

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

'WHATSOEVER DOTH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT.'—Paul.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Dr. Alfred Caldecott, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy at King's College, in a masterly lecture at Norwood, discussed the modern view of the philosophical value of religious experience and its equivalent spiritual intuitions. The middle of the last century took us through the lowlands of materialism consequent upon the sudden incursion of certain scientific discoveries or conclusions which appeared to undermine the old religious reliances. But the opening of the present century has brought us into the open again, and on higher ground. Psychology, in claiming the attention of many of our foremost and freest-minded men, is turning us all into 'pastures new,' and is claiming for certain experiences and intuitions evidential value in relation to things unseen.

The lecturer maintained that a great change has occurred, and said:—

Philosophers have to consider religious experience in the light of an established fact, and as such, just as worthy of consideration as other established facts in scientific investigation. More and more the value of religious experience is being recognised and to-day the testimony to this effect is coming from all parts of the world. Not only in Europe, but in India, in China and Japan, the testimony of men is to the reality of their experience, and in all parts of the world there are human souls who claim to have some communion with the Divine. This cumulative testimony could not be ignored, and philosophers everywhere recognise its evidential value. More and more a spiritualistic interpretation of the universe is being insisted upon by modern philosophy, and so great is the change in this respect that it is doubtful whether there is a chair of philosophy, either in Europe or the United States, which is now occupied by a believer in materialism. You might find a man of science who still clings to a materialistic interpretation, but this is not the case with philosophers.

Miss Lilian Whiting is surely, in her way, the most industrious of writers and compilers. Her new book, 'Life Transfigured,' takes us again over the enchanted ground now so familiar to us, but always welcome as a relief from the crudities of the common earth of bazaars and coalpits, railway stations and newspaper offices, bonnet shops and Parish Magazines. Miss Whiting's titles are themselves a gentle benediction—'The World Beautiful,' 'From Dream-land Sent,' 'The Spiritual Significance,' 'The Life Radiant,' 'The Joy that no man taketh from you.'

This latest work, on 'Life Transfigured,' takes us, as we have said, over the old ground, but there is much that is new in the prospect, for the receptive writer seems constantly engaged in reading the spiritual signs of the times; and, for the sake of the radiant quotations from various past and present-day writers, we can well afford to waive the criticism that her book is very largely a compilation,

deftly woven into an exceedingly readable whole. Miss Whiting lives 'on the wing,' and it is always good to watch her flight.

Dr. Peebles, writing in 'Self-Culture' (Kizhanattam, India), has a straight talk about Reincarnation. He says:—

If I am asked straight out, 'Do you believe in reincarnation?' I should say, 'Yes, as I understand it, for spirit is ever incarnating into and moulding matter.' And yet, again, I would emphatically say, 'No, not as taught by the Buddhists, Hindus, and reincarnationists of all the different schools.' The theory is not based upon one well-established fact of science or Nature. Blooms do not return back to buds, the butterfly to the chrysalis-worm; nor do birds re-enter eggs.

Reincarnation—that is, revolving back from spirit-life into the imprisonment of the flesh—is exactly the reverse of evolution. It is retrogression with lapses of consciousness.

It is said that we must pass through varied experiences on earth to develop our best manhood; but can there be no experiences except those gained on this little planet that we now inhabit? It is not necessary for human beings to pass through all earthly experiences. It is not necessary for a man to lie drunk in a gutter to know how to enjoy temperance and purity of life. Does anyone want to return to the old shell? Do thinking, reasoning men want to be babies again? It is so unreasonable, and not based on one fact in science.

But the wise old sage discerns the meeting-place where Reincarnationists and Spiritualists proper can come to an understanding, on the basis of spirit-action upon the children of our earth, even before birth. If magnetic action, the transmission of aura, or inspiration, can be called 'Reincarnation'—be it so. Only it will be well for us to know precisely what we mean.

The ever-jubilant American 'Nautilus' indulges in a justification of its national 'brag.' It quotes G. F. Train's bit of brag concerning brag: 'That is not conceit which you can back up.' 'We back it up all right,' says 'The Nautilus': and 'here comes in the practical use of brag':—

The individual who really believes in himself, who expects success, who is not easily 'downed,' who can turn failure into advantage, is one who, whether he expresses it or not, is a brag. That is, he has the spirit of certainty, security, expectation and determination inwrought through his nature. So it must be with the greater individual, a nation. The man who is what he thinks 'unlucky,' who fails to use right methods, who has not 'good judgment,' does not expect success, but thinks he will always be poor. He is desultory in labour, because he thinks, 'Oh, it's no use, I never get anywhere.' He never brags. He whines, he criticises, he complains, he doubts, he argues, but he does not brag.

Brag, then, is salutary—that is, it is good to feel daily that you have done something worthy, that you can do something still more worthy, and that you belong to an advancing instead of a deteriorating generation and country.

To say so may not be very polite, and it may aggravate any person who does not really desire our advance, but it heartens ourselves and others.

It suggests that things are all right and going to be better. It is the talk of optimism, the cry of inward joy.

We feel half persuaded. So then, let us all have at least 'a guid conceit o' oursels.'

A beautifully thought-out and beautifully written little book is Mabel Collins' 'The Builders' (London: The

Theosophical Publishing Society). It is built round the fantastic notion of repeated returns to this old haunt, but the independent reader can quite easily shed that in reading it. All that really belongs to the ethical and spiritual substance of this lovely Study appeals at once to the spiritual-minded thinker of every school.

'The Builders' are they who, as lovers and reformers, live, teach, suffer and serve, to help build up 'the ethereal earth' in faith and hope and love. They have against them the hosts of mere satisfied or grasping 'dwellers,' and rampant 'destroyers,' but they are working with and for 'The Planet God' whose task it is 'to cherish its beauty to the utmost, in the hope that it may be utterly beautiful in the great last Day, when its material form shall crumble away and vanish for ever, and the new earth shall soar in the new heaven.'

A second edition of James Thomas' sternly critical work on 'The First Christian Generation: Its Records and Traditions' is before us (London: W. Rider and Son). The book discusses the burial, resurrection and ascension of Jesus, the Acts of the Apostles, Peter and Paul at Rome, and the traditions of the Christianity of the first generation, all of which are dealt with in a thoroughly independent way, with a respect for generally accepted beliefs which is held in strictest reserve. In fact, this writer treats the New Testament records as a complicated tangle of discordant threads in the hands of antagonistic manipulators. It is all very disturbing, and in some respects rather tiresome, and leaves one with the impression that perhaps, after all, it will be just as well to let the critics fight it out, while we simply enjoy the old records as they stand, and use them for edification just as they are, however they came into existence and whoever their writers, editors, or manipulators may have been.

'Crown, Coronet and Clover,' is the alliterative and rather sensational title of a novel by—still carrying out the alliteration—Caroline Corner (London: Greening and Co.). There is, in the book, a note of 'Destiny' which brings it somewhat within our ken, but it is just an exciting story, on the whole well-written, though in no way different from scores of similar works. It is quite certain that there is a demand for these somewhat lurid productions, but we cannot say that they appeal to us or give us any particular pleasure.

'A Holiday with a Hegelian,' by Francis Sedlák (London: A. C. Fifield) is surely grimly satirical as to its title. The book really consists of about one hundred and eighty pages of the hardest reading ever tackled by mortal man, and the 'Holiday' is simply a tiny scrap of thread at the start on which the argufication is made to hang. We do not want to say a word against Hegel, his followers, his categories, or his vocabulary. In fact, if anybody could get excited over these immensely learned pages as a Holiday Exercise, we should entertain for his brain the greatest possible admiration and respect.

LEST WE FORGET.—Notable Anniversaries: February 19th, Richard Harte, *trs.* 1903; 20th, Society for Psychical Research constituted 1882; 22nd, Dr. Anna Kingsford, *trs.* 1888.

OWING to pressure on our columns this week we are unable to publish Mrs. Simpson's article on 'The Philosophy of the Mahabharata.' In her article in our last issue, 'Paramarthika' was by mistake printed for 'Prithivi.' This correction is necessary, as we have a large number of readers in India. In her next article Mrs. Simpson will deal with the Hindu philosophy of Dreams.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

A meeting of the Members and Associates of the Alliance will be held in the SALON OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK-STREET, PALL MALL EAST (near the National Gallery), on

THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 2ND,

WHEN AN ADDRESS WILL BE GIVEN

BY

MR. ANGUS MCARTHUR,

ON

'Psychic Phenomena in England, 600 A.D. to 1200 A.D.; the Remarkable Experiences of Forgotten Pioneers.'

The doors will be opened at 7 o'clock, and the Address will be commenced punctually at 7.30.

Admission by ticket only. Two tickets are sent to each Member, and one to each Associate, but both Members and Associates can have additional tickets for the use of friends on payment of 1s. each. Applications for extra tickets, accompanied by remittance, should be addressed to Mr. E. W. Wallis, Hon. Secretary to the London Spiritualist Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

Meetings will also be held in the SALON OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, S.W. (near the National Gallery), on the following Thursday evenings:—

Mar. 16.—Mr. Ernest W. Beard: 'Our Spirit Friends and the Evidence of their Identity.'

Mar. 30.—Madame d'Espérance (health permitting).

April 27.—Rev. Arthur Chambers (Vicar of Brockenhurst, and Author of 'Our Life After Death,' 'Man and the Spiritual World,' &c.): 'Spiritualism and the Light it Casts on Christian Truth.'

May 11.—Mr. E. E. Fournier d'Albe, B.Sc. (Lond.): 'Essential Conditions of Life in this and other Worlds.'

MEETINGS AT 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.

FOR THE STUDY OF PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—On *Tuesday next*, February 21st, Mr. Ronald Brailey will give clairvoyant descriptions, at 3 p.m., and no one will be admitted after that hour. Fee 1s each to Members and Associates; for friends introduced by them, 2s. each.

AURAL DRAWINGS.—On *Wednesday next*, February 22nd, and succeeding Wednesdays, from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m., Mr. Percy R. Street will give personal delineations by means of the colours of the psychic aura of sitters. Fee 5s. to a guinea. For appointments write to the Honorary Secretary. See advertisement supplement.

