

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.

The London Spiritualist Alliance lectures are being well attended. A few more guests, and we should have to consider larger premises, though we shall cling to our beautiful meeting-place as long as we can. Our list of Members and Associates is also constantly being enlarged. Above all, year after year we go on in perfect peace.

We believe that one reason for all this is that we are under-organised, and that every one is free to go his own way, think his own thought, and speak his own mind. We once heard of a little child who, looking out of the window upon some birds, said pityingly, 'Oh, mother, look at those poor little birds who have got no nice cage!' In one sense our Alliance is a cage, but its bars are far enough apart to allow of perfect freedom.

A veritable swarm of Magazines from America flutter across the Atlantic and find their way to us; not all perhaps, but most of those that want to be exponents of 'The New Thought,' 'Advanced Thought,' 'Psychic Philosophy,' and so on. The majority of them are 'fearfully and wonderfully made,' and blend, in a truly astonishing way, riotous fancy and subtle thought, odd want of knowledge and impressive spiritual insight.

Here, for instance, is a curiosity called 'The Balance,' which revels in the declaration that it is 'An exponent of Psychic Phenomena, Monistic Philosophy and Advanced Thought,' and which takes for its motto the text, 'Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting.'

Well, we weigh one of its Articles, 'The discovery of God,' in the balances and find it decidedly wanting. It informs us that the writer of the book of Job lived more than eight thousand years ago (two thousand six hundred years ago is nearer the mark). It also submits to us the following bit of 'Advanced Thought':—

The letters, J, O, B, have an occult, scientific meaning. I and J are the same, and IOB means the same as JOB. I means the eternal I. All the Hebrew letters were formed from I. O means the universe without beginning or end, and B means Beth, a body, house, church or temple. Therefore, God or all may be discovered, or seen, in JOB or IOB.

We make no comment but gladly pass on to a beautiful thought in this same Article,—quite a fulfilment of its title, 'The discovery of God':—

When I look at any form of so-called matter, I know exactly how God appears at that particular time and place. I do not see the effect or works of God, but I see God and just as much of God, face to face, as I am capable of seeing or recognising at a certain time.

I hold in my hand that particular form of the one thing called a *rose*. Material thought says it is made by God, or

that God is in the rose or back of it, or that God caused or created it; but when spirit asks where is the God that created the rose, where has He betaken Himself, material belief is silent. What gulfs between this concept and God—the everywhere present Substance! But hold a moment! I have here a bud, a half formed rose. If God makes a rose, He must continue the work to completion. Ah, speak softly! Look closely! The rose is now being made and you say God is making it. Yes, you said God made this full-blown rose. Well, then, He is surely *now* at work on this half-blown rose. Bring on your spectroscope, your microscope! Quick, now, you chemist! Bring on your test tubes, your acids and alkalis! Analyse, illuminate and magnify! Now we shall discover God. He is here at work before our eyes. What do you see, chemist! What do you see, scientist!

The chemist and scientist see a rose 'made from the universal substance.' 'Blessed be the chemist,' says this writer. The 'universal substance' is God. 'God is the rose, or the smile we call a rose.'

'The Mountain Pine,' a Colorado magazine, gives us a spirit communication which professes to be from the once lurid preacher upon earth, De Witt Talmage. If the communication is genuine, the preacher is utterly bewildered. He says he used to picture the redeemed as sitting at the right hand of God, touching the strings of golden harps, or waving palms, and singing. He found neither harps nor palms: nor did he find the throne of God. But he found Jesus, and still engaged in seeking and saving the lost. He says:—

I chanced to meet many, who, like myself, were at sea. Many believed themselves to be asleep; few would acknowledge that they had passed through the great change that men call death—the eternal gulf which intervenes between to-day and eternity. I must say I felt like a lost sheep who knows not whither to go. After wandering through the streets and over the highways and byways of the better world, I came across a brother whom I had known in the theological fields of the material world—and I said to him: 'What means it, my brother, that things are so different from the views we held when we were of the earth, earthy? You have been here longer than I. Tell me, why is it that in this abode where the angels are supposed to dwell—that I have met here people who never received the sacrament of the church, and who must certainly belong in those depths dedicated to the Evil One and his followers?'

I was surprised to learn what a cheerful view he took of the case. 'Well,' he said: 'Brother Talmage, you and I were both wrong, and I want to say that the best thing you can do is to accept things just as you find them here. That is what I have learned to do, and I don't know but what I am about as comfortable in mind as I would be to believe in the old way.'

No one can vouch for this as a Talmage communication, but, in our opinion, it is about what he would say if he could tell us his experiences and his thoughts.

Mr. B. Fay Mills, a very popular preacher in America, says, in 'Fellowship,' that although in youth he was not a lover of the beautiful in any way, he is now as one who lives in a constant state of ecstacy; and this as the result of the influence upon him of religion,—the religion, that is to say, of delight in the Ideal God—The Good in all things. He says:—

I know that of which Paul speaks when he says he was caught up into the third heaven, and 'heard unspeakable words

which it is not lawful for a man to utter.' I know what it is to be in such a condition of mind as to see beauty in deformity and to hear the most delightful sounds where ordinarily there would be distressing noises. In those great hours of only too fleeting experience I have realised the Infinite in the Finite, the Eternal in the Transient. I have not attained to the expression of it fully yet, but I do know the Reality and I can be satisfied with nothing less than its expression in my life. At my best, the Ideal is real to me.

If you ask me the question as to what I think concerning death and immortality, I could only answer, 'I need no assurances. I am a man who is preoccupied of his own soul,' but I do not think that death presents to us something less than personal immortality, but more. Here, too, I believe the best that I can think. I think that death is not only a change but in all probability a metamorphosis; as the seed changes to fruit, the bud to the flower, the chrysalis to the butterfly, the winter to spring, the night to day, the dream to the reality. So it is my own faith that 'there is a natural body and that there is a spiritual body,' and that 'as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly,' and I believe that beauty will ultimately be expressed in every life and in the collective life of a glorified humanity.

