

Light:

A Journal devoted to the Highest Interests of Humanity, both Here and Hereafter.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by "M.A. (Oxon.)"

Respecting the question put to me by "A Subscriber," I can but say what I have gathered from what has been at various times told me. There is, as I learn, a system of spiritual evolution akin to that known by that name on this earth. Manifestly we do not all arrive here on the same plane of progression, though we cannot remember the events which have trained and developed us. Probably we are the result of various experiments, our characters the outcome of different experiences in different states of existence, I do not say on different planets, but in various environments. As Mr. F. F. Cook pointed out in the course of his late papers, the *Ego* may be expressing itself in various ways, gathering up its mite of experience from each phase of life; the finished character is the final outcome of the experiences of the *Ego*, the Immortal Principle, through a variety of "lives." I have always understood that it is at incarnation, i.e., as far as man is concerned, at his birth on this earth, that the Immortal Principle is given. Before, a duality, he then becomes a trinity, possessed of a potential immortality, accountable morally, and gifted with opportunities of development which he may use and progress; and which equally he may abuse and retrogress. In the former case he passes to a new and higher experience in a state not dissimilar from that which he leaves when he quits this world. In the latter he passes into an inferior state, becoming what the Occultists call an Elementary. He has, perhaps, led a sensual life and starved his spiritual nature, and his lower psychical principle dominates and drags him down. Such beings gratify tastes which survive only to torment them, by vicarious self-indulgence, and are obsessing Spirits who drive on the weak to crime and sin. They who have not yet reached the plane of incarnation are those who have not yet received the immortal principle and with it conscience and accountability. But these are profound mysteries, and I am a very insufficient expositor of what I do not profess to regard as clearly established and defined in my own mind. There are also various other views not less worthy of attention, and, probably, all are imperfect representations of truth. I may add that the letter of "A.P.S." in another column contains some most suggestive thoughts which are to the point here.

The silly season is in full swing. Maskelyne is out of town, ceasing from troubling Spiritualism, and temporarily at rest. It is obvious, therefore, that there is an opening for an enterprising person, and accordingly "Professor" Baldwin steps briskly forward. He "claims" with modest truthfulness to have killed Spiritualism in the States; and he is going to devote a spare fortnight to dealing a similar death-blow to the delusion here. At the same time he will pick up some trifles from the Tom Tidler's ground temporarily vacated by Maskelyne. But, no doubt, love of truth is his great inspiration. Well, he will not do what he proposes by any conjuring exhibitions on a public stage. Maskelyne can beat him hollow there, and he, having once given up burlesquing Spiritualism, soon took to it again. It was by no means dead, he found, and he found, too, that it was extremely useful in lining his pockets. It paid. So he got up some more love of truth, and went after it again. If this same truthful "Professor" wishes to demolish phenomenal

Spiritualism—that is all he deals with—he must leave his apparatus at home, submit to be searched, and held hand and foot by those who will take care that he does not perform any sleight of hand tricks. If then there occur any of the dozen things that I have seen in the presence of a medium similarly treated, I will concede that the "Professor" has demolished Spiritualism by—proving himself a medium. At present, having regard to his impudent statement about his killing Spiritualism in America, he has only established his claim to a designation of another kind. It is to be noted that the *Times* administers to his pretensions a sound snub.

"It is necessary," says Varro, "that the people should be ignorant of many things that are true, and believe many things that are false." I am impressed, after reading a notice in the *Journal of Science* of some works of Dr. Beard (the CARPENTER of New York), that however much Spiritualists may fulfil the latter necessity, he is consistently living up to the former. His ideas on Salem witchcraft and its relation to modern Spiritualism shew that he learns nothing, but remains with eyes obstinately closed, mumbling the same old dreary platitudes, learning nothing and forgetting nothing with more than Bourbon doggedness. If the Anglo-Saxon race (as he elects to call it) were not "constantly nursed at the breast of Germany, both England and America would long since have been starved to death scientifically." This (as his reviewer points out) in the teeth of Faraday and Darwin! But, indeed, a good deal of science ("falsely so called") such as Dr. Beard boasts himself of could well be spared to the enduring benefit of the human race, for that Alethophobia of which he exhibits such severe symptoms unfits him for the discriminating use of the mental faculties by which alone true knowledge is obtained. As a psychologist, Dr. Beard and his school are the blindest of blind guides. They shut their eyes to plain facts, ignore them, explain them away, and then discourse as if they did not exist. So the blind might deal with the glories of a landscape lit up by the setting sun:—only they would probably have sense to regret their lack of vision, and would do their best to supplement their own defect by the account of their more fortunate friends who, "having eyes, can see." To that level where science and common sense alike meet, Dr. Beard has not yet attained, and he is, unfortunately, not entirely singular, as one could wish him to be.

A brief experiment which I had recently opportunity of making seems to shew that the thought-reader does not always see a mental picture. I thought of the word *Lawn-Tennis*, and kept mentally repeating it, without moving my lips, over and over again, at the same time keeping before my mind a picture of the game with players known to me. I took pains to make the mental picture as vivid as I could. The first guess, made after a rather long interval, during which I held the thought-reader's hands, she being blindfolded, was *Lord Lorne*, the next was *London*, the next *Buxton*, and then, after some other attempts more and more off the scent, came the successful guess. In another case, a first attempt was near but not exact, and subsequent guesses were further and further from the mark till at last words utterly dissimilar were given.

"M.A. (Oxon.)"

DEATH OF MRS. WEATHERHEAD.—It is with deep regret we have to announce the death of Mrs. Weatherhead, of Keighley, widow of Mr. David Weatherhead, the gentleman who was instrumental in the formation of the first Spiritualist Society in this country. Mrs. Weatherhead was staying at Morecambe, in company with her daughters, and on Sunday evening last complained of feeling a little unwell. An hour afterwards her spirit departed. Highly respected, a firm supporter of Spiritualism, her absence will be felt by a wide circle of friends alike in our cause and beyond it.

MISS C. E. WOOD EXPOSED.

[It is with deep regret that we publish the following communications, but fidelity to the truth leaves us no alternative.—Ed. "LIGHT."]

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Last night, Miss C. E. Wood, of Newcastle, gave a sitting at my house. There were seventeen friends present, the majority Spiritualists. Miss Wood was tied to an armchair by two gentlemen. After sitting for two hours, a form draped in white came from the cabinet, then immediately retired. Then the supposed "Pocha" came out in white to a small table in front of me, played two small musical boxes, gave some sweets to a gentleman, kissed a lady, and chatted for some minutes. Then Mr. Cade, who is a medium, and a sitter at Mr. Chapman's circle, at Stamford, who sat on my left, suddenly seized the supposed "Pocha," and instead of a little Indian girl it was Miss Wood with her dress off, and covered with muslin, part of which was secured. I have retained some, and Mr. Cade part. In the interest of Spiritualism, I hope you will publish this, as Miss Wood is so well known as a so-called professional medium. It is only loyalty to the cause that compels me to discharge the painful duty of reporting this unsatisfactory sitting.—Faithfully yours,

ROBERT CATLING.

Granville-street, Park-road, Peterborough,
September 12th, 1882.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—With your permission I would like to place on record an account of a séance at which I was present in the house of Mr. Robert Catling, of this city.

