

# 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.

In a recent issue of 'The Progressive Thinker' Mr. W. H. Dietrich has a well-reasoned article on Dr. Thomson Jay Hudson's 'Law of Psychic Phenomena.' Dr. Hudson, as many of our readers will know, declared his conviction of the reality of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and even went so far as to say that the man who denied them was 'not entitled to be called a sceptic,' he was 'simply ignorant.' But while admitting the manifestations the Doctor disputed their source. For him they were the product of the subjective mind. (It is, perhaps, needless to say that Dr. Hudson's conclusions relate to the mental side of the subject.) He cited, for example, a remarkable case in which a railway passenger, warned by a 'voice' of an approaching disaster, left the train hurriedly. The train arrived at its destination in safety, but the train that followed it was wrecked by the fall of a large rock over which it passed. This, Dr. Hudson considered, proved his case. The passenger's subjective mind was the source of the warning. The fact that the accident happened to another train showed that the warning was 'circumscribed by the limitations of human judgment' and 'did not proceed from omniscience.'

That verdict reveals very clearly the limitations of Dr. Hudson's own mind, and, as Mr. Dietrich points out, proves that he laboured under the delusion that the spirit becomes omniscient as soon as it leaves the body. That old fallacy has much to answer for in the way of erroneous reasoning by those who are 'simply ignorant' on the subject of the science and philosophy of Spiritualism. Mr. Dietrich is quite justified in claiming that, in effect, Dr. Hudson's conclusions are in our favour, for while admitting the facts, he advances, to account for them, a theory which is obviously strained and inadequate. We have no prejudice against the 'subconscious mind'—in its place. We see its workings every day. It plays a part in the activities of everyday life, and crops up perplexingly at times in psychical experiments. But as a 'working hypothesis' it has long since broken down. It was worked too hard and driven too far, and some of its followers in their frantic efforts to discredit the reality of spirit-communion have succeeded, quite unintentionally, in proving it up to the hilt.

In 'The Self and its Sheaths' (The 'Theosophist' Office, Adyar, Madras, 1s. 6d. net), Mrs. Besant sets out a science of psychic anatomy based apparently on Oriental ideas, for we soon find ourselves involved in a consideration of the

manomayakosha, the vignānamayakosha, the sūkshma sharīra and the pranic sheath, and we learn that 'ātmā is prāna and prāna is only ātmā in activity.' It is an intimating study to the simple-minded, and enables one to enter into the feelings which prompted Keats to denounce any scientific analysis of the rainbow:—

When man by myriad lives has reached a certain point, when man by myriad lives has reached the entrance of what is technically called the Path, then the Guru comes forward to take that man in hand, to lead him along the Path of discipleship and give him the final lessons in the understanding of the sheaths and of the *Self*, and then along the Path, with the Guru who guides him, he goes for still a few more lives.

Our Theosophical friends deal in 'lives' with a painful prodigality. Milton said that one tongue was enough for a woman, and one life (on earth) is enough—and sometimes more than enough—for the average man. It seems to suggest that having become once involved in matter, the soul needs an infinite amount of pain and trouble to extricate it.

Swinburne, Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, W. E. Henley and other poets have made familiar to us some of the old French forms of verse-making—the Ballade, the Villanelle, the Triolet, the Chant Royal and the Sestina, to quote a few examples. In 'Poems of Life and Form' (Methuen and Co., Limited, 5s. net), Mrs. L. F. Wynne Ffoulkes has produced a volume of poems cast in these quaint and musical measures. Many of them are appropriately light and vivacious, but here and there comes in the mystical and theosophical note. Hence, sonnets on 'Sthula Sharīra,' 'Prana,' 'Linga Sharīra' and 'Manas'—fearsome subjects for sonnets. Yet the poems are noticeable for their grace and dignity, and the writer shows a high degree of metrical skill. We excuse the hackneyed phrase 'feathered songsters' in the charming sestina, 'Transition,' though it is time that 'feathered songsters' was finally banished from modern poetry. There is a striking thought in this poem, 'Transition,' which justifies quotation:—

For when the mind in solitude retreats,  
And seeks its essence in th' ethereal light,  
Then, surely then, do conscious mortals find  
That Timeless Being comprehends the hours!

The 'Threefold Way,' by Arthur H. Ward (The Theosophical Publishing Society, London) is a small pamphlet the design of which (to quote its foreword) 'is to indicate a Way of life, action and thought, to follow which involves a turning back from the Way of the World.' As we have said before, 'there are many paths,' and a manual can at best afford the wayfarer through the world some guiding principles. We cannot govern the soul by any fixed system or set of rules. Even the body disdains the methods of rule and rote, and insists in some cases on flourishing in conditions which are the horror and despair of sanitary and hygienic authorities. Yet there is a profound truth in the author's reference to a self-discipline by which old habits of life, action and thought are transmitted into others of greater vitality, power and wisdom.

The idea that the lower desires and impulses of the individual life may by self-direction be converted into nobler forms is a fact within the experience of many—a kind of psychical alchemy. The little work contains many helpful and elevating thoughts.

'Numbers: their Meaning and Magic,' by Isidore Kosminsky (Rider and Son, Limited, 1s. *net*) is a small book on a subject fascinating to many, if only by reason of its uncertainties and permutations. We have read of many instances in which certain numbers appear to dominate a given life (the book cites some curious examples), but applied too generally 'occult numbers' are apt to prove disappointing, and when the student, baffled by the results, takes to juggling with the figures, and explains that sometimes you have to deduct something, or to add two figures together to get the result right, we cannot help but laugh. Yet we have no doubt that numbers have a mystical significance (Biblical lore bears witness to that), and possibly it is only when the science is used for petty personal ends that its defects are apparent. Mr. Kosminsky's little work, however, furnishes much useful information concerning the lore of numbers, and those who are fond of 'arithmetical divination' will find in it pleasant pastime for the winter evenings. They are sure to discover some remarkable coincidences by judicious adding and subtracting.

'Modern Problems,' by Sir Oliver Lodge (cloth, 5s. *net*, Methuen & Co., 36, Essex-street, W.C.) consists of a series of essays written at different times, and dealing with subjects of permanent interest, such as Freewill and Determinism, Balfour and Bergson, Man's Place in Nature, the Position of Women, Universal Arbitration, Social Reforms, Public Finance, Public Service and Private Expenditure, Competition and Co-operation, Ruskin and Huxley, Tennyson and Science. The writer's status as a scientist gives him, of course, no claim to speak with authority on general topics, but those who enjoy seeing advanced views clearly and forcibly expressed, will find that enjoyment amply ministered to in 'Modern Problems.' On the question of competition, for instance, Sir Oliver maintains that 'many kinds of competition, so far from benefiting us or increasing our wealth, are among the curses of civilisation and that substantial progress will be impossible till they are got rid of.'

Competition is the wrangling of savages round a table at which they might sit at peace and pass each other victuals; it is the grabbing of the dishes as they are brought on by the waiters of Providence—the laws of Nature; it is the filching from weaker neighbours of their portion, so that one is hungry and another is drunken.

He holds that much of human labour is unnecessary, providing neither for the necessities of the body, the enlightenment of the mind, the enjoyment of the soul, nor the development of the spirit; that by substituting friendly co-operation for competition all needful work could be better accomplished, with less friction than at present, and life for the many might become simpler and more enjoyable.

FINCHLEY.—Mr. Thomas Blyton sends us a neat prospectus of the Finchley Spiritualist Centre which he is endeavouring to establish, giving its bye-laws, regulations, and objects. Meetings will be held on Tuesday and Friday evenings at 8 o'clock at Durie Dene, Bibbworth-road, Church End, Finchley. Mr. Blyton will be pleased to send copies of the prospectus, which contains the form of application for entrance, to those who apply to him at the above address.

## LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

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 NEXT, OCTOBER 31st,

WHEN AN ADDRESS WILL BE GIVEN BY

MRS. MARY SEATON

ON

'The Basis of Unity in New Schools of Thought, including Spiritualism, Theosophy, Christian Science, Mental and Spiritual Healing, New Thought, Bahaism, &c.'

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, 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:—

Nov. 14—Rev. Arthur Chambers, on 'Spiritualism as it Affects us in our Outlook upon Human Life and Experience.'

Nov. 28—Mr. E. Wake Cook, on 'The Great Problems in the Light of Spiritualism.'

Dec. 12—Mr. H. Biden Steele, on 'Psychic Investigation from Several Aspects,' with some illustrations.

*The arrangements for next year will be announced shortly.*

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

FOR THE STUDY OF PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—On Tuesday *next*, October 29th, Miss Florence Morse will give clairvoyant descriptions of spirit people at 3 p.m., and no one will be admitted after that hour. Fee, 1s. each to Associates; Members *free*; for friends introduced by them, 2s. each.

PSYCHICAL SELF-CULTURE.—On Thursday *next*, October 31st, at 5 p.m. *prompt*, Mr. Robert King will give an address, to be followed by 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*, November 1st, at 4 p.m., Mrs. M. H. Wallis, under spirit control, will reply to questions from the audience 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.

SPIRIT HEALING.—Daily, except Thursdays and Saturdays, Mr. Percy R. Street, the healing medium, will attend between 11 a.m. and 2 p.m., for diagnosis by a spirit control, magnetic healing, and delineations from the personal aura. For full particulars see the advertisement supplement.

## 'LIGHT': 'TRIAL' SUBSCRIPTION.

As an inducement to new and casual readers to become subscribers, we will supply 'LIGHT' for thirteen weeks, *post free*, for 2s., as a 'trial' subscription, feeling assured that at the termination of that period they will find that they 'cannot do without it,' and will then subscribe at the usual rates. May we at the same time suggest to those of our regular readers who have friends to whom they would like to introduce the paper, that they should avail themselves of this offer, and forward to us the names and addresses of such friends, upon receipt of which, together with the requisite postal order, we shall be pleased to send 'LIGHT' to them by post, as stated above?



## THE VOICES, 1912.

BY VICE-ADMIRAL W. USBORNE MOORE.

(Continued from page 497.)

