

# Light:

*A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.*

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

No. 1,480.—VOL. XXIX. [Registered as]

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1909.

[a Newspaper.]

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

'The Hindu Spiritual Magazine' regrets our reference to its presentation of 'Lord Gauranga,' and bids us make ourselves acquainted with his 'sayings and doings.' We confess our want of knowledge of these beyond the statements made by this Magazine, and our criticism was based upon those statements. Our reasons for inferring hysteria or dementia were fully given, and we cannot help it if the Magazine led us astray as to the 'Lord's' state of mind.

'The World we Live In,' by E. A. Brackett (London: W. Rider and Son) is an original and powerful little book, though some of its scientific criticisms and decisions are more rebellious than sound. The magnificent portrait of the author suggests a resolute thinker, not over receptive but rather over positive; and such is his book. But he is a good Spiritualist, though his belief is as much a challenge as a faith. The style of the book matches its spirit. Everything goes with a swing and a sweep that indicate facility of expression and strength of character. Its scientific heresies will hurt no one. Its truthseeking spirit will prompt to personal thought.

The closing Paper on 'The Unknown' is of great value—beautifully done and thrillingly suggestive. The following may give an idea of its drift:—

Scientists have measured the sun and the planets, located their orbits and determined their relative positions, but they have no instrument that enables them to discover, and no eyes to see, that what we call earth is a vast planet extending thousands of miles beyond what is supposed to be the surface.

In the progress of matter toward the invisible, it reaches a stage where gravitation does not act upon it and, instead of falling, the particles rise and come under the universal law of magnetic control. From everything, animate and inanimate, these particles are constantly arising to the outer surface of our invisible planet where, according to the laws of attraction and repulsion, they arrange themselves in their order, producing mountains, plains, and valleys; everything manifested by Nature in crude matter on the visible central portion or heart of this planet which we call the earth is duplicated there.

That supreme, intelligent force which unerringly selects and retains all that is necessary to individual life is always the same, whether in the visible or invisible world. If you understand that all natural expression of life here finds its counterpart in a more elevated condition in the other world, that spirit expresses itself in proportion to the refinement of matter it has to deal with, you will have no difficulty in conceiving what your life will be in the other world.

One of our serious Notes lately, on occult healing, was followed by a touch of humour which, by the way, these serious things sometimes need, to keep the rudder true.

Here is another story, by one Ivy Chew (told in 'The

Nautilus'), which makes a little merry over the 'New Thought' 'I am' affirmations. 'No one laid-down rule will work alike in any two cases,' says Ivy, and continues:—

Experience once taught me this very forcibly. My sister and I were returning from an errand one evening along a lonely country road. She feared the cross dogs we might encounter. I had great faith in 'I am' and boasted of always making friends even with the most vicious of dogs.

We had not gone far when, sure enough, out from a sequestered farmhouse came a large white-and-brown dog greeting us with an ominous growl. My sister started to run, which, of course, incited him to pursuit. Mustering all my courage I stood still and patted my knee and calling him a 'nice old dog' in the sweetest tone I could command, coaxed him to come to me; he hesitated an instant, viewing me carefully, then wagging his tail he ran toward me and we were soon the best of friends. My sister crowned me a heroine right then and there, and declared she was convinced that kind treatment is the only way to subdue cross dogs. I proudly assented that weapons of self-defence were unnecessary.

We had nearly reached home when right at our feet, as though it had boiled up out of the ground, was a little black dog, barking at us so loudly and excitedly that it couldn't have heard us had we spoken, and it appeared so suddenly we hadn't time to frame a sentence. I was carrying a small package and this I hurled straight at that little dog's head. The missile hit the mark—the little imp retreated, and my sister proclaimed me quite as much a heroine of this affray as of the first. But the experience taught me this: That to recognise and rightly use whatever lies nearest at hand is sometimes about the best the 'I am' can do.

'My Life as Farmer's Boy, Factory Lad, Teacher and Preacher,' by Adam Rushton (Manchester: S. Clarke, 41, Granby-row), is fitly introduced by a quotation from Ruskin: 'The lives we need to have written for us are of the people whom the world has not thought of, far less heard of, who are yet doing most of its work, and of whom we can best learn how it can be best done.' The last dozen words are specially applicable, as this pleasant and very readable story of Mr. Rushton's life is the story of a life which has been largely occupied in exemplifications of how to interest, instruct and guide 'the common people' who have heard the Rushtons gladly.

Of course the book will be most acceptable to those who know something of the people and the districts that have supplied the author with his stage, his scenery and his performers, but this is not necessary for the enjoyment of his Play, which is full of incident grave and gay, and quite rich in humour.

Mr. Rushton is a good Spiritualist, and, at eighty-eight years of age, after a shocking beginning, and innumerable illnesses, is apparently younger and happier than ever.

We sometimes indulge in the hope, or even in the assurance, that the old pulpit horrors have disappeared; and, to a large extent, the hope or assurance is well founded. But even Spiritualists, and pilgrims in love with 'sweetness and light,' whose path happily lies in other directions, occasionally hear, over the wall, the strange language of, say, fifty years ago. Thus 'The Christian Register' (U.S.) says:—

We said something recently about the preaching of the old doctrines of hell fire, devils, and eternal punishment, and

the 'Western Christian Advocate' gently chided us, saying that for many years the editors had not heard such doctrines preached. And now in Boston in the Easter number of an orthodox paper, we find things of this kind as bad as anything preached by Jonathan Edwards in his famous sermon on the sinner in the hands of an angry God. Where such teaching frightens one sensualist and drives one sinner to repentance it may easily cause many to agree with Father Taylor, who, after hearing a sermon of that kind, said to the preacher, as he came down from the pulpit: 'Is that your God? Why that's my devil.' The portrayal of a deity of that kind in our time makes what are called infidels; that is, men like John Stuart Mill, who said that if there were such a God he would defy him, or like Shelley, who argued that such a God was unworthy to reign, and if he existed would some time be dethroned.

Kate Gannett Wells asks very sensibly whether our wonderful new 'Psychotherapy' is anything but the old-fashioned graces of self-control and tact, and slyly says:—

Our forbears knew that if they were nervous or depressed, they would be sickly, and supposed that, if sickly, it was their duty to be resigned. Yet it seldom occurred to them that ministers had time to establish clinics for those who ought to know how to take care of their own souls, or that physicians had infallible remedies for disorders that sprang from persistent lack of common sense.

We hear a great deal of 'social service,' a good deal of which may easily slide into worry and fuss about other people in another street. Suppose we begin with people under the same roof, suggests Kate. Why not become 'home psychotherapists?' 'Practising upon our relatives, dependents and friends, exercises in sympathy, praise and tact, though making an ordinary stupid home happy, is not half so exciting as being a social expert, a settlement worker, or the manager of a clinic. So home is shoved aside that one may get on the social civil service reform list. Any way the public is served, a far easier process than being agreeable to one's tiresome family.'

But even here there is danger. People who long to take other folks in hand are often a little hard to bear with. For one thing, they usually nag, and nagging is a terrible thing. It is probably at the roots of four divorces out of five. 'Moral magnanimity is always at it, doing something,' says this knowing woman, 'that is why good people are proverbially disliked.'

It is very nice fooling, but there is a proportion of sense and truth in it.

This Sonnet, by Richard Realf, should be spoken sacramentally in the country some happy June morning:—

O earth! thou hast not any wind which blows  
Which is not music. Every weed of thine,  
Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine;  
And every humble hedgerow flower that grows,  
And every little brown bird that doth sing,  
Hath something greater than itself, and bears  
A loving word to every living thing,  
Albeit it holds the message unawares.  
All shapes and sounds have something which is not  
Of them. A spirit broods amid the grass;  
Vague outlines of the everlasting thought  
Lie in the melting shadows as they pass;  
The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills  
The breezes of the sunset and the hills.

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#### PSYCHIC EXPERIMENTS AND EXPERIENCES.

In 'LIGHT' of April 10th we gave, from the 'Atlanta Journal,' U.S.A., an incident in the experience of Mr. R. B. Harrison, president of the Atlanta Psychological Society, in which a spirit fulfilled a promise which he had made before his decease and gave good evidence of his identity. The 'Atlanta Journal' gives the particulars of other interesting experiences, as follows:—

Mr. Harrison has a brother living in Lumpkin, Ga., Judge John T. Harrison, with whose help he conducted a most remarkable experiment. The story is told as related by Mr. Harrison.

They agreed that one Saturday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock, Judge Harrison should take careful note of what he was doing and write to his brother just what his actions at that hour were. At the same time, Mr. Harrison, who was then in Atlanta in his office in the Austell building, would also write, tell what he thought Judge Harrison was doing at 3.30 o'clock, mail the letter to Judge Harrison, and see how the two letters coincided.

At 3.30 o'clock, Mr. Harrison spoke to a psychic who sat in a passive state in his office.

'You are going to Lumpkin,' he said. 'You will go over the Central, first to Macon, then to Americus.'

The psychic described her trip minutely.

'Now, I'm getting off the train,' she said.

Then she described her passage through the town. At the courthouse, she stopped and entered. She went into a room.

'There are three men here,' she said.

From her description Mr. Harrison recognised them as the sheriff, the deputy sheriff, and a clerk.

'You are in the wrong office,' he said. 'Go further down the hall.'

'I am in another room,' she said. 'I see a man standing by the window.'

'Ask him his name,' directed Mr. Harrison.

'He says it's John,' the psychic replied.

Then she described him. She said he had brown hair and eyes, and gave an accurate description of his dress.

'He is standing by the window,' she said, 'looking at two little negroes scuffling in the street below him.'

Mr. Harrison immediately wrote what the psychic said, and mailed it. The next day he received a letter from his brother in which the latter said that at 3.30 o'clock he threw a piece of sugar cane from his window and stood looking at two little negroes scuffling over it in the street below. But there was another part of the letter still more remarkable and strange.