For the information of your readers I may say that I have been very intimately acquainted with Mr. Catling for about eight years; he has been a very devoted friend to the cause of Spiritualism before I knew him and ever since. Miss Wood arrived at his residence on Thursday, 7th inst. She was received and treated as a friend by Mrs. and Mr. Catling till the night of Monday, 11th inst., when the séance was held about which I wish to speak.

I may say that Mr. and Mrs. Catling went with Miss Wood to Stamford on Sunday, the 10th inst., when a séance was held at Mr. Chapman's Lyceum. This séance gave great satisfaction to all but one or two. Mr. Cade, who is to some extent identified with the Spiritual movement in Stamford, was present, but was not satisfied with what he saw, and he came to Peterborough on Monday evening, to be present at our séance.

During the séance, while what was supposed to be "Pocha" was outside the cabinet, Mr. Cade sprang forward, and there was a scuffle. The light was very dim. I stepped to the cabinet, and could see Mr. Cade sitting in the chair in which the medium had been tied at the beginning of the séance. He called for more light, and held a figure draped with white in his arms, which seemed to struggle to get free. A gentleman who tried to turn up the light turned it out in mistake. I kept my place for about a minute, and when the light was turned on I could see that the figure with which Mr. Cade struggled was Miss Wood, the medium. She had a quantity of muslin wrapped round her head and shoulders, but through openings I could see parts of her body. I said to Mr. Cade, "We had better leave her to the ladies." I turned to call some of the ladies, and when I turned back again, in what seemed to me about one minute's time, Miss Wood was dressed in the black dress in which she commenced the séance, and the muslin was hidden away. Mr. Cade said, "We must have the muslin," and after a rather severe struggle the muslin was found in some part of her dress, and taken from her. These are a few of the disagreeable facts connected with this séance.

On Friday, when we were making arrangements for the Monday's séance, I suggested as a test that a piece of tape should be sewn round each of the medium's wrists, and the ends given to the sitters to hold, but Miss Wood objected to this, I think, very reasonable test.

As the result of what I have seen, I have come to the painful conclusion that Miss Wood deliberately planned the deception, and that practice has made her too perfect in the art of deceiving.

I did not feel the least excited through the whole séance, and I do not feel the least discouraged now. Fraudulent

mediums will always exist in proportion to foolish people. Let us study Spiritualism by spiritual methods. Let us get our heads clear and keep them so, and let us—

"Keep a brave heart still."

When we have cleared the path of folly and fraud true spiritual manifestations will—

"Come as a waking joy
After bad dreams."

THOS. MCKINNEY.

New Fletton, Peterborough,
September 12th, 1882.

"THE PERFECT WAY."

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—In reference to a letter by Mrs. Penny in your issue of September 9th I should like to make a few remarks.

Mrs. Penny takes exception to the term, a "New Gospel," as the lectures of the "Perfect Way" series have been designated by the Countess of Caithness. Now, if, as all must agree, Truth is one from the beginning we can never obtain more than a new unfoldment, and the "Perfect Way" has shewn itself clearly to be what it claims, "Not an Invention, but a Restoration." History repeats itself, and we see constantly the light which shone clearly at one time become dimmed, not through its own lack of illuminating power, but in consequence of the accumulation of the mists of error and ignorance. When these are swept away, through the instrumentality of the divinely appointed messengers, we may call it a new Gospel if we so choose, but it is but the restoration of the old, and its new unfoldment suited to the developing necessities of mankind. A student of the sacred text should remember that parables and symbols are the earthly channels for the conveyance of spiritual truths, and likewise that the capacity to appreciate and receive truth is a growing quality, and the interpretation of the mysteries has at all times been suited to the development of the learner. "The hungry Spirits of our day," who have not "attained to rest, or quenched their souls' thirst," will welcome the new unfoldment, and be thankful to the illumined ones, who are able to withdraw the veil and reveal not another Gospel "differing widely" from the first, but the same eternal truth that has been from the beginning.

As one who had the privilege of attending the lectures of the "Perfect Way," and to whom the pages of the book are still a great source of profit and enjoyment, I may state that I find nothing there to contradict the older revelation or prevent the "practical acceptance" of the teachings of the Great Master.

F. ARUNDALE.

September 11th.

THOUGHTS ON NECESSITY AND FREEDOM
OF WILL.

By Eugene Nus.

Translated from the "*Bulletin de la Société Scientifique d'Etudes Psychologiques*" by Dr. Dixon.

Is there anyone who does not feel satisfaction after doing what he thinks good, and dissatisfaction when he has done what he thinks evil? False ideas of duty and right may be nourished, but no one is without some notion of what is good, which he ought to do, and of what is evil, which he ought not to do. Such notion is from conscience. Conscience is proof of moral freedom. The impression which a thing done leaves on the mind shews that Will presided over the doing of it. If our actions were not under our mastery they would leave behind neither satisfaction nor dissatisfaction. They leave an impression stamped in the mind more or less deeply in proportion to our freedom. The moment we begin to judge ourselves we ourselves bring the evidence that in the action judged we had freedom of will. Error itself implies this freedom. The merely instinctive being hesitates not: his course is fixed.

This freedom is the characteristic of humanity. From wherever man may have come, however he may have been formed, he is endowed with this faculty. It confers upon him moral life, which is not merely superior to the animal instinctive life, but is a totally other life. By this faculty we modify, transform, re-create ourselves in the way of good. By the way of good we progress towards the type of absolute perfection which we call God—the Supreme Good. This way is illumined by another faculty which we have—the ideal, also specially human. By these two forces the moral life progresses.

Whence these forces? The mysteries of creation are not open to us. Man does not create them, but he develops them;

and as with every other faculty, by exercising he strengthens them in his progress.

Progress is the great law of moral life; it is the reason and object of man's being. It is the law of universal existence: creation is a continual progress. From the moment of beings appearing on the face of the earth life has progressed in development—from species to species; organs have been perfected; powers have been extended. Science, although still hypothetical as to the process of the formation of beings, is certain as to the progressive evolution of life.

This evolution is disenthralled freedom. In organisms progressively more and more perfected, physical life escapes more and more from the trammels of inert matter, refines, extends, and potentialises its means of action and locomotion. The blind, mechanical, necessitated instincts of the first beings become progressively reflecting, calculating, voluntary. It is still the urging impulse of wants which directs the animal; but, in the choice of means, in the combination of efforts, there is a progressive advance in intelligence and will; the being is free to crawl or to skip, to make attack or await it. Physical freedom and expansion of instincts are proportionate to organisms, as, afterwards, in man's life, moral freedom and expansion of conscience become proportionate to his progressively developing faculties.

Economy of means and unity of movement characterise in every realm and order of nature the simple yet potent processes of life. The law which rules in organic evolutions rules also in moral development; and this law is progressive disenthralment of freedom, operating more and more complete construction of the being in spontaneity, will, and consciousness.

The word freedom has two significations: (1) a property of Being, and (2) a state of Being. Man, species or individual, has, at the commencement of life, no more freedom than he has intelligence and reason. Freedom, like the other faculties of his being, is dormant within him. It becomes progressively disenthralled in accordance with the awakening and expansion of perception, reflection, affection and intellect; in all of which education aids. As mind and conditions of life differ, so freedom differs in degree. This brings us face to face with the problem of justice.

