are you creating upon your pilgrimage? Every soul leaves its stamp and image upon the life of the world into which it has been born. Is yours for good or is it for evil? Are you living in such a way as to leave behind a hallowed association, an inspiring memory? You have it in your power to leave behind as your inheritance the grim skeleton of an evil and wasted life, or the fragrant memory of consecrated powers. Which is it to be? What are you going to do? Dare you cross the threshold of another world with an evil record? Strive to possess the jewel of a fragrant life.'

EUSAPIA PALADINO'S ACCOUNT OF HERSELF.

Mme. Eusapia Paladino has long been a puzzle to psychical researchers in various countries. Recently, in the 'Giornale d'Italia,' a certain Signor Giannino Antona-Traversi put forth a challenge to Mme. Paladino to prove the genuineness of her mediumship, and the same paper, on December 5th, published a reply from Mme. Paladino herself and from the lawyer who recently obtained damages for her in an action for libel. Mme. Paladino's letter is couched in simple and apparently sincere language. She says:—

'I am told that I have been challenged through your paper, and I have asked my informant to reply, for I cannot write. Challenged? Why? What harm have I done to anyone?

'I was a poor seamstress when it became known that in my house the furniture moved; people wanted to see and to experiment; I had no reason for refusing. Then they said, "You know, people do not believe in the things which happen in your own surroundings; come and show yourself away from your own home"; and I went. In consequence, I was called away from Naples to places in Italy and other countries. I have never solicited anything from anyone, nor have I ever asked fate to take me from my occupation as a seamstress, which I would willingly go on with; I was taken away from it. I do not know what occurred at the séances, nor what was said about them; I understand nothing of the discussions that have arisen; I do not claim to make anyone believe anything; when I am tired I withdraw, and the professors stay behind talking and sometimes quarrelling, but I do not know why. They want me, they treat me kindly, I lend myself to everything they demand, in order that they may be satisfied with the experiments, and am remunerated by them as they think fit, without entering into any discussion. Is it for this that I am challenged? It is strange. What am I to do?'

To Eusapia's unlettered mind, 'challenged' (sfidata) means 'distrusted.' Her lawyer, although he declares himself 'a sworn enemy of Spiritualism,' writes 'to break a lance on behalf of the phenomena' claimed as spiritualistic, and confirms the fact that Mme. Paladino is illiterate and does not read the newspapers; she is the daughter of simple peasants. Those who wish to study the phenomena calmly and scientifically, he says, 'can only do as half the scientific world has done,' namely, obtain one or more sittings, take precautions against fraud, and only form a judgment after careful observation.

TRANSITION.—The Rev. G. J. R. Ouseley, M.A., who described himself as 'a minister of the new dispensation,' passed away at the age of seventy-one years, on the 9th inst., at his home at No. 3, Evelyn-terrace, Brighton. He was a frequent contributor to 'LIGHT' and was well known to many of our readers as a Christian Catholic, a Mystic, a Theosophist, a Spiritualist and a Humanitarian.

Mrs. W. J. McLENNAN.—Many of our readers will regret to learn that owing to ill-health Mrs. W. J. McLennan has been recommended to return to Australia for a time, in order to recuperate. She hopes, however, to return to England and continue her work for Spiritualism. Mr. and Mrs. McLennan wish to thank the many friends they have met during their stay here for kindness received, and wish them all success in the advancement of spiritual progress.

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EDITOR E. DAWSON ROGERS.

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APPLICATIONS by Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, Ltd., for the loan of books from the Alliance Library, should be addressed to the Librarian, Mr. B. D. Godfrey, Office of the Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

Christmas and the New Year.

With this issue of 'Light' we send cordial Greetings and hearty Good Wishes to all our Friends and to our Poes as well, if we have any. In the coming year may they all be abundantly blessed in all ways always!

THE SHEPHERDS HEARD.

One of the quaintest and prettiest stories ever told was the story of the appearance of the angel and 'a multitude of the heavenly host' to the shepherds in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. Every word of it, in our beautiful English version, is winsome and musical and sweet. It belongs to the earliest of our young dreams, and to the magic and romance of the 'hinterland' of life.

But is it not more than quaint and pretty? May it not, in the main, be true? To the well-informed Spiritualist, it presents but few difficulties. In any case, whatever we may think about the nature and person of Jesus, his advent was a momentous event in the history of the world, and an event that must have deeply interested the spirit people; and certainly it has been a great and precious gain for the world that this lovely story has become a part of its history, making all nations familiar with the existence of an angel-world and the possibility of communion between that world and ours.

But why to shepherds, out there in the fields by night? Why was not the announcement made to the great authorities, to responsible people who could have applied tests, to scientists and judicial persons who could have cross-examined the angels and perhaps caged one of them? The world says that these clever and reliable people are superior to 'hallucinations,' and are well acquainted with the boundaries of the possible. Why did not the angels appear to them?

Perhaps the explanation is that the sensible angels preferred the open fields, and the fresh air, and the shepherds. Or is it possible that the great people we have referred to were too firmly embedded in self, and too entrenched in old ideas, habits, and conclusions? Upon them perhaps the angels could make no impression. Besides, the angels could perhaps only manifest at night,

and those grand people were in bed and asleep. So it had to be shepherds and the fields.

Ah, but that was not the only reason. They had to come to simple souls and open ears, to minds and hearts that were not closely guarded and preoccupied. It is God's way. All the revolutions need ingenuous spirits and open minds. Hence Jesus chose for his disciples men equivalent to shepherds; and hence that illuminating saying of Paul:—

Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are.

This, again, is at the heart of that grave saying, 'How hard it is for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven!' It is not a decree, but a law. The angelic influences flow in easiest where there is least to overcome. Faber was right:—

Thy house is with the humble, Lord;
The simplest are the best;
Thy lodging is in childlike hearts;
Thou makest there Thy nest.

Dear Comforter, Eternal Love,
If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a home for Thee.

That is why the shepherds heard, and we may be sure that the farther we get from the shepherds, the hills, the streams, and the stars, the farther we are apt to get from the angels. The shepherds lie open to Nature and to her gracious and wondrous calm. The great mother is very near to them in her weird wide spaces. They have time for meditation and on mighty themes. They are soothed by the vast overbroodings of peace, alone with the night and the stars. One can easily imagine them softly singing:—

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.

Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend, on hovering wing,
And over o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angels' strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;

And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring;
(O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!)