A lady who was born in Sydney, N.S.W., and spent all her girlhood there, and who now resides in Devonshire, sends me the following :—

I sat many times with Mrs. Wriedt both in private and in general circles, and I will tell you of one or two interesting episodes. One day in 1911, my sister and I had a private sitting at Cambridge House, and an entity announced himself through the trumpet as 'George.' We know several Georges who have passed over. My sister said, 'Are you George Lloyd?' Answer : 'No.' Question : 'What is your other name?' The spirit seemed to find great difficulty in replying to this positive question, so I said, 'Where did you know us?' Answer : 'At Rose Bay. My name is George Smith. Your father brought me here.' I was much puzzled, as the name given conveyed nothing to me, but my sister said, 'Did you live at Rose Bay?' Answer : Yes, near your old home.' (Our old home was at Rose Bay, one of the numerous little bays in Port Jackson; it is three miles from the city of Sydney, New South Wales). Then the voice addressed me : 'Where is your sling stone? You were a small little girl. You used to have a sling stone.' Question : 'Do you mean a catapult?' Answer : 'Yes, you were a little mischief.' (I used to have a catapult when I was a small child; it is possible that I was a great nuisance to the neighbourhood). Then, turning to my sister, he said 'I should not have known you; what have you done to yourself? You were always the sedate one.' (This allusion is quite correct). When the voice no longer spoke, my sister said, 'Well, I am the only one who would remember him; you were too young. George Smith did live near us at Rose Bay. He was a contractor.' (This was forty-six years ago).

The incident I am now about to describe occurred this year (1912). I went with my sister and had a private sitting with Mrs. Wriedt again in the dark. One of my objects was to obtain a test from an ancestor of ours who had manifested on previous occasions, calling himself by his abbreviated Christian name.

Before we left my sister's house for Wimbledon, and unknown to her, I had written on a piece of paper the name of the ship in which our relative was lost and the question, 'What does this convey to you?' I put the piece of paper in my hand-bag and did not mention it either to my sister or to Mrs. Wriedt. When the lights were switched off and the room in total darkness I opened my bag softly, took the paper out noiselessly, and held it in my hand. A friend of ours came and talked to my sister; he suddenly said to me : 'Put that on the table.' (I was sitting near the large oval table where the flowers were). I answered, 'No, it is not for you.' He repeated, 'Put it on the table,' which I did. When the spirit finished speaking, my ancestor made himself known in his usual way by giving his abbreviated first name. Then he said, 'I am going to answer this question in a peculiar way. It's the name of a ship; she was destroyed and I went to the bottom.' We heard the crumpling of paper and the flowers being touched. At the end of the séance, when the lights were switched on, we found on the floor the paper my question was written upon wrapped round the stalk of a spray of rosebuds from which a bud had been broken off.

My ancestor passed over one hundred and twenty-six years ago, at the early age of twenty-two. He was a naval officer; his ship was wrecked on the English coast. So I think we may say his life was nipped in the bud, as he tried to convey by showing us the mutilated roses.

One afternoon, on my way to a séance at Cambridge House, I was walking alone up Bond-street rather in a hurry. To my annoyance a man kept walking alongside of me, trying to attract my attention. After a time he left my side and I was able to walk on without molestation. I had no time, before I went into the séance-room, to speak of it, even if I had thought of it or wished to do so. During the sitting my mother came to my sister and myself and said, 'My dear, what a horrid thing for that man to do this afternoon, to try and speak to you!' I said, 'Why, mother, were you there?' She answered, 'Yes, dear.'

At every séance which my sister and I attended together different spirits talked to us simultaneously, one generally with the trumpet and one without.

(Signed) E. R. RICHARDS.

Mrs. Jacob, Mrs. Richards' sister, writes :—

I beg to corroborate my sister's account. I am six years older than my sister and can certify to the fact that a contractor called George Smith did live a short distance from my father's house at Rose Bay, Sydney. He must have known us by sight

when we played about as children and probably spoke to us now and then. My sister had a small catapult.

I agree with my sister that we cannot give details of the various conversations that we enjoyed with our deceased relatives and friends through the mediumship of Mrs. Wriedt, but I have pleasure in sending you what I consider a rather good proof of the nature of her extraordinary gift. One day in August last (1912) I called upon her at her hotel in London and was shown up into her bedroom. She had just returned from shopping and was packing, as she was leaving for Norway the next day. It was broad daylight and there was considerable noise, not only from the traffic in the street outside, but from the opening of parcels and cutting up and folding of paper. I asked Mrs. Wriedt if I might hold the trumpet to my ear and try if I could get a message. She replied, 'Do, but I am sorry I must finish packing and cannot help being noisy.' She then continued what she was doing and constantly walked about the room bringing things to fill her trunks. I sat down on one chair, resting the big end of the trumpet on the back of another, and put the small end into my ear. Only Mrs. Wriedt and I were in the room. Very soon I heard a voice greet me. It was my father. He spoke well and strong and I had a conversation of several minutes with him. Presently I heard another voice as if speaking to him; two voices in the trumpet simultaneously; the second very low. I asked 'Who is speaking to you?' Answer : 'Your sister.' Question : 'Is she talking to you?' Answer : 'Yes.' Question : 'What is she saying?' My father then spoke for my sister and gave me her message. We three then talked about old days in Australia in quite a natural way.

When my father left, another relative came and had a long talk with me.

I should tell you that my father died in Sydney in 1891 and my sister in 1909. At Cambridge House I have had a voice speaking to me without the trumpet, the latter only being used towards the end of a sitting.

When I held the trumpet to my own ear as I did in Mrs. Wriedt's bedroom I found it difficult to keep steady, and tiring to maintain it in place; it made me wonder at the ease with which the spirit people use it in the dark séances, and at the great patience they exercise.

I noticed that when Mrs. Wriedt was near me the spirit voice was stronger than when she was at the end of the room; so I tried to guide the trumpet towards her as she walked about. At one time 'John King' interposed and gave me a message for her. I said to her, 'You had better hold it yourself, he wants you.' She stopped packing and took the trumpet. I could hear her questions and answers to him, but not what he said to her. She told me that she could not make out what the voices were saying to me, only what I said to them.

(Signed) M. JACOB.

(To be continued.)

## TRANSITION OF MR. J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

We learn from 'The Progressive Thinker' of the 12th inst. that Mr. J. Clegg Wright passed to spirit life recently at his home near Batavia, Ohio, U.S.A. Some thirty-five years ago Mr. Wright, who then lived in Derbyshire, developed as a trance medium, and became a very eloquent and forcible speaker. After several years of earnest labour in this country he went to America, and soon became one of the most capable and popular advocates of Spiritualism in that country. Mrs. Cadwallader writes :—

The transition of Mr. Wright has lost to the ranks of Spiritualism one who, for many years, was considered the most powerful of our trance speakers. We have reason to remember him and Amelia Colby Luther, both of whom were our mentors when we first began the study of Spiritualism. Both were extremely radical in their utterances, and the teachings that came from their lips will be remembered as long as life lasts.

At this writing we have few particulars. His friend, Dr. Hatfield, of Cincinnati, writes that he passed away in his home near Batavia, O., from hemorrhage. He had been failing rapidly for some time. Those who heard the inspired utterances from his lips at Lily Dale Assembly realised that his days here were rapidly drawing to a close. Indeed, the last evening at the Thought Exchange he expressed himself as follows : 'This is probably the last time you will ever see my mortal face or hear my voice here.'

It is only a few months since we were in correspondence with Mr. Wright respecting a projected visit by him to London, and the possibility of his delivering an address to the London Spiritualist Alliance. We should have been glad to welcome him, but must now be content to feel that he will be with us at times on the spirit side.

## LIFE AFTER DEATH: ITS FREEDOM AND FULLNESS.

'Love from Beyond the Veil' \* is the last of a trilogy of books from the pen of L. V. H. Witley, all dealing with varying aspects of the same question. Together they form a sort of summarised autobiography of the writer, so far as his married life is concerned. Since his wife's tragic death he has learned the fact that death of the body does not prevent the closest and truest communion between those so separated; indeed, he avers that the communion becomes closer and more intimate after the transition than it ever could have been whilst both remained on this side of the veil.

It is evident that this is one of those rare examples of true marriage which unfortunately only occur here and there. No one could read the author's tribute to his translated wife without being deeply moved. I quote a few of his own words:—

She kept her troubles largely to herself, but was ever ready and even eager to enter into those of others. She was humble, gentle, modest, pure, kindly, and she was never happier than when she was ministering to the needy and the sorrowful. Her touch was like an angel's, and her smile, which was scarcely ever absent from her winsome face, was a very benediction. I never knew her do an unkind thing, nor give utterance to a harsh or even a hasty word; nor tell an untruth, nor express an impure thought. She was frank, open, sincere, genuine, true, uncompromising. No murmur escaped her lips, in hardship, in sorrow, or in perplexity. She was ever cheery, chatty, vivacious, companionable.

Making all allowance for the bias which great love would naturally produce, of how few could such a picture be truthfully drawn?

A large part of this volume consists of messages from his wife. These are received by him through impression. He retires at regular times to his chamber, and sitting alone in silence with a pencil and paper awaits the message which never fails to come into his consciousness.

The messages themselves, as everybody will readily admit, are very beautiful, lofty in thought and graceful in expression. Her powers of expression seem indeed to have been greatly increased in the atmosphere of the new world she has attained.

It is difficult, amidst such a profusion of matter from which to select, to choose appropriate passages, but I cannot refrain from giving the reader one or more examples.

(Page 151.) The first thing that I must impress upon you is the *freedom* of the life here. It is marvellous how limited one is while imprisoned in the physical frame; this limitation is not fully realised until one has parted from it. The body, as you know it and as I remember it, is limited in itself, and it also limits the intellect, and even the spirit. This limitation affects even the best of men and women, and is true even of those who are endowed with healthy bodies; but it is still more painfully true in the case of those who inherit bodies and minds with tendencies to moral weakness. Too often moral weaklings are condemned by censorious people, when, if these very same persons had been born with the same tendencies, and to the same environment, they might themselves have made even worse shipwreck of their lives than those whom they condemn. But to return. Here we enjoy *freedom*. *Enjoy* is the only word to use, and even that is by no means expressive of our sense of the absence of limitation. We are free to go or to come; free to live our own life; free to follow our own bent; free to take up any branch of study or research to which we may feel attracted; free to choose our own field of service. What are the words of that collect? 'Whose service is perfect freedom.' It is only here that we can comprehend the inner and fuller meaning of such phrases as that. I would like to say more about this aspect of life here: our freedom, for example, from care, from anxiety, from worry, from fear, from sickness, from pain, and from the desire to run contrary to, or to thwart, the will of the Divine. But I must go on to tell you of another aspect of our life, and that is its *fullness*, its richness, its depth, its glory. We are free from any consciousness of lack. Life is full and brimming over ('my cup runneth over,' as the Psalm has it); full of joy, full of peace, full of restfulness, of adoration, of reverence, of fragrance, of beauty, of companionship, of communion, of ministry, of love, of God.

