

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

'WHATSOEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT!'—Paul.

No. 1,537.—VOL. XXX. [Registered as]

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1910.

[a Newspaper.]

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CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way	297
L.S.A. Notices	298
Hauntings at a Farmhouse	298
Death a Victory	300
Simultaneous Discoveries	300
The Knowledge of Healing	301
Curiosities, Old and New	301
Proteus	302

The Sealed Envelope Test: An Incident in Psychical Research	303
The 'Colony' Movement	305
Experience which Counts	305
Testimony from Conjurors	306
Jottings	306
The Jews and Spiritualism	307
Prophetic Pictures	308

NOTES BY THE WAY.

We do not care to scoff at the theory of 'the subconscious self,' but we do want to insist upon the misleading that may come of working it too hard. It may very well serve as a break to any wheels that are speeding too fast to the Spiritualists' camp, or, which is more likely, as a refuge for destitute agnostics, but if worked too hard it may become ridiculous. For instance, when communications come which insist that they come from A. or B., a 'disembodied spirit,' what follows if they really well up from 'the subconscious self'? We have a choice of three suppositions. Either spirit A. or B. is using the 'subconscious self' without that self's knowledge, or the subconscious self is dreaming, or it is lying.

Mr. Andrew Lang set up the horns of this dilemma lately (or is it trilemma?), in referring to the supposed cases of cross-correspondence. His statement is pretty convincing:—

Many facts impress me so strongly that (setting aside collusion, as I do) I can frame only two hypotheses to account for the facts: (1) Mr. Myers is inspiring the automatists, or (2) something which we call 'the subconscious self' of Mrs. Verrall, personating Mr. Myers, has invented the whole scheme, without Mrs. Verrall's knowledge. . . . This second theory is more startling to my mind than the first, for what is this subliminal self that can work such marvels, 'and the same with intent to deceive'? Is it the Father of Lies, that old serpent, the Devil? Observe that if it be the subliminal self, it is a cunning and deliberately fraudulent self, attempting to produce belief in the survival of death by the spirit of Mr. Myers.

It may be difficult to accept the explanation of spirit communion, but at all events that is not a moral difficulty; and it seems to us more difficult to believe that hidden beneath our conscious self there is an incorrigible inventor and liar who carries on his wicked business with the impunity of absolute secrecy: a clever and wide-awake liar too, and capable of considerable industry and skill. Who can believe it? Only the man who will stick at nothing to save himself from the 'surrender to spirits.' And, after all, why shrink so stubbornly from that?

'The British Health Review' publishes a full report of a thirty-six days' fasting experiment by F. Penny, written by himself. It is an interesting document with some curious records. One of these is that in the second week of the fast there occurred 'an unpleasant taste in the mouth and very offensive breath,' and that towards the end, and especially quite at the end, these symptoms almost entirely disappeared.

During the first week he walked fifty-eight miles and

cycled sixty-seven. During the second week he walked forty-two miles. During the third week he walked only twenty-one miles, 'and that very slowly with short and feeble steps,' averaging fifteen hours in bed. In the fifth week everything improved, when he started for a walk he 'wanted to take longer steps and quicken the pace.' On the thirty-third morning he 'awoke early and wanted to get up: spent a long day in London, walked six miles and felt fairly cheerful and well.' On the thirty-fourth day he got up at six, and 'during the day felt distinctly more energetic and lively, was able to walk and climb stairs better than for three weeks past.'

The fast ended with a medical examination: pulse sixty, steady and regular, but weak; heart sounds normal; lungs normal with good even expansion; thin, abdomen much sunk in; liver dulness small; both kidneys palpable and appear normal. During the fast his weight dropped from one hundred and thirty-seven pounds to one hundred and one. His main conclusions are:—

1. That fasting when combined with warmth (and, if feasible, with moderate exercise) is a rapid and effectual method of eliminating waste products and accumulations from a human organism.

2. That mental influences considerably affect the process.

3. That in prolonged fasting there is a danger of some one body substance being exhausted before all waste products and accumulations are eliminated; and that the substance most likely to be thus exhausted is proteid; further, that the effect of such a fast materially depends upon the stock in hand with which the fast is commenced.

4. That unpleasant crises are liable to occur at any period during the process.

5. That fasting to a finish is too drastic and depressing an undertaking for anyone but an enthusiast.

6. That after such a fast one's system and sensations become a more delicate barometer to any infringement of Nature's laws.

Mr. Fifield has just published a second and revised edition of John Trevor's 'My Quest for God.' This speaker and writer is and, judging from his book, always has been an anxious, eager truth-seeker, with a prophet's longing for humanity's emancipation from its bonds. The story of his own emancipation, however, though very readable and full of material for thought, is hardly convincing: but he shows a way. In a Preface to this edition, he indicates this way in a curious passage which itself needs explanation:—

So I reached back into my past experiences, and asked myself what principle I could derive from them by which I might direct my conduct. I do not pretend to be able to recall in detail the steps by which I arrived at the conclusion which I did arrive at, but, singularly enough, I found the answer to this question to be exactly the same as the answer to the question about the method of religious knowledge. It was this—*Follow your own will.*

But 'Follow your own will' is capable of several interpretations—one of which leads straight to Hell. Of course that is not John Trevor's way. Quite the reverse.

A wonderful thought will some day grow out of the present-day belief in what we are calling 'The immanence of God.' But that will not be a new thought, though it

will seem so to many. It was told in allegory by an Arab poet eight hundred years ago:—

One knocked at the door of the Beloved, and a voice from within inquired, 'Who is there?' Then he answered, 'It is I.' But the voice said, 'This house will not hold thee and me.' So the door remained closed. Then the disciple fled away into the wilderness, and fasted and prayed in solitude. After a year he returned and knocked again at the door, and again the voice asked, 'Who is there?' Then the disciple said, 'It is thou.' Then the door was opened.

'The Beloved' is God; and they who are ready will understand.

'Voice of Freedom' (San Francisco) is exceptionally simple, clean and rational in its advocacy of spiritual religion. It gets beyond all the subjects of contention and bids us consider the foundation truths in all faiths. Here are three short paragraphs from a recent paper on this subject:—

Religion has its essentials and non-essentials. In non-essentials one religion differs from another, but the essentials are found to be the same in all. The votaries of different religions may have to pray and worship in different temples, churches or mosques, in different postures and facing different directions, to be baptised with water from different rivers, to go on pilgrimages and to observe different rituals and ceremonies, but truth, purity, discrimination, dispassion, renunciation, love of God, concentration of mind, unselfishness, &c., are common in all, though called by different names and explained from various viewpoints.

A whole-hearted devotion is one of the essential conditions of religion. A man may not have mastered any philosophy or known any scriptures, may not belong to any particular denomination, may not observe any ceremonials or social customs, but if he possesses true devotion, if he has an intense longing to seek the truth and an all-absorbing love for the Supreme, he has advanced a long way towards spirituality.

It is not the paramount duty of the leaders of all religions to stop fighting over the secondary details in religion, and hold aloft, before all, the essential truths which are not the exclusive possession of any one religion, but the common property of all, and which bring to man true happiness and the real 'peace that passeth all understanding'?

Mr. Rockefeller, since he set about arranging for the educational and charitable use of his cataract of millions, has become a beautifully whitewashed semi-saint in the estimation of American citizens, and he is really in danger of Luke's 'woe unto you when all men speak well of you.' The least gushing journalist is, at all events, kind in saying that the man who was recently reviled as 'the oppressor of honest industry' is now regarded as 'a mild-mannered old gentleman of exemplary domestic tastes and benevolent intentions.' One not over friendly paper says:—

Think what you please of Rockefeller in the past. Describe as you please his business methods, his ruthlessness in competition.

But remember that he at least is doing *what the people haven't had the brains to do for themselves*. He is taking national wealth and using it for the *national welfare*.

He is transforming his streams of oil into colleges, books, and scientific laboratories.

Where others find in money only added possibilities of stupid self-indulgence, Rockefeller prefers to find the force that spreads knowledge.

This is tremendously suggestive. Some of us have long been of opinion that the great syndicates and trusts have been showing what a socially and commercially organised community could do for itself.

'Be good and you will be happy' is an old adage, though most people would find it difficult to say where it originated. Here is a version of it from Marcus Aurelius: 'Be true to the best of yourself, fearing and desiring nothing, but living up to your nature—then you will be happy.' But there is another way of putting it which, rightly understood, is equally true: 'Be happy, and you will be good'—that is to say, act so as to secure real happiness, a mind at peace with itself; then your actions and thoughts are sure to be right and good.

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REMARKABLE HAUNTING PHENOMENA AT A FARMHOUSE.

[The following interesting record of personal experiences in a haunted house has been kindly sent to us by one of our readers, who has received it from a relative now living in South Africa, who says: 'I have not added to or embroidered the account in the least but have just put the facts down as they happened.' Except that we have altered the names of the places and persons concerned, and have omitted some unimportant details, the story is given in full.—Ed. 'LIGHT'.]

It was on March 25th, 1903, that we arrived at the farm which was to be our first home in South Africa. A plantation of dark green wattles formed a background to a long, low house, built of square blocks of white stone, with a corrugated iron roof. Between the plantation and the house stood a square building, half of which was used as a stable, the other half as a Kaffir house. About two hundred yards from the house lay a small stone-walled enclosure, containing several neglected graves and a beautiful white marble monument, with a life-sized figure of an angel, to the memory of the late owner, William Brown, who had died just after the war. This monument, however, had never been erected, and the three steps and the statue lay tumbled about in the long rank grass. Our bedroom and the large sitting-room were the only ones in the house with ceilings, and they were only rough boards, laid on trunks of trees. The rest of the building was a lean-to, with the sheets of corrugated iron resting on the bare poles, which in the dining-room and spare room were black and charred, the result of an unsuccessful attempt to burn the house down during the war.

We soon settled down to our new life, and for the first few months nothing remarkable happened except my struggles with my Kaffir servant, a Bush woman whose dirt and incapacity would seem incredible to English ears. One evening, when we were sitting together in the large sitting-room about nine o'clock, we heard a horse ridden up to the door and a moment afterwards a knock. 'That must be K,' cried my husband, rushing out to welcome him. K. was an official who was very friendly and who frequently made our house his stopping place. I was running over in my mind the contents of the larder, with a view to supper, when my husband returned, looking very much puzzled.

'I can't find him anywhere,' he said. 'I have been all round the house and there is no horse and no sign of anyone, and yet I could swear I heard someone ride up and knock at the door: didn't you?'