Judge Harrison wrote that as he stood by the window, something entered the room and he distinctly saw his brother's psychic, though her material body was seated in a chair beside Mr. Harrison in the latter's office in the Austell building, many miles away. She asked him what his name was, and he said John.

The name of Mrs. Riddle, wife of Lieutenant Riddle, is still fresh in the minds of newspaper readers. While trying to join her husband who was with Evans' fleet on its trip around the world, she was wrecked on Christmas Island, and there she, with a number of other passengers, were castaways for some time. Before this occurrence, she and her husband were at San Diego awaiting the sailing of the fleet. Mrs. Riddle, mother of Lieutenant Riddle, passed through Atlanta and met Mr. Harrison. She told him that she had not heard from her son for some time and that she was growing anxious about him. He told her he would try to get into communication with him. He directed a psychic to find Lieutenant Riddle. She did, and said that he was at San Diego waiting to sail with the fleet. She said that she could see him with a little girl continually at his heels, and that sometimes the little girl became bothersome.

This Mrs. Riddle could not understand. She knew that her son had no children of his own, and she thought he was without friends in San Diego.

'But you will get a letter from him in three days,' said the psychic, 'and it will explain everything to you.'

In three days, true to the psychic's prediction, so it is related, the letter arrived. In it, Lieutenant Riddle told his mother that he had found a cousin in San Diego whom neither he nor she knew to be living there, and that this cousin had a little girl with whom he had got to be such great friends that the little one was almost his constant companion.

A gold watch was loaned to Mr. Harrison by Arnold Broyles, clerk of the superior court. He placed the watch in the hands of a psychic, and she said :—

'It has been on a long trip. As I look at it, I can see crowded streets and tall buildings. It has been to a very large city.'

Mr. Broyles said that this was impossible, that the watch had not been out of his possession for years except for a few days it recently spent in the hands of a jeweller. He later called Mr. Harrison up and told him that without his knowledge the jeweller had sent the watch to New York to be repaired, finding it impossible to mend it here.

A lady here had a little garment that her son had worn thirty years before when he was a baby. The garment was placed in the hands of a psychic.

'But I see a little girl,' he said. 'She is dancing about the floor.'

The mother explained that she had placed the garment on a little niece the day before. Later, the psychic gave an accurate description of her son.

Mr. Harrison is a very busy business man, and it was through the healing of his own sickness that he became interested in psychology, which he regards as the greatest of all sciences.

He now devotes his noon hour to healing, and there is a healing branch of the society among the ladies. He says that he has performed so many cures that he has come to look on the healing of the sick as nothing unusual.

A young girl had been suffering for twenty-two years from rheumatism. For twelve months she had been unable to lace her shoe. For the purpose of concentrating her mind on the cure he directed her to bathe her feet in plain water.

'I did that,' he said, 'for the same reason that dipping seven times in the Jordan was directed. The water of the Jordan had no medicinal effect. It was simply the concentration of the mind of the patient on the cure that was desired.'

In seven days the girl was cured. She was deaf and dumb, and had to be treated by written suggestion.

Mr. Harrison says : 'All cures are faith cures. An African wears a rattlesnake skin, an Italian a copper wire, and a sailor a leather band to keep off the rheumatism, and the desired end is attained in each instance. He believes that it is the faith in the doctor, the faith in the medicine that accomplishes the cure after all. He does not discourage the use of medicine or of any form of treatment. He merely believes them to be unnecessary. There was a woman who wrote to him from Dublin. She was suffering very severely from rheumatism. Her limbs were badly swollen and she endured the greatest pain. He told her that in four days the swelling would be gone and she would be well. In four days the swelling was gone and she was well.'

He insists that such healing is in no wise mysterious or impossible to understand. The subjective mind is all powerful. It can accomplish anything. That is his explanation.

While Mr. Harrison does not believe that everything we dream we really do, he does believe that the astral body has the power of separating itself and going off on an excursion of its own. When a sleeper lies as though dead, every bit of animation apparently gone, the breathing hardly perceptible, the cheeks white, then he thinks the astral body is away—maybe across a continent. Try to awaken such a sleeper, and in some instances it is impossible. He must be allowed to sleep until he wakes naturally.

ANOTHER 'ghost' story has found its way into the newspapers. It is stated that shortly after her husband had gone out to his work Mrs. B., of Reading, was startled at seeing the figure of an elderly man enter her bedroom. He was thin, miserable looking, and, she says, 'moved along the foot of the bedstead, gazing steadily at me and ultimately vanished near the window.' She firmly believes that she saw a spirit.

DR. ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS'S WORKS.—We learn from the Rev. B. F. Austin, of Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A., that, having secured the plates of the works by Dr. A. J. Davis, forming a complete exposition of the 'Harmonial Philosophy,' which books have been out of print for a number of years, he will be able, in June, to supply the full set of twenty-seven volumes, substantially bound and with the original illustrations, for the price of six pounds, carriage paid to any country outside the United States. Orders, accompanied by remittance, can be sent to the office of 'LIGHT,' and the books will be sent direct from America to the purchaser.

## 'JULIA'S' INTERCOMMUNICATION BUREAU.

We give, from the 'Fortnightly Review,' some further details of 'Julia's' Intercommunication Bureau, just established by Mr. Stead at his former editorial offices at Mowbray House, Norfolk-street, Strand, and briefly referred to on p. 238 of 'LIGHT.' In announcing this new departure, Mr. Stead treats the attempt as a common-sense method of practically determining whether or not it is possible to maintain regular and systematic communication with the next world. He says :—

This duty has been pressed upon me. I have hitherto postponed attempting to discharge it for many reasons, some of which no longer exist. I dare no longer delay making experiment in order to settle, in simple, practical fashion, whether or not those who from the Other Side assure us that such communications can be established between their world and ours, can make good their promises. . . . The experiment, of course, may fail. But it would be both cowardly and inconsequent not to put the matter to the proof.

Mr. Stead has given a new name to mediums—yet not so new, since it is found in the Book of Judges. He speaks of them as 'those from whose eyes the veil has dropped which conceals the sixth-sense world into which we pass at death,' and continues :—

There are many such persons living in our midst. They are silent for the most part, fearing ridicule or persecution. But they exist. While living in this world they also live in the world which lies beyond the frontiers of the five senses. When they reveal themselves they have many names : psychics, sensitives, mediums, clairvoyants, all of which are aliases for the one distinctive title of the see-er—the Man of the Opened Eyes : the Man who Sees. If we would explore the Other World we must take as guides those who have been in that world, nay, who live in it even now, and who are in more or less constant communication with those who have left our world. On our voyages of discovery and exploration the first indispensable thing is to secure the services of the Men of the Opened Eyes.

After referring to various extended faculties and powers possessed by those in the Beyond, and to the prevailing scepticism, which rejects second-hand information on this subject, though in other matters ninety-nine hundredths of our knowledge comes to us at second-hand if not at hundredth-hand, Mr. Stead reprints 'Julia's' original proposition to establish a Bureau of Communications between the two sides of existence, and explains who Julia is and was :—

Julia was the first name of Miss Julia A. Ames, formerly on the editorial staff of the 'Union Signal' of Chicago, the organ of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She was of New England stock, born in Illinois in 1860. When she visited Europe in 1890 she called on me, and we became good friends. She returned to America, and in the autumn of the following year she fell ill at Boston and died in the hospital there.

The problem of opening the bureau is, as Mr. Stead says, a serious one ; to some it will seem audacious, even profane. But it is time that it was taken in hand by serious investigators and resolutely prosecuted to its final conclusion. The only question is one of fact : can such a service be organised ? Mr. Stead replies :—

I think that with patience and perseverance it can be done. Julia, who fifteen years ago first insisted on the duty of opening such a Bureau of Intercommunication, has now undertaken to direct its operations from day to day. It may amaze some people that I should gravely write of opening an office which can only succeed—if it succeed—by the constant, conscious direction of the invisible Intelligence of a human being who died and was buried seventeen years ago. But if there be any truth in the fundamental doctrine of Modern Spiritualism, there is nothing incredible in this—that we can confidently depend upon the business-like co-operation of those on the other side.

As previously stated, the sanction of the Invisible Director must be obtained by those who wish to use the Bureau, but 'it will be refused to all who do not seek to hear from those whom they have loved and lost. On this point Julia is very positive.' The watchword of the Bureau is to help those who love to find each other again after the death of one of them.

It will sort out and deliver messages, but only 'messages of love and longing.' It will not undertake the general exploration of the other world. 'It must confine itself to its first duty, the building of the bridge, the relinking of broken ties, the establishment of communication between the bereaved.'

'It will be Julia's Bureau, not mine,' says Mr. Stead in conclusion; 'if it fails it will not be for lack of earnest and sincere co-operation from both sides. But if it succeeds——! Well, it is worth trying, and we are glad that Mr. Stead has at last determined at all events to try.'

#### GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY.

In the spirit world, the world that is God, joy ranks high, it stands next in importance to love.

I think the actual word 'joy' is very beautiful, it is full of music and it expresses its own meaning.

Joy is Divine, it radiates, sending forth a force which compels itself to be felt. Joy comes far before happiness, for happiness can be bred of selfishness and narrowness. Joy never fails, it gives out, expands, draws and attracts what is best.

All those who come into direct communication with what is high in the spiritual world, will tell you that 'love' and 'joy' are the two words which come through most frequently; at times these words will be repeated, over and over again, as though the loving soul on the other side were struggling to impress their importance on your brain. Love, joy, peace, that is Heaven, where we are all, every one of us, going some day, though to get there we are choosing different roads, and of a truth, some of us choose queer ways of getting to Heaven! Fantastic are the paths we wander in, but ever above and around us are the everlasting arms, and could we but hear, when our hearts fail us, ever a still small voice whispering to our weary spirits: 'Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.'

