

# 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.

We learn that Mr. Harold Begbie's book, "On the Side of the Angels," is practically completed and will, it is expected, be published shortly. From a conversation with him, we gather that the book will contain one definite case of first-hand evidence of an impressive character. Mr. Begbie, however, takes the view that the large spiritual issues of life are not easily or satisfactorily to be settled by newspaper discussions or the painful tracing out of small specific instances of alleged "miracles," and in this we quite agree. A phenomenal event, however well attested, has little significance if it cannot be related to some large principle of human existence. A "verified vision," considered by itself, may evoke curiosity or wonder, but when studied as an example of spiritual powers in mankind working normally along their own plane, yet occasionally translating themselves (often in a distorted form) into physical phenomena, it carries a meaning and a lesson. Between a "true ghost story" and the reality of a spiritual world of order and beauty there appears often to be a great gulf fixed. But the link is there. To the clear-eyed seer the latent angel is visible in the meanest son of earth. Only those who are spiritually blind will demand that the seer shall certify the fact by evidence admissible in a court of law.

\* \* \* \*

Sir Oliver Lodge's aim in "The War and After" (Methuen, 1s. net) is to "concentrate attention on special points and emphasise some of the more pressing features of the present difficult but hopeful situation." He admits the great debt which thoughtful Englishmen owe to the Germany of old. The world is so horrified at the present outburst of savagery "because it is a blasphemous prostitution of high gifts and a dragging in the mire of a noble past." There has been a revolt not only against idealistic philosophy—the philosophy of Kant, Fichte, and Hegel—but against Christianity, for "the German doctrine of irresponsible force and the supreme dominance of the State uncontrolled by any Higher Power is practical atheism." For what, Sir Oliver asks, are the Germans fighting? No war was necessary for the extension of trade, and the statement that they made war from fear of foreign attack is a false and contemptible excuse. Sir Oliver holds that seldom in any war is the issue so clear as in the present one. To those good people who still adhere to their one-sided passive statement of peace and brotherhood and goodwill, he replies that goodwill on the negative side is not enough.

To maintain brotherhood effectively requires something more than passivity: there is no brotherhood nor even neighbourliness

in passing by on the other side. Active interference is required when an enemy tries to trample on a friend. At that stage we now are, and, thank God, we have responded!

Sir Oliver proceeds to consider at some length the changes in industrial conditions and the social reforms that should be made after the war. He reminds us of the ghastly conditions of life and death which we have idly acquiesced in as inevitable. The war, he holds, has surely taught us that Society may be more efficiently organised so as to attack a multitude of remediable evils.

\* \* \* \*

In his new book, "The Faun and the Philosopher," Mr. Horace Hutchinson, the naturalist, remarks of the lives that will be lost in the war before one side or the other conquers, "the value of them . . . must depend entirely on what happens to us at death; and that, in spite of German specialists, is still speculative." The allusion to German specialists is not quite happy, because, owing to the crass materialism of German thought before the war, even its experiments in psychic science involved no question of human survival, but merely the desire to investigate new aspects of matter. As Dr. Hyslop pointed out (LIGHT, November 28th, 1914), of the subjects set for discussion at the "Occult Congress" which was to have been held in Berlin last year, not one dealt with the real issue in psychic research—the existence of the soul. No attempt was to be made to interpret life in terms of spiritual rather than of physiological values. Mr. Hutchinson, if he examines the results of psychic research in his own country, will find that the issue is not at all speculative. Human survival is proved. The speculative aspects relate rather to the conditions of the after-life, the way in which it is related to physical life and the methods of communication between the two states of existence.

\* \* \* \*

"The Meeting of the Spheres, or, Letters from Dr. Coulter" (Arthur L. Humphreys, 7s. 6d.), is in many respects a remarkable book. In the Foreword, the editor, Charlotte G. Herbine, writes:—

It is now a quarter of a century since I started seriously my work of making known Dr. Coulter's messages, or letters, as he likes to call them, about the continuity of lives. When I began none would believe, and public sentiment was such that it was a disgrace to be connected with any work called Spiritualistic. . . But I continued, feeling that I had a message to give and must give it, whatever the effort or the sacrifice. Times have changed, so far as public sentiment goes; and I have been helped in my work by kindly, intelligent, and often notable friends who understood.

Times have indeed changed, and Miss Herbine, who formerly gave Dr. Coulter's messages verbally, wherever he wished them carried, has now published them that they may reach a wider circle. In this work she has had the co-operation of Lord Sandwich (so well known for his healing and other gifts) and of Mrs. Scott Gatty.

\* \* \* \*

Turning to the letters themselves we find much valuable and inspiring counsel; although there are state-



ments regarding which we have to hold our judgment in suspense. The expression is clear and forceful, and ever and again one comes on passages of home-spun philosophy. "Science," says Dr. Coulter in one place, "has proved many things, but it will never establish spiritual understanding by the physical demonstrations of mediumship. The supposed proofs of eternal life gathered thus will not be proofs." And the message proceeds:—

What is it to be able to tell the name of somebody's grandmother, or the date of a birth or death, or the number of a watch, or a communication which coincides with another from some other part of the world? A man can do the same thing without the aid of any spirit. . . If a spirit who claims to be above you on a conscious plane continues to talk about watches and grandmothers, then he has not found himself, he is not released from his outer self.

The writer of the message, in short, pleads for the cultivation of the highest side of spirit intercourse—to the exclusion of the selfish and trivial elements.

#### ANNIE S. SWAN'S EXPERIENCES IN SEANCE.

In the "Woman at Home," Annie S. Swan (Mrs. Burnett Smith), the well-known novelist, gave, some years ago, an account of her first investigation of Spiritualism.

In the grey days following upon an overwhelming personal loss she was visited by an old friend who had lost her son, but who was filled with a joyousness Annie S. Swan could not understand. This visitor assured her that "it was better to have our loved ones yonder than to have them here, that no contact was broken; that it was possible to see and talk with them, and to bridge the gulf, that heaven seemed a nearer and dearer place than earth." The novelist listened unconvinced, but afterwards was induced by her friend to accompany her to a private séance in order that she might see and hear for herself.

Annie S. Swan explains that at this time she knew actually nothing about Spiritualism except by hearsay. There were five persons present at the séance, and with these the novelist was very favourably impressed. "After a small prayer had been said," she goes on to tell, "the candle was put out. We joined hands by the little finger, and talked quite cheerfully of ordinary subjects, and there was not the smallest feeling of nervousness or strain in the air. I myself felt at home, hardly even expectant, and the quiet and the dark felt grateful to my eyes. We knew when the medium went off into a trance by his long sigh, and shortly afterwards one became conscious of a presence. I am unable to explain it otherwise than as if a wind made by wings was passing over the room. Voices spoke, bidding us good-day by name, and my identity seemed to be well known by the visitants."

Presently a light was seen about the centre of the room, and the face of Cardinal Newman appeared. He was announced to the company by name, blessed them in Latin, with laying on of hands, and his appearance was followed by "the singing of a heavenly choir, so beautiful," says the narrator, "that it lingers in my memory still. Other forms appeared, which bore resemblance to those we loved who had passed over, but they were somewhat shadowy, and it was difficult to be certain of recognition. I have only one thing to add to my experience. . . My son did not appear, but I heard his voice addressing me quite plainly by name, and offering a message of affection, comfort, and of hope." For what happened Annie S. Swan declares that she is unable to offer any explanation. The effect left on her mind was "confused," and the spirits, she adds, told her nothing that she "could not find set forth with greater convincingness in the Bible."

We are happy to learn that Mrs. Place-Veary has successfully undergone the operation ordered by her physician and is progressing favourably.

For what do my friends stand? Not for the clever things they say; I do not remember them half an hour after they are spoken. It is always the unspoken, the unconscious, which is their reality to me.—MARK RUTHERFORD.

## THE ODIC LIGHT AND APPARITIONS.

### THE UNREAL GHOSTS OF THE CHURCHYARD.

In *LIGHT* of August 29th, 1885, Dr. Eadon continues the series of articles from which we have quoted under "A Generation Ago" in recent issues. We make this time a longer extract than usual, in view of the interesting nature of the article.

The sources whence Od emanates may be shown in many ways. Open a bottle of champagne in the presence of a sensitive in the dark, the bottle will appear all of a glow, as if illuminated with snow, with a light wavering cloud hovering over it. This is Od from effervescence. Throw a spoonful of table salt into a glass of water in the dark, shake it, and the sensitive sees the water full of bright light, and if the glass is taken into the left hand it will feel cold. This is Od from a simple solution. Put a wire of copper or zinc in a glass of diluted sulphuric acid: the whole wire, to a sensitive, will be all on fire, and its upper end will blaze forth like the flame of a candle, only weaker. This is Od from dissolving metals in acids. Dissolve a soda powder in half a tumbler of water; in another a powder of tartaric acid; pour the contents of the one into that of the other; instantly the mixture glows with a bright light, and a large white flame rises from the surface. This is the development of Od from chemical decomposition. All chemical action develops Od rapidly, but the source exhausts itself as soon as the play of the affinities is at an end.

In putrefaction, which is a state of fermentation, all substances give out the Odic light. This naturally takes us to the churchyard and to the ghosts, real or unreal, which old women and many others from time immemorial have always affirmed to have been seen, and which are said to be departed souls wandering in garments of fire about their graves till they have atoned for their sins and obtained eternal rest. Such is the superstition; but the torch of science will dispel this illusion. With the idea of putrefaction in his mind, Reichenbach took a sensitive, Miss Leopoldine Reichel, into a neighbouring churchyard, and also into the cemeteries of Vienna, to test these said stories about the fiery ghosts. Over many graves she saw fiery apparitions, some as large as men, others like dwarfish sprites, making uniform movements like a row of dancers, or like soldiers exercising. The old graves had no such visitants. As the lady approached them their apparently human forms disappeared and showed themselves instead as merely light vapours driven to and fro by the wind. She stepped into one of them; it rose to her neck and was broken through by her clothes. She drew a figure on the earth of this grave with her umbrella, and the marks were more visible from the increased vapour which came up from these newly-formed furrows; and this was the result with regard to all the vapour forms which moved over all the newly-made graves. . . The "old women" really saw something which to them looked like human figures, but which Reichenbach's experiments now demonstrate to be merely putrefying matters emanating from recent corpses. . . in fact nothing more than gas or vapour composed of carbonate of ammonia, phosphoretted hydrogen, and other known products of decomposition, which in their ascent through the earth give out at the surface odic light—the so-called ghosts of the superstitious of all ages. Over old graves—*i.e.*, when decomposition has ceased—these vapours, or *unreal* ghosts, are invisible to sensitives and non-sensitives alike. Well, then, after all, it was a fact that old women who were really natural sensitives *did* see moving fiery forms in churchyards which their imaginations pictured as ghosts, but which this modern science has proved to be merely natural phenomena—the results of putrefaction—the odic lights perceived by these sensitives telling the tale how rapidly decomposition was going on in the ground beneath.