No wonder men in London omit their little inane laugh when Spiritualism is mentioned, for here it is

Gold! gold! gold!
Everywhere gold!
Men's hearts are sold
And wedded to gold;
And they tighten the links of their slavish chains,
And greedily gloat o'er their sordid gains.

In the crowded street
Where the people meet,
And hurriedly greet,
They talk of gold, if they talk at all—
Of the yellow gold, and its rise and fall.

Conscience and truth,
Beauty and youth,
E'en life, forsooth,
All fall a prey to this god of power,
And we forfeit Heaven for Mammon's dower.

We need not wonder that there was 'no room' for Jesus in the Inn, and that the angels appeared to the shepherds

under the stars. And, even though it were only an allegory, it is full of meaning. These shepherds may represent those who are caring for God's sheep in the great wide fields of the world. They also are out and awake in the world's night. They are watching, waiting for the dawn. They are the outlookers, the guardians, the quiet, patient, faithful carers for God's sheep; and always to such the angels come.

It is a noticeable fact that, as a rule, the best mediums now are the simple, unpreoccupied people—the people who are no good on the Stock Exchange and in Mincing Lane. 'Possibly,' say the men of the Stock Exchange and Mincing Lane, 'and for this very reason, that they are most open to self-delusions: whereas, now, we have all our wits about us and are sharp.' Granted, but it is quite conceivable that the material and financial interests, passions and outlooks of the Stock Exchange and Mincing Lane may be creating an atmosphere and faculties and a point of view utterly alien to 'the heavenly host.'

Perhaps, too, there is something here that is applicable to what is called 'The religious world,' that is to say, the world represented by Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's. But Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's are not tenanted by simple shepherds who keep watch over their flocks by night. They are tenanted by charming musicians and decorative priests, with their ceremonials, their intonings and their creeds: and, though we have no wish to disparage them, we do venture to say that some of our humble spiritualist meetings may be in closer contact with the spirit-people than they.

For an illustration of this we need not go farther than Jesus himself. He came from the poor places of the world: he was a carpenter's son, born in a stable and cradled in a manger; a man of no ambitions, too great to be what the world calls great; no home even: a man who was familiar with hunger and thirst, and often shelterless, whose life lay open to the angels and the stars.

Such a life as his cannot be ours, and ought not to be ours, except in spirit. The stir and worry of city life, and its urgent needs, make it difficult to keep eyes and ears open for the angels; but it can be done; for, after all, the fields and stars are only symbols. They may be in workshops and workhouses, in attics and alleys, in hospitals and noisy streets: and, if we listen, we may still hear the angels sing. They stand by the cradle of every new-born child. They look with eyes of pity and affection on the lad or girl going for the first time to work. They hover around the fainting pilgrim approaching the hiding veil. They speak to us: and still they tell of 'peace' and 'goodwill.' Listen! listen! and remember it is to watching men and women with the shepherd-spirit they can most easily appear.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

The Offices of 'LIGHT' and the London Spiritualist Alliance will be closed on December 25th and 26th, and will be re-opened on Thursday, the 27th, but the Library will not be re-opened until Monday, December 31st, 1906.

A NEW SHORTHAND SYSTEM.—We have received from Mr. A. JAMES, of 5, Crofton-road, Camberwell, S.E., a copy of his manual of 'Ariston' ('the best') Shorthand' (price 1s.). Mr. James claims that this is 'the only shorthand system which has been produced after more than forty years spent in the practice of the art,' and he has been a parliamentary reporter for twenty-five years. His experience has convinced him that thick and thin pairing of letters is 'a structural mistake, while it hampers the hand and is an obstacle to legibility.' He has discarded all considerations except legibility and facility of writing, and believes that 'Ariston' shorthand will be 'more easily learnt, written, and read than any other system now before the public.'

CROSS CURRENTS IN PASSIVE WRITING.

BY MRS. J. PAGE HOPPS.

An Address delivered to the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance on Thursday evening, December 20th, 1906, in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk street, Pall Mall; Mr. H. Withall, vice-president, in the chair.

MRS. PAGE HOPPS said:—

Before I give an account of some of my experiences in passive writing, I wish to say four things: (1) That I do so unwillingly, and only yield to the wish of another; (2) That I am rather the reverse of proud of them, as I think that some of them suggest the silly rather than the spiritual; (3) That I have no positive theory as to the source of the (shall I call them?) communications; I only know that my ordinary self, as I know it, is not responsible for them; and (4) That I have the reputation of being more of a cool detective than a person given to fancies.

A point worth mentioning is that the writing is by no means done at will. As a rule, though I might desire it, it cannot be got, but when it comes it usually comes with a rush, and apparently with the application of something like physical force, though I have the power to stop it. In fact, recently, for some time, I have often tried to write, without success.

The phrase 'passive writing' is not by any means a perfect one. It may mean anything, from normal writing in a passive state of mind to the supernatural writing usually associated with the phrase: that is to say, the writing given by another than the writer, whose hand or brain is used for its production. Of course, the vast majority of persons naturally think this last is impossible, a mere delusion, pitiable and perhaps dangerous. But it is probably true. I say probably, for we are all only seekers or students here.

My own experiences are a little peculiar, inasmuch as the cross currents have been rather strong, and the messages (may I call them?) have been all decidedly unlike anything I should be likely to write from my own personality. And yet, for all that, I only submit them as curiosities. I make no claim except this, that the messages all came unexpectedly and without premeditation, and that, as often as not, I stopped them because my own mind rather resented them. People who think this is all nonsense might profitably remember that writing of this kind is very ancient indeed; and, if they care for 'Holy Writ,' they may find it there. One instance may suffice. It is recorded in the 1st Book of Chronicles, chapter xxviii., that David gave to Solomon the drawings for the building of the Temple, which, he said, had been given to him by God. 'All this,' said David, 'the Lord made me to understand in writing by His hand upon me, even all the works of this pattern.' 'By His hand upon me' is precisely passive writing.