I asked a healer how he healed, his answer was, 'The Lord Jesus Christ stands beside me and I feel the power pouring into me from the crown of my head.' A friend, whose advice I prized very greatly, told me that in the night the archangel Michael stood by and spoke wonderful words of peace and counsel. I read of Joan of Arc and the saints whom she saw, and who spoke to her—I read of Bernadette and her vision of the Blessed Virgin with a pale blue sash round her waist and pink roses on her feet. Of others I read; from others I heard marvellous accounts, and my faith was shaken—I could not understand or believe these stories. I am no longer troubled or puzzled, for I know that these people told the truth—the Divine Spirit of God had spoken to them in the language their understanding could best grasp. Personality is absolutely necessary to some people, and your iconoclast is cruel—it does not matter how people clothe their God, if, to them, He must be clothed in garments of flesh—it does not alter the fact that the source is all the same, and if the clothing of God be beautiful, be thankful for that too, for where beauty is there is God.

'And He passing through the midst of them went His own way.'

It has been my privilege to travel much, and to have seen most of the works of art in the world. I never see a great work without calling to memory the above quotation; to me these words express, as nothing else can do, the extraordinary unconscious aloofness, and yet embracement, of all that constitutes a masterpiece. It is not only in art that this expression is met with, I see it in the sunset, I hear it in the storm, and when I recognise it, I figuratively take the shoes from off my feet, for I know the ground whereon I stand is holy ground, and for a brief moment my soul is one with God, and I catch a glimpse of Heaven—for I have seen the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty.

M. S.

#### THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

BY REGINALD B. SPAN.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven  
Upon the place beneath: It is twice bless'd;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.'

Thus sang the immortal Bard of Stratford, and for all time his words are true.

It is mercy, sympathy, and loving kindness that suffering humanity needs more than anything else. 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' Mercy is the brightest star in the angel's crown. It is the prerogative of love, and the hall-mark of all noble natures. We all need mercy at some time as we all have to suffer, and it behoves us to show mercy one towards another. In direst poverty how entirely one is at the mercy of the world, and alas! how little mercy is generally shown. In England, however, more mercy and sympathy are manifested towards the poor and suffering than in any other country, as the writer of this article, who has travelled and lived in various parts of the world, can affirm.

On the bed of sickness and pain we depend on those around us: their sympathy and loving kindness relieve our pain and anguish, lighten the load of grief and bring the sunshine of hope into our hearts and lives. No one is obliged to be kind, gentle, and sympathetic, or to hold out a helping hand to those who require assistance; it is an act of mercy to do so, and springs from the divine part of our complex nature.

If we only knew it, most of our impulses of mercy and sympathetic aid come from the unseen world—from 'the great cloud of witnesses'—the blessed spirits of light who, full of tender pity and love for those who suffer, always prompt us to extend mercy to others; but too often the barrier between us and them is hard to penetrate. We do not respond to their impressions as we should.

Warning dreams, visions and presentiments are given to us with great difficulty by ministering spirits with the express purpose of warding off some danger which may be hanging over us, and which they see will cause us suffering. It is an act of mercy to send us these warnings, of which, however, we are often too obtuse or sceptical to take advantage. The majority of people scoff at dreams, visions and presentiments nowadays—we are so immensely superior to the foolish folk who, in Bible times, placed the firmest faith in spiritual signs and omens and recognised the folly of mankind becoming separated from and independent of the spiritual world!

'Where there is no vision the people perish' applies as much to this age as to the times of long ago. If we keep 'in tune with the Infinite' and in touch with the powers of God, we come under the influence of the Eternal Good, and to be kind and merciful to every living creature follows as a natural consequence and becomes second nature. When we recognise the fact that we are all spiritual beings in different grades of evolution, all going through a pilgrimage on this plane and bound to each other by the ties of humanity and brotherhood, we come to think more kindly of others and are more merciful and tolerant of one another's failings and weaknesses.

When every vocation is overcrowded, and competition is so keen that suffering and despair become the concomitants of life, and death seems the only portal of release, mercy comes as an angel of light to relieve distress and lessen pain and suffering: brothers stand side by side with their brothers in distress with ready sympathy and helping hands.

As humanity progresses the time is coming, surely, when war will be no more and all forms of cruelty and oppression will cease. Then we shall have the 'something kinder, higher, holier; all for each and each for all,' which our great poet, Tennyson, prophesied.

At present there is a great movement going on 'behind the veil' amongst our unseen friends; they are endeavouring to bring the people of the two planes of existence closer together, and there are many earnest workers on this side who

are trying to meet them half way. Sir Oliver Lodge likens the movement very truly to men driving a tunnel through a mountain. Even now we hear the pickaxes of the party from the other side, and when the tunnel is completed the direct influence of the angels of light and love will be felt all over this planet. Kindness, mercy, and goodwill will then flourish abundantly, and the conquest of pain, disease, sin and darkness will assuredly become an accomplished fact.

### LIGHT BEYOND THE MIST.

#### A DREAM EXPERIENCE.

The following truthful account of a vision, or dream experience, which I had may prove of interest to the readers of 'LIGHT':—

A sensation of a strong cold wind blowing upon my face awakens me, and I see, standing at the foot of my bed, a beloved friend who had died some time previously. He smiles and beckons me to come with him. Immediately I leave my bed and join him. We seem to pass through walls as though they did not exist; then out into the night, the stars shining in the heavens. I feel light and buoyant, and seem almost to fly up into space amid mists and clouds, with a brilliant light that seems to point the way, but always there is a strong rushing wind. My friend suddenly leaves me, but I do not seem to mind, I feel quite happy. Then I find myself on a pebble beach facing the sea. I am standing near the water, the gentle waves almost touching my bare feet. It seems to be dawn of day; the sea has a cold grey look that makes me feel lonely and sad, and there is not a living soul in sight. I gaze across to the horizon and see a tiny black speck appear, which grows larger as I look, and presently I see that it is a large ship, perfectly dark, and with not a sign of life on board. It seems to be heading its way towards me. A sudden fear takes possession of me, and I say to myself, 'It is the Death Ship, what can it want with me?' It comes nearer; then a large anchor is thrown overboard, but no one is visible. I turn to look behind me, and there stands a grey-bearded fisherman, dressed in oilskin boots to the knees, dark blue jersey and red knotted handkerchief at the throat. As I look at him he smiles gravely and stoops to pick up a thick coil of rope, saying, as he glances at me, 'To save souls.' I turn away again and look across the sea to my left. Suddenly the sun rises in full glory, dispelling the mist that seems to hang like a curtain over all. The sea begins to leap and dance in the sunlight. A small boat, steel blue grey in colour, appears. It comes nearer to me and I turn to the fisherman, saying, 'There are three souls on board.' His only reply is, 'Aye, aye, ready.' I look at the ship still immersed in gloom, and pray earnestly that they may not go near it, but on they come very, very near. Suddenly a mighty wind blows from around the ship directly upon the boat, turning it completely over. I notice that the bottom of the boat is dazzling white. I turn to the fisherman, but he has gone. I turn again and find a man of middle age beside me, dressed in a dark blue serge suit, white cuffs, and cheesecutter hat, with a shiny leather peak; he was one of the three in the boat. I exclaim: 'Why, I thought you were all drowned, and you are not even wet.' I hold out both my hands to him, saying, 'I am so glad, so glad; come, I will do all I can for you.' He smiles back at me, holding my hands tightly. Then I think of the other two in the boat, and exclaim, 'They must be drowned,' but he says, 'No, see, there they are in the distance.' I look in the direction in which he is looking, and see two forms rapidly disappearing; even as I look they seem to fade into a sort of vapour and are lost to sight. I say again, 'Come, I will help you.' We take each other's hands and go up the hilly beach. The pebbles give way beneath my bare feet and hurt them, but not his, for he has shoes on. We reach the top, and again I say, 'I am so glad to help you'; he smiles at me, and then sudden darkness comes between us, and I begin to travel rapidly through space, as before, with the bright white light guiding me home.

Three days later a lady in trouble comes to me. She has a visitor who has been suddenly taken ill, and she begs me to go and nurse him. I tell her that I would rather not, but on seeing her distress I say: 'I will go and look at him, then find you a nurse.' As I enter the room she tells me that he cannot speak and does not like strangers. I bend over the bed and there lies the man of my dream; the very clothes he was wearing are on a chair beside the bed, the hat resting on the top of all. He opens his eyes, and when he sees me a glad look comes over his face and he struggles to take my hand. His friend exclaims, 'Why, he knows you, how strange.' I tell him I am going to stay with him; he smiles and nods. It is midnight, and so I remain with him and try to help him through the valley of the shadows. At dawn of day he entered into life. Perhaps he will greet me in another world and help me up the rough pebbly beach into the light beyond the mist—who can tell?

M. E. E.

#### MAY MEETINGS IN LONDON.

The eighth Annual Convention of the Union of London Spiritualists, which was held on Thursday, the 13th inst., in the South Place Institute, Finsbury, E.C., was one of the most successful of the series. In the morning Mr. J. Adams presided, Mr. Percy Street, of Reading, offered an invocation, and, in the regretted absence of Mr. W. E. Long, through illness, Mr. E. W. Wallis dealt fully with the subject announced, *viz.*, 'Spiritualism: Its Dangers, Purposes, and Philosophy.' Questions and discussion followed. In the afternoon Mrs. Place-Veary and Mrs. Imison (Nurse Graham) gave clairvoyant descriptions with much success; out of a total of nearly fifty spirit persons described only four remained unrecognised at the close of the meeting. In the evening a large and enthusiastic audience filled the Institute. The chair was ably occupied by Mr. G. Tayler Gwinn, the president of the Union, and stirring Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Robert King, John Lobb, E. W. Wallis, and D. J. Davis. The collections during the day amounted to eleven pounds.