The wondrous mystery of God deepens as we go on: and it is almost the only mystery which does. The One Fountain of Life is veiled, and modern knowledge only puts it farther off even when demonstrating its inevitability, as the one source of all things. But modern religion is bringing God near: and yet that nearness will make Him more inscrutable than ever: for, by suggesting Him as the soul of the atom, and the thinker within the thought, He is made unthinkable as well as inscrutable.

All descriptions of God are but symbols at the best and the words Father, Jehovah, Lord, Deity, only suggest attempts to help in the production of a picture-book for a child. The Christian Trinity is by no means a bad contribution to that picture-book, as Producer, Produced, and Inbreather. But the Indian Trinity is a good contribution too, as explained in some telling verses by A. D. Ficke, in last October's 'Harpers' Magazine': half a dozen of which we give:—

Whoso desires, or joys, or weeps
For whatsoever things may be
In life between the gulfs of sleep
Knows not the fashion of the Three.

Brahma am I, and Vishnu too,
And Siva—maker, saviour, flame
Of ruin.—Can thine eyes then view
Me who am Three and still the same ?

I shatter cities in their might
And shape soft flowers of their clay.
I break the hundred towers of night
To build therewith the dome of day.

Brahma am I ; I shape all things
Whereof the wisest mouth can tell.
I fashion from the mould of kings
The butterfly. And it is well.

Vishnu am I ; it is my will
The stone should lie where once it fell,
The sun still shine to warm the hill,
The heart still hope. And it is well.

Siva am I. With scathing fire
I sweep the worlds like wind of hell.
With all its web of vain desire
Creation falls. And it is well.

A FARCICAL TRAVESTY.—Writing on 'Modern Magic' in the 'Occult Review' for January, 'Scrutator' agrees with Mr. Stead that the Zangies work too rapidly for signalling of any kind. Referring to Mr. Maskelyne's 'Side Issue' performance, he says, unhesitatingly, 'the *modus operandi* is ridiculously transparent, and under the same conditions fifty "spirit forms" could be produced as easily as one. . . . As a trick by a master hand it is little short of gross bungling.' Regarded as an answer to Archdeacon Colley's challenge, or an exposure of the phenomena of materialism, he says: 'I affirm that it falls to the level of farcical travesty.'

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 next*, 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. BARKETT, 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. TYSSIE 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.

SEEN WHEN OUT OF THE BODY.

A good instance of the rather rare experience in which a person has the sensation of being at a distance from his body, and is, moreover, actually seen in the place in which he thinks he is, is related in the 'Monthly Bulletin' of the Antwerp Permanent Bureau for Psychical Studies. The narrative may be summarised as follows:—

'On the night of October 27th, 1906, after residing in my bedroom, I rose and took three steps towards the bed. A shaded lamp was behind me, and nothing in front could cause reflections. For about ten seconds I had the impression of being in a friend's house in the suburbs of this city (Antwerp), and of seeing a strong light, as of an unshaded lamp, to my right. On coming to myself, I found that it was 11.47 p.m.

'On the Monday following I visited my friends, and before I had spoken of this experience the lady said: "I saw you here last Saturday!" She stated that, being occupied with some work before retiring, she raised her eyes and saw me in a corner of the room dressed in black. She asked why I came so late, and a moment afterwards she saw me less distinctly; then I disappeared like the melting away of a cloud. She looked at the clock and saw that it was just after a quarter to twelve. The lamp was in the position in which I had seemed to see it, and not in its usual place. I had been wearing black clothes on the Saturday evening.—Signed: LEO PRIMAVASI, 10, rue des Fortifications, Antwerp; M. VAN EA, née Crjnen.'

A ROYAL BIRTHDAY.

Year by year, in mid-winter, Christendom celebrates the birthday of a king. This king took possession of his kingdom by conquest; he did not merely inherit it by birthright. It was his by birthright, of course, otherwise he could not lawfully have conquered it; nevertheless it was only by his own achievement that he became *de facto* king. He, like other victors, made conquest gradually; first within a near and circumscribed area, then in a more extended one. His conquests are not yet completed. First he entered into possession of his kingdom within the region of his own personality, his own body and his own mind; then he conquered the hearts and minds of men, yes, and their bodies too: but he did this by winning their allegiance and then crowning them as kings also, enabling them to have dominion over their own personalities.

His own immediate followers spoke of him as the Righteous One, and the generations which have followed have done him reverence chiefly for this; they have recognised in him the fulfilment of his own beatitudes; they have known that when he spake of the blessedness of the poor in spirit, of the meek, of the peacemakers and the pure in heart, he was speaking with the authority of experience—an experience won in many a hard-fought fight. His was not the Edenic innocence of a child who has never known temptation; he was, we are told, 'in all points tempted like as we are.' He became the Righteous One because he resolutely disciplined all the instincts and faculties of body and mind into obedience to one Supreme Will, with which his own will was constantly and actively united. This was the standard by which all his life was measured; to express and fulfil this Will was his dominant passion; and to his ready obedience was vouchsafed (as it ever will be to obedient hearts) ever enlarging vision. That Will was to him no Sphinx-like riddle, but a light, ever shining. That Will he proclaimed to be love and beneficence; to him the path of life and the path of death were alike illumined, for he knew, not theoretically, but directly and with assurance, that in giving himself freely for his brothers, in using his breath or surrendering it in the service of man, he was manifesting the Will which is both law and life to the Universe; which is Righteousness and Love.

