

Light:



A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Now that the winter session of the London Spiritualist Alliance is drawing near, we think it well to call the attention of those Members and Associates who only see 'LIGHT' occasionally to the advantages of becoming regular readers. Announcements of all Alliance meetings and other arrangements appear in this journal, and those who do not take it regularly are liable to miss intimations which, for one reason or another, it is not possible to convey by notice sent personally to each Member or Associate. Meetings are occasionally arranged after the syllabus of the Alliance has been published (a reception, for instance, may be given to an unexpected visitor from overseas), and in all such cases notice is published in this journal. The moral to those who belong to the Alliance, but who are not readers of 'LIGHT,' is sufficiently clear. And to those of our readers who have not yet joined the Alliance, may we say that October is an excellent time for joining, for the session of 1913-14 promises to be especially attractive.

It should be remembered that 'LIGHT' and the L.S.A. go hand in hand. The meetings are heralded in this paper, and full reports given of the lectures and other special events. We ask for the co-operation of every friend of the movement in the matter. We want not only to see the circulation of 'LIGHT' increased, but every Alliance meeting marked by the fullest possible attendance. Will those who may be unable to attend any meeting for which tickets are issued favour us by passing on their tickets (which are always transferable) to their friends? As regards 'LIGHT,' much may be done by handing copies to those who are likely to be interested in the subject. We can send the paper post free for thirteen weeks for 2s., and we feel that the reports of the various meetings shortly to take place will render it additionally interesting. The dark winter days are coming on apace, when 'LIGHT' should be especially welcome.

We spent recently a few bright days amid the pastoral beauties of the Upper Thames. The 'long white road' which we followed without set purpose yielded many pleasant surprises in the shape of ancient villages, little changed through the centuries; breezy commons and uplands giving a wide prospect of hill, wood, cornfield and meadow, and many a picturesque old church. One might have known the month for August without the aid of the calendar. The mellow blue of the skies with their heavy masses of white clouds moving majestically across the horizon, the dusty hedges bearing the convolvulus with its

'spiral terminals of delicate bells,' the parched grass and the ripening grain all bore the impress of the month. But ever we kept near the valley

Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
Its silver-winding way.

It seemed a fair land—Paradise enough if its inhabitants were of a right mind, content with the 'simple sense of earth and sky' and dwelling together in unity. We had left behind the roaring city with its clamour of war and strikes and political crises. Only now and again the whirr of a motor-car reminded us of the modern fever of haste, of the man who, being somewhere, is anxious to go somewhere else as speedily as possible. But as a fellow-traveller, a man of thoughtful mind, observed, out of all this hurry and turmoil something is being outworked. It meant, he said, the rising of life to a higher level of power and sanity. The tranquil vales and quiet retreats of the country-side spoke not only of a peaceful past, but of a peace to come when the human spirit, after much striving, comes into its own.

The Home which the benevolence of Lady Mosley has provided for women workers in need of health and rest (but unable to bear the expenses of a holiday of the ordinary kind) consists of three cottages at Caversham. Two of them lie in a sheltered nook beside the river, screened from the opposite bank by the 'blowing willows' of a tiny eyot lying a few yards out in the stream. It is a veritable Sleepy Hollow, and the cottages bear the stamp of antiquity. One of them is dated 1551; its neighbour, which lies back from the road, is more modern, but both are old and quaint enough to give an additional element of restfulness to those whose nerves are fatigued by the 'staring newness' of the modern world. There is a long garden cultivated by the guests themselves, and beside it a field in which in the summer time they may bask in the sun. The third cottage lies some little distance away, but that also is a 'haunt of ancient peace,' for the tide of improvement which has nearly overwhelmed the old-world buildings of the town on the opposite side of the river has but slightly invaded this peaceful spot. The visitors assemble for meals in a room set apart for that purpose in one of the cottages. The Home is in charge of a matron, and under the superintendence of Mr. Percy Street, who receives and considers applications from those desirous of becoming temporary inmates.

Macaulay looked forward to the spectacle of the New Zealander surveying the ruins of London in some remote age when the British Empire has gone the way of Nineveh and Tyre. At present, however, some of the New Zealanders are busy in building up the scientific fabric of civilisation. We have, for example, Professor Bickerton with his remarkable theory of constructive-collision as an explanation of world-building—a theory which (speaking without the book) we believe turns on the idea of a collision

of two dark suns giving birth to a third, a new sun. And now we have Mr. Edward M. Darken, of Wellington, New Zealand, who, in a pamphlet, 'On the Circulation of Energy and Matter,' makes this remarkable claim:—

I have the honour to announce that I believe I have discovered a 'Rosetta Stone,' by the aid of which we can read the hieroglyphics of Nature. It is to be seen all over the world in the form of an ice-crystal, and this marvellous little ice-flower appears to be the key to the origin of life.

The theory is worked out with manifest ability, and should prove of interest to all who study the origins of life on the physical side. We have not space to deal even in epitome with Mr. Darken's arguments, for although they commend themselves to our reasoning, they do not lie quite in our way. The idea that every ray of light and heat is made up of vortices, however, has a significance to all those who study the Universe in its deeper aspects.

The spirit, as we know, never grows old. It is only the physical body that exhibits the marks of decrepitude and decay. But as the spirit animates the body, it is only natural to suppose that it can (as indeed it does in some cases) confer some of its age-defying powers on the physical form. And it is a significant fact that it has been found that highly-strung, mercurial people live longer and retain their youthfulness better than those of the stolid, unemotional type. The refined forces of the nervous system are stronger and more durable than iron thews and sinews. It has been well said that old age is a bad habit, and that people do not become old and infirm until they yield to the idea of senility. That is where the power of auto-suggestion comes in. So powerful is its influence that (according to an article in the current 'Nautilus') even when reason is dethroned the thought held by the subconscious mind continues to affect the bodily functions.

The writer in the 'Nautilus' illustrates this argument by a striking example said to be vouched for by the 'Lancet.' It relates to the case of an English lady who, disappointed in love, became insane and took no account of the passage of time:—

Believing she was young and living in the same hour in which she was parted from her lover, taking no note of years, she stood daily before the window watching for his coming. In this mental condition she remained young. Some American travellers who saw her were asked to guess her age. They, unacquainted with her history, placed her age as under twenty-four. She was at that time seventy-four, but she had not a wrinkle or grey hair.

That is no doubt a very exceptional case, but it has its parallels in less conspicuous forms amongst those who, retaining the idea of youth in their minds, look far younger than they actually are, and that, sometimes, in spite of many little offences against right living in daily habits.

'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?

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THE REV. SUSANNA HARRIS IN ROTHESAY

TWO EXPERIMENTAL SEANCES.

NO. I.

BY JAMES COATES.*

NOTE.—Mrs. Susanna Harris, of whose sances at the Rothessay circle an outline is given below, is, except for occasional business visits, a stranger in this country, where she is practically unknown, save to a few leading Spiritualists. In America and Canada she is well known as the pastor of a church in Columbus, Ohio, and also of an organisation called 'The Woman's Republic,' which has a membership of one hundred and twenty thousand. She has recently been delegate to the Spiritualists' International Convention at Geneva and also to the Peace Congress at The Hague on behalf of 'The Woman's Republic.' It will be as new to most British Spiritualists as to myself that she is a trumpet medium. The persons present at the sances are prepared to testify to the correctness of the following accounts.

In presenting this report of two sances held (August 21st and 22nd) in the Rothessay circle sance-room, with Mrs. Susanna Harris, of Washington, D.C., U.S.A., I wish to premise that they were experimental in the sense that the psychic, although of repute and well vouched for by former sitters, was to me and our circle an unknown quantity as a medium.

The sitters numbered eighteen—all, with the exception of the psychic, either members of the Rothessay circle or invited visitors. We imposed no restrictions on the medium, knowing that she could not control phenomena, and that if they came, *unless they proved themselves*, all so-called test methods would be useless. The medium arrived shortly before the sitting, and was introduced to a few of those present. Prior to the sance I accompanied her, and saw the simple process of washing out the trumpets, two of which were used.

When all were gathered in the sance-room Mrs. Harris asked who was the newspaper man? I pointed out the gentleman (Mr. Gavin Fleming, of the 'Rothessay Express'), and she requested him to sit at her side. I then said, 'There are some of the friends present whom I have not introduced to you.' Mrs. Harris replied, 'Never mind, I see they are all good friends, and if you told me their names I should forget them ten minutes afterwards.' It is worth noting that during the sance several were addressed by name and address, a fact which proved interesting—and evidential.

Mrs. Harris treated us to a short address, intimating that she was a servant of God and the angel world, and while she hoped and expected that we should get something, she promised nothing. She added, 'I hope you will give me your best thoughts and sympathy.' One of the sitters, Mr. McCormick, president of the Belfast Association of Spiritualists, opened the proceedings with an invocation, which was followed by a joining in the Lord's Prayer. The light having been turned out, Mrs. Harris requested all present to join hands. Mr. Fleming held her left hand and I her right, the former (as he subsequently informed us) retaining his hold during the whole course of the sance, and I mine till the trumpets commenced whizzing about the room. During singing the medium became entranced, passing under the control of an Intelligence called 'Harmony,' who took charge of the sitting.

A voice, which appeared to be that of a Kaffir, addressed a gentleman not far from me. Then 'Harmony,' speaking through Mrs. Harris, followed this up with 'Mr. Clarke, how is Liverpool?' This was deeply interesting. Mr. James Clarke, of Liverpool, had not been introduced to Mrs. Harris. 'You got a mother in spirit world? I see "seven" over you. Are there not seven in your family?' Mr. Clarke was not sure, and made a count, and said 'five,' meaning brothers and sisters. 'No, no,' said the spirit, 'seven, father and mother too. Are they not members of your family?' This raised a general laugh, while at the same time indicating the correctness of the spirit's knowledge. 'You came across the big water?' 'Yes.' 'Must be, see elephants and queer beasts, Africa?' 'Yes.' 'You know So-and-So?' 'Yes.' 'No trumpet medium'

* Author of 'Seeing the Invisible,' 'Photographing the Invisible,' Editor Symposium 'Has W. T. Stead Returned?'

there?' 'No.' The conversation was not long, but the voice was right all the time.

My step-son David came, speaking in the direct voice, and called me 'father.' I did not understand, and said, 'Is that you, father?' 'No, no,' said the guide. 'Have you no children in the spirit world?' 'Not that I am aware of.' 'Well, this man calls you "father."' 'Oh, yes. Excuse me for being so stupid, David; had you said "Pa Coates," I could have understood. You did not usually call me "father."' 'Harmony,' explaining: 'Suppose you play piano, another time organ, you get different tones. Well, this medium a new instrument. You understand?' I understood; with different mediums come different phrasings. David then laughed good-naturedly, saying, 'I had you, Pa, that time,' and delivered his message.