Popular tradition for generations has connected the idea of spirits with tombs and churchyards, although, as we have remarked in the past, they have absolutely nothing in common. Dr. Eadon's remarks on the subject are therefore well worth reproducing.

#### "LIGHT" "TRIAL" SUBSCRIPTION.

As an inducement to new and casual readers to become subscribers, *LIGHT* will be sent for thirteen weeks, *post free*, for 2s., as a "trial" subscription. It is suggested that regular readers who have friends to whom they would like to introduce the paper should avail themselves of this offer, and forward to the Manager of *LIGHT* at this office the names and addresses of such friends, upon receipt of which, together with the requisite postal order, he will be pleased to send *LIGHT* to them by post as stated above.



## AN ACCOUNT OF THE PSYCHIC TELEGRAPH.

MR. DAVID WILSON ON HIS INVENTION.

[The following is a personal statement by Mr. Wilson descriptive of the origin and history of his invention originally known as the "New Wave Detector." It will be seen that for convenience of reference he has divided it into sections.]

SECTION I.—My task is to introduce to your notice an apparatus which, in the course of necessary experiments and trials, has become, to a certain extent, familiar to many persons in different parts of the world, and especially to the readers of *LIGHT*, under the name of the "Psychic Telegraph"—a term originating with the editor of that journal, to whom, I will take this opportunity of stating, I am indebted to a very large extent for the ever-ready advice and very kindly assistance I have had from him over a long period on those occasions when my researches have come within measurable distance of problems psychological rather than physical. And it is with great pleasure that I make this acknowledgment.

I need not tax your patience by relating in detail my early experiments, and how originally I came to inquire in this direction. Suffice it to say that it is now more than ten years since I first made what has ultimately developed into an essential working part of the apparatus—I refer to that which I call the primary or main oscillator.

Actually, however, the first working of the machine is of much more recent date. The circumstances were as follows: Towards the end of December, 1914, I was experimenting with a battery, a milli-ampere meter, an early form of the oscillator above referred to, and a collection of chemicals—of which I will say more later—when for no assignable reason the needle of the galvanometer gave a pronounced jerk. As the time went by and no other movement occurred, I supposed that in some way perhaps the table on which it stood had been shaken. Some time after this, however, the needle was again deflected, on this occasion several times in succession. Of this the cause had to be sought, as it seemed to me, in one of four categories, namely:—

- (a) Some kind of terrestrial vibration not sufficiently pronounced to be perceptible to the senses.
- (b) Impact upon the oscillator of actual Hertzian waves, presumably—though in default of an aerial receiver—from some neighbouring wireless transmitter.
- (c) Impact by some invisible light wave; or
- (d) Impact upon the oscillator of a new kind of wave—differing perhaps only in length from the two former (Hertzian and light).

Naturally I took the most obvious view of the matter and put the phenomenon down to terrestrial vibration. Moreover, the needle remained obstinately quiescent for more than a week. At the end of this time, however, I observed further movements of the needle, but with what seemed to be more method than had previously been the case. Now the deflections seemed to run in groups of four, of which the first three deflections were quick, while the fourth was more protracted.

These groups continued to follow each other without a break for six minutes, after which there was a complete cessation of movement. What seemed to me peculiar was that if these deflections were due solely to chance terrestrial vibrations they should persist in a regular form of grouping. Furthermore, was it only a curious coincidence that this grouping of three short deflections and one long was in effect the three dots and a dash constituting the Morse call signal?

After this events seemed to march more quickly, for three days after this (on January 10th, 1915), the needle again gave out the Morse call signal for eight minutes continuously, after which it continued as follows (of course in the Morse equivalent):—

"Great difficulty . . . await message five days six evening." (This was in a very mutilated form, of which, however, I have given the general sense.) Neither name nor initial was appended to this.

Before the time arrived I invited to my house a very reliable witness whose testimony could be trusted to carry weight, and

suggested that between then and the time appointed the witness should learn the Morse alphabet—at any rate, to be able to check letters if they were given slowly by the deflections of the needle of the galvanometer.

When the day arrived I felt extremely dubious as to the outcome of the affair, because the deflections of the needle seemed to have degenerated into utter incoherence, such as one might imagine would be created by vibrations from ordinary causes, if such a thing had been feasible.

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In putrefaction, which is a state of fermentation, all substances give out the Odic light. This naturally takes us to the churchyard and to the ghosts, real or unreal, which old women and many others from time immemorial have always affirmed to have been seen, and which are said to be departed souls wandering in garments of fire about their graves till they have atoned for their sins and obtained eternal rest. Such is the superstition; but the torch of science will dispel this illusion. With the idea of putrefaction in his mind, Reichenbach took a sensitive, Miss Leopoldine Reichel, into a neighbouring churchyard, and also into the cemeteries of Vienna, to test these said stories about the fiery ghosts. Over many graves she saw fiery apparitions, some as large as men, others like dwarfish sprites, making uniform movements like a row of dancers, or like soldiers exercising. The old graves had no such visitants. As the lady approached them their apparently human forms disappeared and showed themselves instead as merely light vapours driven to and fro by the wind. She stepped into one of them; it rose to her neck and was broken through by her clothes. She drew a figure on the earth of this grave with her umbrella, and the marks were more visible from the increased vapour which came up from these newly-formed furrows; and this was the result with regard to all the vapour forms which moved over all the newly-made graves. . . The "old women" really saw something which to them looked like human figures, but which Reichenbach's experiments now demonstrate to be merely putrefying matters emanating from recent corpses. . . in fact nothing more than gas or vapour composed of carbonate of ammonia, phosphoretted hydrogen, and other known products of decomposition, which in their ascent through the earth give out at the surface odic light—the so-called ghosts of the superstitious of all ages. Over old graves—i.e., when decomposition has ceased—these vapours, or *unreal* ghosts, are invisible to sensitives and non-sensitives alike. Well, then, after all, it was a fact that old women who were really natural sensitives *did* see moving fiery forms in churchyards which their imaginations pictured as ghosts, but which this modern science has proved to be merely natural phenomena—the results of putrefaction—the odic lights perceived by these sensitives telling the tale how rapidly decomposition was going on in the ground beneath.

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I need not tax your patience by relating in detail my early experiments, and how originally I came to inquire in this direction. Suffice it to say that it is now more than ten years since I first made what has ultimately developed into an essential working part of the apparatus—I refer to that which I call the primary or main oscillator.

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Naturally I took the most obvious view of the matter and put the phenomenon down to terrestrial vibration. Moreover, the needle remained obstinately quiescent for more than a week. At the end of this time, however, I observed further movements of the needle, but with what seemed to be more method than had previously been the case. Now the deflections seemed to run in groups of four, of which the first three deflections were quick, while the fourth was more protracted.

These groups continued to follow each other without a break for six minutes, after which there was a complete cessation of movement. What seemed to me peculiar was that if these deflections were due solely to chance terrestrial vibrations they should persist in a regular form of grouping. Furthermore, was it only a curious coincidence that this grouping of three short deflections and one long was in effect the three dots and a dash constituting the Morse call signal?

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The following messages received by the Psychic Telegraph are, I think, perhaps especially worthy of your notice:—

- (a) That to the Countess de Tomasevic (a lady whom at that time I did not know, nor indeed had I ever heard of her), who on receipt of the messages wrote a letter to the Editor of *LIGHT*, in the course of which she said "the occurrences to which they (i.e. the radiograms) refer were known only to the owner of the signature they bear (and myself); I have derived great comfort from these messages . . ."

Now the peculiar part of this case is that when the messages were received, the owner of the signature—a distinguished prelate—had been dead some considerable time. I say advisedly "peculiar" because, personally, I have not as yet been able to find any definite proof of man's survival of death. I wish to say this unmistakably. I shall have occasion to allude further to this question of human survival later, when I shall have to lay before you some possible hypotheses for your consideration.

- (b) That to Count Miyatovich, formerly Serbian Minister to the Court of St. James. In the issue of *LIGHT* for April 24th, 1915, the Count writes: "The radiogram received by Mr. David Wilson on April 12th, at 2.45 a.m., is undoubtedly addressed to me by the spirit of a Serbian." He then proceeds, in the course of a long letter, to analyse the messages and finally concludes as follows: "Therefore I have no doubt that the radiogram emanates from the spirit of a Serbian." I should mention that up to the present time (July, 1915) I have never met Count Miyatovich.

- (c) The next message which is worthy of especial note is that which was addressed to Mr. Ardis, of Belfast, and dealt with on



page 248 of LIGHT (of May 22nd, 1915). At the time of this message I had not only never seen Mr. Ardis but had never even heard of him. The following is quoted from LIGHT:—

The message dealt with an episode known to Mr. Ardis. . . The episode . . . is dealt with minutely, with the time, the names and attendant circumstances, and certain statements are made concerning an individual whose conduct is severely commented upon. Some of the facts—not all of them—were known to us, but they were too private for disclosure, and the message throws a new and curious light upon them. . . Mr. Ardis acknowledges the correctness of the message, which he describes as "extraordinary and absolutely true."

(d) We now come to a second message to Count Miyatovich, of which he writes:—

The one signed by Michael Obrenovich is identified by me. . . Mr. Wilson could not possibly have known the fact that Prince Michael (assassinated in 1868) used always to sign his name "Michael Obrenovich." I daresay hardly anyone in England—except the personnel of the Serbian Legation—knew that.

(e) The following extract is from LIGHT of August 14th, 1915:—

Mr. David Wilson . . . sends us a copy of a message received by the machine for Mrs. Susanna Harris. It is a private communication received in two instalments. The first portion, which has reference to the state of her health, was received at 1.15 a.m. on the 22nd ult.; the latter portion, which arrived at 1.50 a.m. on the same day, runs: "Our tidings from Chicago will be sad and heartbreaking—'Harmony.'"

Mr. Wilson sends us the following extract from a letter received by him from Mrs. Harris in acknowledgment: "'Harmony's' message referred to the coming disaster to the Chicago excursion steamer. She told them in a circle at Brighton last Wednesday that she had sent the message. . . In my opinion the message is one of the most important yet received. 'Harmony' says she communicated with you at 1.15 on July 22nd." . . . It is now abundantly clear that the instrument transmits messages with names and other particulars of which Mr. Wilson has no knowledge whatever.

The messages I have above mentioned form but a very small proportion of the large number which have been sent to people and identified by them, not only in this country but in America as well.