His kingship was not meant to be solitary and unique. Every man has a kingdom, the kingdom of his own body and mind. Some think that consciousness in some degree appertains to every cell of the body, that consciousness is only a question of degree. We know, at all events, that the human body is a colony consisting of an aggregate of cells, each of which has its own function and history. Over this colony the Ego may, or may not, rule supreme. With the majority of mankind the supremacy is not universal. Self-control is by no means common; an access of pain, the excitement of pleasure, or some assertive functioning of appetitive centres, is sufficient to cause this control to give way, and some word or act results, which is condoned, by the charitably inclined, by saying, 'The man was not himself.' The excuse is true enough; and yet not wholly justifiable; for it takes no account of the fact that the true Self should not have been thus easily induced to abandon its prerogative. That prerogative is dominion. Man the spirit is meant to have dominion, not to gain a temporary truce with rebel subjects by palliatives, but to gather up all the instincts of the body, all the emotions and impulses of the affections, all the motions of thought, under one sway, under the sway of the Will.

Every man, like that Righteous One whose birth we celebrate at Christmas, is pre-destined for freedom; but

freedom can only be achieved by conformity to the law of his being. To discover what that law is, is for every man of paramount importance. To attempt to run counter to it means disaster; for the law of being is inexorable for all.

But to discover it is not all that is requisite. For every man, like that Ideal Man, can only enter into possession of his kingdom by persistent and determined effort. To excuse loss of self-control on the ground that temptation was strong is to confess that the king *de jure* is not king *de facto*, that man, the spirit, is not supreme ruler in the colony. This is an admission which may be absolutely true but is also entirely shameful. And it is not less shameful because, in this world of many shames, it is so common. Man is not truly man until he is master in his own house, and reigns there as king.

If we are asked what this has to do with Spiritualism, we reply it is intimately connected with it. If Spiritualism does not tend to strengthen the dominion of a man's spirit over his mind and body, it is not exercising its proper influence. To be a Spiritualist by conviction and yet to be hag-ridden by mental obsessions, or compelled by bodily instincts, is an incongruity. A man who believes himself to be spirit should scorn to be enslaved by any suggestion whether from the mind or from the body. It is his kingly prerogative and obligation to sit in judgment continually upon such suggestions, and to try all by the Divine law which will insure his highest development.

QUESTIONS FOR SPIRITUALISTS.

'Reason,' not long since, drew attention to the fact that at the camp meetings in America during last summer there did not seem to be anything like a full presentation of phenomenal Spiritualism, and asked:—

'Have we outgrown the phenomena? Have we largely given up the attempt to prove to the world the continuity of life by demonstrations of spirit power, and are we now expecting to convert men by preaching our philosophy?'

The phenomena of Spiritualism are just as necessary and just as welcome as they ever were. The only difference is that the standard of what constitutes evidence is higher than formerly, and both Spiritualists and inquirers, having become careful, observant, and critical, are anxious that 'demonstrations of spirit power' shall indeed *demonstrate* the presence, power, and identity of the spirit operators!

Let us have phenomena by all means, the more the better. Perhaps we should say: Let us have *better* phenomena even though we have fewer.

Phenomena which will afford a satisfactory basis of fact for belief in a future life are even more ardently sought after and desired than ever before, and those mediums (and Spiritualists) who will patiently and steadily co-operate with intelligent spirits to secure the presentation of such convincing and belief-compelling manifestations will confer an inestimable boon upon our cause, and be heartily welcomed and supported by 'LIGHT,' and by all intelligent Spiritualists.

MYSTERIES OF NUMBERS.—A third edition of Dr. Isidore Kozminsky's treatise on 'Numbers, their Magic and Mystery,' has been published at Melbourne, and can be had from the sole English agent, Mr. J. Wooderson, 23, Oxford-street, W., price 1s. The author first describes the significance of individual numbers according to the Kabbala, and shows how the significance of names may be deduced from the numerical values of the letters forming them. Thus, when Bonaparte dropped the U in his name, and spelled it Bonaparte, he changed its significance from 'fortune and power' to 'death and destruction.' Another system given is that of Pythagoras, and Arabic, Greek, and some modern systems are also described, together with methods of divination and of finding lucky and unlucky dates. The author applies the various rules to the names of ships, showing that disaster has attended those represented by 'unlucky numbers, while the names of the two new Cunarders, the 'Caronia' and the 'Carmania,' have fortunate numerical values.

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LONDON, W.C.

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EDITOR E. DAWSON ROGERS.

Assistant Editors ... E. W. WALLIS and J. B. SHIPLEY.

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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.

'A HAPPY NEW YEAR.'

A beautiful human wish this—'A Happy New Year!' Beginning with simple human kindness, it may go on to be filled with the aspirations of angels, ay! even with the very love of God. With faith in the great law of suggestion, we send it forth to all our readers, known and unknown, young and old, and with this interpretation of it—that true happiness can be found only in harmony,—harmony in the inner selfhood, in all our intercourse with our fellow pilgrims on life's road, and in our joyous subjection to all the blessed laws of life and God.

The old year will soon be gone, and with it another chapter of the real life that belongs both to eternity and time. As one has said:—

Silently, the omnipotent forces of Nature have moved on, —'no speech, no clamour, their voice not heard,' but all doing their own work, all fulfilling their appointed end, all the servants and the friends of man: the little round of our own small lives revolving as in the dark, none knowing what a day may bring forth: and the tide of human joy and sorrow flowing on with impartial wave, always eccentric, to our poor vision, but ever regulated by unerring law. Garlands have been woven in it, and shrouds, and the great blind mother has received back to her quiet bosom her tired and wounded sons. Some have shone out the year with smiles, and some have rusted it out with tears, and garland and shroud have been left behind the veil of the departed days.

But, joyous or sad as the old year may have been, we all unite in giving a welcome to the new: and, though we may have to mount the belfry stairs with tears, as we think of what has been, not one note in the harmony shall be wanting, not one bell in the peal shall be unring: and though some may trouble themselves with none of these things, and others think that to die rich is of more importance than to live well, we will still go up with a good heart, to ring out our ideal peal, and pray the Great King to give us all 'A Happy New Year.'