It is comprehensible that the responsibility of the being is proportionate to the amount of freedom presiding over his acts, and that where the light of conscience is wanting there is no culpability. By admitting the plea of extenuating circumstances into criminal procedures human justice, unlike the theology which damns all the guilty without distinction, recognises shades of responsibility.

Whence the disproportion in faculties, in aptitudes, in strength? Why have some intelligence, good affection, free disposal of themselves, and means of social enjoyment, while others have gross appetites, low selfishness, and means of satisfying merely the animal wants?

Infinite variety, it is contended, is necessary for the manifestation of all the powers of being, for the realisation of all its possible types, for furnishing scope for the soul's discipline and the play of moral harmonies with their concords and discords; but in the general evolution of existence are individuals to be considered as nought? Sown hap-hazard, like seed-corn, which may germinate or fail, produce abortive shoots or healthy plants with full ears—is this really, as is averred, according to "God's good pleasure?" Is it "God's good pleasure" to scatter broadcast favours and severities without regard to justice, reason, or mercy? to give some genius, to others imbecility, to some refined perception, delicate sentiment, high thought, to others low passion, sordid calculation, and the gross excitements of an animal? Can all this be decreed by divine law? Let us rather believe that nature provides infinite means for man collectively, that it is not necessary for individuals to be sacrificed to the species, that the requirements for the manifestations of moral life could be met without injustice to individuals. If, contemplating the inequalities and iniquities in life about us, some think that there is no over-ruling principle of justice, may it not be because our view is limited in time as it is in space, that, as we perceive neither the past nor the future, we are not able to appreciate facts, the causes and issues of which are beyond our ken?

Defects, diversities, and disproportions in faculties and conditions in present lots, do they not suggest to our reason a future destiny? Do they not point to the assurance that life is continuous into a different state in which injustice is not? In the depths of the past is the secret of present grievous inequalities, and in the depths of the future reparation will doubtless be found.

Moral freedom, we have said, disenthral itself in proportion to the growth of the intellectual faculties. From what does it disenthral itself? What are the trammels through which it has to struggle?

The philosophies, the religions, the orthodox moralities by which, with their codes and dogmas, human societies have been swayed from the earliest down to modern times, have taken no account of the difference of intensity in the impelling forces of human action. Theologians and legislators have regarded freedom of will as a settled condition of all humanity, and have assigned to all a complete responsibility. Thus they have caused to be hatched, by re-action, those other doctrines, no less false, which, taking account only of the bonds upon freedom by the sway of instinct, have proclaimed an absolute necessity, and denied all responsibility.

The doctrine of progress meets the claims of both of these, so opposed to each other; it takes account of those blind forces, and metes out responsibility according to elevation of conscience and power of will.

Man is rooted in the lower world which is governed by necessity; above this he has to rise to enter into the real human life—the moral life. The struggle, in rising, which takes place in the inmost of the being, between the two hostile forces—necessity and freedom—is the greatest struggle of life.

Antecedent to man, necessity is the sole side of existence. All beings arise from it and blindly obey it. To rule them it establishes processes; by attraction they are led to the fulfilment of their destinies—the conservation, propagation, and progression of species. In these processes the being seeks only its own satisfaction. Necessity proceeds by selfishness; look at the animal, the child, the gross man in whom instinct is paramount; selfishness, absolute, pitiless, is their law.

What, say you, childhood pitiless? Yes! like the animal, the elementary man, the man of the infantine races. When pity comes moral life begins. The soul then begins to shake off the husk of self. How many ages are needed, how many generations have to succeed each other, for the total subjugation of the merely selfish impulses of primitive nature, and for freeing man to live harmoniously with his fellows, and in accord with the dictates of justice, conscience, and reason!

Man cannot disenthral himself wholly from the bonds of the lower life until he has a higher ideal than selfish covetousness, until he listens for the moral harmonies which are the true and enlarging medium for his soul.

Thus the conscious personality, the human soul, a simple virtuality at the beginning, still moved by the attractions of animality, disengages itself more and more from the rule of the lower passions in proportion to the development of its faculties and enlargement of its horizons. By the side of selfish natural wants, other desires, sentiments, and feelings awaken. Perceiving that he is weak alone against the blind forces in operation about him—that Nature, in not giving him the arms, covering, and instinct of other beings, requires that he should consort with others—he falls in to live with them a life of combined effort. Then arise those social relations which determine moral life, with its notions of duty, right, pity, sympathy, justice. The husk of self is expanded, and the being enters into the life of others.

Violence, fraud, iniquity give rise to compassion, devotedness, and noble indignation. The excesses of evil give birth to the idea of good. Among those themselves who are swayed by brute passion, humanity reveals itself by that interior trouble which follows all violation of moral law. The destiny of man is supreme good, and towards this destiny he is urged even by the evil which he commits.

All are called, all are chosen. The law of progress impels us forward. We are good in a certain measure, masters of our time and of our road; we can resist, we can flee, take bye-paths, or lie down by the road-side; but we have that within us which admonishes us if we do not keep on in the road to our destiny.

Up to what point are we responsible to divine law? That is decided by our conscience. It is that which determines the degree of freedom to which we have attained. The child is heedless of the voice of his mother calling him; he follows his impulses, his instincts, his caprices; he resists the providence which would guide his first steps. For him also responsibility is proportionate to the reason which begins to enlighten his young soul; the mother lets him err and suffer, knowing that the best teaching is that which he receives directly, and that he will progress the more surely, confidently, and happily through his own discoveries and his self-instructed will.

What a mother does for her child universal providence does for the species. Our freedom moves in a circle traced by sovereign law; but this circle is large enough to leave full play to the movements of conscience, and to allow us the legitimate pride and happiness of owing our progress towards good and our moral elevation in life to our own will and efforts.

MR. E. W. WALLIS, the well-known trance lecturer, is prepared to receive subscriptions for "LIGHT" at his place of business, 82, Radford-road, Nottingham, where he has recently entered upon the sale of stationery, fancy goods, &c. Mr. Wallis still continues his lecturing engagements in all parts of the country, and his services in that direction are highly appreciated at all places that he visits.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"
4, NEW BRIDGE STREET,
LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Reports of the proceedings of Spiritualist Societies in as succinct a form as possible, and authenticated by the signature of a responsible officer, are solicited for insertion in "LIGHT." Members of private circles will also oblige by contributing brief records of noteworthy occurrences at their sances.

The Editor cannot undertake the return of manuscripts unless the writers expressly request it at the time of forwarding, and enclose stamps for the return Postage.

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

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LETTERS ON THEOSOPHY.

From an Anglo-Indian to a London Theosophist.

No. II.

[The impressive letter which follows conveys in language of admirable clearness what some Spiritualists at any rate have dimly thought of. I at least have long since thought that the facilities for communication provided by public circles were of very doubtful benefit to those attracted by them, and have contrasted them in my own mind with the seasons of quietude and meditation during which *les esprits souffrants* come and ask for prayer. I know more than one medium who devotes daily time to such work. Almost the first Spirit that manifested to me was that of a suicide. The advice I received was—You had better keep clear of suicides, both for their sake and your own. And the thought—I may say the knowledge—that crimes of various hues, drunkenness, lust, greed of all kinds, are directly fostered and suggested by human Spirits who thus gratify their own vicious inclinations is very familiar to me. I have repeatedly sought opportunity to enforce it. But nowhere that I can remember have I seen what I believe to be true knowledge, "necessary for these times," more clearly stated than in this letter. It is a relief to dwell on the concluding words which affirm so plainly the writer's conviction that this which carries to a thoughtful mind conviction of genuineness on its face is the authorised and authoritative teaching of those who *know*, and do not merely *speculate*.—"M. A. (Oxon)."]