The 'Morning Leader,' which on former occasions has treated the proceedings with levity, gave a fair report of the morning and afternoon meetings, summarising Mr. Wallis's address as follows:—

His theme was 'Spiritualism: Its Dangers, Purposes, and Philosophy.' He said the movement was spirit-guided by the officers on 'the other side,' and its main purpose was to controvert the materialism of the age. It supplied a basis of fact for the world's faith, which too often had been a synonym for credulity; for Spiritualists stood on an impregnable rock of testimony to the existence of another world peopled, not with stained-glass angels on the one hand and 'asbestos-like individuals who burned for ever' on the other, but with emancipated souls who sought to rescue us from our low plane of materialism.

Mrs. Imison and Mrs. Place-Veary are reported as giving minute descriptions of spirits whom they saw near members of the audience, to whom they desired to convey messages. After a lady had recognised the description of her mother, Mrs. Place-Veary is reported as saying:—

'Ah, she showed me a ring: I felt as if I wanted to put it on your finger.'

'I have it on,' replied the lady, holding up her hand and showing the ring of her dead mother on one of the fingers.

Several such incidents created a deep impression among the audience.

'JEANNE D'ARC, Documentary Evidences of the Heroine and Christian Healer,' is the title of a new work by Professor Charles Roessler, Laureate of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, and author of works on Oghams, Celtic Art, &c., who has made a close investigation of contemporary documents. It will be published by subscription at 8s. net by Messrs. Williams and Norgate, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, W.C. The work will be illustrated from original documents, contemporary drawings, &c.

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### ALL THINGS NEW.

It seems to be a part of the spiritual make-up of Man that he should be a dreamer of dreams—and always of something new. It is probably the stirring in him of the evolutionary forces, the promptings of that power which has preordained him to advance; hence the phrase 'divine discontent' is not used without deep significance: the discontent with the old, the fusty, the exhausted, being a veritable divine whisper: 'Get thee out from thy kindred and thy father's house unto a land that I will show thee.' And certain it is that this yearly miracle of Spring enforces the bidding of the voice with its wonder of sweetness and beauty and joy.

John, the Seer of the New Testament, was in love with an ideal world which, if we are to believe him, he saw—though probably only as an ideal, depicted in dream. 'I saw a new heaven and a new earth,' he said; and 'I saw One who sat upon a throne, and proclaimed, "Behold, I make all things new!"' And, in this new earth and heaven, there were no more tears, nor sorrow, nor crying, nor pain; and no more death: and there are moments and scenes at such a season as this when the dream seems coming true.

In spite of blasts and storms, how gloriously the Great Renewer justifies Himself! and how easy it is sometimes to say, with Douglas Jerrold, 'Did God ever walk the earth in finer weather?' Or, as Theodore Parker said:—

Not only to Hebrew Moses, but to all human kind, God speaks in every burning bush; and the rising of Nature's song wakes new morning in the soul of man. This perpetual renewal of vegetation; this annual wonder of blossoming—what a religious revelation it offers to us! . . . Every flowering bush burns with God, and is not consumed. With neither trick nor miracle He changes water into wine on all the vine-clad hills of Italy, France, and Spain, and fills not five thousand men, but five thousand times two hundred thousand—a thousand million men—every day; and on the broken bread of this meal supports the multitudinous armies of beast, bird, fish, insect, reptile. . . . Compared to this wonder of law, the miracles of the Old Testament or New are no fact, but poor poetry. They are like ghosts among a marketful of busy men and women.

It is this stupendous wonder, the regularity and vastness of the yearly renewal, that blinds us to the supreme marvel. The orderly is apt to become the common; the universal to seem the inevitable: and yet could any sudden miracle more truly reveal the immanent God, the present Mind? There is rigidity nowhere, permanence nowhere. The very earth has been remade and recombined over and over again.

It is almost a commonplace to say it, but how we need to be reminded of it! Where the great city roars, the huge waves have rolled. Where forests murmur, glaciers have scrunched—and probably will again. The all-commanding Power on the throne is ever at work. 'Thou renewest the face of the earth.'

But how? Ah, that is the wonder of it. It is ever as He wills, but He seems to have no will. He makes laws and obeys them. He is Master, but He serves. There is nothing arbitrary—not a throb of disorder, not a swerving from inexorable law. The old God of the old theocracies never existed. God is and always has been 'past finding out,' known only through His manifestations, and everywhere only imperfectly, and so imperfectly, indeed, that they were wise, after all, who built an altar to 'The Unknown God.' And still men dream.

Involved in this is the thought that Human Nature, as well as what we exclusively call 'Nature,' is from God. But that at once raises the dark problem of misery and evil. The Bible solves it boldly, in places, by attributing all to God. 'I am the Lord, and there is none else,' says one of the prophets for Him, 'I form the light, and make darkness. I give peace and bring about calamity. I, the Lord, do all these things.' And so He does, in the same sense that He sends drought and rotting rains, caressing zephyrs and furious earthquakes. 'I, the Lord, send all these things': but not one of them as an act of arbitrary will.

Matthew Arnold was not far wrong when he wrote of the King upon the throne as the Power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness: the really test question always being whether God is working for advance in form and use, for righteousness in conduct and a higher type of life: and this we have every reason for affirming. The details of the process, the arduousness of the pilgrimage, the seriousness of the price, must always awaken grave thought; but the tendency is undoubted; and, so far as we have a right to infer the future from the past, the end is sure.

It is here we may find the truth about the much debated subject of Inspiration and Revelation; and the essential fact to grasp is that God works here as elsewhere through natural laws. Inspiration is really receptivity, and Revelation is really discovery. God is nowhere excluded and nowhere inoperative: and this is true all the way along the grades of life from a blade of grass to the ecstasy of a seraph. 'It is God who worketh in you,' said Paul, 'both to will and to work for His good pleasure.' The law of Evolution applies to the mind as well as to the body, and to the conscience as well as to the mind. Suggestions from the Unseen we may reasonably believe in, but these suggestions are as real in the origin or transformation of species in plants as in the awakening of longings in Man. It is not a finished Creation, nor has the Creator ever 'rested from all His work.' He is both Creator and Inspirer, and both creation and inspiration occur through progressive changes in harmony with natural law. All revelation is from above, working through what is beneath, just as all harvests are from above working through what is beneath.

The Spiritualist simply carries all this on into the life beyond. He asks whether it is not rational to conclude that a life thus evolved and inspired from a higher region will pass on to it when the process is ended: but, taking that inference for granted, and simply on the bare hypothesis that life will persist into a spirit-sphere, the Spiritualist asks whether it is probable that the Heavenly Renewer will cease His creative work for us and in us when this poor little experiment is over. Will there be any evolution

of the spirit-self there as there has been an evolution of the bodily self here? Will the spirit pass into that amazing Unseen Universe, from which all matter comes and back to which it all goes? and if so will the Great Renewer, in anger, or bitterness, or disappointment, fling even the meanest of His failures into a helpless Hell?

To ask the question is to answer it. To ask whether there is a God at all is to answer it, if the hypothesis of a God must be assumed: for 'God' and 'The Ideal' are the same; and The Ideal must be eternal and eternally operative. The poor dried-up love He will lave with the water of life: the doubters He will convince; the embittered He will soothe; the sinful He will cleanse; the estranged He will reconcile; the morally dead He will bring back to life; and to all He will say hereafter as we could never hear Him say here: 'Behold, I make all things new!'

### MAGIC FROM A MODERN STANDPOINT.

By MISS EDITH WARD.

On Thursday evening, May 6th, Miss Edith Ward delivered an Address on 'Magic from a Modern Standpoint' to the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, S.W., Mr. H. Withall presiding.

(Continued from page 236.)

We ask, What is true Magic? What is the great Arcanum behind all manifestations of occult power? Hartmann, in his 'Magic, White and Black,' defines what he believes to be true magic. His definition reads: 'Whatever misinterpretations ancient or modern ignorance may have given to the word Magic, its only true significance is the highest science or wisdom based upon knowledge and practical experience.'

Now that may be very true, but perhaps it hardly carries us far enough. Hartmann draws, of course, a very clear distinction between magic and the magic arts, and his definition refers to true magic, not to the production of magical phenomena. Some of you will remember that Waite, in his well-known 'Mysteries of Magic,' which is a digest of one of Eliphas Lévi's most celebrated works, says that:—

The great Arcanum is the secret of 'will-ability.' It is the secret of the subjugation of the sphinx of human liberty, the serpent of passionate desire, the Baphomet of superstitions, not by their destruction, but by making all and each perform unconsciously the will of the adept.

Now the main point of that definition is in the secret of 'will-ability,' and that the result is the performance by unseen beings of the will of the adept. Here, then, in the human will do we find the true secret of magic, and, whether we know it or not, we are all magicians. I spoke at the beginning of my address on black and white magic and grey magic. Now, I venture to say that there are very few white magicians in the world, and, perhaps, very few more black magicians, but there are an enormous number of grey magicians—of every shade of grey, from the most beautiful silvery and dove-coloured grey to the most dingy dirty colour with a large predominance of black. Where the white or black magician acts consciously the grey magician acts unconsciously. In each human being there is that germ of the Divine which manifests as Will, that reflection of Divine power in the universe, which, in the less evolved human being shows itself more as desire than will. But these—will and desire—are the great motive powers in the world. Will is the great force behind every magical performance. No matter how ceremonial the magic, or elaborate the ritual, ceremonies and ritual are but adjuncts—means whereby the will is focussed on the result to be obtained—and the *real* force is the power of will. That will-power brings about an actual physical manifestation through

some form of those finer, or magnetic, forces which science is even now beginning to realise and use.