PSYCHICAL SELF-CULTURE CLASS.—On *Thursday next*, February 23rd, 'Yoga' will give an address on 'Clairvoyance and Telepathy,' &c., with illustrations. Discussion.

FRIENDLY INTERCOURSE.—Members and Associates are invited to attend the rooms at 110, St. Martin's-lane, on Friday afternoons, from 3 to 4, and to introduce friends interested in Spiritualism, for informal conversation, the exchange of experiences, and mutual helpfulness.

TALKS WITH A SPIRIT CONTROL.—On *Friday next*, February 24th, at 4 p.m., Mrs. M. H. Wallis, under spirit control, will reply to questions relating to life here and on 'the other side,' mediumship, and the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism generally. Admission 1s.; Members and Associates free. MEMBERS have the privilege of introducing one friend to this meeting without payment. Visitors should be prepared with written inquiries of general interest to submit to the control. Students and inquirers alike will find these meetings especially useful in helping them to solve perplexing problems and to realise the actuality of spirit personality.

SPECIAL EVENING MEETING.

On *Wednesday next*, February 22nd, at the Rooms of the London Spiritualist Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., at 7 p.m. prompt, a special meeting has been arranged with Mrs. Praed for clairvoyant descriptions of spirit people. Admission: Members and Associates, 1s. each; visiting friends, 2s. No admission after seven o'clock.

CREATIVE POWER OF THOUGHT.

BY REV. J. TYSSUL DAVIS, B.A.

An Address delivered on Thursday, February 2nd, to the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, Mr. H. Withall, vice-president, in the chair.

(Continued from page 68.)

If man shares the powers of God, as he wakes them to activity he shares the exercise of those powers, and if he shares their exercise he shares the responsibility attached to the exercise of them. Man reflects the creative aspect of divinity. How does God create? 'As a man thinketh a thought, so Brahman brought the universe into existence.' The universe as an intelligible system first existed as an idea of God. Plato has familiarised Western minds with the doctrine that everything in the physical world came into existence as reflections or shadows of ideas which are the types pre-existing in a spiritual realm, an archetypal world. They are not so much merely passive plans or projects as active intelligences, vital members of the great cosmic hierarchy. Add to this the idea set forth by Aristotle that man is a picture in little of the universe, every plane, every energy of the macrocosm being represented in him, the microcosm; and we may argue that the thinking powers of a human being correspond, especially in their higher forms, to the creative intelligences of the universe. The very word 'man' is derived from a root to think; he is pre-eminently the thinker, and the very use of *manus*, the hand which he has perfected in creative art, furnishes the derivative conception of maker, builder, artist.

ACTION IS ALWAYS SECONDARY.

Before we make anything we have first to plan and purpose and think it out. What is a house, a bridge, an article of furniture but an embodied idea? The chair or table had first to be made of mind-stuff; it had to be conceived, created in a mind; it had to be designed, made mentally, before it could be reproduced in wood. Unscrew the wood, loosen the dovetailing, remove the dowels that hold the pieces together, and the chair is gone—nothing is left but wood. But you can re-create the chair by putting the pieces back into a certain form or shape. That form preceded the embodiment and survives its destruction.

THE VITALITY OF IDEAS.

One may embody the idea in a thousand chairs, in a million, and yet the idea is not exhausted. It is capable of endless recapitulation, so fecund, so vital, so creative is it. It takes its part in each, it furnishes the invisible substance which gives order and unity to the arrangement of the slips of wood and makes a chair of them. In a more complex way the sculptor, the painter, the architect develops a thing of beauty. Gradually in his mental workshop he builds up his dream, his vision, and having completed and perfected it, he looks out for materials, for objects, for models to help him to give physical embodiment to his thought. And should he begin to reproduce the dream before it is complete, begin to work while the plan is fragmentary, the result must be an unfinished work of art.

Now, of these two, the idea and the embodiment, which is the more real? Undoubtedly the idea! In point of quantity the idea is equal to a myriad embodiments. In point of quality, it is so living that, as it precedes every embodiment, so it survives the ruin of the last. Often, when lost to view, some thinker recovers it from the limbo of the past, and we are continually subject to new discoveries and inventions which are simply recoveries of old ideas. How long will an idea last? That will depend on the vitality either first communicated to it, or on the periodic charges of fresh vitality it receives. There are ideas that are apparently deathless, lasting for untold aeons.

AN ARGUMENT FOR IMMORTALITY.

In this fact one receives a tremendous impetus to a belief in the deathlessness of man. For if the creature of the mind is immortal, how much more the creative mind itself! It would be a subversion of all reason to suppose that while the canvas

still glows with loveliness, and the marble gleams along the curves a dead hand gave it, the creator of this beauty should have ceased to be. As Shelley, in his 'Adonais,' asks:

Shall that alone which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning?

Shall the mind perish before the idea to which it gave birth, on which it conferred life? 'You admire' (wrote Emerson) 'this tower of granite, weathering the hurts of so many ages. Yet a little waving hand built this huge wall, and that which builds is better than that which is built. . . . Better than the hand, and nimbler, was the invisible thought which wrought through it; and thus ever, behind the coarse effect, is a fine cause, which being narrowly seen, is itself the effect of a finer cause.'

HIDDEN WORTH.

The farther back we go behind the material embodiment, the deeper we penetrate into the hidden forces of any physical body, then the nearer we approach its real nature. And it follows that as men's faculties acquire the power of response to this finer and subtler side of things, a new code of life-values will be established. Already we faintly adjudge merit on a standard of thought-values. Of two pictures, one though giving evidence of more brilliant technique and attempting perhaps to deal with a sublimer subject moves us less than another which, lacking these things, still holds us as with a spell, affects us as a presence and a power. Is not the explanation that there resides in the second picture a higher motive, that a nobler mental force, a sweeter moral might has been communicated to it; so that, when one buys that picture, one gets not only canvas and pigments and clever manipulation, but also a piece of magic web woven out of the substance of the artist's imagination, a piece of his mind, a slice of his soul? Sir Oliver Lodge is sufficiently convinced of this to venture the opinion that to destroy a great artistic masterpiece is to commit a moral murder.

The very reverence that a great 'master' inspires in the beholder would suggest that something of the creator's life-force is indissolubly linked to his work. His informing *daimon*, his living thought-form, gives it the force of a presence. 'If you make a picture or a statue, it sets the beholder in that state of mind you had when you made it' (Emerson). So our works prove our detectives. We here touch the question of the commercial value of human inspirations.

But the most direct result of a realisation of the creative power of thought is the new means it is seen to furnish for renovating and regenerating our personal life. An orthodox lady of advanced age told me recently that in her youth she had been directed to guard all her actions and her words, but little attention had been paid to training her in the making of pure, lofty and explicit thoughts. We are at last awake to the existence of this tremendous lever in lifting human life.

In every cubic millimetre of the ether of space, there is stored an amount of energy equal to the energy of a million horse-power station working continuously for forty million years. The human brain is pervaded not only by a differentiated ether, but by what Myers calls a 'met-etherial' substance, and is a centre of energy which can be consciously employed as thought-force. Who will dare to limit the influence of that procreative faculty of the mind in first conceiving and then establishing upon deep foundations for its owner and for all men a new heaven and a new earth? Who can venture to say how far we may determine our circumstances, our fate? How far change our health, our happiness? How far change the face of society? If we are allied to God, if we are agents and instruments of that Power which is omnipotent, where is the limit to the creative energy of our mind?

THE COMING RACE.

We note every day how a wave of noble admiration at some story of heroism, or of deep compassion for some human sorrow for the moment completely alters an ordinary face, giving beauty to its plainness, filling its vacancy with kindling light. What will happen when this mood is the habitual temper, and the whole life is love and good-will? The features of Socrates were said to be like those of a Satyr, but when speaking under inspiration they were beautified with the expression of an angel.

Is not that a promise of the attainment of the coming race? We have already seen remarkable changes in the character of people after they have come to realise they had a hand in their own making, that thoughts were things, and what a man thinks, that he becomes. They had lived in a drab world; but they understood that depression is selfishness, and good cheer is a duty. They took the tonic. They took the old saying in the right way: 'We cannot help being what we are,' until they could not help being blithesome and buoyant and bonnie and bright. 'Ah love,' (they had been wont to moan)

'could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the heart's desire?'

Then they understood that with the first active willing toward a better scheme, the moulding begins, and the shattering of the old goes on of its own accord. Every strenuous and steadfast desire, every deep thought is a stone in the building of the Holy City. So let us take courage on behalf of the ideal.

The word that is as a burning fire within our bones, an unheeding world may reject. Between our purpose and its performance barriers of brass may be built by custom and convention, but nothing material can shut out the winged ministers that are born in those fairy palaces wrought of beautiful thoughts to whose building Ruskin invited men. The influences born there cannot be caged. They find out kindred souls across the continents; they seek their goal across the abyss of death. They enter into unexpected places, and, unawares, writers and teachers and preachers give them harbour, and through their power help to create a healthier and holier public opinion.

Here is the irresistible force that laughs at all locks. Use it not only for the renewal of your own life, but to re-create social chaos into sweet order and beauty! For through such use you win the privilege of sharing the laughing labours of the Perfect Artist. In the same way as He wakes the budding blossoms to beauty, and freights the stars with light, may you establish a realm of sunshine and song, of happiness and peace. (Loud applause.)

At the close, Mr. Davis answered a large number of interesting questions from the audience, and a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to him, on the motion of Mr. T. Ritchie, for his valuable and inspiring Address.

STILL 'THE FALL.'