And, first, as citizens of the world. Our Spiritualism teaches us to overpass all local barriers, and to pray with Jesus the great prayer, 'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth.' A Happy New Year to the world, then! that it may make a good year's march on the broad highway; that the nations of the earth may unlearn their jealousies and selfishnesses, and learn instead the glorious truth of Human Brotherhood; and, learning that, see that it is not only a crime but a blunder, not only an iniquity

but a stupidity, to raise up barriers between the nations, as though one could do without the other, as though we were separate families instead of one; the Great World-Father having placed us here so as to be mutually dependent, that, in our mutual dependence, we might find the law of unity and the bond of peace.

A Happy New Year for the world, then, that its idol shrines and tyrant thrones may go on crumbling, and all rule be the rule of right and not of might, and all worship be that of the loving and aspiring soul; that rulers may exist for the people, and not people for the rulers; that every form of slavery may disappear; that justice may be done, and peace be loved, and righteousness be made supreme; that great advances may be made in real civilisation, and a signal contribution be made towards the achievement of the destiny of the race:—

Till each man finds his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of peace, and crowned with
all her flowers.

Then, who of us can withhold the wish for his country, and refuse to say to old England, 'A Happy New Year!'? For, though we may not have the prejudices of the ancient children of Israel, and may not believe, as they did, that we are, to the exclusion of others, the chosen people of God, yet we may still hold that it is indeed He who has given us our place and our work amongst the nations of the earth; and that, with all our insular faults and follies, we have borne and do bear a witness which has its influence upon the world. For this British people is still the freest and sanest people under heaven, and the surest based on slowly accumulated but firmly settled principles: and, when all the world is anxious, we seem to rest secure. Our laws are ours, and not our rulers': our constitution is ours, and not the monarch's. It is our own land that we live in, and nowhere is there a people so happy and so secure under a mode of government which is the swift and sensitive expression of its will.

This glorious island-home! A Happy New Year to it! May a higher estimate of man prevail, and a lower estimate of the accidents that pertain to him! May the pressure of our class distinctions be lessened, and the hearts of all classes be united to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with their God!

Then, as for the nation as a whole, so for our homes. God send us a happy year for them! for the home must more and more be the spring of the nation's life: and it is there that the waters are defiled or purified at their source: and from thence they flow to overspread the land, a pure or a turbulent and contaminating stream. May we not lose the old love for home associations and home ties, or turn our homes into mere restaurants and dormitories! may we not be ashamed of home affections, and lose the heavenly beauty of human relationships enshrined in the home made sacred as a haven for the aged, a refuge for the toiler, and a safeguard for the young!

Or, turning to the world of work, what grave meanings may be put into this gracious wish! It is sad to see, anywhere, fertile brains fretted with care instead of rejoicing in useful activity, and to see strong arms or clever hands wasted in enforced idleness: but there is something worse than this,—we mean the low view of commercial morality which to-day is the chief peril of the world, tending to make the phrases 'commercial integrity' and 'an officer and a gentleman' seem a veil for fraud. And yet how little we notice it until it hurts us!

Many years ago, from one end of the country to the other, public and official prayers were offered up, for months, against the cattle plague: but who ever heard of

officially promulgated prayers against the far worse plague of commercial dishonour—a plague compared with which that which slow our cattle was but as the small dust in the balance; for we could reckon the loss of that and have done with it, but no statistics can measure the consequences of a lowering of a nation's commercial honour, and no ledger account can be kept concerning a people's conscience.

Thank heaven, there is a sunny side, with its multitude who are nobly fighting the battle of life, and who are like the brave and resolute sea-captain who, when the very compass froze in its box, steered by the stars:—a splendid suggestion! Fashions change, the guides may get confused, and, at times, the public conscience seems to freeze. There is the true man's chance. The eternal right is there: justice is there: God is there, and His well-beloved steer by the stars.

May it be a year of uplifting, of moral activity, of keen-eyed and open-hearted veracity,—a year glorified by the worship of God, and not clouded by the worship of Mammon,—a year beautiful with religious reverence, and not sinister with the mocking of Mephistopheles,—a year of strong advances in the practice of the homely grace of justice, so far above the colourless virtue of the conventional saint, and so near akin to the very life of God, of whom the Hebrew poet so grandly said, that 'justice and judgment are the foundation of His throne!'

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

At a meeting of the members of the Manchester Psychic Research Society, held on November 28th last, for experiments in clairvoyance, the sensitive, who is young and a comparative stranger to Manchester, stated that he felt very strongly the influence of a young man who gave his name (by clair-audience) as Charles Herbert R., and said that he had passed away a good many years ago at the age of twenty-two. He had been of a studious disposition, and had possessed considerable intellectual ability. The sensitive did not gather that the young man had been known by anyone present, but described the influence as very powerful. After giving another description, the sensitive said he saw the form—so ethereal as to be almost transparent—of a little girl of about eight years of age, who was connected with the young man, and had also passed over a good many years ago; he heard her name given as 'Isabel.'

Neither of these names was known to any person present but myself. The sensitive then addressed one of the ladies present, and remarked upon the great psychic power she possessed, which could be applied in many ways, for automatic writing especially, and he asked this member to touch the tips of his fingers with hers, which she did. He then took a pencil and wrote on a piece of paper the names, 'Henry R.,' 'Hippolyta R.,' names again only known to me. Later, the sensitive again took up the pencil and wrote as follows:—

'Charles Herbert R., son of Henry, was twenty-two at the time of my re-birth. Little Enid Isabel is my sister.'

I knew this statement to be correct, but as I had only heard the young man spoken of as 'Herbert' (he had passed over before I became acquainted with the R. family), I wrote to a relative of his inquiring whether the name and the other details given by the clairvoyant were accurate, and received assurance that the name and other particulars were perfectly correct.

The clairvoyant also gave a description of the appearance and characteristic manner of Henry R., which I knew to be very correct.