But I must stay my hand. It is difficult to stop, such is the fullness and such the richness of these passages descriptive of the joys and glories of that unimaginable world. I have said enough to whet the appetites of my readers, and must now refer them to the volume itself. There they can graze and satisfy their appetites on the rich green pastures of which I have given them a sample.

The writer of this notice has for some eight years been the recipient of constant messages from his own wife, and he can only say that these fully corroborate all that is here said; indeed, it is most instructive to note the wonderful way in which they harmonise one with the other. One day these, too, may see the light.

(Extract from page 127.) Joy and peace possess us here; we do not possess them so much as they possess us. And this is equally true of beauty and fragrance and harmony and radiance. Just as we do not say we *have* a spirit, but that we *are* spirits; so here we do not say that we *have* joy, peace, harmony, beauty, but we *are* all these things. So you will begin to understand how I can speak of *my* gladness, *my* blessedness, overflowing and outflowing into *you*. When those who dwell on your side open the windows of the spirit and remove the barriers, they can partake of and absorb and express the very beauty and radiance and harmony of the divine, which dwell in their fullness on this side. God is all in all to those who will have it so, and while it becomes easy to us who have parted from the flesh to enter into this blessed realisation, there are at all times, dwelling on the earth-plane, some elect souls who so yield themselves to the highest and the best, that they enter, while still on your side of the veil, into that sweet and holy and abiding consciousness of God which constitutes heaven itself—or rather, what you conceive of as heaven. It has become so customary for heaven to be thought of as a place, as a city, as a palace, that it is not easy to put aside these conceptions and realise that heaven is rather a state, a condition of being, than a place—as a place is understood on earth.

It was *expedient* for you that I should 'go away.' It is impossible for me to explain to you how closely we are united—it is not simply a kinship, an affinity, a nearness, but, as I have said before, in some mysterious way I am *you*, and *you* are *me*. I cannot make it clear to you; I can only ask you to live in the faith and blessedness of it. I can only remind you that, just as 'he that is joined to the Lord is one spirit,' so our spirits have become one. So there is no separation, no distance, but nearness and union, and unity of thought and heart and purpose and life. And this, of course, is no mere temporary, passing phase, but an abiding, enduring reality.

It is customary, in notices of this sort—in order, I suppose, to show one's impartiality and superiority—to point out some supposed defect in the work under review. It is an ungracious task, and one I would fain avoid. My dear friend whose work is here noticed is the most sensitive of mortals, and I would spare his feelings. He has been brave enough to bare his own heart and his most sacred feelings in the interest of truth, and with the passionate desire to minister help and comfort to other sorrow-stricken hearts, and we must all fully appreciate this, and refrain from pointing out faults of manner or of composition. It is wonderful, after what he has told us of the disadvantages under which he suffered from lack of education, that he should have attained so individual a style of his own. I congratulate him upon having produced three volumes which no one in future, seeking light on psychical subjects, can afford to miss.

ARTHUR HOLDEN.

THE South London Spiritualist Mission has arranged to hold two soirées, on November 9th and 30th, for the benefit of the widow of Mr. W. R. Stebbens. The members of the Mission desire to express their esteem for Mr. Stebbens and their appreciation of his earnest work for Spiritualism, and feel that they can do this in no better way than by helping to supply the needs of his widow. The first soirée will be held at Lausanne Hall, Lausanne-road, Queen's-road, Peckham, and the second at the Fort Institute, Fort-road, Upper Grange-road, Bermondsey, both commencing at 7.30 p.m. Good programmes are being arranged, and the help of all friends is earnestly solicited to make these gatherings successful, so that Mrs. Stebbens may be assisted materially in her hour of need. Mr. Stebbens for years rendered acceptable service on the platforms of a number of the Spiritualist societies in London, and it is hoped that many of those who heard him will take tickets (price 6d.), which can be obtained from Mr. A. C. Scott, Hon. Secretary, Lausanne Hall, Lausanne-road, Peckham, S.E., or at the office of 'LIGHT.'

\* 'Love from Beyond the Veil: A Love Story from Real Life, which Entereth into that which is Within the Veil.' By L. V. H. WITLEY, author of 'The Ministry of the Unseen,' &c. L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial-arcade, Ludgate-circus, E.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.



## COLOUR AS SEEN BY A BLIND MUSICIAN.

Several years ago I attended a concert at which many artistes of the front rank took part, one of whom was Mr. Ben Davis. I had always enjoyed hearing the famous tenor, but on this particular occasion he created an impression peculiarly deep. As he proceeded with his song I became aware of a strange and mystic light shining near me, and felt an impulse to stretch out my fingers and catch it. At the same time I was conscious of the utter impossibility of doing so, for I knew well that the slightest movement would cause its apparent, if not real, disappearance. Never having from my earliest days beheld a ray of light, I marvelled much at what I now saw so clearly, and thought it must be some strange creation of my own brain. Then my soul breathed the words, 'What means this light?' to which the soul of the singer made reply, 'You see light only now, for you are young and your vision is imperfect, but if you are zealous and patient your eyes shall be made aware of many beautiful colours, the names of which you have long known.'

This soul conversation then closed, but enough had been said to make me resolve to study the subject further and learn its manifold 'golden secrets. I did make a very earnest study of colour, and found it of absorbing interest, although I had to pursue my studies alone, unaided by any of the scientific instruction that would have proved so beneficial. I was, however, rewarded by success, and am now able, despite my blindness, to distinguish a variety of colours through the medium of music, and I hope by careful training and concentration to render my mental vision yet more perfect.

In dealing with individual colours it will be best to speak of the one having the slowest vibrations, *viz.*, red. This colour is best seen when one listens to a contralto vocalist, particularly when she sings notes belonging to the chest register. It is apt soon to grow tiring, and a more restful one is welcomed with delight.

The sensation my eyes receive when red is presented to them reminds me very forcibly of what is felt when one basks unduly in the warm sunshine. To convey red it is best to play or sing notes strongly leaning towards the deeper side in a perfectly legato style, otherwise the effect is marred, and in some cases no colour at all can be seen. The next best colour to study is one having very high and rapid vibrations, *viz.*, violet. This colour I find deeply interesting and pleasing. It is peculiar to the violin and the pianoforte, and also to soprano and tenor voices; on very rare occasions one may observe it in contralto vocalists when they sing head notes. In gazing on this colour my sensations are as though a hand made entirely of air were waving in front of my eyes. The movement is so light that it does not tire one as a human hand would if waved in the same manner. To produce a violet colouring in music the legato style is less necessary; indeed a half staccato manner of playing or singing will often render it far easier to observe.

There are very strong elements of that devotional colour known as blue to be found in the medium registers of most instruments, and likewise in the soprano voice. In this case, however, there is too strong an intermingling of grey, unless we view the colour by means of two successive melody notes; in which case the second note must always be a perfect fourth higher than the first, in order that the effect may be rendered sheeny, not dolorous.

I will not pause to speak of my sensations when blue is presented to me, neither will I indicate the manner in which it should be shown musically, for space will not permit, and sufficient has already been said to give the reader a tolerably clear idea of what music conveys to me in the matter of colour.

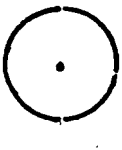
It will be well to remark that in precisely the same way as a collection of lights blended together will produce new colours for which we have no name, certain harmonies will produce distinctive shades of mystic beauty. These are termed etheric, astral, or emotional, mental, and spiritual colours, and are frequently a source of true delight to those who feast their gaze upon them long and earnestly.

EVA LONGBOTTOM  
(blind from birth).

## AN INTERESTING SPIRITUALISTIC FEATURE OF THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT.

As an interested, though distant, follower of two home movements—Spiritualism and the Boy Scout movement—I was recently struck by certain articles in the current number of the Boy Scout 'Headquarters Gazette,' which happened to arrive with 'LIGHT' of September 14th.

The 'Headquarters Gazette' contains a notice of the passing, in the recent sad accident, of eight Boy Scouts, and, also, of a Scoutmaster, the Rev. Ernest Edghill, who died from injuries received in an accident while participating in the camp life of his boys.

The first point that I thought might interest your readers is that all such notices are headed by the Sign  which is the Scout Sign meaning, 'I have gone home.' The next is a paragraph quoted in connection with the 'Passing of Ernest Arthur Edghill':—

Work all done? No! it has hardly begun; every faculty is now at this moment bent on the new task . . . there is no waste and no loss. My friend still works, and still he is my friend. My friend still prays out of that great soul of his, and I do not hesitate to ask him for his prayers.

The following, 'From the Editor's Chair,' is also significant:—

I was very glad to see that the Chief Scout's wreaths bore the Scout's sign, 'Gone home,' and that several papers which publish Scout Notes adopted this sign as a heading for their note on the disaster. As I said some time ago, I believe we can really help our boys if we can so train them that they are not afraid to die: if we can make them realise in a simple and boyish way that—providing they are fit and prepared when the call comes—death is not a terrible thing to be spoken of only in awe-struck whispers, but that it is rather a joyful and honourable thing to be 'called home,' and that 'home' does not mean a place of inactivity, but rather the opportunity of greater service. I want also to make my boys understand that they need not feel pity or sadness for those that are gone on, but only for those parents and friends that are left behind; and even for these I would like to think there need be no very great sadness if they only have the faith to believe that the parting is but for a time, and they will really meet again those they have loved and lost awhile.

I hope that the result of this letter will be to interest a few Spiritualists in the broadest and most undenominational movement of our times for reform, that begins where reform only can begin, with the *youth* of the nation.