In one of those old letters upon which the earlier teaching of the theosophical movement was founded, letters written to Mr. A. P. Sinnett, there is this statement very definitely made by an authority regarded by Mr. Sinnett as beyond question:—

Every thought of man upon being evolved passes into another world and becomes an active entity by associating itself—coalescing we might term it—with an elemental. . . . So man is continually peopling his current in space with the offspring of his fancies, desires, and passions. . . . The adept evolves these shapes consciously, other men throw them off unconsciously.

Now there we find, I think, the clue to many of the processes of magic, conscious and unconscious; the human will throwing the matter of its invisible bodies, the substance of the invisible world in which man partly lives, into active movement, into vibration, produces or builds up forms, and such forms are in fact artificial elements, beings—or shall we say things?—endowed with energy, with a longer or shorter existence dependent on the amount of force which has generated them, and capable of some executive action. But the adept, or magician, not only consciously creates an elemental servitor of his will, he may also by the exercise of knowledge—directed will—call up, as it were, out of that 'vasty deep,' the astral plane, other entities, even self-conscious entities who, by reason of certain affinities, can be wrought upon, brought into touch with the will of the operator and finally caused to bring about the result he desires. I do not think I need elaborate the matter of the existence of thought-forms, or of the human aura, as part of the human make-up, because I assume that your studies have brought you into touch with all such subjects as matters of recognised knowledge, and I think we may take it for granted that you realise that the existence of the finer forms of matter, which can be energised and acted upon by human thought and will, makes possible so many of those successful experiments of our scientific men which are now recognised as perfectly commonplace. I refer, for example, to experiments in hypnotism. Hypnotism is now so generally recognised as a fact that it has even become a subject for music hall displays. I believe at the present time a part of the entertainment which takes place at a certain music hall is that afforded by a dancer who comes on the stage in a state of hypnotic trance. The whole subject is fully familiar to you. You know, from investigations and practical experience, the existence of some force which can proceed from the mind of one person and affect the mind, thought, imagination, and even the actual physical body of some other person. It has been found to be curative in its action, and equally to be capable of producing an injury. If these operations had taken place a hundred years ago, in all probability the unfortunate people who manifested the power would have been regarded as under evil influence and perhaps severely punished. We know now, however, that true magic art is not necessarily *black* magic, but in all the forces of life there are dark and light sides and that that which differentiates is the motive, and in this connection you will remember our adept Shakespeare has put into the mouth of the friar gathering herbs, the truth that there is—

'Nought so vile that on the earth doth live,  
But to the earth some special good doth give;  
Nor aught so good, but strained from that fair use,  
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.'

We know how that truth is prominent in medical science. So it is exactly with magical power which can be used for healing and destruction, which can be used to break up the bodies, to destroy the nervous organisation of the individual, or can be used to give it support and healing. So with all these different efforts and directions in which thought-power is being used at the present time, it is the magical energy which is being put forth, the energy of the human will, and the human imagination behind the will, because in order that the will may be directed the imagination must build up the form through which it can impress others. Man must make

in his own mind a picture of the result he desires before that result can show itself in the physical world, just as an artist must see in his mind's eye the result he desires to express on the canvas before that expression takes a physical form.

I am sure I shall find in this audience those who will agree with me when I say that besides these methods we have also with us manifestations of what we may definitely describe as the methods of black magic, some which the white magician would not adopt. Lots of people we meet every day are trying all sorts of experiments with would-be wizards, but we find, frequently, that these people who are experimenting in so many directions at the present time are incurring risks of which they are little aware. At a time like the present, when many persons are dabbling in magic with little knowledge of what it implies, it is well that those who have studied this question should raise a voice of warning and explanation and put before them not only the risks they run but the great moral responsibility that rests upon every one of us for the right use of those powers which are fast developing amongst us. When we recognise that the true magician's wand is the perfected human will, I think we shall begin to put aside some of the practices of grey magic and rise to some of the levels, to some of the practices, of the White Magicians who are really the true helpers of humanity.

Now as regards the study of magic. There are hidden forces in Nature of which we get glimpses from time to time, and which we may in the very near future have infinitely more fully at human command for the general welfare of humanity, but we shall never be allowed to discover certain of those hidden forces of Nature until the time is ripe for their use in a right, a wise, and loving way. There are rigid conditions attached to initiation in white magic. I cannot give them better than in the words of Jacob Behmen, who wrote :—

If you desire to investigate the divine mysteries of Nature investigate first your own mind, and ask yourself about the purity of your purpose. Do you desire to put the good teachings which you may receive into practice for the benefit of humanity? Are you ready to renounce all selfish desires, which cloud your mind and hinder you from seeing the clear light of eternal truth? Are you willing to become an instrument for the manifestation of Divine Wisdom? Do you know what it means to become united with your own higher self, to get rid of your illusive self, to become one with the living universal power of good, and die to your own shadowy, insignificant, terrestrial personality? Or do you merely desire to obtain great knowledge so that your curiosity may be gratified, and that you may be proud of your science and believe yourself to be superior to the rest of mankind? Consider that the depths of divinity can only be searched by the Divine Spirit itself, which is active within you. *Real knowledge* must come from your own interior, not merely from externals, and they who seek for the essence of things merely in externals, may find the artificial colour of a thing, but not the true thing itself.

That, I think, reminds us of the words of a greater mystic: 'The kingdom of God is within you.' By the 'kingdom of God' I am inclined to think was meant that universal power, that real force of magic, that ray from the spiritual plane—that is the kingdom of God; the 'light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.'

Now, as I have said, there are dangers and risks in psychic investigation, but there are also safeguards for those who are willing to abide by them. There are plenty of pseudo-occultists, but there are some who can give you altogether wise words and real occult teaching. Among those from whose experiences we may learn wisdom is, I think, John Dee, the memorable Doctor Dee, the friend of Queen Elizabeth, the great astrologer, and, withal, a religious, pious man. He investigated psychic phenomena, made experiments, and got into touch with the unseen forces of Nature; but there came a time when he forgot that no matter what may be the authority for belief, from even the world of the unseen—and Dee believed he received communications from the archangels—that whatever may be the authority of the speaker, if he tells a man to do something that is against his own moral nature and conscience, the instruction should not be obeyed.

That is the lesson we all have to learn to-day. If the magical instruction that you receive is contrary to what your own conscience believes to be right, no matter if your conscience is, as Ruskin put it, the conscience of an ass, still follow it. You may make mistakes, but you learn by the experience, and you strengthen the conscience by following it, for every moral quality we possess can only be strengthened by use and exercise, just as our muscles can only be developed by work and use. On this point I should like to read you a further extract from Jacob Behmen before drawing to a close :—

If our judgment becomes free of all selfish taint, and the vibrations of our soul are made to vibrate in harmony with the eternal Spirit, our perishable intellect will be penetrated by the imperishable light of Divine Wisdom; and we will be able to perceive and to solve the deepest problems in Nature. If our desire and reason cling to the sphere of self, we shall see merely the illusions which we ourselves have created; but if we become free by being obedient to the universal law, we will become one with the law and see the truth in its purity.

Notice how Behmen pointed out exactly the weakness of so many would-be magicians—the existence of that element of the personal self which renders them liable to see their own thought forms ('illusions') as realities. They accept these creations in all good faith, and the risk is bad enough when only they themselves are deluded, worse still when these delusions are passed on to others—when they try to impress on associates, as commands, or instructions, the visions they have seen, or voices they have heard. In this direction lie some of the dangers of 'Magic'; they need have no terrors for the 'pure in heart,' but how few can answer the old, old question as to 'who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord' by saying, with perfect truth, that they have 'clean hands and a pure heart'! Yet therein lies the secret of true occultism, the pathway to the arcanum of real magic; for that, as Behmen put it, is becoming one with the universal law, which in the long end is the law of God.

That is the great occult teaching: become one with the universal law and you have at your command the universal energy. Thou hast but to resolve, and lo! the whole great universe shall fortify thy soul. A great magician said, it is the pure in heart who are blessed, for they shall see God. Those who would know the doctrine of magic must live the life of the true magician. (Loud applause.)

In replying to the question: 'What is the meaning of elementals?' Miss Ward said: 'I think confusion of thought is apt to arise because the word "elemental" has been used in a good many different senses and not always in the same sense by the same writer. I can only venture to put before you my conception of an elemental. Personally, I use the term "elemental" to imply a creation in the finer matter—the astral plane—it may be the effort of the human mind or may be the result of a much more powerful influence. Therefore, the elemental may be a living creature due to the creative thought of a much more powerful being than man, or of man himself, and I try to use it in a sense different from that of "nature spirit," with which it has often been confused. A "nature spirit" I take to be a creature belonging to an evolution different from the human, as having quite a different line of development in the past.'

Mr. W. J. COLVILLE, in proposing a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Ward, said that motive was the great point to be sought for in the various sects and apparently opposite teachings. If the motive was to do good because it is good, then came unity with celestial beings.

The vote was seconded by Mr. Stewart, supported by Dr. Abraham Wallace, and carried unanimously.

ERRATUM.—In the article entitled 'Mysticism, Ancient and Modern,' on p. 232 of 'LIGHT,' the name 'Dr. King,' wherever it occurs, should of course be 'Dr. Jones,' the author of the work under review.

It is reported that while a lady at Kentish Town was reading, her spectacles suddenly became blurred. Taking them off, she found on the right lens a distinct portrait of herself in white, showing details of her hair and dress, all plainly recognisable. The left lens was quite clean.

