

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe,

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

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CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way	613	Human Traits Displayed by a Spirit	617
L.S.A. Notices	614	The Message of Bruno	617
Spiritualism in 'Utopia'	614	Items of Interest	618
Universal Telepathy	615	Dr. Peebles and Mrs. Eddy	619
The Needlessness of War	615	A Vision Experience	619
At the Year's End	616	Long Distance Telepathy	620
Are the Stead Messages Genuine ?	617		
Is the 'Wonder Child' a Medium ?	617		

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Matthew Arnold found great help in the phrase 'The Eternal' as a designation of God ; and there is much virtue in it—a virtue which specially appears in connection with the wide range of thought and emotion covered by such words as 'faith' and 'trust.' A thoughtful woman once said, 'We want to have everything sealed and settled, and written down in decrees and title deeds, forgetting that decrees and deeds are of value to us simply because the people who make them may die or change. But the grand security of the gift of God is that it is God who gives.' 'Underneath,' said an old Bible writer, 'are the everlasting arms.'

'Rest in the Lord,' said one of the Psalmists, 'and wait patiently for Him'—again a suggestion of 'The Eternal.' The future is all His, and, in Him, it is ours. It is a vast reserve of power upon which we may increasingly draw, and it may be a law of our natural life which turns aspiration into deliverance, and trust into strength. But what if that natural law has its root and potency in and from the spirit-world, just as matter has ?

We must believe that God wastes nothing. That is imperative. We may never be able to prove it, but we certainly can never disprove it, until we know all the relations and inter-relations of all planes in all the worlds. Tennyson was perhaps wiser than most of us think him when he said :—

That not a worm is cloven in vain,
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

What gains, elsewhere or here, there may be in a 'shrivelled moth' we cannot tell : but gains there may be, both to the earth and to its 'shrivelled' inhabitants, in shipwrecks and earthquakes and battlefields. It may be true that there never was a being that entirely failed to be of service even here ; that there never was a wretch so vile, never an atheist so hopeless, never a bigot so cruel, never a tyrant so merciless, but God had implanted in his nature something that would work out his salvation, if not here, then in that Hades where the Gatherer hovers even in that 'outer darkness' where 'there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.'

How much more obvious is it that God's poor strugglers are drifting on to Paradise ! Here on earth they 'falter' where they 'firmly trod,' and fall with their 'weight of cares'

Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

Such struggling souls may falter, and very varied may be their services for God and man, oft 'mixed with baser matter,' but they are on the Path, and, sooner or later, they will reach the Haven, and the spirit-crown will gleam on each 'repugnant brow.'

From Mrs. Alice Herring Christopher, editor of the 'Spiritual Journal,' Boston (U.S.A.), and a well-known writer and speaker on psychical subjects, we have received a small, handsomely printed pamphlet containing two essays, 'How to go into the Silence' and 'The Joy of Life.' Both are clearly and capably written, and show a scientific apprehension of the meaning of certain phases of spiritual experience. In the first-named essay she writes :—

To be master of both pleasure and pain means that neither one has power to destroy your equilibrium. When you can look upon all things—events, pleasures, pains—as impartially as you would look upon any phenomena of Nature which have no personal relation to yourself, then everything in life from the most trivial to the mightiest will serve, will yield to you its hidden meaning. But pleasure will not serve while you think you cannot live without it ; and pain will only torture you while you turn from it with blind fear and misunderstanding.

This is a thought also expressed in the works of two writers so far apart in philosophic outlook as Andrew Jackson Davis and Anatole France. We recall the counsel of the first, 'Under all circumstances keep an even mind,' a maxim which was for him the 'magic staff' of the pilgrim of life. And as for the French author—the 'great Romantic' as he has been well termed—equanimity of mind is one of his great texts—the calm acceptance of whatever life has to offer so that happiness yields its utmost good and sorrow braces and strengthens the character. There is no stoicism in this method of life, no stony indifference to the decrees of some shadowy Disposer of events, but a blithe, alert spirit that grasps all that existence has to offer and makes the best and utmost of it. And in its highest aspect life on these lines means (to quote again from Mrs. Herring) :—

To know that love, exultant life, and unspeakable joy are the only realities, the only things that can outlive the fleeting hour ; that they are not something to be sought for and gained in a far future, but that they exist now in all the glory of absolute reality, waiting only for man's recognition.

We confess to feeling a trifle weary of some of the books and pamphlets which reach us and which have for their theme the method of attaining spiritual heights. Some of them—not by any means all—appear to be little more than weak dilutions of Emerson, with a blending of Christian Science and occasionally a little Theosophy. The practical philosophy of life is present in so small a measure that we are inclined to complain with Prince Henry, 'But one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack !' But the writers mean well ; they are only premature in wishing to instruct others in a science in which they themselves are little more than beginners. Life itself supplies more and truer lessons than the printed

word, and even the greatest writer can give no more than hints and clues of the great realities. One might spend years in studying manuals on athletics without attaining the slightest development of muscle and sinew. That can only come by active exertion—gymnastic training to which the books can simply point the way with useful advice, even when they are the productions of mature experience in the athletic world. The student who relies on books for all his knowledge and experience is merely living life at second hand. But if he takes the ideas in his books as fuel for his own thought, lessons from the experiences of others for his guidance in the direction of his own life, that is another and more profitable matter.

Those of our readers who feel an interest in the future of the race will find a mine of valuable information and wise suggestion in 'The Elements of Child-protection,' by Sigmund Engel, translated from the German by Dr. Eden Paul (cloth, 15s., Geo. Allen and Co., Limited, 44 and 45, Rathbone-place). In his preface the author expresses his conviction that the intimate interdependence of child-protection with Socialism and with Darwinism ought on no account to be overlooked, and his book is the outcome of an investigation of all the problems involved.' In the first part Dr. Engel deals with the pros and cons of child-protection and how the subject is affected by the population question, child mortality, eugenics, and education. In the second part he treats child protection under the three departments of (first) Civil Law and Individual Rights, (second) Local Administrative Activity, and (third) Criminal Law. The author is evidently a warm child-lover, but he advocates one doctrine which seems to us to be very dangerous. He holds that when children are born whom medical science indicates, 'beyond the possibility of a doubt,' cannot become useful members of society, they should be quickly and painlessly destroyed. Is, then, medical science infallible, that we should let it decide which of us is to live and which to die?