Mrs. Stewart, a lady who had not been introduced to the psychic, was addressed by a voice calling her 'sister.' She did not understand. 'Harmony,' who appears to be an adept at clearing up difficulties, said: 'There are five in your family?' 'No,' said Mrs. Stewart. 'That is very strange. I see the number five. Do you follow that?' 'No, I cannot,' said Mrs. Stewart. 'There were only three—father, mother and I. I had no brothers or sisters.' 'Wait a bit,' said the voice, 'go back a bit and think. Did you not . . .?' Then came out the wonderful tale of childhood, away back in the country; old home described; a special room, with its wide, old-fashioned ingle-nooks and large fireplace; the members of that family, all in the spirit world; the family four in number, Mrs. Stewart, as a girl, making the fifth; the old cemetery, the two tombstones; and then the clincher—the old-fashioned brooch which Mrs. Stewart had suddenly picked up and put on before leaving home for the sitting, and which was now claimed as belonging to the foster-mother, or grandmother, in that bygone day. A spirit form—supposed to be the late Marquess of Bute—was seen standing behind Mrs. Stewart during this recital. The sitters were breathless as, with each new revelation, the lady quietly said 'Yes,' or 'I recognise that,' or 'Quite true.' The spirit friend, who called her 'sister,' knew her home surroundings, past struggles and present conditions, knew her thoughts, anticipated this meeting, and came here to meet her, &c. Most conclusive testimony. What is it the spirit people do not know about those they have left behind?

When Mrs. Stewart denied or did not know, a deep-toned voice interjected, 'That is correct'; the reference being not to the denial but to the statement denied. This was an entirely new experience, a sitting in which trance-control and 'direct voice' manifestations were proceeding almost simultaneously. Sometimes there were two or three voices speaking at the same time. This led to a little confusion, but the explanation was that, as the conditions were so good, the spirit friends were taking full advantage of them. 'George Jones,' an Irishman with a Welsh name, the owner of the deep voice already referred to, would psychophone to me, in tones audible to all present, 'Splendid conditions here,' or 'Are you taking a note of that?'

Mr. John Auld was addressed by his mother, by his wife, and, for the first time, by his brother David. The message of the last-mentioned was clear and emphatic. The joy of recognition was manifest in the voice. As if this was not enough, 'Harmony,' speaking through Mrs. Harris, called attention to the manner of Mr. David Auld's passing out so accurately as to make doubt an impossibility. It would have been a good thing if other members of the family beside Mr. Auld had been present. Mr. Peter Galloway, representative from the directorate of the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists, received a message from a mother. The whole was intermingled with family references which proved the identity clearly.

To get up the vibrations and break up the intensity of expectation, 'Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon' was heartily sung by the sitters, accompanied by one powerful spirit voice. Miss Arrol, of Eastlands, was addressed by her own mother, whose voice and the incidents referred to were fully identified. Then came one of those oft-times unaccountable *séance-room* razzles. Mrs. Harris's guide ('Harmony') asked Miss Arrol, 'Have you a son in the spirit world?' 'No.' 'Well, there is someone here calling you "mother." His name is Charley. Do you follow that?' 'Yes.' 'He came into the spirit world

young.' 'Yes, that is right. Charley was my brother, whom I nursed, and he used to call me "mother."' The deep voice: 'That is correct.' The guide added: 'He says that he knocked on the things at home to let you know he would be here. Is that correct?' It was quite correct. This spirit passed out at the age of five, and he called his sister 'mother'; hence the question, 'Have you a son in the spirit world?' It is a strange way the spirit friends have to get at you, but they do.

Presently we heard a sound as of the approach of a train, becoming louder and louder, then slowing up with an unusual stop. A spirit manifested to Miss Arrol. This was a striking bit of evidence. The lady broke down and wept bitterly. 'Mr. Anderson,' a Canadian spirit who gave the train manifestation, explained that when persons suddenly passed out by collision or other train accidents, he enabled them, when suitable conditions were presented, to manifest to their friends. The train in which this friend travelled had been burned and he had been burned with it. This explanation came after singing, which had been necessary to harmonise the sitting owing to this lady's grief and sobbing.

'Harmony,' always sympathetic and ready to clear up difficulties, proved of ever-helpful assistance. Had there been no trumpet manifestations, a *séance* with her alone would have been a great success.

Mr. Black, who is new to the subject, but known to the writer, had a psychophone message from his mother, who addressed him by name and clearly established her identity by reference to an incident in his early life, about which she was greatly concerned. 'That is correct,' again interposed the deep voice of 'George Jones.' The spirit mother spoke of an old chest and of a certain quilt as items of identity. She also referred, and very clearly, to her own bodily conditions before she passed out. Again came the corroborating 'That is correct'; the spirit mother adding: 'I do not suffer now.' She emphasised the happiness she experienced in spirit life and in seeing her son doing so well, and held out further prospects to him if he wearied not by the way.

Mr. Auld was addressed by his wife. She made a little effort to attract his attention, and spoke about a picture which she liked and was glad he had. Mr. Auld appeared to think she was referring to her own portraits, and asked 'Which one?' The voice: 'The oval picture.' 'Oh!' said Mr. Auld, thinking it strange she should allude to this, when he was thinking of something else. It was a little game of cross-purposes, perhaps intended for some wise end. The picture, in fact, was that of another person, very dear to Mrs. Auld. It had been received recently by Mr. Auld, and she was pleased he had got it. It is little touches like this which give evidential value to these psychophone messages.

Mr. Jeffrey, who had specially come for the purpose of having a talk with a dear friend, found himself talking to one whom he had never thought about. This friend, 'Neil,' established his identity beyond dispute, speaking of mutual friends.

'Harmony' then said, 'There is someone here who has a friend suffering from a deep running sore.' The 'someone' was obtuse. Mrs. Coates called his attention to the message, and he at once understood. Then 'Harmony' explained the message of 'Dr. Keeley' and prescribed a remedy 'worth dollars,' and which would 'heal the trouble from the bones out.' This remains to be proved, but there was no doubt of the appositeness of the message, for the sitter's mother-in-law was the afflicted one. To another advice was tendered about deafness, and this was both appropriate and acceptable. Mr. Thorburn was called, and a message was given to him. He did not remember at first and then understood. No mind-reading here. He certainly got something to think about and learned that our spirit friends know a great deal about us.

'Nearer, my God, to Thee' was sung to get up vibrations and relieve the intense concentration. During the singing two voices joined in, one said to be 'Joseph,' Mrs. Harris's principal guide, and the other 'George Jones,' the witty Irishman.

A voice called out in the darkness, close to Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, 'John, John!' I said, 'That is for you, Mr. Stevenson.' The query, 'Well, friend, who are you?' led to an interesting and quite audible conversation. Old grievances were

straightened out, and for the first time the speaker, a relative, gave indication of progress away from the hindrances of earth-life. Now there was a touch of identity. There were two fathers, both bitterly opposed to Spiritualism, who had several times manifested, as many other spirits had done at the Rothesay circle. It was not clear which was which. The voice soon cleared up that matter.

Mr. Fleming, the newspaper man, had an eye-opener. 'Harmony' described a tall lady standing before him. 'She is calling you "brother." Do you recognise that?' 'Yes.' 'She says she came to you and you saw her the other day.' 'Correct,' interposed "George Jones." This, then, was the tall form referred to by Vice-Admiral Moore, which appeared to Mr. Fleming at one of the Wriedt séances held here under the auspices of the Rothesay circle. Mrs. Harris did not and could not know of this incident. Then came more evidence of spirit knowledge very much to the astonishment of the 'newspaper man.' The spirit sister showed a deep insight into his affairs and spoke of impending changes in a clear and graphic manner. He was no longer to be surrounded with writing pads and sheets of paper, but would be going here and there free of charge and have an entire change of duties in about two weeks' time.

After the séance was over, Mr. Fleming told me the following facts: First, he was not able to take notes, as the medium's hand was closed on his, which proved to him that the medium had nothing to do with the trumpets flying about the room. Second, with regard to his sister, and the story about the change in his circumstances, no one knew about this. He was leaving town in two weeks to take up a new appointment in another town in connection with tramways. It was all very wonderful and convincing. 'George Jones' told him he was sceptical. He would give him something to think about, and he did.

This séance with Mrs. Susanna Harris was most satisfactory and conclusive. The various phenomena brought their own evidence. It was a further evidence that correct treatment of sensitives and the giving of good conditions bring good results.

SPIRITUALISM AND PRAYER.

'Notes of the Month,' in the September 'Occult Review,' deal in the following outspoken fashion with the subject of prayer:—

The times are past when Abraham, the favourite protégé of Jehovah, could be thought of as he is depicted in the Bible story, hobnobbing in homely fashion with the Almighty, or Enoch walking with God—the phrase was, doubtless, intended literally, though the modern reader is wont to interpret it as an allegorical expression—but even as late as the days of the Reformation we hear of Martin Luther adopting an argumentative attitude with his God, and taking Him to task for indifference or inattention towards his righteous demands. The whole conception is now transformed by the adoption of a more rational, if not a more scientific attitude, and those who expect a response to their petitions look to receive it through bringing influences to bear on the active agencies of the spiritual world—those celestial hierarchies whose intervention, subject to the permission of some still higher Power, may be contemplated as a practical possibility without undue outrage on reason or common-sense. Thus much has the Spiritualist movement done for the world of Christendom in bringing it back from the cruder conceptions of Protestantism to one of the main tenets of the ancient Catholic faith. . . . If the Catholic and the Spiritualist are right, we are justified in holding that these eternal powers may employ our intercessions as a lever to obtain for us that which we ask, within certain limits imposed by spiritual law. We may further be justified in holding that without such intercession on our part the hands of the said powers would be tied. . . . How often, we may wonder, do the gods wait and vainly to fulfil the prayer that is never offered up! The old proverb tells us that it takes two to make a quarrel. How do we know but that it may take two, one on this side of the 'Great Divide' and one on the other, working in unison, to effect the help needed in the day of darkness and distress? Christ found it so of old. 'He could do no mighty works there,' we are told, 'because of their unbelief.' The occult law that required co-operation to ensure success in the case of Christ's miracles may well demand as much for the granting of human prayer.

WONDERFUL MATERIALISATIONS.

GROWTH ON THE OTHER SIDE.

With reference to Mr. Bush's 'request for information,' 'LIGHT,' of July 12th (p. 335), perhaps the following may be of interest:—

A few years ago, when residing in the State of Florida, I was called West by business. Before I left home my wife was told by automatic writing that I would meet her mother (who had passed over some years before), but she was not told when, how, or where.

I broke my journey at Houston, Texas, a city I had not visited for some years, and in which I was a perfect stranger to everybody. After supper at the hotel I heard, in the general conversation, of a materialisation séance to be held that evening at a private house. I found the house, in the suburbs, and without stating my name introduced myself as a stranger and a Spiritualist just arrived in the city. A hearty welcome was given me, and as it was some time before the hour fixed for the séance, the lady of the house showed me the room to be used. It was the ordinary type of living room of a well-appointed house. However, I examined it thoroughly, and found that the cabinet was formed by a curtain hung across one corner of the room. The light—a tinted one—was very good.