I can safely say that in more than ninety-five per cent. of the cases the recipients of the messages were total strangers to me.

A general view of the varied nature of the messages is adequately presented in the following quotation from the pen of the Editor of LIGHT in its issue of June 5th, 1915, as follows:—

We have received letters and visits from several persons to whom radiograms have been sent. Some of the confidential communications have been shown to us, and in a number of cases the insight revealed into the peculiar circumstances of the recipient is remarkable indeed. In at least three instances messages showing internal evidences of the personality of the senders whose initials they bore reached the recipients at critical periods in their lives. They were all strangers to Mr. Wilson, who knew nothing of their circumstances, and passed on the messages unaware of their peculiar significance. One radiogram which puzzled the recipient was afterwards found to refer to a matter which she had forgotten. Some of the messages are so fragmentary and confused that they are only partially intelligible, but in one instance an imperfect message thrown aside by Mr. Wilson as of little consequence was rescued and then discovered to have an important bearing on the circumstances of the person to whom it was addressed. Warnings, admonitions and advice have been given, accompanied by such intimate particulars as names of third parties, dates, incidents, initials and other details intelligible only to the recipient. . . the results are extraordinary.

(To be continued.)

THE frost with little soundless wedges  
Can pry the cliff apart;  
Yes, it can heave the ancient ledges  
And make the mountain start;  
So Love with stroke of delicate sledges  
Opens the flintiest heart.

—EDWIN MARKHAM in the "Nautilus"

## HALLUCINATION AND DREAMS

I thank "N. G. S." for granting the reply I asked for. He is a delightful opponent for sparring, with five-ounce gloves, and I strongly suspect that if I still say, "I am right," he also still says, "I am right"!

But—half as an idealist and the other half as a realist—may I paraphrase his penultimate paragraph? We are both lamming our heads against a stone wall. But the stone wall is there.

For his words "the awake man," I simply write "the sleeping man" and continue:—The sleeping man, therefore, looking inwards and reflecting on his waking experience sees in that state (even if palliated by the beneficent influence of alcohol) a wildness and incoherence which render it manifestly inferior to his sleeping state. Waking, he finds himself in one place while thinking himself in another! He thinks himself flying and yet, in fact, cannot fly! He thinks of goodness and longs for it and yet can find it nowhere! He dreams of love and dies unmated! He knows he and his fellows can destroy suffering, penury and ignorance, and yet, wildly and incoherently, they permit such evils to exist! He fears gout and yet ports it home to himself! He abhors war and enlists in Kitchener's Army!

Perhaps the wildness and incoherence of his waking life are most apparent to him—when dreaming—from the fact that, waking, he always thinks the best and in conduct pursues the worst. Wherever he looks around him, in his waking state, he finds this wildness and incoherence in the grotesque contradiction between thought and conduct.

Looking outwards the awake man is unable to believe that dreams or even opium or hashish can open to him anything but illusion. Waking, he is so fully convinced that contradiction between thought and action, the presence of evil, of penury, of ignorance, the absence of general love, are real, that the worlds and beings brought before him in dreams are necessarily mere illusions because, in dreamland, is found reconciliation of thought and action, absence of evil, of penury, of ignorance and the presence of general love. The reason of the waking man tells him so definitely that normal life must be ridiculously unreasonable and contradictory, that not even hashish or opium can convince him of the contrary.

Dreams are not an *olla podrida* of waking experience. Waking experience is merely the sauce: the *pièce de résistance* is our deep-seated desire for freedom from the phenomenal evils of waking life.

Suppose I admit a dead-heat with "N. G. S."? Dead-heats are of constant occurrence in this ridiculous waking life of ours, and, perhaps, the contentment of two in a dead-heat is more moral than the happiness of victory for one and the misery of defeat for another? But then—

I must stop, or I shall have "N. G. S." again down my already wide-stretched throat.

"N. G. S." says the waking state is the true state, because, therein, everything proceeds in orderly and sensible fashion. I cannot myself find anything either orderly or sensible in bombs, torpedoes, Zeppelins, penury, ignorance, sanded sugar, paper boots, envy, hatred or malice. All such "things" result from the disorderly and senseless conduct of man misusing the laws of Nature. The awake man—unless in Colney Hatch—is a raving lunatic. But he only becomes aware of the fact in Dreamland.

F. C. CONSTABLE

THE RETORT SARCASTIC.—Von Moltke said: "War is sacred, a Divine institution. It is one of the sacred laws of the world. It upholds all great and noble sentiments amongst men—honour, disinterestedness, virtue, courage—and, in a word, prevents them from falling into dreadful materialism." Gay de Maupassant answered thus: "Therefore to collect in herds 400,000 men, to march day and night, without rest, to think of nothing, nor study anything, nor read anything, to be useful to nobody, to rot in dirt, to lie in mire, to live like brutes in a continual stupefaction, to loot towns, burn villages, ruin nations, finally to meet another agglomeration of human flesh, to throw oneself upon it, to produce lakes of blood, plains of flesh, piled up, bits of corpses mixed with earth, muddy and gory, to have one's arms or one's legs torn away, one's brain crushed—without profit to anyone, whilst one's old parents, one's wife, and one's children perish from hunger—that is what is called not to fall into the most dreadful materialism."—From "Mothers of Men and Militarism," by Mrs. J. S. HALLOWES.



## THE VISIONS AT MONS.

## AN ANSWER TO THE CASE FOR "THE BOWMEN."

In the "Evening News" of the 18th inst., Miss Phyllis Campbell answers the statements made by Mr. Arthur Machen in his book, "The Bowmen." In the course of her reply she writes:—

I have as little desire to say anything further in public as I had for the publication of my experiences in the "Occult Review." But the incentive still holds good. I believe that these experiences of the Allied soldiers have been of great spiritual comfort in thousands of bereaved homes; and I want, if may be, to help to keep alive that divine spark of consolation.

I think it wicked to write or say anything that may tend to stem the great wave of spirituality which these awful days have caused.

On the crucial point of the controversy there are two rival claims:—

1. Mr. Machen claims to have originated the whole affair by his piece of "idle fiction."
2. Others, including myself, state they heard of soldiers' visions before "The Bowmen" story appeared.

As to these rival claims, Miss Campbell points out that she, together with other women helpers engaged in attending on the wounded, heard from numbers of English and French soldiers of their visions of angels. Mr. Machen's argument, she considers, amounts to a suggestion that all those who testified to these accounts fabricated the story. And she remarks:—

As to whether soldiers did or did not see angels at Mons both Mr. Machen and I are in a somewhat similar position—with this great difference, I knew the poor fellows, and nursed many of them back to convalescence. Therefore, my belief in their stories is of greater value than his incredulity. He skates round this point by trying to make me prove that soldiers did see supernormal occurrences.

As to the question whether these stories of visions were in circulation before "The Bowmen" appeared, Miss Campbell refers to "The Crucible," by Miss Mabel Collins (reviewed in LIGHT of February 20th, 1915), in which the authoress quotes from a letter received from a young officer, who describes the terrible night marches in the retreat from Mons, and the "amazing hallucinations" which he and his comrades experienced. We can put aside the question whether these visions were real or not (Miss Collins offers an occult interpretation of a vision of "enormous men"). The point is that before "The Bowmen" was in print strange experiences were being described—experiences which could not owe their origin to Mr. Machen's little romance. Finally Miss Campbell remarks:—

Mr. Machen concludes by saying that a great host of soldiers have been back on leave or returned wounded or written home, and that they have all combined to keep silence as to this most wonderful of occurrences. That clinches it, he thinks. Mr. Machen forgets that relatively there are very few English soldiers alive to-day who were in the crucial fighting at Mons. And it is untrue to say "Nobody has come forward to testify at first hand." Such evidence exists; it has been published in the daily papers, and when the war is over and when the embargo of silence upon soldiers is removed Mr. Machen will be overwhelmed with corroborative evidence.

In the same issue of the evening paper from which the above is quoted, "M. R." asks this question: "How was the British army saved from annihilation in the retreat from Mons?" She remarks that no satisfactory military explanation has been given, and argues that from the official despatches and from the conviction expressed by officers and men who were at Mons, the inference can only be that something miraculous occurred.

"Explorer" writes:—

In the confidence that among the readers of LIGHT there will be many who welcome any testimony that corroborates such manifestations of the preternormal powers, I venture to refer to recently recorded facts witnessing the reported vision of angels or astral beings at Mons.

The evidence communicated to the "Church Times" lately, affirming that the Germans themselves attested the fact of some supernormal influence having been felt by their soldiers at Mons, which they set down to devilry, comes as a very interesting side-light on this vexed question. Then the evidence from French sources of a similar conviction of preternormal action, recorded by Mr. Ralph Shirley in the "Occult Review" for July, adds a

welcome support to the faith of those who are not so simple or so sceptical as to be persuaded that the "Machen theory" is in the least adequate to account for multiplied statements of so diverse a nature.

Mr. Shirley's words are worth repeating. "It was pointed out to me in reply [to the said theory that Mr. Machen's novel was the parent of all the series of legends] that in France the said statements were not merely implicitly believed, but were absolutely known to be true; and that no French paper would have made itself ridiculous by disputing the authenticity of what was vouched for by so many independent eye-witnesses."

The testimony of the Lance-Corporal given to a representative of the "Daily Mail," and printed in its issue for August 12th, is another evidence of great interest. If I may be allowed to express an opinion on the occurrence, I should be inclined to judge that the vision recorded as seen by officers and men for about three-quarters of an hour did not represent angels, but was an astral representation of the crucifixion; that is to say, that the three figures of the Rood, as seen in Catholic churches abroad, and in this country before the Reformation, showed themselves to the wondering spectators.

Let it be borne in mind that it has been a constant matter of note and admiration how everywhere in the shell-destroyed area the figure of the crucified Christ has been preserved intact, though all around were shattered buildings. The description of the three figures given in the account referred to supplies its own evidence for the plausibility of my suggestion. It reads thus: "I could see quite plainly in mid-air a strange light, which seemed to be quite distinctly outlined, and was not a reflection of the moon. The light became brighter, and I could see quite distinctly three shapes, the one in the centre having what looked like outspread wings. The other two were not so large, but were quite plainly distinct from the central one. They appeared to have a long loose-hanging garment of a golden tint. These figures were near the German line facing us." It will be apparent that the greater height of the central figure, the outstretched arms, the loose-hanging robes of the two side figures, all are consonant with the representation of the Rood.

The Rev. Alexander A. Boddy, Vicar of All Saints, Sunderland, writes enclosing an article from a local paper describing his recent ministerial work at the front. He states that he has had several opportunities of investigating the story of the vision at Mons. The evidence, he says, though not always direct, was remarkably cumulative, and came through channels which were entitled to respect. Angel forms have, he believes, been seen. He was reminded of one of the Biblical prophecies that at the time of a great crisis on the earth "great signs shall there be from Heaven."