Charles Herbert must have passed away more than thirty years ago, also Hippolyta; Enid Isabel nearly as long, and Henry about twenty-five years ago. The sensitive had no opportunity of making himself acquainted with the details given (even if he had so desired), as no members of the family have lived in Manchester for many years, nor would he be able to meet with anybody who could give him the information.

A. W. ORR.

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.

(Continued from page 610.)

Either the same night or the next, late, when sitting up by myself, I received the following: 'Many days have passed since you saw me in earth life, but I have not forgotten you, I remember you as a child.'

From this the writer went on to name certain personal characteristics of mine as a child, and then went on to say:—

'So the days go by, and once more the tale is told, and we are here as witnesses to the truth that there is no death; only a glorious hereafter. Many days ago I lived on earth, and I was a man who did not realise this blessed truth. I was a blind man, walking in the darkness of night.'

Here I stopped and asked for the writer's name, when I received the name of someone who, after long considering, I remembered had known me as a child. A few nights later, after discussing the apparent difficulty of securing continuity of the same control, the following came, apparently as an explanation:—

'Many things have been said on the subject of individual control, but no one seems to really understand one important point, which is this:—it is not possible to influence a mind that is not attuned to our minds. The connection is severed, the reflection is blurred like mist on a glass, and all hope of impressing our thoughts on another mind is useless unless that mind is a receptive and sensitive one. I have known sitters expect results in five minutes, but it takes more often five years to attune the currents of mind force to each other. It is a long process and a difficult one, and the result of unsuitable communications is the outcome of such phenomena.

'Mind to mind in harmony must be
Or else the many things we dread we soon shall see.'

After this, the truth of which came home to me, there followed a few lines of drivel, which I stopped, and on turning over a new page, intending to begin again, afresh and seriously, I got, greatly to my surprise, and somewhat to my disgust, the following idiotic verses:—

'There is a land of hope and glory
Where happy pilgrims stay,
And in that land there dwells a man
Who always says me nay:

And in that land I love to dwell
And love to play and sing,
But in that land there dwell some men
Who always monkeys bring.

They sit and sing, and dance and sing,
And always make me smile,
But on my face there is a frown
That makes me very —'

I could tell that this absurd rhyming was going on *ad lib.*, so I broke off the communication abruptly, before the last verse was finished. I not only admit, but call attention to the fact that this is as ridiculous as anything could be, but it is on that account good evidence, I hope, that I am not responsible for it. It has its value in an exposition of cross currents.

Later on, the same night, a more serious communication was given, which is as follows:—

'Have you seen a man who talks through you? He is old and fair, wears a beard, is very tall and has such a sweet smile. His face lights up when he speaks. He is rather infirm, but he loves to hear himself talk, and he says that it is life to him to be able to help people by communicating the good news, the tidings of great joy. He is a sort of hero in his way, always ready to help and to uplift suffering humanity. Oh! the brightness of his face; and his language is fine, and he has a great power with him. We call him Joshua the Prophet. He is a kind of saviour, you know, and lives to serve and to help

all the oppressed. Ah! it is a blessed life, after all, and I wish that more of us could do the same. He is so pure at heart though, and so noble that it is different for him. We are such poor mortals, so frail and so uncertain, and so hesitating; we have not the power of conviction or of assurance, and we lack confidence, but he is strong and brave.'

At this point I ceased to write, as I was getting rather tired of this speechifying and wished for something more philosophical. When I started again the following was dashed off in large and vigorous writing:—

'Deep philosophy you want; well, you shall have it. The mind of man is a piece of mechanism difficult to attune to the right pitch. It is for some time a perfect piece of rot that makes you wish to write at all. I am one of those who do not believe in such things, and I say that it is all rot, damned rot, and I will always maintain that nothing will come of it, nothing but vexation of spirit and a troubled life. Leave it alone, leave it alone, my child.'

Of course I have not taken his advice to 'leave it alone.' Advice given by a person who swears at a lady cannot possibly be good. (Hear, hear.)

I need not say how this astonishing onslaught surprised me, and so you will not wonder that I declined to write any more of it; and yet it might have been better if I had followed it to the end. Possibly the same writer was responsible for the following, which came soon afterwards:—

'Let the wiseacres say what they may, life was not meant to be spent in speculating as to the particular fall of a certain meteorite or the place of a star in the heavens. How do you account for the saying, "The wise know not, neither do they understand the works of the Lord"?''

I confess that I did not pay much attention to this, and, on turning over the page, I was surprised to be reproved as follows; 'Have you seen what I have written on the page just passed?' This was followed by the same old tolling of the bell:—

'The hand of time moves slowly on and the world is slowly reaching the zenith of its prowess. I do not see why we should hold to the old superstition that the world is everlasting and immutable, or to the idea that what we call evolution is eternal, and never reaches a point of rest. I hold that there is an end to progress, at any rate, in so far as this planet is concerned. I believe that we reach a point when to go on is impossible and to rest is the only solution. The past will then crumble away; the universe will become a world of dead matter, and the life will go on in another form and in a different way. If not, why do we progress at all? There will come a time when the whole manifested universe will cease to be, and when life as we know it will be unknown. The world of matter is a world of perishable stuff; it is not eternal, but is temporal, and as such dies or is re-absorbed into some other form of activity. The mind of man does not grasp the idea, it is so vast; he thinks in straight lines leading to a definite point, but the symbol of the universe is represented as a circle and as such we should conceive of it. What I mean is that it is a circle within circles, a world within worlds. The outer shell falls, but the inner reality persists, but in another form. This inner reality is the heart of life, the true world of spirit, and it gathereth the other world of matter round it as a garment, and covereth itself, but the garment wears out; the particles fall apart, and the world dissolves like mist and falls like dew, and is re-absorbed by some process of which we know nothing really, but of which we can say that it is the power of readjustment of all the particles of matter, turning them out into some other form of manifestation. This is a beautiful and simple law. The life in the plant is the life of undeveloped man; a man is a part of the Cosmos, just as a man is part of the Microcosm, and the Microcosm is part of the Macrocosm, the great manifested life of God. The heart of a plant is different from the heart of man only in its incapability of feeling in the same way, and it is a pity that more do not understand this.'