Had the question been referred to medical science, might it not have decided 'beyond the possibility of a doubt' that it was impossible for baby Helen Keller to become a useful member of society? Not many years ago an English constituency was represented, and worthily represented, in Parliament by a man of intellect and character who, physically, was little more than head and torso. What would medical science have said in his case? Yet his life was probably more valuable to the community than that of many physically perfect specimens of humanity. And where would Dr. Engel draw the line in his definition of usefulness? Any being capable of calling forth the affection and tenderness of another performs some use, even if it can make no response. Besides, if it is to be lawful to kill those who are regarded as incapable of developing into useful members of society, what is to be done with those who, whether they were originally capable of thus developing or not, have failed to do so? No, no, it will not do.

MANCHESTER and Salford friends of Mr. J. M. Moorey will be pleased to know that he has just completed a year's good work in Melbourne, Australia. A correspondent of 'The Harbinger of Light' says: 'His audiences have been large, appreciative, and ever increasing. Mr. Moorey is an earnest speaker, and dealing, as he does, with general subjects affecting the everyday life of everyday people, his discourses are of undoubted value. The audiences are composed of people who value liberty of speech, and appreciate the doctrine of clean-living, clean-thinking, and tolerance, which it is Mr. Moorey's aim and object to foster and encourage.'

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

AFTERNOON SOCIAL GATHERING.

On Thursday, January 9th, at 3 o'clock, a SOCIAL GATHERING will be held at 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.; and at 4 p.m. MISS S. W. MACCREADIE will give clairvoyant descriptions of spirit friends present. Tea will be served during the afternoon. Admission to this meeting *will be confined to Members and Associates*. No tickets required.

During 1913 the following meetings will be held in the SALON OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, S. W. (near the National Gallery):—

- Jan. 16—Mr. Percy R. Street on 'Psychic Development; its Relation to Body and Mind.'
- „ 30—Rev. Lucking Tavener on 'The Spiritual Life as Expressed in Greek Art.' With sixty lantern illustrations.
- Feb. 13—Mr. J. I. Wedgwood on 'A Theosophic Conception of the Invisible Worlds.'
- „ 27—Mrs. Despard on 'The Spiritual Aspect of the Woman's Movement.'
- Mar. 13—Miss Estelle W. Stead on 'What Spiritualism Means to Me, and Some Messages Received.'
- „ 27—Mr. E. W. Wallis on 'Spiritual Emancipation by the Elimination of Fear.'
- Apr. 10—Mr. Angus McArthur. (Subject to be announced.)
- „ 24—'Cheiro' on 'Hands of Famous People.' With lantern illustrations.
- May 8—Miss Felicia Scatcherd on 'Psychophasms and Skotographs': psychic pictures produced in darkness.

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

SPIRITUALISM IN 'UTOPIA.'

'M. H.' writes: 'Sir Thomas More, in his wonderful little book "Utopia," gives a clear description of Spiritualism which I feel sure will deeply interest those of your readers who have not already noticed the passage. It is as follows':—

When they come from the funeral, they discourse of his good life, and worthy actions, but speak of nothing oftener and with more pleasure than of his serenity at the hour of death. They think such respect paid to the memory of good men is both the greatest incitement to engage others to follow their example, and the most acceptable worship that can be offered them; for they believe that though by the imperfection of human sight they are invisible to us, yet they are present among us, and hear those discourses that pass concerning themselves. They believe it inconsistent with the happiness of departed souls not to be at liberty to be where they will, and do not imagine them capable of the ingratitude of not desiring to see those friends with whom they lived on earth in the strictest bonds of love and kindness: besides, they are persuaded that good men, after death, have these affections, and all other good dispositions, increased rather than diminished, and therefore conclude that they are still among the living, and observe all they say or do. From hence they engage in all their affairs with the greater confidence of success, as trusting to their protection; while this opinion of the presence of their ancestors is a restraint that prevents their engaging in ill designs.

'LIGHT': 'TRIAL' SUBSCRIPTION.

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

UNIVERSAL TELEPATHY.

When ordinary telephonic communication is at fault the cause is usually sought in one of three things—the transmitter, the connecting line, or the receiver. Now the mental phenomenon of telepathy may be said to be in a chronic state of fault, and in advancing an hypothesis which would account for this, a similar method may advantageously be followed.

Starting with the transmitter, we can confidently infer from psychological and physiological facts that every act of mentation is accompanied by a corresponding change in the brain cortex. That is to say, a re-arrangement or disturbance of the atoms and electrons comprising a nerve cell takes place. And since, according to modern electric theory, an electron during its epochs of acceleration or change of direction radiates energy in the æther in the form of wave motion, it follows that every active human brain is perpetually transmitting æther waves in all directions.

So much for the transmitter; its only fault would be lack of sufficient intensity in the waves emitted, the energy of which, on reaching a receiver, would of course be inversely proportional to the square of the intervening distance. The natural, but quite unproven, way of remedying this possible defect is to concentrate attention on the thought, deepening its impression on the brain cortex, and so endeavour to intensify the resultant waves. An alternative is, however, possible if we admit extreme sensitiveness in the receiver; sensitiveness so great that for any earthly distance an inverse square law could not be detected.

In treating telepathy as an ætherial phenomenon we may safely omit consideration of the line of connection as being beyond suspicion, and proceed to ask what happens when a differentiated wave front reaches the brain cortex. If anywhere in that cortex there be moving electrons associated with a thought impression similar to that which originated the wave-impulse in the transmitter, we may not unreasonably presume that the stimulus of the wave's synchronous vibrations will affect the rate of motion or direction of these electrons and cause them to intensify the analogous thought-sensation which they constitute. No wave would be appreciated which was the outcome of a thought entirely foreign to the receiving cortex; nevertheless, it is evident that the number of waves appreciated would be still very greatly in excess of those rejected. This, however, must be taken only as an indication of the receiving process, the actual method being probably much more complex.

And now there remains to be explained why the receiver is apparently at fault and does not immediately become conscious of the multitude of familiar impressions revived within it. We must of necessity suppose these impressions, in the first instance, to be only received in the subconscious mind or, even under the most favourable conditions, only in the peripheral field of attention, never in the full focus of attention. As this revivifying process will have existed since the creation of the subconscious mind itself, nothing beyond the usual selective action would occur; some ideas entering comparatively soon into the stream of consciousness, others, perhaps, not for many days.

Only careful and prolonged experiment with the most delicate apparatus known to physical science is likely to demonstrate satisfactorily the existence of these unsuspected æther waves which belong most probably to the ultra-violet region of the spectrum. Once they can be detected—if they are not merely æther pulses, like the Röntgen rays—we may expect them to be capable under certain conditions of exhibiting all the usual phenomena of polarisation, reflection, refraction, Doppler effect, and chemical action. Anything, in short, from the halo of a saint to the production of a spirit photograph.