A lady, whose name and address he holds, while nursing in a convalescent hospital, was told by a patient that at a critical period in the retreat from Mons they saw an angel with outstretched wings, like a luminous cloud, between the advancing Germans and themselves. And at that moment the onslaught of the Germans slackened. Unable to credit the story, she was discussing it later with a group of officers, when a colonel looked up and said: "Young lady, the thing happened. You need not be incredulous. I saw it myself."

## FRESH EVIDENCE.

Striking confirmation of the visions has now been supplied by Private Robert Cleaver, of the 1st Cheshire Regiment, in an affidavit made before Mr. G. S. Hazlehurst, magistrate of the County of Flint. Private Cleaver swears that he was personally at Mons and saw the vision. Interviewed on the subject, Mr. Hazlehurst said:—

When I saw Private Cleaver, who struck me as being a very sound, intelligent man, he at once volunteered his statement and had no objection to signing an affidavit before me that he had seen the Angels of Mons.

He said that things were at the blackest with our troops, and if it had not been for this supernatural intervention they would have been annihilated. The men were in retreat and lying down behind small tufts of grass for cover. Suddenly the vision came between them and the German cavalry.

He described it as "a flash." I asked him if the angels were mounted or winged. He could say no more than that it appeared as "a flash." The cavalry horses rushed in all directions and were disorganised; the charge frittered away.

SOME TIME, somewhere, God will give you the time and opportunity to work and live every good thought that He has given you.—E. W.



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### TRIFLES.

A vast amount of moral philosophy and proverbial wisdom has been devoted to proving the importance of trifles. Much of it, however, has been confined to a consideration of the value of pins and farthings. Quite a large school of the moralists of the past concerned itself with this side of the subject. A pin a day was a groat a year, and great and far-reaching were the effects of "early and provident fear." It was the "mother of wisdom," and revealed its maternal qualities by a tenderness for pennies. Careful attention to trifles led many followers of this wisdom to great wealth, in the gaining of which they suffered a tragic loss in other directions. Other and more important trifles than pins and pence were neglected, and at the end of the experiment the fact was disclosed in a soul shrivelled by material cares and bankrupt in health and happiness. The mistake of the victims lay in placing too narrow a construction on the words "thrift," "fore-sight," and "wealth." The last-mentioned term was especially abused and its meaning corrupted. In its pure sense it stands for well-being, and although it depends to some extent on the availability of pins and pence, it can survive their absence far more easily than the lack of other trifles less substantial but vastly more important. There are amongst us some happy souls who, having been nourished on a higher wisdom than that of political economy, would not barter their unsubstantial wealth of thought and feeling for all the world's stock of minted gold. They, too, have been gatherers of trifles, to which sky and earth and air, the company of friends and the study of books have contributed in overwhelming profusion. For it is true that in Nature and the natural life the best things are the cheapest and the most abundant. Even where we find that by an extreme attention to the ideal the man has suffered deprivation on the material side his fault is more venial, his loss less severe, than that of the opposite type. Lack of pence is easier to be borne than lack of peace. But it is when he has given all sides of his nature the needed means of expression that he becomes the most reliable judge of the relative values of trifles. He will tell you that just as the truths of mathematics are true only in mathematics, so the treasures of life are treasures only in the particular spheres in which they exist. Bodily health and an assured income have no value to a discarnate spirit, although if he is intelligent he will readily concede their importance to the spirit still in material conditions. It is one of the proofs of man's spiritual nature that even while in the body he becomes aware of the things which belong not only to his physical estate, but to that higher condition which he is in process of unfolding. He has to deal not only with pins and pence, but with moods and emotions—the scale of importance increasing as the object of his attention rises from the tangible to the ethereal world, an ever-ascending scale and an ever-widening

horizon. His stage of development is marked by the degree of value which he attaches to the various trifles he examines. For when he is of mature wisdom, he will see that they are all *relatively* valueless in comparison with that which observes and examines them—the soul itself. He will not deny their value altogether, but he will see that in every case such importance as they possess is derived entirely from the soul, which in time transmutes them all, so that the trifle of one stage of life may become the important thing on another, and *vice versa*.

In one sense nothing is really trivial, in another nothing is of final importance, because the spirit takes account of and uses everything—it is a gatherer of trifles—and yet retains its independence. To the body, death is a tremendous event—it is the end of it. To the spirit, death is a trifling episode in its career. The sole value of the trifle is the use—the lasting use—which can be made of it. It may command a King's ransom on earth and not have a pin's value in the marts of heaven, or, being of no earthly account at all, yet add a new beauty to the soul. The trifle may be a lustrous one in each case—the sparkle of a diamond, the bright glance of kind eyes. But the values are wide apart—it is the difference between the shining mineral and the shining human spirit. If it be true that "he who shuns trifles must shun the world," then clearly our course must be not to despise the trifle but to give it as nearly as we can its true value; and to do that requires not so much penetration as tolerance. Let us consider, for instance, the philosopher who disdains "the trivialities of small talk." It may not be so trivial as he thinks, and by condescending to join in the little social relaxation he might learn some lessons not at all trifling in value. Probably it is not until we come to cast up our earthly accounts that we shall know truly which of our circumstances were important trifles and which were not. Certainly we shall know then of how small importance were success or failure, riches or poverty, greatness or obscurity, compared with the way in which we behaved under each. For the event is the trifle—the soul is the master of events.

### THE HIGHER SENSES.

Psychology, the analysis of man, shows the mind to be a compound, and that compound must be held together by the force of will. But will is subject to desire, and so you must first wish to do the thing, and then will it with all your powers of concentration, while drawing up with your utmost ability the plan which seems best able to lead you to success. Each man is absolutely responsible for his every act; and the man who claims to be the victim of circumstances is a weakling bound to fall. The universe is thought, and what you see is but stage, scenery, and furnishing.

The agnostics will pronounce all this a delusion. But for some people everything beyond the very limited five senses is a delusion. The reason why science never gets beyond a certain point is because of the importance attached to the five physical senses, while the far more important sixth and seventh senses are ignored. We on this plane know of those higher senses; and, already on earth, your creators of art and music and literature enjoy the sixth sense; and many of you in dreams have the seventh.

The sixth sense is the intuitive; it deals with the imagination, and plays a larger part in your present life than the first five senses which you recognise. The seventh is the spiritual; it is a technical part of the sixth, and gives a better understanding to it. It is because of your limitation to five physical senses that you live in the Third Dimension, and only a few so-called queer ones enjoy the Fourth Dimension, or faculty of seeing through an object, and not around or aside it. By getting the sixth and seventh senses clearly, you will think in the Fourth Dimension and get in touch with souls.

—"The Meeting of the Spheres," by CHARLOTTE G. HERBINE.



## THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

## NOTES OF SOME RECENT EXPERIMENTS.

By W. J. CRAWFORD, D.Sc.

## VII.—WEIGHING-MACHINE EXPERIMENTS.

*Experiment 10.*—I wished to see if there was any serious reduction in weight of the medium or sitters due to the séance. In the tabulation below will be found a comparison of their weights just before and just after the séance, which lasted an hour and a half. One of the members, Master Sam Goligher, was absent on holiday.

Names of Sitters.	Weight Before Séance.	Weight After Séance.
Miss Kathleen Goligher (medium)	8st. 6lb. 6oz.	8st. 6lb. 4oz.
Mr. Goligher ... ..	8st. 13lb. 8oz.	8st. 13lb. 8oz.
Miss Anna Goligher ... ..	7st. 11lb. 4oz.	7st. 11lb. 2oz.
Miss Lily Goligher ... ..	5st. 7lb. 4oz.	5st. 7lb. 2oz.
Mrs. Morrison ... ..	7st. 5lb. 12oz.	7st. 5lb. 6oz.
*Mr. Morrison ... ..	9st. 9lb. 12oz.	9st. 9lb. 11oz.
Dr. Crawford ... ..	10st. 9lb. 14oz.	10st. 9lb. 8oz.

Although I have included myself, I was, of course, not one of the circle. The above results show clearly that very little, if any, matter was permanently removed from the bodies of the sitters. I myself seem to have lost as much as anybody, but probably natural causes were in operation as the evening was very warm.

*Experiment 11.*—Diminution in weight of the medium.

The accurate small platform weighing-machine, lent by Messrs. A. and T. Avery, Ltd., was used. The drawing-board, mentioned in Article V., was tied to the platform, and a piece of dark carpet was tacked to it, as there was reason to believe that white light rays from its surface were interfering with the intensity of the phenomena. The circle sat throughout the experiments with hands on knees, so that each member was physically isolated from the rest.

Initial weight of medium + chair + board = 9st. 4lb.

Having balanced accurately, I asked the operators to rap on the floor, as I wished to discover if a rap synchronised with increase or decrease of weight as registered on the weighing-machine. One or two raps were given, but of an intensity only just audible. Thereafter there were raps at intervals of a few seconds. As they became gradually louder I noticed a peculiar effect. Sometimes coinciding with each rap or blow on the floor, the steelyard would rise against the top stop and would sometimes fall against the bottom stop. I did not understand what was going on until I noticed that the weight of the medium, as balanced between the raps, was diminishing. Coinciding with increasing loudness of raps the weight of the medium continued to decrease, this process going on until the loudest sledge-hammer blows were being given, when the weight became stationary and did not decrease further, and thereafter, until the end of the experiment, remained steady. The time occupied in the process was about a minute.

Final weight of medium + chair + board = 8st. 10lb.

Final steady decrease in weight = 8lb.

When conditions became steady, I informed the operators that I was going to watch the process again. I accordingly turned on white light rays into the circle, which process always effectually prevents phenomena. Then I weighed medium, &c., again. New weight = 9st. 4lb. I then asked the operators to "set conditions" again and to rap at intervals. Again the weight began gradually to decrease and the loudness of the raps to increase, the loudness, so far as could be judged, being directly proportional to decrease of weight. When sledge-

hammer intensity was reached, the weight became steady again at 8st. 10lb.

It is, therefore, to be concluded that (1) raps, blows, &c., cannot be produced unless the medium's weight is reduced; (2) the intensity of the raps depends upon the decrease of weight and is apparently directly proportional to it; (3) the loss in weight is merely temporary, as on each occasion of reweighing after the experiment the initial dead weight of 9st. 4lb. was obtained; (4) the loss of weight is not effected suddenly, but, on the contrary, quite gradually; (5) after a time the loss of weight reaches a final amount and thereafter does not vary.

It seems to me that the loss represents actual matter temporarily detached from the medium and used in some yet unknown way, in the production of raps, blows, &c.