Speculating, in the February 'Occult Review,' as to the 'Origin of Psychic Phenomena' Mr. W. Johnson Roberts concludes that 'almost every faculty, both of mind and body, possessed by man in his normal state has at some time or another been duplicated in man in an abnormal fashion, intensified, idealised. Conversely, no abnormal faculty has appeared in man which at least in a minor degree does not appear in him normally.' In the light of modern discovery, the Biblical account of our first parents and the Garden of Eden seems to Mr. Roberts pregnant with meaning. Man, in order to have enjoyed himself in the Garden of Eden and to have accomplished the things he is there stated to have performed, 'must have been gifted with powers which we should now call mediumistic.' After that mysterious event known as 'the fall' the physical part of him improved and developed at the expense of the psychical. 'In dreams the subliminal self seems to awake and recover its lost kingdom. In dreamland we can fly, pass through material objects, speak and understand all languages,' and 'converse with the lower animals.' These dreamland peculiarities cannot, as science would have us believe, be reminiscences handed down from a long line of Simian ancestors. They must 'refer to some long-distant stage or state of existence or development when they were veridical facts.' 'Even after "the fall," which I take to be the victory of the physical over the psychical, these faculties remained and still remain to this day, unaltered in their nature and unimpaired in their strength, but overclouded, cabined, cribbed, confined and obstructed in their operation by their physical envelope.'

STRIKING PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

(Continued from page 65.)

We had been living for two years at the house which was said to be haunted, when my daughter was taken suddenly ill. It was a kind of temporary paralysis, with stoppage of the heart's action. After warm baths had restored the circulation, she was put to bed, and I was sitting in the room with her. Suddenly, apparently in the same room, there was a loud sharp whistle.

'Oh papa, what is that?' she said, appearing very much frightened. 'It is only someone whistling in the garden,' I answered, although I knew it was nothing of the kind, but it was absolutely necessary for her to avoid any excitement.

'Are you quite sure?' she said. 'Yes, certain,' I replied, 'there is a fellow whistling in the garden.' This was one of those very exceptional cases in which I consider an untruth was justifiable. However, I was too much concerned about the child to trouble more about the phenomenon, although it increased my anxiety about her, but the next morning at breakfast, my daughter being still ill in bed, a kind of general whistling all about the room surprised my wife and myself. I went around and inspected every conceivable cause, but it continued all the same.

In a few days this developed into shrill sharp whistles all about the house, except in my daughter's bedroom, or in any other room in which she happened to be present, when it instantly ceased. It was enough for her to be approaching the door of any room, with the intention of entering it, for it to stop. I have seen my wife jump from her seat and rush, terrified, to the other end of the house when it would suddenly commence.

The favourite times were at breakfast and in the evening, but sometimes when working alone in the garden I would be startled by hearing one long shrill whistle close to my ear, and always from behind. It would also constantly manifest itself when I was attending to the greenhouse, and it would follow us when we took short walks, occasionally whistling beside or behind us. My wife's nerves were very much shaken by this whistling during the first few weeks, and she said she could not possibly continue to live in the house.

I soon established a code, and used to have conversations with our whistling friend, but (she) was not very communicative. I say she, for 'she' told me that she used to be an inmate of our house many years before, and acknowledged the feminine gender. At first the whistling occurred at night, but this frightened my wife so much that I cautioned 'it' that if it continued to do so we should not sleep in the house.

I spoke to the whistler in this manner: 'You say that you are very fond of my wife—if you are, you would not wish to frighten her, would you?' Answer—long single whistles, meaning No—no. 'Very well, then, you wish her to remain in the house?' Answer—three loud consecutive whistles, meaning 'Yes.' 'Then will you promise never again to whistle at night, i.e., after we have gone to bed?' Answer, three low drawn-out whistles, implying a reluctant 'Yes.' And the promise was kept, except on one occasion, and that was at least a year afterwards.

On that night the noise in the bedroom was very remarkable: it sounded as if the chairs were all being dragged over the floor, and then there would be a clatter as if a lot of chain was being hauled about; the disturbance finished up with one shrill whistle close to our heads. At that time we had become accustomed to its ordinary programme, but this exhibition frightened my wife so much that I spoke angrily to it: 'Do for goodness' sake keep quiet, you are making my wife quite ill.' It then gave the final whistle I have mentioned and all noise ceased.

I got Mr. S. on one occasion to come and attempt a séance. He had not then attended one for several years. Directly he went into trance the noise in the room was very loud. Knocks and raps occurred in all directions, with long shrill whistlings, and a noise like that of a saw cutting through wood.

Speaking through Mr. S., or by raps, I do not remember which, it told us to take up the floor of the room and search

underneath. This was a 'tall order,' and from previous experiences of delusive messages I had little inclination to do so, but I eventually removed one board, and put it back again, for I found there was a great thickness of builder's rubble underneath.

The spirit (I regard this term as conveying too *personal* or matter-of-fact an impression, but I can think of no other short and simple designation) used to come to me regularly every morning whilst I was attending to the greenhouse. It always gave a low whistle to let me know it was there. 'So you have come?' I used to say. Answer, three whistles for 'Yes.' Then it almost invariably commenced to whistle snatches of music, not airs, but pieces from operas or oratorios I should fancy, but nothing that I could recognise as ever having heard. At any rate, it was classical music, or what I understand by that.

About a fortnight after it first began I thought I had discovered the secret of it all. I caught my wife whistling. I have never heard her whistle in her normal condition, and it was evident that she was doing so 'under influence.' She would hide the motion of her lips in a wonderful way, and then whistle sharply, and each time she did so she turned very pale and trembled a little. She seemed terribly upset when I told her of it. 'I did not know I whistled,' she said.

'Now,' I thought, 'I have the solution; my wife is self-hypnotised and does this unconsciously.'

But, an hour or so later, when she was in town, and whilst she was away, as I was working at the vines or tomatoes in the greenhouse, our friend began whistling with unusual vigour, as much as to say, 'So much for your theories.' I may remark that I watched most carefully after this, but my wife was never again guilty of this innocent deception. It was the old case of the influence taking the line of least resistance. This experience illustrates how necessary it is not to be hasty in forming definite opinions when dealing with sensitives.

(To be continued.)

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S SPIRITUALISM.

The brief summary of a significant Spiritualistic sermon by the Bishop of London which we gave in 'LIGHT' of the 4th inst. aroused so much interest that we are pleased to be able to give from the 'Glasgow Herald,' of the 6th inst., the following full report of the same sermon, preached by the Bishop—the Right Rev. Dr. A. F. Winnington-Ingram—on the previous day at Glasgow. Taking as his text Luke i., 79: 'To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace,' the preacher said:—

There was no subject on which Christians were more mistaken than on that of death. We spoke—did we not?—of the horrors of death, of the sleep of death, of the darkness of death, and even sometimes we repeated that sad aphorism of the old philosopher, 'Death, the end.' And yet when we looked at death in the light of the Epiphany, we found that not one of those phrases was justified for a moment. Take, first of all, the horrors of death—what we were doing was to confuse the discomfort which sometimes (not always) preceded death with death itself. We could not dismiss as mere delusions the many stories which came to us of those who saw something just before they died. He instanced the cases of two friends of his own who died last year in the prime of life. One said just before he died, 'How splendid!' the other said, 'I never expected to see anything like that.' These and many other instances showed that we were born into the other world as quietly and painlessly as we were born into this world. The text he had chosen that day was a picture of loving welcome, of outstretched arms. As the poet said, 'It was not well that men should know too soon the lovely secrets kept for them that die.' All the common talk about the horrors of death was not justified in the light of Epiphany. What then should we say about the sleep of death? Simply this, that we were the victims of a metaphor. It was the body that slept, not the spirit. As to the phrase 'the darkness of death,' perhaps it would be no exaggeration to say that we would not know what light really was until we died. If the light of day as it faded away revealed the wonders of the sky, was it not reasonable to expect that the light of the life we knew as it faded away would also reveal wonders unknown?

Death might be said to be the beginning of the permanent life. And we did our Lord great wrong if we did not believe

that life to be a greater and happier life than the life we knew here. It would be a fuller life and a human life. Could they imagine Archbishop Temple or one who was well known to the Provost of that Cathedral, Bernard Wilson—could they imagine either of them doing nothing for ever and ever? In one sense, he proceeded, we were all Agnostics—that was, we only knew in part. But, in spite of that, partial knowledge was real knowledge, and he believed we would find six things about the life after death which would have a tremendous effect on our view of the after life. First, there was identity. We would be the same. Science, headed by Sir Oliver Lodge and others who follow him, was all on our side as to the identity of the person after death. Besides identity, if there was life there must be growth. Did the very best men and women we knew not need to grow in grace and in character? Of course they did, and if they lived afterwards they must grow. Surely that was a glorious thought for any of his hearers who had lost their children—this growing in faith, in hope, in love, and in character in the sunny land of Paradise. Thirdly, certainly there would be memory. Fourthly, if we died as Christians we should be with Christ—'to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' Fifth, we would recognise one another and know one another after death. Was it really conceivable, he asked, that the God who had permitted those beautiful human friendships which we formed here, our love for one another, was going to blast them after death? And sixth, we would still look back with love and interest to the world which we had left. Did they mean to say that the parish priest who had toiled and prayed for his people for fifty years would cease after death to pray and care for them, or that the mother who prayed for her boys ever since their birth would cease to pray for them five minutes after her death? But perhaps they would say, 'What, Bishop, has this to do with our life here?' It seemed to him to have several applications of special importance. What a warning it was to right any wrong in our life here, any quarrel not made up which we should remember, too late, after death. If there was one word more than another which he would press upon his hearers that morning it was this: 'Be brave, confess that sin, break off that habit, right that wrong, make up that quarrel, and do not think of it with unavailing remorse after death.' Let us rectify the proportion in which we saw things. It was possible that we troubled our minds with worries which five minutes after death would appear as nothing. Could we not resolve to render a perfect service in return for what we would see, in the light of death, had been done for us? Then we need not fear death. It would come as a friend to those who had not failed in duty.

MRS. EDDY A MEDIUM.

In a recent conversation Mrs. Helen P. Russegut, long and favourably known as an inspired speaker, psychic and psychometrist, now a resident of Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A., said to the Editor of 'Reason':—

In the December of 1867 I went to Boston under engagement to lecture in the Music Hall and stopped with a Mrs. Gillete. Mrs. Eddy, then Mrs. Patterson, was giving private readings as a Spiritualist medium in the city, and as Mrs. Gillete had an engagement with her during the time I was there, I was invited and did accompany Mrs. Gillete in her call upon Mrs. Eddy for the sitting. I was not in the room during the sitting, but, on coming out, Mrs. Eddy invited me into her room as she wished to confer with me. I declined, and the conversation I had with her took place in the waiting room. She informed me she was about to start a new cult, and asked me to join her in the movement, saying: 'You have more power than I have.'