## ANCIENT PROPHECIES FULFILLED.

The prophecies of Nostradamus, who lived in the middle of the sixteenth century, are frequently referred to by Continental writers: in this country they seem to be little known. They are written in old French, and are very enigmatical until the event supplies the interpretation. In 'Psychische Studien' Albert Knief mentions some of these prophecies that have been fulfilled: one of them relates to Sedan. Literally translated it runs thus:—

Fire of golden colour from heaven on earth seen,  
Struck down by the high-born, a wonderful event.  
Great slaughter of men; the prince, nephew of the great,  
A melodramatic death the proud will escape.

'Prince,' the writer says, is an abbreviation of 'prisoner,' often used by Nostradamus, so that we must regard it as referring to the proud Napoleon III., captured and released after a sanguinary battle, in which he was vanquished by a monarch of far higher birth than himself; the 'wonderful event' may refer to the surprising recovery of power by Prussia after the defeats sustained earlier in the century. There was something highly spectacular in Napoleon's conduct of the campaign—readers may recall Charles Kingsley's satirical poem on the 'baptism of fire' of the Prince Imperial.

A prophecy of Nostradamus which has been declared to have been falsified by events, is one that has been understood as ascribing only fourteen years' duration to the Second Empire: what it says, however, is that 'the cropped-head shall assume the tyranny for fourteen years.' Napoleon I. wore his hair short, in contrast to the long curls of the old monarchy; and his 'tyranny' lasted from November, 1799, to April, 1814, or fourteen and a half years. Nostradamus also prophesied that in 1792 there would be proposed or attempted 'une renovation de siècle,' the beginning of a new century or reckoning of chronology. The new calendar instituted by the First Republic began with the autumnal equinox (September 22nd), 1792; but it only lasted for a few years, and scarcely survived the beginning of the new century according to the old chronology. The word used by Nostradamus is particularly suggestive of an abortive attempt to tinker with old Father Time.

## LYCEUM UNION CONFERENCE.

The British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union held its twentieth Annual Conference at North-street, Burnley, on Saturday and Sunday, May 8th and 9th, Mr. E. A. Keeling (Liverpool), presiding, supported by Mr. John Venables (Walsall), treasurer, Mr. Alfred Kitson, general secretary, and members of the executive council.

The sessions were well attended, there being one hundred and thirty-three representatives present. In a letter of greeting from Dr. A. J. Davis, the venerable founder of the Lyceum movement mentioned that the illuminated Address which was sent from the Lyceum demonstration held in Manchester eleven years ago was to be placed on permanent exhibition in the headquarters of the American National Spiritualist Association in Washington, D.C.

Mr. Hudson Tuttle, in a letter of greeting, said: 'We look upon the Lyceum movement as the most vital of all efforts in Spiritualism and liberalism. If we do not wish our children to imbibe ideas and beliefs which we regard as untrue, and detrimental to the highest conception of right living, we must take their instruction into our own hands, and not allow their pliant minds to be bent and warped by obsolete dogmas. If we want our children instructed in the living thoughts of the present, and true conceptions of their relations to themselves, each other, and to God, we must furnish the means for such education, for they can obtain it in no other manner. Social life is as essential to the happiness of children as air is to life, and if we do not give our children the advantages they find ready prepared for them in the churches, we must expect they will go to the churches.'

The annual report showed that there were 183 federated Lyceums, as against 172 last year, and that the membership of 177 Lyceums was: Officers, 1,738; scholars, 7,995. These figures do not include the 19 non-federated Lyceums, so that it is safe to say that the full strength of the Lyceum movement cannot be less than 11,000.

The Union has its own official organ, 'The Lyceum Banner,' supported by 84 per cent. of the Lyceums. The publishing department showed a turnover of £270 2s. 0½d. This department supplies Lyceum literature to the English-speaking people of the world.

The treasurer's report showed cash balances as follows: General fund, £2 14s.; publishing department (including 'The Lyceum Banner'), £593; outstanding accounts, £8 10s.; the 'Lyceum Home' Fund, £99 7s. 6d.; value of stock, £248.

It was decided to hold the next Conference at Birkenhead in Whit-week of next year, and to celebrate the coming of age of the Union. Mrs. A. E. Bentley was chosen as president.

## JOTTINGS.

For a long time past the Marylebone Association of Spiritualists have felt the need of opportunities for more frequent and more social intercourse between the members than has been possible at Cavendish Rooms, and the Council, fortunately, have now been able to secure a hall for week-night meetings, at 3, Percy-street, off Tottenham Court-road. As will be seen by a report on page 252, this hall was opened by Mr. George Spriggs on the 10th inst., and it is hoped that much good work will be accomplished and the interest of the members in the work of the Association be considerably strengthened as the result of this new venture.

'The Daily Mirror,' of the 14th inst., in a brief notice of the Convention of the Union of London Spiritualists at South Place Institute, said 'Hans Andersen and the Arabian Nights will have to be revised, for they deal with evil spirits as well as good ones, and, according to Mr. E. W. Wallis, there are no evil spirits at all.' This is hardly correct. What Mr. Wallis said was that the human spirit, the essential self, is innately good, divine, since God is spirit, and man, inwardly, partakes of the divine nature. But many human beings, both in the body and out, are so ignorant, sensual and selfish as to be evilly disposed because they are undeveloped and have not yet awakened to the realisation of their true nature and powers.

The popular idea regarding the Unseen seems to be that it is given over to principalities and powers of evil. The traditional theology, which is rapidly dying out, presented pictures of the other world which were unhuman and out of touch with all that we know of Nature and its author and sustainer. Several years ago a girl of seven was put into the witness-box at Worship-street, and the lawyer said that she had told him that she knew the difference between truth and falsehood, and that 'little girls who did not tell the truth would go into the burning fire,' and the magistrate replied: 'Yes, that is the teaching, but I hope it is not true. Such doctrines are ridiculous. An eminent judge, on asking a child the same question, received the answer, "I don't know," and responded, "Neither do I," and I think he was quite right.' Spiritualism has done the world an incalculable service in banishing these old theological ideas from our minds and revealing to us the *humanity* of the people over there and the naturalness of the sequential progressive life which awaits us on the other side of death. It has demonstrated that each one 'goes to his own place'—the place for which he has fitted himself—and that each one who so desires will continue to grow in grace and goodness and rise from sphere to sphere 'over there.'

Mr. Adam Rushton, in his interesting autobiography, which is commented upon in 'Notes by the Way,' page 241, gives an amusing account of his visit to a séance at which Mrs. Groom was the medium. He says: 'A curate entered the room making singular motions with his hands. Fixing his eyes on the medium, who was speaking under control, he began making crosses in the air with his fingers, and he exclaimed, in sepulchral tones, "In the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, I command thee, Satan, come out of this woman." Then a storm of words broke forth from both parties, and in the uproar I caught the words of the medium, uttered with great force, "Stand back, thou taunting priest, thou false prophet, thou thing of evil. Avaunt! Begone!" At length the face of the curate paled, his body quailed, and then in half a dozen big strides he stalked out of the room. Certain it is that before the curate arrived there was no sign of a devil in the house, nor after he had gone. The inference is clear. Either the curate brought the devil to the meeting, or the devil brought the curate. Together came these two chums to the meeting-house and together they departed.'

## TRENCHANT TESTIMONIES.

We think we have seen our loved one die, but if our inner eyes were opened to that world which is above, around, beyond the world of sense, we should see that not one second's check to the uninterrupted development of that dear soul's true life had ensued.—ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.

The result of my investigation leads me to believe that the spirits of the dead communicate with us. I have received communications from people whom I know to have lived on earth. If anybody can offer some other hypothesis than spiritual communication I shall be glad to investigate it; but I have never heard of one.—REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE.

I have again and again heard these voices from the angel world, caught the living words of instruction and inspiration fresh from angelic lips, seen forms materialising and dematerialising like a cloud vanishing from sight, and have learned to know and trust and love the inhabitants of the spirit world, even as I know and trust and love friends in the flesh.—REV. B. F. AUSTIN.

Nobody has ever come back? Will the Christian say that? If any one peculiarity of the Bible stands conspicuous, it is the constant reiteration of the nearness of heaven to earth and the repeated assertion that angels have literally visited the habitations of men. . . . Those who have gone have neither lost their affection for, nor their interest in, us. We are indebted to them for constant service, and are bound to them by unbroken ties.—REV. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

I have assisted at a hundred experiments, and have observed and reflected for nearly thirty years, and can only say that I believe there is no escape from the tremendous conclusion that just beyond the thin hiding veil of what we call 'the senses' there is a new or undiscovered world, where all the subtle forces are, and where the myriads upon myriads of God's children who have vanished—live and love, and think and work. What most puzzles me is, not that they sometimes signal through the veil, but that they do not signal all along.—REV. J. PAGE HOPPS.

I hold most firmly that everyone who believes in the Bible as the orthodox profess to do, is committed to spiritualistic belief and spiritualistic phenomena. All through, the Bible has texts and doings adhering to Spiritualism. It has divinations—some favoured and some condemned—the casting of lots, oracles, visions, prophetic dreams and the like, in abundance. I think, therefore, nothing can be clearer than that, in the New Testament days, people were Spiritualists, and were believing in the kind of things Spiritualists are believing in now.—REV. PETER DEAN.

Use your Bible and use your brains when the facts of Spiritualism come before you, for they all fit in, in a very extraordinary manner, with the general mechanism and theory of the Christian religion. With this caution and with a God-fearing spirit of desire to reap that which is good only, they cannot fail to bring you comfort and blessing. All the Bible is full of spiritual manifestations, mighty rushing winds, tongues of fire, trances, automatic writings, visions and appearances of the dead, moments of high inspiration, powers of healing, divine impulses which made people act with a strength and ability beyond their ordinary capacities.—REV. H. R. HAWES.