J. DAVY WOOD.

'ASTROLOGICAL GLEANINGS,' by L. George (5c., Box 638, Portland, Oregon), is a collection of questions and answers relating to astrology. The questions are such as would be put by a student, an inquirer or an opponent. The answers are helpful and enlightening, honest efforts to remove difficulties and meet objections. The ground covered is extensive, ranging from 'vaccination' to 'prayer astrologically considered.' The author, in our opinion, is a man of intelligence, a capable astrologer, and, we should add, a believer in the esoteric side of the science.

THE NEEDLESSNESS OF WAR.

In an eloquent address delivered in connection with several Edinburgh churches and now published in pamphlet form ('Conscripts of Peace,' 2d., Bishop & Sons, Ltd., Nicolson-square, Edinburgh), Mr. Hector Waylen, pointing out that the word 'conscript' means one who is enrolled, meets Lord Roberts' call for conscription with the bold claim that the conscripts the country needs are not conscripts of war, but conscripts of peace, or, in other words, 'men and women filled with enthusiasm for the great cause of international peace, and who are workers therein, not from any outward compulsion, but from an inward constraint.' Mr. Waylen declares that we need a new expansion of ethics.

We condemn the murder of one man as a fearful crime, yet when murder becomes collective—as J. Novikow puts it—'we fall into a delirium of admiration.' Suppose, however, that we have got beyond this, that we have become Jingo-proof, whatever scaremongers may write in the daily press. Our hearts are set on peace—what are we going to do for it? The practical thing to do is to educate the masses; to strip militarism of its false glamour; to show what might be made of this world and of human life, did we put all our energies in the right direction. Then, when a sufficient majority of thinking, reasonable people in modern Europe are sufficiently permeated with such views, something may be accomplished as to reduction of armaments. To join a Peace Society is good, but each soldier in the army of peace must adopt whatever lines of activity he finds most effective. Thousands can be interested in the 'economic' aspect of the question to whom other modes of presentation do not appeal. There is nothing *wrong* in showing people that if they set fire to their next-door neighbours' houses they are likely to burn down their own at the same time. . . . Yet while peace brought about by political and economic interests might last for a time, even as the *pax Romana* lasted for a time, a true and lasting *pax Humana* will only be realised when it shall rest upon a general conviction that war is wrong, and upon a love of justice which will tolerate no such bungling and barbarous expedient as the ordeal of battle.

But it is just the lack of this love of justice which is responsible for these terrible conflicts. In the view of Canon Scott Holland, writing in 'The Commonwealth,' we are drawing a false conclusion from the result of the struggle in the Balkans if we say: 'You see, there is only one way by which these liberties can be won—the way of war.'

On the contrary, there has been another way perfectly open to us all along. Diplomacy saw, knew, understood. All these thirty years it could have acted: only it did not. Nay! diplomacy had created the very situation from out of which it has taken war to deliver us. . . . The lesson that we have to learn under this terrific experience is not that war alone works; but that it is our guilt which brings it about that war should, at last, be the only weapon available. If only we had the courage of our convictions; if only we would do the thing that we know ought to be done; if only as a fraternity of Christian nations we would cease to suspect every move that the others may make, and would trust each other in co-operating for a common righteousness and peace which we all recognise perfectly well in our inner conscience: then it need not come to war. . . . We may be forgiven, if we take our condemnation to heart and resolve with a firmer courage to play the honest and loyal part which will at all times, if only it be followed, render needless and obsolete the terrible arbitrament of war.

THE faith that removes most mountains is the faith that gets a shovel.—BOLTON HALL.

'J. B.' writing in 'The Christian World' says: 'We spend years and small fortunes in cultivating our brains. When shall we have reached that stage of culture when our bodies, for themselves alone, are worth looking at? In that department—and it is a big one—our civilisation has done next to nothing for us except what is bad. We are in a worse than the savage state, for the savage is so often a splendid looking fellow. Our braveries of velvet and diamonds—are they there to enhance our grace and beauty? Let us be candid, and admit that *their* function is to hide our ugliness. Perhaps the day will come—it is far off yet—when Plato's ideal will be realised; when the beauty of the outward form will be a replica of the beautiful within.' That is the ideal of the spiritual, or 'harmonial' philosophy, proclaimed by the spirit inspirers of Andrew Jackson Davis upwards of sixty years ago. The world is slowly growing up to the standard—by and by it will appreciate Davis.

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

AT THE YEAR'S END.

The year's last sands are trembling in the glass as we write, and Time is completing the latest revolution in the spiral of ascending life. There were days when we could enter into the mood of the poet who sang of 'the dire years whose awful name is Change.' But the fear of change, the terror of the unknown, has passed for us. We have learned that over all the surprises and catastrophes of evolution presides a great Beneficence, shaping all things to its purpose, making a 'budding morrow in midnight,' and shining dim but unquenchable at the heart of the deepest gloom. And so we meet the New Year not only with hope and courage, but with firm assurance.

We cannot do more here than make a brief survey of the year that has flown. It has been in no sense *annus mirabilis*—a year of wonders—for us, although in many ways our progress has been conspicuous, and if we kept our record in the primitive fashion by making notches on a stick, the notches would be fairly deep ones.

Our facts have gained a wide publicity in various ways—some of them not as we might have chosen. The passing of Mr. W. T. Stead was a tragedy in one aspect—part of the greater tragedy of the 'Titanic' disaster. But that colossal fatality drove home many a lesson as with a sledge-hammer blow, and some of the lessons were those which our movement exists to teach—the true significance of death, the reality of a life, natural and rational, after the dissolution of the mortal form. And the great journalist and humanitarian who 'passed on' equipped with a knowledge of the dark mystery, found himself, as he has told us, in a realm providing wider scope for his powers and larger opportunities of usefulness as a missionary of the Spirit.

Then we had the newspaper attacks on the 'occult practitioners' of Bond-street and elsewhere, and much fluttering of doves. But on this subject we have, perhaps, said enough in the past. It is sufficient now to remark that if the presence of parasites denotes the unhealthiness of the organism by which they are nourished we can only be the better for a purging.

The literary activities of the year were as great as, or greater than, ever before. The 'torrent of books' became a veritable avalanche. And we were glad to note the presence amongst them of an unusual proportion of sane and sensible presentations of our subject. It would be invidious to particularise, but we cannot refrain from an allusion to the 'Psychic Autobiography' of Miss Amanda

Jones, the American poetess. Here we had a record of life surrounded with tokens and evidences of spirituality, pure, wholesome and practical. The names of the late Professor James and of Doctor Hyslop by their testimony not only to the value of the book but to their own discernment in appreciating the character and significance of the experiences of the authoress.