At the séance about twenty were present—a Mrs. Valross (I think, being the medium). I found out, at the close, that I was the only stranger present, all the rest being known to each other.

After some time, the control in charge of the séance said there was a spirit in the cabinet for someone of the name of Colson. Did anyone know the name? I acknowledged the call, and asked who it was. The reply was 'Mamma.' A spirit form came from the cabinet—which was about fifteen or sixteen feet from me—stood by my side, and conversed with me. I fully recognised her as my wife's mother, who was 'Mamma' to us all at home. While she still stood by me there was another call from the cabinet for 'Colson.' On my asking who it was, the reply came 'Your mother.' A second form came from the cabinet, stood midway between it and myself, and spoke to me. I readily recognised her as my mother. Almost immediately there came another call for me, with some jokes about the number of visitors I was getting. Again I asked who it was. The reply this time was, 'Your sister.' That was rather a facer, for I had but one sister, and, as far as I knew, she was still in the flesh, for I had received a letter from her only a day or so before. I asked for the name. The reply was 'Sarah.' I said that was all bogey, for I had no sister of that name. 'Yes, you have,' was the emphatic response. 'Surely,' I rejoined, 'I must know whether I have or not. I never had but one sister, and to the best of my belief, she is still alive.' The reply was, 'Yes, you had; she died in infancy.' Then the dim past came back to me, and I recalled a baby sister who died when I was but a child myself. As I acknowledged the fact, the spirit form of the sister came out and stood in front of the cabinet, and just behind her mother, who was still there. Mother and daughter were about the same height, and the likeness was very striking. There they stood in the silence, as much alive as they ever were, to the wonder of all present—my wife's mother, my own mother, and my sister, who died in infancy, but was now full grown, and as tall as her mother. Such a trio, I imagine, is seldom met with in a séance room, and a stronger proof of survival and spirit return could not be wished for.

Referring to the family register later, I found 'Sarah Lucy Colson, born July; baptised August 22nd, 1854. Died January 23rd, 1855.'

THOS. COLSON.
San Diego, Cal., U.S.A., August 14th, 1913.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters on 'Perplexities in Spirit Communion' and other important communications are unavoidably held over until next week.

THE SEERESS OF POSILIPPO.

Under the above title Madame A. Nalli has lately published in the 'Uebersinnliche Welt' an interesting account of a remarkable medium—an Italian peasant woman. Her name is Anastasia, but in Naples and in her native village, which is situated high up on the mountain of Posilippo, she is known as the 'Santarella' (saint), on account of her mediumistic gifts. Although she is quite uneducated, not being able to read or write, there is something refined and attractive in her whole bearing; but it is somewhat difficult to enter into conversation with her, as she only speaks the Neapolitan patois, the same as her family, with whom she resides in a humble cottage close to the village church.

There are many who seek her aid; they come from far and near, and belong to every grade of society. Her method of exercising her mediumship is rather out of the common. The visitor puts his questions to Santarella who, after having made a careful mental note of them, requests the inquirer to return for the answer in about a week's time. Meanwhile she retires daily to the church, where she spends some time in quiet contemplation and in prayer to the Virgin, to whom she repeats all the questions that have been asked by her various clients. According to Santarella's statement the Virgin often appears and speaks to her, and at other times transmits to her in a mysterious way the desired information.

Santarella seems possessed of a marvellous memory, enabling her to remember accurately the numerous questions which are daily submitted to her. She never makes the least mistake, and often reminds her visitors of small details which they themselves have forgotten.

The room which Santarella occupies resembles a small chapel; its walls are covered with sacred pictures, as well as numerous offerings from grateful clients. Noticeable amongst them is the photograph of a young soldier and a painting representing a ship battling against a stormy sea. The soldier's regiment had been ordered to Africa to take part in the campaign of the Italians against the Ethiopians. As his parents had not heard from him for some time, they feared that he might be amongst the fallen, and in their anxiety they consulted Santarella, who gave them the cheering news that their son was well and safe, but that he could not send them any news as he was at the time on board a large ship on his homeward journey. Santarella's statement proved to be correct. The soldier soon returned to his parents, who in their joy presented the seeress with the above-mentioned pictures.

The most conspicuous of the many souvenirs Santarella possesses is, however, a glass coffin in which reposes a beautifully carved life-size figure of Jesus. The whole is artistically decorated with flowers. She received this work of art from a nobleman who for thirty years had been carrying on a wearisome lawsuit involving a considerable amount of property. On consulting Santarella he promised to give her any present she might choose if she would pray for him and try to get some assuring information. Santarella accepted his offer and pledged, in case she should prove correct, for a representation of Christ. According to her usual habit she retired to the village church, where the Virgin is supposed to have impressed her with the knowledge that the gentleman would gain his case and present her with the promised reward. 'But,' continued the mysterious voice, 'your gift will be enclosed in a glass coffin, and the moment it will be delivered at your cottage, your father, who will die suddenly, will be carried out of it in his coffin.' This prophecy was soon afterwards verified in every particular.

Persons whose consciences reproach them with evil deeds may learn, as in the following instance, to their amazement, on coming into contact with Santarella, that nothing, apparently, is hidden from her psychic vision. The Marchesa N.'s coachman, after having driven his mistress to the seeress' cottage, suddenly stopped her as she was about to enter. 'Pardon, Eccellenza,' he said, 'do not consult this woman; she will deceive you. I know for a positive fact that she is a fraud.' The Marchesa paid no heed to this uncalled-for advice, but after her interview with Santarella, she repeated to her the coachman's statement. The medium was not in the least disturbed, but requested permission to speak to the man. When the latter

stood before her, she looked at him long and earnestly, and then said quietly, 'You have called me an impostor. How dare you accuse others—you who have committed murder?' At this the coachman collapsed. Tremblingly and on his knees he begged Santarella not to betray him, pleading as an excuse that he had committed the murder in a fit of passion. 'No,' replied the medium, 'I shall not denounce you, but repent, or God Himself will avenge your crime!'

Whilst staying in Naples on account of her health, Madame A. Nalli, who vouches for the authenticity of the above-mentioned incidents, had many interviews with the medium. In concluding her article she relates that on the first of these occasions Santarella foretold that she would recover slowly but surely, and would, contrary to her intentions, return to her family in Germany, but that her sick friend whose photo she held in her hand would soon pass away. Santarella's prophecy proved correct. Madame Nalli is now enjoying perfect health and living in Berlin, but her friend passed away a few months after her visit to the seeress.

F. D.

FROM THE BAY TO THE OCEAN.

In a recent number of 'The Modern Churchman' the Rev. H. Northcote, M.A., deprecates the readiness with which the adherents of some particular form of Christianity apply the terms 'heretic' and 'schismatic' to those of other denominations and pass judgment upon them. He uses the following beautiful illustration:—

We pass our religious lives as if on the shores of the boundless ocean of God's loving wisdom and knowledge, and the earthly coast-line is broken up by very many inlets, creeks, gulfs and bays. . . . It is well that the inhabitants of a bay should know thoroughly the bay itself; should thankfully use its safe anchorages; and if they live in a beautiful bay, should enjoy its beauties, and have the constant reflection of them in their own souls. We should learn to live, in all its fulness, the life of the bay. . . . That is one aspect of the religious life, one way, and an excellent, and indeed primarily essential, way of living it. But it is not the only aspect or the only way. There is one other thing that can be done—I am not saying that everyone is called to do it—and that is this: We can turn our boat's head round, and steer by one of the eternal stars of the first magnitude, one of the highest leading thoughts of the Christian revelation, such as we find in St. Paul or St. John, and fill the sails with a stronger, stormier faith, and put right out to sea. As we make the voyage in the spirit and draw away from the shore, we see how the bays, gulfs, and inlets are connected one with another, and we learn much of tolerance towards others and hope for others, as we go seaward on the infinite ocean. But perhaps the soul's greatest reward is this, that whereas hitherto it has known only the life of the bay, and the aspect of the ocean as revealed in the bay, where the contour of the land has been surveyed by human thought, and in a manner of speaking one can see to the bottom of the water, now, on this far quest, when the barque is beneath the eternal stars, on the bosom of the ocean itself, the aspect of all things is changed and we can no longer see, nor even do we desire to see, to the bottom of the water. That which is around us is the very thing that filled St. Paul's soul with a joy which no man can measure—the infinity of the wisdom, knowledge, power and love of God.

The lesson may not be without application among Spiritualists. We rejoice that all varieties of religious beliefs are represented in our ranks—Spiritualism should be broad as the ocean—but occasionally we meet with those who think they are magnifying it by speaking of it as if its revelation were exclusive of all others. People who talk or write in this way are not, as they imagine, sailing on the wide deep. They are contenting themselves with staying, not even by the shores of some spacious and beautiful bay, but in a very bare and narrow creek. As we understand it, Spiritualism encourages the attitude of recognition and appreciation of everything that is true, good, pure, and beautiful, wherever it may be found. In spite of their defects, the world's religions and the great churches have stood, and still stand, for the spiritual life. They have been, and are, of great service to millions of men, women, and children, and we heartily acknowledge that fact. We wish, however, that they would, in the same spirit, recognise that we are working for the spiritual well-being of mankind.

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SIR OLIVER LODGE AFFIRMS SURVIVAL AND COMMUNION AFTER BODILY DEATH.

The valuable Presidential Address of Sir Oliver Lodge to the British Association, delivered at Birmingham on the 10th inst., comes to hand too late for us to do more, in this issue, than deal very briefly with that portion of it which will be of especial interest to Spiritualists and Psychological Researchers all over the world.

After stating that he sees the whole of material existence as a steady passage from past to future, only the single instant which we call the present being actual (the past being stored in our memories and recorded in matter, the present being based upon it, while the future is the outcome of the present and is the product of evolution), Sir Oliver Lodge likens existence to the output from a loom. The pattern, the design for the weaving, is in some sort 'there' already; but while our looms are mere machines, the Loom of Time is complicated by a multitude of free agents who can modify the web and make the product more beautiful or more ugly. He maintains that manifest imperfections are thus accounted for, and that freedom could be given on no other terms nor at any less cost. Evolutionary progress justifies all our efforts at social betterment, because we are part of the scheme, a part that has become conscious, that dimly realises what it is aiming at. Planning and aiming are not absent from the whole, for we are a part of the whole, and are conscious of them in ourselves.

This leads up to the consideration of the question of Immortality, regarding which Sir Oliver says:—

Either we are immortal beings or we are not. We may not know our destiny, but we must have a destiny of some sort. Those who make denials are just as likely to be wrong as those who make assertions: in fact, denials are assertions thrown into a negative form. Scientific men are looked up to as authorities, and should be careful not to mislead. Science may not be able to reveal human destiny, but it certainly should not obscure it. Things are as they are, whether we find them out or not; and if we make rash and false statements, posterity will detect us—if posterity ever troubles its head about us. I am one of those who think that the methods of science are not so limited in their scope as has been thought; that they can be applied much more widely, and that the psychic region can be studied and brought under law too. Allow us, anyhow, to make the attempt. Give us a fair field. Let those who prefer the materialistic hypothesis by all means develop their thesis as far as they can; but let us try what we can do in the psychic region, and see which wins. Our methods are really

the same as theirs—the subject matter differs. Neither should abuse the other for making the attempt.