At the time I did not, and now I do not, understand all this, but I have been told that, though somewhat hazy, there is good sense in it, and I can now sufficiently see this to warrant my saying that it is impossible my normal self could write it without premeditation and without stopping—if at all.

Some time after this, I got a communication which is perhaps the best, both for connected seriousness and as a test of proceeding from a personality other than my own. It begins with a phrase which occurs in two other communications, 'Many days ago.' It is a small point, which has, however, its interest.

All I can say is that the repeated phrase occurs in entirely dissimilar communications, all of which are also entirely unlike anything I should be likely to write. Judge, for instance, whether my normal self could have written the following, without consideration and without a pause:—

'Many days ago, I do not care to know how many, I came across a book which was called "Life after Death." I was then an unbeliever, and the idea of the continuity of life seemed to me ridiculous and so I thought I would buy the book to read, and, after reading it, I still remained unconvinced. Now I see that the whole thing is true. It is a fact that I am here; that I shall persist—also that my body is not I. I am a spirit, I am a human being, but clothed in another form. I am that which is imperishable. I am a man of many desires and of many faults, but nevertheless I am still a part of the immortal life, I partake of it and so I live. I was once an unbeliever, as I have said, and I felt that the idea of the continuity of life was neither reasonable nor sane. I have since learnt that I was a fool, glorying in my folly, and oh! so horribly ignorant. I wish I could do something to spread this teaching, to proclaim it on the house tops, and in the high places. The world is sadly in need of it, and is groaning under the pall and the weight of darkness.'

[I must say I do not agree with this. It seems to me that the world generally, especially the world of London, is by no means groaning for the light, but is quite happy in its own way without it.]

'I am not a seer or a prophet and I cannot adequately express or explain what I mean, but my whole being aches and my heart throbs with a longing to do my little share in this great work. I want to give my impetus to the great wheel of life which is moving slowly on, resting neither by night nor by day. I want to help, I want to love, I hunger and thirst after righteousness, for righteousness' sake, and I love the world for all the possibilities it offers me for development. I am a progressive soul, a man with a keen yearning for salvation from sin and its consequences. The fruits of life are sweet in the early stages of growth, but bitter in the end. The bitterness of remorse for lost ideals is a bitterness indeed, and no one can tell as I can. I loved myself and everything pertaining to me, and I wish to emancipate myself from the threads of time which bind me to the past from which I long to escape. I loathe myself, I loathe my nature which prompted me to the gratification of my base desires, and I fondly hope that the day will come when I shall be judged as I have judged. Man cannot escape the wheel of re-birth. The inevitable subtle laws of God cannot be gainsaid. I must re-incarnate, I must go on, I must hope and trust and long, and so I feel that I shall persist, and there is no escape. Oh! my God! I am utterly and hopelessly weary of the state of mind in which I am. I am devoid of any hope, of any blessing, to cheer me on my way; and may the Lord have mercy on my soul, for I am sick nigh unto death. The clouds of darkness encompass me round about and I look in vain for a gleam of light to help me on. Oh! my God! deal with me gently and according to my deserts. I was not utterly base. I was not utterly lost. I was a struggler, a wayfarer on the road of life, trying to realise what I believed to be right for me. I have since learnt that it was all wrong, all sinful, all degrading to my nobler self, the true man; but at that time I lived in the external world and I tasted of it, and it tasted sweet to my lips. I am sick of it all now and I wish that I were really dead, and gone to the land where there is no awakening. Here is not my abiding place, I hope. I hope that I shall escape from this torture.'

This is rather inconsistent, and the second portion appears to contradict the first, but it may be an expression of conflicting emotions; and, if it came from an unseen being, it was probably from one who had only just commenced the next life, and whose recollections of earth-life were very acute. In any case, it is evident that the whole communication is absolutely unlike anything that could have proceeded from myself.

Being rather dissatisfied with much that had come, I mentally wished for something more agreeable and philosophical, and the next communication I got was the following:—

'Philosophy does not come in a moment; it is the work of a lifetime to think rightly, and to have a clear vision of things as they are. It is too vast a subject for us to tackle; it were wiser for you to try something simpler, more homely, such as the colour of a particular flower in the spirit world. Flowers grow profusely here: their scent permeates the atmosphere everywhere, and their odour is even sickening at times. Their colours are more refined than you can imagine. They are delicate in texture, too, and excessively delicate in their form.'

They are very wonderful, and seem to grow everywhere, and to brighten up the whole place.' [Tell us something about flowers as you know them.] 'I can no longer remember them as they were in earth-life, and I am interested to know. I love flowers, and tend them here, and they are like living beings to me, so gentle and so sweet, and I wash them with my tears. I keep thinking that one day they will go out of my life for ever, and then how lonely I shall be without them; they are such dear companions to me, companions of my solitude who come to solace me with their gentle perfumes, stroking my face like a caress from a dear one's hand. They belong to me, and I am all to them. I love them as my own children, and wish I could speak to them, and they would understand me, as it is so lonely here. Although there are plenty of people, I am as one apart. I live my own life and go my own way. I cannot learn to love them somehow, they are so different, and make me feel as a stranger in a foreign land. I shall not learn to love them. I cannot, they are so cold, and seem to look upon me as not one of them, and it cuts deeply into my heart.'