I have said that risks are connected with the practice of ordinary mediumship which no Spiritualists have yet thought of as far as I know, that is to say, for, of course, broad statements of that nature must be given with all reasonable reserve. But, at all events, it is exceedingly improbable that they have been thought of, for they hinge on to facts connected with life after death, known only to occult science, and now in process of being given out to the world in clear, intelligible language for the first time, I am assured. The risks of which I have now to speak affect, not the living people who take part in sances, but the disembodied entities with which they come into communication.

I have already recalled to your recollection our previous information about the ordinary course of events on the dissolution at death, of the bonds which unite that congeries of principles which go to make up the complete living human being. The "shells" are the barely intelligent disintegrating *reliquies* of human beings sufficiently elevated in the scale of existence to have taken away with them into a state of spiritual preparation their best attributes. Besides the shells, there are shells *plus* the complete animal souls of very depraved ex-human beings whose spiritual principle has escaped from association with the personality for ever, taking nothing away—in other words, leaving all that the creatures possessed in the way of a soul still to wander about the earth—for a time. But besides these again there is a third sort of disembodied entities, also ex-human beings, to be considered. These are victims of suicide and of sudden violent deaths. Anyone who will thoughtfully consider their case can hardly fail to see that in a world governed by rule and law, by affinities working out their natural results in that deliberate way which Nature likes, the case of a person dying by a sudden death overtaking him at a time when all his principles were firmly united and ready to hold together for twenty, forty, or sixty years, whatever the natural remainder of his life would be, may very probably be somehow different from that of a person who by natural processes of decay finds himself, when the vital machine stops, readily resolvable into his own principles, which, in their turn, are each prepared to travel their several ways. Nature, always

fertile in analogies, at once illustrates the idea by shewing us an unripe and a ripe fruit, from one of which the inner stone will come away as cleanly and easily as a hand from a glove, while from the unripe fruit the stone can only be torn with difficulty, half the pulp clinging to its surface. Now, in the case of the sudden accidental death, or of the suicide, the stone has to be torn from the unripe fruit. There is no question here about the moral blame which may attach to the act of suicide. Probably in the majority of cases such moral blame does attach to it, but that will work out its consequences with the entity concerned in the future, we may depend upon it, whatever happens as to the immediate difficulty the person committing suicide may find in the process of getting himself thoroughly and wholesomely dead. This difficulty is manifestly just the same whether a person kills himself or is killed in the heroic discharge of duty, or dies the victim of an accident over which he has had no control whatever.

Now, the victims of accident and suicide *can communicate* with us through mediums, and that which communicates is the real entity of the once living man. They have to remain in the earth's atmosphere (in most cases), for those affinities are not yet established which would carry them beyond it, and divide their essential attributes one from another in the natural manner. In other words, that particular wave of life-evolution which developed their existence must run on to its shore. But the less they are disturbed during this period of waiting the better for them, and if people only understood what they were doing, it would be little less than sin and cruelty to tempt them (by the cultivation of the lower sort of mediumship) to get half back into the living world and create all sorts of fresh obstacles to embarrass their progress towards that spiritual regeneration which, however delayed, in their case must precede their next active existence.

I find it difficult to explain a condition of things which I have come fully to understand, in spite of its queer and unusual aspect, for want of a previous acquaintance on your part with the Occult doctrine (the actual state of the facts, that is to say, as *known* to the adepts, and affirmed by them with as much confidence as the motions of the planets are affirmed by astronomers to be what they are) regarding the mode in which Nature rewards and punishes her children for their acts in this life. Roughly speaking, our acts invest our inner Egos with affinities for good and evil, in a manner which, when those Egos come to be born again, draws them into union with happiness or suffering. Obviously, in ordinary cases, the account is closed at death, and the balance-sheet made out in due time. But the class of people with whom we are at present concerned—the victims of accident and suicide—are *not*, as I have said, thoroughly and wholesomely dead. They are, so far, still alive, and so far still attached to this earth, that their accounts of good and evil are *not* closed. The idea is perfectly scientific, when looked into earnestly, though it is susceptible of the very popular and mundane form of expression just employed. The separation between the principles has not taken place; the inner Ego is still complete, and capable of going on engendering affinities.

There need be no difficulty for the imagination in regard to the prolonged complexity of these affinities. Remember the atom of oxygen has certain affinities for atoms of hydrogen, other affinities for chlorine, others for nitrogen, for iron, for potassium, and so on to the end of the chapter. What is it in the infinitely minute atom which carries with it the certainty that, put in contact with other atoms at any future time, it will choose to unite itself with such an one and not with such another? How can one small atom "carry all it knows" as regards the innumerable varying characteristics of all other bodies in Nature? The mystery is not really greater than the mystery of those accumulated affinities which the human Ego engenders during the active life, and which occult philosophy gives one convenient name to, — *Karma*. By-the-bye, I hope no critic will give himself the trouble to remark that occult philosophy has borrowed this expression from Buddhism. Buddhism, as known to the outer world, has borrowed it from occult philosophy,—and Buddhism, as known to the *inner* world, is of the same substance as occult philosophy.

When *les esprits souffrants* I am describing—to borrow a phrase from the French Spiritualists, though I do not think the French Spiritualists have yet realised exactly to what class of entities the phrase applies—find themselves offered that partial return to life that mediumship affords them, they are tempted to *overload their Karma*, so to speak, to assuage their thirst for life

at the unwholesome bar to which they are invited. If they were of a very material sensual type in life, the enjoyments they will seek will be of a kind the indulgence of which in their disembodied state may readily be conceived even more prejudicial to their *Karma* than similar indulgences would have been in life. In such cases, *facilis est descensus*. Cut off in the full flush of earthly passions which bind them to familiar scenes, they are enticed by the opportunities which mediums afford them to gratify these vicariously. They are the *Pisachas*, the *Incubi* and *Succubi* of mediæval writings, the demons of thirst, gluttony, lust, and avarice, elementaries of intensified craft, wickedness, and cruelty, provoking their victims to crimes, and revelling in their commission. They ruin not only their victims, but their own future, and the *Ego*, which might, if burdened with no heavier load than that it accumulated for itself during life, have ripened by degrees into a spiritual regeneration, is hopelessly dragged down by the infamy of its after life, and lost for ever.

Understand me, pray. I do not say that such is the inevitable fate of all disembodied "accidents and suicides." That which has just been described is the fate only of the very depraved members of that class, but of such who might not have been depraved enough to have sunk into the very lowest currents and affinities had it not been for their adventures after bodily death. At the other extreme end of the scale we may take note of the case of persons who have already on earth developed extremely pure and elevated affinities. These, if the victims of sudden and accidental death, are as much beyond the reach of temptation in the shape of mediumistic currents after death as they would have been superior in life to the common incitements to crime. Even they, dying prematurely, *have to wait*, before they can be spiritually re-born; but they wait in a dreamless sleep beyond the regions of this earth-life and its attractions, and are quite out of reach of the risks with which this letter is concerned.