W. A. BUSH.

Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A.

## UNSPOKEN ARGUMENTS.

In the course of a beautiful article in 'The Christian World,' in which he bids us not lose the 'unspoken arguments'—the voiceless messages that come to us above the din and whirl of life's controversies—'J. B.' says:—

We heard the other day of a Baptist working man, esteemed by all who knew him for the purity and elevation of his character, who died of a painful disease. In his last moments his face became suddenly irradiated. 'What is it you see?' asked his wife. 'It must be heaven,' he replied. 'I see angels, the most glorious, beautiful things.' And with that light on his face he passed away. 'Purely subjective, of course,' says the critic; 'an affair of his theological prepossessions, an exhibition of his pre-existing mental furniture.' Take it even at that lowest level, does it not suggest something? That a soul, in a body dying of torturing pains, finds its last earthly moment a triumph scene of gladness, its vision fed with a sense of glorious beauty; is there not here an unspoken argument for the life of faith deeper than all our philosophy, more eloquent than all our eloquence? The real argument for religion all through is an unspoken argument. The one condemnable heterodoxy is a heterodoxy of life. So long as we are not doing God's will we shall have no doctrine of Him that is worth propagating.

## SPECIAL NOTICE

On Wednesday, October 30th, a Special Evening Meeting will be held at 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., at 8 o'clock, at which Mrs. Minnie Nordica will give clairvoyant descriptions. Admission, 1s. each.

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

### 'TWIXT TWO WORLDS.

'One world is enough at a time,' said one of our critics recently. 'This world is quite full enough of human beings without the introduction of beings from other spheres of existence.'

It was quite a natural objection, and, to some extent, we agree with the sentiment. That is to say, our immediate and, for the present, most important interests are identified with this world. We have little sympathy with 'other-worldliness,' and extend no indulgence to those who shirk their everyday duties for the sake of holding communion, whether real or imagined, with the inhabitants of the world beyond. But in this direction the thoughtful student of human affairs will find little to provoke his censure. For one person who suffers in mind, body or estate by premature and excessive interest in the life after death there are thousands, many thousands, who suffer incalculable harm by over-devotion to the affairs of mundane life—nerve-jaded by its so-called pleasures, or strained and exhausted by the senseless struggle for power and pelf, or even bare existence. But it is wonderful with how little sense of proportion the judgments of the average mind are framed. The softness of the 'great heart of the people' is only exceeded by the softness of its great head. Now and again the newspapers will pour out columns of excited and indignant comment over the injustice suffered by some individual whose troubles by a freak of circumstance have attracted public attention. To read these things and to listen to the discussions which they arouse would suggest that the case was quite unique in human annals, and not, as it really is, merely one of thousands of cases of the kind, most of which pass unnoticed. Myriads of cases of fraud, cruelty and imbecility pass every day without remark, but let one of them refer, however remotely, to the subject of Spiritualism, and what an outcry is raised! We have no interest in palliating the follies of Spiritualists, or alleged Spiritualists. We hold no brief for vice or asininity, whether in Spiritualism or outside of it. We only plead for a sense of proportion in such matters. No creed or community, however large, has a monopoly of uprightness and good sense, nor is depravity, or stupidity, the peculiar appanage of any section of society, however small and reputedly peculiar. It is not a mark of imbecility or immorality to hold the belief that there is a life after death and that the inhabitants of that life may, in certain circumstances, exercise a marked influence on this. Many great saints and many great sinners have held such a belief, and it has affected

them for good or evil according to the use they made of their convictions. We need make no apology for presenting what may appear a platitude, a piece of elementary common-sense—that common-sense which it has been well said is a rare commodity in spite of its name.

And that brings us back to the question of the policy or impolicy of bringing the question of another realm of human life into a world which, on the hypothesis, has already enough to do in dealing with its own affairs. In this connection, it is to be remembered that, in the providence of things, the world beyond may be said to have sought this one to a far greater extent than this world has tried to extend its domains into the invisible. As for the complaints of what, for the sake of brevity, may be described as 'overcrowding,' this may be dealt with very simply by the consideration that the world of the average individual is really a very small one, the affairs of which may be administered with no great difficulty. Whether in a community of a million or a billion souls, each has a few friends and associates and that is his (or her) world. If one chooses, like the traveller in the interior of China, to feel overpowered by the teeming myriads around him, that is rather a matter of sentiment than of 'practical politics.' (Perhaps, by the way, that sentiment argues a little of that insularity and exclusiveness which it is so good a thing to get rid of in becoming a true citizen of the world.) Another important consideration is this: Whatever may be said to the contrary by those whose judgment has been temporarily warped by the tremendous discovery of a new world of life and activity, that new world is not the abode of demons, sylphs, spooks or other unnatural or extra-natural beings. It is a human world—a realm of human beings with all their endearing faults and imperfections—their loves and virtues that relate them to Divinity; their prejudices, illusions and weaknesses that show their affinity with this world so unmistakably that it is really wonderful that they often meet with so cold a welcome. Man should not shrink so affrightedly from his own likeness.

It is the very humanness of the future life that forms to us its best vindication. We are not awed by the approach of impeccable and infallible beings of some transcendental order, terror-stricken by the incursions of diabolical creatures from the Limbo of lost things, or bewildered by the presence of entities for which only Oriental philosophies can find a name. Our visitors are the people we knew. They rarely, if ever, take up any time we cannot spare. They have their own affairs to attend to, affairs of which we shall know more in due time and for a better knowledge of which we are well content to wait. They endure with patience much abuse from their uninstructed fellows in the flesh. Much is laid to their charge in the way of trash and twaddle which had their true source in the minds of callow dabblers in 'the occult.' We know but little of the laws of the realm in which they dwell, but we know that there is such a realm, and that its laws are divinely ordered, so that there is no chaos, no confusion, no 'overcrowding,' but throughout orderly gradations of humanity in all stages of growth and development and all 'bound by gold chains about the feet of God.'

'NEVER think a time spent in the endeavour to obtain more light wasted. Whether you pray with your lips or not is immaterial, as a desire is prayer and brings its answer from the psychic sphere into which it is projected. As no atom of matter can be destroyed, so no psychic force can be wasted. Hence our most secret thoughts will confront us in our spiritual life and constitute, with our actions, either our Heaven or our Hell—in so far as they have been pure or the reverse.'—BIANCA UNORNA.



## CONVERSAZIONE OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

ADDRESS BY MR. JAMES ROBERTSON.

The Conversazione of the London Spiritualist Alliance, held in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Pall Mall, on Thursday evening, the 17th inst., was attended by a large gathering of Members, Associates and friends. The occasion derived especial interest from the presence of Mr. James Robertson, of Glasgow, so well known by his many years of labour in the movement. He was the recipient of many hearty greetings from friends old and new.

The formal portion of the proceedings was opened by the Vice-President, MR. H. WITHELL, who, as chairman, cordially welcomed the audience on behalf of the Council. He had been told that their friends in the unseen world looked forward to such gatherings as the present with even greater interest than was felt by those on this side of life. It gave them especial opportunities of being of service to us physically, mentally, and spiritually, the psychic conditions of such a meeting providing them with avenues of approach not ordinarily available. We all of us had many spirit friends who wished to benefit us; but they needed some point of contact, and this was not always furnished by the individual magnetic sphere. In such an assemblage as the present one, however, the intermingling of auric surroundings established conditions of which they could make effectual use. In opening their winter session this year, the Alliance were conscious of a certain cloud on the horizon. At first they were a little apprehensive, but the nearer the cloud approached them, the more they felt that, as Spiritualists, they had nothing to fear. He referred to the action of the Commissioner of Police. Spiritualism had attracted the attention of a number of people of an undesirable character who took shelter under its name, and by their misdeeds brought the subject into disrepute. The Alliance had heard of cases in which these persons had—to speak plainly—levied blackmail on those who visited them. The Commissioner of Police, however, had made it clear that he hoped to root out the wrongdoers. It was to be feared that some of their mediums might have rather a hard time; but if they felt that the movement was being purged, they could rejoice when the process, however painful, had been carried out. Mediums would find that by the recommendations of those who discovered real gifts, worthily used, they would benefit in the long run. That which was true could not be destroyed.

THE CHAIRMAN then briefly introduced Mr. James Robertson. Of all the workers in Scotland, Mr. Robertson was the one to whom they were most indebted, and they gave him a most cordial welcome.

MR. ROBERTSON, who was received with applause, then delivered his address on "The Gift of Tongues": A Chapter in Spiritual History.' He said:—

It is exceedingly difficult to understand the many religious movements which have convulsed the world except through acquaintance with the hypnotic or mesmeric facts to which all such are closely related. The philosophy of mediumship has yet to be written, and meantime we are without knowledge regarding one of the most important phases of existence. The reign of law is beginning to be acknowledged as existing everywhere. Unfortunately the popular religion leaves little or no scope for fresh ideas. It is a final religion, which is not to be added to or improved upon. In reality, however, the thought of man cannot remain stationary, his religious nature being progressive, as are his thoughts on everyday events. Phenomena which appeared uncommon have always been interpreted by the code called Christian, the Old and New Testament being regarded as the final arbiters, while the fact has too often been overlooked that texts from these books can be quoted for the most antagonistic claims. Each sect adheres to some particular section of the teachings associated with the current theology: the fall of man, and the need for salvation being the prominent features. Man, it was alleged, had become accursed through listening to the Devil's plausible story, and therefore must seek absolution through professing belief in the sacrifice of Jesus.

In Scotland the wrangling on these topics has ever been keen. Some believed baptism was needful to save them, while others, who considered their calling and election as sure, regarded the second coming of Jesus to wind up human affairs as the one topic for consideration. The great question of a future life was not specially mentioned, it being always understood that eventually there was hell and the society of Satan for unbelievers; and heaven, with its golden crowns, seraphic harps, and the society of Jesus, for the accepted ones. The grave was a resting-place, where all had to wait till the great trumpet would sound and call them to the dreaded judgment-seat. The tombstones told the story of what was the universal belief. 'Here lies,' or 'Here sleeps'—'in the hope of a blessed resurrection,' but never the idea that the dead were still alive. Before Christianity was preached, nations had more than a hope that after death they would join their loved ones, but the Church substituted 'communion of saints' for communion with brothers and sisters. Mankind were taught that it was a blessed thing to believe without knowing, and the preaching of this faith doctrine has been the mother of the innumerable superstitions which have held in fetters men and women whose boast it was that in the affairs of this life they would not take things on trust. All spiritual interpenetration of this world of ours has been hindered because reason became awed when the words of some text, learned at a mother's knee, would echo in the memory.