I am sure that all this maundering sentimentality is as utterly foreign to my own thought and nature as the absurd nonsensicality of the ridiculous rhymes which I have already read, and both are specimens of the cross currents which are the subject of my lecture. And both again can be contrasted with the remarkable message said to be from Sir Wyke Bayliss, which was produced with great rapidity in a few seconds, and yet whose sustained and characteristic beauty of thought and expression would have been beyond me, even though I had given time to it. This message has already appeared in 'LIGHT,' but I think it ought to be referred to here. I was about to retire for the night, and, in passing out of the room, I idly took up a copy of a humorous little play to glance at it, when I suddenly seemed to hear the words quite sharply: 'I am Wyke Bayliss,' and immediately felt the strong impulse to write. Taking a pencil, the following came without a pause from beginning to end;—

'Many people think that I am dead, and I want you to tell them that I am not—my wife, for instance. She is in distress. She does not understand, but oh! it is all so simple and natural. It is an unfolding of the life from within to without, from one plane of being to another. It is all a gradual unfolding of the life from the world of matter to the world of more etherealised matter, which is spirit. I wonder if you will do this for me and say that I am here, that I have all my faculties, and that I am as I was in earth-life minus a body. This change which we call death is a wonderful transformation, I might even call it a transfiguration, for so it seems to me. I came to you because I know your husband and because I know that you can convey my message, and that you will do so if you have this cause at heart. I am utterly alone, but fearing nothing, utterly happy, but utterly forlorn. Can you understand all this, or does it seem strange to you? You will see my meaning, I hope. Good-bye.'

Half an hour later, after the matter had been talked over somewhat doubtfully, the following came:—

'They think I am dead, that is the main thing, and the reason for my coming to you. I wish you to say that I am well and happy and that I fear nothing. All is well with me. I am only a little lonely and longing to see a familiar face, but that is natural. I am only repeating what others have said. Only this fact I must impress upon you, that I am still alive and well. That is why I come to you. Tell her this.'

We had seen the notice of Sir Wyke's decease in the paper, but the subject had scarcely been mentioned, and it certainly was not in my mind at the time. The statements with regard to forlornness and solitude surprised us as being very much opposed to our idea of what is likely to happen on the other side, especially in such a case.

I will now bring to a conclusion these communications, with one which affords a very fair test. One evening I had been listening to an exposition of an argument in favour of a theistic conception of the Universe, and I thought the argument was sound, and the exposition particularly lucid, and I was in thorough sympathy with both the argument and the exposition. Half an hour after this I offered myself for a communication, and a little to my surprise and amusement I found I was in contact with one of the preaching people, who, among other things, wrote:—

'Now is your chance of salvation, now is the appointed time; come to the throne of Grace and listen to the words of wisdom which fall from the lips of the Saviour. Here and now is the time for the coming of the Lord of Hosts; He is a Man and yet a God, a Sear and yet a Man of Sorrows and a Child of God. He came to give us Light and Salvation, to call us from the great —'

At this point I stopped the communication. After this, the expositor who had conducted the clever argument asked for the preacher's name, and, after some hesitation, the following was written:—

'A minister in the service of the Lord, and a sinner who yet loves the light, and yet I am a wayfarer on the path of life. Is that all you want to know, you who are sceptics and unbelievers, and who scoff at the name of the Lord? I listened to your wordy argument, and I was shocked and pained to think that there should be such people as you in the world who cannot see the light.'

This attack upon the questioner was about as unlike my own opinion and judgment as anything could be, and goes far to prove that though I wrote it as swiftly as my hand could move, it was not I who was responsible for it.

I think I have kept my promise to lay before you communications which, though not having any particular intrinsic value, are of some importance as illustrating cross currents in this kind of writing. And, knowing how these communications came, and that I had next to nothing to do with them except to lend the filter of my brain and the mechanism of my hand, I submit them for criticism and judgment. I anticipate some will say that these communications are only the product of my sub-conscious self; but this is a far-fetched theory, and it seems to me a less simple solution than the influence of unseen entities. I also anticipate the criticism: 'Well! and after all, what is the use of it? They have told you nothing you did not know.' That is not correct, but that is not the point. The point is, that whereas most people think of the inhabitants of the other world as ghosts, compassed by the miseries of hell or reelling in the bliss of heaven, these communications (if they are communications) suggest that people there are real people of all kinds, and that departure from the body makes no great change in them, but that types of character there are as varied as types of character here. I call that a suggestion of immense significance, and of far more value than a lofty attempt to describe the nature of spirit-life, or to map out the mysteries of the heavenly spheres. If such communications as these are real, they overturn the old ideas of heaven and hell, they present the unseen world and its inhabitants as real and natural, and they bring before us the tremendously serious fact that 'a great cloud of witnesses' is no idle dream. (Loud applause.)

An interesting discussion followed the Address, which was participated in by Mr. H. B. Steele, Mr. Millard, Dr. Berks T. Hutchinson, Miss Mack Wall, Mrs. Paulet, Dr. Abraham Wallace, Captain G. C. Frederick, R.N., and others, and a hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mrs. Hopps for her very instructive and thought-provoking Address.

FINGER-PRINTS AND MEDIUMSHIP.—On p. 513 of 'LIGHT' for October 28th, 1905, we gave Signor Eugenio Gellona's account of a sitting with Eusapia Paladino, at which casts of spirit hands were obtained, concluding with the important remark that when the natural lines of the skin were shown in the imprints, these did not correspond with the finger-prints of persons present. In 'Luca e Ombrà' for December, Signor Gellona gives enlarged photographs of the impressions obtained, and of the finger-prints of the four persons present at the sitting, the ring-finger of the left hand being the one chosen for comparison with the impressions. Signor Gellona states that the finger-prints left on modeller's clay by the spirit hand belonged to the second class, which is not only a rare one, but is scarcely ever found except in the little finger; so that the present instance appears to be doubly exceptional, and highly characteristic. The finger-prints of the medium and of two of the sitters belong to another class, and that of the other sitter to a third class, and all are plainly distinguishable from the imprint in the clay. This fact, says Signor Gellona, furnishes irrefutable proof of spirit intervention.

