

# Light:

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—*Gothic.*

"WHATSOEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT!"—*Paul.*

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### NOTES BY THE WAY.

"War and the Weird," by Alexander Forbes Phillips and R. Thurston Hopkins (Simpkin, Marshall, 1s. *net*), is a book of a kind that has become popular by reason of the intense interest which, as an outcome of the war, has grown up of late in the psychic and supernormal side of things. As Mr. Forbes Phillips remarks in the opening article, "The Uncanny Under Fire," "Science and philosophy are now boldly entering the dim regions of the occult in search of its laws." We can check some of Mr. Phillips' statements by accounts received direct from those who have actually been in the fighting. The "Vision of Mons" naturally comes up for consideration, and we read that Mr. Arthur Machen is "altogether wrong when he imagines that he is the author of the belief in angelic visions." Indeed, Mr. Phillips tells us he was in France hearing stories of angelic visitations "long before Mr. Machen wrote his delightful yarn." Mr. Forbes Phillips' articles precede, by way of introduction, five sketches by Mr. R. Thurston Hopkins. They are all written from the popular side, and deal with the supernormal in warfare, suggesting comparison with some of Mr. Machen's stories on the same theme. One of the sketches, for instance, is concerned with the advent of a ghostly bowman amongst the British soldiers during the desperate fighting at the beginning of the war. Such pieces of fiction are, of course, only suitable for general reading. They have no value from the side of serious psychical research, although they may excite interest in it. The division between psychical fact and psychical fiction unfortunately is apt to dissolve in the heat of public enthusiasm, and truth and fable to become inextricably blended. But "the truth will out" in the end.

\* \* \* \*

We had supposed that the old fallacy that mediums are people who "call up" or "command" the presence of spirits had long died out amongst people with even a superficial acquaintance with our subject. But here it is again! A reader of *LIGHT*, whose letter shows that she has more than a passing acquaintance with psychic literature, finds something repellent in the idea that spirits have to come and go at the dictates of a medium. How many times, we wonder, will it be necessary to repeat that spirits are *people*—men and women with minds and wills of their own, living in a world just as natural as this (perhaps a little more so!) and equally as much arbiters of their own destiny as here. They are not vapours to be wafted to and fro by every wind, although we have read books purporting to be written by authorities which would certainly convey that

impression. Mal-observation and loose habits of thought and speech have much to answer for in this matter. "I was so much attracted to the man that I went over and spoke to him" sounds perfectly reasonable as a remark uttered by one person concerning another. But when the same thing occurs in connection with the attraction between one on earth and another in the higher world, a quite misleading form of words may be used. "He drew the spirit to him" or "The spirit was drawn towards her," as though some kind of mechanical attraction were at work. It would, indeed, be revolting if spirits could be called up (or down) at the bidding of anyone—medium or not. If we can once get it firmly fixed in the public mind that spirits are human beings moving in an environment rather less restricted than earth we shall have done much to banish superstitious and fanciful notions concerning their nature.

\* \* \* \*

"The Gospel Drama," by John Mysticus (C. W. Daniel, 5s. *net*), is a consistent and carefully worked-out interpretation of the Gospel narrative based on the proposition that the whole of that narrative, and not a portion merely, is symbolical in character and that its symbolism is of Divine, not human, origin. Without in the least disputing the existence of the historical Jesus the author regards it as unreasonable to suppose that the peculiar and miraculous incidents associated with his earthly career have any other than a symbolical significance. In the story told in the canonical gospels we are invited to see instead a dramatisation of the evolution of the human soul:—

In the soul the Divine nature takes birth, is educated, develops and grows up to maturity; after which its apparent death and burial occur, followed by its glorious resurrection and ascension, denoting its final triumph over the limitations which have been voluntarily accepted and then imposed upon it. The soul is centralised by the Divine Ideal of the story, and its qualities are represented by the other characters described. The Drama is concerned with the unfoldment of *vital truths* of the inner human being.

It is, indeed, of the nature of a cipher requiring a key to unlock its meaning, but we are assured that "the key will be found and the cipher read whenever there are minds ready to recognise the truths the drama contains." Further to assist in conveying some of these mystical truths the author employs a series of striking diagrams.

\* \* \* \*

Those who have studied natural law in its relation to health and right-living cannot fail to discover that its keynote is a divine simplicity. The painful complications come in as a result of trying to rectify the life after a long period of unnatural complexity. Loyalty, for instance, is quite a simple matter, until the intellect comes in to try and find a means of running with the hare and keeping in with the hounds. A writer in an American magazine deals lucidly with the question. He instances the case of a man who is secretly untrue to his friend, *i.e.*, "acting as if the latter were, and at another time were *not*, his friend." This is an inconsistency or confusion of mind, as well as

of conduct. But the law of life is not to be cheated. Such a man

is in the case of the fool who hopes to eat his pudding and yet to have it. Of course there are "cute" little arguments, propounded by Machiavelli and others, that the maximum advantage has to be squeezed out of any enterprise by judiciously timed little infidelities, betrayals, and so forth. And all these hinge on the fallacy of ends: for a certain "desirable end" a man will do this in itself objectionable deed. But then, when the end is obtained, he is grieved to discover that it turns out to be undesirable, because of the very deed by which he obtained it. This has been through all the ages the dying plaint of unprincipled and "successful" men. It is only a question once more of being wise and observant enough to foresee that the taint attaching to the means is going to linger on and affect the end. . . . Life is not lived for ends.