Swedenborg, Johanna Southcote and William Blake, with all their peculiar experiences, did not bring us much nearer to a rational conception of the next world state; for each of them was imbued with a belief in the divine nature of the Old and New Testaments.

A few years after the death of William Blake, a movement began in Scotland, which caused considerable commotion, and which is now regarded as due to hysterics, hallucination or self-suggestion. I refer to what has been called 'The Gift of Tongues' which began in Port Glasgow in 1830. That there was much that was hysterical and hallucinatory, and that hypnotism played a considerable part cannot be doubted, but much of that hypnotism, which startled so many able minds and which the observers were without the ability to analyse or to rate at its actual value, was from the unseen world.

The proposition presented was that, if the other world should have a message for this one, it must comply with the old Biblical story, and as God was the sole author of that Book, the same infallible power would manifest again. It apparently did not cross the minds of those who were moved by the 'tongues' that the operator at the other end of the line would be subject to the conditions which prevailed here.

The story, briefly told, is that two brothers named James and George Macdonald, who carried on business as shipbuilders in Port Glasgow, became converted, and gave themselves up to continuous prayer and exhortation. The chief plank of their teaching was that Jesus was about to return again to earth, as had been promised in the Bible. Their minds were focussed on this idea, and they saw little else. With all their expectations of the Lord's immediate coming, they had no thought that they would personally be used to demonstrate that the expected day was near. The Bible to them was the actual word of God, and a repetition of the marvels of the apostolic days was what they looked for. Had not their Master said, 'Greater works than these shall ye do'? In such an atmosphere it is not surprising that conditions were given under which it was possible for spiritual beings to act, or perhaps the law of thought-transference, which works alike in the physical and the spiritual worlds, came into operation.

The first incident recorded of an extraordinary character—though not more wonderful than many other cases of mesmeric phenomena, such, for instance, as the cure of Harriet Martineau—occurred in March, 1830. One of the Macdonalds' sisters had been so ill that she was thought to be dying; in fact, the doctor had given up hope of her recovery. All at once a power seemed to control her, and she exclaimed, 'There will be a mighty baptism of the Spirit this day.' For some hours she appeared to be deep in prayer. When dinner-time came the brothers James and George came in as usual. She immediately addressed them, as if under some influence, concluding with a passionate

prayer that James might be at once endowed with the power of the Holy Ghost. Instantly James calmly remarked, 'I have got it.' He walked towards the window and stood silent for a minute or two; then a marked change came over his countenance, and, coming slowly forward to his sister's bedside, he said, 'Arise, and stand upright!' He repeated the words, taking her by the hand, whereupon she rose from the bed seemingly well, and continued so.

The intensely pious feeling by which the Macdonalds were moved was evidently aflame in their neighbourhood. On the other side of the river Clyde, in the village of Row, Gareloch, a spiritual revival was in progress, headed by the Rev. John Macleod Campbell and the Rev. Robert Story, minister of the adjacent parish of Roseneath. These men had an influence on the lives of many who were brought into contact with the Macdonalds. Campbell, a man of saintly character, often listened to by the Macdonalds, was deeply impressed with the value of Christ's sacrifice, and strove to enlarge the boundaries of Calvinism by proclaiming that Jesus died for all, and not for the elect only. Eighty years ago it was considered a terrible heresy to declare that the atonement of Jesus was available for all mankind. Consequently, Campbell was tried by the Church Courts in Edinburgh, and was ultimately deposed from the ministry of the Church of Scotland. The Row heresy case was for long an absorbing topic of conversation, and many were the regrets expressed that one of the saintliest of men should have been treated thus. A halo seemed to surround his character, the influence of which was subsequently touched upon with sympathetic admiration by all writers on Scottish ecclesiastical history. His friend and neighbour in the parish of Roseneath, the Rev. Robert Story, father of the late Principal Story of Glasgow University, was a man of similar mould. He had in his congregation a young woman named Isabella Campbell, who seemed to dwell always in a realm of mystic devotion. She was a victim to consumption, and while lying on her deathbed was visited by many, who were strongly moved by her magnetic speech. After her death her memory was kept alive by Mr. Story, who published an affectionate memoir of her life and sayings, entitled 'Peace in Believing'—a story full of beauty and pathos. It will thus be seen that the conditions were favourable for the advent of 'The Gift of Tongues,' and expectancy of something striking was in the air.

On the night after the seemingly miraculous recovery of his sister, James Macdonald wrote to his friend, Mary Campbell, sister of Isabella, and herself also a sufferer from consumption, giving her all the details of that wonderful event. This letter had the most extraordinary effect upon its recipient. 'I had scarcely read the first lines,' she wrote in reply, 'when I became quite overpowered, and laid it aside for a few minutes. As I read, every word came with power, but when I came to the command to arise it came home with a force which words cannot transcribe. A mighty power was instantly exerted upon me. I first felt as if I had been lifted off the earth and all my diseases taken off me. As at the voice of Jesus, I was made to stand on my feet, leap and walk, sing and rejoice.'

Such was the beginning of a movement which many thought akin to that of the apostolic days. Strong minds were embarrassed by it more than they cared to say. The Macdonalds had crowds waiting upon them day after day to listen to the speech in unknown tongues and receive their prophecies. So notable a personage as Erskine of Linlathen, the close friend of Carlyle—a man of wide culture, pious, earnest, and withal broad-minded—was attracted to the Macdonalds. He lived for weeks beside them, witnessing the manifestations, and, strong in the belief that the power behind all was that of the Holy Spirit, issued several tracts dealing with their truth and value. Mary Campbell, now thoroughly cured, was also drawing crowds around her in Helensburgh. To her preaching was added, as with the Macdonalds, writing in unknown tongues. When the moment of inspiration came she would seize the pen and with great rapidity cover sheets of paper with characters and signs. Men of position drew near to the prophetess, bowing to her decision regarding points of Scripture. The great Dr. Thomas Chalmers wrote to Mr. Story, eagerly asking for information about her, and requesting some of her writings. Mr. Story,

the loving biographer of her sister Isabella, strongly believed, not only in the genuineness of the manifestations, but that their origin was divine, and that they had come in answer to the prayers of the Church. He wrote Dr. Chalmers, detailing what had occurred, and added, 'These things are of God, and not of man.' The fame of the Macdonalds travelled all over the country, and few who heard the torrent of eloquence, interspersed with Bible texts, but were convinced that this was a revelation from heaven. Delegates appointed by religious bodies to visit Port Glasgow, and report at first hand all they witnessed, brought back the uniform report that the Macdonalds' organs of speech were used by the Spirit of God.

It is not to be wondered at that when a man like Edward Irving heard of the bestowal of the miraculous gifts of the Spirit in Scotland, he became uplifted, as he had for years awaited such an event. He believed with his whole heart that the spiritual gifts bestowed upon the Apostles were not confined to one period alone, but belonged to the Church of all ages, and had only been kept in abeyance by the absence of faith. One dominant idea coloured all his preaching—*viz.*, that 'the Second Advent' was at hand. Jesus, as he had promised his disciples, was now coming in glory to take the believers to himself. It was Irving's friend, the Rev. Robert Story, who sent him details of what was taking place in the presence of the Macdonalds and Mary Campbell, and the effect was instantaneous—his soul rejoiced that his prayers were answered. Assured of the piety of the Macdonalds and Mary Campbell, it was to him the clearest evidence that his own distinctive teachings on the Second Advent were being confirmed. Meetings were held in his church to pray for the bestowal of the miraculous gifts. Already he was writing Dr. Chalmers (whose assistant he had been in Glasgow before London had made him famous) about the hardness of heart of poor Scotland, which regarded with scepticism the signs of the Holy Ghost beginning to be again vouchsafed to the Church. Mary Campbell was now moving about from church to church, awakening feelings of awe and reverence, sounding a message direct from heaven. Irving regarded her as a saint of God, with the divine gift of prophecy. Soon phenomena appeared in London similar to those taking place in Scotland. One of Irving's adherents, a Miss Fancourt, who had been laid aside for years crippled, was cured at the bidding of an evangelist, in a similar manner to Mary Campbell. The spiritual gifts (or mediumistic gifts), latent in so many persons, are frequently aroused and suddenly developed in times of great excitement. Revivals and the work of the Salvation Army give us glimpses of this.

There now began in Irving's church scenes which filled not London only but all the country with amazement. Irving, the theological lion of the age (as Froude says), the passing wonder of statesmen, lawyers and men of the world whom he had drawn around him by his fervid eloquence, and in whom he had awakened the religious spirit, began to lose his balance. Carried away by interpretations of prophecy, he had become a dreamer of dreams, firmly believing that the living voice of God was being heard again. What can the fervent imagination not construct! Irving's friends stood aghast when he declared for the 'tongues.' Carlyle, ever his friend from their schooldays, together with his wife, sought to reason with him, but in vain. To Carlyle all such things were mere 'froth and soapsuds'—the 'working of miracles by hysterics'—while to Irving they indicated the highest wisdom. What could Irving do amidst it all? Had he not for years prayed with his whole soul for signs and wonders? When they came, how could his lofty nature conceive that he had been deceived? Believing that the apostolic days were once again here, he declared he would not be a party to obstructing the voice of the Holy Ghost.

The 'voices' had their way and soon Bedlam broke loose—one extravagance following another; louder waxed the Babel—a mass of incoherent sounds issuing from every corner of the church, until the proceedings seemed, to the sober-minded, indecent and irreverent. But Irving clung to his belief. To quote Carlyle's words, 'as to his soul's soul, following it whithersoever, through earth or air, it might lead him, so as to gain the world's ear for it.'