I had heard those sounds distinctly and was equally puzzled. We discussed the matter for some time and finally,

after another fruitless search round the house, gave it up and went to bed.

If this had occurred only once I should have thought it was fancy, or an echo, or some passer-by, although the house was a long way from the road, and no one travels after dark in South Africa if he can help it. But it happened over and over again. Sometimes it sounded like a carriage and pair of mules, sometimes a horse, like the first time, but always about nine o'clock at night, and always followed by a knock at the door, but never anyone to be seen when we went out. We racked our brains to account for these happenings, but could hit on no explanation, and at last took to calling the cause of them, whatever it might be, 'the Beastie,' having heard of similar experiences going by that name in old houses in Scotland. We were not the only people who heard them.

One night, while my husband was in bed with an attack of fever, I went to fetch something from the dining-room, and as I went in a young fellow named Smith, who was staying with us, asked: 'Mrs. White, are you afraid of "the Beastie"?' 'No,' I said, 'not a bit; why do you ask?'

Then he told me that he had heard someone ride up and knock at the door, that he opened it, but saw no one, and as he came back into the room he noticed that all the dogs were cowering in the furthest corner with their hair standing on end, instead of flying out and barking, according to their usual habit when anyone came to the door. I looked at the dogs—a dachshund, a collie, and a big Kaffir hound—and they certainly seemed very restless and nervous. That was the first time that I began to think there really was something supernatural about the affair.

In January, 1904, a lady friend came to stay with me—a most sensible, practical woman, not the least given to nerves or fancies. I had not told her of our invisible visitor; but on the morning after her arrival she asked if anyone had called the night before, after she had gone to bed, for she had heard a carriage and mules drive up, and wondered at hearing no talking, but being very tired fell asleep quickly. I told her of our strange experiences, and a Dutch girl from the next farm, who happened to be present, quietly said:

'That is old William Brown. Everyone knows that he rides and drives about at night.'

We were much astonished, and questioned her closely, but she could tell us nothing more, except that he had died very suddenly just after the war, and that his body was buried in the little enclosure near the house. After this, all the Dutch people round came to find out what we had heard or seen, and we discovered that it was firmly believed by both Boers and Kaffirs that our predecessor did ride and drive about the place at night; but the tale had been carefully concealed from us for fear we should decline to come and live on the farm. I wondered very much what reason there could be for such an uncomfortable proceeding on the old fellow's part, and whether he resented his monument not being properly put up. One day his brother, who lived a few miles away, came to see us with his wife, and she told me that William Brown was taken very ill early one morning, and Mrs. Brown sent for them. She nursed him until the afternoon when he died, and the whole time he was vainly struggling to tell her something, but his speech was so much affected that he could not make her understand. After he died (in the room that we had made our spare room), she felt very much upset, and going into the dining-room and seeing a bottle of brandy on the table, was going to drink some, but the widow snatched the bottle from her and, going outside, broke it and threw the contents away. William Brown had been a terrible drunkard, and he and his wife had lived 'a cat and dog' life, and my informant was firmly convinced that his wife had poisoned him. I asked about the monument and was told that he left money and special directions for it in his will, but the widow resented having to spend so much on it and refused to have it put up. Finally she ran away with a man, who got all the money he could out of her, and she was doing her best to rob her children of their inheritance. Brown's brother and his wife begged us next time we heard the knocking not to open the door, but to call out and ask what he wanted.

'But we cannot speak Dutch,' I said. 'That does not matter,' she replied, 'he speaks English as well as I do.' They were very much in earnest about it, and I wish we had had the opportunity of doing as she asked, but we were just on the point of leaving at the time, and he did not pay us another visit before our departure.

We moved some few miles further North, where we lived in tents for some months until the house was finished. Just then there was a sale of horses, which we wanted to attend, but it was rather an undertaking, as it involved a journey of forty miles. We did the distance in one day in our light carriage with four mules, my husband, an old comrade of his called Walters, and I, and a Kaffir who rode my mare. We bought two horses and a mule at the sale, and the Kaffir was so stupid about getting them along that Mr. Walters rode one horse to help him and I drove the four mules, while my husband wielded the long whip.

As our old farmhouse was half way on our road home and we were late, we decided to spend the night there, and after a picnic supper retired to bed early, Mr. Walters having a shake-down in the large sitting-room. The next morning I noticed that he looked rather queer; at first he was very reluctant to say what was wrong, but presently told us that he had had a terrible night. He had gone to sleep very quickly and did not know how long it was before he was suddenly aroused by what seemed like a bunch of cold wet leaves dashed in his face. Of course he started up; as he did so he felt something seize him by the shoulders and press him down. He struggled furiously, and managed to free himself and strike a light.

Nothing was to be seen; but his dog, which was sleeping with him, was cowering down and shivering with terror. It was a yellow mongrel terrier and was the pluckiest little beast I have ever come across. He was devoted to his master and would have attacked anyone who tried to hurt him.

We were a good deal taken aback by this story; but with one's usual instinct to try to account for strange occurrences in a natural way, I privately thought a supper of tinned meat, and perhaps an extra glass of whiskey, were not unlikely to produce nightmare. However, it was not long before I changed my opinion.

Our new house having been finished, my husband hired a waggon and team of oxen, and he and Mr. Walters went over to the farmhouse to pack and move all our belongings, while I stayed with some friends. They were away two nights, and when my husband came to fetch me, I was horrified to see how ill and shaken he looked, but was not surprised after I had heard what he had been through. He told me that the first night passed without anything remarkable happening. The next day they worked very hard, and got everything packed and loaded onto the waggon, except the bed in the spare room where they slept, ready for an early start. How long he had been asleep he does not know, but he suddenly awoke with the same sensation as Mr. Walters had described—as of something wet and icy cold being dashed in his face. He tried to spring up, and as he did so he felt something grasp him by the shoulders and hold him down. He struggled with all his might, and managed to get on his feet and light the candle. Nothing was to be seen, but he still felt the terrible grip, and as if he were fighting some unseen evil presence. He exerted all his strength of body and mind, and forced the invisible enemy across the room, and when he reached the wall his foe suddenly vanished, leaving him completely exhausted. At this point in his story, I suddenly caught sight of some marks on my husband's wrists. He had not noticed them before, but there were distinct red finger marks which did not fade away for several days. I felt truly thankful to be rid of the place, for though I never felt afraid while we were living there, I should not have cared to risk such experiences as my husband and Mr. Walters went through. The place was vacant for some years, and when finally it found a purchaser, he built a new house at the other end of the farm. The old house was robbed of all its woodwork by Kaffirs and neighbouring Dutchmen, till only the bare stone walls were left, and it now stands lonely and deserted, gradually going to decay.

DEATH A VICTORY.

Spiritualism crops out in the most unexpected places. We recently received a copy of the 'Christian World Pulpit,' which contained, under the title, 'Death a Victory,' a sermon preached in Gibraltar Cathedral, by D. S. Govett, M.A., Dean of Gibraltar. It is good Spiritualism from beginning to end, as the following extracts will show:—

Where is the sting of death? Alas! is it nothing to die? Is it nothing to leave this fair earth, the light of the cheerful sun, our pleasant homes, our loving friends, and to be buried and become as dust beneath the sod? Is it nothing to cease sight, hearing, touch of all that we have cherished and sought and hoped for and prided ourselves in? Is it nothing that our plans, contrive and pursue them as we may, must all be broken off, and the brain that toiled, the hand which wrought, and the heart which beat, become still as the clod? No sting in death! Is there one among us such a miracle of happiness, so insensible to others' griefs, as not to have felt its keen and lingering sharpness? The kings of the earth lie in desolate tombs; riches can purchase no aid skilful enough to avert the blow—the marble monument in its sculptured pomp acknowledges the struggle to have been in vain. The silence of the dead, the anguish of the surviving, the mortality of all that shall be born of mortals confess the victory of the grave to be universal. Against this vast dark and gloomy background how magnificent stands out the Apostle's boldness, the strength and valour of his Christian faith; for knowing that he must die, and the grave must cover his body, he stands up bravely and flings defiance in their face: 'O death, where is thy sting, and where, O grave, thy victory?' 'We know,' says the Apostle elsewhere, 'that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' In this assured conviction, apostles, saints and martyrs fought the good fight of faith, and died; and at this moment they are far more alive and active and blest than when in their earthly corruptible bodies.

Some two thousand years have passed since the words of the text. And the latest scientific psychological announcements of such eminent men as Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, Mr. Myers and Professor Lombroso are evidence that 'God is not the God of the dead, but of the living, for all live unto Him.' What, then, to God's children who realise the truth of the living dead, who can grasp things unseen but of eternal reality, are all the fleeting, passing trials, and griefs and pains, and death itself which now afflicts us all! Each passing month and passing year is surely and certainly rolling onward to that fulness of a higher, sublimer spiritual life, when this mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruptible body shall put on incorruption, when shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, 'Death is swallowed up in victory.'

No one who has earnestly prayed and entreated God our Father's forgiveness of the past, and is striving prayerfully and earnestly to live as His child, need fear death. Many good Christian people, however, are burdened with the idea of the grave and coffin and burial, of the corruption and dissolution of this fleshly body. They fear. Why? Because they have never realised that their real living selves are not bodies but spirits—spirits formed by God Himself in the image of His own Spirit, deathless, immortal. Our animal, or natural, bodies are mere houses, tents, and temporary tabernacles for the immortal spirit within us. Our bodies are but their useful tools and instruments during our short trial and probation in this passing world. The spirit uses the eye as a looking-glass, listens by means of the machinery of the ear, speaks by means of the mouth and vocal organs, and 'tis the spirit only that thinks and feels and learns and acts by the instrumentality of our brains and bodies. Death severs the connecting cord and separates the spirit from the bodily organs. 'Tis of that time of death's severance and separation that Holy Scripture speaks when it says: 'And the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it.'

You and I are spirits. We shall never be placed in coffins. Our living selves, our spirits will never be buried on land or in sea. Why, then, should we be troubled about the mouldering decay and corruption of our bodies of dust and ashes! Why should this trouble us more than the old suit of clothes we used out and finished with last year? Every minute you and I are getting rid of some of the substance of this decaying passing body. The body dies daily and hourly. Every time we breathe, or move, or think, particles of our body waste, and leave us. Why should we worry about what becomes of the whole of it, when used up, and no longer needed?

