

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.

A clerical correspondent writes:—

In *LIGHT* (p. 198) Mr. Kitson quotes Bishop Hutchinson's opinion that Exodus xxii., 18, Deuteronomy xviii., 10, 11 and Leviticus xx., 27 are interpolations foisted into the Authorised Version at the instance of James I. I am not sure that the Bishop is right, for (1) the passages are all three retained by the Revisers of 1881, and (2) they are in the Septuagint. There may be some explanation which would verify the Bishop's assertion. If so it would be interesting to have it.

Some of our readers learned in Biblical exegesis may be able to settle the point. It presented the same difficulty to us when we read Mr. Kitson's article, without the opportunity to refer to the book from which he quotes. The point, however, is really not an important one as regards the general argument. In his edition of "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World" Mr. "Angus McArthur" deals with the subject fully in his Notes to the volume. Of Biblical prohibitions of spirit intercourse he observes first that in allusions to "familiar spirits" the manifestations are treated as realities, so that those who deny the reality of spirit intercourse, arguing that it is no better than delusion or fraud, "are absolutely put out of court so far as the Bible is concerned." He proceeds next to show that these prohibitions of dealing with familiar spirits must refer, and can only refer, to dealing with bad as distinguished from good intelligences.

* * *

Pursuing this argument, Mr. "McArthur" points to the numerous cases of spirit intercourse recorded in the Old Testament, and remarks that unless we admit that only evil forms of spirit intercourse were prohibited—

we shall find ourselves in the difficult position of having to acknowledge that the great men of the Old Testament themselves habitually disregarded the very injunctions which they claimed to be commissioned to convey to the Jewish people,

and he refers to the examples recorded in the lives of David, Solomon and Daniel. Mr. "McArthur" afterwards adopts the argument *a fortiori*. When, says he, these supposed prohibitions are urged against us, "it should be sufficient to ask the objector if he is himself an observer of the law whose precepts he is so anxious to preserve from breach by us." Does he observe the seventh day, instead of the first (Sunday)? Does he keep the three feasts in the year, offer incense at morn and even, eschew jugged hare and boiled ham and refrain from garments of mingled linen and woollen texture? In the end, of course, the objector is reduced to the position usually occupied by those who tie themselves down to ancient codes and traditions and attempt with these to contest the ground against the latest unfoldings of reason, judgment and experience.

In studying subconscious phenomena investigators often handicap themselves by adopting methods that are quite unsuitable to the inquiry. They are so accustomed to work under clearly defined conditions in physical research that they are embarrassed and suspicious when they have to deal with manifestations that do not conform to known laws and are spontaneous in their occurrence. The subconscious activity of the mind is now generally accepted by psychologists, and its phenomena are no longer referred to the domain of hysteria or hallucination. There is good reason to suppose that it is the source of all supernormal faculty and the connecting link between incarnate and discarnate minds. It inspires the best work of writers, musicians and painters, it becomes a curative force of great power in the hands of the alienist, and is a predominating element in all persons of marked individuality. Judged by its spontaneous action alone the conclusion seems warranted that the subjective mind, untrammelled by objective limitations, is able to increase in a remarkable degree the mental and bodily powers, to influence or modify the laws governing matter, and to perceive and assimilate knowledge which ordinarily has to be obtained by a slow and laborious process of induction. A possible instance of subliminal sympathy and understanding is the peculiar power possessed by idiots and other mentally afflicted persons to tame and subdue wild animals. Their immunity from harm, even where ferocious beasts are concerned, has been frequently observed.

* * *

Mr. Hilary Severn, joint author with Doris Severn of "The Next Room," writes:—

Clairaudience and clairvoyance are faculties inherent in all men, latent in some and varying in degree of manifestation in others. But, like all other faculties, they must be used with judgment and common sense. They are manifested at all ages from childhood onwards, and may increase, decrease or again become latent. Continuing with us in the next life, they serve as one of the means of communication between the two states. There is nothing more mysterious or wicked (as some think) in them than in any other faculty. They are not a special gift to individuals, nor would they be thought so if they were developed as generally as those with which we are familiar. In Biblical times they were accepted as a matter of course, and in Anglo-Saxon literature instances of the exercise of these faculties are recorded without special comment. It is the growing materialism of the last three or four hundred years which has classed them with lunacy or the powers of evil. It may be on that account that their latency has been increased, and it may be that with the present day of growing Spiritualism there will be a reawakening. One thing is certain: every faculty which we possess is God's gift, and, as such, we have the right to make the fullest use of it.

HYPNOTIC CURES.—Discussing cures by hypnotic suggestion at a meeting of the Psycho-Therapeutic Society on the 23rd ult., Mr. Robert Allen said that faith was not necessary in the subject, but it was a prime necessity in the operator. Among his cures were some he had not before felt capable of performing, but he had felt that he was entirely ignorant of the limitations of the science, and had accordingly been daring. He had taught a lazy but clever school-boy to take an interest in arithmetic, but the suggestion lasted only three weeks. He had cured a lady of the habit of cigarette smoking, and another of excessive tea drinking.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. MARY GORDON.

Mrs. Mary Gordon, the present secretary of the Union of London Spiritualists, is not only an excellent clairvoyante and psychometrist, but a ready and able speaker. Her gift of clairvoyance—which she exercises under normal conditions—must have been with her all her life, for she recalls that almost as long back as her memory extends she has had dreams and visions, and seen colours which do not belong to the ordinary range of physical vision, with the result—usual in such cases—that she was always regarded as an odd child whom nobody could understand.

In the recent chat I had with her I learned that, though of Scotch descent (her grandparents hailed from north of the Tweed), Mrs. Gordon was born in Kensington. What seemed to her to be the starting point in her life—she attributed it to spirit influence—was the very early interest she felt in religion. At eleven years of age she was taking an infant class in the Sunday school, and her participation in this form of work continued off and on till she had nearly attained her thirtieth year. Indeed, before she became a Spiritualist she had been associated with all kinds of movements. Beginning in the Church of England, her religious activities soon took an undenominational character, and she found herself engaged in slum work, helping in the open-air services of the Children's Special Service Mission at the seaside, &c. Next she joined the Congregational body, and became a member of the Pentecostal League—"a fine movement, often attended with marvellous spiritual experiences"—and of the Christian Endeavour Society. But all these things left her with an unsatisfied longing. Then came her introduction to Spiritualism. Her entrance into the movement was entirely independent of her own volition. At her first visit to a Spiritualist hall she had a wonderful description given her through a medium, which covered the main points of her life. The spirit foretold among other things that she would become an active worker for Spiritualism—a prediction which had certainly been fulfilled. She had now been a worker in the movement for about eleven years (she had previously been a platform speaker for thirteen years), and, strangely enough, she began, it might be said, at the top by being appointed president of a society.

Though, as already stated, she had been accustomed from childhood to having visions, the reality of the clairvoyant faculty, either in herself or others, was a thing of which she was for long uncertain. Conviction was finally brought home to her in a very remarkable way—through the agency of her own child. It was at a time when she was in poor health, and the spirit of an African healer had been described to her as being in attendance on her to magnetise her. She discredited the statement till one day when baby astonished her mother by insisting that there was a "black man" behind her, and manifesting a very strong objection to his presence!

In witnessing physical manifestations Mrs. Gordon is conscious of any undesirable element by a strange odour. The sense of smell which enables her to detect this odour must, she believes, be purely psychic as her physical sense of smell is practically non-existent.

Of the success and value of her work Mrs. Gordon preferred to leave others to speak, but she had some very decided views to express regarding the present position of mediumship, its claims and duties. With regard to the education of mediums and speakers, this had been no doubt much neglected in the past, but she thought the pendulum was now too much inclined to swing the other way. She had heard very well educated people talk absolute nonsense, though the smooth polish of their style and its freedom from slips in grammar or pronunciation made it sound like sense. She disapproved strongly of the tendency of some mediums to claim that they were the mouth-pieces of some of the past great ones of the earth. Decent mediums would always carefully avoid mentioning great names as their inspirers. Whatever their own conviction might be as to the personality of their spirit control, it was far better to let the value of the message speak for itself than to endeavour to give it additional authority by attributing it to some great writer, teacher, or leader of men in the past.

D. R.

TELEPATHY FROM THE DYING.

In an arresting article in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of June 17th, called forth by a review in its columns of her latest novel "Do the Dead Know?" Miss Annesley Kenealy writes:—

It has been established beyond a doubt that before and during the sundering of soul and body flash-messages can, and do, pass between the dying and the living. In the tenderness born of love there arises an urge to convey a message of hope and comfort to those who are left behind, an urge so poignant as to create a medium for mental telepathy. Such messages have come to me with an impression vivid as lightning.

Walking one winter afternoon in Sloane-street, I suddenly heard the voice of a man I was shortly to marry.

He said distinctly "Good-bye,——" (using a name known only to ourselves). "It's all over between us." I turned. "But why?" I asked aloud. Then, seeing nobody, I knew the relentless thing that had happened. "Where are you?" I cried in distress. The answer came, laboured and breathless. "At the — Hotel, Liverpool," an hotel I had never before heard of.

The impression of calamity was so strong upon me that I telegraphed to his family asking his address. The reply came that he had been called on business to Liverpool, and was in the very hotel his voice had named.

Next day news reached me of his sudden death at the very moment he had spoken to me in Sloane-street. A part-finished letter to me, the ink still wet upon it, was found beside him. He had just had time to ring his bell, ask for and obtain a doctor. Feeling the hand of death upon him his thoughts had flashed to me.

For a long time afterwards he was with me constantly. But of so tender and beautiful a miracle as this I am unable to write.