She went on to propose that we drop the term Spiritualism and use the word God, which was what the people wanted. I declined her offer. On asking her the nature of the cult she was going to inaugurate, her answer was somewhat indefinite, but she mentioned three things: the dropping of the term Spiritualism, the use of the term God, and the subject of healing.

In view of the fact that the claim that Mrs. Eddy was at one time a Spiritualist and a medium has been denied, we think that the above definite statement by Mrs. Russegut should be put on record in 'LIGHT.' We know Mrs. Russegut personally and feel assured that her testimony may be relied on, as she speaks from knowledge.

SPIRITUALISM is being freely discussed in the 'Clarion' and in the local papers at Bournemouth, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Merthyr Tydfil.

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A MEETING-PLACE FOR CHRISTIANS AND JEWS.

Rabbi Wise, of the Free Synagogue in New York, has been justifying certain 'union meetings' in the Synagogue between Jews and two 'Denominations' of Liberal Christians. This has been denounced by fellow Jews as though it meant a surrender of Judaism, or a weak coquetting with Christians as a partial recognition of their claims. We take notice of the Rabbi's oration in defence because in it he mounted far above all sectarian or ceremonial considerations, ignored both Jews and Christians as such, and, with spiritual freedom, bade them both follow him to a survey of ground common to both, and to a work that indicates the ideal service for all.

He is conscious of a new spirit which is more interested in Humanity than in Church or Synagogue. In a sense, he would substitute the service of man for the service of God, and he sees that many are restless under the old dogmatic and ceremonial limitations. As a Jew, he speaks of Judaism as 'Israel,' but associates with it, not a formal mediæval ritual but the old spirit that can be found in the buoyant teachings of the glorious old prophets. In two ways, he says, opposition to intercourse works for evil. Nominally making for the conservation of Jewish life, it would tend to drive out of Israel the children of the new time; and it would widen the breach between Jew and Christian, and stifle the spirit of goodwill which it is so desirable to foster.

The good Rabbi has been told to be patient. 'Ultimately, what you desire may come; but we are not ready for the blending of Christian and Jew for united action, still less for occasional united worship.' But why should we not make a beginning? is the reply. If the principle will ever be a right one, it is right now. If it will ever be right to have the tree, it must now be right to plant the seed. It is the long look ahead that counts for the good and the best in the realm of religion as truly as in every field of human endeavour.

But the real justification for this movement is found in the object of it. There is no thought of conversion or even of dogmatic blending in it. The Rabbi sounds the note of absolute independence and sincerity. Any attempted fusion of religious faiths would lead, he says, to spiritual confusion. 'Outward uniformity is the death-knell of

inward unity': and 'the highest unity of the spirit must ever be found amid the widest diversity of form.' Hence, it must be fully recognised by the Christian that the Jew is not holding by an inferior and benighted faith; and the Jew must be proud to feel that he can find 'the highest and noblest self-expression only along the lines of his own splendid history': and very shrewdly the Rabbi tells us that the purpose of these united meetings is to convert Jews to Judaism and Christians to Christianity: that is to say, to give life to both, and life more abundantly; to make Jews more zealous to act up to the old faith and life of Israel, and to make Christians more zealous for the practice of Christianity.

That leads right up to the one aim, which is simply the concentration of attention and action upon the world's needs—the unification and concentration of Jew and Christian alike in the working out of the common purpose of Israel and Christendom to hallow the world with justice, to bless it with the beauty of holiness, and to restore to life's disinherited their rightful heritage of life.

The church and the synagogue, says the Rabbi, are not ends in themselves. They are not trophies to be cherished: they are instruments to be used. If the united meetings were only united 'services' of worship, they would be futile. The object is union for action: the blending is blending for work. We come together—not that we may be together, but that we may battle together. He says:—

In viewing synagogue and church alike as supreme agencies of human service, we think of synagogue and church not as a fire around which to stand that we may warm ourselves, but as a torch by us to be borne and handed down, a torch that shall cast the light of religion into the dark places of the earth—illuminating once more the enshadowed souls of God's children.

The three 'Denominations' concerned are clear about it. One of the leaders said to another, 'I feel as you do that all the great social problems are religious problems and they must be faced and met from the religious point of view, and that synagogue and church must claim leadership in the march of social progress.' And the answer came: 'Our purpose, if I judge it rightly, is to emphasise that our modern social problems are, at bottom, religious problems and must be looked at from the God-point of view.' These earnest men are out for what they call 'the re-socialisation of de-socialised society,' and they would have a great rally of religious men and women for giving to all classes the possibilities of a full human life, and a rally of all churches for bringing to bear the principles of justice and brotherhood upon the conditions of work and life everywhere. 'Men prate about the Divine fatherhood and human brotherhood,' cries the Rabbi, in one pardonable cry of protest, 'but, when, in the name of the God of men, the God of Jew and Christian, the hands of two religious fellowships are outstretched to us, we are not to grasp them rejoicingly, but are to reject them as if the acceptance of such fellowship were endangering to the cause of religion.' And yet, even for the Church's own sake, the need of a more compassionate spirit is urgent, suggests the Rabbi:—

We look out upon the world and find to our shame and horror that when in Portugal the standard of liberty is raised, the teachers of the great national Church are at once marked for pillage and slaughter because they have proved themselves to be freedom's foes and the relentless enemies of popular progress. If, then, we unite, as we have united, it is because we would save the churches, all of them, church and synagogue alike, from the peril of drifting into a position of indifference to the terrible wrongs and tragic injustices that obtain in the world to-day.

We are not sorry that, after all, the Rabbi hits out against his critics, and flings out aloft the flag of Israel in Israel's face. I want the Jew, he says, to be true to all that is highest and holiest in the teachings of Israel, and to show to the Christian that he also may be fired with

the longing for social justice and national righteousness under the solemnising appeal of the Hebrew psalms, so that the words of the old masters in Israel may be quickened to life at last. If we are to be offended because Jews and Christians combine for social and national service, he cries :—

let us erase from the pages of the second Isaiah the impassioned and sensational appeal for religious unity : 'For my house shall be called a house of prayer unto all peoples.' Let us say that Malachi was a traitor when he asked : 'Have we not all one Father ; hath not one God created us ?' Let us tear the pages of the Prophet Amos out of our Hebrew Bible ; let us say that Amos was mad when he demanded that justice shall flow like waters and righteousness as a mighty stream ; or else let us not forever be indifferent to the wants and woes, the tears and tragedies of the work-a-day world, and do what in us lies to the end that the mightiest hope that man ever permitted himself to dream shall be realised at last and that none shall have a larger place in translating that glorious dream into still more glorious reality than we who are the younger brothers of Amos and Micah and Isaiah.

We repeat, that we are not sorry to see this intrepid Rabbi bang his Jewish critics with their own cherished books.

LIFE AND WORK OF THE REV. JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

BY JAMES ROBERTSON.

It has long been my desire to set down in words, however imperfectly, some of my deep inner feelings regarding the life work of a notable man, who, to my mind, has not received that recognition which his genius, his energy, his public service and sacrifice deserve. To me John Page Hopps has ever appeared one of the highest types of men ; wise, learned, sympathetic, brave in the expressions of his belief, and possessing that cool, calm, intelligent courage that makes one feel that he has entrenched himself on the great realities of Nature and of life. He it was who touched my life with the magic of his eloquence, who became an interpreter of divine truth, giving seeds of life to plant in the garden of my soul when it was choked with the weeds of doubt and denial, when religion had become a myth which man had inherited without a title. I owe, perhaps, more to him than to any person now in the body, for he opened wide a door through which, as I entered, I gained the first glimpse of a rational and spiritual philosophy wherein religion was not separated from common life. At a period of apathy he seemed to say : 'Arise, O sleeper, and face life with a brave spirit. The Infinite Goodness is over all and works with purpose and wisdom in carrying out His modes of action.' It will be best, however, for me to set forth what I learned regarding his own mental and spiritual growth before I came within the sphere of his personal influence. This I have garnered largely from his own writings.

In one of his books, 'Death a Delusion,' Mr. Hopps speaks of his mother as being a vigorous-minded woman, not sentimental, but more agnostic than anything, and yet a kind of medium, pouring out at times torrents of what we would now call automatic writing. No doubt to his agnostic-spiritual mother he was indebted for the promptings which called him to be a preacher of righteousness, a light-bearer in the wilderness of life. Truly, it is as Theodore Parker has said : 'When virtue leaps high in the public fountain, you seek for the lofty spring of nobleness, and find it far off in the dear breast of some mother.' This mother of Mr. Hopps, singular to say, is linked on to the life's story of Mr. J. J. Morse. 'Accidentally (?) entering her shop to purchase some thread, Mr. Morse, then a youth, heard a talk going on between her and another lady about Spiritualism. He impudently interrupted, saying : 'You are not such a fool as to believe in that stuff, are you ?' to which Mrs. Hopps good-humouredly replied, 'Yes, I am.' She entered into a further conversation, and finished by giving him some books to read, one of which was 'Six Months' Experience at Home of Spirit Communion'—a book which must have been written at an early period of Mr. Hopps's career. The spiritual

world evidently engrossed Mr. Hopps's attention from his earliest years, for he tells us that he was an interested reader of Swedenborg at the age of fourteen. The outcome of his reading, however, was not Swedenborgianism, for he became a student at the Baptist College, Leicester, and in due course was ordained for that ministry, having charge for some time of the Baptist Church at Hugglescote, Leicestershire.

Baptised with the spirit of a free-thinking mother, Mr. Hopps was not likely to remain for long satisfied with creedal Christianity. He toiled to develop every faculty, every power of his mind, and old ideas which were cramping to his soul were soon displaced by something loftier and brighter. In the year 1857 he was installed as assistant to George Dawson, minister of 'the Church of the Saviour' at Birmingham. George Dawson was certainly a unique character, a man of magnetic quality who drew a whole city to him, a veritable force of living power whose influence went out to the municipal as well as to the religious life of the city. David Christie Murray has said of him that he was potentially the greatest man he ever rubbed shoulders with. It would be difficult to make out what his theology was ; he preached from his heart the thoughts which were given him, whether these conflicted with Christianity or not. Emerson and Carlyle to him were prophets equal in height of mind or depth of thought to the Old Testament worthies. He it was who accompanied Carlyle and Emerson on their visit to Stonehenge, as set down in Emerson's 'Traits.'