But then how few of us are very, very good; how few, let us hope, utterly, utterly vile. Certainly the majority of the earth-walkers I am dealing with will not come into mediumistic presence, with ready-formed schemes of wickedness to work out, clearly defined thirsts for evil to gratify. But they will come, weary of waiting, and thirsting for life, amusement, and variety. And they *may* do themselves no harm, as an idle young man *may* frequent the haunts of vice to pass the time away, and may come out untainted. But the immense probability is the other way; and for the earth-walkers who take advantage of the facilities for materialisation, the probability is so great that it has almost passed into the regions of accomplished fact.

Of course, it does not follow that every person, who has helped to sit for materialisations even, has been an accomplice in working such havoc with human souls as that I have been describing. In this study of occult philosophy one takes no step forward without finding the horizon of the unknown widen out twice as far as one has advanced. Nature, which seemed a small thing to the ancients, has widened out before the inquiries of science until we have come to know of suns 300 times the size of our own, of distances from which the light takes 50,000 years to reach us, and, in the other direction, of living creatures so minute that they are but faintly visible threads in the field of a microscope which shows the blood corpuscles, themselves perhaps the 3,000th of an inch in diameter, tumbling about like boulders in a torrent. So with the occult secrets of Nature's processes. The further one penetrates into the labyrinth, the more complex become the ramifications of its colonades. I have learned, for example, this fact about materialisations which has been set forth above, the fact which connects them with the case of disembodied Egos of persons who have died sudden and violent deaths. But, doubtless, there are multiplicities of other facts which might be learned about them, of which, as yet, I know nothing, and the bearing of which might be to shew that materialisations are sometimes due to quite a different kind of combination. But the discoveries in occult science we may be able to make in the future will most assuredly not militate against the force of the discoveries we have made in the past. We have learned enough to be sure of that—sure that when we thoroughly understand what our teachers mean to say, we may safely fit that stone into the foundation of the edifice we are constructing, and cement it down. And what I have just been telling you is no amplification of what I have been told—no theory partly woven out of my own speculations. I have, so to speak, chapter and verse for every statement I have made, and for every tint with which I have coloured it.

A. P. S.

SUPERSENSUOUS PERCEPTION AT A DISTANCE.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Permit me to thank my distinguished friend Dr. Gilbert for his interesting story which you have reprinted in the last number of "LIGHT." The evidence on which the statement rests is, unfortunately, such as would be inconclusive to a sceptical public, and I am afraid there is now no hope of obtaining any stronger evidence of this particular incident. It corroborates however, a similar story that I met with at Bristol some few years ago; the story is as follows:—

A lady was walking over Clifton Suspension Bridge in company with her husband, one summer evening. As they approached the opposite side of the river the lady drew her husband's attention to a gentleman hurriedly walking down to the river side, remarking how like his appearance was to her brother (whom I will call Jack), then in India. As they were watching him he looked up, seemed to recognise them, and hastened back as if to get on to the bridge. Anxious to see who it could be, they ran to the end of the bridge and made their way towards the stranger. As he approached them, they both exclaimed, "Why it *must* be Jack;" and the next moment, "It is Jack!" for he too had seen them, and was waving his hand in token of recognition. Astonished at his sudden appearance they rushed forward to greet him, some obstacle intervened whereby he was suddenly hidden from their sight, and to their amazement he did not re-appear. Upon reaching the spot where he vanished a fruitless search was made, and the conviction was naturally left on the mind of the lady that her brother was dead and this was his apparition. Her husband laughed at her fears, saying someone was playing them a trick, but she, feeling assured the next mail would bring news of her brother's death, noted the time and date of this singular apparition. The next mail arrived and with it a letter from her brother, who seemed perfectly well; other letters followed, the lady felt her husband must have been right, and the incident was forgotten. Two or three years later her brother returned home, and one evening, when on a visit to his sister, turning over the pages of his journal, he remarked, "That entry reminds me of an odd thing that happened to me one afternoon. After lunch I made myself comfortable in an easy chair in my bungalow when suddenly I found myself at Clifton Suspension Bridge. Looking up I saw, as distinctly as I see you now, you and your husband crossing it. You saw me, apparently, and ran to meet me when something got in the way and I lost sight of you. The next thing I remember was my servant trying to arouse me from the deep sleep into which I must have fallen. The thing was so vivid that I could not believe I was in India, and, unable to get the impression out of my head, jotted down a note of it in my diary." This led to a comparison of dates on both sides, when exact accordance was found.

Unfortunately, this story, as it stands, is of no value for the purpose the Society for Psychical Research has in view. For though I was assured the facts occurred as I have narrated them, my informant could not give me the present address of the people to whom the incident occurred, and after spending some time in a fruitless search in the neighbourhood of their last address—Redland, Bristol—I gave up the hopeless quest. Possibly some of your readers may be able to substantiate the story or give the true version of it and their authority.

Several cases have come under my notice lately of an accident or a wound in battle, *e.g.*, one in the Zulu war and one in the present campaign, occurring to some individual, and at the same instant a distant friend has received an intimation of the occurrence, very much as if a nervous thrill had passed through the intervening space, awakening a response only in a sympathetic mind. I have, however, so far, failed to get first-hand evidence of any of these recent cases,* but fortunately through the kindness of my esteemed friend, the Rev. Andrew Jukes, I am able to give the following older case in the words of the lady to whom the incident occurred, and who has permitted me to publish it with the omission of names, which, however, have been given to me in full.

"On the 9th of September, 1848, at the siege of Mooltan, Major-General R—, C.B., then adjutant of his regiment, was most severely and dangerously wounded, and supposing himself dying, asked one of the officers with him to take the ring off his finger and send it to his wife, who, at the time, was fully 150 miles distant, at Ferozepore.

"On the night of the 9th of September, 1848, I was lying on

* It would be rendering good service if any of your correspondents could give us the accurate version of the incident related in the Plymouth papers and lately quoted in all the London journals.

my bed, between sleeping and waking, when I distinctly saw my husband being carried off the field, seriously wounded, and heard his voice saying, 'Take this ring off my finger, and send it to my wife.' All the next day I could not get the sight or the voice out of my mind. In due time I heard of General R— having been severely wounded in the assault on Mooltan. He survived, however, and is still living. It was not for some time after the siege that I heard from Colonel L—, the officer who helped to carry General R— off the field, that the request as to the ring was actually made to him, just as I had heard it at Ferozepore at that very time.—M.A.R. 26th August, 1882."

As Secretary to the Committee on Thought-Reading, appointed by the Society for Psychical Research, I shall be extremely obliged if any of your readers will privately, or through your columns, supply me with additional evidence of cases of supersensuous perception which may come under their notice.—I am, Sir, &c., W. F. BARRETT.

Belgrave-square, Monkstown, Dublin.

PRESENCE AT A DISTANCE.

To the Editor of the "Spectator."

SIR,—May I add my contribution to the stories illustrative of the above, especially as my story bears some resemblance to that told by "Josiah Gilbert" in your last number?