The death of another friend with whom I had always been in telepathic communication was conveyed to me almost as dramatically. He had undergone a slight operation. Nobody had dreamed that the consequences could be serious—or that there were likely to be any consequences. But at three one morning I woke with a strong conviction that he was dead. And it was so. He passed at the very hour that a vivid impression of his death had roused me from sleep. Honourable beyond the grave, I was deeply distressed for many months after by his incessant efforts to explain why a promise he had made me had not been fulfilled.

But, further than these flash-messages, though Death hides his secrets well, some persons who are sensitive to psychic influences may, and do, receive glimpses of a world that is not our actual and visible world, and are able thus to bridge the aching distance between themselves and those who have passed.

A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF JULY 3RD, 1886.)

HEALING AT A DISTANCE.— . . . At the suggestion of a friend in New Zealand, I consulted Mr. J. W. Singleton, of East Melbourne, concerning a member of the family in New Zealand, who was suffering from lumbago. That gentleman (Mr. S.) furnished me with a piece of flannel which he had magnetised, and directions how to apply it. I simply carried this over to the General Post Office, City of South Melbourne, and posted it, without opening it or touching it. Mr. Brewster (a gentleman to whom I mentioned what I had done) expressed his conviction that it would cure the sufferer, but added it would be through the action of his imagination, and not through the action of the magnetism of Mr. Singleton. The cure was complete. . . . The publicity of such facts may, and must, subserve the cause of science: for I beg to differ with my prognosticating friend (Mr. Brewster), and I think the cure was wrought by the action of Mr. Singleton's peculiar magnetism, and not by the force only of the New Zealand gentleman's imagination.

—From a letter by MR. R. CALDECOTT, of Port Melbourne.

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A JOURNALIST'S PROPHETIC DREAM.

The subject of dreams and prophecy receives a specially vivid illustration in an article which originally appeared in "Puck"—an extinct London weekly—of January 4th, 1890, in which Edgar Lee, a journalist of note in his day, and whose name is still a well-remembered one, tells the story of an extraordinary prophetic dream, one of several which came to him.

Edgar Lee prefaces his story with the statement that he would never have written it if he had not been urged to do so by his friends, since the subject was a sacred one to him, and to tell it only a week after the verification of the dream made it a pain. But he adds that it is a narration of facts so remarkable in character that no one who reads them is likely to have heard their equal either in the realm of fiction or the beaten track of life.

He then tells how in the summer of 1884 he was living at Nunhead, within a short distance of the great cemetery there, and was in the habit of going to town every day.

On arriving home one night, thoroughly tired out, he found, much to his annoyance, a letter from the proprietor of a weekly paper which he edited, telling him that a certain article they had discussed a fortnight before must appear in the current week's issue. That meant that the article had to be written there and then, and, weary as he was, Edgar Lee sat down to his inevitable task. Before commencing he lighted his briar, and after puffing away for a few seconds, "dazed and stupid and sleepy, dozed off."

It seemed to him in his dream that he heard a tapping at his window pane, and the sound of steps outside, whereupon he rose and opened the door to find Arthur Sutton, then well-known as a journalist and poet, standing in the moonlight outside. After the usual greetings, Sutton explained the lateness of his call by saying that he was troubled with insomnia, so he had started for a long walk in order to tire himself out (he lived within a short distance of the British Museum, so the walk had been a fairly long one). The two friends sat and smoked for a time, and then at the suggestion of Sutton they left the house for a neighbouring hostelry, where they remained for a time chatting on literary matters and newspaper work.

The story continues:—

When we emerged into the bright moonlight, Sutton put his arm in mine and said:—

"I am going to make a strange request. Will you come and take a peep into the cemetery?"

"But why?" said I. "In the first place, it is not on your way back to town; in the second, it's a trifle uncanny, and in —"

"Surely you're not afraid?"

"No, I'm not afraid; but it's a curious whim."

"Listen," said he, impressively; "I have a particular reason for wishing to see the inside of that cemetery to-night."

"Very well," I rejoined, "if you wish it I'll accompany you, as it will only take a few minutes; but I must say it's not much to my taste."

We passed up by the corner of Brown's Cricket Field to the railinged wall of the cemetery, and walked on and on until we arrived almost at the very end—that is to say, where the wall turns to form the other side of the Macpelah.

"My dear Sutton," I said, "I'm past the age of moonlight strolls. Let's get back."

"Presently," he replied; "but I want you to come inside here first with me. I have something to show you that you will never forget."

His manner was singularly emphatic and imperative, too, and the next moment he called my attention to a rickety railing which, on moving aside, left room for a good-sized man to push through.

"Get over," said he, and mechanically I obeyed him, but I remember, as well as though it were yesterday, how I shuddered at the sudden thought struck me that he had possibly lost his senses, and had for some inexplicable reason inveigled me with a madman's cunning to this lonely spot to murder me.

"What is your game?" I asked.

"Simply this: I know you are fond of the marvellous—read that headstone over there."

I did so, and found my own name, the date of my birth, and the date of my death, with this curious shortcoming—that moss and green mould had covered the last figure of the year, which was, as well as I could make out, 1907 or 1909.

"Well," I said, "I seem to have a fairly good innings."

"Yes, you have not much to complain of. Now come and look at mine."

As we wended our way among the graves I began to feel very puzzled at the entire thing. At last we came to an open grave, by the side of which was a headstone lying face downward on the heaped-up soft clay.

"Mine," he observed with a smile.

"Help me to turn the stone over," said I; and with our united efforts this was soon done.

There, sure enough, was his name, the date of his birth, and that of his death, only that it seemed much fresher, as though newly painted.

"April, 1887," said I. "By Jove, Sutton, you haven't much time before you."

"What is the day in April?" said he.

I stooped down to clear off the clay which covered the date, and as I did so I woke to find myself in my armchair, pen, ink and paper before me, just as I had sat down to write my article.

My pipe had dropped out of my mouth, and with that exception everything was precisely as it had been before I went to sleep. I re-lit my pipe and looked at my watch. It was only two minutes past twelve.

This I could not believe; and remembering that just before I dozed off I heard the kitchen clock strike twelve I went out to examine that ancient horloge.

I had been asleep rather less than two minutes!

I told this story to a good many men in Fleet-street at the time, and, among others, to Sutton himself, who was highly amused at it; but when I heard about a month ago that he had taken to his bed, and that the doctor shook his head over the case, the whole force and recollection of my extraordinary dream came crowding back on me, and I went to see him.

I found him wasted to a shadow. His sisters had come up from the country to nurse him, but they, as well as I, could see there was very little hope.

I was naturally careful, when with him, to make no allusion to my dream in any way, lest it might unstring his nerves, now debilitated by a long illness; but on April 11th I sat by his bedside for a short ten minutes, trying to cheer him by recounting some journalistic anecdotes, which form of gossip he delighted in, and as I rose to go he took my hand in his and said very calmly and solemnly:—

"April, 1887."

"Yes," I said; "I know what you mean."

"You never saw the date, did you?" he asked quietly.

"No."

His head sank again on his pillow; and as he died on the 15th I had no opportunity of seeing him again.

Now comes probably the most remarkable part of this singular dream.

His friends, to whom not a word of my dream had to my knowledge ever been breathed, decided to bury him in Nunhead Cemetery on Primrose Day, and I, in common with three or four old friends, went down to the funeral by train from Victoria. On the way down I told this story, much as I have told it here, and I also told them that although I had never been inside Nunhead Cemetery in the flesh, in my life, having shared with Sutton a strange repugnance for the place, such as I have never felt for any other mortal repository, yet I had several times after my dream passed outside the cemetery wall and seen the spot where the ghostly incident took place.

"Could you point it out?" said one of my companions. "This seems a tremendous cemetery, and if you could absolutely point to the very place where poor Sutton will be laid, your dream will be singularly corroborated."

We reached the brow of the hill leading to the church, and I looked round over the enormous expanse of graves. At last, far down in the angle of the cemetery, I saw the place, and unhesitatingly said, "He will be buried yonder—this side of the railings."

Twenty minutes after we stood round the graveside and saw him lowered to his final rest in the identical spot I had pointed out to my friends, who are residents in London, and who will, I feel sure, be able to attest the truth of what I have here set on record.

Edgar Lee himself passed away on December 14th, 1908.

THERE needs but little to encourage beauty in the soul, but little to awaken the slumbering angels.—MAETERLINCK.

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THE PROBLEM OF GREAT NAMES.

The fact that spirit intercourse is proved beyond all cavil (if we except the objections of those who are quite ignorant of the subject) does not do away with the existence of many problems which arise quite naturally out of the conditions of communication. This matter of what an old Spiritualist called the "plague of great names" is one of them. In "Christmas Stories," Dickens, who showed an intelligent interest in narratives of the supernatural, devotes a page or two (in "The Haunted House") to some pleasant satire of the Spiritualist of the credulous type who believes himself, on the scantiest evidence, to hold communication with the great spirits of the past (Socrates, Galileo, Pythagoras and the rest). It is a chapter we have heard quoted with amusement by some veteran Spiritualists who found nothing offensive in Dickens's sarcasm and could laugh with him. None the less it is a question which some intelligent inquirers have found a baffling and uncomfortable one. The sensible course naturally is, when a thoroughly reliable communication has been set up with some spirit who in his earth-life figured largely in the world's eye, to question him on the subject. This has been done in several instances—in one especial case by the family of the great man. He was amused when he learned that within a short time after his departure thousands of alleged messages from him had been received by mediums in all parts of the world. Of the great bulk of them he had no knowledge whatever. But he offered a suggestive explanation. The vibrations of his thought and mentality (which was a powerful one) had doubtless found responsive echoes in innumerable minds unknown to him and in responsive natures these had taken concrete forms. But this takes us into the deeper realms of psychology—the flux and reflux of telepathic waves of which at present we know little—and we can in this place only take a glancing interest in that phase of the matter.