When these wild scenes were chronicled, Erskine of Lin-



lathen, Story, and others began to lament that they had encouraged him. Irving, however, held to his ideal and reproved Story, saying that he had grievously erred in standing aloof from the work of the Lord, scanning it like a sceptic instead of proving it like a spiritual man. The Church was at last closed against Irving, and this valiant soul went out a broken man. A charge of heresy followed, and the Presbytery of Annan, where he had been licensed, deposed him from the ministry. He managed to travel up to Glasgow, where he died, a pitiable, broken-down man.

Mrs. Oliphant, who wrote the life of Irving, had no personal experience to enable her to comprehend what was behind the manifestations. Readers of her spiritual stories of 'The Little Pilgrim' and 'The Little Pilgrim in the Unseen' would be apt to think she was familiar with the teachings of Spiritualism, but this was not so. These stories 'were given her,' she says in her life. Not even the writing of the life of Laurence Oliphant moved her to get near to spiritual phenomena. The external is simply recorded and passed over, never sought to be comprehended by her. Spiritualism would have given her an explanation of these strange occurrences. With this key she would have seen that Irving's 'quenchless faith,' as Gerald Massey says, 'was rightly founded, after all, and the thing he staked his life on and lost was true, though it came in so questionable a shape; he could not make out the features clearly in the thick darkness which preceded the dawn. A mighty spirit that strove to pull down heaven, heaped on himself so big a burden that he staggered and went down under it—a figure more terribly tragic than Lear.'

In Scotland many of those who had followed the Macdonalds began to slacken in their devotion. Erskine withdrew much that he had penned regarding the divine character of the work. He began to doubt whether the spirit which had moved in the matter was altogether good, though his faith in the honesty of the Macdonalds did not change. What first shook his faith was hearing James Macdonald speak with remarkable power, and finding afterwards that the seeds of his discourse had been previously in the newspapers. Other prophetic utterances regarding a war in the north of Europe, spoken in language largely employed in the Book of Daniel, were also found to have had a newspaper origin. Erskine put the matter before Macdonald, and though quite satisfied of the latter's integrity, he saw for the first time how matters could come into the mind and remain there for a season, afterwards coming forth as supernatural utterances. Macdonald could not say that he was conscious of anything in these prophecies different from the others. To the last James Macdonald said that the voice that spoke through him was the voice of the Spirit. He died in February, 1835, blameless and clean in all he said and did. His brother George followed him the next year, and to the end he was fully satisfied that the power which had moved his lips was supernatural and divine. Many persons declared that when under this influence the faces of these men shone with a peculiar glory, as if lighted up from some divine source. Never a doubt was cast on their integrity—simplicity, truth and piety marked their whole life.

The modern spiritual movement, which is largely free from theologic domination, helps us to comprehend, with some measure of clearness, such a movement as 'The Gift of Tongues.' We do not need to impugn the honesty of anyone or doubt the reality of the manifestations. We know that messages from the other side of life, which flow through a human channel, are invariably affected by the mentality through which they come. If the voices had begun by suggesting that the Mosaic writings did not contain an original revelation, but were largely the traditions of Egyptian and Persian mythology; that the Christian creed was based upon a fable; that man had never fallen from a high estate, but was slowly emerging from a less perfect one; it would have been said at once, 'This is the voice of the arch-deceiver Satan,' and texts would have been forthcoming to show that this heresy was prophesied. Moses had the idea that he could not be visited by any power less exalted than Jehovah in person, and the same idea was in the mind of the Macdonalds and their followers when they put a divine semblance on the words uttered.

How does the world account for such movements as the 'Tongues,' and for the lives of William Blake, Johanna Southcote and others? Hysteria and contagion account for them no more than the voice of the Holy Ghost. The student of modern Spiritualism has not the same difficulty in comprehending such things as have those who take the Bible as a complete revelation. He has found that the Bible does not hold all the information that is to be gained in regard to a future life, and that any religion which leaves no opening for new ideas cannot be a *final* religion. To the Spiritualist death is but *one* step onward. He knows that if we start from this stage interiorly clean we shall arrive in the next state in a corresponding condition, but if we set out foolish and blind, the slaves of passion or conceit, we shall find ourselves in that condition in the beyond. Whoso is intelligent here, will be intelligent there, and whoso is weighted with creeds and dogmas here will not at a bound grasp anything more rational.

We have learned much since the days of 'The Gift of Tongues.' Our conceptions of the spirit-world have widened, we have ceased to look at it through theologic spectacles. Evolution has created a clearer atmosphere and Spiritualism will carry this truth forward, making both ends meet in a perfect circle. It will not be, however, the unfoldment of the doctrine of Evolution that will give an imperishable lustre of glory to the latter half of the nineteenth century so much as the startling fact that humanity has found a door open, through which we can hold communication with the unseen world. (Loud applause.)

DR. ABRAHAM WALLACE, as a 'brother Scot,' proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer. He remembered once meeting the late Mr. Andrew Glendinning and hearing something of those remarkable events which took place thirty or forty years ago, and of the men whose thought and teaching had so greatly modified theology in Scotland. As to the influence of a medium's mind on the messages received, there was one point he would like to emphasise. The messages were liable to modification not only by the mind of the medium, but by the minds of the people who constituted the circle. Describing some of his experiences at the circles held by Mrs. Wriedt, Dr. Wallace remarked that most of those who had attended those séances knew that 'John King' spoke with a marked English accent. But, none the less, 'John King' once conversed with him in broad Scotch, and when interrogated on the subject, replied, 'Why, I got it from you,' explaining that he was speaking under an influence derived from the aura of Dr. Wallace, which, for the time being, impelled him to imitate the 'Doric' of the visitor.

MR. E. W. WALLIS, in seconding the resolution, said that Mr. Robertson had for many years ably borne aloft the banner of Spiritualism in Scotland by his work in Glasgow. Sunday after Sunday he had spoken to large audiences and had won the support of an increasing number of earnest minds. The subject of his discourse that evening had been peculiarly interesting. The experiences he had related threw a suggestive light on such manifestations as those reported in connection with the mission of Evan Roberts in Wales and such cases as that of Dorothy Kerin, who was recently restored to health in an apparently miraculous way. The prevailing theological bias, however, made it difficult to obtain a recognition of the real forces behind these manifestations. Spiritualism had enabled us to recognise that these things took place in accordance with certain principles of Nature. We had discarded the word 'supernatural' and abandoned the word 'miracle.' One important point brought out in Mr. Robertson's address was the danger that attended the excessive yielding to impulses and inspirations from the unseen. The movement in the case dealt with by Mr. Robertson failed because of the credulity and lack of rationality on the part of those associated with it. It was necessary that Spiritualists should keep level heads, and exercise their judgment constantly, avoiding excess and credulity, each asserting the authority of his own spirit in dealing with all that might be presented.

The vote of thanks having been cordially adopted, Mr. Robertson, in a brief reply, expressed the pleasure he felt in being present. It was always a joy to him to meet again with those whom he had not seen for many years, and their gathering

that evening made him feel that their truth was very much alive. Referring to Mrs. Wriedt, he said he had never in all his experience encountered mediumship of so high a quality.

MR. A. V. PETERS then kindly gave clairvoyant descriptions, all of which, with one exception, were recognised by the persons to whom they were addressed.

During the evening Mr. Karl Kaps' Orchestra gave an enjoyable concert. The programme included, amongst other pieces, Barcarolle, 'Contes d'Hoffmann' (Offenbach); intermezzo, 'Cornflowers' (Kaps); 'Berceuse' (Godard); selection, 'Count of Luxemburg' (Lehar); 'In the Shadows' (Fink); 'Paprika' (Davis); 'Alexander's Ragtime Band' (Berlin), and waltz, 'Septembre' (Godin).

### SPIRIT-TESTS IN A COUNCIL CHAMBER.

Dr. Peebles sends us his annual report as missionary at large—an interesting document, but far too long for reproduction in our columns. In the course of it he refers to the burning question of the legal position of mediums. While urging that it is the duty of Spiritualists to expose promptly 'fakes and frauds,' he would, at the same time, have all genuine mediums encouraged. The doctor gives a vivid description of an exciting scene which took place recently in the Los Angeles Council Chamber. The council had, it seems, expressed a willingness for phrenologists, astrologers, and Spiritualist mediums to appear and speak for themselves touching the license question, and several had gladly accepted the invitation.

The chamber was crowded. After phrenologists and others had spoken in behalf of their cults, claiming immunity from the license fee of thirty dollars per month, the Spiritualists, led by John Slater, Mrs. Inez Wagner, Mrs. Vlasck, Mr. Buss, and the eloquent Dr. H. C. W. Johnson, came to the front. Those intimately knowing the genius, the mettle, and the mental independence of John Slater could pretty well divine what was coming. Facing the council and walking the floor, he deliberately let fly his keen-edged words—clear-cut words, with tests, hitting the mark every time. Soon they became so rapid and so scorchingly true, based upon facts, based upon the personalities of some present, that the politicians literally quailed. It was a grand success. Dr. Johnson's address was pointed and powerful. Then that conscientious and excellent woman and splendid medium, Inez Wagner, pastor of the People's Spiritualist Church, submitted to the trance for spirit tests and messages. This was something new to those whose lives consist chiefly in material worldliness and political struggles. In the Mayor's office, the councilmen present, Mrs. Wagner's messages were so satisfactory as to give great delight. Subsequently, being asked, she graciously granted this city council a hearing in her séance-room. Since these very convincing manifestations, so vital and uplifting, it is but justice to state that we have heard nothing more about licensing mediums. When such genuine mediums as Mrs. Vlasck, Mrs. Wagner, John Slater, and others, with splendid gifts, go straight into these council dens of political lions and there exhibit clear, irrevocable demonstrations of a present-day intercourse with the spiritual world, they deserve right now to be crowned with fadeless laurels.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Occasionally, when in the Strand, we see a cart which bears the inscription 'The People Sold Everywhere!' Although it hardly reads like one, it is an advertisement of a weekly newspaper. If there are any people who accept the articles which have recently appeared in 'The People' as accurate descriptions of Spiritualists, of mediums and of the proceedings at séances, then they are certainly 'sold,' for those descriptions bear about as much resemblance to the real thing as chalk does to cheese.