When my father, Mr. W. Wybergh-How, was a young man, he left his home, which was at Isell, near Cockermouth, to settle in Shrewsbury, one of his two sisters accompanying him. After some time he re-visited Cumberland with his sister, staying with his father, the Vicar of Isell. They had arranged to leave on a certain Monday, and to spend that night with a former governess, who was married to a Mr. Forrest, and lived at Everton. On the Sunday, after church, Mr. and Mrs. Wybergh, my father's uncle and aunt, who lived at Isell Hall, told them they had invited a party of young people for the Monday night, and would not hear of their leaving that day. They were persuaded to stay, but could not write to Mrs. Forrest, there being no post which would reach her sooner than they themselves would on Tuesday night. The party was a very merry one, a large number of their old friends being there. The only fact I need name at present is that a Miss Fenton, a young lady who had lately lost her mother and was in deep mourning, sat most of the evening alone upon a sofa, not joining in the amusements of the rest. My father and his sister reached Everton by the coach on Tuesday night, and when they explained the reason of their delay Mrs. Forrest told them, when the coach had come in the night before without them, she had gone to bed, and had dreamed it was a party for which they had stayed, and that she had dreamt of being there. A little later, while they were at supper, she said she must tell them her dream, as it was so wonderfully vivid; and first of all, she told them who were there. As she had been governess at the Vicarage, she knew all the neighbours, so this excited little surprise. She then, however, went on to describe the most minute circumstances of the evening, saying she had seen them all dressed up in fancy dresses and dancing about in them; that they had got a dirty round table into the drawing-room, and were eating something out of a bowl upon it (they had a syllabub, and some one saying it must be eaten from a round table, one was sent for from the kitchen); that old Mr. and Mrs. Wybergh and old Mr. and Mrs. How, who were playing cards in the inner drawing-room, came in and asked what they were doing, and were not allowed to come to the round table or taste the bowl; with other minute details. Mrs. Forrest had told her husband the dream early in the morning in bed, and had afterwards told her children, one of whom corrected her in her narrative, saying—"Oh, mamma! you told us so-and-so this morning," the correction being the true version of what had occurred. My father and his sister were very greatly startled and astounded as Mrs. Forrest went on, but were still more so when she ended by saying, "And I was sitting all the evening on the sofa, by the side of a young widow lady!" This was the only mistake; but years afterwards I met this lady (then Miss Fenton), and we spoke of this wonderful dream, and she told me it was not so very far from being all true, for she was at the time engaged to be married, and did marry very shortly, and her husband died on their way out to India directly afterwards.—I am, Sir, &c.,

W. WALSHAM BEDFORD,
Bishop Suffragan for East London.

A meeting of the Council of the C.A.S. will be held at Great Russell-street on Monday next, at 6.30 p.m.

MISS WOOD'S MATERIALISATIONS.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Mr. Podmore's letter does not seem to me to advance in any way a somewhat fruitless controversy. There is no desire on my part to prolong a discussion to no purpose; I only write now to express regret that, from relying rather on a verbal statement of Mr. Podmore's crawling feat, than his own written words, I misrepresented him. He did get back into the meshes; but, I think, still that the word *difficulty* better expresses the manner of his egress and ingress than *ease*. Also, it seems to me, that if Mr. Podmore will consider the matter fairly and measure the distance between the curtain and the opening through which Miss Wood must have retreated crawling, had she personated, he will find that my idea, that she must have crawled backwards, is not quite so absurd as he suggests.

I observe that the séances with Miss Wood are to be resumed, and regret being unable to attend them. If I might make a suggestion in the interests alike of Spiritualism, and of Miss Wood and other mediums, I would advise that the sittings should be held under such conditions that the form of the medium and the materialised Spirit should be visible to the circle. To insure this, perhaps, several fruitless sittings, and much patience on the part of the sitters, would be necessary. Patience is, it seems to me, much needed among us. We are all too eager to get phenomena—the result being the opening of the door to chicanery. T.G.P.

MIND-READING.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—The following may interest your readers who study mind-reading:—

Last Thursday evening a gentleman came to me to be mesmerised. He is of sanguine temperament, and complained of torpid circulation and want of nervous tone. After a few passes, as he lay on the couch, he went into what seemed ordinary deep sleep. As I sat, continuing the passes, the idea of my friend Dr. Dixon came into my mind in reference to the topic of some correspondence I had had recently with him, and I continued to think about him until the patient awoke, which was at the end of twenty minutes. The first thing he then said was that he had been dreaming of Dr. Dixon, and of his visiting his children, which, he said, he did when anything ailed them. Dr. Dixon's name had not been mentioned by me nor by my patient, nor indeed had it been on any previous occasion.

It seems to me that I transmitted to his mind the idea of a personality which was in my own at the time, and that this is a case of transmission of idea without any suggestion.

ADOLPHE DIDIER.

10, Berkeley-gardens, Kensington.

P.S.—Dr. Wyld, in "LIGHT," for September 9th, thinks that mind-reading is associated with mediumship. My patient is decidedly mediumistic.—A.D.

APPARITION SEEN BY TWO PERSONS AT ONCE.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—The following account is interesting, as affording authentic evidence of the apparition of a person seen by two witnesses at once, within half an hour of his death.

Mrs. Bennett, of Edward-street, Stone, the writer of the letter, who was then living at the village of Weston, near Stafford, authorises me to publish the account with her name. She is unable to give me the date, but I believe it took place about 20 years ago.

"My daughter, Annie, and I," she says, "had been drinking tea with the late Mrs. Smith and Miss Moore, and talking about their brother Preston being very ill and not expected to recover, and were returning home in the evening, when between the little wicket which opens out of the Vicarage field and Mrs. Newbold's house, we met the identical man in face, form, and figure, dressed as he was always wont; slouched hat, old frock coat, open in front, knee-breeches and gaiters, with a long stick. He passed so near us that we shrunk aside to make way for him. As soon as we got to Mrs. Newbold's she exclaimed, 'So Preston Moore is dead!' when we both answered in a breath, 'Oh, no, we have just seen him!'"

It was found, in fact, that he had died about half an hour before he appeared to Mrs. Bennett and her daughter.—I am, &c.,

H. WEDGWOOD.

31, Queen Anne-street.

INSPIRATION.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Like your correspondent, Mr. George Barlow, "I," also, "heartily agree with the late Miss Havergal's statement that, when a new poem flashes across the brain, it appears to come from some source altogether external to oneself—to be 'given,' as she said." Like Mr. Barlow, "I know the exact feeling she described," and I, sir, live in hope that the light—the illumination—which has hitherto but seldom filled my being will, in years to come, take up its abode with me and guide and bless my aims. And this light,—for though to outward sense, no light is visible, yet the sensation produced on one's mind is best described as an illumination of the mental faculties—is in my humble opinion no other than thought-rays proceeding from the minds of the poets of the past.

Perhaps Mr. Barlow has felt so high a degree of exaltation when under the "divine afflatus" that tears have copiously moistened his cheeks, and perhaps he has at such times felt a power of holiness upon him, to which, normally, he is a stranger, and if so, he can fully understand the heartfelt gratitude of the poet who wrote this final verse of a magnificent Ode to Deity :—

"O bliss ineffable—O visions blest,
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Still shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God ! Thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar—
Thus seek Thy presence, Being wise and good,
And when the tongue is eloquent no more
The Soul shall speak in tears of gratitude."