In the language of Spiritualism pure and simple, it was a case of spirit drawing. But I hesitate to go so far as 'Holy Writ.' My heresy is of a more cautious character. I have not decided whether, in passive writing, there is a 'hand upon me,' or whether, as is probable, my brain is moved by suggestion, leaving my hand to automatically follow; or whether I have another personality, very different from the personality which I am accustomed to call myself, to whom I have not yet been introduced. But this last hypothesis would not cover my case, because the messages I have received indicate cross currents of many and varied personalities, flowery sentimentalists and morbid penitents, agnostics and Methodist preachers, philosophers and fools; and I honestly think I am not all these, and that I do not include them all in my own rather matter-of-fact, positive, and rationalistic personality. As I have indicated, I have had very serious doubts about making known what I call the 'cross currents' in passive writing that have come to me. Much of what has come is so utterly nonsensical that one naturally shrinks from revealing it. But our business here is courageous inquiry, and our goal is truth.

However, for the purposes of this inquiry let us proceed on the assumption that these communications are messages

from the unseen people, in which case what we call spirit-land is not far off, but near, and spirit people are people of all sorts, good, bad, and indifferent. That being admitted, it will be easy to see that communications of all kinds may come, saintly and silly, pure and impure, thoughtful and insane.

What is peculiar in the communications I shall lay before you is this—that these varied currents have become mixed, and that the saintly and silly lie side by side in the oddest way. This probably is so because I was somewhat intolerant and impatient, stopping the communications and asking for something different, because I liked nothing that came. The philosophy seemed a make-up, the science seemed wrong, the preaching seemed empty, and the folly was so very foolish that I was partly offended and partly staggered by it; so I kept stopping what came, and thus, I suppose, was responsible for these cross currents. All that I know is that I never once lost my own clear grip of myself; that these communications flowed through me as something quite apart; that I read them as they came with quiet surprise and a little pity for the scribblers, and that a good deal of it I did not at all comprehend; and often, while writing, I have said to some one in the room, 'What incomprehensible nonsense this all is!' This is the point of view from which these cross currents have to be viewed. I do not present them as admirable, as beautiful, as clever—quite the contrary; I present them as the leavings of certain strange guests whom, for a time, I entertained. They would, perhaps, come again if I strongly invited them, but I hardly think I shall. What they left behind is useful as showing what a curious mixture they are, but one would hardly care to bother with them all the time. (On that understanding I have agreed to lay before you what I may call 'communications.' Criticise them or deprecate them as much as you please, I am not responsible, for I feel compelled to accept them as coming from some source outside of myself. If you can explain or account for them in any other way, I shall be glad to accept what would appear a more satisfactory explanation; but, after careful examination, I have come to the conclusion that my brain has probably been the medium of these impressions of thought from another world of some kind or another, the brain being used as a medium for the conveyance of ideas. When I say that probably my brain has been used by suggestion for the conveyance of ideas, I mean that the thought-impressions poured through my brain, but all the time my active, normal, thinking brain was absolutely passive and inert so far as I was concerned. It is very difficult to explain this, but the ordinary process of writing with one's own mental effort, and writing inspirationally, are two totally different things. The first means writing with a certain amount of mental effort and concentration on the subject in hand; the second is accomplished when the mind is perfectly passive, and entirely without premeditation. The effect is as though someone were speaking through the brain.

Now I want again to disavow the idea that I have received anything wonderful or authoritative from anyone of importance; on the contrary, the speciality of these communications is their variety, their frequent homeliness, their dramatic, fragmentary character, their glimpses of different personalities, and their sharp contrast of wisdom, sentimentality, and nonsense. I offer them as a record of realistic glimpses of character and life, and know that every one of them was unexpected and uncontrolled by me. Whatever value in other ways they have, they may have at least this value, that they tend to illustrate the reality of life and personality 'beyond the veil.'

For a long time I had very occasionally experimented a little in automatic writing, without obtaining anything beyond scrawls or a few words more or less disconnected. At length, more connected writing came, but of a disagreeable character, as from what one might call 'a lost soul.' This half induced me to cease writing altogether, and, as a matter of fact, I did not experiment again for a long time. But one evening, after having been to a séance with a friend, where we had had a remarkable test, when I was returning home in the train and was sitting in a passive condition, I was strongly impelled to write, and was able to do so, as I had with me a pencil and

exercise book. The result was the following very unexpected message, which simply poured out, in a way unlike anything I had ever experienced: 'Are you mad that you think I can control the elements? I am not all-powerful. You should know this.' Then this was followed by an outpouring of a passionately affectionate character, which is of too personal a nature to allow of further description. Amongst other things I was told, 'Death has no meaning for me, I am alive and well, and full of hope at the great awakening of mankind. Mankind is coming to the truth, and I wish them joy in its possession.' The writer went on to say, 'I was with you all the time to-day, but you did not know it, did you? I was with you when you came in and when you went out.' I here asked why he was not described by the medium at the séance I had attended, when the reply came: 'I hadn't the power to manifest; I was bewildered and troubled, and I felt too weak to will myself into the medium's sight. I strive hard, I have often tried, believe me; but it wasn't possible. I want to speak to you, but my strength fails me.'

After that I did not write for some days, but one night the impulse to write came so strongly that, although I resisted it, I had at last to take up book and pencil, when the following came very rapidly:—

'Many things are seen, to-day, of life in the unseen world of matter—life which puzzles scientists and theologians alike, and which we to-day are investigating in the light of reason and of truth. The word was not made flesh in a day, but in countless eons, and the heavens proclaim the glory and the handiwork of God, the ever-present Spirit immanent in all forms of manifestation. The world is a bidding place for men before they pass on to what we call Spirit Life, but which to you means little or nothing. The mind of man is clouded with superstition and dogma, and the reality behind all forms is unknown, and is in essence pure spirit. It is the power of cohesion of the particles of matter in space.

'Tis true that time will show and explain all things hitherto unknown, but the facts remain that here is not our abiding place, that is to say, the phenomenal world. We reach out, and by reaching grow, and so attain to the measure and stature of God.'

I felt that this outpouring would have gone on had I allowed it, but as it was very late and I was tired, I decided to stop it. This unexpected outflow of philosophy, of a kind, led me to wonder if I could get communications on scientific and philosophical subjects. I asked for communications on the subject of 'Sound,' and got the following:—

'The Universe of Matter is as a world of sound unheard by mortal ears, but vibrating with regular pulsations in the etheric medium, which is as an envelope of plastic substance surrounding the vibrations, and in and through them. The life-force is, as it were, breathing into it the breath of life, which is vibration. The life-force works in many ways and is complex in its manifestation. It is as a breath of wind, rustling the trees and shaking the branches, but the rustling persists and is re-echoed through what is thought to be space but which really is a medium of communication for transmitting the vibrations of sound into the world of manifestation, the world of external life.'