Of course our book table has not been without its percentage of that commodity which our American friends picturesquely describe as 'gaff.' The 'occult' novel has been well to the fore, and we are inclined to rank certain specimens of it with the fake medium and the bogus clairvoyant. Full of crude and trashy sensationalism, the spawn of diseased imaginations, the books have been obviously produced to appeal to a morbid love of supernaturalism on its repulsive side. The cheap assumption on the part of some of the writers to be experts at 'adepts' could have deceived no one but the ignorant in such matters. Such books represent the last writhings of the things of the dark, doomed to perish in the daylight of a reasoned philosophy of life. And they doubtless served a purpose, just as did the 'hell-fire theology' of the past which drove the thinking world to more rational conceptions of the Universe.

In the larger department of the spiritual movement, in its specialised aspect, there has undoubtedly been a great advance, and knowledge has grown from more to more. There have been new lodges, new groups, new societies. And in our study of the daily Press we have noticed at least one significant feature. It was once the custom to denounce Spiritualism and Spiritualists indiscriminately. Mediums and psychics were all humbugs, and phenomena all bogus. It was easy and it saved time. But now we observe a tendency on the part of our critics to draw a line of division, and in denouncing a fraud to complain that it is not the real thing. Aforetime there was no real thing—in the eyes of the scribe. To-day he is inclined to base his strictures on the existence of something of which spurious imitations are presented. Clearly 'LIGHT' and its compeers have not lived in vain!

The visit of Mrs. Wriedt and the remarkable phenomena presented through her mediumship bulk largely in the annals of our year, and our thanks are due to Admiral Osborne Moore for his valuable work in observing and recording the evidences obtained.

In the world at large there has been great evidence of progressive tendencies, not always orderly or harmonious but progressive in meaning and purpose. Thought has been active and there has been no lack of movement. The great war—deplorable in many ways—has shown us that the spirit of liberty and national aspiration has not been stifled by a craven love of ease and safety and the dread of financial ruin.

We have had to lament a 'ruined summer,' but there are more summers in the treasury of earth, and we do well to be reminded that we are not the creatures of one world, and one set of climatic conditions. And though we look for summer realms to come, we are no fair weather sailors.

On the whole, then, we may glance back on the past year with few regrets but much cause for satisfaction, and we look forward to the New Year with an assured mind. There are no 'leaping expectations' in our hearts—our enthusiasm, although still ardent, has been chastened by experience. We are content to see in each circling year

Eternal process moving on,

and abide the coming of that

One far-off, divine event
To which the whole creation moves.

ARE THE 'STEAD MESSAGES' GENUINE?

Mr. W. Britton Harvey, an Australian journalist, has been making an analytical study of the 'Stead Messages,' and considering whether they are genuine. He says 'I was a great admirer of my brilliant and distinguished *confrère*. . . I am, perhaps, inclined to be somewhat hypercritical. . . I have read and re-read (the messages purporting to come from Mr. Stead) critically—not only those received through Mrs. Bright, but several others sent through different mediums in various parts of the world, in addition to one forwarded to myself by a highly developed psychic.' Regarding those published in 'The Harbinger of Light,' Mr. Harvey says: 'I cannot escape being impressed by what may be termed the internal evidence of the genuineness of their alleged origin. The direct and incisive journalistic style, the lucidity of expression, the frank and breezy robustness which characterised Mr. Stead's writing in a pre-eminent degree, the spirit of enthusiasm, and the unrestrained impetuosity which is so persistently conspicuous are remarkably Stead-like.' Mr. Harvey then compares passages in different messages received in Australia and at the Rothesay circle, held by Mr. and Mrs. Coates, and after pointing out how characteristic they were of Mr. Stead, he says: 'We thus find the web of evidence becoming more closely entwined about us as regards this vital question of identity.' 'He (Mr. Stead) rendered immense service to the cause of Spiritualism when in the flesh, he is rendering even greater service to-day.'

IS THE 'WONDER CHILD' A MEDIUM?

Accompanying an article entitled 'The Wonder Child,' 'The Daily News' presents three pictures by Miss Daphne Allen, the child artist (thirteen years of age), who has been drawing since she was three, and has produced some thousands of pictures. We are told that although she has had no training, her drawings are remarkable in their fancy and technique, and are never in any sense mere copies of pictures that she has seen. In ordinary life she is a healthy, happy child, with nothing of the infant prodigy about her.

Her drawings have been called visions. Certain it is that the sudden need to make them—to express the thought that has come from the everywhere into the here—will often make her steal away from a party or stop in the midst of a childish game. Then she will be found curled up in a window seat, and an elaborate drawing will be finished, perhaps, in less than half an hour. The speed and certainty with which the work is done are amazing. Never any preliminary studies, never any pencilled lines or rubbing out. It is remarkable, too, that nearly all Daphne's drawings are done at the same spot—in the window seat already mentioned.

HUMAN TRAITS DISPLAYED BY A SPIRIT.

The fear of impersonating or obsessing evil spirits is often utilised by those superior persons who make up for what they lack in experimental knowledge by a plentiful supply of confident assurance to frighten other people away from Spiritualism. Investigators who trust their own powers of judgment and make their inquiries in a cautious, level-headed fashion, often find that so-called 'evil spirits' are not evil but ignorant, not satanic agents but human beings—often well-meaning, but self-willed or mischievous. Theories have to give place to facts, and an ounce of experience is worth a ton of assertion. We have several times quoted instances in which spirit influence has been unwisely exerted over sensitives to their hurt, solely because of the want of understanding on the part of the spirits of the effects they were producing, which influence was at once modified or withdrawn when the spirits were made aware of the fact that they were doing harm. Here is an instance, given by a correspondent, of association of a different kind, in which the kindness, patience, and sympathy of the sitter won the spirit to a happier frame of mind, with the result that the communications became more trustworthy:—

A long time ago I had a trying experience, for a year or more, of impersonation by a strange, irresponsible spirit who, as a little girl, had passed over to the other life many years ago.