Whether such things as intuition or revelation ever occur, Sir Oliver regards as an open question. At the same time, he thinks that they ought not to be denied off-hand. And he continues:—

Mysticism must have its place, though its relation to science has so far not been found. They have appeared disparate and disconnected, but there need be no hostility between them. Every kind of reality must be ascertained and dealt with by proper methods. If the voices of Socrates and of Joan of Arc represent real psychological experiences, they must belong to the intelligible universe.

Although I am speaking *ex cathedra*, as one of the representatives of orthodox science, I will not shrink from a personal note summarising the result on my own mind of thirty years' experience of psychological research, begun without predilection—indeed with the usual hostile prejudice. This is not the place to enter into detail or to discuss facts scorned by orthodox science, but I cannot help remembering that an utterance from this chair is no ephemeral production, for it remains to be criticised by generations yet unborn, whose knowledge must inevitably be fuller and wider than our own. Your President, therefore, should not be completely bound by the shackles of present-day orthodoxy, nor limited to beliefs fashionable at the time.

Then comes this valuable and pointed personal note:—

In justice to myself and my co-workers, I must risk annoying my present hearers, not only by leaving on record our conviction that occurrences now regarded as occult can be examined and reduced to order by the methods of science carefully and persistently applied, but by going further and saying, with the utmost brevity, that already the facts so examined have convinced me that memory and affection are not limited to that association with matter by which alone they can manifest themselves here and now, and that personality persists beyond bodily death. The evidence—nothing new or sensational but cumulative and demanding prolonged serious study—to my mind goes to prove that discarnate intelligence, under certain conditions, may interact with us on the material side [the italics are ours], thus directly coming within our scientific ken; and that gradually we may hope to attain some understanding of the nature of a larger, perhaps ethereal, existence, and of the conditions regulating intercourse across the chasm. A body of responsible investigators has even now landed on the treacherous but promising shores of a new continent.

Recognising that the long struggle for freedom to find the truth in their own way, in which scientific men have had to engage in the past, has had the effect of making many of them pugnacious towards Theology, and lacking in sympathy towards other more spiritual forms of truth, Sir Oliver urges his *confères* not to fall into the mistake of thinking that theirs is the only way of exploring the multifarious depths of the universe, and that all others are mistaken and worthless. 'The universe,' he reminds them, 'is a larger thing than we have any conception of, and no one method of research will exhaust its treasures.'

We cannot really and seriously suppose that truth began to arrive on this planet a few centuries ago. The pre-scientific insight of genius—of Poets and Prophets and Saints—was of supreme value, and the access of those inspired seers to the heart of the universe was often profound. But the camp followers, the scribes and pharisees, by whatever name they may be called, had no such insight, only a vicious or a foolish obstinacy; and the prophets of a new era were stoned.

Sir Oliver concludes his memorable address with this earnest appeal for recognition of the fundamental truths of genuine religion:—

Men and brethren, we are trustees of the truth of the physical universe as scientifically explored: let us be faithful to our trust. Genuine religion has its roots deep down in the heart of humanity and in the reality of things. It is not surprising that by our methods we fail to grasp it: the actions of the Deity make no appeal to any special sense, only a universal appeal; and our methods are, as we know, incompetent to detect complete uniformity. There is a principle of Relativity here, and unless we encounter flaw or jar or change, nothing in us responds; we are deaf and blind therefore to the Immanent Grandeur, unless we have insight enough to recognise in the woven fabric of existence, flowing steadily from the loom in an infinite progress towards perfection, the ever-growing garment of a transcendent God.

MAETERLINCK AND 'LIFE AFTER DEATH.'

The genius of Maeterlinck is many-sided, and has so far defied all attempts to label it. But it is always essentially human, and his work is marked by tenderness, sympathy and insight, as well as by logical and penetrative analysis. Thus 'Wisdom and Destiny,' 'The Treasure of the Humble,' and 'The Life of the Bee,' flow from the same source as 'Monna Vanna' and 'Pelléas and Mélisande.' 'The Belgian Shakespeare,' as Maeterlinck has been called, always appeared to us as somewhat of a misnomer, but he has all the poet's supreme gift of bodying forth the products of his imagination into forms of vivid life. And he is essentially a seer, perceiving as realities many things that to the ordinary mind appear vague and visionary.

Nevertheless his undoubted genius seems to have carried him only a part of the way towards the apprehension of the meaning and reality of the after life. The poetic imagination obscures the philosophic view, and the first of his series of essays on 'Life after Death,' just commenced in the 'Fortnightly Review,' deeply interesting as it is, leaves us with a sense of dissatisfaction. He accepts our evidences, but draws from them curiously remote conclusions.

The question of apparitions covers, of course, a very wide field, but it is not at all necessary to assume that the apparition which appears at the moment of death (or a short time afterwards), or, for the matter of that, the 'haunting ghost' is always the actual spirit of the departed. Our spiritual philosophy tells us of 'thought forms' and the acceptance of that idea at once explains the apparent lack of individual intelligence in the figures seen. No sensible person, we imagine, believes that the spectre seen at times in the locality in which some murder or other tragedy has been enacted, is an active human intelligence doomed to repeat continually the drama of its exit from mortal life. The thing has been explained time and again by those who communicate to us the facts of supra-mundane life. The seer who beholds the haunting ghost going through its melancholy evolutions is simply witnessing a picture, a scene indelibly photographed on the psychical atmosphere. It is a mistake to confuse the man we see on the cinematograph film with the man himself, however life like the picture may appear. True, in the case of the apparition at death, or the haunting ghost, the spirit, that is to say the man himself, may be actually there, but we mortals do not see him. We only see what he consciously or unconsciously has projected of himself into the intermediate condition that lies between the real stage of material life and the no less real realm of spiritual existence. It is this border country, this 'No Man's Land,' from which all the fantastic conceptions of spirit life issue. The 'dreamy shapes,' the 'fluttering phantoms,' 'the ghosts that squeak and gibber,' the 'empty shades'—these things have no part either in the real life of man on this side of life or on the other. They belong to the dream life, to the half-awakened consciousness of seers and psychics. Uninstructed dabblers in psychology may make much of them to the confusion and perplexity of rational observers, but the sooner the 'pale shades and dreary phantasms' are relegated to their proper place in the scheme of things the better for our chances of placing the spiritual philosophy on a reasonable and scientific basis. It is no wonder that, directing so much of his attention to this phase of the subject, M. Maeterlinck finds his first impressions of the next world 'none too re-assuring.' He would deeply have disappointed our conception of his intellectual powers if he had been satisfied with it.

He has evidently given some study (but not sufficient) to the phenomena of the séance room:—

The entranced mediums are invaded or possessed by different familiar spirits, to whom the new science gives the somewhat inappropriate and ambiguous name of 'controls.'

To be plain, this is not the case at all. The mediums are not 'invaded or possessed by different familiar spirits.' It is all a question of our old friend mesmeric influence. The spirit, who is a real and natural human being in a real and natural condition of life, uses another human being in this world as his mesmeric subject in order to afford evidences of his continued existence, to communicate facts and teachings regarding the life in which he lives, and to convey moral and philosophical truths. That the 'controls' success in this direction is still so partial is less his fault than ours. However strong and wise a teacher he may be, it is no light task to deal with minds filled with all kinds of erroneous preconceptions and ready to jump to every sort of irrational conclusion. Hence the deluge of nonsense concerning demons, incubi, 'semi-rational spooks,' vampires, 'shells,' 'attenuated essences,' and all the rest of the phantasmagoria that make up the contributions of the purveyors of half-baked philosophies of the subject.

Once more: the spirit is a real human being living in a real world, and if there is any superiority in the degrees of reality, it is on his side, and not on that of those in this world who persist in regarding him (when they *do* condescend to notice his existence) as a partially intelligent existence precariously clothed upon with vapour. M. Maeterlinck, we observe, speaks of the visiting spirits as 'these latter-day dead.' Well, we freely admit that some of them are not very much alive in an intelligent realisation of their new lives or in the power of expressing any but the limited range of ideas which occupied them here. But what would you? The mediocrities who pass from this world are not at once endowed with radiant minds and shining virtues. They come back at first very much as they departed. But there are others—loving and discerning souls who have drunk deep of the fountains of wisdom and experience, and whose teachings bear the impress of Truth, for they appeal only to Nature, Reason and the deeper instincts of the soul. They are to be heard of in many places. M. Maeterlinck, we feel, from a perusal of his books, has gathered much from them through the more direct channels of inspiration. We trust he may make their acquaintance also on the external side of the spiritual philosophy.

'The Company of Heaven: Daily Links with the Household of God' (new edition, eleventh and twelfth thousand, cloth, 2s. 6d. net; Longmans, Green & Co.) consists of selections, for every day in the year, of beautiful passages, both in prose and poetry, dealing with angelic ministry and companionship. The compiler (who, we understand, is related to the honoured first president of the London Spiritualist Alliance, Wm. Stainton Moses) tells us that the book originated in a strong desire to comfort the lonely, and we feel sure that it must have abundantly fulfilled its mission. We content ourselves with quoting Swedenborg's statement with regard to the occupations of the higher spirits, which strikes us as very comprehensive: 'The life of the angels is the love of uses. Selfishness and death are with them synonymous. Their offices, employments, and duties, all for the good of others, are of infinite variety. Many of them are engaged in secret and constant services to the human race. There are angels of birth and death; angels who comfort in sickness and sorrow; angels who instruct and enlighten; angels who defend from evil spirits; angels who lead the sweet thoughts of innocent children; angels who inspire conjugal love; and a thousand other genera and species of heavenly ministers.' The volume has for frontispiece an autotype reproduction of Miss E. Halse's striking piece of sculpture, 'Earthward Bound,' which represents a group of angelic messengers descending on some mission of blessing.

WILLIAM BLAKE IN THE LIGHT OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY JAMES ROBERTSON.