At this point the writing was interrupted, and, when I took up the pencil again, an entirely new kind of communication with different handwriting came, and this was the beginning of an experience that runs through the whole of these experiments,—that different writers, often quite unexpectedly, took what may be called a hand in the business, and often with curious, and not always with agreeable, results; science, philosophy, sentiment and folly blending in odd ways. In the present case this is what came:—

'God is the Alpha and the Omega, the First Cause, call it what you will; it is the power that upholds the Universe, and it is the power and love of God which created the world, the desire to manifest Himself in all His works, above and below. The call of God to Nature is, "Come up higher that I may show you things yet to come." The World is the handiwork of God; His Spirit is flooding and breathing through all forms, and His light shineth through the outer shell. We who are here know this, because here things are clearer to our vision, and the sunshine of God shines where it may, and no one sayeth it nay. With you it is different. You are overburdened with earthly life, and cares for the perishable man.'

I got rather tired of this preaching, and so at this point broke the connection, and mentally I appealed to the first writer on Sound to give me a connected series of communications on the subject of Sound. The reply was :—

'Yes, I will if you care to give yourself up to it, but remember that it must be done carefully and with discretion : no time for trivialities. I have much to do, and must be about my Father's business. Think it over and let me know.—Yours,
(Signed) 'THE UNKNOWN.'

On taking up the book and pencil again, a day or two afterwards, expecting to hear from my friend who promised to write on Sound, I was surprised to see the following streaming forth from my pencil :—

'The power of love is life, and we know this, we who are wiser than you in these things. When you see more clearly, then will this become apparent to you ; now it is all vague, and seems meaningless, but the end of existence on earth-life is the fulfilment of the law of love to humanity and the world at large. When we realise this, life takes on a happier guise, and the feeling in our hearts is as the glow of an ever-kindling fire. We are too prone to think that the end and aim of existence is the satisfying of self, the never-ending love of luxury, of wealth ; but that is all a false show, made to tempt man here below, and we see that it is this that is hindering progress and is as a drag on the wheel of life. The sum total of happiness is the fulfilling of the law, but the appeal to men's hearts is often only an empty dream.'

Not caring much for this, I put down the pencil and began conversing ; and then, when I commenced again, I was amused to find in large letters the following ditty :—

'Xmas is here,
Wish me good cheer,
And then you will hear
That I shall appear
In the world—'

Breaking this off before it was finished I got the following serious homily :—

'Heaven is here and now, and hell, too. The powers of evil and of good compass us round about like a garment that covereth the body. You are all hopelessly ignorant, and I cannot explain to you what I mean. I have not the gift of language, and it is so hard for me to impress my thoughts on you. I am only a mortal after all, in spite of my being in spirit life, and I am limited, very limited in some respects. I often wonder what the Lord means by making man so terribly circumscribed, a poor, mean shadow of the great reality. I am far from being satisfied with myself. I am too conscious of my shortcomings to be anything but humble, but nevertheless I am here, and to some purpose, I suppose. I am a creature of circumstances, but I can alter my conditions to a certain extent, that is to say, I can create a world of my own, a world of life-force, of mind-growth, of a pure heart, battling with the powers of darkness. I am a man who loved life, and held it dearly, as though I prized it above all other things, and the Lord saw fit to take me away from it, and to give me instead of it an unquenchable desire for the good things of earth-life, and no power to gratify the thirst. I am as a spirit called from the mighty deep, and shivering on the brink of an unknown land.'

After this I got a weird drawing of complicated circles and lines, which might very well be taken as a symbol of the state of mind of this communicator.

The following evening, in a quiet moment, I received a communication, perhaps a little too personal for public reading, but I can give part of it :—

'Many days ago, when sitting by your fire, I saw you, and that has lingered in my memory, and I am hoping that as the days roll by you will learn to believe that I am present, though not seen, and that I can see and hear what is going on sometimes, when the conditions are right, and that I can and do believe that I am alive and well, and hope, one day, to meet all I know.'

I began to get rather impatient for the promised communication on Sound, and made a serious appeal to the writer on that subject, but all that I got was the following :—

'Sound is as the basis of all manifestation ; it is the primal essence of the outbreathing life of God ; it manifests in different ways, and its nature is expressed in manifold directions ; it is the Builder in its truest sense. The foundation of its existence is the will of God ; it is the life-force pulsing through the manifested world, and making itself known as heat, light,

electricity, and magnetism. It is as the basis of all these and works through them. The world is a cosmos, and the world of sound is in and through that cosmos as a permeating essence.'

Instead of a continuation of this serious subject, I was asked whether I had read an article on 'Death' in one of the monthly periodicals. Becoming impatient, I ceased writing, but my hand was moved to write, 'Lend me your hand so that I can write with you.' I then got the following brief sermon, dashed out rapidly :—

'Hold fast to that which is good ; despise evil and love mercy, for this is the law and the prophets, and the kingdom of the Lord will come to you, for so spake Jesus the Seer, the Man of Sorrows and the Apostle of Truth. Divine mercy is as a refining fire which overcometh even death itself, and is the forerunner of a blessed life. Praise the Lord in the Highest, praise and bless His holy name for ever and ever. Amen.'

On another occasion, hoping to resume the lecture on Sound, to my amazement I found in possession what appeared to be an opponent, who began with a disclaimer of knowledge on the subject of Sound, continued with a discourse on the life-manifestation of God, and ended with a spirited sermon on the higher life. He wrote :—

'Much has been said on the subject of sound vibration, but so little is known that it were wiser to say nothing. The greatest scientific thinkers of the age declare that sound is only one of many diverse forces, and they claim that it is a manifestation of force or motion in the great unknown imponderable substances which is called "ether." To that we can only say that it is a fallacy born of a fanciful imagination. We hold that sound is this, and more than this ; we hold that it is a power that transcends all other powers, that is to say, it is a something which underlies and pervades all other manifestations of this same life-force. It is quite arguable that this same law of the vibrations of sound is a problem yet to be solved, but let us, nevertheless, affirm that the vibrations of sound are in and through all the life waves.'

After a few more remarks of the same unsatisfactory nature, he added :—

'All is so vague, and belongs to a world of shadowy reflections, it were better to leave the subject alone and to hope and believe that more will one day be known.'