Unhappily, instead of advancing in that life she remained undeveloped—irritating and tormenting people who were longing to get messages from their own friends and relations. She worried several of my friends, but I was the principal victim. She attached herself to me in a most persistent way, and I could hardly get anything from my husband and children; if they began to write she cut in and prevented them, or pretended to be them, but though she *acted* a lie she would never tell a direct one. If I was suspicious and cornered her by asking if she was so and so, she acknowledged her misdeeds. She wrote most lovingly and sweetly to me, but could not resist being mischievous and deceiving. So I thought that, through her professed affection for me, I would try, instead of getting cross, to influence her for good, with the result that after some months of prayer for her, and begging her to try to be better and to advance in the spirit life, she quite gave up pretending to be someone else, and always wrote in her own name. She was exceedingly grateful to me for helping her, and about a year ago she left me quite—to find work to do, I hope, so that she could progress in the next life. Curiously enough, I heard recently from two friends in Natal, who told me that now she never came to them either. How wonderful all this is!

When I think of what I was before I became a Spiritualist—with no religion, no hope, utterly broken, wrapt up in my own sorrow, bitter against everyone and everything, and metaphorically banging my head against a blank wall—I can never get over the wonder of it all. Now I am cheerful, hopeful and ready, I think, 'to lend a hand,' 'to help lame dogs over stiles,' and even looking forward to that joyous meeting with my loved ones on the further shore.

Spiritualism, the despised (by many) Spiritualism, has done this for me, and for many more rejoicing souls.

THE MESSAGE OF GIORDANO BRUNO.

The first place, after 'Watchtower' notes, in the October 'Theosophist' was given to an eloquent lecture delivered by Mrs. Besant in Paris last year on 'Giordano Bruno.' In Bruno's time the Hebraic cosmology, which regarded the earth as the centre of the universe, dominated the world of thought. It is consequently, as Mrs. Besant points out, not now easy to conceive the upheaval of ideas caused by the new theories 'which launched our hitherto stable world, a rolling ball, into the void of infinite space.' Of the part taken by Bruno in this upheaval we are given the following vivid picture:—

The Church straightway set herself in opposition to the altered science. The mere change as to the relation between the earth and the sun mattered little; but the change of relation between man and God, the sacrifice of Christ for love of man, his victory over death and triumphant ascension into heaven—these mattered infinitely, for they were the charter which secured the immortality of man. Bruno, on the other hand, viewed the problem which confronted the sixteenth century from quite another view-point, the problem of the relations between God, the infinite universe, and man. In his turn he cried out, but with a triumph and a transport that seemed diabolical to the alarmed Church: 'Yes! yes! the earth with its inhabitants revolves and moves in space; the worlds are innumerable, the Universe illimitable, Life incarnates everywhere in forms. Therefore life is universal, and on all sides creates living beings. This life, universal, omnipresent, infinite, is the Universal Being whom men have called God. On all sides inhabited worlds, everywhere human beings! Then Death can only disintegrate bodies; it cannot touch life. Hence the body has no value except as an instrument for a life which is deific, a life noble, loving, heroic, worthy of being a part of the life universal and divine. Fear, falsehood, baseness, these are the real ills of life. Dishonour is worse than death, since dishonour stains the life, while Death but breaks the form.' Such was the new moral basis, corresponding to the new thought, that Bruno offered to Christianity with a certain naïve expectation of friendly response. . . But Christianity utterly refused his message. Had it accepted it, the bitter conflict waged from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century between religion and science would never have broken out. The Church imprisoned the messenger; then burned his body to ashes, and scattered the ashes to the winds, which carried them as seeds of truth over Europe. But the thesis rejected by the sixteenth century is being eagerly accepted by the twentieth. . . Vainly did the Vatican place his books on the Index. His thoughts have winged their way to immortality, and they are spreading over the modern world.

'This is the greatest age of inquiry we have ever known, for everything is being tried by fire.'—REV. R. BRIGGS.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

That a remarkable change of attitude has come over the public mind in reference to ghosts is well brought out by Mary L. Pendered in the following passage from a review article in 'The Daily Chronicle': 'Whether we believe in the tales or not, whether we are born sceptics or put some faith in psychic phenomena, there are few of us who cannot enjoy a ghost yarn round a Christmas fire. And at this period we have come to prefer the unexplained, the "authenticated" ghost story. Once it was the fashion to account for every occult experience by some absurd anti-climax; but it is not so to-day. We don't like our ghost to be explained away, though he may have a moral reason for his appearance.'

In like manner A. E. Manning Foster, in 'The Daily Citizen,' writes: 'In spite of the example of Dr. Russel Wallace, Sir William Crookes, and others equally distinguished, it required, until recently, no little courage for a man of science openly to proclaim himself a Spiritualist. Belief in the survival of human personality after death, which is what Spiritualism stands for and which it claims to prove, was, it was thought, scientifically dead. Darwin and Herbert Spencer had finished it off. But the tendency of the present age is to reconsider the conclusions of the last century, and by patient investigation to try to get at the real facts.'

A week or two ago 'The Family Herald' celebrated its seventieth birthday. It is not generally known that Spiritualists in this country owe a debt of gratitude to the founder of that journal, for it was in its columns that 'the Rochester rappings' were most fully and fairly reported about the time of their occurrence. A veteran Spiritualist many years ago told us that at a séance which he attended at old Mrs. Marshall's, at which table phenomena occurred, a stranger was present who, among other messages, received the following: 'Clean up my house, saith the Lord.' The stranger, recognising that the old lady's house needed attention, agreed to do so. He was then told that a work in which he was engaged would be a great success. Our informant assured us that the stranger had in his pocket at that time the MS. of a forthcoming number of 'The Family Herald' and that he was none other than the proprietor, or editor, or both, of that journal. In his opening number he promised that the paper would be 'interesting to all, offensive to none'—a pledge which has been happily fulfilled.

'K. W. H.' presents his point of view regarding self-sacrifice in 'The Christian Commonwealth' of the 4th inst., and his conclusions are worthy of study. 'To be ascetic that you may express the spiritual life is to put the cart before the horse. The primary thing is a will to self-expression, not a will to self-sacrifice. The sacrifice comes inevitably, but as a condition, not a cause, of self-expression. Your first duty to yourself is to will to express yourself; that is the volitional core of all truly progressive and upward life; that is the vital and central thing. But the self you will to be, is not your body with its hungers and its thirsts, nor your emotions with their hates and loves, nor your mind with its quests; you do not will to be your body, unless you are an animal; you will to be your self, your full self. . . . Get the complete view of your whole selfhood, and you will at once see that self-expression involves self-sacrifice. But the self-expression which is the positive thing is also the primary thing. Your self-denial, your asceticism, your restraint in eating and drinking, your restrictions in pleasure, your denial of logic and prudence and the highway of self-preservation—these, and such things, are not the cause of the uprising of your spiritual consciousness; they are the effect of it. Otherwise they are but wind and vanity.'