That brings out (quite apart from the particular argument) the wise old maxim which exhorts us to "live by the way." Even in the pursuit of an end thoroughly good in itself, we may miss great possibilities of present happiness from neglect of the many beautiful things that lie all along the path.

### THE BIBLE AND WITCHCRAFT.

The Rev. David F. Stewart, M.A., writes :—

It seems to me the following four points may help towards an explanation :—

1. A person "with a familiar spirit" was one with a control—good or evil.
2. A witch was one who had dealings with evil spirits.
3. The people had got into the habit of worshipping spirits instead of God, and so the whole system was condemned.
4. The priests used Urim and Thummin, and did not want any opposition.

From Miss E. P. Prentice we have the following letter :—

Has it not been widely discussed among Bible critics and commentators whether the supernatural powers claimed by witches were real or pretended? We find that sorcery or witchcraft was common among all the idolatrous nations of antiquity. Pretences to witchcraft were also found among the primitive Christians, and a belief in it was common as late as the sixteenth century. Hindostan with its learned Brahmins is overrun with professors of the art. The Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, writing of its existence in West Africa, remarks that a person gifted with this mysterious power is supposed to possess little less than omnipotence.

### A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF JULY 31st, 1886.)

Interesting to "C. C. M.": The "Pall Mall Gazette" says :—

"Just as the General Election was beginning we received from a provincial student of astrology an astrological forecast of its probable course. His letter was dated July 2nd, and his prediction was in no sense after the event, for even the result of the polling at Colchester was not known when his letter was written. His forecast consisted in the main of two predictions: (1) That on or before July 9th Mr. Gladstone's defeat would be a certainty, which has been fulfilled to the letter; (2) That his resignation might be expected on or before the 26th of July. Our astrologer has carried off the double event."

From "Notes by the Way."

HIS EXCELLENCY M. AKSAKOFF left London on Wednesday last for Paris and Biarritz. We understand that this gentleman has obtained full material in his experiments with Mr. Eglington for a complete reply to the "hallucination" theory of Eduard von Hartman.

FROM the "Christian Commonwealth" we learn with regret that Dr. John Hunter has lost a son in the war. Dr. Hunter, it will be remembered, delivered an eloquent address to the London Spiritualist Alliance in February of last year.

\* The late Mr. C. C. Masscy, who at that time contributed to LIGHT and was an enthusiastic astrologer.

## WORLDS BEYOND MORTAL THOUGHT.

THE REPORT OF A REALIST.

By N. G. S.

Although Mr. McKenzie's descriptions of the spheres occupy only a third of his book,\* they seem (as I indicated in my notice of it last week) to call for separate treatment. We are asked to regard our planet as a series of solid concentric spheres surrounding our solid central globe like congealed atmospheres, diminishing continually in density as they recede. Those with which we are particularly concerned are seven, and extend to a distance of thirty-five thousand miles, which is about four times the diameter of the visible earth. There are others beyond, and each has sub-divisions of varying density. These spheres (or planes) are of superphysical matter obtained by the unceasing decomposition of all the substances of the physical core into minute particles, which are carried up by electric streams and lodged each at its proper level. Though impalpable to us now, they are very real, and it is in them that the future homes of humanity are to be found. The further they are away the more highly developed are the people, the more ideal the conditions, the more beautiful the vegetation and the more brilliant the light.

Nearest to us is the Astral Sphere, the lowest level of which is reserved for the spirits of animals, and it is seventy-five miles deep. Animals which have been pets remain with their masters for a time, but go no higher than the fourth sphere, after which they gravitate to their own region, where their fate has not been "worked out." Birds, however, rise higher. In the sphere just mentioned they acquire coats like plush and become translucent. In the sixth they are so luminous as to resemble animated jewels rather than live creatures. Above the animals sphere is the first of the three sub-divisions of the Astral, the surface being three hundred miles above our heads. Here low, sensual people live at the bottom of deep rocky gorges where nothing but a fungus grows and there are no houses; where the air is humid, a "low visibility" prevails and the conditions are altogether unpleasant and dreary. The mid-region is decidedly better. There is more light and less moisture, the ground is shale and mosses are able to grow. There are houses, cities and slums. In the upper region the ground is earthy and you have shrubs and grass of a poor sort, brownish-green in colour.