This was evidently the end of the poor man's hazy and yet thoughtful effort ; but, later in the evening, he began again, or someone else intervened, with the following :—

'Sound cannot be fathomed or understood. It is a force of which we know next to nothing. The force at the back of sound vibrations, or the vibrations which produce sound by coming into contact with the receptive human organ, through the medium of the air, is a power as yet unknown, as unknown as the life within a dew-drop, and as wonderful. In all these manifestations of the life of God, let us try to realise that the soul is a part of the great Cosmos. The sparkle of a dewdrop in the sunshine and the smile on a woman's face are both answering to the same impulse. They are obeying the law of their being, which is to shine with the inherent beauty of God, breathing through them and animating them in all the fibres of their being. Ah ! we who know and realise this beautiful truth, the underlying truth and beauty of all forms of manifestation, can appreciate the gift of life, of partaking in this wonderful nature and sharing in the life of God as co-workers and fellow students, united by a common bond of fellowship which cannot be broken, a bond which binds me as much to the lily as to the beggar in the street. Let us share in this glorious heritage, let us work together for the redemption of mankind and the coming of God's Kingdom, so be true followers of God, and of our brother Jesus Christ. Ah ! my friends, my eyes have not yet seen the face of God except as shown to us in the little wayside flower, or the child crying at its mother's feet. The world is not a place of pleasure ; it is a workaday world of weal and woe, and as such, is blessed. Blessed be the Lord, for He hath anointed me and smitten me with His hand ! Blessed be the name of the Lord for evermore ! That is the true spirit of Christianity, the recognising of the Divine purpose in all the apparent trials and troubles of mortal life, and the bowing of the back to the burden with a cheerful and a hopeful spirit. I have lived long enough to know that man cannot live by bread alone. The words of the Lord are more precious than loaves or fishes. I can see that the time will come when that parable of the Lord's will be rightly understood : "Then saw I in a glass darkly but now face to face." Ah ! my

friends, this is a blessed gift of life we have from God ; let us see to it that we use it rightly.'

All this is so utterly unlike my own manner that I can hardly judge whether it is profitable, but the poor man seemed so anxious that I thought for once I would write on to the end.

(To be continued.)

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.

Dr. Wallace's Address—Clairvoyant Descriptions.

SIR,—I did not consider it necessary to answer the criticisms of my address made by two correspondents in 'LIGHT,' of the 17th and 24th November. They apparently were not present, and did not hear my qualifying remarks. They both seem not to have realised that I was not discussing the whole question of mediumship, but only attempting to meet, quite fairly, I think, the charges made by certain Theosophists as to the dangerous tendency of some mediums towards physical and moral deterioration.

I wish now to relate certain experiences connected with that address which I had with two excellent and well-known clairvoyants anterior to it, and subsequently. Two weeks prior to its delivery I was in Scotland, visiting my aged mother, and met Mrs. William Paulet, who was on tour in the North. She told me that a number of my spirit friends were very much interested in my approaching lectures, the one delivered to our Alliance on the 26th October, and another on Modern Spiritualism to be given in January next before a highly orthodox religious audience. She mentioned some of my relatives and also gave the names of Mr. Stainton Moses and another man who passed out of the body a few years ago, whose writings I very much admire, and whose views I largely adopt. My first acquaintance with the latter in spirit life was one evening when, sitting in a séance with Mrs. Paulet as medium, a control with a strong, deep voice manifested and indicated that he had been very anxious to speak with me, as I had been reading some of his writings that very morning. On asking for his identity he said that he did not wish to give his full name, but that I could call him 'Robert.' I recollected that I had been reading one of my favourite books that day, and to test the medium I asked if she could recognise the spirit who had just manifested. I had a likeness of the author whose work I had that day been perusing, and Mrs. Paulet, without the slightest hesitation, picked it out of over a hundred other likenesses. This I consider was a good test of identity, as Mrs. Paulet did not know what author I had been studying.

On the evening of my address Miss MacCreadie, while offering me her congratulations, said that she had seen such a lot of spirit people around me on the platform. She described several female forms, some of whom I recognised ; among the others she said Stainton Moses stood very close to me. There was also a gentleman with a large, well-formed head, and she described his exact appearance as I knew him from his photograph, and said that he gave the name of 'Robert.' This, of course, was to me extremely gratifying, as I had not mentioned to anyone Mrs. Paulet's statement of the interest displayed towards me by these two incarnate friends.

I have delayed communicating these facts to you as I desired to question Mrs. Paulet, who has been out of London until a few days ago. On her return I asked if any of her spirit friends had been able to be present at my address. She then told me that just about the hour of my beginning to speak she was forced to go to sleep, and that in consequence her familiar spirits had gone there. She enumerated the same friends as Miss MacCreadie had described, mentioning especially Stainton Moses and our friend 'Robert.' I did not tell Mrs. Paulet of Miss MacCreadie's excellent descriptions until she had thus quite unconsciously verified them. The two mediums had certainly not been in communication in the interval.

I think you will agree that these experiences deserve to be carefully recorded, and I trust you will find space for them in 'LIGHT.'—Yours, &c.,

A. WALLACE, M.D.

Experiences with the 'Mysterious Powder.'

SIR,—I feel it only right that I should bear testimony to the assistance which those who have psychical power may derive from the Mysterious Powder and the Hindoo mirror, both of which I received from Mr. Woodcock.

I have used the powder twice. The first time, as I sat quietly alert, I saw two bright lights appear, seeming to flash

from ceiling to floor. I closed my eyes and waited. After a while I heard a sweet feminine voice at my side saying, very gently and distinctly, 'Come with me.' I answered (inwardly), 'I cannot ; I want to go but cannot.' There was silence for a time, and a struggle went on within me between a longing to join a friend whom I felt impelled to trust, and the human fear of losing consciousness and falling off my chair. Soon came the sweet voice again repeating, 'Come with me,' and my longing to go increased. Yet a feeling of alarm came over me, and I replied, 'I cannot ; yet I want to go, help me—but I must come back,' the last words being uttered with an anxiety lest I left my earthly work unfinished. I felt my spirit friend disappointed, seeing that the loving desire to help me had failed, but feeling her still by my side I said, 'Tell me the name of my Guardian Angel?' Sweet and clear came the answer, 'Asphodel.' I knew she left me then, and opened my eyes with a heavy sense of regret that I had, through my own fault, missed whatever my sweet companion had designed to show me ; but a wondrous feeling of having found a new and loving friend was with me also, a feeling which has never since left me, and I know it is a friendship as real and as true as the best on earth, and far more helpful and unchanging.