*Experiment 12.*—Effect of raps, blows, &c., on the floor, upon the weight of the medium.

Initial weight of medium + chair + board = 9st. 4lb.

When the reduction in weight, as mentioned in the last experiment, had reached a maximum, and the steelyard balanced at 8st. 10lb., I asked the operators to produce raps of various intensities on the floor. The results may be stated as follows:—

(a) Raps of all degrees of loudness. Result, corresponding and synchronous increase of weight of medium indicated by steelyard pressing for a second against top stop, the pressure roughly proportional to loudness of rap, varying from the slightest upward movement of steelyard to a force (as adjudged by sense of touch) of many pounds.

(b) Table pulled along the floor (without contact) towards medium. Result, continuous increase of weight of medium while movement was in progress.

(c) Table pushed along the floor (without contact) away from medium. Result, continuous increase of weight of medium while movement was in progress.

(d) Other impacts such as bouncing ball imitation and so on (see Article I.). Result, all cause synchronous and temporary additional weight, the lever again balancing after each blow.

*Experiment 13.*—Effect on medium's weight during levitation of table—verification experiment. (See Experiment 7.)

Perfect levitation was obtained, that is, levitation without perceptible jerk. The following is the result:—

Initial weight of medium + chair + board = 9st. 4lb.

Weight registered during levitation = 10st. 0lb. 8oz.

Weight of medium + chair + board at end of experiment = 9st. 4lb.

Increase of medium's weight due to levitation = 10lb. 8oz.

The weight of the table is 10lb. 6oz. The machine is accurate to 2oz., and perfect balance was obtained. There is, therefore, no doubt that during levitation the medium increases in weight by an amount equal to the weight of the table. In Experiment 7, her increased weight was 10oz. short of the weight of the table. However, during that experiment Master Sam Goligher was present as one of the circle, and some or all of the 10oz. may have been upon him; or the difference may have been due to experimental errors. But I have no doubt that in general the medium's weight during levitation is increased by the table's weight.

How are we, then, to reconcile the results of Experiments 11 and 13, where in one case the medium loses weight and in the other gains it? I think that it will eventually be found that the process during levitation is different from that during the production of raps and impacts generally. I think at present that the table is held statically balanced by something resembling a weightless fluid, and that for impacts another ingredient is necessary, namely, actual matter from the body of the medium. During the process of levitation I have never observed any initial or other decrease in the weight of the medium, but, on the contrary, always an increase. Again, in Experiment 11, the operators knew that raps and blows only were expected and no levitation was attempted; hence it is to be presumed that the reduction in weight then noted was that necessary for the work in hand alone. Also I would add that during levitation raps are very seldom given, and then only of the feeblest type.

*Experiment 14.*—Effect on medium's weight of levitated table jerking in the air.

\* At the close of the séance, and just before the reweighing, Mr. Morrison, in a moment of forgetfulness, drank half a glass of water. This was weighed and the amount subtracted from his final weight, which may, however, be an ounce or two out.



The table being steadily levitated, the machine was dead balanced at 10st. 0lb. 8oz. I then asked the operators to jerk the table upwards in the air. This they did. I found that each jerk synchronised with an upward pressure of steelyard on top stop, indicating increased weight on medium. I also asked the operators to let table sag and arrest it before reaching the floor. I found that this also synchronised with increased weight on medium. I repeated the experiment many times, and the result was always the same.

*Experiment 15.*—To ascertain if any of the weight of levitated table was on Mr. Morrison, member of the circle, whose place is next the medium.

Mr. Morrison sat on the chair on the weighing machine and the medium took her ordinary chair.

Weight of Mr. Morrison + chair + board = 10st. 7lb. 6oz.

Weight registered during levitation = 10st. 7lb. 8oz.

Thus there is practically no effect.

However, on asking the operators to jerk up levitated table in the air, the steelyard went up lightly against top stop in synchronism, thus indicating that Mr. Morrison is, to some slight extent, psychically connected with the table.

#### G. K. CHESTERTON ON MIRACLES AND SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

The following racy passages are taken from Mr. G. K. Chesterton's brilliant book entitled "Orthodoxy." He is defending Christianity, especially in connection with its miraculous element, against the attacks of the agnostic:—

The ordinary agnostic has got his facts all wrong. He is a non-believer for a multitude of reasons; but they are untrue reasons. He doubts because the Middle Ages were barbaric, but they weren't; because Darwinism is demonstrated, but it isn't; because miracles do not happen, but they do; because monks were lazy, but they were very industrious; because nuns are unhappy, but they are particularly cheerful; because Christian art was sad and pale, but it was picked out in peculiarly bright colours and gay with gold; because modern science is moving away from the supernatural, but it isn't, it is moving towards the supernatural with the rapidity of a railway train.

One may surely dismiss that quite brainless piece of pedantry which talks about the need for "scientific conditions" in connection with alleged spiritual phenomena. If we are asking whether a dead soul can communicate with a living, it is ludicrous to insist that it shall be under conditions in which no living souls would seriously communicate with each other. The fact that ghosts prefer darkness no more disproves the existence of ghosts than the fact that lovers prefer darkness disproves the existence of love.

It is just as unscientific as it is unphilosophical to be surprised that in an unsympathetic atmosphere certain extraordinary sympathies do not arise. It is as if I said that I could not tell if there was a fog because the air was not clear enough; or if I insisted on perfect sunlight in order to see a solar eclipse.

As a common-sense conclusion . . . I conclude that miracles do happen. I am forced to it by a conspiracy of facts: the fact that men who encounter elves or angels are not the mystics and the morbid dreamers, but fishermen, farmers and all men at once coarse and cautious; the fact that we all know men who testify to Spiritualist incidents but are not Spiritualists; the fact that science itself admits such things more and more every day. Science will even admit the Ascension if you call it Levitation, and will very likely admit the Resurrection when it has thought of another word for it. I suggest the Regalvanisation.

The greatest disaster of the nineteenth century was this: that men began to use the word "spiritual" as the same as the word "good." They thought that to grow in refinement and incorporeality was to grow in virtue. When scientific evolution was announced, some feared that it would encourage mere animality. It did worse: it encouraged mere spirituality. It taught men to think that so long as they were passing from the ape they were going to the angel. But you can pass from the ape and go to the devil.

If we could see the Universe as God views it, there would be one glowing, vivid field of boundless and everlasting Life, for He is not the God of the Dead but of the Living.—S. B. McC.

THE WARRANT OF PROGRESS.—Nothing in the Universe is at a standstill, nothing goes backwards; a gigantic, incomprehensible wisdom (God) moves all things forward, towards greater and higher powers and possibilities.

## SPIRITUALISM AND ITS MESSAGE.

A PLEA FOR A WORTHIER PRESENTATION.

BY HORACE LEAF.

The tendency of the present age is to bring everything to the bar of experience and reason. It is because of this that there has been so conspicuous a falling away from orthodox religious beliefs. Many people are determined to pay no attention to the claims of the Churches until they can prove, as well as affirm, man's survival of death. That is just what the Churches cannot do; and, indeed, they heartily condemn such a demand, although it is clearly a just one, for we have every right to inquire into a matter of so much importance to us as our spiritual nature and its future welfare. And at no time has our importance been brought home to the community at large more than at the present crisis, when the lives of so many brave young fellows, lives full of the greatest possibilities for the service of mankind, are being ruthlessly sacrificed. The question, "Where are our dead?" must be very prominent in the minds of those who have been bereaved under these tragic circumstances.

Where can they turn for an answer better than to Spiritualism? The facts of Spiritualism are historically and scientifically attested, and are open to investigation by all. Sincerity, common-sense, and persistency are the only requisites for the undertaking.

To Spiritualism, therefore, the people are turning increasingly. The positive pronouncements made in its favour by great secular authorities naturally inspire interest and hope. But what is Spiritualism doing to meet the new demands? It is with the deepest regret one must admit that as an organised representative body it is doing comparatively little, and that as a consequence it is failing in many instances to supply the needs of inquirers. Never was the time more ripe for spreading the good news, never was less done comparatively to seize the golden opportunity.

There is a plentiful supply of capable psychics, but no efficient organisation. They are left to act in an individual and private capacity. No provision is made for the exercise of their gifts for the movement; each must make shift for himself, and since support from societies is very small, they must use their powers almost entirely in their own séance-rooms, experiencing all kinds of inconveniences and difficulties arising from the visits of people who know absolutely nothing of the nature of psychic phenomena, and usually have altogether wrong ideas about the subject. These people need educating, and it is for Spiritualism to supply the means.

Spiritualism, however, is much more than psychic phenomena. They are its basis, but upon that basis a beautiful superstructure ought to be erected. The material is already to hand. Teachings of a rational, philosophical, mystical and religious nature have already been received from the spirit world. They lie upon the bookshelves of the student of the philosophy of Spiritualism. They fall to-day from the lips of our mediums and inspirational speakers. Too often, however, the instrument through which the message comes spoils it by dressing it in uncouth and illiterate phraseology; while the services of many who might become excellent mediums for the transmission of such teachings are unavailable, either because they themselves realise their lack of education, or because the spirits do so and wisely refrain from using them.

Spiritualism will never enter into its own until these faults are remedied and a good platform supplied; and it will never have that until proper provision is made for it. The present organisations are chiefly concerned with adapting existing public workers to the best advantage. That is very necessary; but they would do better if they gave their principal efforts to cultivating capable workers. Some of these organisations have been in existence a long time, and yet have made no real progress. The need has been seen, but it has been neglected. In this respect we are just where we were in 1855 when Spiritualism was introduced to this country. It is time we effected a decided advance.

This can be done if only a properly representative effort is made. The movement is not poor; in some quarters it is very



rich. But many poor movements have attained success by carefully preparing their speakers and exponents. Why, then, cannot Spiritualism? No religious movement can hope to win through unless well presented. None could win so well as Spiritualism, because none could be presented so well. Then why not do it? We want speakers, but speaking without depth of thought is of little value. The best aid to deep thinking is knowledge. Proficiency in all things comes by practice and every opportunity should be given for that. Spiritualism's greatest need is a good platform, and to obtain this desideratum it is essential that we should have a thoroughly equipped training college in which our future public workers shall be fully fitted for the exercise of their high calling.

## FROM WORLDS UNREALISED.

### PASSAGES FROM A PSYCHIC SCRIPT.

We published last month under the above heading (see pp. 326, 344 and 358) a number of messages of a very lofty spiritual character selected from a great mass of automatic script kindly placed at our disposal by the Rev. G. Vale Owen. These have elicited such warm expressions of appreciation that we are encouraged to draw further from the same source.