There must have been something living, some breathings of the new spirit, in the young minister, which drew the Moses of Birmingham towards him. George Dawson, with his keen insight, doubtless recognised that Hopps was capable of standing up for truth and right, capable of deepening the channels of human morality in which God's justice might run with its blessings. Intercourse with such a man as Dawson must have had a sweet and blessed influence on the buoyant spirit of the young preacher. I do not think Dawson was called a Unitarian, nor did he trouble himself about names. Great truths about man, God and religion flooded his mind, and he breathed them forth. A man who had imbibed the thoughts of Emerson could not live in other than a free temple where he could give out what his soul regarded as true, what his heart deemed lovely.

Mr. Hopps was, at all events, a declared Unitarian when he parted from George Dawson's Church and entered upon the pastorate of a Unitarian Church at Sheffield, where he laboured for a short time, being called in 1869 to the charge of the old chapel at Dukinfield, near Manchester. Spiritualism must have been pressing its great realities upon him more and more, for while resident here he issued a small octavo monthly entitled 'Daybreak,' which attested to the fact of spirit ministry. He was president of the Manchester Progressive Spiritualists' Society for a season and interested himself in mediums and séances, some of the results of which are chronicled in his 'Death a Delusion.' 'Daybreak' was finally given over to the editorship of James Burns, who issued it as a weekly under the title of 'The Medium and Daybreak.' There are few old Spiritualists who were not influenced in some way by the spirit of this really powerful exponent of our subject. The fame of Mr. Hopps as a preacher had evidently spread to Scotland, as he was invited to occupy St. Vincent-street Church, Glasgow, in succession to the Rev. Henry W. Crosskey. He came to Glasgow about 1871, I think. Soon he was an important figure in the community. Those who disliked his faith were continually talking about the 'dangerous' influence that was in their midst. Young and alert, he was a frequent writer to the Press and had ever a strong word to say at meetings called for public amelioration. Very few outside his own church saw one half of the meaning of his labours, prejudice being stronger than justice. Had a man with his attainments only come amongst them free from the Unitarian taint, all he had to say would have stirred their pulses. He took a wise and a wide interest in the welfare of the people, having great natural capacity for understanding public affairs. Although I heard him spoken about, the word 'Unitarian' did not attract me, or affect me. The old faiths in which I had been nurtured had for some years been dead to me and unrest on religious matters was my constant companion. The authentic Church Catechism had not fallen into my hands ; the old 'Shorter

Catechism' which I had imbibed from childhood had been tried and discarded for ever. I went to churches of various sects, attracted, it might be, by some striking topic, but ever left them dissatisfied. I tried the Secular Hall oftentimes, and heard brilliant bits of intellectual pleading, but these only sustained me for a day or two and left me with a sense of something lacking. I felt that I needed some kind of authority, and yet the only authority there was had become unbelievable. I sighed for something which could run in harness with reason and yet be in tune with the inner religious promptings. Such was my condition of mind when I first saw Mr. Hopps. He had been invited to give an address to a temperance association with which I was connected, and he spoke on Carlyle. What he said riveted my attention. I was struck with the sincerity, the sweet spirit of the speaker; the truths he uttered appealed to me, and I came away other than I had been. Though I had read 'Essays and Reviews,' 'Ecce Homo,' Renan, &c., Carlyle was only a name to me. I knew nothing of 'Sartor' or 'Heroes,' or the profound 'Essays,' which have done so much to quicken the mental and spiritual nature of man, so that my first debt to Mr. Hopps is that he sent me to this great teacher whose thoughts have become part of my life. Soon I went to the church where Mr. Hopps officiated, but was not fortunate on my first visit. Some commotion had been created by Mr. Hopps's 'Life of Jesus,' which a savage Calvinist preacher, who occupied a unique position in the city, commanding the approval of thousands, had unjustly branded as a blasphemous book. This person represented all that was dark in theology in its most hideous form, and revelled in the magic of the blood atonement, the power of Satan, and the necessity of saving souls from the wrath of God. He even went the length of publishing Mr. Hopps's book, with comments of his own, asserting that a person who denied the doctrine of the Trinity was not entitled to the protection of the law. A 'heretic' could not, he said, claim any right of copyright. Mr. Hopps had chosen the night of my first visit to read his book in place of the usual sermon to show how free it was from the blasphemy with which it was credited. I was so far removed from spiritual ideas at the time that I was very dissatisfied with his treatment of the appearance of Jesus after death. I felt it was merely trifling with reason to acknowledge that Jesus had been seen after the Crucifixion; after a rational story of a human life to tack on this supernatural part was too much for me. I read the story afterwards with the new eye which Spiritualism gave me, and appreciated the sweet and reasonable treatment of the subject. As I was leaving the building I saw some books for sale and purchased that epoch-making volume by Theodore Parker, 'A Discourse on Matters Pertaining to Religion.' Even now I can scarcely set down calmly what a revelation this work was to me. Here at last was the man who spoke out what I thought but could not say—a man who faced all the problems of religious faith and life, who with his great religious genius warmed the soul and developed the intellect. If Carlyle stirred me to be courageous and dutiful, this man had a larger and more complete message. I have been drinking from his fountain of inspired thought since that night, and feel that, if the world would but absorb his sacred writings it would be healthier, holier and brighter. I ever think of John Page Hopps as another Theodore Parker, with the same bright tone of mind, the same luminous exposition, the same beautiful expression and deep insight into spiritual life, the same bright confidence in the wisdom and purpose of God, and the same deep, loving sympathy for the children of men.

My reading of Parker sent me back to Mr. Hopps with a mind from which had been swept away the doubts and fears that had oppressed it. Literally I revelled in the thoughts which Mr. Hopps now gave me, I was refreshed in spirit, and worked in the strength of his teaching many 'forty days.' Even now I can recall the spirit of his joyous utterances—so forcible, direct, clear and instructive. He was influenced by the glory of knowing true things and being true to them. Where truth, love, religion were gathered together he was in their company. Sometimes when his electric touch thrilled me, I asked myself, 'Whence the source of this sweet optimistic spirit?' I saw not yet, in Nature or life, sufficient for so jubilant a note, for then I

knew nothing of Spiritualism or of the mighty truth that 'The wise man stands ever encompassed and spiritually embraced by a cloud of witnesses and brothers.'

In April, 1873, Mr. Hopps was elected a member of the first School Board—an event which created considerable interest. All the city was alive and all the forces of the Church were at work to prevent his return. He stood alone as the advocate of secular education, and many were the brave appeals he made to free the children from the weight of what was falsely called religious teaching. He was ever on the war path, scattering his bombs of reason into the camp of the enemy. Veritably he was a living force, and the weight of his arguments helped in the education of the many. He issued for a while a weekly or monthly journal called 'The Free Lance,' printed by his Spiritualistic friend, Mr. Hay Nisbet, which gave expression to his reforming spirit, but the time was scarcely ripe for the reception of his advanced thought. With his other work, he laboured to establish a Unitarian Church in the East End of Glasgow. Never at rest, he was literally the creator of this mission, collecting the funds and labouring with all his powers to make it a success. I became attached to this church and was afterwards the treasurer. I still went often, however, to receive the wise counsels which he showered out from his own pulpit. It was in 1876 that Mr. Hopps relinquished his Glasgow charge for that of Leicester. Up to this period I had known nothing of Spiritualism, nor ever heard the name of Mr. Hopps associated with the subject. There were seasons when I felt the world still needed something more tangible on which to base its faith than the elevated thoughts of Emerson, Carlyle or Parker. I was more than satisfied, however, when at last I found what I had never dreamed there was to be found, evidence which could point to the reality of a future life. My joy and enthusiasm were indeed great, when this world of spirit opened to my vision. Year by year has it been to me a tower of strength, an abiding place in which I can rest fully amid the storms of life. When the light came to me, I could understand the strength of Mr. Hopps's preaching. He knew of spiritual facts, and these gave him the power to enunciate in clear, firm tones the bright and hopeful message that gladdened men's souls. It was not that he hid his knowledge of Spiritualism, for it was an open secret, although unknown to me, that he believed in spirit action and had brought Kate Fox to Glasgow so that the evidence might be tested.

A few years afterwards, when Mr. Hopps gave an address in the Berkely Hall, Glasgow, and spoke openly of the evidence for a future life, my delight was great to hear again the old melodious voice, with its rich outpouring of lofty ideals. Many of his old friends gathered in front of the platform to speak to him at the close. I had scarcely known him personally, but strongly desired to thank him for all that he had done to lift me out of the morass, and prepare my mind for the larger truths of Spiritualism. My timidity, however, held me back, and I slipped away, leaving my gratitude unspoken—but the knowledge that the man who had helped to rouse my spiritual aspirations was a believer in those moving truths which alone are capable of dissipating materialism and bringing true consolation to the world, gave me added strength. 'The Truthseeker,' a monthly magazine which he edited, I had read since first his speech affected me, and later on I was kept in touch with him through 'The Coming Day,' in which each month I seemed to have a message from him. What an encyclopædia of wisdom is enshrined in these periodicals! At Leicester he carried on a brave and successful work for years, drawing thousands of hearers to his services in a public hall. The only published echoes of his work are 'Recollections of twenty Sunday afternoon addresses,' which give forth fine common-sense views of religion, in that choice and simple language of which he is a master. I clearly recollect the severe illness which struck him down there, and which was telegraphed to all the newspapers. In the after years when I was brought into closer personal touch with him, he told me of an interesting incident which took place when he was becoming convalescent. He had asked a member of his family to take a pencil in her hand to see if some writing might not come. 'Only a scribble' was thought to be

the result, but when Mr. Hopps looked at it he recognised the signature of his old friend George Dawson. It was all so natural. From the unseen, the teacher of other days had called and handed in his card to congratulate the invalid on his convalescence.