The next time I used the powder my experiences were almost too sacred to print. After earnest prayer, I was lifted up spiritually into communion with the Higher Powers. A great desire filled my mind to go hence into the higher life, but I was gently told my life-work was not nearly completed. Then I prayed earnestly for the granting of a petition very near my heart, viz., to see a dear brother who was taken away from us over a year ago, whose death took place unexpectedly, and abroad. I was fully awake but with my eyes closed, when a vision came to me of a beautiful landscape, warm with the glow of either an evening sun or the rosy dawn. I saw a lovely grass-covered valley with a few trees in the distance. A higher part which over-looked it, jutted out like a crag and was covered by the same grassy carpet. On this crag stood two figures, both clothed in flowing white robes ; one was tall, the other shorter, and though both had their backs to me as they looked down upon the valley, I thought I recognised the one of smaller stature as my brother, by his height and build. He was in earth-life unusually deep-chested for his stature, which was below the medium height. Both were engaged in earnest conversation and the gesticulations used by the smaller figure seemed familiar to me. I have no doubt in my own mind that my prayer was answered.

Now as to the mirror. I am but a learner in these mysteries, but can only state what I have seen. As I looked into its depths I seemed to see various scenes ; sometimes clustering stars of reddish hue ; sometimes a carpet of purple-coloured flowers, not unlike my native heather ; then a small river flowing between picturesque banks, like a Highland burn. Another time I saw what appeared like a turbaned head, and again some letters in an unknown language, which reminded me of some Sanscrit characters I once saw. Sometimes I saw what appeared to be a wood, the trees standing thickly together. Once, as I studied the mirror, I saw rising from the ground close to my right side, a blue-grey smoke, which curled upwards, reminding me of the smoke from the powder when burnt. I had not been using the powder at all that day, and the smoke remained even when I removed my eyes from the mirror. This surely encourages the idea that the properties of the mirror and powder may be the same, prepared by the same methods and the same minds.

I have myself, as I slept, had what appear to have been many journeys to other parts of the world. When in Algiers I identified the house and balcony and the man with a telescope who sat on a chair on the balcony watching for vessels entering the beautiful bay, as having been previously seen in sleep in London. I had had no expectation of going to Algiers at the time of my dream vision ; neither did I know an old friend was in trouble in Australia until I suddenly visited him there in sad circumstances and watched him read, with contempt, a letter from home, the handwriting of which I recognised. I did not know a near relative of my own had died in Argentina until I saw him one night in the sleep of death, and on the next was present at his funeral, of which I could give a graphic account. The cabled news did not come to me for long after, owing to a mistake in the address. I have been in one of the Pacific Islands in a waking vision, seeing a dear relative who died a month later. I was in a cottage home in Scotland a few months ago, and could, I think, identify the woman I saw there, albeit she was a stranger to me. I was then told of illness in that home, verified afterwards by news from other sources. Other incidents of my own experience I could mention if space allowed. Now, there can be no sub-conscious influence where events are not known to the mind beforehand, events which are a surprise, unexpected and unthought of.

Before I close, allow me to give a cheering instance of the

awakening of our clergy to enlightened thought in connection with the cause we have at heart. I was walking through Cheapside one day last month when I saw the doors of a certain City church open, and found a musical service proceeding. I was just in time for the sermon, and sat down, well pleased to see so many listening men, considering that the sex is censured for church avoidance. To my amazement the Rev. Canon who preached gave us ten minutes of sympathetic speech on Spiritualism, treating his subject so wisely and judiciously that no Churchman need find cause of offence unless he desired to find it, and so honestly that no Spiritualist could listen without feeling that the speaker was in sympathy with his or her aspirations. He was listened to with marked attention, and I could not help thinking that if there were more enlightened men among the clergy of all denominations, the spread of truth, as God reveals it, would receive a mighty impetus. It is hard to believe that some of them *cannot* and some *will* not let in the light, and as teachers their responsibility thus is not small. The people have been driven into materialism as much by rigid dogma and sectarian prejudice as by the worship of mammon. Let us pray that the desire for light may come upon our clergy of every sect and creed, for the desire will be as the dawn of a new era among the teachers of the people, opening the way to the sunshine of a greater knowledge of God and such mysteries as He chooses to reveal.

Permit me to say how much I have enjoyed the two lectures, given under the auspices of the London Spiritualist Alliance, on 'Christo-Spiritualism' and on 'Tennyson.' Unfortunately I missed the first of the series.—Yours, &c.,

HEATHER AQUARIUS.

'A Lonely Woman.'

SIR,—Will you do me the kindness to insert this letter, as I am very much in need of enlightenment upon this strange something in my life for which I have neither name nor definition? Some of your generous readers, I hope and pray, will be able to give me some explanation of these (to me) strange happenings.

To begin at the very beginning, when quite a child I lost my mother. When alive it was her habit to come into the nursery every night and sit beside me with her hand upon my forehead until I fell asleep. All this happened twenty years ago, and her hand still rests upon my head as I go to sleep. I was passionately fond of my mother; and to-day, to me, she is still the dearest and best in all my life. My one desire is to know beyond all doubt that she does live and remembers, and that I shall meet and know her again.

At times I have a strange sensation, I do not know what else to call it. It is this, and it happens mostly when I am lying quietly in bed: All at once it seems as though an electric shock passes from my head to my feet. If I combat it immediately, as I sometimes do, I sit up quickly in bed, and it stops, but leaves me trembling violently and my heart beating fearfully. If I lie still, as I sometimes do, and let this strange power have its way, two or three of these electric shocks seem to pass from head to feet, and then I am powerless to move. Sometimes I hear most beautiful music; sometimes I am in strange lands amid strange people whose language I cannot understand; sometimes, but very rarely, my mother comes and takes me in her arms, but she is always closely veiled and never speaks, and yet I know it is she!

At other times I am in my father's bedroom (he is an invalid, and lives a hundred miles away). I can see and hear all that is going on there. Last time I went home father said, 'Strange, how fanciful I get lying here; do you know, child, I sometimes fancy I see you in the room?' I am beginning to feel convinced that there is something more than fancy in all this.