We are, most of us, not so wise even as the heathen Socrates. When his disciples were talking to him just before he had compulsorily to drink the deadly hemlock, one of his disciples asked him how he would like to be buried. And he answered with that pathetic humour which even the presence of death could not dismay. He told them that they confounded him with his corpse. He told them that they might bury him any way they pleased, if they could catch him, but he did not expect to be there. Queen Victoria, before she died, bade her attendants place no black funeral drapery about her body when buried, for that with the death of the body the days of her mourning were ended. Her spirit, she knew, would be with her beloved.

And yet, my friends, and yet it does seem hard to part with this bright and beautiful sunshining world and all it contains. But what if the parting lead to something far more bright and beautiful—far more divinely entrancing! It is only through the night that we can pass into the light; and Death, which so many dread as an eternal parting, is in truth an eternal meeting with our loved ones gone before. The so-called dead are living, and living far more mightily than we. Oh, how frequently have the spirits of the so-called dead appeared to their loved ones upon the earth. How often have they been recognised by the dying Christian about his bed, as angelic friends and relatives waiting and watching to cheer and welcome him as Lazarus of old was welcomed, to be borne on their broad-spreading wings aloft to the Paradise of God. Death simply means that God's angel minister comes and opens the gate, and lets us out into a grander, more glorious, sublimely spiritual and eternal world.

SIMULTANEOUS DISCOVERIES.

The 'Review of Reviews' quotes an article in the 'Forum' in which Mr. B. C. Gruenberg sets forth a number of instances of discoveries made at the same time by different men. 'He begins with the classic instance of Darwin and Wallace, who arrived simultaneously at the doctrine of natural selection,' and the equally classic simultaneous discovery of the planet Neptune by Leverrier and Adams might have been adduced as a case in point. Even the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries furnish examples of discoveries being made independently and simultaneously, while among more recent 'inventions which have had a double parentage' the writer mentions the envelope machine, which had two inventors in England and two in America; guncotton, electroplating, stearine candles, cobalt blue, the Argand burner, the electrolysis of water, and many others. Aniline, the basis of the modern dyeing industry, was discovered by four different chemists, each of whom gave the substance a different name; Hoffman also isolated it, and then established the identity of the four previous discoveries. The sewing machine, electric telegraph, and telephone have perhaps been evolved by hundreds of trials and devices rather than invented at any one time.

Mr. Gruenberg has his own theory to account for this coincident working of ingenious minds. He considers it to be the result of circumstances in the nature of heredity and environment, with a touch of the 'Zeitgeist.' He says:—

The mind of the great man runs in the channels that have been prepared, not only by his parents, but by the parents of all his contemporaries. And we are preparing to-day the channels in which will run the great minds of to-morrow: and many minds will run in the same channels.

As an explanation, this appears to us rather thin and unconvincing. Had the writer said that a fairly uniform system of education was training minds in the same channels, we could have seen that this was likely to bring about similar results in widely separated places; but we are not sure that the tendency of our educational system is not to repress originality rather than to foster it. We think that those who say that ideas are 'in the air' may be trying to enunciate a truth which they do not understand sufficiently well to express it in more definite language. We might say that these ideas come out of the Unseen, and are suggested by unknown intelligences to any who have the capacity to make use of them. Sometimes the faculty for receiving the idea is not accompanied by the ability or opportunity to carry it out; and it is often the practical utiliser and introducer of the new discovery who gets the credit of its invention.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF HEALING.

Man has power within himself to protect himself from disease and evil, and to cure all his sicknesses. Those who have the consciousness of this power are aware that if they become ill, or harm of any kind befalls them, the fault is frequently their own—brought about in all probability by a troubled, anxious or angry state of mind; wrong vibrations are set up, the mind pre-occupied with disquieting thoughts is off its guard—the door is left open, evil finds an entrance, so some disturbance of the physical system is the natural result.

Consider this point carefully for a moment and you will realise the accuracy of the above assertion.

It is to be noticed that when one calamity falls another usually follows, then another, and yet another; this is beyond dispute, a fact which gave rise to the old saying, 'Troubles never come singly.' Often you will hear it remarked of those to whom one sorrow after another has come, 'Poor people, they seem unable to get away from trouble.' How constantly, too, illness is actually and directly brought about by some shock or nervous strain, reacting upon the physical system—the body becomes weak, the doctor says the patient is 'below par' and liable to contract any illness that may be about. It is a common thing, too, to hear it said that 'since the day of that funeral' a man has never been the same! Funerals are accountable for more illness and disease than people have any idea of; the reason is not far to seek: a funeral, even if the sorrow does not happen to be a personal one, has a depressing, depleting effect; the atmosphere in many churches is bad, the standing around the grave in cold damp weather is the very thing to make people ill when they are off their guard, which they unconsciously are. Again those who are afraid of infection are prone to catch epidemics, they get overstrained and therefore break down, but doctors who have no fear of infection rarely catch any illness from a patient. Fearlessness is the greatest safeguard in the world. 'Children go, when angels fear to tread,' the child protects itself. If people could be taught to use the power of their own will and mentality this world would be a very different place. At this moment there are one or two great doctors, men of immense knowledge and learning, who have realised this truth and are working on these lines.

Every man consciously or unconsciously radiates from himself the magnetic force which protects him from all evil; it is natural that the man who understands what he is doing is more immune from danger than he whose power is unconscious for it is the mentality of the man that directs this force when he becomes cognisant of his strength. A will of iron is needed to fight the battle at times, and at times the strongest may fail, but they at once start again, only after failure it is ever more difficult for a period to realise the inward force, though when the power is regained advancement, and not retrogression will result.

It is extraordinarily difficult to put into words the knowledge that is necessary in order to make use of the force which is within every man. I do not think it is possible to do more than set a man thinking. All knowledge is intuitive, and a man must inquire within himself; he must disabuse himself of the idea of a personal God and realise that God is a power, not a person, and that it is this power which is God that all hold within themselves, making them one with God in the whole universe of spirit. No one can teach this, it must be seen from within and then the way becomes clear. That old myth, dear to the heart of so many, of a God doling out misery and agony to poor humanity must be swept away—humanity doles out to itself its own woe and must look within itself for the remedy. 'Knock and it shall be opened unto you' is true, but loudly and with unflinching determination must you knock, and fearlessly must you enter when the door is opened. Here no fools need apply, this knowledge is for the clear brain, the intelligent, the strong mentality—and when such a one has found the knowledge of the truth, and the truth of the knowledge, to him will it be given to help the weaker brethren, that he may lift from the world some of its load of misery.

M. S.

CURIOSITIES, OLD AND NEW.

A correspondent sends us two curious publications, neither of which is to be taken seriously, though both are remarkable enough to be worth mentioning for the amusement, if not for the edification, of our readers. The first is an ancient pamphlet, published at Chesterfield, much frayed at the edges and evidently cut down. The date is missing, if it ever bore one, but another similar pamphlet, which is roughly stitched to this one, appears to have been written in 1769.

Pamphlet No. 1 purports to give a 'copy of a letter written by Our Saviour Jesus Christ, found eighteen miles from Iconium, fifty-three years after our Blessed Saviour's Crucifixion.' Whether St. Paul had dropped it when he was in those parts, or whether it had been lying there ever since it reached its first destination, we are not told, but it was afterwards 'transmitted from the holy city by a converted Jew,' and 'translated from the original Hebrew copy now in the possession of Lady Cuba's family at Mesopotamia.' Who Lady Cuba was, or why her family should be 'at Mesopotamia,' or what has since become of the 'original,' we do not know. This 'letter of Jesus Christ' begins badly: 'Whosoever worketh on the Sabbath day shall be accursed; I command you to go to church and keep the Lord's Day holy without any manner of work.' It also advises to fast five Fridays in every year, 'beginning with Good Friday . . . in remembrance of the five wounds which I received for all mankind.' Such a document, in fact, might have been found eighteen miles from Chesterfield about seventeen hundred years 'after the Crucifixion.' The letter is also to be used as a charm, to be kept in houses for protection against all kinds of ills. 'All goodness, happiness and prosperity shall be in the house where a copy of this shall be found!' Equally unauthentic are the letter of King Agbarus, and the reply of Jesus, nor can we place any confidence in the epistle of Lentulus to the Senate of Rome, describing the appearance of Jesus, all of which documents are printed in the same pamphlet. The second pamphlet, printed at Doncaster, about 1769, contains an account of the 'Wandering Jew,' and his visit to Boston, Lincolnshire, to which are appended the signatures of four ministers, or 'reverend divines,' who 'thought it convenient to publish it for the good of all Christians.'

The other curious publication to which we referred is a recent copy of 'The Christian Herald and Signs of Our Times,' which quotes a remarkable tale from a book on 'God and Satan,' by a Mr. H. D. Brown. The author tells us that 'a Sunday School teacher in London recently discovered that his boys went, after service, to a railway arch that had been fitted up as a meeting-room, where they were instructed in the worship of the devil, singing hymns to him and greeting a brazen serpent with the words, "O glorious Apollo," and further states that "there are many similar devil's Sunday schools in England." The book is said to deal with 'the character and opposition of the evil spirit,' and to give warnings as to his devices; we have had so much 'devil' thrown at us recently that we wondered at first whether the 'devil's Sunday schools' could be meant for our own spiritual Lyceums; but in them we have neither brazen serpent nor 'glorious Apollo.' None the less it should be remembered that 'what is one man's god is another's devil,' and that Apollo is an ancient name for the Source of Light and Life, spiritual as well as physical.

'THE SEVEN RAYS OF DEVELOPMENT,' by Arthur H. Ward (Theosophical Publishing Society, price 1s. net, cloth), is an attempt to enumerate the different paths along which individuals may develop, on the supposition that they follow various rays acting on the different 'vehicles' or 'bodies'—physical, etheric, astral, mental, &c.—each of which rays manifests a single variety of the Supreme Perfection. Thus we have the paths of Power, of Healing, of Action, of Devotion, of Knowledge, of Imagination, of Discipleship, each corresponding to a ray, and each leading to development along its own line. By following one or other of these rays, and the corresponding path, the soul will one day 'break into the palace of the Spirit and awaken the Ideal self to the joyance of immortal life.' 'The only failure is to cease to strive,' and we think this is true in regard to any path or line of effort.

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PROTEUS.