The period of Mr. Hopps's life spent at Leicester was productive of much noble work. It was a season of mental and spiritual blossoming. 'The Future Life,' one of a series of religious 'Handbooks,' was issued. This volume, which embodies the religious growth of the writer, is the work of a man who has thought deeply, and has placed himself in line with all modern scientific discovery. It is a rich treasure of literature which should hold a place in the affections of thinking people for a generation. How aptly he has caught up all the old speculations, the teachings of the Bible, the scientific basis of belief, the witness borne by Nature and human nature. The book's great strength comes from the positive knowledge the writer possessed that the world of spirit was an actual world of throbbing life, pulsating through the striving souls still labouring to catch the light. There is no darkness, no sense of fear—he faces boldly all the issues and inculcates the *largest* hope. Unlike Farrar's 'Eternal Hope,' which deals only in surmise, extracting from the Old and New Testament what might favour the idea, Mr. Hopps's book goes much higher and deeper; it lifts us completely from the realm of doubt, and establishes us on the foundations of Nature. There are so many books from his pen that it is not possible to refer to them all. 'Beside the Still Waters' was the product of his life while at Leicester; he calls it 'Meditations on Personal Religion,' but it is a series of sweet soul revelations. None but a truly religious man could have given expression to these internal emotions of piety, these soarings to the loftiest altitude, none who had not felt the reality of God. They penetrate the depths of our inner being, and bring peace and harmony to blend with the surging thoughts of daily life.

Leicester brought Mr. Hopps near to London and so into closer contact with the work of Spiritualism, which, after all, is destined to be the great religious lever that will raise men upward. As Gerald Massey has said: 'It will put a new soul into religion and flash its light on many dark realms.' The old religions had little of knowledge associated with them, but the religion which will be the outcome of the spiritual truths which Mr. Hopps has stood for, and which writers like Davis have philosophically established, will be founded on facts of common experience that never can slip out of our hands.

Mr. Hopps has told us that in his early days he was in touch with those spiritual pioneers, William and Mary Howitt, and at a later date his conversations with Cromwell Varley, William Crookes, Alfred Russel Wallace, Gerald Massey and others very seriously impressed him. Men of all patterns of thought have influenced him. What loving admiration he had for George Jacob Holyoake, the sweet-minded secularist! For thinkers of every school he had deep regard, and he was able to investigate their thought and bring out their charms.

In 1892 Mr. Hopps settled in Croydon, and since then he has been one of the most prominent workers for Spiritualism. How much the readers of 'LIGHT' have been indebted to him for the rich presentations of truth he has given them! What new light he has thrown on the mediumship of the Old Testament prophets with the searchlight of his ripened spirit! We can see by his aid how Ezekiel of old was moved to act and speak much as is the modern medium. How much that we never comprehended before has he lucidly made clear! 'LIGHT' has contained some of his best work. 'Pessimism, Science, and God,' amongst many other articles of the rarest value, ran through its pages. What could be finer than this short extract, the very essence of the believing heart?—

The great Power which throbs and works and creates behind the stuff we call 'matter,' and behind the modes of manifestation we call 'phenomena,' or 'laws,' seems to dwell even more in the future than in the past, whose incidents, like so many threads, seem to be used up only for evolving the future. It may only be a fancy, but what a splendid fancy it is, that there is an Intelligence which corresponds to this supreme fact of continuity and far-reachingness in Nature—an Intelligence which sees the end from the beginning and perceives the patterns in the whirling loom of Time—which knows that the heart-break

and the struggle will result in the development of ever higher forms of life, and sees all the sorrowful stumblings of humanity end at last in home. Is it an arbitrary stretch of imagination to see that Nature's deepest and strongest 'stream of tendency' is for happiness and advancement? Is it going too far if we assume intelligence behind the moral and spiritual as before we imagined it behind the creative and controlling force?

The whole volume is made up of 'gems of purest rays serene' which only a poet who had sounded the chords of the celestial could have penned. It is a pouring out of all the soul inspirations that have flowed into his being amidst a life of untiring industry. Some day the world will gather up these pearls of wisdom, and, pondering over them, thank God that so much of truth and beauty has been given.

Few men have ever led more strenuous lives than Mr. Hopps. What his hand has found to do he has worked at with all his powers. Under the charm of his inspiration we are taken out of the mean and petty, and this inspiration never seems to weaken. It is as inexhaustible as the widow's cruse of oil. Stainton Moses once said he had known him long as a teacher, a fearless truthseeker, a capable exponent of the truth as he found it. He has accomplished much more for humanity than he will ever realise on earth; his thought and life have entered into the consciousness of many, and they are other than they were. All he has said has been as refreshing as flowers and woods and clear brooks. Ofttimes I have wondered that such lofty genius as he has been gifted with has not placed him on the topmost pinnacle of fame, but what, after all, is fame in comparison with being a light-bearer amidst the darkness, a sweet and holy influence in the lives of mortals?

For eleven years he ministered to the Free Christian Church at Croydon, but his pen and voice were ever active in other quarters. 'Our Father's Church,' a movement to join reverential souls together all the world over, has been carried on for many years. All that is religious and sympathetic, rather than theological or dogmatic, all that will promote reverential feeling and righteous living, is the food which is bestowed in the delightful tracts which Mr. Hopps issues at intervals to members. He has for long been one of the pillars of the London Spiritualist Alliance, delivering many addresses and shedding his wise counsel on its work. London proper had him for its own when he was called upon to fill the pulpit of the historic Little Portland-street Chapel, made so famous by the preaching of James Martineau. 'The Coming Day' for some years past has given uplifting thoughts to the rational and spiritually minded.

Time has dealt gently with him, for, although he is seventy-six years of age, the old energy seems unabated. His touch is as sure, his intellect as keen and searching as ever. The noble, pure-hearted spirit, so sympathetic and bright, becomes, if anything, more fully unfolded as the years pass.

To the 'Contemporary Review' for January he contributes an article entitled 'Haeckel and Monism,' in which he displays the same vigour and penetration, the same living faith in the Absolute Goodness as of yore. He sees the old materialism of men like Haeckel drifting into a new channel and merging into the conviction 'that there lives "one spirit in all things," and that the whole cognisable world is constituted and has been developed in accordance with one common fundamental law.' Haeckel comes into line almost with the teachings of that marvellous seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, whose philosophy still awaits recognition. Mr. Hopps points out in this 'Contemporary' article that Haeckel is not far removed, in speech at all events, from the Archbishop of York's confession of God as 'The great all-encompassing energy of the Universe.'

How much of wisdom, of justice, of goodness and holiness—how many beatitudes has not Mr. Hopps planted in men's minds during his long life! Many whose faces he has never seen call him blessed, for he has sown seed that will bud and blossom and bear fruit that he knows not of. He has been an influence for all 'that is good, all that can uplift humanity.' The lofty ideals with which he set out on life's journey have been lived up to.

Fidelity to truth and right' has been his life's motto. The Spiritualists who have heard his voice or read his thoughts have recognised him as one of their standard-bearers, whose buoyant, cheerful spirit has helped them on their way. When the hour

for promotion comes, many brave souls in the 'Summerland,' as Davis called the after-death realm of existence, will welcome this intrepid hero, and he will rejoice that he has stood faithful to the end. That he may not be called home for a long time will be the prayer of many. We need more and more his great intellect, his great heart, his great character amongst us to scatter pearls of wisdom and knowledge, and to create an atmosphere by which the heavenly inhabitants can come closer than ever to earth to teach us in clearer fashion the living truths of God. Among those brave souls who have laboured loyally and well for the spiritual reformation, there are few indeed who have done better than the inspired teacher, John Page Hopps.

STRIKING NEW EVIDENCE OF SPIRIT IDENTITY.*

Mr. J. Arthur Hill's book, 'New Evidence in Psychical Research,' is a very useful and interesting one. It is the work of a writer who, as he himself intimates, has crossed the 'Rubicon,' on the further side of which stand 'determined materialists.' He has crossed it: he has not always been on this side. He therefore speaks from experience when he tells us what he considers to be the only alternative remaining to those who refuse to cross it. He says:—

The only consistent thing for the determined materialist to do is to deny that the [supernormal] phenomena happen. This heroic measure works very well—as it did in my own case—until one's experience is enlarged by running up against some of the facts. Then there is a tussle; for prejudices die hard.

This paragraph, taken from the last chapter, indicates the aim of the writer and the nature of his work. His personal experience equips him to meet the difficulties and doubts of objectors; he knows just the points at which their doubts will arise, and what the character of their objections will be; and whilst he gives them the benefit of every plausible explanation which they may suggest, he deals squarely and uncompromisingly with the unscientific and tortuous assumptions by which some 'determined materialists' evade the problems and shirk the conclusions to which the facts logically lead. The book is strongly and clearly written, and is likely to be not less effective because, as the writer would himself admit, it shows that 'prejudices,' which 'die hard,' are not quite extinct even in the mind of this sincere investigator. For instance, in his excellent opening chapter, apropos of the physical phenomena which are testified to by so many students of Eusapia Paladino, he says, with characteristic candour, that he has been much impressed by the report of Messrs. Baggally, Carrington, and Feilding, but adds:—

The conviction of years, that these things cannot happen—however unscientific, as I admit—is not shaken by mere reading. Indeed, I doubt if I should believe in some of these things even if I saw them . . . and even if these phenomena were established as occurring without normal causation they would not prove anything except the existence of a force unrecognised by orthodox science.

With his scepticism concerning physical phenomena, and his assurance that they can have no bearing on the subject of spirit communications, many readers of 'LIGHT' will certainly disagree; but his attitude of reserve on this point will attract the very class of readers to whom this book is mainly addressed, namely, those who are at present unconvinced of the genuineness of alleged supernormal phenomena. They will be all the more disposed to give respectful attention to the testimony which he produces for the mental phenomena, and the reasons he gives for the opinion to which those phenomena have led him, namely, that there is—

evidence enough to justify even a cautious and sceptical mind in believing that this other order of existence is a fact: that human personality survives the wrench of bodily death, the cosmic scheme widening as the spirit grows; that materialism,

at least, is a short-sighted philosophy and a putting of the cart before the horse, spirit being the reality and matter the illusion; that the things that are seen are temporal and the unseen things the more enduring.