Now any man or woman—or child—who has been subject to inspiration must know that mortal man has no power whatever over its flow and ebb—its time of arrival, or the period of its activity. Inspiration is the divine afflatus of the Greeks, and the Holy Spirit or Breath of Apostolic Christians ; and one need not be a rhymester to be an inspired man. But the quality of our inspiration varies with the quality of mind breathed upon, and this point your correspondent "Trident" very beautifully expressed in your issue of the 9th inst. Perhaps the following extract from Channing's "Life a Divine Gift" may help to prove the universality and mode of action of the power called inspiration.

"The higher workings of the mind—its diviner intuitions, its Spiritual conceptions, its apparently self-originated ideas—have never been explained. They come and go, we know not whence or whither. We may give some account of the manner in which a particular train of thought was first suggested to a man of genius, but the life which he breathes through his ideal representation, the hues which he throws around it, the splendour in which he arrays it, the tone of tenderness or sublimity in which he embodies it, the more than lightning speed by which he blends it with remote conceptions, the harmony in which he places it with universal truth, the vital force by which he sends it far and deep to quicken the souls of hearers or readers, awaking in them new worlds of thought and feeling : these are inexplicable mysteries. Philosophy cannot reveal their origin or modes of action. *They can only be felt by experience.* The man of genius himself in putting forth these powers is *most conscious that he cannot command them.* They come not at his bidding, they stay not at his pleasure. If a devout man, he thanks God for these influxes of mental illumination, as peculiar communications of His intellectual energy, and prays that he may be more and more open for the reception of these heavenly gifts."

Surely this description of Channing's own personal experience is worthy of our serious consideration and respect, and it is entirely in harmony with the experience of those Spiritualist writers who are subject to inspiration when in their normal state. And I am of opinion that a higher degree of inspiration is attainable in the normal than in the abnormal or trance condition. Sakya-Mouni, Jesus, Paul, Socrates, Plato, and Shakespeare are instances of men who, in their best moments, translated with but slightly diminished glory the music and wisdom of the higher spheres. But they spoke and wrote as they were impelled.

Mr. Barlow writes :—"Miss Havergal may have loved to dwell upon the idea that she was a mere 'passive' instrument in the hands of lyric Spirits greater than she. But, however this matter may commend itself to women singers, to me it will always seem that to inspire is a greater and nobler thing than to be inspired ; and to widen and augment the strength of one's own personality, than to cling piteously to the skirts of numberless inspiring and impressing agencies."

If we examine this statement with a small degree of care we find that Mr. Barlow's manly pride will not allow him to submit to the promptings of the gods, even though they number in their midst deified worthies such as the author of the

"Bhagavat Gita," Homer, Pindar, Virgil, and Horace ; yet surely we might (if they live) receive, without a sense of shame, the occasional influence of their presence. Is it not *unworthy* pride that would urge Mr. Barlow to inspire, rather than be inspired ? Should we not learn to thankfully receive before deeming ourselves competent to give ? And what right has Mr. Barlow to assume that the person conscious of inspiration, external (if I may say so) to himself, is one whose individuality is the reverse of robust ? In conclusion, permit me to record the opinion that a writer who is subject to inspiration of a quality greatly in excess of his natural power of thought will always feel an equivalent humility in the presence of the influence upon him or her, and seeing that authors like Miss Havergal are disposed to offer praise and prayer for the Heavenly Gifts spoken of by Channing, we are precluded from believing that inspiration is a power unfolding from within ourselves, and *without* extraneous aid. It is not probable (nor is it seemly) that we fall down and worship ourselves.

T. C. E.

HARRY.

By Rev. W. H. Savage.

At the gate of Silence,
A fair boy lay :
He had fallen asleep
On a toilsome way.

The way had been hard,
But no trace of care
Was on his brow,
As he rested there.

Some blessed dream
Gave a tender grace
To the sleeping form
And the sweet boy-face.

Sweet as the pansies
He held in his hand,
He lay at the gate
Of the Silent Land.

Then, as I waited,
The mother came :
She kissed his lips,
And she sobbed his name.

Then the father bent
By the sleeper's side,
And whispered, "Harry !"
No voice replied.

Some strange enchantment,
Holy and deep,
Still held the boy,
In his beautiful sleep,

While they lifted him gently
And bore him away ;
And I stood alone
Where the sleeper lay.

Then !—Was it a vision
Came over my soul ?
I saw the gates
Of Silence unroll.

I saw a figure
With aspect grand,
Leading the boy
Through a beautiful land.

I saw him gather
From every side
The friends who loved him
Before they died.

They gazed on the pansies
His white hand bore,
They spoke of the places
They knew of yore ;

They asked him questions
In loving wise,
And paid with kisses
His sweet replies ;

They talked of the home
From which he came,
They spoke the father's,
The mother's name.

Then spoke the boy,
Amid silence deep :
"Why did they cry
When I fell asleep ?

"Oh, it was blessed,—
The resting from pain,
Did they not know
I was happy again ?

"I am sure that they saw it,—
The smile on my face,
And the light that came down
From that beautiful place.

"I wish they could see us,—
Dear Grandpa, don't you ?
And know that the best
They can hope for is true.

"Send some one to tell them
Send quickly, I pray !
I fear they are weeping,
While I am away."

I heard his soft pleading,
In trance or awake ;
And I bring you the message
For Harry's dear sake.

GEORGE MACDONALD's latest book—"Castle Warlock, a Homely Romance"—contains the two following paragraphs almost close together, one of them remarkable for its superficiality, the other full of meaning :—

"The most killing poison to the imagination must be a strong course of Spiritualism ! For myself, I am not so set upon entering the Unknown as to creep through the sewers of it to get in. I would not encounter its lovers of garbage, its thieves, impostors, liars, plagiarists, and *canaille* of all sorts, except I could serve them. That they are on the other side, that they are what men call dead, is not reason for courting their company, taking them into my confidence, asking their advice. Neither do the cups of luke-warm Bible-and-water, which its apparently respectable inhabitants dispense, arouse in me any thirst."

"We live in a universe of marvels of which we *know* only the outsides, and we render any news of these marvels incredible by taking the outsides for all, forgetting that the roots of the seen remain unseen."

SEANCES FOR INVESTIGATORS.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—As one of the class of, I hope, "honest investigators" referred to by Mrs. Nichols in her letter in your last number, I am sorry she did not state the terms of the proposed séances. It would, no doubt, be interesting to many if she would mention these, and also any conditions or arrangements under which the séances will be held.

While I am writing, I should also like to be allowed to express my surprise and regret to see Mrs. Nichols, whom we are accustomed to look upon as one of the "pillars of the church" of Dietetic Reform, speaking of "a man who would be unfitted for his daily, hourly work, by giving up his cigar or ale." I know your Journal does not specially address itself to such questions as these, although, as part of its title, it is "devoted to the highest interests of humanity here and hereafter"; but seeing you have admitted what many will look upon as a damaging and questionable sentiment from an "authority" on such matters, I hope you will also admit a protest, and a query whether the writer means all she says. Many of your readers have doubtless, seen the recent emphatic declaration of the Rev. Stopford Brooke, speaking from his own experience.—Faithfully yours,

INVESTIGATOR.