Dr. Paul Carus introduces to us a charming little book of about sixty small pages, by the late Edwin Miller Wheelock, entitled 'Proteus: A Rhapsody on Man' (London: Kegan Paul & Co.). The 'A Rhapsody' is a label by Dr. Carus, who is also responsible for a bit of editing to please himself, though, in an Appendix, he is good enough to give us what he deleted in the text. We thank him for that, because, in a deleted passage, we find the pearl. This is it, in the form of a prediction concerning the spiritualising of the body here in some better day: Mr. Wheelock calls it an 'electro-vital body,' and says:—

It is possessed of far more exquisite sensitiveness than the present natural; a sweeter flesh, a richer blood, a nobler nerve-fluid. If we should happen to meet such an one in our walks, we should say, 'His corruptible has put on the incorruptible, and his mortal the immortal'; but we would also say, 'Yet he is not spirit, for spirit has not flesh and bones as he has.' In them the protoplasm of the human frame will effloresce to a fineness of materiality, as far transcending the quality of the highest present man, as he is differenced from the lowest savage, and of them will it be said, 'What manner of men are these, that the winds and the seas obey them?'

They will levitate as easily as we tremble, sprawl and gravitate. Instead of being stuck fast in the mud and mush of things, they will slip the tether at will, and visit Saturn or Sirius as we London or New York. In them the mind is not confined to a cerebral dot, but is in every part of the body. The hidden space of the fourth dimension opens to them, as the third to us; for the outlines of their forms transpose at will from the third to the fourth proportion of space.

Of course this is 'flighty' and romantic. All such visions or explorations are, but the pearl is hidden there nevertheless.

The one theme of the book is the culmination of creation in man, and the future advance of man to divinity; and its title is thus justified:—

It was said in the olden time, of the mythic Proteus, that, to escape pursuit, he would assume all shapes. 'First he became a lion with noble mane, then a dragon, and a leopard and a great bear, and then he became liquid water and a lofty leaved tree.' By Proteus the ancients symbolised man; for he is not only man; he is all things—every part of the universe in turn, as we change our point of view.

Man, in truth, is a microcosm, an epitome of the Universe, and, thus far, he is the ultimate: and all things culminate in him.

Dr. Carus rightly named the exposition of this thought

'A Rhapsody'—an outpouring, indeed, of brilliant illustrations and phrases scattered with but little order through some forty or fifty pages. We venture to extract the jewels and furnish a simple setting for them.

Man has passed his apprenticeship in all grades from molecular life which is the mineral, to growth life which is the vegetable, to instinctive life which is the animal, on to a life of life which is mind. All have been so many means and tendencies, on different stages of his transit. The rock is man stratified; the plant, man vegetating; the reptile, man wriggling and squirming; to-morrow it will fly, walk or swim; the day after it will wear a neck-tie or a bonnet. This is Mr. Wheelock's gallant style.

Man is thus a universal form from the complex creation, and the cosmos crosses him by its lines through every nerve. The universe runs manward from its source—matter into force, atoms to thought, dust to brain, sap to soul. The planet itself has passed into man as bread into his body. He is the high water mark of Nature's tide. Step by step, through ages measureless by time, from particle and spicula, from cell and protoplasm, from planet, polyp and quadrumane, have we scaled creation's altar stairs. Plant and tree, dove and butterfly, rotifer and mammifer are but so many stages and breathing places of the psychical essence on its lengthened way to man. The Psyche is present even in the lowest forms. Man has travelled on the protoplasmic railroad, over all chasms and up all gradients, from microbes to savants. With his advent, impulse ascends to reason, instinct blossoms into insight, longing expands into effort, providence is transmuted into perception, and blind vitality into moral choice. Man is the true Noah's ark in which all the lower natures are housed. He groups all the minor material forms in his body, while he forecasts the higher life of the spiritual in his soul. He was the aim and dream of Nature from the beginning. In her great workshop she has slowly felt her way, built and broken many a clay model, re-sketched and re-written her secret thought; till, after a thousand millenniums, man appears, notebook in hand, and begins to ask about his origin.

Truly a rhapsody! but the turning about of the same thought (and we have followed it for thirty pages), has flashed forth many a beautiful gleam of light and many a quaint idea.

Man, however, though the ultimate, is not complete—far from it. He is, as yet, says our rhapsodist, only partially human, carrying on his shoulders much of the slime of animalism. We have worked the tiger out of our teeth and nails, but he lingers in our passions. The mind is still toothed and fanged. The human hand knows something of the wild beast's claw, and the human heart something of the wild beast's heart, and yet from the saurian to Shakespeare is but a step. The old barbarian goes to church clothed in broadcloth, but he carries with him—survivals; and the first savage that struggled with Nature is still inside the last soul made. The ape reappears in the fantastic tricks of boys and ill-bred people; and the God is still climbing.

That is the culminating thought. We are on the march. We were once the man-animal, says Mr. Wheelock, we are now the animal-man; we will be the arch-natural or electro-vital humanity. This will be Nature's bloom and darling. This her paragon. This her Olympian group. This her wood-god Pan. Mother Earth awaits her new and better humanity, as she once waited for her first-born rose. Man is not limited by his manhood: he is limited by not being complete man. The coming race will not hinder God so much as we do. What is the matter with

us is that we have been and are so unhuman. This it is that will be remedied. The present man is a makeshift—a pontoon thrown across the chaos for the moment. We are now only hearing the musician's fitful prelude before the divine strain begins. The new era will dawn when mankind will be equal to its destiny; and its collective life will be concord and song. Then Eden, Redemption, The Golden Age, and Kingdom of God, will all be fulfilled in man.

Such is this remarkably brilliant rhapsody. It is not argument, it is prophecy; it is not logic, it is rapture; it is not preaching, it is promise. But, behind all, there is the fine suggestion that

God never did betray the heart that loved Him,
a suggestion which involves and justifies noble inferences.

The little book is a treasure-store of beautiful thoughts which are fitly accompanied by a portrait of the writer sitting at ease in his garden: a splendid head, quite suggesting the coming Ideal Man.

THE SEALED ENVELOPE TEST.

AN INCIDENT IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

By H. A. DALLAS.

It is well known that one of the methods by which the Society for Psychical Research has sought to obtain evidence of the survival of man after death is to ask persons to seal up a word or sentence and commit the sealed envelope to the care of the Society, with the intention, if possible, of communicating this sentence through some sensitive after death. It was thought that this would afford a test of identity, inasmuch as no one, except the writer, was to be aware of the contents of the envelope. Mr. Myers once wrote to me on this subject and said that the name or fact thus recorded should be one 'intimately rooted in your being.' It will be gathered from this that I also contributed to the sealed packets stored in the Society's rooms, wishing, if possible, to add my small testimony to the great truth of survival.

When Mr. Myers' sealed envelope was opened, by directions received, as it was thought, from Mr. Myers himself, the contents were not found to be as expected. This was a great disappointment, and those who regard the whole question of spirit communication as an absurd and impossible idea have, of course, treated this failure as supporting their position.

The recent issue of the S.P.R. 'Proceedings' reports an incident which bears directly on this question. Mrs. Verrall recognised in her report (Part LIII.) that there are traces of some confusion, either in her mind or in the 'controls,' between Mr. Myers' sealed envelope and other sealed envelopes,* and the incident to which I refer shows that there is yet another and hitherto unexpected source of such confusion. For the benefit of those who have not studied it, I will indicate the most salient points in this experience, and then suggest what it seems to me that this incident is intended to show. It is only too easy, in these complicated cross-correspondences, for a reader to miss the true significance of the groupings of concordant ideas which they convey. The 'controls' are evidently aware of this possibility, and in this instance, as in others, the warning is given: 'Tell him to look carefully.' 'Wherefore whatever is set forth must be co-ordinated, lest, being scattered, it should escape notice.'

The experience to which I refer is that on page 222, Part LX., headed, 'Cross-Correspondence. Sevens.'

On July 13th, 1904, Mr. Piddington wrote a letter to be opened after his decease, which reads as follows:—

20, Hanover-square,
London, W.

If I ever am a spirit, and if I can communicate, I shall endeavour to remember to transmit in some form or other the number SEVEN.

* In this connection I have dealt with this question of confusion in a chapter of my last book, 'Mors Janua Vitæ?' pp. 49-58.

As it seems to me not improbable that it may be difficult to transmit an exact word or idea, it may be that, unable to transmit the simple word seven in writing or as a written number, 7, I should try to communicate such things as: 'The seven lamps of architecture,' 'Unto seventy times seven,' 'We are seven,' and so forth.

The reason why I select the word seven is because seven has been a kind of tic with me ever since my early boyhood. I would walk along the street to a rhythm formed by counting 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Though never superstitious, I also have always, in a playful kind of way, regarded 7 as a, or my, lucky number. Often, playing golf at Woking, I count the number of carriages on passing trains, and if a train passes composed of 7 carriages, not counting the engine, I regard it as a lucky omen, and pretend to think that it means that I shall win my match.

I have purposely cultivated this tic, of which I have never spoken to anybody, as I think it likely in the event of survival that the memory of it, having by practice been frequently revived in my lifetime, may survive the shock of death.

J. G. PIDDINGTON.

July 13th, 1904.

This letter was committed to Miss Johnson, the secretary of the S.P.R., to be kept in the archives of the Society. No one except Mr. Piddington knew anything of its contents.

On the same day, July 13th, 1904, Mrs. Verrall wrote automatically as follows:—

'But that is not right—it is something contemporary you are to record—note the hour—in London half the message has come.'

The script then referred to 'Myers' sealed envelope left with Lodge.' Near the end of this bit of script we are told: 'Helen [i.e., Miss Verrall] could probably give the contents of the envelope, too, if you want confirmation. . . Surely Piddington will see that this is enough, and should be acted upon. F. W. H. M.'

Not knowing anything about Mr. Piddington's letter, committed to the Society's care on that very day, Mrs. Verrall saw no meaning in the first sentence, and supposed that the whole of the rest referred to Mr. Myers' posthumous letter. Subsequent developments, however, have shown that the allusion to a contemporaneous event had an important bearing, and indicate that Mr. Piddington's action was known to the 'controls,' who appear to have made it the basis of a carefully prepared and executed cross-correspondence experiment; but the various sections of this elaborate experiment can here only be given in brief outline.

Two days after this script of Mrs. Verrall's, her daughter wrote: 'Mother has made a mistake; the letter is in the second drawer, but she will not find it what she expected.'

Three years later, on August 6th, 1907, there appeared in Miss Verrall's script a reference to the number seven, thus:—

A rainbow in the sky
fit emblem of our thought
the sevenfold radiance from a single light
many in one and one in many.

Then, in Latin: 'Doubtless he himself will seem to have transferred this to his own rule. Wherefore whatever is set forth must be co-ordinated, lest, being scattered, it should escape notice.'