Now a stranger thing than even those above happened to me a few weeks ago. An old friend of my brother's, with whom I live, came to spend the week end with us, and departed, as was his custom, by the nine o'clock train on the Monday morning. Soon after his departure I went upstairs to make the beds, when a feeling of drowsiness came over me, and so I lay down for a few minutes. No sooner had my head touched the pillow than I distinctly felt the vibration, and heard the noise, of a train in swift motion; and then it seemed to me that this friend I speak of was beside me, talking to me, and telling me to be careful of some valuable papers he had left in a drawer of the writing table, which he had forgotten to take with him. And then a silence fell between us; yet I could see him, and *hear* and *feel* the train speeding along as real as though I were in it. And then, all in a moment, I felt jerked off the seat, and felt a sharp pain in my back as though it were broken; then the next second I was back in my room again. The gentleman was wishing I

might find and care for the papers (which I did), and, on arriving at his destination, the train did give a jerk, throwing him on his back and causing him severe pain.

Now will some good friend lead me into 'light'? What does all this mean? In this latter case did my spirit leave my body and go into the train? or did the spirit of the man come to me? And in the former case is it a state of trance, or is it what my sister and brother so often assure me, an unhealthy imagination?

But if it be, as I so often pray and hope it may be, a fuller, deeper truth of life, I am longing for a fuller knowledge of it. Will some God-sent soul help me to gain it, and, if it be a gift, tell me how to use it? If this is Spiritualism, it is a *grand* and glorious truth, and I want to know more of it.

Will somebody help me by answering my letter and earn my everlasting gratitude!—Yours, &c.,

A LONELY WOMAN.

Who will Explain?

SIR,—Can you, or any of your readers, explain the following occurrence, as I have not met with anything similar in any of the books I have read, and those to whom I have mentioned it say it is remarkable? Mr. M., who is a business acquaintance only, and of whose past life I know absolutely nothing, had been invited to join our home circle, as he had been reading about Spiritualism, but he sent a message that he could not come; and then about an hour before the time appointed he sent another message to say he would be with us. I at once said to my wife: 'There is an old man coming in with M.; he has a crutch: he has two legs, but one is useless.'

Now, when Mr. M. came the 'form' came with him, and I described it to him, when he immediately recognised it as his father, who had lost the use of one leg through sciatica, and used a crutch, and who had passed over several years ago. Mr. M. is not a Spiritualist.—Yours, &c.,

Liverpool.

HY. C. CANE.

Acknowledgments.

SIR,—The sale of work at the Norfolk Hotel, on the 15th inst., in connection with the Spiritual Mission, 22, Princes-street, Oxford Circus, W., was opened by the Venerable Archdeacon Colley, who also exhibited a clever invention of his own construction, and left some of his pamphlets for sale, for the benefit of the Mission.

The sale realised over £50, and one of our members, who had already rendered yeoman service, added £50 to our takings, and we must express a deep debt of gratitude to this lady and her mother, and to all those friends who so generously supported us.

My committee desire me to especially thank Archdeacon Colley, Mr. and Mrs. Fairclough Smith, Miss Norah Parker, the stall-holders, and the friends who entertained with music.—Yours, &c.,

SECRETARY.

SIR,—Kindly permit me to acknowledge the following donations to the Poor Children's Treat to be given by the Tottenham Spiritual Progressive Church: 'A Reader of "LIGHT,"' 5s.; 'G.F.T.', 2s. 6d. As the treat has been unavoidably postponed until January, I shall be pleased to receive any further donations.—Yours, &c.,

ANNETTE TURNER (Corres. Sec.).

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

The Appeal for Mrs. Spring.

SIR,—Should the appeal for Mrs. Spring, by its results, make it worth while to do so—I would say, even should it not this week, in anticipation of favours to come—please be good enough to announce that Mrs. W. P. Browne has kindly consented to act as its treasurer, with the kind assistance of Mrs. Stanley Watts.—Yours, &c.,

MARY MACK WALL.

P.S.—I enclose a postal order for 5s. from Mr. G. Spriggs, who kindly returned the fee I sent him for his diagnosis of Mrs. Spring's case, as a contribution to the fund.

[We have now received the following contributions for Mrs. Spring: Miss Mack Wall, £1 1s.; Mrs. W. P. Browne, £1 1s.; 'E. P.', £1; Mr. G. Spriggs, 5s.—ED. 'LIGHT.']

Thought Control.

SIR,—I have been impressed rather forcibly to write a few lines concerning 'Thought Control.'

Possibly most of us are aware that our thoughts take shape and colour—for instance, the aura emanating from a person with intellectual thoughts will throw out rays of golden or yellow light.

Intensely devotional thoughts will throw out rays of a beautiful blue light. Clairvoyants have frequently witnessed this in cathedrals, churches, or other places of worship.

Love, such as the holy love of a mother for her child, will induce the aura to emit pure white rays of light.

Ordinary love from one person to another the aura will emit rays of a delicate roseate hue. Sensualism causes the aura to appear deep blood red, and anger makes it become of a dull brick-red colour.

Those of us who are aware of the effect of our thoughts will readily understand the necessity and importance of guarding and keeping them as much as possible under constant control.

On the next occasion when we are provoked to an angry passion, may we remember the evil effect it is having all around us, whether we will it or not! Even if we do not show our anger outwardly, a clairvoyant or a spirit can see the unpleasant dull brick-red rays emitting from our aura.

Do we fully realise that none of our thoughts are *secret*? And, if so, do we attach as much importance to this fact as we ought? When we come to seriously consider that our thoughts actually take shape and colour on the astral plane, and can be distinctly seen and understood by spirits and some clairvoyants, it should tend to sharpen some of us up a little, and keep us more on the alert, and indeed incline us to be *thoroughly* honest and straightforward one to the other.

We, who live in great cities and are thrown into such close quarters daily with thronging multitudes—the great majority of whom are *materialists* and ignorant of the subject of Spiritualism—should take care how we choose our friends and companions.

We cannot safeguard ourselves too thoroughly against our great oppressor, 'Materialism.'

Doubtless many of us have friends and relatives amongst the great army of Philistines, but we must not allow them to hinder us in our steady and, I am sorry to say, comparatively slow march onwards. The pity of it is that we cannot take them along with us, but at least we can pray for them, and sooner or later they will most surely be joining in the march upward and onward to the land where all is light and love.—Yours, &c.,

(MISS) S. C. HASSAN.