The question how far we can accept the messages purporting to be received (often in what appear to be most unlikely quarters) from those who on earth bore world-known names is easily answered. Only where they are strictly evidential. In all other cases the wisest attitude is that of suspended judgment. None the less there is a great deal of prejudice and prepossession to be got rid of. The conditions of the next life bring into operation a principle of which here we know but little—spiritual affinity. A really great soul—known on earth as such—may find opportunities of friendship and ministry amongst those

who in this world occupy but lowly places, but who may yet be spiritually akin to the greatest. The old limitations of place and wealth and power are effectually broken down in the supermundane world. So we must tread warily. And yet if we found some person of mediocre mind and soul boasting of his friendship with Shakespeare or Plato we might justly question the claim on the ground of the obvious disparity of spiritual relationship. The spiritually enlightened, however humbly circumstanced in the flesh, do not, as a rule, boast of their friendships with the famous minds of the past. Their natural modesty would lead them to keep these things in their hearts and even perhaps secretly to doubt whether they might not be self-deceived in the idea of being honoured by the attentions of exalted souls beyond the grave. They would not hold such experiences so cheap as to prattle about them to all and sundry.

No doubt the departure from earth of some great man or woman—whose career was watched by millions with sympathy and admiration—has an immense effect on the psychic side of things. The minds of sensitives all over the world respond to the event, and in some cases, as we know by experience, the resulting phenomena have a distinctly evidential value. Clairvoyants will know of the passing before the news can reach them by any physical means. Where their lucidity of vision is high they will see the famous person and the circumstances of his or her transition, even though thousands of miles from the spot and with no apparent personal link to account for the fact. The records of the best clairvoyants are full of such things. On the other hand, there are many people who are easily "suggested" or psychologised by names and events, and who will bring forth from their imaginations stories of supernatural manifestations or messages, honestly believing them to be true, and quite indifferent to any consideration of evidence. We have reason to believe that there are many entirely genuine cases of communications from the world's great dead. They will bear critical examination, but those who receive them are tremendously handicapped by the state of prejudice set up in the public mind by multitudes of rubbishy "messages" given out as being derived from the same sources.

It is a large and difficult question. So many considerations come in. Ought Shakespeare always to talk as he wrote? We have no knowledge of the style and quality of his conversation when he was not writing his plays and poems or indulging in witty disputations with Ben Jonson at the Mermaid Tavern. A lady who visited Tennyson a few years before his death, and who expected to hear pearls of poetry fall from his lips, complained afterwards with pardonable bitterness that during the whole period of her visit he talked about nothing but his rheumatics! If she had spoken with him as a spirit at a séance and had related a story of similar banal utterances who would have believed her?

Clearly our ideas on these matters need revision. We have still an immense amount to learn concerning other-world modes and standards. We may be too critical and erect mental barriers that will shut out not only illusion but reality. Probably we should do well to get rid of undue reliance on the purely personal side of the matter. In the world's history fools have at times uttered things divinely wise, and wise men have spoken many vain words. If a thing said or done is true and useful, then it is not a matter of the first importance by whom it was done or said. Some of the finest things we know in the literature of spirit communications emanated from those whose name and fame on earth were utterly unknown to us, and we observed many times that they were entirely unconcerned on the point, having outgrown all ideas of self-glorification. But

we shudder to think how many reams of dismal nonsense have been paraded as psychic script by those who seemed to think that the addition of a great name to rigmarole lent it in some mysterious way extreme value and importance. When we cease to think of men and their messages as "great" except from the standpoint of their spiritual quality and life-values we shall have gone far to solve the problem presented by this question of "great names."

THE SOUL: ITS NATURE AND POWERS.

BY LEWIS FIRTH.

"There lives and works
A Soul in all things, and that Soul is God."

—COWPER.

If there is a term which bears many interpretations, giving rise to varied and oftentimes confusing implications, it is this word soul. Emerson speaks of the Over-Soul, which, individuating in man, forms the background of his being, the indwelling God, the Christos that is yet to be. The Hebrew poet, in his theory of creation, states "that God breathed into man the breath of life, and he became a living soul." The quotation at the head of this essay from Cowper is the immanentists' doctrine of the indwelling God. He is the soul and indwells everything. Shelley speaks of the

"Spirit of Nature! thou
Life of interminable multitudes;
Soul of those mighty spheres."

In these lines, "Spirit, Soul and Life" imply one and the same thing, and are used interchangeably. One could collect an immense body of verse from poets, all more or less expressing the same idea, differing only in metaphor, symbol, and allegory. Let me quote one more stanza, this time from Coleridge:—

"And what if all of animated Nature
Be but organic harps divinely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the soul of each, and God of all."

The soul in this verse is the incarnate God, the life of all being, of every flower, and perhaps the rock and crystal, and good brown earth; why not?

I think we may take it for granted that the poet and the theologian, when they speak of the soul, obviously mean the God who is immanent in all things, but who in humanity has awakened to self-consciousness, perhaps God-consciousness, and knows his relationship to the transcendent Spirit.

Such a thought is beautiful, logical, and in accord with the nature of things. This conception has satisfied the religious world for ages, and so long as man remained without the semblance of a science of spiritual psychology, it would no doubt have continued in use. Within the last half-century, however, we have accumulated an enormous body of facts associated with man's psychical life, which necessitates a complete revision of the term soul.

For instance, it may sound strange to many to be told that indwelling the interstices of their physical body is a finer body, which under certain conditions can withdraw and manifest its presence to friends at great distances. To explain satisfactorily the phenomena of the séance-room, or the sporadic happenings in all parts of the world, designated hauntings and ghosts, we have resorted to the conception that man is a tripartite being—body, soul and spirit.

The spirit is the self-conscious Ego, a son and daughter unit of the infinite Spirit, apparently separate and distinct, like children from their earthly parents, yet eternally one with it.

The soul is the body, garment, or vehicle of the individuated spirit. If this conception be in accord with the facts of the spirit body, then we may rightly say that man is a duality—body and spirit. This is the conception which was held by the late Hudson Tuttle.

The spirit, in its desire for expression and in its descent or passage from the inner to the outer plane of matter, draws

around the nucleus grade after grade of substance, in all probability an infinite gradation.

On its inner side the substance may be so attenuated that we may liken it to the substance of thought, which I shall term consciousness. On its outer, external aspect, it is the familiar physical garment.

As the spirit climbs the ascending arc, it dies upon one plane, i.e., leaves that portion of its body which was collected in its descent into matter, and is born into a new life, which bears an analogous relationship to the finer body now worn, as the denser form did to the matter of the plane below.

Death on this hypothesis is nothing more nor less than leaving behind a portion of the spirit's complex garment, to don the robes of a new birth; analogous to the act of a man who, on returning from his daily toil, rids himself of garments that have become saturated with the atmosphere of the factory, stores or office, and dons raiment suitable to the atmosphere of his home life.

And just as we possess the power to change our clothes at will, taking them off and putting them on at our own pleasure, so there are highly developed spirits still in the flesh who can at will quit and return to their physical bodies.

And just as the image is potential within the chrysalis, so within the soul of man is substance of every grade, relating him to every plane of the universe—seen and unseen.

Man's physical body is in all probability the densest of all his vehicles. Within the physical form exists a finer body which, it appears to me, is necessary on all planes, to act as a bridge for the thoughts and life forces to pass over from the spirit, to enable it to receive experiences and express its individuality.

The conception has been breathed into me intuitively that whatever plane a man is born into, the body which relates him to that particular sphere still contains within the form a finer vehicle, which relates him to still higher planes of life, and that at death he sloughs off the outer veil and dons the robes of a finer body.

This body within the outer form is the bridge over which pass the physical, chemical and nervous activities of the physical form, which in a mysterious and so far unexplained manner are translated by the spirit into the consciousness of sound, taste, smell, colour, form and feeling. Colour is a distinct phenomenon of the soul and not the body. It is a distinct creation of the spirit within its own workshop from the materials conveyed by the five or more sense-avenues of the physical body.

Melody, imagination, thought, will, conception, visions, emotions, and in fact the whole knowledge of the external world, in the last analysis, do not belong to the outer body, but to its centre of activity, the soul.

Every phase of mediumship depends upon the power of the soul to link up the evidence obtained in interior states and bridge the hiatus dividing the invisible from the visible. The person whose body can respond readily to the higher promptings of the soul, we call a psychically susceptible individual.

The evidence for the existence of the soul is overwhelming. In the phenomena of trance possession, hypnotism, materialisations, psychic photography and clairvoyance, we are able to observe a little of its mysterious powers. In "Phantasms of the Living," by Messrs. Gurney, Myers and Podmore, we find a mass of well-attested and carefully sifted evidence for the possession of a body which under certain conditions can leave the physical body, travel hundreds of miles, and be objectively perceived by friends who recognised the form.

There are persons who have left on record the fact that while they have been under an anæsthetic, given to enable them to undergo an operation, and when the physical body has been unresponsive to everything around, the soul has withdrawn from the body—if ever it was within—and watched the surgeon perform the operation, so that when normal consciousness was regained it could offer evidence for every detail that had transpired.

The soul, like the human body, is an impermanent structure. Both are utilised by the Ego for purposes of growth; and just as we board a tramcar, train or aeroplane for purposes

of locomotion, so the spirit utilises the soul for rapid transit, by transforming energy into motion at the incredible speed of thought.