Men of the type of Swedenborg have been continually appearing; they have appeared both before and since his day. Jacob Boehme, though he did not, like the Swedish seer, claim to speak with spirits and angels, did claim to be illuminated and to be able to penetrate into the heart of all mysteries. Nature, he said, was unveiled to him as he had been gifted with the spiritual eye. He was the same type of person, but his spiritual vision ran into another mould. Much that he wrote goes to the heart of true religion. He had no scholarship, being a working shoemaker like George Fox, to whom he was much akin. A light from some sphere illuminated him, but he could not in that day comprehend its full meaning. Swedenborg, it is said, never read Boehme's works though they were much talked of in his day. Boehme died in 1624, after enduring great persecution for his opinions. Another figure who comes much nearer Swedenborg is William Blake, poet, painter, and mystic. This wonderful man, who was born on November 28th, 1757, has caused more comment than anyone else of his generation. We have been flooded with books bearing on his life and character, and the ablest minds have been forced to admit his rare genius as poet and painter. His contemporaries, like Flaxman the sculptor, recognised his original and rare merit as a painter, and Fuseli, the great painter and writer on art, said that he led the eye by his designs from 'the milder light of time to the radiations of eternity.' He was regarded as a notable man amongst those with whom he came into personal contact; and each succeeding age has paid a fuller reverence to his marvellous productions. In 1830, two years after Blake's death, Allan Cunningham wrote a highly eulogistic account of his career, but failed to grasp the moving influence behind it which was the secret cause of Blake's greatness. Nearer our day the story has been retold in ever clearer colours. The year 1863 saw the issue of Gilchrist's 'Life,' the outcome of the deepest admiration and affection, and few years passed without some brilliant man of letters adding his stone to the cairn which was being erected to the poet-painter's greatness. Swinburne and W. M. Rossetti both fanned the flame of admiration. Up to the present hour the work goes on, and it may be truly said that few careers have been more completely analysed. It is open to question, however, whether the many writers who have studied the life and work of Blake have done so from the position of Blake himself. They could not well comprehend his assertions as to spirit people being his intimates, as belief in such visitations was reckoned as belonging to the realm of the insane. This is one of the burdens which the shutting out of Nature's spiritual possibilities has inflicted on us. We cannot look with approval upon anyone, however rare may be his genius, who admits that it is possible to hold communion with the dwellers in the spirit world. We condemn the idea, and have only one solution for the cause of such assertions—viz., insanity. Over thirty years ago opposition to the acceptance of what we call spiritual phenomena was fierce in the extreme. Spiritualism was the most contemptible of all superstitions. Faraday, Huxley, Tyndall alike made war against all who were brave enough to declare their beliefs. It has recently been thought that the scientific and literary worlds are assuming a more favourable attitude towards the subject since so many brilliant savants have spoken out their belief in it. But Lodge, Myers, Sidgwick and the Society for Psychical Research have evidently not disturbed in the least the minds of those to whom the spiritual is but hallucination. Goldwin Smith, in his 'Reminiscences,' published in 1910, is almost brutal in his detestation, and is quite confident that 'Before these pages are in print Spiritualism will have passed away.' Edward Clodd, whose books on 'The Childhood of Religions' and 'The Childhood of the World' have charmed so many readers these forty years past, in his last work on 'The Pioneers of Evolution,' issued in 1907, goes out of his way to make an assault on Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace as a thinker and investigator because Wallace has consistently held, for nearly forty years, that the truths called spiritual are as well proven as

any of the scientific facts about which the world does not cavil. Clodd says of Wallace: 'Minds of this type must be built in water-tight compartments. They show how, even in the highest culture, the force of a dominant idea may suspend or narcotise the reason and judgment.' Clodd himself is an apt illustration of his own theory, for he ignores the real facts. Wallace had no dominant idea other than that matter and force explained the phenomena of the universe, until, meeting with certain facts, that idea was revolutionised. It was the facts which beat him, as he says, not any innate or dominant idea. And so writers who deal with William Blake without recognising the possibility of the inhabitants of another world acting on this cannot comprehend the man, since Blake believed in certain spiritual help which, in their view, common sense affirms to be utterly incredible.

Blake was truly the successor of Swedenborg, and had the same love of theologic subjects, but while acted upon by that other world—he maintained a more rational conception regarding it than did the Swedish seer. In all points Blake was a spiritual medium, quite in line with hundreds of men and women of to-day who are the vehicles for the transmission, however imperfectly, of sentiments and ideas from that other world. It seems, on the surface, that these peculiar powers are rare, when we only hear of them in isolated cases, but no doubt in all ages men and women who were conscious of the reality of spiritual gifts found it advisable to keep their convictions within their own breasts, and so the world lost much which might have been valuable. Unfortunately, even to-day no one cares to be considered peculiar, and in the old days such persons were in danger of being burnt at the stake. Writers on Blake who are moved by his rare gifts put away from them what they consider his eccentricities. But never for a day did Blake minimise his relationship with the spirit world to which he was indebted for his inspirations. When his brother Robert died, in 1784, Blake stated that he saw his brother's soul, or spiritual body, rising through the ceiling, clapping his hands for joy. This spiritual presence never left his mind. Years after, in 1800, he wrote: 'I lost a brother, and with his spirit I converse daily and hourly in the spirit. I hear his advice and write from his dictation.' That statement is usually looked upon as pure fantasy, simply because those who read it have had no similar experience; but in these days hundreds of men and women have seen the withdrawal of the spirit from the physical body and are conscious of holding converse with the arisen one.

(To be continued).

As the time of the year is close at hand when home circles are formed, the proposal made in 'LIGHT,' page 298, by Mr. Thomas Blyton, of 'Durie Dene,' Bibbworth-road, Church-end, Finchley, London, N., regarding séance groups might well be considered by those who are interested. Mr. Blyton will be pleased to furnish particulars on application.

'THE VINEYARD' for September has for frontispiece an illustration of a quaint old harvest cup, on which are depicted a farm scene and an array of farming implements. The verses on the further side of the cup, in praise of farming life, are printed below the picture. The cup figures in a charming description by A. T. Story of an old-time Harvest Home. 'When I was in the Forest with Käthele' is a pretty picture of woodland life, translated from the German of Peter Rosegger. Anna Bunston de Bary's clever 'Letters of a Schoolma'am' are concluded, as are also the beautiful Swedish story 'Lilicrona's Home,' and Mrs. Godfrey Blount's useful and practical articles on weaving, entitled 'The Story of a Homespun Web.' Mrs. Blount, in her enthusiasm, wants every English home to have a loom or a spinning-wheel. Mr. Allen Clarke, in winding up his indictment of the factory system, claims that the facts and figures he has given are sufficient to show that the Lancashire cotton trade is doomed. 'With our cotton trade will fall the English factory system. And when we consider all the horrible sufferings the factory system has caused in the past—the torture of children, the pain of women—not alone in factories, but in coal mines, which would not have been as necessary but for the factory system—the sweating of men—and the burden that it is to-day, is this coming downfall to be regretted?'

HAVE WE REACHED 'THE PARTING OF THE WAYS'?

Dr. James H. Hyslop essays to act the part of candid friend in the August 'Journal' of the S.P.R., in an article entitled 'A Word to Spiritualists.' He thinks that the reason why 'men and women in this agnostic age do not turn with avidity to the Spiritualist's claim that he has indubitable evidence for a future life' is that 'Spiritualists have not given any intelligent account of their own evidence and have allowed their claims to be poisoned by so much real and apparent fraud that intelligent people will have none of it. They have not put ethics and religious earnestness forward as the primary object of their beliefs and lives.'

With wearisome iteration Dr. Hyslop 'rubs it in' that 'the average' Spiritualists have been foolish, credulous, content with tricks and twaddle, and lacking in culture and intelligence, ideals and morals. Indeed, we shall be much surprised if, when they read Dr. Hyslop's 'word' to them, the American Spiritualists 'take it lying down.' Here is a sample of his indictment:—

Whatever their motives, they ran off to something poorer than vaudeville for their religion. They had no æsthetic or ethical natures, and were often without the sense of humour that is such a saving grace for intelligent men. They wanted to see the immortality of the soul demonstrated on the stage by shows that were poor conjuring, poor messages, absurd manners, and alliances with all sorts of immoralities. This made a poor substitute for religion with people who had both taste and morality. They took no part in social and ethical problems of the day and age. A show and amusement were all they seemed to desire. . . . They were not interested in social and ethical ideals.

This sort of thing, in slightly different phrasing, appears again and again. Dr. Hyslop thinks that Spiritualists should 'attract intelligent people,' 'invite respectability,' 'trust the problem to intelligent men,' and 'consult the prejudices of those you want to influence.' He advises æsthetics, 'not as representing the real reform needed, but as a means of getting a hearing,' and the wearing of a 'swallow-tail coat,' 'if criticism can be silenced by wearing it'! Spiritualists, he says, should 'let science take up' the phenomenal, or research side of the work, and yet he confesses that 'intelligent and scientific men have all the while shown themselves as little fit to face the phenomena as the credulous fools who accept every conjurer's tricks as miracles'! Not only were they content 'with the most superficial investigations,' but they did not conduct themselves 'with any more intelligence than the enthusiast among the less educated,' and, as a matter of fact,

many a Spiritualist has shown more scientific method and sense than the so-called scientist. They have often been cool-headed, dispassionate, and truth-loving, distinguishing admirably between what is evidence and what is not, between what is genuine and what is not, while our scientific brethren who were accustomed to patient investigation in other fields would simply glimpse at the facts and go away with a firm verdict.

And yet these are the very people, intelligent and respectable, whom Dr. Hyslop thinks the Spiritualists ought to have attracted, and to whom they should have trusted the solution of the problem!

According to this 'candid friend'

There is no reason for making a fuss about immortality unless the belief is helpful to morality and religious ideals generally. . . . Spiritualists must organise for other interests than merely communicating with the dead. There is no necessity for this communication unless it awakens in us the ethical and humanitarian instincts. The churches won their victories and power by allying themselves with philosophy, science, literature and politics, and more especially by emphasising the ethical view of life. The Spiritualists have not made this the dominant note of their work. This they must do if they are to take part in the evolution of humanity. . . . Lectures on ethics, on philosophy, on religion, organisation of charity, Sunday schools, literary clubs and readings, sewing schools, mental healing, and whatever involves a practical application of philanthropy to the weaker must be one of the chief parts of their work.

The churches, according to Dr. Hyslop, 'have fallen back on the social ideas of their founder' and will take up the results of psychic research and use them as a mere lever for the enforcement of their humanitarian interests

and leave Spiritualists nothing but the husks of mediumship for their use. Let science take this part of the work, and let Spiritualists either join other churches or get ahead of them in the organisation of ethical culture. . . . Spiritualists need to raise the level of their work, both intellectually and æsthetically. They must invite the respect of the intellectual classes and those who are influenced by the refinements of life and thought. . . . It [Spiritualism] can be the very best basis for ethics, but only on the condition that it be so allied with the ideals and lives of the Spiritualists themselves that they may appear like the great leaders of spiritual religion and life. . . . It will require personal sacrifices on a large scale, and a humanitarian impulse which they [the Spiritualists] have not yet shown in their organisation.

Concluding his article, Dr. Hyslop says to Spiritualists:—

You have come to the parting of the ways. You must choose between doing the ethical and spiritual work of the world and remaining by performances which only make the belief in a future life as useless as it is uninteresting to men and women of intelligence and refinement.