Number one of 'Everyman,' a new literary penny weekly journal, gives promise of a useful career, and should be especially welcome to book-lovers. Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace replies to Dr. Schäfer in an able article on 'The Origin of Life,' in which he points out that Dr. Schäfer fails to give a definition of either 'life' or 'soul,' and nowhere points out the fundamental differences 'between living, growing matter and the same matter when dead and subject to immediate decomposition.' The whole article should be read by Spiritualists. Dr. Wallace affirms that in the whole process, 'from the strange vital phenomena occurring in every cell to its final destination as part of the

finished structure of the living organism, a never-ceasing *guiding agency* is needed, or disorganisation and death inevitably ensue,' and, he concludes, 'in view of the actual facts of growth and organisation as here briefly outlined, and that living protoplasm has never been chemically produced, the assertion that life is due to chemical and mechanical processes alone is quite unjustified. Neither the probability of such an origin nor even its possibility has been supported by anything which can be termed scientific facts or logical reasoning.'

Certain Free Church scholars, who met recently at Selly Oak, near Birmingham, opposed the idea of a further revision of the Bible on the ground that, while both the Authorised and Revised versions are far from satisfactory, 'such important investigations and discoveries have been, and are still being, made that a new revision might be left behind in a short time by the advance of knowledge.' The new material has in a large number of instances confirmed the Revised version, and in some instances corrected it, and another ten years were needed for the sifting of the materials 'and the formation of a general scholarly opinion upon them.' What, then, becomes of the infallibility and inerrancy of the Scriptures? and if we are to wait till the scholars have formed their opinions, what are those of us who survive to believe in the meantime—and after?

We have printed Vice Admiral Moore's series of testimonies to the convincing character of the phenomena which occurred at the séances of Mrs. Wriedt, because of their cumulative evidential value. The experiences reported in this issue, even if they stood alone, would surely be of great importance, indicating as they unquestionably do the presence of intelligences other than the medium and the sitters, but, corroborating as they do the numerous testimonies which we have already published, they add immensely to the weight of the evidence in favour of spirit presence and spirit identity. We shall, however, be compelled shortly to discontinue these interesting articles owing to the pressure on our space, but, before doing so, we desire to express our appreciation of the public-spirited action of Admiral Moore and his correspondents in submitting these communications to our readers.

Mr. W. R. F. Avery, of Carmalt-gardens, Putney, writing in 'The Star' on the 19th inst., states that two years ago he discovered to his astonishment that he had the power of water-divining. During a holiday on an uncle's farm in Suffolk he twitted his brother-in-law about his belief. In reply the latter had some fairly stout hazel twigs cut and began operations. 'After slowly walking a few yards, tightly grasping a twig in both hands, palms upwards, with the crooked twig upright towards his face, he shouted "There she goes!" and the twig bent down sharply. He stopped, and said, "There is water beneath my feet." Not only did the twig bend down, but my relation had grasped the ends so tightly that the wood split and broke. . . He repeated the experiment three times. Then I took a turn, with my elbows tightly pressed to my sides, arms bent forward, and grasping a fresh twig like grim death. Imagine my astonishment when upon reaching the same spot the twig was practically wrenched out of my hands as if some invisible power were pulling the upright V downwards. I also repeated the experiment, and every time the twig was pulled downwards. I was quite unable to grip the ends tightly enough, and they gradually slipped round in my finger.'

An English friend in China sends us a copy of 'The Union,' published at Shanghai, which contains a letter by a Chinese doctor. This letter, he says, shows that the Chinese have ideas of their own on religious matters, and can defend them ably. Mr. S. D. Gordon had stated that 'the heathen, seeking higher things, will, with the Hebrew and Christian, finally stand together under the mother wing of God.' But Mr. A. N. Cameron objected to this view, and the Chinese doctor makes the following caustic reply: 'It seems appropriate here to give thanks that we "Heathen Chinese" are in an entirely lost condition if in any way such a condition separates us from the gross narrow-mindedness expressed above the signature, Allan N. Cameron. Does Allan N. Cameron consider himself a safe and sound teacher for missionaries? Must all missionaries join in hooting "Un-speakably vile" at our nation, or else be branded as unorthodox, which unfits them for further use? Methinks Allan N. Cameron will not commit suicide from self-depreciation. Suppose the "scriptures" did elbow us poor "heathens" out of the anointed flock, is there still a corner on principles of general and individual welfare? Has truth been monopolised by a few all-hands-round sky-pilots against their Sherman Anti-Trust law? And are we the dogs on which such mis-principles of superstition and self-fancy are to be tried under the guise of divine inspiration?



I agree that our poor stricken country is in need of light, but if Allan N. Cameron is a sample spark of divine inspiration we prefer some brand with less inspiration and more human compliance with "do to others as you would have them do to you." Surely 'a hit, a palpable hit.'

## 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.*

### 'Unwilling Witnesses.'

SIR,—Mr. H. Dennis Taylor's article upon Dr. Maxwell's book is one that agrees to a nicety with my own impressions derived from reading the book about four years ago. I wonder whether Mr. Taylor is aware that it is very commonly considered to be an open secret that the translator of the book is identical with the 'Madame X.' referred to in it, and who took such a prominent part in the 'Villa Carmen' experiments in materialisation with Professor Richet. Some time ago in the 'Review of Reviews' Mr. Stead alluded to this as a well-known fact, and a few weeks ago one of the best known writers of late years in your columns mentioned this to me as undoubtedly true.

Now, as far as I am aware, this lady is, or was a few years ago, confessedly as sceptical as regards what we understand as the 'spirit hypothesis' in all psychic phenomena as either Dr. Richet or Dr. Maxwell himself. I have also been told by one who personally knew the late Robert Dale Owen that his position—at all events his final position—was equally agnostic. In my own experience I have come across several quite 'old hands' in Spiritualism whose own attitude is much the same. These facts, I think, ought not to be shirked or ignored, however damping to many earnest and hopeful inquirers.

As far as my own solution of the difficulty goes—I judge by observation both internal and external—the solution actually exists, but partakes of a somewhat mystical interpretation. In default of better verbal expression I should say that *no* solution exists upon the merely intellectual plane. Here probably comes in the helpfulness of Bergson's philosophy; whether he himself would allow it to be so applied or not may not be of the first importance. Bergson's ideas are not new, only newly and freshly expressed. In short, there is a 'something' in us all which is more or less latent and dormant in very varying degree. That 'something' is neither the intellectual nor even the 'psychic' as usually understood, but the 'spiritual.' 'Spiritual' things must be spiritually discerned' and however helpful and possibly necessary the study of psychic phenomena may be to many of us—and of this I have really no doubt—there are yet many more who simply 'know' these things, who have very little or no knowledge of psychic phenomena, and that in a great many cases quite apart from blind faith or tradition.

Your paper exists for the exposition of the 'mystical' as well as the 'psychical' and the 'occult,' and although I am quite aware that mystical experience may have little or no convincing value to those who in no way have attained to it and who not unreasonably are apt to regard it as pure fancy and unmeaning jargon, yet I hope that this letter—as coming from one who for many years absolutely derided the existence of the mystical or intuitional and yet in some manner seems now to have entered into its experience—may yet offer some little hope and promise.

As a matter of mere logic I consider Mr. Taylor's arguments are perfectly sound. But in my own case I found that even what appeared to be the soundest logic did not satisfactorily convince. 'He that doeth His will shall know of the doctrine,' and to this I am willing to concede the widest and most liberal interpretation. 'The doctrine' may well, I think, express itself in a great variety of forms, apparently—though probably not really—mutually opposed.—Yours, &c.,

G. H.

P.S.—Hudson's study of Spiritism seems to have been a much more superficial one than that of either Dr. Richet or Dr. Maxwell. But he never, I think, had any philosophic objections to survival as Dr. Richet has. He appears to have wished to find direct proof of survival in psychic phenomena, but, becoming obsessed by the desire to make one hypothesis cover all the facts, failed to do so, and sought *indirect* proofs which he worked out very ably and well. Curiously enough, Mr. Stead, writing at one time in 'Borderland,' stated what then appeared to him the best philosophic proof of immortality, and in effect made a statement very similar to that of Dr. Hudson.

### The Moral Purpose of 'Ush.'

SIR,—While thanking you for your review of my book, 'Ush: The Revelation of Bandobast Wilderness,' in 'LIGHT' of the 12th inst. (page 490), will you kindly allow me to offer a few quotations from the volume with regard to its moral purpose—a purpose that can be summed up in the mission of the young English officer, who as 'the tenth incarnation of Brahma as Vishnu,' was 'taken to the Fakir's home beneath the Indus and there initiated into many mysteries.'

The young officer's mission was to 'transform the stumbling-blocks of life into stepping-stones to higher things, to restore peace in men's minds—"Peace after battle"' ('Ush,' p. 18); and to answer, by the aid of scientific and psychological deduction, the complex question of life from the premise: I am here. Why am I here? Where am I going? What is my Döm—my perfected circle of life? ('Ush,' p. 135).

I would like also to add that the title 'Ush' (the shining of the light) is taken from Ushas, the Hindu Goddess of Dawn or 'Light.'—Yours, &c.,

'ADELPHOS'  
(A BROTHER).

### 'Justice' on the Side of the Angels.

SIR,—I wish to draw attention to the manifesto 'To our Readers' in the current number of 'Justice.' The whole is worth reproduction, but the following paragraph is of special interest to the readers of 'LIGHT':—

'If its old and trusty supporters could be assembled from all parts of the British Isles, thousands of voices would be raised to attest that "Justice" has faithfully kept its pledge to champion fearlessly the cause of the workers, and if news of this world penetrates the shadowland into which so many of our fellow-soldiers of the red flag have passed, we are confident they gather on its frontier every Thursday morning to secure an early impression of the psychic edition of "the organ of Social-Democracy in Great Britain." We know that "Justice" so endeared itself to them in this life they never willingly detached themselves from its destinies when they put off this earthly vesture of decay. We must honour their memories by keeping alive the paper they loved so well!'

Only some twelve months ago, one of its signatories flung back at me, across the table, a pamphlet he had a few seconds before received with thanks, so soon as he discovered it was from the pen of that most valiant co-worker with the Unseen, Mr. W. T. Stead. I respected that gentleman then for his dramatic and spontaneous disapproval, however misplaced it might be. I honour him and his eighteen colleagues now for their courage in postulating a door ajar, through which their ascended comrades may still share in their noble warfare on behalf of 'economic and political freedom and spiritual integrity.'