The soul responds much more quickly to thought than does the human body. The pure white light of the spirit is refracted by the soul and can be discerned by the clairvoyant as an ever-changing atmosphere of colours. They correspond to the quality of desire, feeling and thought engendered. Let us so order our lives that daily we shall commune with the highest thought, so that the light of our souls shall illumine the dark places of the earth. On the Mount of Transfiguration the plainest face may shine with the light of the divine—the inborn Christos.

YVONNE: A HUMAN DOCUMENT.

BY THE REV. G. VALE OWEN.

[We print the account which follows because of its interest and pathos: the facts have yet to be verified.—ED.]

During the early days of October last I had a strong impression that someone wished to speak to me from the Other Side. I therefore took a card on which were marked the letters of the alphabet, &c., in squares, and a planchette. The result was as follows in abbreviated form. My remarks and notes are placed in brackets. Where the movement betrays eagerness on the part of the communicator the words are printed in capitals:—

October 16th, 10.15 a.m.—Very glad to come here. (Name, please.) (Note.—Difficulty.) (Man?) No. (Woman?) No. (Boy?) No. (Girl?) Yes. (How old?) Nine. (What country when in earth life?) France. (Did you go over before the war?) No. (During the war?) Yes. (Name?) (Note.—After much trouble.) Vronne Regjuege. (Who is helping her?) G. Hame. (Is this a little girl you knew in France?) Yes.

6.5 p.m.—(Name, please?) Vac Yun. (What nation?) German. (A soldier?) Yes. (Killed in the war?) Yes. (At what place?) Verdun. Punish England. (Note.—I explained matters from my point of view and he seemed to hesitate as if it were new to him. Who brought you?) G. Hame. (Are you here, George?) Yes. (Is it you who are bringing all these people to me?) Yes (written quickly and eagerly). (You are putting me in for a nice thing, aren't you, young man?) (Written in like eager manner, as if enjoying it.) Yes. (Good night, my lad.) Good night.

October 18th, 11.30 a.m.—(Note.—The little girl came again. She evidently could not master the method of communication, and I fancied she felt it a difficulty that she was talking to one who did not know her language, and who spoke to her in English. She was plainly ill at ease because she could not get her name through correctly, and tried repeatedly, but could only manage the following). Vronne Gilbrou Wayte.

6.15 p.m.—(Vronne?) Yes. (Are you trying to give your second name?) Yes. (Well?) Onu Voix. Pou vous. Good-night. (Ask George Hame to speak to me.) Voix. (Is that you, George?) Yes. (Is that the little girl's name?) Yes. (Voix?) Yes.

October 20th, 6.30 to 7.10 p.m.—(Note.—I have preserved the spelling, or rather mis-spelling, where it occurs: "Jermans," "urlans.") Vronne Voix. (Are you happy now, Vronne?) Yes. (Then why do you come to me?) Wicked Jermans uhlands killed—(Whom did they kill?) Voix. (Do you mean your father?) Yes. (Were you there when they killed him?) Yes. (Have you seen father since you passed over?) No. (Is that why you have come to me—that I should find him for you?) YES. (How shall I find him for you, dear?) PRAY. (Who told you to ask me to pray for this?) Hame. (Yes, I will pray that you may find father. Is that what you want?) YES. (How did you die, little girl?) Urlans killed me. (What is the name of the town where they killed you?) Verdun. (But the Germans haven't been to Verdun.) Yes! (Did you live in Verdun?) Yes. (Were you killed inside the town?) Yes. (Can you see the picture of the Saviour hanging up over there, dear?) Yes. (Come and kneel before it and pray with me, will you?) Yes.

October 21st, 1915, 11.40 to 11.55 a.m.—Fiddle-player. Killed. Verdun. Voix wrote that. (Are you the father of Vronne?) Yes. (Do you know she has been here?) No. (She is looking for you and can't find you. Have you seen her?) No. (Can't find her?) No. (Can I help you?) Yes. (How

can I help you?) Pray. (Were you a fiddle-player, and killed in Verdun?) Is that it?) Yes. (Do you see that picture of the Saviour over there?) (No response.) (Did you worship Him in the earth life?) No. (Were you not a Catholic?) No. (What were you?) (Pointer moved to a blank space.) (Do you mean you were nothing in particular?) Yes. Robbed in words. (I don't quite understand. Do you mean you cannot write very well in English?) Yes. (Well, you didn't go to Mass, I suppose, did you?) No. (After further conversation I asked him if he would kneel and pray, and he answered eagerly, "Yes.")

6.25 to 7 p.m.—(Vronne, are you here?) (Pause.) Yes. (Have you found father?) No. (He was here this morning. Did you know?) No. (Say to me what you said last night, dear.) Pour vous. (Does that mean "For you"?) What is for me?) Vous. (Yes, but what did you give to me?) Kiss on your—(Note.—Here the pointing trailed off and stopped.)

October 22nd, 11.30 to 12 a.m.—Voix. (Are you the father of Vronne?) Yes. (Where were you killed?) Verdun. (Did the Germans take and occupy Verdun?) No. (How came you to be killed there, then?) Worked with Germans in Verdun district. (Spy?) No. (What were you?) (Note.—The pointer moved to the square marked "Z") (Do you mean you do not wish to tell me?) Yes. (Why?) Worldly fellow. (Would you like to meet your little daughter?) Yes. (Can you see that picture over there?) (Hesitatingly) Yes. (Come and kneel down there and say a prayer with me again, will you?) Yes. (We did, and returned.) (Will you come and meet her here between 11 and 12 to-morrow?) Yes. (God bless you. Good-bye.) Good-bye.

October 23rd, 11.15 to 12.55 noon.—Led over to Jermans. Voix. (Is that your confession, Voix?) Yes. (Is that what you were ashamed to tell me yesterday?) Yes. (A traitor to your country?) Yes. (How did you meet your death?) Killed with Paulon opening the vaults, when I was wounded: just while so many people were up plotting to kill Kaiser. (Who were these who were plotting—French or German?) Which? (Those who were plotting to kill the Kaiser.) French. (Were you one of the plotters?) No. (What was your part in the affair?) To inform the German officer who were plotting. (Who was Paulon?) Paulon was the urlan who took our officer prisoner.

(I have just read this over again rather carefully. Do I understand that you were below in the vaults of a house listening to the plotters?) Yes. (Telephone?) Yes. (When Paulon opened the vaults you were wounded, and afterwards died of your wounds?) Yes. (Was Paulon with you in the vault?) Yes. (I think I see. You two were in the vaults, and you were the interpreter to Paulon of what the plotters were saying in the room above?) Yes. (And when he opened the door to arrest the officer who was plotting in the room above, you were mortally wounded. Is that so?) Yes. (With what?) Sword or — (Note.—I here had a feeling, both instinctively and also from the movement of the pointer, that my communicator was suffering rather severely mentally. The whole atmosphere suggested agony.) (Are you in pain, Voix?) Yes. (Does it cost you much to tell me all this?) Yes. (Very much?) Yes. (Then that is part of your atonement for your treachery to your comrades and countrymen. Is it this you came here to tell me this morning?) Yes. (And also to meet your little girl, if you could?) Yes. (Tell me, is her name Vronne. She seems to have a difficulty with the spelling?) No. (Is it Yvonne?) Yes. (How old is she?) Nine. (Will you stand aside a moment, and I will try to call her?) Watch; but do not speak to her. Will you do this?) Yes. (Note.—Pause of half a minute, while I mentally called for Yvonne.) Yvonne Voix. (Are you here, Yvonne?) Yes. (Have you some good angel friends who look after you?) Yes. (And where do you live?) Sunny Vale. (Do you come here to see me with the permission of your angel guardians?) No. (Then how do you come here?) Up the Valley. (But are you alone here?) No. (Who came with you up the Valley, dear? Who brought you to see me?) The Angel Teacher. (Will you ask your Angel Teacher if I may tell you what is in my mind, dear?) . . . Well, what is her answer?) Yes. (Now, Yvonne, is your angel bright, very bright?) Yes. (Can you see me?) Yes. (Am I as bright as your angel?) No. (Not nearly so bright, rather dull and dim, I think?) Yes. (Now, look very carefully, and tell me if you can see someone else something like me in this:—someone rather dim—like me.—Can you see—anyone?) (Note.—Pause; the pencil slowly wandering and halting, and full of uncertainty; and then slowly and doubtfully) Yes. (Do you know him?) (Note.—Still doubtful as before.) (Look very carefully at him.—Now—do you know—him?) Yes. (Who is he?) FATHER. (Yes, dear, he is your father. Now, don't mind me for awhile; just speak to

him, and then to me afterwards.) (Note.—It is impossible to explain on paper all that is able to be expressed through the movements of a planchette. This movement was, as is often the case, supplemented by a sense, or atmosphere, which the communicator seems to send upon the operator. The pointer moved rather slowly, at a uniform rate, and quietly came to rest at "Good-bye." It expressed a certain degree of sadness, restfulness, peace and quiet satisfaction, all in one; and a message of thanks to me, not unmixed with affection. I had experienced some rather stiff mental work on her account since Yvonne first came. This morning had been somewhat of a sustained strain of an hour and forty minutes. This last movement, and the feeling that came with it, were ample repayment.)

November 8th, 10.50 to 11.30 a.m.—Yvonne. (Is that Yvonne?) No. (Who, then?) Voix. (Yvonne's father?) Yes. (Well, go on.) Two wounds in head killed me. (With what weapon?) Revolver. (Why do you tell me this?) Because I want to reap my vengeance. (How do you hope to do this through me?) Will you write to Verdun—to Lupyn (?) Voix. (Man or woman?) Woman. (Sister?) No. (Mother?) No. (What relation?) Wife. (What do you wish me to tell her?) To kill plenty of uhlans. (How?) Poison. (Note.—I talked to him, urged him to forgive, and to work up to it by trying to forgo the idea of vengeance, and told him to think it over, and come and see me again.)