MR. SAMUEL DEFRIES, OF SYDNEY, N.S.W.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—As Cape Town is the half-way station from London to Australia (now that the "Orient" Steamship Company's steamers call here, on the outward voyage, regularly every month), we occasionally get a visit from staunch Spiritualists.

On Saturday, August 5th, the steamship "Sorrato" arrived and remained over Sunday, coaling. She brought Mr. Samuel Defries, of Sydney, N.S.W., on his return journey, who brought a letter of introduction from our friend, Mr. W. Eglinton, one of our most gifted mediums. You may be sure, with credentials from a pillar of the cause, I did all I could to make the short stay as pleasant as possible. I found Mr. Defries a genuine and staunch worker in our cause, and gifted with considerable medial powers which enabled my family to enjoy a few hours' communion with the unseen world. I shall always be glad to welcome any true and faithful friends, especially when they bring credentials from workers like Mr. Eglinton. We are in a passive state regarding Spiritualism just now, but after a short time a re-action will set in. Many private séances are held in different parts, some getting good results.—Yours fraternally,

Cape Town, South Africa, BERKS T. HUTCHINSON, D.D.S.
August 14th, 1882.

SPIRITUALISM IN LONDON & THE PROVINCES.

DALSTON.

On Thursday Evening, the 7th inst., the Dalston Association resumed its usual weekly meetings which will be held on Thursday evenings regularly, during the coming season. The usual session of Council was held, at which plans of action were discussed. The treasurer's report shewed a deficit in the receipts as compared with the requirements of the Society, and it was deemed advisable to promote a sale of work to assist in removing the present liability. After the members have been consulted upon the matter, if the project be adopted, further particulars will be duly announced. The members of the association have been holding a series of developing circles lately, and the result has been the partial development of two members as mediums.

GOSWELL HALL.

On Sunday morning last the members' monthly séance was to have been held, but in its place a lively discussion occurred on the action of a certain journal in ignoring the name and existence of the society. After an interesting, but exceedingly animated, passage of arms, the meeting came to an abrupt termination on several individuals leaving the room. What a pity those who are so far advanced in the "theory" of non-resistance do not shew better examples. Good work will never be done so long as individualism occupies, "as it does at present," the place of Spiritualism. In the evening a numerous audience assembled to hear Mr. Veitch lecture on "The Doctrine of Devils," in reply to a pamphlet entitled "Spiritualism Unveiled" by a "Conditional Immortality" apostle. Mr. Veitch most effectively shewed the ignorance and misrepresentations of the writer, and even from the Bible itself refuted the arguments used by the author of the pamphlet. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded Mr. Veitch for his interesting lecture, which was suitably acknowledged. Next Sunday evening Mrs. Mary Durrant will occupy the platform and deliver a lecture on the séances held with Miss Wood, and the recent criticisms thereon.—RES-FACTA.

QUEBEC HALL.

The visitors to this Hall were interested on Sunday evening by an address by Mr. MacDonnell on "Our Civilization of the 19th Century," preceded by the usual Scripture reading and a short poem composed for the occasion, shewing that progression requires previous destruction. After eulogising all the departments of knowledge, science, art, and invention, and their organisations, a severe criticism was passed on the barbarisms still prevailing amongst us, including drinking, smoking, hypocrisy, &c. The speaker fully availed himself of the opportunity to denounce all such evils as contrary to the spirit of the century, and strongly urged the duty of individual action in sustaining everything that is true and right; and referred particularly to our duty to labour for the young. Some good speeches were afterwards made, and an agreeable evening was spent.—COR.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

NEWCASTLE.—Our leaders at Newcastle are doing fairly good work at the present time toward disintegrating the movement in the district, for what with their persistent efforts to doctrinise us, their intolerant one-sidedness, and the unpleasant method they have of reminding everyone disagreeing with their idiosyncrasies of thought that they are "but half-educated" and "ignorant people," consequently unfit to be considered, they are driving one-half of the people out of the movement. The membership of the N.S.E.S. is being rapidly reduced, and already rumours are afloat that the furniture of the hall may have to be sold. The committee have been compelled to dispense with the services of Mr. Michael Chambers, the medium, who some time ago was procured to fill the office of Miss Wood. For some time great dissatisfaction has been expressed concerning the manifestations. Whenever any manifestations have occurred either the door of the cabinet has been left open, or if fastened, the gauze has been broken, or the top has been lifted off. What at length led to his removal was the fact that the managers of the circle discovered that the screws had been tampered with in such a manner as to enable the person inside to unscrew the cabinet so as to be able to get out and back again.

GATESHEAD.—Last Sunday morning Mr. J. J. Morse, trance orator of London, discoursed to a good company upon "Spiritualism; Free or Fettered." The lecture was well timed and very appropriate at the present juncture. In the evening Mr. Morse again lectured, his subject being, "Spiritual Spiritualism." The hall was packed to suffocation with Spiritualists from all parts of the surrounding district, who expressed the greatest satisfaction at having the opportunity of listening to Mr. Morse, and the lecture was considered to be one of the best ever heard from him; fortunately, it was taken down by a reporter, and in due course will be published. On the Monday evening Mr. Morse delivered a lecture upon one of the social problems of the hour, "Labour, its Duty, Dignity, and Destiny." Again the hall, as on Sunday, was filled. The lecturer secured from his hearers expressions of their warmest appreciation. At the close Mr. W. H. Robinson moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Morse, which was ably seconded and supported by Mr. H. A. Kersey and our treasurer, and was enthusiastically carried by the audience. Mr. Henry Burton, president of the society, officiated as chairman at each lecture, and on the Sunday evening Mr. H. A. Kersey read a fine extract from the works of Hudson Tuttle.—NORTHUMBRIA.

WORK OF THE COMING WEEK.

LONDON.

- Sunday, September 17.—Goswell Hall. 11.30 a.m. 7 p.m., Address, Mrs. Durrant. (See advertisement.)
 " September 17.—Quebec Hall. 7 p.m., Lecture, Mr. J. J. Morse. (See advertisement.)
 Tuesday, September 19.—Central Association of Spiritualists, Finance Meeting, 6 p.m. Monthly Council Meeting, 6.30 p.m.
 " September 19.—Quebec Hall. 8.30 p.m., Lecture, Mr. Wilson. (See advertisement.)
 Thursday, September 21.—Dalston Association. Usual Weekly Meeting of Members, 7.30 p.m.

PROVINCES.

Public meetings are held every Sunday in Liverpool, Manchester, Oldham, Leeds, Bradford, Gateshead, Newcastle, Glasgow, Leicester, Nottingham, Belper, &c., &c. See our list of Societies on advertisement page.

Societies advertising in "LIGHT" will have attention called to their advertisements, as above, without extra charge.

MR. J. J. MORSE'S APPOINTMENTS.—LONDON: Sundays, September 17th, Quebec Hall; 24th, Goswell Hall; also October 8th and 22nd. CARDIFF: Sunday, October 18th (probably). KEIGHLEY: Sunday, October 29th.—For terms and dates, direct Mr. Morse, at 53, Sigdon-road, Dalston, London, E.—[Advt.]