We do not for a moment say that Dr. Hyslop's criticism is wholly undeserved, but we do say his generalisations are too sweeping and his denunciations unfair and unkind. He will probably reply that he is referring to the 'average' Spiritualist—we, on the other hand, hold that what he says is not true as regards the average Spiritualists with whom we associated when we visited America in 1882 and 1898. And surely Dr. Hyslop knows that the National Association of Spiritualists, which has been in existence for twenty-one years, has struggled manfully to organise the movement, to lift it out of the reach of those pretenders who have sought to serve their own ends, and to put it on a firm footing as an educational, ethical, humanitarian, and religious movement! Surely he would do better work if he co-operated with Dr. Warne and the other workers who are ardently striving to bring about the state of things which he regards as desirable! If respectable, intelligent, and cultured people hold aloof, and decline to help those who need assistance in their efforts to guide, strengthen, and uplift the movement, they are not entitled to look on, criticise, and condemn. A little sympathetic help is worth a great deal more than a 'word' of critical counsel.

The following 'Principles' have been adopted by the American National Association of Spiritualists:—

1. We believe in Infinite Intelligence.
2. We believe that the Phenomena of Nature, physical and spiritual, are the expression of Infinite Intelligence.
3. We affirm that a correct understanding of such expression, and living in accordance therewith, constitute the true religion.
4. We affirm that the existence and personal identity of the individual continue after the change called death.
5. We affirm that communication with the so-called dead is a fact, scientifically proven by the Phenomena of Spiritualism.
6. We believe that the highest morality is contained in the Golden Rule: 'Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye also unto them.'
7. We affirm the moral responsibility of the individual, and that he makes his own happiness or unhappiness, as he obeys or disobeys Nature's psychic laws.
8. We affirm that the doorway of reformation is never closed against any human soul, here or hereafter.

This does not look as though our friends in America deserve the castigation they have received at the hands of Dr. Hyslop!

DR. HYSLOP BEARS WITNESS TO SURVIVAL.

'The Evening News' of the 8th inst. says that Messrs. Bell and Sons will shortly publish a work by Dr. Hyslop, entitled 'Psychical Research and Survival,' in which, 'basing his conclusions on the experience of many years of personal investigation,' he declares that he 'finds the fact of survival the only solution of the phenomena investigated.' Regarding thought transference as scientifically proved, he does not, however, accept telepathy as explaining the facts which suggest survival. On the contrary, he affirms that 'the evidence for survival of personal consciousness is satisfactory for all intelligent people,' and he points out, as did Dr. A. R. Wallace many years ago, that 'it is significant that every intelligent man who has devoted sufficient time and experiment to this subject has come out on the side of spirits, even though he has no knowledge of what the process is by which their communications are effected.'

YOGA, THE ART OF LIFE.

We quoted in 'LIGHT' of March 1st (page 99) from an article on 'Visions of the Unseen,' contributed by Hemendranath Sinha, B.A., of Calcutta, to 'The Hindu Spiritualist Magazine.' This was one of a series marked by much beauty of thought mingled with poetical rhapsody. In the last Mr. Sinha narrates several remarkable answers to prayer which have come to him during various crises in his life, and concludes with the reflection: 'We have an unhealthy craving for spiritual phenomena of a sensational nature. I wish we could take proper note of the spiritual miracles of our everyday lives, and thus walk straight on to Salvation and Beatitudes.'

Dealing with 'Yoga, the Art of Life,' Mr. Sinha says:

The average man of the world generally connects Yoga with living in caves and forests and going about in sackcloth and ashes. Yoga is union in partition—unity in diversity. By knowledge of the laws of union and disunion man has brought Nature under his control. Yoga is the focussing of man's various powers on any subject. It begets strength and makes possible what is otherwise impossible. It may be physical, intellectual and spiritual, as well as national and international.

Yoga is often misunderstood. It is not the union of the human soul with God, for the soul and the Oversoul are already in union. The soul is in God. God is in the soul. You can only unite what is not united. To talk of uniting the human soul with God betrays an ignorance of the entire relation between God and man, between the Creator and the created. It is insanity to talk of the marriage of an already married couple. It will be just as unnatural to talk of uniting your material body with space, because every atom that has material existence is already in space.

Yoga is not the union of the human soul with the Divine soul. It is the uniting of all the powers of the soul, the focussing of the scattered rays, as it were, in order to throw a strong flood of spiritual light on the hitherto unexplored regions of the spirit. There is the Light in us—in all. What we want is to know it, feel it, and see it. The end of Yoga, then, is not union, but the perception and living realisation of God in the soul and the soul in God—as having its being in God, and living, moving and eternally existing in God.

In our physical life this new era in the history of mankind is an era of Yoga, of united effort amongst men and women. Truth is no more a sibyl's book. The Vedas are no longer concealed lozenges for favoured pets. Nature's book has been opened before the seeing eye of man. It is the era of Truth. What was impossible fifty years ago is possible now. The railway, the telegraph, the post office and aerial navigation were the wildest dream of the ancients, but to-day they are objects of actual experience to every man, woman and child. These things, and much more, are the results of physical union. Yoga is the art of building up a beautiful life in consonance with the laws of the Spirit—of Nature.

Again, in the world of intellect, it is only when man can unite his scattered mental powers that he can accomplish anything great. To know truth and interpret it to man, perfect concentration of the mind is absolutely necessary. Bacon, Plato, Kant and Hegel were Yogis of the intellectual type. Some are born Yogis. Newton was one. But all are not. It is possible, however, for everyone, to a limited extent, to be an intellectual Yogi—that is, one who can hold the reins firmly on one's mental faculties and make a united mental effort to master any subject on which one's attention is set. But nothing can be had unpaid for. We must give up our vices and some of our pleasures in exchange for the joys of the spiritual life, if we want to acquire this good habit of Yoga which is the art of enjoying happiness.

Man inherits the glorious intellectual legacy of his predecessors and improves it. He is not an ephemeron. His life is not for the hour, for the day, but for eternity. He is not perfect. He is eternally marching—progressing towards perfection, evermore dragging himself up to the heights. From the highest steep, he finds a higher and a still higher one, and goes on mounting and mounting till he attains the hill-tops kissed into glory by the rays of the Dawn. He begins the work of Yoga now, but it is an eternally unfolding process, a never ending progression, an unceasing evolution. It is the gradual budding forth of the human soul.

From this we judge that 'Yoga' is but another name for spiritual evolution. It is practically the same thing as A. J. Davis gave to the world in his 'Harmonial Philosophy,' the all-round development of man by the wise exercise of his powers of body, mind, and spirit. The Rev. M. J. Savage gives us much the same idea in the following terse sentences:—

Man has been the child of God from the very first. The

Father has folded him to His bosom from the beginning, and folds him still. Under the guidance of this great inspiration we attack the problems that meet us and face us one by one, confident of our ability to conquer them, and knowing that 'now are we sons of God'; and, though it doth not yet appear what we shall be, we know that, as we go on, we are to be more and more like Him.

SPIRITUALISM AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

A few days ago we received a letter from Chicago, Ill., U.S.A., written by Mr. W. H. Watson, formerly of Newcastle-on-Tyne, informing us that he is translating items from Continental journals for 'The Progressive Thinker,' and is pastor of the Chicago Mental Science Society and president of the Art Club of that city. Mr. Watson says he reads 'LIGHT' with much pleasure, and reminds us that he was deeply interested in the Spiritualist movement at Newcastle many years ago.

Coincidentally we received a copy of 'The Northern Echo,' of August 30th, which contains an 'Interview' with Mr. W. H. Robinson, of Newcastle, who ever since 1870 has been more or less actively associated with the local work for Spiritualism. The reporter says:—

No one could possibly doubt Mr. Robinson's sincerity. Possessing a vein of philosophy, he is unconcerned as to whether his statements are accepted or rejected; he gives them without embellishment, but if the editor permitted, the writer could fill this page with strange experiences eloquently related.

After relating a vision experience (a visit by a spirit whom he recognised as Miss Davidson, the suffragist who was killed in trying to stop the King's horse at Epsom), Mr. Robinson showed his visitor 'some of the queerest paintings' he had ever seen. Regarding these pictures the reporter says:—

They breathe mysticism, and for the most part depict Oriental cities belonging to civilisations extinct eons ago. Yet the foreground is invariably replete with life and colour, with some beauty of technique. Gondolas of very original yet beautiful shape are depicted in water-colours on a river backed by a city crowded with wonderful architecture of a kind never seen in reality by mortal eye for thousands of years. . . . 'They were painted with closed eyes,' said Mr. Robinson. 'I saw the painter at work upon them. I watched him mix his pigments and then work upon the canvas hung upon the wall. They were painted under control by Mr. W. H. Watson, son of a Morpeth citizen, who then had had no artistic training. I have a dozen large ones and a number of small ones. Afterwards the artist was trained in Paris, went out to New York, has lectured in Italy and France, and is now a teacher of art in a school in Chicago.' It is certainly impossible to classify the school to which the pictures belong, although an oil-painting is totally unlike the rest, and is Turner-esque in its conception. Mr. Robinson's theory is that the painter's hand was guided by supernatural forces over which he had no control—that he simply limned on canvas the paintings of some ancient artist of a by-gone age.

It is curious, to say the least, that about the same time that Mr. Watson, in Chicago, was writing to us, reminding us of our acquaintance at Newcastle some thirty odd years ago, Mr. Robinson, in his own home, should be showing some of Mr. Watson's trance paintings to the representative of 'The Northern Echo.'

Mr. Robinson also related how, many years ago, two miners visited him, and during their conversation one of them, an elderly man of seventy, was suddenly controlled by what purported to be 'Tobias,' a servant of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, of anti-slavery renown. On regaining his normal state, Mr. Pickford, the miner, was incredulous when informed of what had occurred. However, he was prevailed upon to visit Mr. Robinson again, with the result that he was again 'controlled' by Tobias, and afterwards by Buxton himself, who, in correct and fluent language, gave the story of his life and work. A report of this manifestation was published at the time, and a fortnight later Mr. Robinson received a letter from Branston Hall, Burton-on-Trent, from one of the reformer's grandchildren, whose attention had been called to a wonderful account of the return of my grandfather, asking that the medium would go to the Hall, but Mr. Pickford declined to believe that he was a medium, and refused to go. As some people suggested that Pickford had 'read up' the life of Buxton, Mr. Robinson visited him at his home and ascertained that the only books there were 'The Pilgrim's Progress' and the family Bible.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

At the recent International Medical Congress a great deal was said in praise of 'Salvarsan,' a new 'parasite destroyer' discovered by Professor Dr. Erlich, or, to give it its full name, 'Arsenophenyglycin,' but apparently a word of warning is needed. Katharine M. Betts, writing in 'The Vahan' for September, referring to this 'remedy,' says: 'Though so powerful and so enthusiastically received, it is by no means harmless, and deaths from arsenic poisoning have not been infrequent, two occurring even while the Congress was in session singing its praises.'

While demolishing some old houses at St. Philip's, Bristol, Mr. J. W. Young's workmen discovered that a hearthstone was formerly a memorial tablet, bearing date of 1734. Mr. R. Sanders, in a letter to 'The Bristol Daily Press,' says that the report had revived many memories of the time when his family lived in the house. The stone had then to be taken up and relaid. His late father had the impression that the old kitchen formed part of an ancient graveyard. Mr. Sanders adds: 'One thing we never could explain—the uncanny noises we used to hear. Often we heard what appeared to be heavy steps going up and down the stairs. During the time my wife and I lived there, when my father and mother resided at Fishponds, my wife was often much frightened, and was afraid to stay alone when business kept me out late.'