November 16th, 11.20 to 11.45 a.m.—(Name, please.) Voix. (Go on, please.) Will you write to Verdun to Voix? (How shall I address her?) Madame. (What shall I say to her?) I snatch this opening to tell you to turn to most solemn vengeance —. (Note.—Difficulty here; it seemed useless to continue.)

November 17th, 11.30 to 11.35.—(Who is here?) Voix. (Please continue your letter.) Good-bye. (Do you mean that you have come to say good-bye to me?) Yes. (Where are you going?) VENGEANCE. (Note.—This was written—or rather indicated by the pointer—some letters vigorously, even fiercely, others weakly and painfully. It seemed as if he tried to gather up failing strength for each effort. I had a feeling also that he sensed the disapproval in my mind.)

WHY MUSIC IS HEALING.

Dr. Albert Gresswell, noting S.R.C.'s inquiry on page 192 as to whether any scientific reason can be given for the healing power of music, refers us to "The Vital Balance," a work dealing with some of the more important aspects of health, which was issued by himself and his brother, Mr. George Gresswell, a few years ago and reviewed at the time in these columns. We find that several paragraphs are devoted to the therapeutic influence of music, of which the authors suggest the following explanation:—

Probably music acts on the intimate vibrations of the molecules. These spherical bodies, of which all matter is composed, have an internal molecular motion of their intimate particles (ions) round and round inside their interior, and it is this unceasing movement which is so very essential for vitality. No doubt in ill health and in imperfect conditions of vigour, this movement may become impaired, and music's soothing influence is perhaps due to a restoration of the usual vigorous and regular systematic movements, not only of the molecules themselves, but also of their constituent particles. The continuance of life itself entirely depends on the maintenance of such molecular and intra-molecular mobility, and the larger movements of the structures and organs are also absolutely dependent upon the maintenance of these minute activities. We believe that music, and especially the grander compositions, skilfully executed, have a direct stimulating influence over these minute particles.

WARNED IN A DREAM—One of the most remarkable cases of etheric communication recorded in history is told in Aubrey's "Miscellanies" (1696) of Dr. William Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood. Harvey had gone to Dover to cross the Channel, but when he presented his pass he was apprehended by the Governor, and, despite his protestations, he was detained until after the vessel on which he intended to embark had sailed. A storm came up, and all on board the transport went down. In explanation of his conduct, the Governor declared that the night before he had experienced a vision of Dr. Harvey, whom he had never seen, and a warning to stop him. Thus a valuable life was saved to science, and by what?—Dr. J. D. QUACKENBOS, in "Body and Spirit."

THE DIRECT VOICE: ITS EVIDENCES.

NOTES OF A SEANCE WITH MRS. ROBERTS JOHNSON.

The following notes of a sitting with Mrs. Roberts Johnson are furnished by C. S. S., a correspondent in whose *bona-fides* we have every confidence:—

The séance was held on May 16th, 1916, at a house in Upper Tulse Hill. There were present: A., a manufacturer; B., his brother, an estate agent; C., a Stock Exchange man; D., a local Congregational minister; E., a Cambridge graduate; also six ladies and the medium.

Great pains were taken to exclude every ray of light, and we were a full hour before we succeeded in doing this. Mrs. Johnson then asked that a bowl of water should be placed in the room. This seemed to be necessary for some reason unknown to the medium.

The circle was now formed, Mrs. Johnson arranging the sitters in order that, as she informed us, the auras might blend satisfactorily. We were told not to cross our feet or fold our hands, and later on not to lean forward. If the trumpet touched us, we were to say, "Thank you, friend, who is it?"

The trumpet, a large aluminium one, was placed in the centre of the circle, and near it a sheet of blank paper and a pencil in case any message should be written.

At the suggestion of the medium we sang two hymns and joined in the Lord's Prayer. During the singing, and at intervals during the evening, many of us felt a cold breath, rather than a wind, on the back of our hands. Lights were also visible to several, but not to all.

We then all heard distinctly the sound of planing and sawing. This is quite familiar to sitters with Mrs. Johnson, as readers of LIGHT will know, and is produced by "Joe the carpenter."

Then very quickly came a broad Scotch voice through the trumpet, "Guid e'en, friends, ye've a bonnie circle the night; there are a guid many of your spirit friends here."

The first person touched was Mr. D., the minister. He said, "Thank you, friend, who is it?" We all distinctly heard "James—Uncle James." Mr. D. had an uncle James in spirit life, and conversed briefly with the visitor. He recognised him by some distinct mannerism his Uncle James had possessed. Next, one of the ladies got a message from a friend and recognised it. Then A. and B. were touched with the trumpet and a voice came "Charlie—Charlie A." "Is that you, my boy?" said Mr. A. "If it will upset your mother [who was present] don't touch her, touch me." The voice replied, "I am coming to you presently, father." Then to his mother. "There are a lot of us here to-night, mother; Uncle John is here."

Charlie was Mr. A.'s only son, a young officer in the army, and died at Hazebrouck a little over a year ago from wounds received in action near Ypres a day or two before. Charlie's uncle John had passed over some ten years before.

"Sing!" said the voice. The medium asked what was his favourite hymn. His father replied "Jerusalem the Golden," a hymn in which Charlie had joined many times in that room in bygone days. To our astonishment the voice joined ours in singing and other voices as well, all coming through the trumpet. Some of the sitters say that there seemed more voices coming through the trumpet than from the circle.

Mrs. A. asked, "Does it hurt you, Charlie, to speak?"

He replied, "No, sing again."

"What would you like us to sing?"

"O God, our help in ages past."

The voices again joined ours in singing, and at times they were outside the trumpet full and loud. Then Charlie said, "Mother frets too much, she ought to go out more," and "I am glad you are better, father."

Mr. A. asked him if Hal (an old friend killed in the war) was with him. He replied, "Hal is not here now, but Bob is here." Bob was Charlie's brother-in-law and another of the gallant band of young Englishmen who have died for their country in the war.

Mr. A. said, "Bob, have you any message for your people?" In loud, clear tones came the answer, "Tell them I'm not dead." Finally, the voice spoke to Mr. C. (Charlie's brother-in-law) and said, "This is something new to you, Walter."

Mr. E., the Cambridge man, got two voices, neither of which he could identify. Mary E. was one, and an elder brother in spirit life. "Make inquiries," said David, "and you will find this is true." David Duguid interposed frequently, explaining and interpreting whenever a difficulty arose. Mr. B. (A.'s brother) spoke to his nephew, who replied to him.

Several of the ladies got messages which were clearly identified, and lastly Mr. D. was touched and heard the word "Benson."

"Benson," said Mr. D., "is that Monseigneur Benson?"

"Yes," came the reply.

"I am so glad you have come to me, Father," said Mr. D. "I was reading your book, 'The Neeromancers,' yesterday. Did you know this?"

"Yes, I was with you."

On being asked what he thought about it now, he replied, "It is quite true."

"What," said Mr. D., "do you still believe what you said in that book?"

"It is quite true that there is no death," came the answer; "I have changed my views since writing the book."

David Duguid then explained that Father B. was going to attach himself to Mr. D. and help him in many ways.

Mr. D. spoke of a trouble he was contending with, and asked if Father B. would help him in this.

David emphatically replied, "Ye are strong enough yourself. Ye'll win through all right." Several times during the sitting we sang hymns and Scotch songs, the medium explaining that this was necessary to produce the requisite vibrations.

David then told us that it was nearly ten o'clock, and that the medium had a long way to go, so the meeting must close.

For the sceptical a few notes may be useful. Thus, on one occasion the voice through the trumpet was actually being drowned by that of the medium who was speaking at the same time, and who was "hushed" by the lady sitting next to her. The medium was talking at the same time as "Uncle James" was conversing with Mr. D. Sitters at each end of the circle (really a long oval) were touched at various times. On one occasion both hands of the medium were resting on Mrs. P.'s hand when the trumpet touched Mr. E., who replied at once, "Thank you, friend." On another occasion both the medium's hands were resting on Mrs. P.'s when the trumpet touched Mrs. P. herself on the other side. The medium's voice and those of two ladies near her could be distinctly heard singing at the same time as the voices were coming through the trumpet. Mr. A. and most of the friends were strangers to Mrs. Johnson. I can only say that the experience was a very comforting and happy one. The sitters were men and women of practical common-sense and experience, and were not easy subjects for imposture. The séance was genuine and most helpful, and deep gratitude is due to Mrs. Johnson for the use of those wonderful and mysterious psychic powers with which she is gifted.

[Since the foregoing article was in type we have received permission to say that the Nonconformist clergyman referred to is the Rev. Oswald Bainton, the well-known minister of Streatham-hill Congregational Church.—ED.]

SIDELIGHTS.

"The Soul of an Organ," by Louise Vescelius-Sheldon (Christopher Publishing House, Boston, U.S.A., 1910), is a tenderly conceived little story of a young organist, transported, with his gentle sister, Amina, from the ancient town on the Danube where he is choir-master at the Cathedral, to the distractions of New York, and afterwards returning, a stricken man, to die at his old post, with his fingers on the keys of his loved instrument. Amina joins her brother on the anniversary of his death, having previously received many visits from him and learned much of the life beyond. Unfortunately, while there is some good description, our interest in the tale is quickly dissipated by its excess of sentiment and the weakness of the principal character. He quite fails to excite our sympathy.