THE REALISATION OF IDEALS.

Another of Mr. Floyd B. Wilson's cheery books has come to hand, called, 'Through Silence to Realisation; or, the Human Awakening,' a companion volume to his 'Paths to Power.' Mr. Wilson takes up his former theme of self-development by concentration of thought on a desired object, and repeats and enlarges upon some of his previous instructions. The initial requisite, he tells us, is the power of thought control, for by changing the course of his thinking a man will change his personality. Therefore it is essential to sow the proper thought-seeds, that the harvest may be 'the ripe, golden fruit of desire.'

The starting point, we are told, is stillness, but stillness alone does not constitute the Silence. The student 'may think he enters the silence long before he does. He is simply on the path until attainment begins, and attainment does not begin until points of vantage are reached.' By contemplating a clearly-formed mental image—say of himself as he desires to be—he will 'gather into his possession the gifts' that the silence may bring. Then, following the path, he 'may penetrate deeper and deeper till he enters the holy of holies in the hall of silence.' All this involves systematic training, but even without special concentration much may be accomplished by fixing the desires firmly and unwaveringly upon a desired result. The desire, in fact, presupposes the possibility of fulfilment, and the author thus describes the mental process going on within each individual attaining advancement:—

'It is not a question whether he has given the philosophy any thought or not. There is an eternal law to be fulfilled in each and every act of his life; and if objectively he catches the whispers of heartfelt longings, let him know that these can be heard only when the soul reservoir contains within itself the creative substance to make them outwardly manifest. How to draw from that reservoir is the problem which this age has solved. He who without conscious discipline may have attained desire, I argue, has been divinely led by the messengers of Infinity, because he opened the way in moments of passive unconciousness. These people are called lucky, and they often wonder at their luck. I have talked with scores of them, directed their thoughts over the paths they have traversed, and in every case I have found the law being worked out through the inspirations given to the objective self by that mighty self which links man to Omnipotence.'

As an instance of spontaneous creation of mental images, we are told that a young man, who was struggling in the preparatory school to fit himself for college, used to go to the blackboard and write his name, placing after it the letters B.A., M.A., LL.B., 'and then he would look at what he had written, imagining a day to come when he would be entitled to those degrees.' In due time he obtained them all, and won honours in his profession.

Some of Mr. Wilson's chapters strike a deeply spiritual note, and we specially indicate that on 'Spiritual Knowledge,' and those relating to Joy and Hope, as well worthy of careful and profitable perusal.

FULFORD'S FIRST POEM.

The name of William Fulford will probably be unfamiliar to many readers to-day. He was educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham—a contemporary of Burne-Jones, Richard Watson Dixon, and Wilfred Heeley. To mention these names is to recall at once the year 1866 and 'The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine,' to which all these contributed along with William Morris and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Fulford, when at Oxford, was at first recognised as the leading spirit of 'The Set,' being older than his comrades. But he fell away as time went on, and his fame has been eclipsed by his younger collaborators' achievements.

My present interest in his work lies in the fact that his first poem contains all the note of Modern Spiritualism. It purports to be the reflections of a girl in the spirit-world, and one is tempted to trace an affinity between it and 'The Blessed Damsel.' 'The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine' is, of course, so rare nowadays as to be accessible to hardly anybody,

and this poem of Fulford's was not included in the volume of verse issued in 1865. I owe my own acquaintance with it to a recent article by the Rev. Frederic Macdonald, a distinguished Wesleyan minister and man of letters, with whom I have been in a small way associated, and I should like it to become known to readers of 'LIGHT.' It is as follows:—

'In youth I died, in maiden bloom;
With gentle hand Death touched my cheek,
And with his touch there came to me
A spirit calm and meek.

He took from me all wish to stay;
He was so kind, I feared him not;
My friends beheld my slow decline,
And mourned my joyless lot.

I heard them sob, as through the night
They kept their watch; then on my ear
Amid the sobbing fell a voice
Their anguish could not hear.

"Come, and fear not!" it softly cried;
"We wait to lead thee to thy home";
Then leapt my spirit to reply,
"I come, I long to come!"

I heard them whisper o'er my bed,
"Another hour, and she must die!"
I was too weak to answer them
That endless life was nigh.

Another hour, with bitter tears
They mourned me as untimely dead,
And heard not how I sang a song
Of triumph o'er their head.

Oft from my Paradise I come
To visit those I love on earth;
I enter, unperceived, the door;
They sit around the hearth,

And talk in saddened tone of me
As one that never can return;
How little think they that I stand
Among them as they mourn!

J. G. N.

LETTER 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.

Spiritualism at Brighton.

SIR,—Kindly permit me, through 'LIGHT,' to thank those friends who have so kindly helped the Brighton and Hove Psychic Society in the past, and to inform them that the talents they have entrusted to our care have been put to good use, and so greatly blessed, that the society has now grown sufficiently to admit of the taking of a larger hall, more centrally situated, near the Aquarium, and will in future be known as 'The Brighton Spiritual Mission,' Manchester-street. We shall remove from Compton Hall to the new premises on the 31st inst., so as to hold the opening service there on Sunday, January 6th, when Mrs. A. Boddington will give the inaugural address.

Our responsibilities will be much greater, but our friends and helpers in the spiritual and celestial spheres have urged us to this step, and we are launching out into the deep in implicit reliance upon their assurance that while we continue to carry on their work in the manner that we are at present doing we shall be allowed to lack nothing that is needful.—Yours, &c.,

11, Round Hill-crescent,
Brighton.

ALFRED CAPE,
Secretary.

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.

STOKE NEWINGTON, GOTHIC HALL, 2, BOUVERIE-ROAD, N.—On Sunday next, the 30th inst., Mr. E. W. Wallis will deliver a trance address on 'The Light that Lighteth every Man.' Friends in the neighbourhood are specially invited to attend and listen to this address.