Many of the experiences with which he deals carry with them striking evidence of the identity of the communicators. The medium called 'Watson' is particularly successful in obtaining names and other tokens for identification. Some of these refer to persons deceased for a quarter of a century and more, and Mr. Hill shows that there are strong reasons for discarding the notion that these pieces of information were normally obtained.

One case has, for myself, a special interest, as I happened to be the means of introducing the sitter (Mr. Frank Knight, pseudonym) to his first experience with a medium, whose pseudonym is 'Miss McDonald.' He wrote to me afterwards: 'The whole thing has come as a very great surprise to me, as I was decidedly sceptical, not only about spirit return, but about the immortality of the soul. I feel obliged now to believe in both.' (I quote with his permission.) Those who read the account of this interview in Chapter III. will not be surprised at the effect it produced, respecting which he says:—

The sitting had a profound effect upon me, and during its progress, at all events, I had not the slightest doubt that I was actually speaking to my dead mother.

The following instance gives a good idea of the type of cases dealt with in this volume.

After having made several correct statements about Mr. Knight's relatives, the medium (in this case Mr. Watson) took up a pencil and wrote a letter purporting to come from his mother, in which she asked: 'At seven minutes to 8 o'clock to-day do you remember any particular sensation, because I was in close touch with you then?'

Mr. Knight remarks: 'At seven minutes to eight on the morning of the sitting, I was standing in my bedroom, saying aloud (just after glancing at my watch) that if my mother could hear my voice, I wanted her to know that the medium was coming in the evening, and would she, if possible, write me a letter through his hand. I was not, however, conscious of any particular sensation.'

The letter continued: 'Your father and I are happily reunited after so long a separation. Twenty-five years seemed a long time, but now one understands the experiences of life better.'

(Mr. Knight tells us that his father died twenty-five years before his mother.)

The letter further refers correctly to his aunts, 'Kathleen' and 'Florence,' and adds in connection with the latter name: 'You would perhaps know how she followed your little sister, Nora. Well, she has been her guardian and teacher, such a beautiful woman she is now.' This, too, is quite appropriate, for his aunt died in 1876 and his infant sister in 1875. He says: 'I do not believe that anyone in our town, outside our small family circle, knew that I had had a sister who died in infancy in 1875.'

The medium stated later that the child had lived from February till April, and this Mr. Knight found to be correct when he had looked up the dates.

The latter part contains a useful summary of some of the recent cross-correspondences published by the S.P.R., and the whole book certainly deserves the commendation with which Sir Oliver Lodge introduces it when he says that it is characterised by 'careful and responsible truthfulness.'

H. A. DALLAS.

LUTON.—Mrs. S., who has recently removed to Luton, would be pleased to know Spiritualists in that town and to attend meetings, or a circle. Letters may be addressed to her c/o the Editor of 'LIGHT,' 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C.

EVIDENTLY Mr. Robertson, whose fine appreciation of Mr. Hopps appears in this issue of 'LIGHT,' believes in acting in accordance with the spirit of the following lines:—

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him, yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow;
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

* 'New Evidence in Psychical Research. A Record of Investigations with Selected Examples of Recent S.P.R. Results.' By J. ARTHUR HILL. With an Introduction by SIR OLIVER LODGE. Messrs. Rider and Sons, 3s. 6d. net, post free 3s. 10d. On sale at 'LIGHT' Office, 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C.

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.

A Circle for Materialisations.

SIR,—I am most anxious to form a small circle with the object of attempting to get materialisations of the human form, and I would like to ask those of your readers who, already possessing some psychic knowledge and experience, are desirous of joining such a circle (in London) and are willing to attend it with perfect regularity, punctuality, and zeal, to communicate with me.

For obvious reasons professional mediums are not asked to answer this letter, as no question of pecuniary benefit to anyone will enter into the subject.

I need hardly say that if I am able to form this circle and phenomena of interest result, I will always be glad to furnish you with an account of such.—Yours, &c., FIDELIS.

Protection by Dogs.

SIR,—Referring to the story of protection by mysterious dogs, given in 'LIGHT' of January 21st, I send you an account of a similar incident, which I had from a lady before I saw your narrative. It tallies with the one you published to a certain extent, and the cumulative effect of these narratives, I think, adds to their strength.

The following incident took place thirteen or fourteen years ago in the neighbourhood of South Shields. I had been visiting relatives and left about 9.45 p.m. It was a foggy night, and the lady who saw me out noticed a number of dogs passing the gate, and jokingly remarked that there were plenty of dogs to protect me. I had not gone more than two hundred yards when five dogs came running up to me, one large, two smaller, and two smaller still. I felt a little nervous, but spoke to the doggies, and they all trotted behind me. The way soon led past an old quarry, which has since been filled up and built upon. On my reaching the spot a man climbed out. He had evidently heard my footsteps, but on seeing the dogs he crept back again.

For about half a mile further the road was a lonely one, and the dogs still followed me, sometimes trotting across the road, but always returning "to heel."

I was beginning to wonder how, when I reached home, I should get rid of my companions, but I need not have been anxious on that score, for when we came shortly afterwards to where there were houses on both sides of the road, the dogs left me and I saw them no more.

"Some weeks later, on my relating the story to friends, I learnt that girls returning from school had been pursued by a man near the quarry I have mentioned, and that it was still deemed advisable, for the safety of the girls attending a certain school, that they should be accompanied home by a teacher."—Yours, &c., J. W. MACDONALD.

North Shields.

Magnetic Healing.

SIR,—My wife, following on the birth of her first child seven years ago, was left a terrible wreck through, I believe, faulty medical treatment and faulty nursing (though I believe both parties did their best). For five years after she was under continuous medical treatment, including that of an eminent Liverpool specialist. Having undergone one operation, she was to have undergone a second, but our family medical man advised against it.

Though not, perhaps, altogether entitled to call myself a Spiritualist, I had something of a belief in the possibility of spiritual healing, and, as every doctor we had consulted had been baffled, I acted on advice and took my wife to Mr. Irvine, the well-known Spiritualist medium and healer. She was under his treatment about eight weeks, and since that time not one penny has been paid for medical treatment. That he is not a humbug was proved by my wife's clairvoyance. Though at the time she saw her *real* healers she had not, beyond a feeling of amusement, the slightest interest in Spiritualism.

Her case is convincing to me, but I have seen cases and read obviously genuine letters of an astounding nature which put her case in the shade.

Amid all the conflict of evidence met in the pursuit of a study of vast import, but of extremest difficulty, one fact shines clearly, that when, like the woman with the bloody issue, all money has been spent and all hope has fled, a power exists for those who will seek it which will redeem from physical ills. I enclose my name and address, but am unable to permit their publication.—Yours, &c., CREWE.

VERITAS.

'The Laughter of Jehovah.'

SIR,—Your article on p. 54 on 'The Laughter of God' reminded me of an essay or article of mine written last May, and now before me in MS., entitled 'The Laugh of Jehovah; or, the Humour of Jesus, portrayed in Holy Writ and the Face of Nature for the Health and Comfort of Devout Souls, duly set forth by a Son of God, one Thomas May, in the month Gemini of the Era 1910.' In the 'Christian World' for April 28th, 1910, the Rev. G. A. Hazlehurst, vicar of St. Thomas, Derby, is reported as saying: 'We clergy are a frightfully dull set. At middle age we can never see a joke, and we are as dull as ditch-water.' As people's nature, so is their theology. Let us take notice of this, and try and cultivate a little of the salt of the saving grace of humour in Spiritualism. I believe we want more joy and laughter to wake us up a bit.—Yours, &c., THOS. MAY.

Pomona, Elmes-road, Bournemouth.

SIR,—When I read your fine article on 'The Laughter of God' I was forcibly reminded of a poem I wrote many years ago. I put it carefully away, fearing that no editor would accept it—but perhaps you may be willing to find room for it. Here it is:—

'God smiled,
And the skies turned blue.
God frowned,
And the storm clouds grew.
God dreamed,
And the west wind blew.

'God laughed,
And the brooklet ran.
God vowed,
By the rainbow's span.
God loved,
And gave Christ to man!'

—Yours, &c.,

Sutton.

E. P. PRENTICE.

More 'Dream Experiences.'

SIR,—I have been an earnest inquirer for many years—am a drawing medium and draw portraits of friends known and unknown, which I am informed are of artistic merit, though I have never made any study of art, excepting music. I am not a blind disciple of Spiritualism and its doctrines by any means, but have been compelled by infallible proofs to accept the fact of spirit communion as a wonderful truth.

My reason in writing to you now is to give my testimony about my dreams, which may interest some of your readers. When quite a child—not more than seven or eight years of age—I had a clear dream of a beautiful sea and a town on the horizon. On the blue sky the word 'Cosmos' was written in large letters, forming a huge arch. Needless to say, the word was unintelligible to me. About one year later I commenced my travels, which have extended round the world and to many lands. Now, at the age of forty-eight, I am still a wanderer.

After my marriage, twenty-one years ago, I recommenced vivid dreams, which have become veritable guides in my life. I know for days and weeks beforehand what is going to happen to myself and family—though I cannot tell the nature of the joy or trouble that is to overtake us.

Quite two months before the late King Edward's death, I dreamed that I was with him in a garden picking flowers. Before us was a wall, evidently enclosing another garden. A door opened in the wall and beyond I could see the sun shining brightly and borders of beautiful flowers. The King walked through the door and I wished to follow him, but someone said: 'No, he must go alone; you cannot go yet.' We discussed the dream at the breakfast table, but none of us could guess the solution.

I never dream when I am particularly anxious to do so. The veridical dreams are most vivid, quite unlike the usual ones, which I often find work out 'unfinished' thoughts. The sea in all its moods is a very usual 'guide' dream. When I read I often see flashes of blue or white sparks. I wonder why!—Yours, &c., CEDAR.

Interesting Clairvoyant Experiences.