Mr. J. Arthur Hill has a rejoinder in the June "Literary Guide" to an article by Mr. Joseph McCabe, who doubts the Spiritistic explanation of any psychic phenomena. Mr. McCabe made the alarming (though no doubt chaffing) statement that he had "had an interview with the devil" at a planchette séance, and recounted his experience, which he evidently regarded as typical of all such phenomena. Mr. Hill writes: "Mr. McCabe thinks the proceedings were 'not futile,' but he will forgive me for thinking they were. He says the performance was 'weird' and 'curious.' It might be to an emotional and impressionable man, but that kind of thing is commonplace enough to the experienced psychical researcher. . . . The 'spirits' are, of course, presumably subliminal fractions of the minds of those operating the board. There is no reason to suppose anything else until the planchette writes correctly something that is unknown to those touching it. Then the thing becomes interesting, for it suggests at least telepathy." Mr. McCabe's statement in his article that telepathy has nothing to do with the survival of man, Mr. Hill regards as a rash one. It is true if telepathy is a physical process, but if it is not, then telepathy has a great deal to do with survival.

THE SHADOW CAST BEFORE.

Premonitions of death have, of course, been common during the war. In the "Daily Telegraph" of June 9th we find a special correspondent, who witnessed the return of our fighting ships to harbour after the recent great naval battle, thus referring to the absence of two of them, the "Invincible" and the "Indefatigable":—

They had been part of the price of victory. Somewhere out in the North Sea the two ships were lying shattered, and two men who had been my friends would never return to port. It may appear strange, but it is the fact—neither of those men expected to return. There is a phase of sailor psychology which has been impressed somewhat vaguely upon me in various areas of the seven seas, but with impressive force since the war began. Students of psychological phenomena may deal more carefully with the matter. I am only concerned with the presentment of the facts. There was a man on the "Pathfinder" who to my pride regarded me as his friend. He spoke to me one day of sending off a parcel by post. It contained all his money and all his valuables, and the parcel was going to his wife. "There is something coming to me," he said quietly, in explanation. Within thirty hours his ship had been destroyed by torpedo and he had gone down with her. So with the man on the "Indefatigable" to whom I have referred. For a week before the call to action came over the wireless he had been in the depths of depression, and had given expression to his belief that there was "something pretty bad on the way." And the "Invincible" case was similar. The sailormen have been proved sadly accurate in their forebodings, but they saw stirring work before they "went out."

And now comes a similar story with regard to Lord Kitchener. It is told in a Toulon paper, "Je Dis Tout," and is as follows:—

When Lord Kitchener came some three months ago to the British front, he met at Dunkirk Commandant de Balancourt, to whom he mentioned that a Jack Johnson had dropped not far from him.

"That did not alarm me," said the Field-Marshal, "because I know that I shall die at sea."

THE PASSING OF LORD SANDWICH.

The death is announced of the Earl of Sandwich, K.C.V.O., whose name in the later years of his life came prominently before the public in consequence of his claim to be able to cure disease by prayer and the laying on of hands. He told the clerical and medical committee of inquiry into spiritual, faith, and mental healing, over which the Dean of Westminster presided in June, 1912, that he had exercised the power with success in many cases, and would treat cases with or without doctors whenever he was requested. He recognised his power as a Divine gift, although unable to explain it. We reviewed Lord Sandwich's book, "My Experiences in Spiritual Healing," in LIGHT of September 25th last year. He expired on June 26th at Hinchingsbrooke, near Huntingdon, in his seventy-seventh year. He was attached to special Embassies at Constantinople, Berlin, Petrograd, and Morocco, and was for a time Military Secretary at Gibraltar.

A TELEPATHIC MESSAGE FROM THE FRONT.

The "Daily Chronicle" of the 24th ult. tells the story of a child's premonition that harm had befallen his father in the trenches, as related by a Ramsgate correspondent.

While the wife of Lance-Corporal G. R. Austen was packing a parcel for her husband at the front, early this month, their three-year-old boy exclaimed, "The Germans are killing my daddy, and I want a gun to kill them." He added, "Don't send the parcel, mammy, because daddy is coming home."

Mrs. Austen paid little attention to the child, but she has now received information that her husband was wounded on the day on which the boy asked her not to send the parcel.

HE who has no vision of eternity will never get a true hold of time.—CARLYLE.

The Personal Investigation of Spiritualism.

To assist those who desire to obtain evidence of continued personal existence after physical death, and of the possibility of communion with departed friends, and who are unable to join a society existing for this purpose, the following advertisements of mediums and psychics may be of service.

While adopting every reasonable precaution to ascertain the bona-fides of advertisers, the proprietors of **LIGHT** do not hold themselves in any way responsible, either for the qualifications of such advertisers or for the results obtained by investigators. They deprecate any attempt on the part of inquirers to obtain advice on financial and business matters, and hold that no statement made by a psychic should be accepted, unless the inquirer is fully satisfied of its reasonableness. "M. A. (Oxon.)" says: "Try the results you get by the light of reason. Maintain a level head and a clear judgment. Do not believe everything you are told . . . do not enter into a very solemn investigation in a spirit of idle curiosity or frivolity."

Apart from the special subject of spirit return, there are other branches of psychic research—viz., clairvoyance, psychometry, clairaudience, &c., worthy of investigation by advanced students. It is essential, however, that these should be studied in a strictly scientific and impersonal spirit, anything in the nature of "fortune-telling" being not only unreliable but illegal.

Mr. J. J. Vango (Trance), Magnetic Healer and Masseuse (Regd.). Daily from 10 to 5, or by appointment. Séances for Investigators: Mondays, 8, 1s.; Wednesdays (select), at 8, 2s.; Thursdays, at 3, 2s. 6d.; Sundays, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., 1s. Saturdays by appointment.—56, Talbot-road, Richmond-road, Bayswater, W. (Buses Nos. 7, 31, 46, 28). Nearest Station, Westbourne Park (Met.).

Ronald Brailey. 11 to 6. 'Phone: Park 3117. Séances: Wednesdays, 3 p.m.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.; fee 2s.; Fridays, 7 p.m., fee 1s.; Sundays, 7 p.m.—"Fair-lawn," 24, St. Mark's-road, Lancaster-road, W. (Met. Rly.), Notting Hill, Ladbroke Grove. No. 7 'Bus for St. Mark's-road.

Zeilah Lee, 69, Wiltshire-road, Brixton, S.W.— Telephone: "Brixton, 949."

Mrs. Zaidia Johnston, 57, Edgware-road, Marble Arch, W.—Private sittings daily. Hours, 11 to 7. Fees, 2s. 6d., 6s. and 10s. 6d. Class being formed for development of psychic gifts, Friday evenings, 8 o'clock. Fee 10s. 6d. for six sittings.

Miss Chapin (Blind) (of New York). Sittings daily; hours, from 2 o'clock to 6 p.m. Select séance, Tuesday afternoon, at 3, 2s.; Friday evening, at 8, 2s.—60, Macfarlane-road, Wood-lane, W. (close station). (Ring Middle Bell.)

Mrs. Annetta Banbury. Interviews by appointment.—49, Brondesbury-villas, High-road, Kilburn. Telephone: 229 Willesden.

Mrs. Lamb Fernie holds spiritual meetings at 11 a.m. Sundays, admission 1s.; Wednesdays, 3 p.m., 2s. 6d.; Thursdays, 5 p.m., 2s. 6d. Private sittings by appointment. In aid of some War Fund.—Studio, 12, Bedford-gardens, Kensington (off Church-street).—Phone: Park 5098, or letters to 40, Bedford-gardens, W.

Mrs. Mary Davies, Lecturer, and Authoress of "My Psychic Recollections," published by Nash, 2s. 6d., gives private sittings daily from 10 to 5, Saturdays, 1 p.m.; also diagnosis and healing.—93, Regent-street, W.

Mrs. Wesley Adams out of town until further notice. All letters please address: Gordon Arms Hotel, Tomintoul, Scotland.

Horace Leaf. Daily, 11 to 6. Saturdays and Mondays by appointment only. Séances: Tuesdays, at 3, Fridays, at 1s.; Wednesdays, 3, 2s. Psycho-Therapeutics.—41, Westbourne Gardens, Porchester-road, Bayswater, London, W. (five minutes from Whiteley's). Good train and 'bus service.

Mrs. Mary Gordon. Daily, 11 to 6, or by appointment. Saturdays till 2. Circles: Tuesdays, 8.15 p.m., 1s.; Wednesdays, at 3, 2s.—18, Ashworth-road (off Lauderdale-road), Maida Vale, W. Buses 1, 8 and 16 to Sutherland-avenue Corner. Maida Vale Tube Station.

Mrs. Osborne Leonard (Trance) gives private sittings by appointment (Sundays excepted) at 41, Clifton Gardens, Clifton-road, Maida Vale, W. (1 min. 'buses 1, 8, 16; 2 min. Warwick Avenue Tube Station; 6 and 74 'buses pass door.)

Note Change of Address.—Mrs. S. Fielder (Trance and Normal). Daily, 11 to 7. 'Phone: Paddington 173. Séances: Tuesday and Thursday, at 8, 1s. Private interviews from 2s. 6d.—171, Edgware-road, Hyde Park, W. (3 doors from Oxford and Cambridge Terraces).

Wm. Fitch-Ruffle (Psychic), 79, Alderney-street, Belgravia, S.W. 'Bus 2; Victoria 4d. Séances: Sundays (silver collection), Tuesdays and Thursdays, 1s., at 3 and 8 p.m. Consultations daily, 10 to 10; fees from 2s. 6d. Mondays and Saturdays only by appointments. Home circles attended. Open for platform work.