I could as soon doubt the existence of the sun, as doubt the fact of my holding communion with my darling daughter. I thank God, daily, for the privilege. It has drawn me nearer to Him, has led me to pray more fervently, to preach more faithfully, to sympathise more deeply, to act more discreetly, to labour more earnestly. I have been a minister for over thirty years, but this has intensified the joy of preaching. 'Angels are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be sons of salvation,' and I feel certain that my daughter is one to me. I no longer mourn her as dead! No, she lives! and I anticipate the time when I shall join her in her bright abode, and we shall together swell the song of thanksgiving and praise to our great and gracious Father God.—REV. THOMAS GREENBURY.

Suppose the departed wife, sister, or friend of anyone present desired to make herself manifest to him, how could she on the supposition that modern phenomena are produced by natural laws? Suppose a departed wife or a sister wanted to converse. She speaks to you, moves your furniture, touches your dress, your person—'all automatic action' you say, of some brain *en rapport* with the locality. She sings, plays the guitar or piano, takes a pencil and writes, and you see the pencil in free space tracing your wife's or sister's autograph—'automatic still,' you say. She shows you a cloudy hand, nay

a luminous form, and smiles and speaks as when in life—that is an optical illusion, or hallucination, or subjective vision,' you say. She communicates facts, past, present and future, beyond the scope of your knowledge—that might be clairvoyance,' you say. Alas! what could she do more? She must retire baffled and confounded, complaining that you had become so scientific that all communication with you was impossible.—REV. CHARLES BEECHER.

## 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.*

## When Does Individual Life Begin?

SIR,—I should be thankful if any of your correspondents would kindly give me information relative to the following questions: Does a child born into the world, or one prematurely born, which has never drawn the breath of this life, maintain a conscious life and continued development in the next world? And if so, at what stage in its foetal life does this undying spark of vital life enter the formative matter? Upon the testimony of a visiting medium here, it does so. I seek further evidence from a wider field. Thanking you in anticipation,—Yours, &c.,

A SEEKER OF TRUTH.

Cape Town, South Africa.

## A Spiritualists' Year Book.

SIR,—It is proposed to issue, for 1910, a 'Spiritualists' Year Book.' The work will be prepared and published under the auspices of the Spiritualists' National Union. Having consented to act as editor, I shall be glad to receive from the secretaries of all societies in the United Kingdom the following particulars: (1) Name of society; (2) places and times of meeting; (3) name of chairman or president; (4) name and address of secretary; (5) whether or not a Lyceum is attached to the society. Space will also be given for names and addresses of public speakers and mediums, for which a nominal charge will be made, but it must be understood that the S.N.U. reserves the right to exclude the name of any society, speaker or medium, without assigning any reason for such exclusion. Particulars are also desired of spiritualistic federations, societies and periodicals in the colonies and abroad. Communications should be addressed to me at the Authors' Club, Whitehall-court, London, S.W.; but in order to minimise the cost of production, all letters requiring reply should be accompanied by stamped addressed envelope.—Yours, &c.,

DUDLEY WRIGHT.

## An Acknowledgment.

SIR,—For me, what is called spirit identity has long since been proved; Stainton Moses' work was conclusive. But no one with an open mind reading the article 'Facts versus Theories' ('LIGHT,' p. 225), could resist complete conviction that the facts stated can bear no other rational explanation than that the communications were just what they purport to be, and nothing else but proof of the identity and existence in another state of consciousness of human beings passed on.

This remarkable testimony comes home to me, and, I hope, to most of your readers; and I take the opportunity of suggesting that it would often be helpful to the cause we have at heart if your readers would follow up writings that appear in 'LIGHT,' instead of letting them pass without further notice. I, for one, owe much to Madame de Steiger, to Mr. Venning, to Miss Dallas, and to a host of excellent writers whose endeavours ought to be supplemented by sequential correspondence.

I cannot think that I am alone in this contention; and may we not hope that a time may come when a consensus of people who call themselves Spiritualists may end the separateness which the final 'ist' connotes?

Oh, sir! what is wanted more than anything else is profuse hand-shaking. Even in the case of small outbursts of enthusiasm, is it too much to entreat extremely well-meaning persons to refrain from the sort of pin-pricking that Sir Oliver Lodge's friendship for the cause has brought upon him? Surely Talleyrand's advice to a young diplomatist: 'Surtout, pas de zèle' (above all, no zeal), is memorable just now and for all time!—Yours, &c.,

GILBERT ELLIOT.

**An Operation Avoided.**

SIR,—Permit me to place on record the following instance of the benefit derived from spirit healing. Having been in poor health for some time I was recommended by my physician to consult an eminent specialist, who advised me to submit, without delay, to an operation, for what he believed to be a cancerous growth. Instead of this, at the suggestion of a friend, I sought the help of Mr. Rex, the spirit healer, and after eight weeks of treatment I am now perfectly restored to health and strength; besides which the treatments, through the agency of Mr. Rex's spirit control, were times of mental and spiritual benefit as well as bodily healing. I now feel the joy of having a whole and sound body instead of a mutilated and probably suffering one for the rest of my life. I may add, as confirmation, that after the treatments were over I offered to submit myself to a second examination by the specialist, who, however, wrote in reply that the cessation of symptoms showed that a fresh examination was unnecessary. He also stated that there is no method of distinguishing, with certainty, the early stages of cancer of the womb from other conditions, except by the method which he had suggested, viz., an operation!

I shall be glad to reply to requests for further information addressed to me through the office of 'LIGHT.'—Yours, &c.,  
MUSWELL HILL.

**Psychic Occurrences at Hampton Court.**

SIR,—The interesting paragraphs on p. 238 of 'LIGHT,' of the 15th inst., regarding psychic manifestations at Hampton Court, reminded me of a curious experience I had there at Easter.

A friend and I spent about an hour there one afternoon, and when we left we were followed by two spirit forms, one a lady in Stuart dress, and the other a nun. When we were seated on the car they joined us and asked if we would pay another visit on the following Thursday, and when I hesitated because of a possible engagement on that day, they said it would probably be made convenient for us to do so, but, if not, would we promise to go on Saturday? When Friday was suggested by my friend it was at once negatived, and I afterwards remembered that Hampton Court is not open to the public on that day.

At the second visit good work was done by our spirit friends, for at least five imprisoned souls were set free; details of what happened cannot, of course, be given, for knowledge which comes to psychics in such circumstances is as sacred as if given under the seal of confession—as all good Spiritualists will agree.—Yours, &c.,

J. B.

**Glimpses of the Unseen.**

SIR,—For over thirty years clairvoyance has interested me; I am clairvoyant myself, and from earliest recollection the scales have fallen from my eyes at times, and I have had glimpses of the unseen—swift, fleeting, incisive and *unsought*. This is *normal* clairvoyance, helpful and non-injurious, differing largely from that induced by hypnotism, mesmerism or suggestion. No harm need come, however, from inducing this lucid condition—if one knows how—one's self. It is refreshing, nay more, it is helpful to wander at times in this mystical garden, the 'storehouse of memories,' as my old friend Mr. F. W. H. Myers called it. To those who casually peep in, as the untutored clairvoyant generally does, this 'garden' or 'storehouse' presents riot and confusion, past, present and future mingled together (all in a muddle it appears to our limited comprehension), and this is why the clairvoyant often gets off the track. An incident long gone by may appear with such distinctness, such reality, that it seems a direct response to the inquirer's question as to the future. But in that strange environment we may catch fugitive glimpses of others also, not to recognise, only to *sense*. This experience I believe happens to most of us, not as applied to individuals only, but to places, localities, &c., as Rossetti sang:—

'I have been here before,  
But when or how I cannot tell;  
I know the grass beyond the door,  
The sweet keen smell,  
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.'

'Imagination!' I hear the ignorant scoffer exclaim, but when asked, 'What is imagination?' the question is discreetly burked. To me the 'storehouse of memories' and 'imagination' are one and the same; human beings are not gods, even genius cannot create; only genius, by the law of advanced evolution, has attained a fineness of faculty to perceive with an extended range of vision behind and beyond.

Clairvoyance and genius are synonymous. The seer is the evolved. We all shall, we all *must* come to seership. It is only a question of time and of evolution. The clouds are lifting, the vista is widening for all.

Without some such door as clairvoyance our higher selves have little chance; our souls are imprisoned. The way of the mystic may be misty, but the way—like the vision in the crystal—will clear. Out of the clouds of darkness, the wilderness of riot and confusion, light and paths will emerge, linking past with present.

To withdraw one's self, as the Orientals do and as I myself do at times, from the world of material, and read what is written in the records of endless evolution, is at once encouragement, refreshment and impetus to the world-worn and weary soul. 'Herein, are all things writ,' the Brahmin avers; without presumption I would add 'Herein all things are justified.'—Yours, &c.,

CAROLINE CORNER-OHLMUTZ.

**Dream Faces.**

SIR,—Like 'T. G. M.,' whose letter appeared in 'LIGHT' of the 8th inst., p. 228, I have often seen, with closed eyes when going to sleep, successions of faces, many of them very curious looking, some frightening, and I should like to know what they are. The somewhat bald physiological 'explanation' is not satisfying. I hope that others who have had similar experiences will write, and that interesting knowledge will eventuate therefrom. The following may be of interest.

At various times I have had visions of lovely scenery, so vivid that I think what I saw must be real; also episodes and scenes of a date earlier than that of my birth, in which I seemed to be concerned, and my dress was different from that now worn.

When I was younger (I am forty years of age) I used to see them more frequently, at times when I was working hard mentally, and I had the notion that the visions were rewards for that hard work and mental alertness, of which they were the result.

At various times since the death of a near relative I have conversed with him in dreams. The last occasion was several years ago. The vision lasted longer than usual, and the dream surroundings were of a quite mundane character. We went for a walk, looked at ships, and I spoke of the course of my life. It seemed that my relative was leaving and bidding me good-bye. I have not seen him in a recollected dream since. I had the notion, and still have, as a fancy, that he was passing to another sphere, from which communication would be difficult, and had come to me for a farewell visit.