SIR,—A friend of ours, a skilled hand in a neighbouring shipyard, recently became interested in Spiritualism, owing to a remarkable occurrence which had befallen him, and he and his wife have been holding meetings in their own home, inviting friends, naturally non-professional investigating mediums, to join them. My widowed sister, my invalid husband and I live near by, and, as my sister and I greatly wished to be present at a séance, but could not leave my husband alone, our

above-mentioned friend came to us. We were a party of ten, including two skilled hands from the shipyard, and their respective wives. Five of our visitors were powerful mediums. My sister and I, though fair musicians, have, owing to age, &c., lost our skill in piano-playing, and have to put up with a pianola for home music rather than be altogether without the enjoyment of an art we love so well.

As soon as we had all sat down and darkened the room, my sister went to the pianola and played a beautiful composition of Chaminade's called 'Autumn.' When she had returned to the circle, one of the mediums, a powerful clairvoyant, said that whilst the music was being played she had seen an old gentleman sitting in the midst of the circle listening. He was tall, thin, with rather a long face and marked features; his long white hair was brushed over his head to his neck, and he had long, thin, delicate white hands. She added that he was dressed in a long black coat, not a frock coat, nor a tail coat—which to us exactly represented a *cassock*—and that he appeared to be sitting in a carved, old-fashioned, high-backed wooden chair, which reached above his head. He seemed to have something to do with the Church, but was not a priest. My sister and I at once exclaimed together: 'It was the Abbé Liszt'—we recognising it as his exact description. The medium asked, 'How do you spell his name?' and then herself spelt out letter by letter, L-I-S-Z-T, and said 'That is it, is it not?' We have no portraits of any kind on our walls, and she afterwards told us she had never heard the name and knew nothing whatever about music. Shortly afterwards another of the mediums exclaimed: 'I see in the circle "Cecile" written in gold letters—do any of the sitters recognise the name?' No one could, but my sister and I remembered that someone we loved, named 'Cecilia,' had long ago passed over, and asked if that was the name intended, to which she replied very definitely, 'No, it was not Cecilia, it was Cecile.' After our again all trying to recognise the name, and failing, other experiences of a different kind occurred, and then the same medium said: 'I again see "Cecile" written in much larger and brighter golden letters'—but none of us could understand.

After our friends had all gone, as my sister was putting up the music, she noticed an envelope lying close to her hand, and recognised it as one in which she kept a cutting relating to Mlle. Chaminade and her beautiful music. Tired though she was, my sister felt compelled to open it, when at once all was explained. 'Cecile' is the Christian name (which we had never known before) of Mlle. Chaminade, whose beautiful composition, 'Autumn,' my sister had played at the opening of the meeting.—Yours, &c., M. H.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- 'An Adventure.' Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d. *net*.
 'The Recollections of a Society Clairvoyant.' London: Eveleigh Nash, Fawside House. 7s. 6d. *net*.
 'Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research' for January. 154, Nassau-street, New York City. 50 cents.
 '2,000 Years in Celestial Life.' Astro Publishing Co., Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.
 'Spiritism: Is it Real?' By A. H. BURTON. London: Part-ridge & Co., 8 and 9, Paternoster-row. 2d.
 'La Morale nei Fenomeni Medianici.' PROFESSOR CARLO CACCIA. Milano: Casa Editrice 'Luce e Ombra.'
 'A Woman on the Threshold.' By MAUDE LITTLE. London: Chatto & Windus. Cloth, 6s.
 'Thoughts on Ultimate Problems.' By F. W. FRANKLAND. London: David Nutt, Long-acre, W.C. Paper cover, 1s. 6d. *net*.
 MAGAZINES: 'Theosophist' for February, Adyar, Madras, S., 1s.; 'Current Literature' for February, 134-140, West 29th Street, New York, 25 cents; 'The Sanctuary' for February, Innisfail, North End-road, Hampstead, N.W., 3d.; 'The Swastika' for January, 1748, Stout-street, Denver, Colorado, U.S.A., 2 cents; 'Harbinger of Light,' E. W. Cole, Book-arcade, Melbourne, 6d.; 'The Commonwealth' for February, Wells Gardner, Paternoster-buildings, E.C., 3d. *net*; 'The Zoophilist and Animals' Defender,' 92, Victoria-street, S.W., 3½d.; 'Review of Reviews' for February.

SPIRITUALISM AT BOURNEMOUTH.—As a result of Father Benson's recent lecture at Bournemouth on 'The Dangers of Spiritualism,' a lengthy correspondence has been carried on in the local press, not the least pleasing feature of which has been the splendid championship of Spiritualism by Sir William Cooper and others. The Bournemouth 'Graphic' published a distinctly friendly and appreciative article, written by its own representative, descriptive of one of the Sunday services of the local society.

SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 12th, &c.

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—*Cavendish Rooms*.—Mrs. Inison gave successful clairvoyant descriptions and helpful messages to a crowded audience. Miss Florence de Lisle effectively rendered a solo. Mr. A. J. Watts presided.—*Percy Hall*.—On the 6th inst. Mr. Leigh Hunt gave fully-recognised clairvoyant descriptions. Mr. W. T. Cooper presided. Sunday next, see advt.—D. N.

HIGHGATE.—GROVEDALE HALL, GROVEDALE-ROAD.—Morning, Mr. A. Graham spoke on 'Orthodox Christianity.' Evening, Mr. W. R. Stebbens gave an address on 'Citizenship.' Convincing clairvoyant descriptions at both meetings. 8th, Mrs. Webster gave an address and psychometric readings. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., Mr. J. Abraham; at 7 p.m., Madame Zaidia. Wednesday, Miss N. Brown. February 18th, at 7.30, Social Gathering. 26th, Mrs. Mary Davies.—J. F.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—Mr. T. Olman Todd spoke on 'The Prophets in the Temple,' and on Sunday next he will deal with 'Miracles of the Ages.' The week evening meetings as usual.—G. T. W.

HACKNEY.—240A, AMHURST-ROAD, N.—Mr. R. King gave an address on 'Life and Death' and answered questions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. D. J. Davis. Monday, at 8, members' circle. Tuesday, at 8, astrology class.—N. R.

BRIXTON.—73, WILTSHIRE-ROAD.—Mrs. Everth gave a beautiful address on 'Life and Death.' Mrs. Johnson followed with many clairvoyant descriptions. Public services, Sunday at 7 o'clock, Wednesday at 8.15.—K. S.

BRIGHTON.—ROOM 'A,' ATHENÆUM HALL, NORTH-STREET.—Mr. Courtney Torr gave an excellent address and exhibited spirit drawings and paintings to an appreciative audience. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., public circle; at 7 p.m., Mrs. Curry.—A. C.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HAMPTON WICK.—Mrs. Jamrach spoke on 'What is Man?' and gave clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, Mr. G. R. Symons, of Ealing, will give an inspirational address. Mr. Beresford will recite.—G. B.

HAMPSTEAD SUBURB.—LADIES' LIBRARY, CLUB HOUSE.—Mrs. Mary Davies delivered a beautiful explanatory address and gave clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Miss A. V. Earle. February 26th, Mr. Gambriel Nicholson. March 5th, Mrs. M. H. Wallis.—A. C.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL, LAUSANNE-ROAD.—An inspiring address was given by Mr. J. Huxley in the evening. Sunday next, Lyceum anniversary. Morning, address by Mrs. Petz; afternoon, Miss Ryder; tea at 5 o'clock; evening, address by Mr. G. Tayler Gwinn. Visitors cordially welcomed.—A. C. S.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—Mr. E. W. Wallis gave two splendidly uplifting addresses. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mrs. Jamrach, addresses and clairvoyant descriptions; also on Monday, at 8. Wednesday, at 3, Mrs. Clarke. Thursdays, at 8, members' developing circle.

STRATFORD.—WORKMEN'S HALL, 27, ROMFORD-ROAD, E.—Miss Violet Burton gave an interesting address to a large audience on 'A Spirit's Interpretation of the Earthly Life.' Mr. Geo. F. Tilby presided. Soloist, Miss M. M. Brown. Sunday next, address by Mr. J. A. Wilkins.—W. H. S.

MANOR PARK.—CORNER OF SHREWSBURY AND STRONE-ROAD.—Mrs. Roberts spoke ably on 'Spirit Friends' and Mr. Roberts gave clairvoyant descriptions. 9th inst., Mr. Trinder gave an address and psychometrical delineations. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Mary Davies, address and clairvoyance.—C. T.

FULHAM.—COLVEY HALL, FERNHURST-ROAD.—A bright and harmonious meeting was held, Mr. Tayler Gwinn presiding. Mr. and Mrs. Alcock-Rush sang duets and Mrs. F. Roberts gave successful clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, Mrs. Neville will give illustrations of psychometry. Wednesday, 22nd, at 8 p.m., Mrs. F. Roberts. Silver collection.—H. C.

UNION OF LONDON SPIRITUALISTS.—The second special propaganda meeting will be held at King's Hall, London-road, S.E. (near Elephant and Castle), on Sunday afternoon, February 26th, at 3 p.m. sharp, when Mr. Percy Street, of Reading, will deliver an address on 'The Religion of Spiritualism,' and Mrs. Podmore will give clairvoyant descriptions. Soloists, Mr. and Mrs. Alcock-Rush. Thanks, Spiritualists, for help.

WINCHESTER.—ODDFELLOWS' HALL.—Miss E. Barrett, of Teignmouth, gave a very good address.—R. E. F.

BRIXTON.—84, STOCKWELL PARK-ROAD.—Mrs. Boddington gave a good address and clairvoyant descriptions.—A. B.

CLAPHAM.—HOWARD-STREET, NEW-ROAD.—Mrs. Neville gave an address and successful psychometric delineations.—C. C.

BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD.—HENLEY-STREET.—Mr. Humphries gave an interesting address on 'India.'—N. S.

CROYDON.—ELMWOOD HALL, ELMWOOD-ROAD, BROAD-GREEN.—Mr. G. R. Symons gave impressive addresses.

EALING.—15, GREEN VIEW, HIGH-STREET.—Mr. Abbott gave an excellent address on 'Hell.'