Mrs. Mora Baugh.—Readings given daily at 71½, High-street, Notting Hill Gate, London, W.; also at 79B, King's-road, Brighton.

Mrs. Boddington, 17, Ashmere Grove, Acre-lane, Brixton, S.W. Interviews by appointment. Public circle, Wednesday, 8.15, 1s.

Miss Vera Ricardo (from Russia) gives readings in five languages. Trance. Healing and Massage. Circle: Tuesday, at 4, 2s. 6d.; Sunday, at 7, 1s. 6d. Letters answered.—13, Crawford Mansions, Bryanston-square, W. Receives daily, 11 to 5. Preferably by appointment.

Clare O. Hadley. Daily, 11 to 6 (Saturdays excepted). Séances: Mondays and Thursdays, at 8, 1s.; Thursdays, at 3, 2s.—49, Clapham-road (two minutes Oval Tube, same side as Kennington Church).

Mrs. Wm. Paulet, 12, Albion-street, Hyde Park, W. (close to Marble Arch). Telephone: 1143 Paddington.

Mrs. Jacques, 90A, Portsdown-road (Clifton-road), Maida Vale, W. ('buses 6, 16, 8, Marble Arch). Sittings (Trance and Normal): Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 2 to 6, or by appointment; fee moderate. Circles: Thursday afternoons, at 3 p.m., and Thursday evenings, at 8 p.m., fee 1s.

Mrs. Ratty (Trance). Private sittings daily. Hours, 2 to 8; fee from 2s. 6d. Séances: Sundays, at 7, Wednesdays, at 3, 1s.—75, Killyon-road, Clapham, S.W. (near Wandsworth-road Station).

Dr. S. G. Yathmal, B.A., Ph.D., educated Hindoo, native of India, Scientific Investigator, Hindoo Seer, Indian Psychic, gives Readings. Fees moderate. Test my ability. 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Correspondence invited; short visits.—62, Edgware-road (near Marble Arch), W.

Mrs. Beaumont-Sigall. Daily, 11 to 6, or by appointment. Saturdays by appointment only.—Le Châlet, 8A, Fieldhouse-road, Emmanuel-road, Balham, S.W. (nearest station Streatham Hill; cars to Telford-avenue).

Mrs. Jolleff (late of Bedford) begs to inform her friends of her change of address to "Branscombe" Cottage, London-road, Dorking.

Mrs. N. Bloodworth (Psychic). Private sittings daily from 2 to 8; fee 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Mornings by appointment only. Readings by post, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.—5, Eccles-road, Lavender Hill (near Clapham Junction, S.W.).

Mrs. Mayes. Séances: Mondays and Wednesdays, at 7.30; Thursdays and Saturdays by appointment. Close to main road.—43, Louisville-road, Balham High-road, S.W.

Donald Gregson (Practical Psychologist). Lec-turer on Mental Science and Hygiene. Graphological, Phrenological, Psychological and Vocation consultations daily, from 11 a.m. to 8 p.m. Interesting Studies from Handwriting, Photographs, &c. Fee 2s. 6d.—147, Edgware-road, Hyde Park, W.

Miss Davidson, 61, Edgware-road, W. Sittings daily, 2 till 4.30 (Saturdays by appointment only); fee 1s. 6d. Spiritual healing by appointment. First treatment free; course of six, £1 1s.; given at patients' own home if desired. Meeting for discussion of psychic matters, Wednesday evening, 7.30; silver collection.

Olive Arundel Starl, 2, St. Stephen's Square, Bayswater, W., Magnetic Healer (Trance or Normal). 11 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 2, or by appointment. Séances: Sundays, 7, 1s.; Thursdays, 8, 1s. Developing Class, Tuesdays, at 8 p.m.

Mrs. Clara Irwin (Trance). Consultations daily, 11 to 6. Developing circle at 7.30 Tuesday (write for particulars). Séance: Sunday, at 7. Testimonials from all parts.—15, Sandmere-road, Clapham (near Clapham-road Tube Station). *On parle Français.*

Miss Bishop gives readings from 1 to 6 at 46, Maddox-street, W. Fee 5s. (Appointment preferred.)

Lionel White. Private sittings by appointment. Séances: Tuesday (select), at 8, 2s.; Saturday, at 8, Sunday, at 3, 1s. Psycho-Therapeutics.—258, Kennington Park-road, S.E.; half minute Oval Tube Station.

Healers.

Mr. A. Rex, Magnetic Healer. Mental and Vibrative treatments given. Hours, 10.30 to 5 p.m. (Saturdays excepted), or by appointment (appointment desirable to save delay).—26, Charing Cross-road, W.C. Rooms No. 24A and B. Telephone: Gerrard 7561. (See Page 135, **LIGHT**, March 21st, 1914.)

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Mrs. Rose Stanesby, Spiritual Healer and Teacher (for many years a worker with Mr. George Spriggs). Hours from 11 to 4.30 daily (Saturday excepted). Private or class lessons in Healing. Moderate fee. 93, Regent-street, W.

Miss Edith Patteson, Metaphysician, receives daily by appointment, at 3, Adam-street, Portman Square, W. First consultation free.

Psycho-Therapeutic Society, 26, Red Lion-square, London, W.C. Spinal Treatment. Free Magnetic Treatment Mondays and Fridays, 2 to 5; Wednesdays, 5 to 8 p.m. Diagnosis (small fee), Mondays and Fridays. Lending Library. Lectures. Membership invited.—Apply Hon. Secretary.

Nervous Disorders.—Mr. Robert McAllan, 56 and 58, High-street, Croydon, carefully studies nervous disorders, and has been highly successful in curing all phases of Neurasthenia, Alcoholism, Insomnia, Functional Derangements, &c., as vouched by many striking testimonials. London office for special appointments.

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SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, JUNE 25th, &c.

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.—77, New Oxford-street, W.C.—Mr. H. Ernest Hunt delivered a most practical and helpful address on "Character Building." Mr. W. T. Cooper presided. On Monday, June 19th, Mrs. Orłowski gave very successful demonstrations of psychometry. Mr. Douglas Neal presided. Sunday next, see advt. on front page.—D. N.

LONDON SPIRITUAL MISSION: 13b, Pembroke Place, Bayswater, W.—Morning service, Mr. H. Glen Beard spoke on "Love Overcometh all Fear"; solo by Miss Vera Mason; evening, trance address by Mr. Percy Beard; vocal quartette by members of our choir.

CHURCH OF HIGHER MYSTICISM: 22, Princes-street, Cavendish-square, W.—Mrs. Fairclough Smith gave a trance address in the morning on "Our Homes in Spirit Life," and in the evening replied to written questions and gave a short inspirational address thereon. Sunday next—morning, service for our fallen heroes; evening, Mrs. Fairclough Smith, inspirational address. (See advt.)

FOREST GATE, E.—EARLHAM HALL, EARLHAM GROVE.—Service conducted by Miss E. Shead. Address by Mrs. Neville. Sunday next, Mr. D. J. Davis, in the Small Hall.—F. S.

RICHMOND.—(SMALLER CENTRAL HALL), PARKSHOT.—Address and clairvoyance by Mrs. B. Moore. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. W. Millard, address. Wednesday, 5th, open circle.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—SURREY MASONIC HALL.—Morning, open circle; evening, uplifting address by Mr. G. Taylor Gwynn. Sunday next, 11 a.m., open circle; 6.30 p.m., Mr. H. E. Hunt.

WIMBLEDON (THROUGH ARCHWAY, BETWEEN 4 AND 5. BROADWAY).—Sunday next, 6.30, Mr. Frank Pearce. Wednesday, 3 to 5, healing through Mr. Lonsdale; 7.30, MR. A. VOUT PETERS.

CROYDON.—GYMNASIUM HALL, HIGH-STREET.—Instructive address by Mr. Robert King upon "The Rationale of the Circle." Sunday next, at 11, service and circle; at 7, Mr. Percy Scholey. Services on Wednesdays at 8 p.m.

BRIGHTON SPIRITUAL MISSION.—1, UPPER NORTH-STREET (close to Clock Tower).—Excellent addresses by Mr. J. J. Morse, Sunday next, at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mrs. A. de Beaurepaire, addresses and clairvoyance; 3 p.m., Lyceum. Friday, 8 p.m., public meeting for inquirers.—R. G.

BRIGHTON.—WINDSOR HALL, WINDSOR-STREET, NORTH-STREET.—Mr. G. Prior gave addresses both morning and evening. Sunday next, at 11.15 and 7, Mrs. Curry, addresses and clairvoyance. Tuesday, at 3 and 8, circles. Thursday, at 8, public meeting.

BRIXTON.—143A, STOCKWELL PARK-ROAD, S.W.—Mrs. Maunier gave an address on "The Use and Abuse of Phenomena," and well-recognised descriptions. Sunday next, 3 p.m., Lyceum; 7 p.m., Mr. H. Boddington, address. 9th, Mr. Sarfas. Circles: Monday, 7.30, ladies; Tuesday, 8.15, public.

STRATFORD.—IDMISTON-ROAD, FOREST LANE.—Afternoon, Lyceum; evening, interesting address and well-recognised clairvoyance by Madame Beaumont. Sunday next, at 7, Mr. E. W. Beard. 9th, Mrs. Pulham, clairvoyance. 16th, Mrs. Greenwood.