It may well be that 'no other journal in Great Britain dare put the case of the workers as "Justice" will put it.' The realisation of being encompassed about by a great cloud of witnesses and ministering spirits inspires a courage and confidence that nothing can crush. And hitherto this tremendous source of power and consolation has been rigidly excluded from the main body of Socialist thought and action.—Yours, &c.,

FELICIA R. SCATCHERD.

### Miss Katharine Bates Protests.

SIR,—For six months I have held my peace, whilst the flood of alleged 'messages' from Mr. W. T. Stead has been pouring through 'LIGHT' and other channels. But I think that the time has now arrived to make one or two suggestions on this subject.

This summer I spent two sad weeks, working five hours each day, in going through the mass of my own correspondence with Mr. Stead during the last twenty years and of his autograph with me; all of which, through his written instructions to his executors, was returned to me last May. I can therefore claim some knowledge of his personality.

The 'messages' received last April, from many sources, may or may not have emanated from W. T. Stead, but in any case they represented the ideas that might naturally be supposed to have actuated a noble and unselfish man, eager to help his fellow creatures at such a time. One or two amongst the many suggested in certain sentences direct authorship; others were obviously, and probably quite unconsciously, attempts to reproduce a style of writing reminiscent of his well-known personality. In the case of a man so familiar to a large public, the difficulty in judging of automatic script lies in a nutshell. If the script be extremely characteristic, it is not of necessity evidential; if the reverse, it is equally open to criticism. But the earlier and excusable attempts to take 'messages' regarding his passing over the bridge of earth life are now being replaced by messages of a less harmless nature.

Mr. Stead was the soul of honour with regard to his own automatic script. He never took any messages except by the direct wish of the person chiefly interested, to whom, as a matter of course, such script was *always* submitted for possible corroboration or denial. I have heard him speak very strongly on this point. We all have our own cherished views and ideas on many subjects, views which we naturally think it incumbent upon us to promote by every means in our power. I would not suggest for a moment that the numerous persons who have published these messages 'from W. T. Stead' are not absolutely honest in doing so; but I should like to draw their attention to the following facts.

(1) Mr. Stead is no longer able to approve or condemn that which is printed as coming from him—the fact of one or two, or even of ten or twelve, persons corroborating these messages would prove nothing more evidential than their own access to each other's minds.

(2) Every honest and intelligent automatic writer must know how inevitably all such script is coloured by the channel through which it flows. We must always make allowance for the fact that our own latent thoughts and prejudices are apt to influence the writings we receive.

The future threatens us with a further flood of automatic writing 'from Mr. Stead' upon every conceivable subject, dealt with naturally from the special angle of each writer's mind and inward convictions. Is it wise, or fair, or even honourable, under these circumstances, to father upon W. T. Stead and print publicly, that which in nine cases out of ten obviously represents the working of our own minds?

A few years ago Mr. Stead sent me a letter from a gentleman in the Western Counties enclosing his sister's automatic script 'from F. W. H. Myers.' That gentleman was represented as saying that he had communicated through this medium, and wished it to be made known to the world that he had become a convinced reincarnationist on the lines of Western Theosophy, which revealed the absolute truth on this great but much disputed subject. Mr. Stead enclosed the message to me and asked me what I thought of it. My answer was that I believed he would find upon investigation that the lady was herself a convinced Theosophist, which proved to be the case. Mr. Stead then asked another automatic writer (not myself) to try and get into touch with Mr. Myers and ask for his explanation of the incident.

The answer of Mr. Myers (?) was that he *had* been able to attract the mentality of the lady in question, but found that he could not *direct* it sufficiently to make her an accurate transmitter of his thoughts. He added that he had no more *positive* knowledge of the truth or error of reincarnation theories now than when on earth, but that the subject interested many spirits on the other side of life, and they often discussed the matter. He said it was possible that the lady had caught up some remnants of these communications lying latent in his consciousness, and had reproduced them—*quite honestly, but erroneously*—as representing his own present convictions; an ingenious and interesting suggestion, whatever its source may have been.

Where such endless possibilities for misunderstanding and mis-transmitting must of necessity exist, side by side with such strong temptation to strengthen our own ideas with an honoured name (however honest we may strive to be), surely it is well to refrain, as far as possible, from using the name of a man who can no longer protest against our action or deny our authority to represent him.

Personally, I have had many pages of automatic script 'from Mr. Stead,' but I have refrained from making any of it public—although much was deeply interesting to me—through the considerations which I would fain urge upon others.—Yours, &c.,

E. KATHARINE BATES.

#### THE SPIRITUAL MISSION TEMPLE.

On Saturday last, Mr. E. W. Beard, President of 'The Spiritual Mission Temple,' 13A, Pembroke-place, Bayswater, conducted the dedication service, and an address to the members was given through his mediumship on 'The Things that are Seen are Temporal, but the Things that are not Seen are Eternal.' A solo by Miss Bateman, L.R.A.M., was much appreciated. Letters of encouragement were read from Sir William and Lady Earnshaw Cooper, Captain and Mrs. Walter Carey, Mr. J. J. Morse, Miss Veronica Brooke, Mr. J. J. Vango, and others; and numbers of well-known Spiritualists conveyed congratulations and good wishes.

At the opening service on Sunday morning, Mr. H. G. Beard delivered an address on 'Peace and Power,' and Miss Bateman and Mr. Basham sang, the latter rendering a song entitled 'Light,' set to Handel's Largo.

At the evening service Mr. P. E. Beard gave a trance address

on 'Within the Sanctuary.' Miss Bateman, by request, sang 'Abide with me,' and Mr. Patterson Parker, F.R.A.M., exquisitely rendered two violoncello solos entitled 'Meditation' and 'A Memory.' The collections in aid of the building fund realised about £65.

So many friends have written expressing their sympathy and offering help that the committee desire, through the medium of the Press, to tender their sincere appreciation of the good-will shown towards them in their endeavour to meet a long-felt want in London, *i.e.*, a place of worship sacred to the cause of spiritual philosophy.

The total cost of the building and freehold is roughly £2,600. The deficit still remaining between the amount borrowed on mortgage and total cost is about £450. The temple, which is tastefully decorated and electrically lit, has seating accommodation for two hundred persons. It is ventilated by warmed air, foul air being extracted by an electric fan. We tender our sincere sympathy to all those who desired to attend the service on Sunday evening but failed to get in owing to lack of accommodation, and trust they will not be deterred by this experience from visiting us on other occasions. See advt. on front page.

COR.

#### SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20th, &c.

*Prospective Notices, not exceeding twenty-four words, may be added to reports if accompanied by stamps to the value of sixpence.*

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION—*Shearn's Restaurant, 231, Tottenham Court-road, W.*—Mr. Horace Leaf gave a deeply interesting address to a large audience; also successful clairvoyant descriptions. Mr. W. T. Cooper presided.—15, *Mortimer-street, W.*—14th, Mr. A. V. Peters gave fully-recognised clairvoyant descriptions and helpful messages. Mr. W. T. Cooper presided. Sunday next, see advt. on front page.—D. N.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—73, BECKLOW-ROAD, W.—Mrs. Podmore gave excellent descriptions and address. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Mr. Eveleigh; at 7 p.m., Mr. Burton. 31st, at 8, Mrs. Webster.

HAMMERSMITH.—89, CAMBRIDGE-ROAD.—11.15 a.m., service and circle; 7 p.m., Mr. Symons. Thursday, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Keithley, address and clairvoyance.

BRIXTON.—84, STOCKWELL PARK-ROAD.—Successful meetings continue. Mr. Underwood gave an address and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, Mr. Sarfas, address and clairvoyance.—W. U.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HAMPTON WICK.—Mrs. Mary Davies gave an excellent address and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Horace Leaf, address and clairvoyance.

STRATFORD.—WORKMAN'S HALL, 27, ROMFORD-ROAD, E.—Evening, Miss V. Burton gave an interesting address on 'The Salvation of the Soul.' Mr. G. F. Tilby presided. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., address by Mr. J. G. Nicholson.—E. C. C.

CROYDON.—ELMWOOD HALL, ELMWOOD-ROAD, BROAD-GREEN.—Miss Florence Morse gave an address on 'The Message of Spiritualism,' followed by clairvoyant descriptions; much appreciated. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. E. A. Cannock, address and clairvoyance. Morning service at 11 (not 11.15).

HACKNEY.—240A, AMHURST-ROAD, N.—Mrs. Hylda Ball gave a much appreciated address on 'Man Triumphant.' Sunday next, 7 p.m., Mr. Harris Shaddick. Monday, at 8 p.m., circle; inquirers welcomed. Thursday (members only), 7.30, healing; 8.15, circle.—N. R.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—Mrs. Neville gave an address and psychometric delineations. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Maunder (vice-president) will give an address, followed by dedication service by Miss Nauthall. Lyceum at 3 p.m. Circles as usual.—G. T. W.

STRATFORD.—IDMISTON-ROAD, FOREST-LANE.—Morning, Mr. Wrench answered questions on 'After Death'; evening, Madame Beaumont spoke on 'Progression,' and gave 'descriptions.' 17th, Mr. Wrench, address and psychometry. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., Miss Woodhouse, clairvoyance; at 7 p.m., Mrs. Mary Davies. 31st, several speakers.—A. J. C.

SEVEN KINGS, ILFORD.—45, THE PROMENADE.—Mr. C. E. Sewell read a paper on 'One Life, One Law,' and answered questions. Mrs. Briggs gave clairvoyant descriptions. 15th, Mrs. Neville gave an address and psychometric readings. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Beaumont. Tuesday, at 8 p.m., Mr. H. Wake. November 5th, annual general meeting.—C. E. S.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—SURREY MASONIC HALL.—Mr. W. E. Long—morning, address and messages; evening, address on 'Fortune-telling: Eternal and Otherwise.' Collection on behalf of the benevolent fund, £2 3s. 4d. Sunday next, at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., Mr. W. E. Long; address on 'Spiritual Ideals and Earthly Images.'—R.