An Appeal.

SIR,—The Union of London Spiritualists are desirous of arranging lantern lectures, for the use of affiliated societies during the winter months, in connection with the history of Modern Spiritualism and psychic matters generally, and feeling that there are many who will be glad to assist in this educational project they appeal to friends in this and other countries for gifts in the way of standard size lantern slides, negatives, photos, drawings, or any other interesting matters from which slides can be made.

They will be glad to have on loan negatives, photos, drawings, &c., which friends do not feel disposed to present to the Union, and every care will be taken to return them in good condition to the owners with as little delay as possible. Those which are presented to the Union, and are of sufficient interest for the purpose will be placed at the disposal of societies for exhibition purposes.

Where convenient and possible, the gifts and loans should be accompanied by the history and full particulars of the subject for the use of the lecturers; especially in the case of spirit photographs and drawings.

The gift or loans can be sent to Mr. John Adams, 74, Fleet-street, London, E.C., or to Mr. R. Boddington, 65, Holland-road, Brixton, London, S.W., or to the undersigned.—Yours, &c.,

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

WALTER TURNER.

W. Stanton Moses.

SIR,—I have to thank you for publishing my recent letter concerning the spirit of the late Rev. W. Stanton Moses, and I also wish to thank those friends who have so kindly come forward through your columns to put me right with regard to his spirit return. I am indeed delighted to learn that he has been able to manifest recognisably to his family and friends.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES W. TURNER.

SOCIETY WORK.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Owing to the Christmas Holidays, 'Light' must be sent to press next week earlier than usual, and we shall therefore be unable to print reports of Society Work in our next issue.

FULHAM.—COLVEY HALL, 25, FERNHURST-ROAD, S.W.—On Sunday last Mr. Taylor Gwinn gave an interesting address on 'Love and Selfishness' and answered questions. (On Sunday next Mr. Fletcher. January 6th Mrs. M. A. Jackson.—J. T.)

HACKNEY.—SIGDON-ROAD SCHOOL, DALSTON-LANE, N.E.—On Sunday last Mr. Webb gave an address and Mrs. Webb very successful clairvoyant descriptions. (On Sunday next Mr. and Mrs. Webb. Monthly silver collection in aid of our funds.—N. R.)

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—SURREY MASONIC HALL.—On Monday last a crowded audience heard the debate between the Rev. G. W. Wall and Mr. W. E. Long, on 'The "Witch" of Endor.' On December 31st, at 8 p.m., a New Year's social party will be held. Tickets 1s.

STRATFORD.—IDMISTON-ROAD, FOREST-LANE, E.—On Sunday last Mr. Savage gave an excellent address and psychometrical delineations. On Sunday next, at 11 a.m., discussion; at 7 p.m., Mr. Wrench. Thursday, at 8 p.m., investigators' circle.—A. G.

OXFORD CIRCUS.—22, PRINCE'S-STREET, W.—On Sunday last Mr. Macbeth Bain's fine address gave great pleasure, and the organ music was much appreciated. On Sunday next, Mr. E. W. Beard on 'What my Spirit Friends are Teaching me.' Our sale of work was an unqualified success.—B.

BRIGHTON.—COMPTON HALL, 17, COMPTON-AVENUE.—On Sunday last excellent inspirational addresses were given by Mrs. M. H. Wallis, also good clairvoyant descriptions and answers to questions. On the 22nd inst., at 8 p.m., Mrs. Fairclough Smith will hold a circle. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mrs. Fairclough Smith.—A. C.

BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD.—HENLEY-STREET.—On Sunday last Mr. Stebbins gave a thoughtful address on 'Hope, the Queen of the Earth,' and Miss D. Greenman sang a solo. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Frost. On the 25th, at 7 p.m., social evening and dance, 6d.; 30th, Mrs. Podmore, clairvoyant descriptions.—C. A. G.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday evening last Mr. E. W. Wallis' inspiring address on 'The Fate of the Risen Dead,' was one of the finest given by him from this platform, and keen appreciation was expressed. Mr. W. T. Cooper ably presided. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. A. V. Peters, clairvoyant descriptions. Silver collection.

PECKHAM.—CHEPSTOW HALL, 139, PECKHAM-ROAD.—On Sunday evening last Miss F. Woodrow sang a solo, and Mr. W. Turner spoke on 'Contrasts,' and answered questions. On Sunday next, at 11 a.m., circle; at 7 p.m., Mrs. Checketts. 30th, Miss E. Murphy. January 2nd, social concert and dance.—L. D.

CLAPHAM INSTITUTE, GAUDEN-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. H. Boddington gave a sound and instructive address on 'Phases of Psychic Development.' Selections by the band were much appreciated. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., circle; at 7 p.m., Mrs. A. Boddington. Thursday, at 8.15 p.m., psychometry. December 26th, 'Cinderella,' at 8 p.m. Tickets 1s.

CHISWICK.—110, HIGH-ROAD, W.—On Sunday morning last Mr. Jee's interesting address, 'The Birth and Mission of Jesus,' was discussed. In the evening Mr. H. Wright spoke instructively upon 'Spiritualism: Its Cause and Effect,' and dealt with questions. On Monday last Miss Murphy gave psychometric and clairvoyant descriptions. On Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., public circle, at 7 p.m., Mr. A. J. McLellan. No meeting on 24th or 25th inst.—H. P.

BALHAM.—19, RAMSDEN-ROAD (OPPOSITE THE PUBLIC LIBRARY).—On Sunday morning last Mr. A. Bridge spoke on 'The Need of Comprehensive Judgment.' In the evening Mr. Morley gave an address on 'The New Star in the East.' Clairvoyant descriptions at both services. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., Mr. H. Richards; at 7 p.m., and on Wednesday, at 8.15 p.m., Faithist teachings and clairvoyant descriptions will be given.—W. E.

ACTON.—AUCTION ROOMS, HORN-LANE, W.—At our first conversation, on the 12th inst., a good musical programme was given, and Mrs. A. Boddington, Mrs. Agnew Jackson, and Madame Stenson contributed greatly to the success of a very pleasant gathering. (On Sunday last Mr. Abbott's fine address on Sir Oliver Lodge's 'New Catechism' was much appreciated. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Miss J. Morris on 'Spiritualism for the Young.'—M. S. H.)