Mr. W. J. Cushing, writing in 'The Banner of Life,' says: 'We need mediumship; we need self-sacrifice of will that others may learn of the heavenly kingdom; but we also need, on the part of individuals, that self-control which brings impulse under the sway of reason, and makes a man "greater than he who taketh a city," because master of his own citadel. In following and making practical the prayer, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," we must be submissive to the will of God as we have come to know it. Submission is not a direct control by the spirit; it is obeying the will of God when we know it, and is a help to self-control.'

Our old Transvaal correspondent, Mr. M. J. Levin, at the close of an interesting letter discussing some problems connected with the possible future stages of life—human and animal—says: 'The sun is shining. Goodness knows what it is made of, but the fact remains that the sun shines. I am alive. What am I? I do not know yet; still here I am. So it is with regard to

life after death. It is a fact, and we cannot deny it, though there are many things yet for us to learn here, and in the here-after.' Referring to his experiences in his home circle, Mr. Levin says: 'Many things happen which would not be believed by the majority of people. I think I deserve good results as I have had enough patience to go on for the last seven years, although until lately with very little satisfaction.'

Dr. J. Ingram Bryan, writing in the 'Japan Magazine' for November, speaking of the faith in the spirits of the dead which prevails in Japan, says: 'The happiness of the dead depends on the respectful and loving service of the living; and the happiness of the living depends on the due fulfilment of pious duty to the dead.' Each home has its family altar, its god-shelf, where are enshrined the ancestral tablets, which tablets at times the spirits 'can animate as a human body in order to succour and console. From their shrines they hear and observe all that happens in the house, share the family joys and sorrows, and delight in the familiar voices and in the geniality of life about them. They chiefly delight in the daily greetings of the family, and for nourishment vapour of food contents them. To forget them, or in any way to treat them with rude indifference, is the most undoubted proof of an evil heart. They stand for the moral experience of the family and nation, and to deny them is to deny that, and to violate that is to offend them, and to offend them is the supreme crime.' Thus the Japanese believe that spirits observe their every act, listen to their every word, and approve or blame, and this belief affects their conduct in all the affairs of life.

The Christmas 'Two Worlds' is a strong number. Mr. Coates describes a sitting in which a relative of Mr. Stead, who did not accept Spiritualism, received through Mr. and Mrs. Coates strong evidence of the presence both of Mr. Stead and of his own wife. Mr. John Rutherford continues his striking article on 'Psychical Miasma and the Problem of its Dispersal.' Under 'Present-day Societies' Mr. Horace Leaf sketches the history of that flourishing organisation, Stratford Spiritual Church. A remarkable experience is narrated by Mr. Gwilym Edwards as having occurred to him on Whitsuntide, 1900. Sitting at home on the Sunday night, he heard a voice saying to him, 'Go over the mountain to Caerphilly.' Next morning, though he had been fighting persistently against it, he felt compelled to obey the injunction, and in the silence and solitude of the mountain top, under a brilliant sky, he had a vision of his father, who had passed on many years before. Two frequent contributors to our columns, Mr. W. H. Evans and E. P. Prentice, are represented—the former by a beautiful waking dream of which the lesson is that 'love is stronger than change or death,' and the latter by the first instalment of an anti-vivisection story. Mr. J. B. Tetlow writes on 'The Herald Angels' Song,' and S. Freakley on 'The Garden of Life.' But we think the most powerful contribution is that of Mr. Hanson G. Hey on 'Spiritualism and the Woman Question.' Mr. Hey stoutly maintains that the vast majority of the Magdalenes on our streets 'are driven there by economical causes, and if but the brotherhood of man were a living fact instead of a mere shibboleth they would have been leading virtuous lives.' He denounces the debased industrialism which in the Black Country grudged women workers a wage of twopence per hour, and declares that Spiritualism calls for perfect equality, industrial and political, between the sexes. 'Spiritualists,' he cries, 'preach "progress," teach "brotherhood," advocate "equality." Let us transmute the preaching into action, and do our part in the freeing of our sisters, which will herald in a brighter day for the women and children of the country we call ours.'

The following pathetic lines, entitled 'We Understand,' appeared in 'The Citizen' on the 19th inst.; they tell their own story—we need make no comment:—

'She glided by, red lip, rouged cheek,
She smiled, but in her eyes were tears,
One of the Fallen, yet for years
She slaved for just six bob a week
In England's great and prosperous land.
O, sister so unfortunate,
We understand.

'She passed me by, one of the throng
Whom poverty, not love of sin,
Tempted with mocking, devilish grin
To walk the gilded road of wrong.
Scorn not! Come lend a helping hand.
O, sisters so unfortunate,
We understand.'

Dealing with the Suffrage agitation, 'The Christian Commonwealth' says: 'We wish the whole nation would seriously address itself to this momentous question of votes for women, realise that it cannot be shelved, try to understand it in all its bearings, and make up its collective mind to give women the vote, and that with the least possible delay. Experience shows that no harm, but much good, has resulted wherever the franchise has been extended to women, and it is from every point of view lamentable that this country is so slow to take a step that must certainly be taken at no very distant date. . . . There can be no settlement of the Woman Suffrage question until justice is done.'

Mr. John Galsworthy's 'For Love of Beasts'—reprinted from essays contributed to the 'Pall Mall Gazette' (2d. post free, Animals' Friend Society, York House, Portugal-street)—is cast in the form of an account, in the first person, of an imaginary walk and conversation which the writer has with a friend, and is rendered the more effective by the vein of quiet irony which runs through the latter's talk. Asked at the end of their stroll whether he doesn't think that for a man with a sense of proportion he exaggerates the importance of beasts and their happiness, the friend responds: 'Honestly, I don't believe I do, for I have observed that before men can be gentle and broad-minded with each other, they are always gentle and broad-minded about beasts.' It is not that man means to be cruel. 'Indifference to the suffering of beasts always comes from over-absorption in our own comfort.'

Up to the present, the only response that we have received to the inquiry made by 'C. E. B.' (page 574), is a copy of the following lines by Clarence Urmy, which the correspondent who sends them hopes may be of use to 'C. E. B.':—

'I shall not pass this way again,
But far beyond earth's where and when,
May I look back along a road
Where, on both sides, good seed I sowed!

'I shall not pass this way again—
May wisdom guide my tongue and pen,
And love be mine, that so I may
Plant roses all along the way!

'I shall not pass this way again—
May I be kindly to all men,
Faithful to friends, true to my God,
A fragrance on the path I trod!'