Mrs. Verrall was shown this script, and after having seen it (on August 28th), she wrote: 'The meaning is obvious; you have touched the symbol. . . Let Piddington choose a sentence that they do not know and send part to each. Then see whether they can complete.'

On April 20th, 1908, and on April 27th, the number seven appeared in Mrs. Verrall's script, but I must pass this over and draw attention to the most striking instances.

On May 8th, 1908, Mrs. Piper, in the waking stage, uttered the words: 'We are Seven. I said Clock. Tick, tick, tick!' (It should be noted that Mr. Piddington used the word 'tic' in his letter, in the sense of habit.) Being questioned about this on May 12th, her 'control' wrote: 'That is Wordsworth, but we were seven in the distance as a matter of fact.' And soon afterwards repeated: 'Seven of us—7—Seven.'

The appropriateness of this reiterated statement is obvious, for, including Mr. Piddington the writer of the letter, seven

different persons were engaged in the carrying out of this cross-correspondence—namely, Mrs. and Miss Verrall, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Home, and Mrs. Frith.

On May 10th Mrs. Verrall was told in her script that her daughter had got quite 'a new type of thing in her writing,' and that 'it is she who will lead this time, not you—you will only fill in her gaps.' On the following day, May 11th, Miss Verrall, not having yet heard that this statement had been made, produced a script in which the following symbols occurred:—

'Jacob's ladder and angels upon it—what does that mean?

'A spinning-top many colours, but as it spins they are blended into one.' (A branch with seven leaves on it was drawn.) 'The seven-branched candlestick; it is an image—the seven churches, but these are not churches, seven candles united in one light, and seven colours in the rainbow, too. Many mystic sevens—all will serve—we are seven. Who (?) F. W. H. Myers.'

A student of Dante will recognise in this script allusions to the 'Paradiso,' Canto XXI., where Jacob's ladder appears in the Seventh Heaven, and to Canto XXIX. of the 'Purgatorio,' where, in the vision of the procession of the car, 'many mystic sevens' are shown. It will be obvious to everyone that the emphasis laid on the number seven is unmistakably significant. It is stated that 'Miss Verrall had never read any Dante, and did not look up the references or make any further investigation.'

On June 11th, 1908, Mrs. Frith's script mentioned 'The mystic seven' and 'The golden candlestick.' On July 14th, 1908, Mrs. Holland dreamed of the posthumous communication of a number (six, not seven, however), and on the 23rd of the same month she wrote: 'There should be three, at least, in accord, and if possible, seven.' Then followed some interesting details with a subtle reference to a Canto of the 'Purgatorio' in which seven nymphs are introduced. These details are too intricate to enter upon in a brief review. I cannot omit one short and telling sentence, however: 'A certain sense of humour lacks in this.'

It is equivalent to saying, You need a certain sense of humour if you are to see the point of this experiment. There is, indeed, a humorous side to this whole episode, and it is reassuring to learn that those who cross the narrow stream do not wholly lose in the waters of Lethe the capacity for recognising and appreciating this aspect of experience; a capacity which in this life is often a characteristic of the finest and best balanced minds.

The sixth element in this sevenfold correspondence was introduced on July 24th (1908), when Mrs. Home, speaking under what purported to be the control of Mr. Myers, said:—

Seven times seven and seventy-seven
Send the burden of my words to others.

Being asked to whom the message should be sent, the reply was given: 'Souls that labour for your earthly wisdom—send no names. . .'

A member of the S.P.R., Colonel Taylor, then asked: 'Shall I send this to Miss Johnson or to Mrs. Verrall?' The reply was: 'Miss Johnson likes it better; you can help better through her.' At this time neither Colonel Taylor nor Mrs. Home knew anything of the cross-correspondences upon the number seven, which had not been communicated either to Miss Johnson or Mr. Piddington; Mrs. Holland's reference to this being the only one as yet known to her.

When informed of these various correspondences in November, 1908, Miss Johnson told Mr. Piddington about the matter.

Great must have been his amazement to find the contents of his own 'posthumous' letter distributed thus among so many sensitives. Together, he and Miss Johnson broke the seals, after making sure that they were intact, and when the letter had been examined, it was again locked up. Mrs. Verrall was not yet informed of it, but on January 27th, 1909, before she knew anything about this letter, she wrote:—

Nothing is swifter than Thought, nothing more sure—
swifter than arrow or than bullet, thought flies from mind to
mind, instantaneous. It is a now and a now, at once; no
pause, no then—Don't you understand?

And ask what has been the success of Piddington's last experiment? Has he found the bits of his famous sentence scattered among you all? And does he think that is an accident, or started by one of you? Tell him to look carefully and he will see a great difference between the scripts in his experiment and in the others. That ought to help the theory. One language only has been used this time. But even if the source is human, who carries the thoughts to the receivers? Ask him that.—F. W. H. M.

After discussing the various possible explanations which might be suggested to account for this very astonishing correspondence, and showing that they do not cover all the facts, Miss Johnson asks the question:—

Must we go further afield and postulate some other intelligence which, surveying and selecting from these diverse elements, namely, the ideas normally arising in the minds of the automatists and Mr. Piddington, and the play of telepathy between them, diverted them all to its own purpose? . . . I maintain only that there is strong evidence of such a plan, and I think that it looks like the plan of one mind and not two or three.—'Proceedings,' Part LX., p. 256.

If we assume that Miss Johnson's question may be answered in the affirmative, and agree with her that the coincidences 'look like a plan,' can we guess what object the 'controls' may have had in selecting for this experiment so strange a subject as Mr. Piddington's 'posthumous' letter, and thus defeating the object he had in view in writing the letter? Why did they not expend their energies upon giving the contents of some of the sealed envelopes which belonged to deceased persons and so giving the tests which had been so carefully planned? We can imagine the satisfaction which the successful carrying out of this experiment would then have given. But how long would the satisfaction have lasted? Would it not soon have been apparent that this famous evidence of identity was not conclusive after all?

Those who are convinced that clairvoyance is a fact know that sealed envelopes need be no obstacle to a sensitive's vision. This being so, it might legitimately be argued that the communication of the contents of a sealed envelope left by Mr. Myers, or someone else who had died, whilst it would prove supernatural powers on the part of the psychic, would not prove that Mr. Myers or the writer of the letter had been the agent of the communication. Even if we leave out of count the possible action of the psychic's own powers, we are still confronted by the fact that unseen intelligences may have easy access to the information contained in the sealed envelopes, and, therefore, that even if the communication proved the activity of these agents it would not prove the identity of any special person. Therefore, any satisfaction which psychical researchers might have had in the success of the posthumous letter experiments would have been very insecurely based. Those who are working for the future and wish to build their facts on solid foundations do not care to gain successes that will not yield abiding results, neither would they wish to give tests of no intrinsic value. It looks very much as if the psychical researchers on the other side fully realise the valuelessness of posthumous letter tests of this sort as a proof of identity and are determined to prevent their colleagues on this side from wasting time over them.

In 1905, through Mrs. Holland, the 'Myers control' said:—

Under other conditions I should say how much I regretted the failure of the envelope test, and I do regret it because it was a disappointment to you—otherwise it is too trivial to waste a thought upon.—'Proceedings,' Part LV., p. 248.

I understand this to mean that, in the 'other conditions' of earthly life, he would have regretted the failure because he would have valued the test, but that in his present conditions he does not value the test, seeing that it was futile, and only regrets the failure for the sake of those who do not yet recognise its worthlessness. Certainly if Mr. Myers wished to convince his colleagues of the worthlessness of this experiment he could not have found a better way of doing so than this curious incident affords. It effectually shows that identity cannot be established by this method.

Perhaps it may never be possible to obtain absolutely in-

controvertible proof of identity. Circumstantial and impressive evidence in favour of it we already have and we may expect that more will yet be given, but it is highly probable that it may always be possible to claim that *irresistible* proof has not yet been produced. There is always the theory that possibly psychics can read *all* minds and select from any the particular piece of knowledge which will enable the subliminal part of an honest sensitive's mind to deceive the supra-liminal consciousness of the same person and through this to mislead the public. This theory is difficult to disprove; so it is probable that those who find themselves unable to accept these experiences at their face value will always have this hypothesis to fall back upon. And there is also the demon theory, namely, that the minds of honest psychics are the puppets of lying spirits who for the mere pleasure of lying will try by many ingenious methods to convince men of survival, claiming to be the spirits of the dead. This also is difficult to disprove, so, after all, those who object on principle to the spirit hypothesis need not be too much alarmed lest they should find no way of escape.

Without asserting that indisputable proof is obtainable we may, however, claim that there is already evidence sufficient to justify the conviction that, in many cases, the communications that have been coming, ostensibly from the 'dead,' are indeed from the persons who purport to be the authors of them.

One of the most convincing pieces of evidence of identity is the characterisation of these communications. In a previous report Mr. Piddington has said, concerning these communications: 'If it was not the mind of Frederic Myers it was one which deliberately and characteristically imitated his mental characteristics.' ('Proceedings,' Part LVII., p. 243.) In this respect the most recent issue of the 'Proceedings' is of great evidential value. The classical knowledge displayed by the communicating intelligence is eminently in keeping with the mind of Frederic Myers: the subtlety, the ingenuity, and the extraordinary patience in carrying out a steady purpose evinced by these intricate cross-correspondences are just what one might expect from the author of 'Human Personality.'

In the Obituary addresses published in Part XLII. (p. 30), Mr. Podmore, after pointing out Mr. Myers' 'extraordinary power of generalisation and classification,' adds:—

Professor James and Dr. Lodge have already described Myers' power of bringing together a vast assemblage of heterogeneous phenomena, pointing out their resemblances and analogies, and uniting them in a common system.

It is this power which comes into play in the details of the cross-correspondences which have been so marked a feature of Psychical Research since Mr. Myers passed over; and should the question be asked: 'Is it likely that a mind like his would still occupy itself with the details of evidence concerning a problem which must at latest be solved for every soul by the great change of death?' we might reply in the words of Sir Robert Collins, a friend of Myers, who has said:—

His most striking characteristic . . . was the eagerness with which he identified himself with all matters great and small that had a real interest to the average human being; while the power he possessed of investing such matters with fresh attractions, and presenting them in novel lights, furnished proof, if proof were needed, of his extraordinary force and genius. (Part XLII., p. 11.)

One lays down this volume with a mingled sense of amazement, admiration and gratitude towards the workers, on both sides of the veil, whose 'toil co-operant to an end' will assuredly have its reward, the only reward which they desire, namely, to have been the servants of the truth and to have been enabled to withdraw yet another of the veils which hide her face from our blinded sight.

MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND has sent us copies of two pamphlets written by her: the one called 'Stella,' being versified letters from a child in the spirit world; the other, 'Hermione,' describes a remarkable real experience of Mrs. Richmond's own, at an English country house. It deals with sleep-walking and psychical activity, the heroine of the story receiving instruction in music from a 'soul-teacher' whom she afterwards meets in the body.

THE 'COLONY' MOVEMENT.

Not only Garden Cities, but working 'colonies' of various descriptions appear to be among the practical 'signs of the times' in the direction of the spiritualising of the world. Honest occupation has many virtues, and hard work, while it trains the body to fitness and endurance, often leaves the mind free to ponder upon important problems. Experiments such as Borstal are of value in pointing the way to penal reform, and a colony at Lingfield, instituted by the Christian Social Service Union for the training of the unemployed and unemployable, is turning to account the raw material—the paupers, vagabonds and unfit—sent to it by various Boards of Guardians. A week-end at this colony is described in 'The Millgate Monthly' for May, which also contains an account of a settlement of a different type, at Moore-place, Stanford-le-Hope, Essex, founded by Captain J. W. Petavel, formerly an officer in the Royal Engineers. This appears to be a pioneer effort to help the better class of the unemployed, those who honestly desire to work, and at the same time to show what could be done with agricultural land which is now scarcely utilised. In view of the cost of conveyance of farm produce, Captain Petavel's idea is to run railways through strips of land which could then be utilised, near the railway for factories, while further from the stations, but still within easy reach, there would be dwellings with gardens or agricultural land, forming 'a long narrow town of flourishing industry,' which would supply an antidote to the present over-concentration in cities. The colony at Moore Place is conducted on vegetarian principles, and there is accommodation for guests, week-enders, and campers, with medical and educational advantages.

This colony forms a part of an international effort, another branch of which is a colony near Lugano, in Switzerland. Captain Petavel himself left the army because his religious convictions rendered it impossible for him to remain a soldier, but, as he has pointed out, the true soldierly virtues are required in the cause of peace. To study the pressing social and economical problems of the day a society has been formed, called the Alliance Scientifique Universelle, or International Association of Men of Science, Art and Literature. We think that there is room for many efforts of this description, each in its own field, and each testing the efficacy of its own methods.

THE EXPERIENCE WHICH COUNTS.

The controversy which has been raging in the religious world over 'The Christ of History and the Christ of Experience' has been well summed up by Dr. Anderson's paper and the ensuing discussion at the Conference of the Liberal Christian League, reported in the 'Christian Commonwealth' for June 1st and 8th. Dr. Anderson spoke of the inward experience of the Christ within, which is the inner spiritual self of every man, the light which every man brings with him into the world, as being of far more importance than any belief about Jesus as a historical character. He said:—

If you believe in the historicity of the Gospel story from beginning to end, miracles included, that will avail you little unless the Son of God be born within you, unless the experience of the Christ be your own experience, unless the life of the Christ be lived by you, unless his Cross and passion be reproduced in you, unless you rise from the plane of the phenomenal, empirical self into the pure sphere of the spiritual and the real. I would say, further, that, so important is this inward spiritual experience of the Christ, if you feel a belief in the historicity of Jesus necessary to it, by all means cling to it. People who give up that belief find in the Gospel story of the Christ the continually repeated acts of the soul or higher self, its recognition and realisation of its oneness with the Divine, the whole story, indeed, of the soul's redemption.

During the discussion the suggestion was made that the word 'God' should be substituted for 'Christ' in describing spiritual experience. Dr. Anderson replied that he was not interested in names, or concerned with what the religious experience was called. Some called it God and some called it

Christ. Another speaker said that it did not matter whether it were a Christ or a Buddha to whom we looked, so long as we understood that the great central necessity was the birth of the God-consciousness. Mr. Rhondda Williams, who presided, said: 'The Jesus of history has been made a symbol of the divine life, of which we are all a part. It is not a matter of clinging to one individual, but of all individuals finding their own life in the life of God.'

We fully believe that it is the experience which counts, and we are glad to find that this meeting of thoughtful students of religion was agreed in putting the emphasis of religious discussion on the one essential. Spiritual experiences have been much the same in all times, only that a new outburst of spiritual power has generally attracted a special set of adherents and has had a new name given to it, thus starting what has been called a new religion. When men of all creeds come to recognise that experience is everything and belief about experience is of small account, they will see that their religions are one religion, as regards the only essential, and that they can agree to meet under different names and with different ceremonies, just as members of the same Church may meet in separate buildings. The fact is that the Church of the Spirit includes all churches. As Theodore Parker wisely says: 'Its temple is all space; its shrine the good heart; its creed all truth; its ritual works of love and utility; its profession of faith a manly life, works without, faith within, love for God and Man.'

TESTIMONY FROM CONJURERS.

The 'natural explanation' of spirit phenomena practically reduces itself to the allegation that they are all deceptions after the manner of conjuring tricks. If, as Mr. Marriott contends, conjurers are the best judges in these matters, it may be of interest to see what they have to say. Walter Rossberg, in 'Wahres Leben' (Leipzig), gives a number of testimonies taken from Carl du Prel's 'Experimental Psychology':—

Bellachini, the renowned Court conjurer at Berlin, gave an affidavit in favour of the medium Slade, that he had examined his phenomena with the most thorough tests, both in daylight and at night, but could find nothing to indicate that they were produced by conjuring or deceptive manipulation. The conjurer E. Jacobs said briefly and convincingly with regard to Slade: 'Gentlemen, I, a conjurer, assert that the phenomena at the sitting which I had with Slade were really and truly Spiritistic, and that if we set aside occult influence, they were downright incomprehensible.' The conjurers Houdin and Bosco tested Home. Both of them denied the possibility that the phenomena which took place could have been produced by prestidigitation.

Damiani even found some genuine mediums who gave out that their displays of really occult phenomena were 'anti-Spiritistic.' He went to one of these, named Thorn, and told him that his performances were of a Spiritualistic nature. The answer came promptly: 'Certainly, sir, and I am ready to give you private sittings. I have done this wherever I found Spiritualists.' 'Then why do you call your sittings anti-Spiritualistic?' 'To draw the public.' 'You mean the thoughtless?' 'Quite so, sir.' Of course persons of this sort, who trim their sails according as the wind blows, have never figured in the scientific literature of the subject as furnishing proofs. Their conduct can only be excused by the struggle for daily existence. It is as reprehensible as deception on the part of mediums in public performances. But not less reprehensible is deception on the part of so-called anti-Spiritists, when they produce effects before the public which have never been observed or reported by serious investigators. By what right do anti-Spiritists reproach mediums with being unmoral? Those who live in glass houses—

The Mr. Fay, of whom Sir Hiram Maxim speaks, seems at all events to have managed matters with some sense of humour.

FOR A POOR FAMILY.—Mrs. André, 'Rosemount,' Frittenden, Kent, acknowledges receipt of articles of clothing from Mrs. Churton, Grove Park, also from 'E. B.,' with thanks to the donors.

JOTTINGS.

In the next issue of 'LIGHT' we shall give a striking report of a private séance with Eusapia Paladino, at which remarkable manifestations took place under very stringent test conditions. A number of journalists were present, also Mr. Howard Thurston, the conjurer, and the report is written by Mr. W. Johnston, of the 'New York World,' who impartially states what he saw, heard and felt.

In 1870 there were scarcely a dozen Spiritualist societies in the United Kingdom, and, with one or two exceptions, these were small and struggling bodies, but to-day there are nearly twelve times that number represented in the Spiritualists' National Union, besides a greater number of independent societies outside of that Union, not to speak of the private circles and centres of activity promoted and sustained by individuals, who, from one cause or other, are not associated with any organised body. As far as we can ascertain, there are now well on to three hundred and fifty more or less compactly organised Spiritualist societies in the United Kingdom (nearly half of them being in Lancashire and Yorkshire), not to speak of Psychical Research Societies, or the Theosophical and New Thought bodies, many members of which are practically Spiritualists—at least, to the extent of recognising the fact of communion with the departed.

The progress of Spiritualism in London, as represented by society efforts, has been slow but sure. During recent years the Union of London Spiritualists has exercised a stimulating influence upon local workers, and to-day there are about twenty societies affiliated with that body, and, independent of these, the London Spiritualist Alliance, of 110, St. Martin's-lane, the Marylebone Spiritualist Association, of Cavendish-rooms, and the Spiritual Mission, of Prince's-street, are all doing effective work in their several spheres. But, when all is said, there is great room for improvement, and no one can say that 'Spiritualism has captured London' yet, or indeed that it is adequately represented in 'the world's Metropolis.' We rejoice in what has been accomplished, and congratulate all the workers for spiritual progress, but we cannot rest content; progress is our watchword, and progress can only be effected by earnest, persevering effort. Surely our Spiritualism is worthy of the very best setting forth that we can give!

Mrs. Chandos Leigh Hunt Wallace writes: 'Thank you so much for your very kind notice about the passing of Mr. Wallace in 'LIGHT,' of June 11th. Mr. Wallace was an ardent believer in Spiritualism. I first met him at 15, Southampton-row, at one of Mr. Burns' meetings. He was first to give, and to force on to old Mrs. Marshall, the wife of a cooper, a fee for one of her séances. He had some very remarkable spiritualistic experiences, both in Ireland and England. He was an intimate friend of Dr. Garth Wilkinson and Dr. John Epps. I am sure that he introduced the truths of Spiritualism to many hundreds of people, though he was very careful to prevent them from supposing that the departed became holy angels and "super-natural" in their attributes upon throwing off their earthly garments.'

A Leicester newspaper recently said: 'The more one reads of that remarkable instrument, the divining rod, the more does one marvel at the results which accrue from its use. At West Haddon a few months since, a farmer bought some land, and seeing an account of the successful efforts of an expert water-finder, he engaged one from Somersetshire a few days ago. Going over the land with his rod, the expert indicated several places where water was likely to be found, but the farmer was unwilling at first to take his statements as being correct, for local opinion was strongly against the idea that water would be found in the spots mentioned. However, to prove his accuracy, the water-diviner sank a well, with the gratifying result that water in abundance was found fifty feet below the surface!'