### OF INSPIRATION.

The following message was received on Wednesday, November 26th, 1913:—

Many things there are of which I might speak to you, matters of organisation, and of the exercise of power as its influence and effect are seen by us as it passes on its way through our spheres to that of earth. Some of these things you would not be able to understand, and others, perhaps, but few among you would believe if they understood them. So I confine myself to the simpler principles and the mode of their working; and one of these is the *modus operandi* of the connection obtaining between us and you in the matter of inspiration.

Now, this is a word very expressive if understood aright, and very misleading if not so understood. For that we inbreathe into the hearts of men knowledge of the truth of God is true; but it is only a very little of the truth. For more than this we do give to them, and, with other things, strength to progress and to work God's will, love to work that will from high motive, and wisdom (which is knowledge blended with love) to work God's will aright. And if a man be said to be inspired, this is not a singular case, nor one exceptional. For all who try to live well, and few do not in some degree, are by us inspired, and so helped.

But the act of inbreathing is not a very close way of describing the method of our work. It would the better apply as used subjectively of the one so-called inspired. He "breathes-in" our waves of vibrating energy as we direct those waves to him. So a man breathes-in and fills his lungs with the fresh breeze on the hill-side, and is refreshed. Even so he breathes-in the refreshing streams of power we waft towards him.

But we would not limit the meaning of the word to those alone who in eloquent words tell out to the world some new truth of God, or some old truth refurbished and made as new. The mother tending her child in sickness, the driver of the engine along the railway, the navigator guiding the ship, all, and others, do their work of their own peculiar powers self-contained, but, as occasion and circumstances require, modified and supplemented by our own. This is so even when the receiver of our help is unaware of our presence; and this more often than not. We give gladly while we are able; and we are able so long as no barrier is opposed to us by him we would help.

This barrier may be raised in many ways. If he be of obstinate mind, then we may not impose on him our counsel; for he is free to will and to do. And sometimes, when we see great need of our help being given, the barrier of sin is interposed and we cannot get through it. Then those who counsel wrongly do their work, and grievous is the plight of those to whom they minister.

Each individual chooses his own companions wittingly or unwittingly. If he flout the idea that we are present in the earth-sphere, or that any influence may proceed from what to him is the unseen and unknown, that matters not so he be of good intent and of right motive. He opposes to us no barrier of absolute negation. We help him gladly, for he is honest, and will some day in his honesty own his error—some day soon. Only this must be borne in mind—that he is not so sensitive as he would otherwise be to catch our meaning; and he will often mistake us, not knowing what we would impress upon his mind.

If the water-wheel be well oiled on its axle then the water turns it easily, but if it be rusty then the force must be increased in volume, and the wear, both of the wheel and its axle, is greater, and it moves more heavily. Also, the sailors may be accurate in obeying the instructions of the captain, even if he were totally strange to them. But if he be known to them well, then they are the better able in the storm, of a dark night, to catch his meaning in the orders he gives, for they know his mind and need but few words to tell them his wishes. So they who know us more naturally and more intimately than others are in better fettle to receive our words.

Inspiration, therefore, is of wide meaning and extent in practice. The prophets of old time received our instruction—as do those of to-day—according to the quickening of their faculties. Some were able to hear our words, some to see us—both as to their spiritual bodies—others were impressed mentally. These and other ways we employ, and all to one end, namely: to impart through such individuals to their fellow men instruction as to the way they should go, and in what way they should order their lives to please God, as we are able to understand His will from this higher plane. Our counsel is not of perfection, nor infallible. But it never leads astray those who seek worthily, and with much prayer, and with great love. These are God's own, and they are a great joy to us their fellow servants. Nor need we go far afield to find them, for there is more good in the world than evil and, as in each good and evil are proportioned, so are we able to help, and so is our ability limited.

Do then, each of you, these two things—see first that your light is kept burning as they who wait for their Lord, for it is His will we do in this matter, and it is His strength we bring. Prayers are allotted us to answer, and His answer is sent by us His servants. So be watchful and wakeful for our coming. . . . The other thing to bear in your mind is this: See you keep your motive high and noble, and seek not selfishly, but for others' welfare. We minister best to the progress of those who seek our help for the benefit of their brethren rather than their own. In giving we ourselves receive, and so do you. But the larger part of motive must be to give, as He said; and that way the greater blessing lies, and that for all. . . .

The vessels of the flower empty themselves of their scent to the enjoyment of man, but only to be filled again with more, and, so doing, come to more perfect maturity day by day. The word of kindness is returned, and two people made happy by the initial act of one. Kind words later beget kind deeds. And so is love multiplied, and, with love, joy and peace.

### A SUMMERLAND REUNION.

On the next day (November 27th) the discourse was continued:—

Following on what I have given you, I may add that very few there are who realise in any great degree the magnitude of the forces which surround men as they go about their business day by day. These forces are real, nevertheless, and close at hand—nay, they mingle with your own endeavours whether you will or no. And these powers are not all good, but some are malicious, and some are betweenwise, neither definitely good nor bad.

When I say "powers" and "forces," it is of necessary consequence that personalities be present with them to use them. For know this, not as of formal assent, but consenting thereto *ex animo*, that you are not, and cannot be or act, alone, but must act and will and contrive in partnership, and your partners you do elect, whether you do so willingly or no.

So it behoves that all be curious in their selection, and this may be ensured by prayer and a right life. Think of God with reverence and awe, and of your fellow-men with reverence and love; and do all things as knowing that we watch you and mark down your inner mind with exact precision, and that, as you are and become now, so will you be when you are awakened here; and what things now to you are material and positive and seem very real will then be of another sphere, and your eyes will open on other scenes, and earth be spoken of as that other sphere, and the life of earth as a journey made and finished, and the money and furniture, and the trees in your garden, and all you now seem to own as your peculiar property will not be any more at hand.

Then you will be shown what place and treasures and friends you have earned in the school of endeavour just ended and left behind forever. And you will be either full of sorrow and regret, or encompassed with joy unspeakable and light and beauty and love, all at your service, and those your friends who have come on before will be eager to show you some of the scenes and beauties of their present home.

Now, what, think you, will that man do whose life on earth has been a closed compartment, with no window for outlook into these spiritual realms? He will do as I have seen many do. He will do according as his heart is fashioned. Most such are



unready to own their error, for such are usually positive that the opinions builded up during a lifetime, and which have served them so well, cannot be so grievously in error. These have much to pass through before the light will serve their atrophied spiritual sight.

But those who have schooled themselves to "sit loose" to what are counted for riches and pleasures on earth shall find their laps not large enough for the treasures brought by loving hands, and their eyes not quick enough to catch all the many smiles of welcome and delight at the surprise they show that, after all, the true reality is but just begun, and that the new is much better than the old.

And now, my ward and friend, let me show you a scene which will point what I have written.

On a hill-side green and golden, and with the perfume of many flowers hovering round like music kissed by colour, there is an old gabled house with many turrets and windows like those which first in England were filled with glass. It stands amid trees and lawns and, down in the hollow, is a large lake, by the shores of which birds of many colours and very beautiful disport themselves. This is not a scene of your sphere but one on this side of the veil. It were of little profit that I argue to show the reasonableness of such things being here. It is so; and that men should doubt that all that is good and beautiful on earth is here with beauty enhanced and loveliness made more lovely is, on our part, a matter of wonder quite as great.

On one of the towers there stands a woman. She is clad in the colour of her order, and that colour is not one you know on earth. I would describe it as golden purple; but that will, I fear, convey little to you. She looks out towards the horizon, far away across the lake, where low-lying hills are touched by the light beyond. She is fair to look upon. Her figure is more perfect and beautiful than that of any woman on earth, and her face more lovely. Her radiant eyes are of a lovely violet hue, and on her brow a silver star shines and sparkles as it answers to her thoughts within. This is the jewel of her order. And if beauty were wanted to make her beauty more complete, it may be seen in just a tinge of wistfulness which but adds to the peace and joy of her countenance. This is the Lady of the House where live a large number of maidens who are in her charge to do her will and go forth on what mission she desires from time to time. For the House is very spacious.

Now, if you study her face you will see at once that she is there expectant; and presently a light springs up and flashes from her eyes those beautiful violet rays; and from her lips issues a message; you know this by reason of the flash of light, blue and pink and crimson, which darts forth from between them and seems to take wing far too quickly for you to follow it across the lake.

Then a boat is seen coming quickly from the right between the trees which grow on its borders; the oars flash and sparkle, and the spray around the gilded prow is like small spheres of golden glass mingled with emeralds and rubies as it falls behind. The boat comes to the landing-place, and a brilliantly-robed throng leap on to the marble steps which lead them up to the green lawn above. One is not so quick, however. His face is suffused with joy, but he seems also to be full of wonder, and his eyes are not quite used to the quality of the light which bathes all things in a soft shimmering radiance.

Then from the great entrance, and down towards the party, comes the Lady of the House and pauses at a short distance from the party. The newcomer looks on her as she stands there, and utter perplexity is in his gaze, rapt and intent. Then at last she addresses him, and in homely words this shining saint of God welcomes her husband: "Well, James, now you have come to me, at last, dear, at last!"

But he hesitates. The voice is hers, but different. Moreover, she died an old woman with grey hair, and an invalid. And now she stands before him a lovely woman, not young nor old, but of perfect grace and beauty of eternal youth.

"And I have watched you, dear, and been so near you all the time. And that is past and over now, and your loneliness is gone forever. For now we are together once again, and this is God's Summerland, where you and I will never grow old again, and where our boys and Nellie will come when they have finished what is theirs to do in the earth life."

Thus she talks, that he may get his bearings; and this he does at last, and suddenly. He bursts into tears of joy, for it comes to him that this indeed is his wife and sweetheart, and love overcomes his awe. He moves forward with his left hand over his eyes, just glancing up now and then, and when he is near she approaches him quickly, draws him into her arms and kisses him, and then, throwing one arm about his neck, takes his hand in hers and leads him up the steps, with slow and gentle dignity, into the House she has prepared for him.

Yes, that house is the heavenly counterpart of their home in

Dorset where they lived all their married life, until she passed hence, and where he had remained to mourn her absence.

This, my ward, I have set down by way of pointing, with homely incident, the fact that the treasures of heaven are not mere words of sentiment, but solid and real, and, if you will not press the word, material. Houses and friends and pastures and all things dear and beautiful that you have on earth are here. Only here they are of more sublime beauty, even as the people of these realms are of a beauty not of earth.

Those two had lived a good life as country squire and wife, both simple and god-fearing, and kindly to the poor and the rich alike. These have their reward here; and that reward is often unexpected in its nature, as it was to him.

This meeting I myself witnessed, for I was one of those who brought him on his way to the House, being then of that sphere where this took place.