WOOLWICH AND PLUMSTEAD.—PERSEVERANCE HALL, VILLAS-ROAD, PLUMSTEAD.—Afternoon, Lyceum; naming of infants by Mrs. Neville; evening, address and clairvoyance by Mr. J. Lewis Wallis. Sunday next, Lyceum flower service at 3; also Lyceum at 7.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL, LAUSANNE-ROAD.—The morning address was given by Mrs. Turner, and the evening by Mr. R. Boddington. June 22nd, address and clairvoyance by Mr. Clifford Coots. Sunday next, 11.30, address; 7, Mrs. M. E. Orłowski. 6th, 8.15, Mrs. Podmore. 9th, 11.30 and 7, Mr. A. V. Peters; 3, naming ceremony by Mrs. Mary Gordon.

CLAPHAM.—HOWARD-STREET, WANDSWORTH-ROAD, S.W.—Morning, circle conducted by Mrs. Clempson; evening, eloquent address and clairvoyance by Mrs. Annie Boddington; solo by Miss Nelly Dimmick. Friday, June 29th, at 8, Mr. H. E. Redman, and clairvoyance. Sunday, July 2nd, 11.15 a.m., answers to questions; 7 p.m., Mrs. Sutton, address and clairvoyance.

HACKNEY.—240A, AMHURST-ROAD, N.—Morning, Mr. Dougall presided; evening, Mr. W. F. Smith gave an address and Mrs. Smith descriptions. Sunday next, 11.15 a.m., Mrs. Brookman; 7 p.m., Mrs. Edith Marriott, address and descriptions. Circles: Monday, Mrs. Brookman; Tuesday, Mrs. Brichard; Thursday, Mrs. Brookman (members only).—N. R.

BATTERSEA.—HENLEY HALL, HENLEY-STREET.—Morning, usual circle; evening, service conducted by members. June 22nd, clairvoyance by Mrs. Marriott. Sunday next, 11 a.m., circle; 5 p.m., tea; 6.30, Mrs. Clare O. Hadley. Circles: Monday, 3, ladies, Mrs. Keithley; Tuesday, 8, developing; Wednesday, 8, healing; Friday 8, Mr. Fitch-Ruffle.—N. B.

HOLLOWAY.—GROVEDALE HALL, GROVEDALE-ROAD.—Morning, Rev. David F. Stewart, M.A., gave an address and answered questions; solo by Miss Beryl Selman; evening, illuminating address and descriptions by Mrs. Alice Jamrach. June 21st, address by Alderman D. J. Davis. Sunday next, 11.15 a.m., Mr. R. G. Jones; 3 p.m., Lyceum; 7, Mrs. Annie Brittain. Wednesday, Mrs. C. Irwin. 9th, 11.15 a.m., Mr. F. A. Hawes; 7, Mr. H. Ernest Hunt.—J. F.

FULHAM.—12, LETTICE-STREET.—Mr. H. Boddington spoke on "Experiences," and also addressed the Liberty Group.

TOTTENHAM.—684, HIGH-ROAD.—Mrs. Mary Davies gave an address and several clairvoyant descriptions.—D. H.

SOUTHPORT.—HAWKSHED HALL.—Clairvoyance by Miss Jessie McKay, of Ilkley. Soloist, Miss Annie Robinson.—B.

PAIGNTON.—MASONIC HALL, COURTLAND-ROAD.—Address afternoon and evening by Mrs. Eva Harrison, of Warwick.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—BISHOP'S HALL, THAMES-STREET.—Mrs. M. Gordon gave an address and clairvoyant descriptions.

PORTSMOUTH.—54, COMMERCIAL-ROAD.—Address by Mr. L. I. Gilbertson.—J. W. M.

BRISTOL.—SPIRITUAL CHURCH, THOMAS-STREET, STOKES CROFT.—Services conducted by Mrs. Harvey, of Southampton. Control addresses and clairvoyance. Other usual meetings.

EXETER.—MARLBOROUGH HALL.—Services conducted by Mrs. Letheren and Mr. Elvin Frankish; clairvoyance by Mrs. Letheren.—E. F.

EXETER.—MARKET HALL, FORE-STREET.—The morning address was by Mr. Lockyear, and the evening by Sergt. Lloyd when clairvoyant descriptions were given by Mr. S. Squires.

READING.—SPIRITUAL MISSION, 16, BLAGRAVE-STREET.—Much-appreciated addresses by Mr. Howard Mundy, of Bournemouth.

PORTSMOUTH TEMPLE.—VICTORIA-ROAD SOUTH.—M. Horace Leaf gave two excellent addresses, followed by good clairvoyant descriptions. 21st, well-recognised descriptions by Mrs. McFarlane and Mrs. Bruner.—J. McF.

(Continued on page iii.)

SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, JUNE 25th, &c.

(Continued from page vi., Supplement.)

STONEHOUSE, PLYMOUTH.—UNITY HALL, EDGUMBE-STREET.—Meeting conducted by Mr. Arnold. Address by Mr. Johns, solo by Mrs. Pearce, clairvoyance by Mrs. Short.—E. E.

TORQUAY.—SPIRITUALIST CHURCH, PRINCES-ROAD, ELLA-COMBE.—An excellent address was given by Mr. E. Rugg-Williams, followed by auric readings.—R. T.

SOUTHEND.—CROWSTONE GYMNASIUM, NORTHVIEW DRIVE, WESTCLIFF.—Mr. G. R. Symons gave splendid address and Mrs. Annie Brittain excellent clairvoyant descriptions fully recognised.—W. P. C.

PORTSMOUTH.—311, SOMERS-ROAD, SOUTHSEA.—Morning, open circle; clairvoyance by Miss Wildish, Mrs. Preece and Mrs. Durman. Evening, address by Mr. Pullman; good clairvoyance by Mrs. Gutteridge.

MANOR PARK, E.—THIRD AVENUE, CHURCH-ROAD.—Afternoon, Lyceum; evening, uplifting address by Mr. Harold Carpenter. June 19th, ladies' meeting; address by Mrs. Jamrach, clairvoyance by Mrs. Marriott. 21st, 8 p.m., address by Mr. Hayward, clairvoyance by Mrs. Hayward.—E. M.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

"The Soul of an Organ." By LOUISE VESCELIUS-SHELDON. Cloth, 1d. Christopher Publishing House, 1,140, Columbus-avenue, Boston, U.S.A.

A World Expectant: The Study of a Great Possibility." By E. A. WODEHOUSE, M.A. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net. Star Publishing Trust, 240, Hope-street, Glasgow.

HUSK FUND.—Mrs. Etta Duffus, of Penniwells, Elstree, Herts, gratefully acknowledges the following contributions: Emma, £2; H. B. P., £1.

REV. J. FORT NEWTON, D.Litt., of the Liberal Christian Church, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, U.S.A., begins a month's ministry at the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, next Sunday, July 2nd: services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Dr. Fort Newton, to whom we alluded in connection with that singular book, "Patience Worth" (p. 159), is a preacher of originality and power whose appeal is directed to those who have never belonged to the churches or who have become estranged from them.

An eloquent appeal has reached us from Mr. John Galsworthy for prompt aid to save the Belgian people from starvation. The latest special device of the National Committee for Relief in Belgium is that on July 10th all British boys and girls shall hold sports or give concerts or entertainments for the benefit of the children of that suffering country, and Mr. Galsworthy urges the public not only to purchase tickets for these events, but to give as much more as they can spare.

UNION OF LONDON SPIRITUALISTS.—An enjoyable time was spent at the Union's Camp Meeting on Saturday last at Chingford, though, owing to the unfavourable weather, the attendance was smaller than usual. After tea a meeting was held in the Jubilee Retreat, at which many striking and interesting experiences were related by friends. A collection for the F.O.B. realised 8s. A very pretty walk, under the guidance of Mr. T. C. Dawson, was taken by the majority of the party before we wended our way to the station for our homeward journey.—M. Q. G.

NATIONAL UNION FUND OF BENEVOLENCE.—The honorary financial secretary, Mrs. M. A. Stair (14, North-street, Keighley), gratefully acknowledges the following subscriptions received in May: Postcards sold: R. Boddington, £1 5s.; Mr. Newton, 12s. 6d.; Mrs. Greenwood, 8s. 4d.; John Owen, 8s. 4d.; J. T. Ward, 10s.; Frank Hepworth, 7s. South Durham Circuit of Grataitous Workers, 7s.; A Friend, Halifax, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Ronald Brailley, 5s.; Carlisle Society, 11s.; London Union Conference retiring collection, £1 18s. 6d. Total, £7 5s. 2d. Mrs. Stair wishes specially to thank the friends who have helped to sell the postcards kindly given by Mr. Morse from the surplus of the first Motor Ambulance Fund.

THOUGHT FORMS.—Mr. F. L. Rawson, of 90, Regent-street, W., in the course of a letter on the subject of "Foreknowledge and Freewill" and Mr. William Archer's statements on the subject in the "Daily News," dealt with in LIGHT on the 25th of March last (a subject we cannot now revive), says: "I was very glad to see in your paper the other day that students of Spiritualism were recognising the existence of thought forms, which were almost impossible to distinguish from departed spirits. The fact that LIGHT is taking up Spiritualism in a scientific way and not with any dogmatic fixed views, unquestionably will lead its readers ultimately into a knowledge of truth."

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J. E. SCHOLEY.—An interesting experience indeed, and well worth writing down. It is one of many such evidences, but it is not always advisable to make them public.

E. STEPHENSON.—The Ancient Wisdom—the Theo-sophia—is becoming very generally distributed abroad amongst advanced minds to-day quite irrespective of the particular "label" each may bear. We are shy of crystallised doctrines, but prefer a philosophy that flows and grows. We take it that a Spiritualist is one who has gained conviction of the reality of communication between the two worlds—seen and unseen. Such a conviction is found to be compatible with wide differences of religious outlook, although doubtless on fundamental principles we are all in agreement.

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