The 'Morning Leader' says: 'At the Southwark Coroner's Court recently a waterman, who was a witness, told the coroner that a presentiment had impelled him to look for the dead body of a woman among the piles at Topping's Wharf. He seemed, he said, to have been irresistibly drawn to the spot where the body lay. The waterman, Henry Eady, of Alfreton-street, S.E., told a "Morning Leader" representative that presentiments seemed to run in his family. He said: "A sea captain of sixty-four, my father often speaks of one curious incident which happened over twenty years ago. I was on a ship in the Bay of Biscay. I was so ill and weak that my mates thought I was going to die. In fact they were making

preparations to sew me up in canvas and toss me over. My father was in harbour off France. He had no idea where I was at the time. Yet he saw all that was happening on my own ship. His crew told me afterwards that he was walking the deck the whole night, and he repeated to them all that he had seen."

The 'British Medical Journal' has published a series of articles on 'Faith Healing' and, separately, on 'Demonology and Disease.' It is said that 'The demonological theory of disease held sway over the minds of men for thousands of years. That, in its turn, led to the belief in witchcraft, and witchcraft caused the persecution and judicial murder of countless human beings, "chiefly old women guilty of nothing worse than eccentricity or madness." The beating out of evil spirits, in which some ingenious persons detect the beginning of massage, was used in comparatively modern days in the exorcisms which were practised on the supposed victims of demoniacal possession.' According to the 'Morning Leader,' Pastor Richard Howton, of Glossop, claims to have been successful in casting out demons by 'prayer, fasting, and exorcism.'

Dr. Clay Shaw deals with 'Considerations of the Occult.' He believes to some extent in 'Faith Healing,' but discredits seers and crystal gazers, &c., and says the fact that charlatans exist in the psycho-physical region of work 'does not invalidate the probability of truth being at the bottom of it. There are charlatans in medicine and surgery, especially in the departments where our knowledge is most defective—as we know to our cost—for is not public gullibility the quantitative test of our fallibility?' What an admission for a doctor to make. Apparently Spiritualism is not the only sufferer. *Pretenders* can be found everywhere.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents, and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views which may elicit discussion.

'The Futility of Secret Societies.'

SIR,—With reference to the letter in 'LIGHT' of June 11th under the heading 'The Futility of Secret Societies,' allow me to mention that the chief Magus in the ceremony of invoking Tapthatharath was the special representative in London of 'Comte MacGregor de Glenstrae,' and the most advanced member in his order. The invocation was written by another adept of R.C., at that time his close friend. The object of his letter is obvious enough to those who understand. I am no enemy of Spiritualists (though I am of Spiritualism), and think that they should be warned of the truth.—Yours, &c.,
THE EDITOR OF 'THE EQUINOX.'

[This correspondence must now close.—ED. 'LIGHT']

Letter from Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

SIR,—A recent copy of 'LIGHT,' presumably from your office, has reached me, containing extracts from a discourse delivered by me before one of the younger of the Spiritualist societies in the outlying districts of Chicago. I am not, however, the pastor of the Roseland Society, although I like to assist all growing societies, and have spoken for them on two or three different Sunday evenings.

My own church, 'The Church of the Soul,' still retains me, as it has for thirty-five years, and I have promised to be its pastor during this lifetime. We still hold our services in the Masonic Temple, one of the halls in that building being admirably adapted to our needs. However, my work is for the Cause, whenever and wherever I find work to do.

It has been in my heart to visit dear old England; the hurried stay my dear husband and I made on our way home from the Peace Congress at the Hague only increased my desire to meet again the friends of my many former visits. I know not if it will be my privilege to again see Albion's shores, but I hope to do so at some not distant time.

Slowly but surely I am regaining my physical and mental poise, after the shock of more than a year ago in parting from the mortal form of my beloved husband—who ever stood by my side aiding in this great work; but for the unseen helpers I could not have gone on, and now I am willing to work as long as I am needed.

Kind remembrances to all the friends who think of me.—
Yours, &c.,
CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

7021, Ridge Boulevard, Rogers Park,
Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

Spirituality.

SIR,—From my limited point of view I regard the true Spiritualist as one who learns from Nature the lesson of worship. He alone is happy who is divinely devout. To be 'spiritually-minded is life and peace.' Consequently, he who is the happy possessor of these spiritual gifts is ready for any emergency, for the 'weapons of his warfare are not carnal.' Neither raging seas nor howling winds disturb his equanimity; 'in quietness and confidence is his strength,' for 'the foundations of man are not in matter but in spirit.'

As an after-thought I think we should cultivate a spiritual habit, and not make spasmodic efforts to discover God. Making haste to be pious is as fruitless as making haste to be rich; the true riches (the true life) are hidden treasures.—Yours, &c.,

E. P. PRENTICE.

Letter from Mr. W. J. Colville.

SIR,—Permit me just a word of thanks to many readers of 'LIGHT' who, in reply to my recent advertisement in your columns, have sent me subscriptions for my new book 'Ancient Mysteries and Modern Revelation,' which is now being bound in New York and will be ready for delivery in a few days.

It will be welcome news to British Spiritualists to learn that increasing activity and harmony are now everywhere manifest in American Spiritualist societies. A notable sign of progress is to be witnessed at Rochester, N.Y., the original home of the Fox sisters. On several occasions recently I lectured in Plymouth Church, of which the Rev. B. F. Austin is settled pastor. The edifice is one of the largest and finest church buildings in Rochester. It is owned by the local Spiritualist society, entirely free from mortgage, and the Lyceum connected with the society is large and flourishing.

My own movements are far too uncertain at present for me to be able to announce definitely any summer journeyings, but I am expecting soon to return to California, and possibly to go from there to Australia. My present address (always reliable) is 402, A Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. (c/o F. A. Wood).—Yours, &c.,
W. J. COLVILLE.

Nature and God.

SIR,—I was very glad to read Mr. Edmund E. Fournier d'Albe's Address on 'Pre-Existence and Survival,' &c., which recently appeared in 'LIGHT.' It should be continued up to the involved First Cause of involution which no mere earthborn standpoint can account for from any outer Nature aspects. Nature is the external appearance of things unseen. Nature is not the Creator; it is the phenomenon, or visible appearance, as seen from without, and not as seen or perceived from within. We are liable to be deceived by the outer senses apart from the inner perception from within. The outer appearance is a true correspondence of all within to those who know how to use the key of the inner life mystery. Hence, from this outer earth standpoint, this earth is to me not the centre of man's origin—a sublimated matter-earth, or astral state, of this earth planetary sphere, is insufficient, for 'Nature has produced the human spirit by dint of what appears to be incalculable toil and prodigal expenditure'—i.e., according to Dr. J. B. Hunt's book, on which you gave an excellent 'leader' in 'LIGHT' of June 4th, and which I admire, excepting the above quotation, because Nature is the effect and not the cause. See p. 267, 'Science as a Witness,' even so Nature is a witness to the spirit fact.—Yours, &c.,

WM. YEATES.

The Jews and Spiritualism.

SIR,—As the Old Testament is so often quoted against Spiritualism, I should like to call attention to the fact that orthodox Jews (real Jews) are profound students of the occult in every phase. Especially do they believe in Spiritualistic practices and also healing, somewhat on the lines of Christian Science. Jews, as a rule, visit the graves of their relatives once a year to pray for their help in all matters. In Russia and Poland if anything troubles people, individually or collectively, they gather together ten Jews and visit a grave of a relative or someone who was known as a 'holy man,' and, standing in a circle round the grave they pray earnestly for whatever they desire. This is only done in serious cases, but individuals nearly always do it when anything troubles them greatly—and they are helped, of course. In Jerusalem it is a rule to go at certain stated times to pray at the graves of those Biblical personages whose burial places are known. It would be both interesting and instructive to the world in general if some of these little known facts could be made public. I, myself, have had in that direction some very interesting experiences, but modern thinkers have cast a blight over us by calling every-

thing superstition, and some 'modern Jews have' come down to rank materialism.

It seems to me that we must reconstruct the upper chamber of Spiritualism, or perhaps I ought to say, give it due recognition, and thus elevate the tone of the séance room. Let us have second and third highest degrees of spirit manifestations; gatherings where initiates only would find admission, and where, after a day of fasting and prayer and suitable music and singing, the sitters would give conditions for such an outpouring of pure spiritual power as would bring satisfying joy to those souls needing and longing for the highest heavenly manna. A way must be found, too, by which the truth known as Spiritualism, which means spirituality, can be brought to the multitude so that they may realise that phenomena are only the means to an end. If an individualised spirit can see our deeds and know our hearts, how much more can He who is the All-Seeing One know us through and through? Frankly, however, I find that the majority of those who frequent séance rooms, or visit mediums, do not do so for spiritual ends, or to be told, in even the gentlest manner, of their shortcomings—and what is more, they are not used to it and resent it, and mediums do not care to make their clients dissatisfied. Of course now and again one comes across a soul longing for light, seeking guidance and comfort, and it is delightful to be able to help in such cases, but it seems to me that a stand should be made for the higher Spiritualism, and then we shall win the joy that Spiritualism stands for and the respect due to our glorious teachings.—Yours, &c.,

RUTH SCHWARTZ.

Two Prophetic Pictures.

SIR,—On the Thursday before the body of King Edward was buried we called on Mr. Turvey (knowing that as far back as October he had foretold the death) and asked him if he could see if any King would be murdered during the funeral procession. Mr. Turvey replied 'No, there will be no attempt; but when the Spanish King returns there will be a bomb thrown, but no harm done to the King. But,' he added, 'I also see a steamboat run into another vessel; but when I look again it seems as if it ran into a derelict or a sunken reef.'

Now, sir, as is well known, there was no bomb throwing during the procession, but there was a man looking out for the King of Spain on his return, who threw a bomb and then shot himself. This was followed by a Channel collision, and a steamer ran into a submersible boat, which, to all intents and purposes, may be called a sunken derelict, or sunken rock (*i.e.*, an object below water). Mr. Turvey says, as an explanation: 'I saw both events clearly, but never dreaming of two collisions, I took it as one steamer hitting what at first appeared to be a ship, but on a second look appeared to be a reef. Had a photograph been taken of both events, the striker on each plate would have been practically the same. If the plates were laid on top of each other the object struck would show one way a reef, the other a vessel.'—Yours, &c.,

L. PEARCEY.

J. PARADINE.

12, The Triangle, Bournemouth.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- 'Has Man a Spirit that can Survive Death?' A Sermon by the REV. JOHN SPENCE, F.R.A.S., Eccleston-square Congregational Church, S.W.
- 'Religious Beliefs of Scientists.' By A. H. TABRUM. Hunter & Longhurst, 58 & 59, Paternoster-row, E.C. Price 2s. 6d.
- 'Above Life's Turmoil.' By JAMES ALLEN. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 24, Bedford-street, W.C. Price 3s. 6d. net.
- 'He Restoreth My Soul.' By 'A. H. W.' Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row, E.C. Price 6s. net.
- 'Our Heavenly Home.' By W. N. GRIFFIN. Elliot Stock 62, Paternoster-row, E.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.
- 'Satan and His Angels.' By 'WATCHMAN.' Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row, E.C. Price 6d. net.
- 'Stella' and 'Hermione.' By CORA L. V. RICHMOND.
- 'James Platt the Younger.' By WILLIAM PLATT, 24, Mount-road, Hendon, N.W. Price 2s. net.
- 'Within the Holy of Holies; or, Attitudes of Attainment.' By 'RALLIMEO.' L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial-arcade, Ludgate-circus, E.C. Price 2s. 6d.
- 'From Passion to Peace; or, The Pathway of the Pure.' By JAMES ALLEN. Wm. Rider & Sons, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate-street, E.C. Price 1s. net.