(What sphere was it, please?)

The Sixth. And now, friend, I will close, and would I might show you now some of these beauties which are in store for the simple-hearted who do what they can of love, and seek the righteousness of God to please Him rather than the high places among men. These shall shine as the stars and as the sun, and all around them shall take on more loveliness by reason of their presence near. It is written so, and it is true.

(To be continued.)

## WILLIAM SHARP AND FIONA MACLEOD.

One of the curiosities of modern literature is seen in the case of Professor William Sharp. That portion of his work written under his own name, although of high quality, was curiously lacking in the wonderful elements of poetic imagination which flowed into it when he wrote his Celtic romances under the pen-name of "Fiona Macleod." For a long time "Fiona Macleod" was believed to be another writer—a mysterious woman the secret of whose identity was jealously preserved. Even now when the secret has been revealed there are those who will not be convinced; so wide is the difference between the two styles that it seems to them incredible that one mind could have achieved both. It is as though Pope or Southey should have produced work in the manner of Keats or Shelley. Some have traced a psychic element in the phenomenon, for William Sharp is said to have had some remarkable spiritual experiences.

Our Californian contributor, Mr. A. K. Venning, sends us the following extracts from the work of William Sharp, some of which he thinks have a bearing on subjects recently discussed in LIGHT:—

### REVELATION.

God may be beyond the veil of mortal life, but I cannot see that He has given us any definite revelation beyond what pure Deism teaches, viz., that there is a Power—certainly beneficent, most probably eternal, possibly (in effect, if not in detail) omnipotent—who, letting the breath of His being blow through all created things, evolves the Ascidian into man, and man into higher manifestations than are possible on earth, and whose message and revelation to man is shown forth in the myriad-paged volume of Nature, and the inherent yearning in every human soul for something out of itself and yet of it. Of such belief I may say that I am.

### THE PROBLEM OF EVIL.

The Universe is eternally, omnipresently and continuously filled with the breath of God.

Every breath of God creates a new convulsion in the brain of Nature, and with every moment of change in the brain of Nature new loveliness is wrought upon the earth.

Every breath of God creates a new convulsion in the brain of the human spirit, and with every moment of change in the brain of the human spirit new hopes, aspirations, dreams, are wrought within the soul of the living.

And there is no evil anywhere in the light of the creative breath, but only everywhere a redeeming from evil, a winning towards good.

### ON THE ETRUSCAN TOMBS.

I was much struck with the symbolism and beauty of the ornamental portions [of the Etruscan tombs], death evidently to the ancient Etruscans being but a departure elsewhere. The comparative joyousness (exultation, as in the symbol of the rising sun over the chief entrance) . . . contrasts greatly with the joylessness of the Christians who have done their best to make death repellent in its features and horrible in its significance, its possibilities. Only a renaissance of belief in the Beautiful, being



the only sure guide, can save modern nations from further spiritual degradation—and not till the gloomy precepts of Christianity yield to something more akin to the Greek sense of beauty will life appear to the majority lovely and wonderful, alike in the present and in the future.

#### THE FLOWER OF SORROW.

The other night, tired, I fell asleep on my sofa. I dreamed that a beautiful spirit was standing beside me. He said: "My brother, I have come to give you the supreme gift that will heal you and save you."

I answered eagerly: "Give it me—what is it?"

And the fair, radiant spirit smiled with beautiful solemn eyes, and blew a breath into the tangled garden of my heart—and when I looked there I saw the tall white Flower of Sorrow growing in the sunlight.

### • THE PERFECT ROSE.

#### AN ALLEGORY.

A gorgeous garden lay shrouded with mist and darkness without. Within, along its winding paths grew roses, nothing but roses, of all kinds and colours, all glowing and burning under the kiss of the sun, for in the garden the sun shone brilliantly, though heavy clouds occasionally dimmed its brightness.

Into this garden, through a moss-grown gate, pushed a crowd of men and maidens, each eager to possess a rose of their own, and once inside a kind of delirium seized them and they rushed frantically to pluck one. In their haste they jostled one another, and sometimes it happened that two seized the same, and the delicate flower, quivering and bruised, shed its petals in a shower upon the ground, only a few crushed and crumpled rose-leaves remaining upon the stem.

And still the roses bloomed on. There were damask, and white, and brilliant red. Some of them had many thorns, and he that would gain them had to exercise great care. Some were full-blown, and as the wind ruffled their fragrant leaves, the almost recesses of their being were reached. Others had their petals tightly folded round their hearts, and some would never open—the frost had nipped them all too soon.

Now, it was a law in this garden that no mortal should possess more than one rose. As he entered the garden he was given his choice. They all seemed very sweet to him, their perfume was intoxicating, and often he would wander to the nearest tree and possess himself of the fairest bud. Others were affected differently. They journeyed up and down, comparing and touching first one and then another, and the further they went the less inclined they were to make their choice, till at last they said to themselves, "What need to have one at all? If I gathered one for myself I must see that it does not wither. I should have the care of it: it would perchance in time become a burden to me, and it would be a pity to inconvenience myself. Suffice it for me that I enjoy them as they are."

Then came a band who, with fiendish laughter, sprang among the trees and scattered the beautiful blossoms, so that they fell apart with broken trailing stems and lay withering on the ground.

One summer night, just as the sun was setting, and the silver moon shed its faint radiance over the still garden where the roses throbbed and sighed, the entrance-gate was pushed ajar and a solitary figure entered, with wide-open, timid eyes. She passed up the path, no one noticing her, and as she gazed upon the scene a great yearning filled her soul that she, too, might have a rose of her own, and yet a voice seemed to haunt her, coming she knew not whence, and whispering, "Not for you, not for you." Now and again she stepped toward a glowing tree and bent her face towards its blossoms; but the perfume seemed faint to her, and the glamour that in the distance had seemed their beauty faded, and she knew that they, indeed, were not for her. So she continued on her way along the winding path, now and again looking wonderingly at the crowd that surged around and occasionally pushed against her. Once or twice she saw one lovingly bend over a dainty blossom and with tender care gather it and place it to his heart. Then it was that a fierce yearning possessed her, but she sighed and still wandered

on, for there was no standing still in this beautiful garden. Though there were numberless branch paths through which one could wander and almost lose oneself, yet they were all connected with the main way, and some irresistible force which few understood guided the steps of the thoughtless throng toward the narrow upright door at the far end of the garden, which was constantly opening wide enough for one to pass through.

It was interesting sometimes to watch the crowd as it neared this portal. Some would approach it with buoyant step, their rose held tenderly to their breast—their most cherished possession. The object of their wanderings accomplished, their destiny fulfilled, they looked forward to the wide, brilliant country with its emerald meadows and glittering rivers, which they knew lay beyond, hidden from sight only by the iron-barred door. Others arrived with halting step. They were very tired, they had been wandering so long. Every by-way was known to them, yet they had not accomplished the object of their search, and now, as they neared the gate, they would fain pluck at the few remaining blossoms; but as they stretched their hands to do so, the roses seemed to fade and vanish. And so, with mournful, unsatisfied faces they, too, passed through the door.

The years went slowly by, and still the woman pursued her path, but she was no longer timid and frightened, and with firm, light footstep she passed on her way, but yet she held no visible flower to her heart. But over her brow a shimmering radiance was cast, and the spirit of the roses breathed about her. She sang for gladness, and all the garden was to her a beautiful paradise. Loneliness she felt no more, for had not the spirit of true love been given her, and though she might not wear its outward semblance, yet clasped to her heart she had the real essence that could never wither nor fade, and that as the years waned and the door was approached would but grow more and more brilliant, till at last the perfect rose should be all her own, and the journey would not have been in vain.

### SIDELIGHTS

The subject of the Mons visions is to be dealt with in a book by Miss Phyllis Campbell to be called "Back of the Front." The authoress will include in her book many of her own adventures behind the firing line.

Mr. Marshall Wood's new wedding hymn, "Fount of all Life," has received very wide notice and appreciation in the Press. We learn that Mr. Wood has had some remarkable psychic experiences, which he may shortly give to the Press—especially to *LIGHT*.

"A Friendly Talk with Socialists and Others," by Joseph Bibby (the P. P. Press, Liverpool, 6d. net), consists of a series of articles, the product of the ripe thinking of an enlightened business man. We found especial interest in the Prologue, in the course of which Mr. Bibby gives the results of some observations on social and industrial life, gathered by him in the course of a journey round the world. He concludes that "the next step in social advancement will not be towards a Democratic Socialism, but in the direction of a more enlightened capitalism." The essay on the war brings out Mr. Bibby's acquaintance with the psychological side of human action.

Mrs. Annie O. Tibbits, the novelist, tells in a daily paper the following curious story of a "phantom train": "At an inquest upon a man who had been killed by a passing train at a level crossing a witness stated that he himself had heard and seen a phantom train pass about three minutes before the real one actually did so. And it was given as a reason for the accident that the victim, hearing and seeing it too, had walked on to the rails believing it was the express which had passed. The witness stated that the sound of the phantom train had scarcely died away before the other arose, and he attributed his own escape to his amazement which caused him to stop and listen until it had passed." This phenomenon of the coming event



casting its shadow before it has some remarkable parallels in psychical records.

A lady correspondent at Richmond, Surrey, narrates an experience that occurred recently at a séance in her home. Her father, who sat with his eyes closed, asked the sitters to watch his face, the left side of which was quite indiscernible in the evening light (there was no artificial illuminant). Presently in the place of his left eye appeared an eye, large, deep blue, and soft in expression. It did not remain long, but while retaining its shape assumed more of a phosphorescent appearance, lighting up the whole of the darkened cheek. All the sitters witnessed this phenomenon and three of them meanwhile saw the face undergo changes of form in quick succession, some of the likenesses assumed being readily recognised. Our correspondent asks if any other readers of *LIGHT* have had similar experiences.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents, and frequently 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.

### Physical Deformities and Karma.

SIR,—The following solution is given by reincarnationists for an ill-formed or ill-shapen body. They say that either the Ego has misbehaved itself in a former incarnation, and is now reaping its Karma, or, literally, is being punished for the offences committed; or that it is possibly a young Ego taking its first incarnation, and therefore inexperienced in the arts and crafts of body-building. Its interior architectural mentality, lacking experience and exercise, produces a misshapen mechanism for itself. They also say that the savage races are young Egos experiencing their first or second incarnation in the earth, and for this reason are backward in civilisation and culture.

If this is so, how are we to account for the fact of there being so many among savage tribes gifted with a superb physique physically, indicating thereby that they must have a very superior mental architect within to have set them up so well? When the Somali people were in England some years ago, and were acting at the Crystal Palace grounds, I was much impressed by their lithe grace and agility. There was an ease, grace and rhythmic grandeur about their movements which filled me with a feeling of contempt for the ordinary Englishman, who in comparison was very stiff and mechanical in his movements, notwithstanding our superior civilisation.