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.

Dr. Peebles and Mrs. Eddy.

SIR,—Dr. Peebles is entirely right in saying that Mrs. Eddy was a medium. Mr. Dixon, who, presumably, lives in England, and who, perhaps, has never visited the United States, has probably not known of the facts of Mrs. Eddy's pre-historic life. For many years previously to her coming to Boston, she lived in Lynn, Massachusetts, and there are not wanting numerous people here who well recall her séances and private consultations as a medium (both trance and healing), and who, like Dr. Peebles, have been sitters in her séances. One of these, who told me much of Mrs. Eddy's mediumship, was Mrs. Maria Porter, a niece of the Hon. John B. Alley (Congressman from Massachusetts) and the stepmother of the late distinguished portrait-painter, Mr. Benjamin Porter. Mrs. Porter died recently, but she has told me numerous experiences of Mrs. Eddy's mediumship, which was prominent, well known, and widely sought. There was nothing in it to the discredit of Mrs. Eddy. She had an unusual reputation as a healing medium especially, and I am told that as a trance medium she was one of the most able and reliable transmitters of messages. In two personal interviews that I myself had with Mrs. Eddy she gave me a detailed account of having been herself healed by the power of those in the ethereal. She related that on a certain Sunday morning, after a prolonged illness during which she had not stood on her feet for six months, she was given up to die, and that her pastor, believing she could not live till noon, came in before his morning service to see her for the last time. Soon after his departure she was instructed by someone in the unseen to send everyone out of the room. With some difficulty she prevailed on her attendants to leave her alone, and then, she said, 'forms stood on each side of the bed and waved their hands above me, and in a few minutes I felt the tide of life flowing all over me.' She who had not for so long

been able to stand, arose and opened the door into the next room. She added, 'My friends turned aside their heads and exclaimed in fright, believing that I had died and that my ghost was appearing to them.'

That in later years Mrs. Eddy should take the attitude towards all communications between the seen and the unseen that appears in some of her writings is curious; and it is not strange that those who do not know of her earlier life should be under the impression that she could not have been a medium. But Dr. Peebles is entirely right in his assertion, which could be supported by abundant evidence in and around Boston.—Yours, &c.,
LILIAN WHITING.

The Brunswick, Boston, U.S.A.

'Cogito ergo Sum.'

SIR,—I am reading 'Science and Metaphysics,' by Riehl, and find therein a remarkable criticism of Descartes' assertion. But it must be understood I would not make Riehl responsible for the following interpretation of 'Cogito ergo sum,' though the interpretation is a deduction from his statement that 'the experience *I am* is not simple, but two-sided.'

The expression 'Cogito ergo sum' appeals to us all, at first thought, as indisputably true. But, on reflection, it is found to be meaningless as it stands. We might quite as well say, 'Sum, ergo cogito.' The critical attacks on the statement are, however, too well known for it to be necessary now to say more on the point. When anyone of us says of himself, 'Cogito ergo sum,' what does he do? He says of himself, 'I think.' He uses the words 'I think' quite as subjectively as if he said of another, 'He thinks'; he apparently makes himself, as a thinking being, an object to himself. But this is impossible, no ego can be subject and object to itself. It is meaningless to say, 'I think, I think; therefore I think.'

While each one of us is conscious that he does think, he cannot refer this consciousness to thought, to the thinking of the consciousness! So if we say 'I think, therefore I am,' and assume that the 'I think' and the 'I am' refer to the same 'I,' we say what is meaningless. If we make the 'I' in both cases refer to the same thinking human personality the phrase is meaningless.

But *I am* conscious that I think. What is the explanation of the contradiction?

The '*I am*' refers to a personality which can make the 'I think' its subject; it is conscious of the 'thinking' of its subject. The human personality which thinks is subject to an intuitive or spiritual personality which is conscious of its human personality which thinks within limits. It is in consciousness of thought that we find the (relative) reality of our personality. If we refer this consciousness to thought we but travel in a vicious circle. We must make (human) thought subjective to consciousness; that is, the '*I am*' refers to the (relatively) real personality, the 'I think' to the human, thinking personality.

I would therefore suggest the following periphrasis for 'Cogito ergo sum':—

Consciousness of thought proves my existence. Thought is a content of consciousness.

All I submit is that 'Cogito ergo sum,' rightly understood, infers the subjection of thought to consciousness, so that the 'conscious I' is distinct from the 'thinking I.' All must admit that thought is impossible for the ego without consciousness of thought. But the intolerably difficult question of whether there can be consciousness *with no content* I do not touch.—Yours, &c.,
F. C. CONSTABLE.

A Vision Experience.

SIR,—One morning, recently, I had an animated discussion with a new acquaintance on the morality of vivisection. She held that as the animals are a lower order of beings than humans it is allowable to experiment upon and to torture even ten dogs if the knowledge thereby gained lessens the sufferings of even one human being. I grew heated and waxed indignant. I said that inasmuch as all our physical suffering comes from the breaking of laws, it is unfair, it is cowardly, it is atrocious to forcibly subject helpless animals to mutilation and to torture in order that we may evade the pain that we have earned. The discussion ended, I gave no more thought, throughout a busy day, to the matter. That night, when I had closed my eyes to sleep, I had a peculiar vision. There appeared before me, while my mind was occupied with other affairs, a brown and white spaniel dog, wearing a man's bowler hat; three times he bowed to me, doffing his hat. This action arrested my attention. I thought, 'How queer, that a dog should bow and take off a hat to me!' Then my thought flew back to the talk of the morning, and my earnest defence of the animals, and I thrilled with delighted gratification.

Visions are a common experience with many people, but for the enlightenment of those who have them not, I may explain that

they arise unbidden whenever the body is still and the eyes closed, and seldom have any connection with the thoughts that are passing through one's brain. It is something like looking out of a window on to a busy street while one is thinking of other things than the incidents that are being enacted. Most often unrecognised faces crowd round one; sometimes it is country scenes, sometimes one seems to be looking into a room where people are dining or reading.—Yours, &c.,

J. VAUGHAN CRAWFORD.

64, Woodlands-road, Glasgow.

Mr. J. J. Astor's Novel.

SIR,—In your 'Notes from Abroad,' on December 14th, a quotation is made from the 'Berliner Fremdenblatt' to the effect that Mr. J. J. Astor, one of the 'Titanic' victims, wrote a novel about twenty years ago, entitled 'A Voyage to Other Worlds,' which was never published. Now, sir, I think your readers should know that this is in part incorrect, as indeed are almost all of the subsequent quotations. A sixth edition of the novel in question, by John Jacob Astor, was published in 1896, by Appleton & Co., New York, and on referring to my copy I find that the supposed prophecy concerning Astor's unexpected death was by no means fulfilled.