SOCIETY WORK.

Notices of future events which *do not exceed* twenty-five words may be added to reports if accompanied by six penny stamps, but all such notices which exceed twenty-five words must be inserted in our advertising columns.

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—*Cavendish Rooms*.—On Sunday last Mr. Dudley Wright delivered an able and interesting address on 'Why we are Spiritualists.' Mr. W. T. Cooper presided.—*Percy Hall*.—On the 13th inst. Mrs. Podmore gave well-recognised clairvoyant descriptions and helpful spirit messages. Sunday next, see advt.—D. N.

SPIRITUAL MISSION: 22, *Prince's-street, W.*—On Sunday evening last Mr. Fletcher spoke well on 'The Path to Power.'—67, *George-street, Baker-street, W.*—On Sunday morning last Mrs. Fairclough Smith gave a spiritual address on 'The Unpardonable Sin.' On Wednesday last Mrs. Davies gave an address and psychometric delineations. Sunday next, see advt.—J. H. C.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—SURREY MASONIC HALL.—On Sunday last, morning and evening, Mr. W. E. Long spoke on 'Imagination' and 'Divination.' Sunday next, at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., Mr. W. E. Long.—E. S.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. D. J. Davis gave an encouraging address. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. T. Olman Todd. At 3.15 p.m., Lyceum. No circles will be held next week.—G. T. W.

HACKNEY.—240A, AMHURST-ROAD, N.—On Sunday last Mr. W. F. Smith gave an address on 'The Truth Shall Make You Free' and answered questions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Miss F. Sainsbury, address and clairvoyant descriptions.—R.

CROYDON.—SMALL PUBLIC HALL, GEORGE-STREET.—On Sunday afternoon last Mrs. M. Davies conducted a circle in aid of the building fund, and in the evening gave an instructive address and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Miss Anna Chapin.

BRIXTON.—84, STOCKWELL PARK-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. Webb delivered a beautiful address and Mrs. Webb gave good clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next Mr. Symons. July 2nd and 3rd, Mr. Panter, of Luton. September 22nd to 24th, Sale of Work.—A. B.

MANOR PARK.—CORNER OF SHREWSBURY AND STRONE-ROADS, E.—On Sunday last Mr. G. R. Symons delivered a spiritual address, and on the 16th Mrs. Podmore gave accurate psychometric delineations. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. H. J. Abel. July 3rd, Mr. J. L. Macbeth Bain.—C. W. T.

BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD.—HENLEY-STREET.—On Sunday last Mr. and Mrs. Roberts conducted the meeting. Sunday next, no meetings, owing to Annual Outing. Monday, 8.30, developing circle. Wednesday, 8.30, discussion on 'Thrift.' Thursday, public circle; silver collection.—H. B.

STRATFORD.—WORKMEN'S HALL, 27, ROMFORD-ROAD, E.—On Sunday last Mr. J. Gambriel Nicholson's thoughtful address on 'The One Thing Needful' was much appreciated. Sunday next, London Union Camp Meeting at High Beech; hall closed.—W. H. S.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL.—On Sunday morning last Mr. Drury gave a fine address; in the evening Mr. Marsh spoke on 'Shadows,' and answered questions. Sunday next, at 11.30 a.m., 3.15 and 7 p.m., anniversary services, Mr. Percy Street; tea at 5 p.m., 6d. each. July 3rd, Mr. Huxley; Mme. Dupé, soloist.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—On Sunday last, morning and evening, Mrs. Boddington gave addresses and well-recognised clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mr. D. J. Davis, addresses. Monday, 8, and Wednesday, 3 p.m., Mrs. Curry. Thursday, 8, public circle.—A. M. M. S.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HAMPTON WICK.—On Sunday last Mr. Abbott spoke on 'Death Necessary for Progress,' and answered questions. Mr. Sellars gave a violin solo. The circulating library has been enlarged from the proceeds of an entertainment. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Jamrach, address and clairvoyant descriptions.—T.C.W.

THE UNION OF LONDON SPIRITUALISTS will hold a Conference meeting at Richmond-place, New-road, Wandsworth-road, S.W., on Sunday, July 3rd. At 3 p.m., Mr. Horace Leaf will open a discussion. Tea at 5 p.m., tickets 6d. each. Speakers at 7 p.m., Messrs. T. Brooks, Horace Leaf, and Osborn.

HIGHGATE.—GROVEDALE HALL, GROVEDALE-ROAD.—On Sunday morning last Mr. J. Abrahall spoke on 'Love.' In the evening Madame French gave an instructive address on 'Clairvoyance,' answered questions, and gave successful clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., Mr. A. F. Caldwell; at 7 p.m., Mr. J. Kelland. Wednesday, Mrs. Jamrach,

EXETER.—MARLBOROUGH HALL.—On Sunday last Mrs. Letherey gave an address and clairvoyant descriptions.

WALTHAMSTOW.—182, ST. JOHN'S-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. T. O. Todd gave an interesting address on 'The Messengers that are Between.'—J. A. M.

WINCHESTER.—ODDFELLOWS' HALL.—On Sunday last Mr. E. Frankish, of Exeter, gave an excellent address on 'Comfort ye my People.'—R. E. F.

LINCOLN.—PROGRESSIVE HALL, COULTHAM-STREET.—On Sunday last Mr. Rastall gave addresses and clairvoyant descriptions.—C. R.

EXETER.—MARKET HALL, FORE-STREET.—On Sunday morning last Mrs. Grainger gave clairvoyant descriptions, also in the evening, after an address by Mr. W. H. Evans.

KENTISH TOWN.—17, PRINCE OF WALES'-CRESCENT, N.W.—On Sunday last Miss Ryder spoke on 'Spiritualism,' and Miss Brown gave psychometric delineations.—B. G. M.

SOUTHSEA.—LESSER VICTORIA HALL.—On Sunday last Mr. J. Gordon gave eloquent addresses, convincing clairvoyant descriptions and spirit messages.—J. W. M.

CLAPHAM.—RICHMOND-PLACE, NEW-ROAD, WANDSWORTH-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. Imison gave an address on 'Man, Know Thyself,' and Mrs. Imison clairvoyant descriptions.—C.

BRISTOL.—12, JAMAICA-STREET, STOKES CROFT.—On Sunday last Mr. A. G. Taylor spoke on 'Spiritualism and Its Blessings,' and clairvoyant descriptions were given.—A. C. O.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.—MILTON-STREET.—On Sunday last, morning and evening, Mr. W. H. Shaddick gave interesting addresses on 'Are Spiritualists Christians?' and 'The Case for Man's Survival.'—H. E. V.

SOUTHSEA.—ABINGTON HALL, ABINGTON-ROAD.—On Sunday last, morning and evening, Mrs. Jamrach gave splendid addresses on 'What is Spiritualism?' and 'Is Spiritualism a Religion?' also clairvoyant descriptions.—R. B. E.

PLYMOUTH.—ODDFELLOWS' HALL, MORLEY-STREET.—On Sunday last Mr. Clavis gave an address on 'Revelation' and Mrs. Trueman clairvoyant descriptions. Other meetings during the week.—N. F.

BRISTOL.—52, SUSSEX-PLACE, ASHLEY-HILL.—On Sunday last the president read a paper on 'The Blessings of Sorrow.' Miss Conibear gave an address on 'Lead, Spirits Bright,' clairvoyant descriptions and spirit messages.—W. B.

FULHAM.—COLVEY HALL, 25, FERNHURST-ROAD, MUNSTER-ROAD.—On Sunday last Messrs. Ashley, Flood, and W. G. Spencer related 'Experiences,' and gave reasons for accepting Spiritualism.—R. J. H. A.

SEVEN KINGS, ILFORD.—5, SPENCER-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. W. M. Johnson delivered an address on 'The Morning Star.' On the 14th inst. Mr. G. F. Tilby related interesting 'Personal Experiences.'—W. M. J.

SOUTHEND.—SEANCE HALL, BROADWAY.—On Sunday last, morning and evening, Mrs. Petz delivered addresses on 'Responsibilities of Mediumship,' and 'New Facts for Old Faiths.' Mr. W. Rundle gave clairvoyant descriptions.

READING.—NEW HALL, BLAGRAVE-STREET.—On Sunday last, morning and evening, Mr. P. R. Street gave addresses on 'The Purpose of Spiritualism' and 'The Sphere of Religion,' and auric drawings. Other meetings during the week.—A. C.

SOUTHPORT.—HAWKSHEAD HALL.—On Sunday and Monday last Mr. J. C. Macdonald delivered impressive addresses on 'Does Christianity Lend Itself to Democracy?' and 'Spiritualism, a Moral and Social Education,' and gave clairvoyant descriptions.—V. M. S.

BIRMINGHAM.—30, JOHN-STREET, VILLA CROSS, HANDSWORTH.—On Sunday last, morning and evening, Mr. H. Clark, of Leicester, spoke on 'As Others See Us' and 'Spiritualism: What it is and what it Affirms.' Mrs. Taylor gave clairvoyant descriptions, also on Monday.

BOURNEMOUTH.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, TOWN HALL-AVENUE.—On Sunday morning last Mr. E. W. Beard spoke on 'If We Only Knew.' In the evening Mr. J. Walker gave an address on 'To Higher Perfection,' and clairvoyant descriptions.

PORTSMOUTH.—VICTORIA-ROAD, SOUTH.—On Sunday last, morning and evening, Mr. Hector Lacey delivered excellent addresses on 'The Use of Symbolism' and 'Let there be Light,' with recognised clairvoyant descriptions. On the 15th Mr. Lacey spoke on 'The Law of Right,' and gave psychic readings.—G. McF.

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