How is this grace of movement and fine physique compatible with the idea that they are baby Egos, possessing an undeveloped architectural mentality within?—Yours, &c.,

F. V. H.

### Cromwell's Faith in the Unseen.

SIR,—Cromwell, in describing one of his minor successes against the Royalists in 1645 to the Committee of State, wrote: "I hope you will pardon me if I say God is not enough owned. We look too much to men and visible helps; this hath much hindered our success. But I hope God will direct all to acknowledge Him alone in all things." (Morley's "Cromwell.")

This is interesting in view of present events and the alleged psychical phenomena at the front; and is quite in line with what Miss Bates writes in her excellent letter concerning John Nicholson (p. 275). Cromwell even believed that God "put a cloud over the moon, thereby giving us opportunity to draw off those horse to the rest of the army" (Carlyle's "Life of Oliver Cromwell"). He was certainly fully justified, if there is any truth in pragmatism!—Yours, &c.,

A. K. VENNING.

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

LORD, we pray not for tranquillity, nor that our tribulations may cease; we pray for Thy spirit and Thy Love, that Thou grant us strength and grace to overcome adversity.—SAVANAROLA.

## SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, AUGUST 22nd, &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.—*Seimour Hall, Lower Seymour-street, W.*—Mr. E. Haviland's address on "Undeniable Evidence" was deeply interesting and instructive. Mr. W. T. Cooper presided. Sunday next, see advt. on front page.—D. N.

LONDON SPIRITUAL MISSION: 13B, *Pembroke Place, Baywater, W.*—Morning and evening, Mr. Horace Leaf delivered addresses and gave clairvoyant descriptions. For next week's services, see front page.

CHURCH OF HIGHER MYSTICISM: 22, *Princes-street, Cavendish-square, W.*—Mrs. Fairclough-Smith's inspirational address in the morning, on "Spiritual Gifts," was greatly enjoyed. At the evening service she related some of her remarkable psychic experiences. For Sunday next, see advt. on front page.

FOREST GATE, E. (FORMERLY STRATFORD).—EARLHAM HALL.—Mrs. Roberts' address, "Realisation," was much appreciated. Mr. Roberts gave some clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, Mrs. Podmore, address and clairvoyance.—W. H. S.

BRIGHTON.—WINDSOR HALL, WINDSOR-STREET, NORTH-STREET.—Mr. G. Prior gave interesting addresses. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mrs. Mary Gordon. Tuesday, at 3 and 8, Mrs. Curry, clairvoyance. Thursday, at 8, public meeting.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—Mr. Aaron Wilkinson gave excellent addresses and clairvoyance. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., addresses by Lyceumists, 3 p.m., Lyceum. Tuesday, 3 p.m., private interviews; public circle, 8 p.m.; also Wednesday, 3 p.m.

CROYDON.—GYMNASIUM HALL, HIGH-STREET.—The president delivered an address, "Is Warfare Murder?" and also gave clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11, service and circle; at 7, Mr. G. R. Symons. Thursdays, at 8, service and circle.

CLAPHAM.—HOWARD-STREET, WANDSWORTH-ROAD.—Mr. H. Wright gave an address and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., public circle; 7 p.m., Mrs. Webster, address and clairvoyance. Friday, at 8, public meeting. September 17th, auric readings by Mrs. Neville.—F. K.

WOOLWICH AND PLUMSTEAD.—Mrs. Podmore gave an address on "Hope," and clairvoyant descriptions. 18th, address by Mr. Moores; psychometry by Mrs. Peeling. Sunday next, 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7, Mr. Horace Leaf, address and clairvoyance. Wednesday, at 8, Mr. Wright, address and clairvoyance.

HACKNEY.—240A, AMHURST-ROAD, N.E.—Mrs. Sutton gave an address on "Life in the Spirit World" and excellent clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, 7 p.m., Mrs. Alice Jamrach, address and descriptions. Circles: Monday, 8 p.m., public; Tuesday, 7.15, healing; Thursday, 7.45, members only.—N. R.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL, LAUSANNE-ROAD.—Morning, Mrs. Turner gave an address; evening, Miss Violet Burton spoke under inspiration on "The Gift of Life." Sunday next, 11.30 a.m., Mr. Stott, address, and Mr. Abethell, auric readings. 7 p.m., usual service. September 2nd, 8.15, Mrs. Podmore. 5th, 7, Mrs. Miles Ord.—T. G. B.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—SURREY MASONIC HALL.—Morning, service conducted by the members; evening, inspiring address by Miss Graeter, clairvoyance by Mrs. Hadley. Sunday next, 11 a.m., Mr. Bailey, address, "What is the Use of Spiritualism?" Personal messages through Mrs. Ball; 6.30 p.m., Mr. G. T. Brown, address, "Well Armed."

BATTERSEA.—HENLEY HALL, HENLEY-STREET.—Morning, public circle, conducted by Mr. Ashley. Afternoon, Lyceum Session, conducted by Mr. P. Smythe. Evening, lecture, illustrated by charts, on "The Human Aura," by Mrs. Clara Irwin. Sunday next, 11.30, circle; 7, address, Miss Morris. Thursday, 8.30, address, clairvoyance, Mrs. Brownjohn. Friday, 8, séance, physical manifestations, Mr. C. A. M. Goodwin.

BRIXTON.—143A, STOCKWELL PARK-ROAD, S.W.—Mrs. Maunder gave an address, followed by clairvoyance. The spirit names of Victor and Truth were bestowed upon the infants of Mrs. Macroe and Mrs. Roper by Miss Nuthall. Sunday next, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7, Mrs. Neville, address and clairvoyance. September 5th, Mrs. Clempson. Circles: Monday, 7.30, ladies; Tuesday, 8, members; Thursday, 8.15, public.—H. W. N.

STRATFORD.—IDMISTON-ROAD, FOREST-LANE.—Afternoon, Lyceum, conducted by Mr. Tae; evening, Mr. Hayward, address on "Our Church," followed by well-recognised clairvoyance by Mrs. Hayward. 19th, Mr. Hurrell, address and psychometry. This was Mr. Hurrell's second "platform," and he made a very good impression. Sunday next, 3 p.m., Lyceum, open session; 7, Mr. MacIntosh. September 2nd, Mrs. Orłowski. 5th, Mr. and Mrs. Hayward. 12th, Mrs. Maunder.—A. T. Q.



TOTTENHAM.—684, HIGH ROAD.—In the unavoidable absence of Mr. Huxley, Miss Morris gave an address on "Life's Realities."  
FULHAM.—12, LETTICE-STREET, MUNSTER-ROAD.—Mrs. Mary Gordon gave an address on "The Life Everlasting"; also clairvoyance.—V. M. S.

EXETER.—MARLBOROUGH HALL.—Addresses by Mrs. Letheren and Mr. Elvin Frankish. Clairvoyant descriptions by Mrs. Letheren.—E. F.

SOUTHAMPTON SPIRITUALIST CHURCH, CAVENDISH GROVE.—Address by Mr. F. Pearce; soloist, Miss L. Terry. 19th, address by Mr. F. T. Blake.

PORTSMOUTH.—54, COMMERCIAL-ROAD.—Mrs. Mitchell gave an address on "Like Builds Like." Master Donohue presided and gave clairvoyant descriptions.—J. W. M.

BOURNEMOUTH.—WILBERFORCE HALL, HOLDENHURST-ROAD. Addresses and answers to questions by Mr. W. H. Evans. 19th, lecture on "Healing" by Mr. Lonsdale.

SOUTHPORT.—HAWKSHEAD HALL.—Mrs. S. Hope spoke on "Reminiscences" and gave clairvoyant descriptions. Mr. Beardsworth, the president, read a paper on "The Mystery of Destiny."—E. B.

READING.—SPIRITUAL MISSION, BLAGRAVE-STREET.—Mr. Percy Street gave addresses on "The Great Silence" and "What it Means to Love our Enemies." Monday, address by Mr. Churn, clairvoyance by Mrs. Street.—C. S.

STONEHOUSE, PLYMOUTH.—UNITY HALL, EDGUMBE-STREET.—Mrs. Gale gave an address on "Faith"; clairvoyant descriptions by Mrs. Short; soloist, Mrs. Endicott. The meeting was conducted by Mrs. Easterbrook.—E. E.

PAIGNTON.—Afternoon and evening, Mr. Powell, of Merthyr, gave interesting addresses on "What is Spiritualism?" and "Some Objections Answered," followed by striking clairvoyant descriptions.

TORQUAY.—Mr. E. R. Williams gave an inspirational address on "God and Man," followed by clairvoyant descriptions and messages by Mrs. Thistleton. 19th, public service, with addresses and clairvoyance.—R. T.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HAMPTON WICK.—In the morning Mrs. A. Jamrach delivered an address on "Death and the Resurrection," followed by clairvoyant descriptions, and in the afternoon gave a very successful séance.—M. W.

PORTSMOUTH TEMPLE.—VICTORIA-ROAD SOUTH.—Mr. Geo. Tayler Gwinn gave addresses on "Man's Responsibilities" and "The Judgment"; Miss Hilda Jerome gave clairvoyant descriptions. 18th, concert in aid of church debt.—J. McF.

BIRMINGHAM.—PRINCE OF WALES ASSEMBLY ROOMS, BROAD-STREET.—Morning, public circle; evening, address by Miss Coleman on "Here and Hereafter." Clairvoyance was given also at after-circle. 23rd, Mrs. Inkpen officiated at the two meetings. Good attendances throughout week-end.—T. A.

MANOR PARK, E.—THIRD AVENUE, CHURCH-ROAD.—Morning, healing service; afternoon, Lyceum; evening, address, "Is Life Worth Living?" also descriptions and messages by Mrs. Neville. 16th, ladies' meeting, address and clairvoyance by Mrs. Maunder. 18th, Mrs. Jamrach answered questions, followed by descriptions and messages.—E. M.

CONCERT AT PORTSMOUTH.—A vocal and instrumental concert in aid of the church debt in connection with the Portsmouth Temple of Spiritualism was held on the 18th inst., Mrs. Harding being entirely responsible for the arrangements. The chief contributors were as follows: The Bijou Orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. Brooks; Mrs. Simpson, Miss Winnie Charles, and Mr. Wheeler, vocal soloists; Mr. F. Horwill, comedian; Miss E. Solomon, elocutionist; pianoforte, Misses Harding and S. Solomon. The piano was kindly lent by Messrs. Godfrey and Co., Southsea. An appeal for collections resulted in a good response.—J. McFARLANE.

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