An address on 'Some Probable Influences of Psychical Research on the Religious Thought of the Future,' delivered by Mr. James H. Cousins to the Dublin section of the S.P.R., on March 13th last, is given as a supplement to 'The Christian Commonwealth,' for September 3rd, price 1d., post free, 1½d. It is well worth reading. Mr. Cousins claims that new light is thrown on inspiration, prayer, the resurrection, and the future life by the facts which have been observed by students of psychical research—in which term, we presume, he includes Spiritualistic experiences, for he says 'I know of many beside myself to whom the survival of death is no mere secondhand belief, but a matter of certain knowledge.' He holds that, illuminated and intensified by psychical research, the religious thought of the future will demand that exponents of the spiritual life must know at least as much about it as the professed electrician knows about electricity. A good portrait of Mr. J. L. Macbeth Bain appears in the same issue of the 'Commonwealth.'

'The Master Man'—the man who is making the world—is analysed by Elbert Hubbard in the September 'Nash's.' He says that sympathy, wisdom, poise, action seem to be the elements most needed in forming the Master Man. 'No person is great who does not possess sympathy, but wisdom must go with sympathy, else the emotions will become maudlin. Poise is the governor that controls your sympathy and your knowledge. Work is action guided by poise and purpose. Action accomplishes, performs. Deity creates through man. Nobility manifests itself in action; and what the man is, is revealed in what he does. The Master Man always and forever is a working man. It is work that has tempered and tamed him. And out of the fulness of his strength he guides, directs, counsels—creates. That man is greatest who best serves his kind.'

We wish to draw the attention of our clairvoyant readers to the question that is propounded by 'C.E.B.' on page 444, and to invite them to tell us their experiences, and state whether their visions are 'mental' or 'ocular,' or both. Such testimony would be extremely helpful to inquirers and students of psychical science generally. The names and addresses of correspondents must accompany their replies, but those particulars will not be published if the writers do not wish them to appear.

Many old Spiritualists will recollect that in the 'seventies Mrs. S. Guppy was a medium for apports and other remarkable manifestations, and that she afterwards married Mr. William Volkman, J.P., of Hindhead (Surrey) and Twickenham. The 'Evening News' of the 3rd inst. stated that Mr. Volkman, who recently passed to spirit life, paid the following high tribute to his wife: 'I desire hereby to place on record my heartfelt appreciation of the devotion and constant affection of my generous-minded, unselfish and very dear wife, Elizabeth Guppy Volkman, whose loving companionship has been to me the greatest of solaces, and whose graciousness generally to all and sundry has suffered no diminution during the many years of painful illness she has so courageously endured.'

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. In every case the letter must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Macdonaldites of Prince Edward Island.

SIR.—The reference to the Macdonaldites in the quotation from 'The Quest' which you gave in 'LIGHT' of July 19th (page 341), calls for some explanation.

I am myself a native of Prince Edward Island and was much surprised to read that it was 'a lonely island in the great sea.' As a fact it is one of the most densely populated provinces of the Dominion of Canada according to the acre. It is known as 'the Garden of the Gulf,' being one of the most beautiful summer resorts in Canada. It is only eight miles from the mainland of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and across the narrow parts was laid in 1851 the first electric cable laid in America. In winter, at the time Dr. Masson speaks of, daily communication was kept up with the mainland by means of ice boats. You will thus see that the doctor either never visited the place or he did not tell the truth about it.

The people who are called 'Macdonaldites' are Presbyterians of the 'Church of Scotland.' The Rev. Donald McDonald, their founder, was a minister of the 'Auld Kirk' all his life, and his pulpit was sometimes filled by the ministers of the Church of Scotland of Charlottetown. Mr. McDonald was a famous preacher, and when he officiated in the summer would take off his coat and vest and preach in his shirt sleeves. These people had their headquarters at a place called Belfast, one of the most cultured and best farming counties of the province. In the summer time they held the 'Communion' in the old-fashioned way described by Burns in his 'Holy Fair,' and to these gatherings thousands came from all parts of the island. In 1862, when a boy of fourteen, I visited one of these gatherings. Mr. McDonald was present and, as usual, preached in his shirt-sleeves. He was a powerfully built man, highly educated, and, I should say, possessed great magnetic power. During the preaching some of the people here and there began to shake and shiver, then to throw their heads backwards and forwards—in some cases in a very violent manner. Then they would jump up and dance about, all the time being in a trance state. From these habits these people were known as the 'Kickers.'

My own opinion now is that they were 'sensitives,' and were mesmerised by Mr. McDonald; but, of course, the explanation always given by themselves was that 'the spirit of the Lord' was upon them.

The assertion by Dr. Masson that they developed these 'kickings,' or, as he prefers to put it, their 'dance before the Lord,' on account of their being isolated from the world and left to themselves by the Church of Scotland is simply not true.

These people are just as intelligent as the people of Scotland of the present day, and always are among the best citizens of the province. My father, who was Assistant Colonial Secretary, and Secretary of Public Works for the province for over forty years, was well acquainted with the Rev. Mr. McDonald, and with hosts of his followers, and thought very highly of both him and them, but never could account for the 'kicking.'

Our minister, the Rev. Thomas Duncan, himself from Scotland used often to preach for Mr. McDonald, and he told my father that always they would commence to 'kick' when he preached. Dr. Masson must look further for an explanation of the phenomena than the one given by him.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM B. MORRISON.

240, Calvert-avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

[Probably both Dr. Masson and Mr. Morrison are correct. Dr. Masson, whose preaching tour took place in 1872, was referring to the 'lonely island' of 'nearly a century ago,' not as it was when he visited it. Doubtless it was very different a hundred or a hundred and forty years ago from what it is to-day. Mr. James Robertson, in his address last year to the London Spiritualist Alliance, dealt with the peculiar experiences of the Macdonalds at Port Glasgow in 1830, and the outbreak of 'the gift of tongues' among them, and it occurs to us that possibly some of the people who have settled in Prince Edward Island may have been 'Macdonaldites' before they left the old country, and that the 'dancing,' or 'kicking,' as Mr. Morrison says it was irreverently called, may have been the continuation of their practice in the homeland. It would be interesting to know if this was the case.—ED. 'LIGHT.')

Treatment for Cancer.

SIR,—I was much interested in the letter on the above subject on page 418, and would gladly avail myself of the writer's kind offer to give further details with recipes for preparing non-flesh foods suitable for those suffering from cancer, and which would doubtless be good for all who prefer a non-flesh diet.

Spinach is mostly prepared with butter and flour, and I have never heard before that its preparation with butter forms a poison. If this be so I should like to know whether pure olive oil may be taken with the spinach.

For the sake both of my patients and myself (who am a non-flesh eater and non-stimulant taker) I should be most grateful for any information obtainable.—Yours, &c.,

MIRIAM GODFREY.

52, Richmond-road, Bayswater, W.

Coincidence or What?

SIR,—In your 'Notes by the Way,' in your issue of August 9th (page 373) you say: 'By one of those coincidences which are frequent in our experience.' This expression arrested my attention, for there are times when the whole undercurrent of my life seems punctuated by coincidences or spirit guidance. Sometimes they are too sacred for public notice, sometimes too trivial to be interesting to a mere outsider. Here is one:—

About a month ago, while passing the gates of the 'Blue Coat School,' bequeathed and endowed by Humphrey Cheetham, of Manchester, I formed a sudden resolve to apply for admittance to go through the building.

'Ringing the bell and stating my request, I was given into the charge of one of the boys, who proved a most courteous guide.

The antiquity of the building and its perfect state of preservation both charmed and interested me, and I hazarded the query, 'But haven't you a ghost, too?'

'Yes,' was the reply—'a grey lady.'

'And who was she?' I asked.

'I don't know. She lost her shoe, and is constantly looking for it.'

'Have you ever seen her?' I further inquired.

'No, but we sometimes tease one another by saying, "Look out! the grey lady is coming." My guide laughed, and we pursued our way.

This impromptu visit caused me to be later home than I intended, and I arrived in time to find my family dispersing for the evening, and the 'Head,' in a comical, pompous voice exclaimed, 'Give an account of yourself'; but as he was even then on his way out, I had only time to say, 'I've been through the Blue Coat School, and will tell you all about it when you come back.' At bedtime I did tell him all I thought would interest him, but never a thought of the grey lady crossed my mind, and I concluded my narrative by asserting, 'I thought Haddon Hall was an interesting old place, but it "isn't in it" with the Blue Coat School.'

The next morning I stepped out of my bedroom into an adjoining one, to be greeted by the occupier with: 'Oh, I have had a night. Every bit of the time I've been searching through Haddon Hall for the buckle off my shoe. I thought I'd lost it.'

It is necessary to explain that the speaker knew nothing of my visit except the bare fact that she heard me tell the 'Head' I had been to the Blue Coat School. Further, she has remarkably small feet, and so requires to have dainty shoes especially made for her, and this summer, without consulting her taste, they had fitted them with large buckles, and all night they had stood on a footstool by her fireplace and were the first thing to catch the eye upon entering the room.—Yours, &c.,

QUENILDA.

A Question to Clairvoyants.

SIR,—I have been much interested in crystal gazing, and shall be obliged if any reader of 'LIGHT' who is clairvoyant can assist me in regard to the following problem.

When I 'visualise' a person or a place the impression is quite different in kind from an ocular vision; it is not only fainter, but of a different sort, being seen mentally, not retinally. Hence the question arises whether the crystal gazer's vision is akin to this mental vision rather than to ocular vision. If this be so, then it seems to me the crystal serves as a sort of tethering post for the eyes, so that they should not distract the mental vision. And, most important, it is the development of the mental *imagining*, rather than of *ocular* imaging, that we ought to be on the look-out for when we try 'scrying.' It makes such a difference whether or not one is looking out for the wrong thing, and I suspect that, in expecting a sort of visual perception in the crystal akin to retinal vision, we are looking for the wrong thing, and are thus preventing the mind from seeing what it might otherwise have seen.

Faraday always used to insist that before any experiment was shown the spectator should be told just what kind of thing he was to look for; otherwise he would probably miss it. It seems to me this is very much the case with crystal-gazing, and that, perhaps, one cause of failure is that we look for the wrong kind of vision. We expect a virtual eye-vision, and so draw our attention off from the very different mind-vision for which we ought to keep it open.

Perhaps to some clairvoyants the two sorts of vision are practically one, but to most of us it is not so, and it does seem to me that here may be the clue for the normal individual to avoid failure and the explanation of the abortive efforts of which so many would-be seers so often complain.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. B.

SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, SEPT. 7th, &c.

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

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.—*The Arts Centre, 93, Mortimer-street, Langham-place, W.*—A most successful meeting. Mrs. Cannock's clairvoyant descriptions were lucid and evidential. 1st inst., Mr. A. V. Peters gave fully-recognised clairvoyant descriptions and helpful messages. Mr. W. T. Cooper presided at both meetings. Sunday next, see advt. on front page.—D. N.