To quote from the 'Berliner Fremdenblatt'—"You will," says the spirit, "die by an accident. After a terrible night spent on the open sea you will be utterly exhausted and your end will be near." Whereas in my copy I read—"Your death will be caused by blood poisoning brought on by an accident," began the spirit. This is the only prophecy concerning death in the book, and there is no mention of death by exhaustion on the open sea whatever.

May I venture to add by way of comment that the 'Berliner Fremdenblatt' would do well to follow the example of your own valuable paper and insist on quality rather than quantity in these matters?—Yours, &c.,

J. DAVY WOOD.

Long Distance Telepathy.

SIR,—In 'LIGHT' of November 2nd, under the heading 'Telepathy Attacked and Defended,' you quote Dr. Tuckett as saying that coincidences of thought and expression 'are sufficiently explained by the natural association of ideas in minds preoccupied by the same themes.'

To the student who has had much experience it is apparent that the doctor's observations are limited to but few facts. Indeed, this difficulty attaches to the average critic who has a theory to sustain. In answer to the doctor's theory, let me mention the following experiment which was made by an instructor in the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Asylum of California, a Mason of high degree and a thoroughly reliable man, who has a written account of the incident, attested by several of the cognisant parties.

A few years ago this gentleman was saying good-bye to an Eastern Mason of note whom he had been entertaining, when the latter, feeling under an obligation for the kindness with which he had been treated, pushed a gold twenty dollar piece into his hands. It would have been returned, but the steamer for the Orient was away from the dock before the instructor recovered from his surprise.

One Sunday, less than a year thereafter, he was chatting with some Masons when the subject of telepathy came up and he felt moved to try an experiment. Crossing to a quiet corner of the room, he sat down and made an effort to concentrate on his Masonic friend to see if he could transmit, or get, any impressions. After sitting some time, feeling that the effort was a failure, he tried to concentrate on a friend whom he supposed to be in England, and who was also an instructor in an Asylum for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind. As there was a bond of sympathy, he doubtless felt that this, with a more definite idea of location, would tend to better results. However, a determined effort in the new direction also seemed to fail.

But more is to be told. The invisible thought waves had reached nearly half way around the world. It seems that his friend the English instructor had long ago left England and settled in Australia. In due course a letter was received from him in which he stated that he had been seized with an unaccountable desire to write to his Californian friend and tell him what he was doing and how he was getting along. After going into details, he closed with this remarkable sentence, 'What about twenty dollars? You don't owe me anything.' It is thus apparent that the recipient got a confusion of both messages. The instructor says that, difference in time considered, the date of the letter and the date of the experiment corresponded as nearly as he could establish it.

The above brings to mind some of the experiments made by Dr. Hyslop, whose report of a demonstration of telepathy be-

tween England and Boston, in which Mrs. Piper was the sensitive on this side, will doubtless be of interest.

One of Dr. Hyslop's theories was that telepathy is not all due to thought waves given out by the brain, similar to electrical discharges in wireless telegraphy, but that spirit agencies might also be involved in the transmission of intelligence from mind to mind over great distances. To demonstrate this view it was his desire that a message to Mrs. Piper should be sent in English but translated into Latin on the way. This, as many of your readers know, was carried out to the letter. The message was given in English but received in Latin. It was so astounding that I wanted confirmation of the fact from Dr. Hyslop's own lips, and after a lecture by him before a large and intelligent audience in one of the halls of the State University, Berkeley, California, I called on him and briefly stated the object of my visit. He confirmed the facts unhesitatingly. I said, 'Then you believe that spiritual agencies are involved in many of these cases ascribed to telepathy?' He replied with characteristic directness, 'Either that or telepathy can translate.'

It requires but few well-attested facts like the above to shatter such superficial theories as those quoted from Dr. Tuckett.—Yours &c.,

EWING.

Deep Breathing Beneficial.

SIR,—With reference to 'Breather's' inquiry in 'LIGHT' of the 14th inst., I believe, from personal experience, that deep breathing is beneficial to the physical health if practised rationally; but some writers, whose directions I have read, recommend holding the breath after distending the lungs to the utmost possible degree. This habit might, after a time, cause an unnatural enlargement of some of the air cells, and produce a difficulty of breathing resembling that of chronic asthma. As to the psychical effects of breathing, I have not perceived any in myself.—Yours, &c.,

J. J. MEYRICK.

Budleigh Salterton.

The League of Defence.

SIR,—It may quite reasonably be assumed that the League of Defence is now a fact, and that it is an organisation which offensive critics in every district will have to reckon with. Until such times as those who are co-operating can meet and discuss matters and elect officers, they will do well to watch events, and miss no opportunity on which they can vindicate the existence of the League.

The following suggestions, made by friends whose names are household ones, will serve as a present basis on which to proceed, pending fuller developments:—

1. Until a permanent secretary be elected, I shall be only too willing to do all I can in that direction.
2. As treasurer *pro tem.*, the editor of the 'Two Worlds' has been suggested, and I would be pleased to see it so settled.
3. Several correspondents have suggested that district unions and Lyceum councils be asked to contribute 5s. (or smaller sum) per annum, if found necessary, and individual members 1s. or 2s. each.
4. Donations from interested friends are invited. I may say that I have had promises of a few of such, if requested, and think they should be.
5. Any surplus from debates, lectures, &c., to be devoted to assisting districts where deficiencies may arise.
6. An annual meeting at a convenient centre has been suggested by several correspondents, and I think such would be practically needful.

The recent magnificent result at Hull demonstrates the value of a concentrated correspondence, and the presence of a capable exponent of our cause. The study groups now conducted by the Yorkshire, Northern, and other Unions will do much to develop those sturdy, reliable defenders we are in quest of.

For the present, at any rate, those who have intimated a desire to serve may consider themselves in duty bound to take up arms should need occur, and if any friends living in a centre not yet represented should find that assistance is required, and will write to me, I will immediately forward to him (or her) the name and address of the nearest member.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES LAWRENCE.

A LETTER of Christmas Greetings from Mr. W. J. Colville has just been received, too late for this issue.

'FRIENDS IN COUNCIL' is the title of a new feature which we shall commence in next week's 'LIGHT.'

WE learn that Abdul Baha Abbas has arrived in London, and will receive visitors daily between the hours of 10 and 11.30 a.m. at Lady Blomfield's flat, 97, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.