I wonder if anyone has any instructive remarks to make regarding those dreams in which we seem to be going about naked in public places, very bashful, but apparently unnoticed? I have had such, and so has a friend of mine.—Yours, &c.,

ENGINEER.

**Mind and Spirit.**

SIR,—The correspondence on 'Mind and Spirit' in recent issues of 'LIGHT' (pp. 135, 154) has been most interesting! God is Spirit—otherwise the One All Mind. Man, the real Ego, may be well described as a ray of the Divine Mind, or Spirit, which includes the spiritual or moral mind, and the mortal or carnal, unmoral, mind—the intellect.

The carnal mind, or intellect, is the inquiring, investigating principle, indifferent as to good and evil, with which we are endowed in order to learn by experience, reason intuitively, &c. This lower mind, which is the seat and cause of all our troubles, sin, disease, suffering, &c., has to be brought under subjection to the higher or spiritual mind, which knows that evil is but the negation of good, and when this is accomplished God's purpose is fulfilled, and the three become one—man has found himself; the God within—and union with the One All Mind, the eternal Centre of Consciousness of the cosmos, takes place.

It is possible for this glorious consummation to be achieved whilst man is still upon the earth plane; he then rises superior to all sin, disease, sorrow, and all discord, which are impossibilities to the Holy Spirit, or God-head, which is essential harmony. So that, ultimately, spirit and mind are one and the same. This is the esoteric teaching underlying all the mystic symbolism of all the great religious systems in the world, and the time is fast approaching when it might be publicly taught with good results.

Is not the subconscious mind that part of the higher or spiritual mind which controls the different organs of the body, each organ having its own mentality? When left to itself this subconscious mind keeps the physical organism

in order, but when the undeveloped carnal mind usurps dominion over it, sin and disease result. Ultimately, all these minds become subject to the Divine Mind, or Spirit.—  
Yours, &c., A. K. VENNING.

Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

### SPIRITUAL HEALING.

The Rev. Dr. Cobb, of St. Ethelburga's Church, Bishopsgate, E.C., lecturing on 'Spiritual Healing' on May 17th, before the Psycho-Therapeutic Society, at Caxton Hall, Westminster, said that healing presupposed an abnormal condition of things from which escape was desired. The three evils which figured large in the programme of the Christian Scientists, and from which Spiritual Healing sought to deliver man, *viz.*; sin, disease and death, were but three forms of the age-long evil to which mankind was subject. While in a sense it might be admitted that evil had a relative existence, reverent thinkers would not admit that evil was absolute or eternal, but looked forward to the time when sin, disease and death should be abolished by the obedience of the creature to the laws of the Creator. All creatures were limited, and necessarily so, otherwise they would not be creatures. But limitation by itself, so far from being an evil, was good. It only became evil when it blocked the way to the expansion of the finite towards the infinite. Thus sin was the assertion of self against God. Disease was due to carelessness of Divine law, or disobedience to it; and death, as popularly understood, entailed a sharp break with the physical which took the place of a calm subsuming of the physical by the spiritual. These evils had been attacked for centuries by remedies drawn from the domain of the physical. In all times, however, some few had been found to assert the truth that more efficacious remedies were at man's disposal if only he showed himself fit to use them. Nowadays this forgotten truth was being brought to the front by all sorts of agencies, and the work of the spiritual healer was based upon his profound belief that the higher centres of being, when daily reinforced by the Divine life, were capable of transmitting their health-life to the lower centres, gradually healing all disorder in any part of the being, and so giving health and wealth and strength and all good things to man, whether considered as physical, psychical or spiritual.

### MARYLEBONE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Having secured the Percy Hall, 3, Percy-street, Tottenham Court-road, W., for Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings in each week, the Marylebone Association of Spiritualists are largely increasing their sphere of usefulness in the work of disseminating the truths of Spiritualism.

At the opening meeting, on the 10th inst., Mr. George Spriggs gave a number of very successful clairvoyant descriptions of spirit people present, and Madame Bobinsky effectively rendered a violin solo; the kind services of both these friends were much appreciated. On the 12th inst. Mr. W. J. Colville gave a very able address to an interested and delighted audience. Other meetings are being arranged with well-known mediums, and it is earnestly hoped that by their attendance and support the members and friends of the Association will make these gatherings a helpful addition to the Sunday evening meetings at the Cavendish Rooms.

D. N.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.'—You are too ready to assume that we hold views which clash with your own; all we said on p. 240 was that the Gospel narratives do not appear to be conclusive as to the *exact* nature of the final disposal of the body of Jesus; we said that Spiritualists held various views and we did not wish to dogmatise. When speaking of 'bringing the idea within the comprehension of people in general' we had in mind the spread of Christianity, within a very few years, among those to whom neither the Jewish nor the Greek mystic philosophy was familiar.

GEORGE MEREDITH, who has just passed to spirit life, entertained ideas which were quite Spiritualistic. During an interview he said: 'Doctors and parsons are doing a lot of harm by increasing the fear of death. No one should consider death or think of it as worse than going from one room to another.' And, according to 'The Review of Reviews': 'I see the revelation of God to man in the history of the world, and in the individual experience of each of us in the progressive triumph of God, and the working of the laws by which wrong works out its own destruction.'

### SOCIETY WORK.

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

CLAPHAM.—RICHMOND-PLACE, NEW-ROAD, WANDSWORTH ROAD, S.W.—On Sunday last Mr. G. Tayler Gwinn spoke on 'The Builders.' Sunday next, at 11 a.m., circle; at 6.45 p.m. Mr. Abbott, address.—C. C.

STRATFORD.—WORKMEN'S HALL, ROMFORD-ROAD, E.—On Sunday last Mr. G. T. Brown spoke acceptably on 'At the Back of Things.' Mr. Geo. F. Tilby presided. Sunday next, Mr. J. L. Macbeth Bain, address.—W. H. S.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—73, BECKLOW-ROAD, ASKEW-ROAD, W.—On Sunday last Mrs. Roberts, of Leicester, gave an address and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., public circle; at 6.45 p.m., Mr. Keyworth. Thursday at 6.45, Mrs. Neville. Wednesdays and Fridays, 8, members' circles.—L.

FULHAM.—COLVEY HALL, 25, FERNHURST-ROAD, MUNSTER-ROAD, S.W.—On Sunday last Mr. D. J. Davis delivered an address. On the 12th inst. Mrs. Roberts, of Leicester, gave good clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mr. John Adams.—W. T.

ACTON AND EALING.—21, UXBRIDGE-ROAD, EALING, W.—On Sunday evening last Mrs. H. Ball delivered a splendid address on 'The Links that Bind.' Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Miss Blanche Maries. 30th, Mrs. Webb, address and clairvoyant descriptions.—S. R.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday last Mr. E. W. Wallis delivered an eloquent and illuminating address on 'The Inspiration of a Great Love' to a deeply interested and appreciative audience. Mr. George Spriggs presided. Sunday next, see advt.—D. N.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mrs. Maunders spoke on 'The Garden of the Heart.' Mrs. Wesley Adams gave recognised clairvoyant descriptions. Mrs. Hutchins rendered a solo. Sunday next, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mr. Percy Smyth on 'The World's Indifference.' Monday, 7, ladies' circle. Thursday, 8.15, public circle.—W. Y.

HACKNEY.—SIGDON-ROAD SCHOOL, DALSTON-LANE, N.E.—On Sunday last Miss Violet Burton gave a spiritual address on 'Five Stages of Spiritual Progress,' and replied to questions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Effie Bathe on 'Colour and Form produced by Thought Vibration,' illustrated by original paintings.—N. R.

SPIRITUAL MISSION: 22, Prince's-street, Oxford-street, W.—On Sunday evening last Mrs. Fairclough Smith gave a spiritual address. Mr. Haywood rendered a solo. Sunday next, see advt.—67, George-street, Baker-street, W.—On Sunday morning last Mr. Harold Carpenter delivered a deeply interesting address. Sunday next, see advt.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL.—On Sunday afternoon last Mr. Frederic Fletcher addressed the Lyceum open session, and in the evening he gave interesting replies to questions. Miss English sang. Sunday next, at 11.30 a.m., circle; at 7 p.m., Mr. D. J. Davis, address. 27th, Mrs. Roberts, of Leicester, clairvoyant descriptions. 30th, Mrs. Gordon.

PORTSMOUTH.—VICTORIA-ROAD, SOUTH.—On Sunday morning last our President spoke on 'The Flesh and the Spirit' and gave recognised clairvoyant descriptions. In the evening Mr. Frank Pearce delivered a masterly address on 'The Value of Spiritualism' and Mr. Lacey gave striking clairvoyant descriptions. On Sunday next, Mrs. M. H. Wallis, speaker and clairvoyante.—G. McF.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—On Sunday morning last a good circle was held; in the evening Miss Reid delivered an excellent address. Mr. W. J. Colville gave five well-attended lectures during the week. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mr. Kelland, addresses, Mrs. French, clairvoyante. Mondays, 8, Wednesdays, 3, clairvoyant descriptions.—A. C.

FINSBURY PARK.—19, STROUD GREEN-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mrs. Jones gave an address and clairvoyant descriptions.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—SURREY MASONIC HALL.—On Sunday last Mr. W. E. Long's address on 'Spirit Communion' was much enjoyed.

LINCOLN.—ARCADE, UPPER ROOM.—On Sunday last Mrs. Stowe spoke on 'Scatter Seeds of Kindness' and 'Modern Criticism,' and gave clairvoyant descriptions.—COR.

SOUTHAMPTON.—WAVERLEY HALL, ST. MARY'S-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. W. T. Greenaway gave an able address on 'Spiritualism and Christianity.'—W. J. H.