PORTSMOUTH TEMPLE.—VICTORIA-ROAD SOUTH.—On Sunday and Monday Mr. Aaron Wilkinson, of Halifax, gave inspirational addresses and convincing descriptions. Sunday next, at 11 a.m. and 6.45 p.m., Mr. E. W. Wallis.

STRATFORD.—WORKMAN'S HALL, 27, ROMFORD-ROAD, E.—Mr. G. R. Symons' address on 'The Glory of God' was much appreciated. Mr. W. H. Such presided. Sunday next, Mr. Geo. F. Tilby, address.—W. H. S.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HAMPTON WICK.—Mrs. Marson, address and answers to questions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Mary Davies will speak on 'The Soul' and give clairvoyant descriptions. Lyceum at 3 p.m.—J. W. H.

BRISTOL.—144, GROSVENOR-ROAD.—Mrs. J. S. Baxter spoke on 'The Christ as we Shall Know Him in Spirit Land' and gave descriptions. Monthly collection for new church, 19s. 3d. Sunday next, public service, 6.30 p.m., also on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 p.m.—J. S. B.

CHELSEA.—149, KING'S-ROAD, S.W.—Miss Florence Faircloth and Mr. John Wallace gave good addresses. Satisfactory descriptions by Mrs. Cæsar. Sunday evening next, Mr. T. M. Melini and Madame Phœbe, descriptions. Wednesday, at 8 p.m., Mr. A. Slee's class for psychic development.—J. D.

ROYDON.—GYMNASIUM HALL, HIGH-STREET.—A harvest festival was held at the opening of the new hall. Mr. W. E. Long gave an inspiring and greatly appreciated address on 'The Harvest of Souls.' Sunday next, at 11 a.m., service; at 7 p.m., Mrs. M. H. Wallis.—G. S.

BRIGHTON.—WINDSOR HALL, WINDSOR-STREET, NORTH-STREET.—Mrs. Jamrach gave excellent addresses and descriptions. Sunday next, 11.15 and 7, Mrs. Annie Boddington, also Monday at 8; 1s. each. Tuesdays, 3 and 8, Wednesdays, 3, Mrs. Curry, clairvoyante: Thursdays, 8.15, circle.—A. C.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—Mrs. Mary Gordon gave an address. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Maunders (vice-president), address and descriptions; Lyceum, 3 p.m. Circles: Monday, at 7.30, ladies, public; Tuesday, 8.15, members; Thursday, 8.15, public.—G. T. W.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—Mr. F. G. Clarke (president) gave good addresses. Sunday next, 11.15 and 7, Mr. Aaron Wilkinson, addresses and clairvoyance, also Monday, at 8 p.m. Tuesday, at 3, private interviews; at 8, also Wednesday, at 3, circles.—H. J. E.

SEVEN KINGS.—45, THE PROMENADE.—Mrs. Miles Ord spoke on 'Hopefulness and Trust,' and gave descriptions. 2nd, questions and discussion on 'Pain: Its Cause and Purpose,' and descriptions by one of the members. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Miss Morris. 16th, Mr. Thompson, on 'A Spiritualist's Thoughts on Reincarnation.' 21st, Mr. G. R. Symons.—H. W.

HACKNEY.—240A, AMHURST-ROAD, N.—Morning, address by Mr. Reynolds, descriptions by Mr. R. G. Jones; evening, address by Mrs. J. Neal on 'The Place of Fulfilled Desire' and descriptions. Sunday next, Mrs. S. Fielder, address and descriptions. Circles: Monday at 8; Tuesday at 7.15, healing; Thursday at 8.15, members.—H. B.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL, LAUSANNE-ROAD.—Morning and evening, earnest addresses and convincing descriptions by Mr. Blackman and Mrs. Podmore. Sunday next, morning, Mr. Wimbrow; afternoon, Lyceum; evening, Mrs. Cannock. 18th, at 8.15, Mrs. Irwin. 21st, at 7, Mrs. Mary Gordon. Social gathering, Saturday, 20th. Healing, Tuesdays, 8.15.—A. C. S.

CLAPHAM.—**HOWARD STREET, WANDSWORTH ROAD.**—Miss Violet Burton spoke on 'Forgiveness and Progress,' and Miss Heythorne rendered a solo. Sunday next, at 11.15 and 7, Mrs. Harvey, addresses and clairvoyance. Also on Monday, at 3, ladies' circle (silver collection); at 8, address and psychometry. Thursday, at 8, address and descriptions.—F. C.

STRATFORD.—**IDMISTON ROAD, FOREST LANE.**—Morning, Mr. C. H. Dennis spoke on 'The Man who Died.' Evening, good address by Mrs. Keightley on 'Man, know Thyself,' and descriptions. 4th, Mr. J. Wrench, on 'Spiritualism in the Bible,' and descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.30 a.m., Mrs. E. Neville, address on 'Psychometry.' 7 p.m., Mrs. Miles Ord. 18th, Mrs. E. Neville. 21st (Harvest Festival), Mr. Horace Leaf.

HOLLOWAY.—**GROVEDALE HALL, GROVEDALE ROAD.**—Morning, Mr. J. Rolfe related 'Experiences in Spiritualism'; evening, Mr. H. Boddington spoke on 'Side Issues,' and answered questions. 3rd, address and descriptions by Mrs. S. Fielder. Sunday next, 11.15 a.m., Mrs. S. Fielder; 3 p.m., Lyceum; 7, Mrs. Alice Jamrach, clairvoyance. Wednesday, Mrs. E. Neville. 21st, Mrs. Mary Davies, 'flower séance.'—J. F.

NOTTINGHAM.—On Sunday next the second combined anniversary services of the five Nottingham Spiritualists' Lyceums will be held at 10.45 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. in the Scala Theatre. Mr. A. Kitson (of Dewsbury) will give addresses. There will be a choir of two hundred Lyceumists, accompanied by an orchestral band. At an open-air session on the Nottingham Forest, at 2.30 p.m., the Lyceumists will give a display of marching and calisthenic exercises.

SOUTHSEA.—**LESSER VICTORIA HALL.**—Mrs. Mitchell gave addresses.—J. W. M.

TOTTENHAM.—684, **HIGH ROAD.**—Mr. Karl Reynolds spoke on 'Physical Death the Pathway to Life Eternal.'—N. D.

WHITLEY BAY.—Mrs. E. H. Cansick spoke on 'Spiritualism: a Factor for Good on Both Sides of Life.'—C. C.

CHATHAM.—553, **CANTERBURY STREET, GILLINGHAM.**—Address and successful descriptions by Mrs. Neville.—E. C. S.

NOTTINGHAM.—**MECHANICS' LECTURE HALL.**—Mr. E. W. Wallis gave an address in the morning and answered questions in the evening.—H. E.

BOURNEMOUTH.—**WILBERFORCE HALL.**—Mr. R. J. Stockwell, of Chatham, morning and evening. 4th, Mr. J. W. Cox, address; Mr. F. T. Blake, descriptions.—D. H.

EXETER.—**DRUIDS' HALL, MARKET STREET.**—Addresses and descriptions by Mrs. M. A. Grainger and Mr. F. Parr. 5th, lecture on 'Auras' by Mr. C. J. Stockwell, of Chatham.—H. L.

SOUTHEND.—**SEANCE HALL, BROADWAY.**—Morning, Mr. Rundle spoke on 'The Progress of Spiritualism.' Evening, he described some auras, and conducted a communion service.

STONEHOUSE, PLYMOUTH.—**UNITY HALL, EDGUMBE STREET.**—Address by Mr. Adams on 'Spirit Return,' descriptions by Mrs. Joachim Dennis.—E. D.

PLYMOUTH.—**ODDFELLOWS' HALL, MORLEY STREET.**—Address by Mr. Lethbridge, descriptions by Mrs. Pollard. 5th, Mrs. Lethbridge spoke and Mrs. Summers gave descriptions.—E. F.

EXETER.—**MARLBOROUGH HALL.**—Mr. Walter Underwood gave addresses, and, with Mrs. Letheren, clairvoyant descriptions.—E. F.

SOUTHPORT.—**HAWKSHEAD HALL.**—Mrs. Scholes spoke on 'Spiritualism v. Christianity' and 'The Angel Reapers' and gave descriptions; also on Monday.—E. B.

BRISTOL.—**THOMAS STREET HALL, STOKES CROFT.**—Address by Mr. Eddy. Good descriptions by Mrs. Greedy. Usual week-day circles.—W. G.

BRISTOL.—16, **KING'S SQUARE, STOKES CROFT.**—The president spoke on 'Courage.' Descriptions by Mrs. Angel and Messrs. Thorne and Hodgekin. Usual week-night meetings.

MANOR PARK.—**CORNER OF SHREWSBURY AND STRONE ROADS.**—Morning, healing; evening, address by Mr. T. Olman Todd on 'The Transfiguration and Resurrection.' 4th, Mrs. Jamrach spoke on 'Death and After,' and gave descriptions.

SOUTHEND.—**CROWSTONE GYMNASIUM, NORTHVIEW DRIVE, WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA.**—Mr. Horace Leaf gave an address on 'The Philosophy of Life' and descriptions. Mrs. de Beaupaire and Mrs. Matthews also gave descriptions.—S. E. W.

FULHAM.—**COLVEY HALL, 25, FERNHURST ROAD.**—At the Lyceum Mrs. Boddington dedicated two babies, giving the spirit names of 'Onward' and 'Herald.' Madame Vesé gave an address on 'Forgiveness.'—H. C.

READING.—**NEW HALL, BLAGRAVE STREET.**—Mr. P. R. Street gave addresses on 'The Beautiful Path' and 'The Awakening of the Greater Self.' 1st, Dr. Rankin spoke on 'How to Develop our Intuitive Faculties.'—M. L.

PORTSMOUTH.—**MIZPAH HALL, WATERLOO STREET.**—Harvest festival services; Mrs. Harvey spoke on 'Sowing the Seed' and 'The Harvest,' and gave descriptions; Miss Pulman and Mr. Laundon sang a duet and Mr. Frankling a solo. 3rd, address and psychic readings by Mrs. Spiller.—P.

MANOR PARK, E.—**THIRD AVENUE, CHURCH ROAD.**—Address on 'The Knowledge of the After-Life,' and well-recognised descriptions by Mrs. Mary Davies. 1st, ladies' meeting, Mrs. Richards. 3rd, address and descriptions by Mrs. Jamrach, the president, who also named an infant.—E. M.

WOOLWICH AND PLUMSTEAD.—**PERSEVERANCE HALL, VILLAS ROAD.**—Afternoon, Lyceum open session; Miss Lily Drury sang sweetly. Evening, children won prizes for essays on 'Our Summer Holiday.' Sincere thanks to friends who offered the prizes. 3rd, Mrs. Keightley, address and descriptions.—C. D.

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