We now leave the Astral and come to Sphere II. We have risen one thousand two hundred and fifty miles and are in a country of rivers and lakes, with birds in the air and fish in the waters, but no animals of course, save those that have been pets in their former state. The people are mostly of the narrowly religious kind, and lectures are provided to broaden their ideas. Sphere III. is the Summer-land, a delightful world of enormous extent. That naturally must be, as we are leaving the earth farther and farther behind and increasing our circumference. Nearly all who die as children are sent here. The illumination is at least equal to sunlight, but no sun appears. The light comes from everywhere, so that there are no shadows. Neither is there any rain, wind or dust, and everybody is courteous and urbane. They live in houses with gardens, where the flowers turn towards you as you enter, or in case they don't like you, turn away. The houses are mostly of red brick, and they do not erect themselves at will or grow spontaneously, nor are they the creation of our thoughts while here, but have to be built. The bricks (like everything else in these wonderful lands) are made by extracting substances from the air with a complicated machine like a dynamo. They are then boiled in vats, pressed in moulds and dried in the air.

As we ascend, the inhabitants advance in intellect and spirituality, progressing from plane to plane by a refining process worked upon the body by the spirit within. The spheres, too, grow deeper, so that the earth could float in the sixth if it were fluid. The seventh reaches a distance of thirty-five thousand miles from earth and contains the highest types of humanity, who from this level are able to

\* "Spirit Intercourse." By J. HEWAT MCKENZIE (Simpkin, Marshall, 2s. 6d. net.)

visit the other planets. The ground here is crystalline, with the appearance of jewels. The streets are paved with blocks like frosted gold. The temples might be precious stones, and plants are entirely absent. No more than houses do clothes grow of themselves in those homes of the future. They are supplied to you on entering and you can change afterwards if you don't like them. Many readers will be pleased to learn that work is quite optional, and those who decide to work choose their own line, whether it be dressmaking, brick-laying, exploring or what not. Food is taken in by breathing, but fruit is sometimes eaten. Plants are produced by the action of will-power on the soil, and once produced they never die, but, like the inhabitants, grow to maturity and remain there. Should you die at an advanced age, you do not suddenly become young again, but may grow backwards gradually, if you wish, to what age you please. This is a matter of years, and you enjoy bodily vigour whatever your apparent age. There are no changing seasons. At the lower levels it is always dank and dismal, at the upper bright and warm: and in these countries you may dart about at lightning speed, but this uses up a great deal of energy and is reserved for occasions of need.

All these facts and much more I have learnt from Mr. McKenzie's startling book. The information is his, the language mine; and if this account of spirit lands reads somewhat like a fairy tale or allegory, that is, no doubt, my fault—or possibly my purpose. If I have described them at some length, that is because these chapters are typical of much that one reads, and also because the author's honesty is beyond dispute, and what he writes is not a summary of what he has read, but the fruit of his own inquiry and research. Certainly it was not his aim to amuse us with fairy tales. He has himself visited these super-worlds and has had the assistance of several eminent deceased scientists, and particularly of "the late Professor William James," who has been spending much of his post-mortem time in the pragmatic occupation of mapping and measuring the spirit spheres. The question is not of Mr. McKenzie's honesty, but the far larger question of the general credibility of these super-travellers' tales. For my own part I confess that the more I read of this part of his book, the more critical and judicial I grew. It all seemed too solid or too fairy-landish—too much within the range of easy subliminal invention. He brings back to earth nothing that is really super-earthly. A machine is indicated, but not explained: some "highly evolved musical instruments" are "impossible to describe." If only he could have brought us some improved system of notation, some new harmonic device, that indeed would have been convincing—almost.

There is no test that can be applied and—more important still—others have had the same opportunities and privileges, numerous spirits have given us the benefit of their experiences, and there is so much disagreement in all their accounts that it is our plain duty to look these gift-horses closely in the mouth. All that Mr. McKenzie has told us may be true, but then, on the other hand, it may not, and he himself claims no infallibility. He is quite aware of the possibility of error. This is what he thinks of Dante: "He undoubtedly saw the astral gulfs: . . . but his religious training coloured all he saw." "Nowhere," he says, "are fiery furnaces to be found." But if he will refer to the "Revelation of the Monk of Evesham in 1196 concerning the Places of Purgatory and Paradise," he will find that a visitor of earlier days saw not only fiery furnaces but souls tormented in the flames—yea, even melted like wax. What does Dante think of Mr. McKenzie? I would like much to know. Is there no "dome of many-coloured glass" that stains the white radiance of Mr. McKenzie's vision? That is what we are compelled to ask.

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It is not that we refuse to believe in the real and substantial nature of the spirit worlds. Arguing *a priori* we might be disposed to deny the possibility of what is almost a replica of this plane in matter of a different order, as solid as our own, yet inappreciable by our senses; but the *a priori* argument is ruled out by what we know of strange happenings here, where we see matter passing through matter and hear voices coming from the empty air, where, only the other day, we had demonstrated to us a mechanism for levitation, rigid yet impalpable. We have no choice but to accept what is proved. There is, however, another side to this question. Those, whose natures are more religious and idealist than practical and scientific, may feel that something is lost by following truth relentlessly if it leads to what looks like the materialising of the spiritual. A natural fear, but mistaken, I think. Even in this world we are able to cultivate ideals. Why, then, should we expect to be better and happier living a purely mental life in a void, rather than a life of activity in a beautiful country? Besides, the future here drawn in outline is not eternal. The life in a void may come later. But are we sure we could in any case get rid entirely of "things"? There is no reality in abstractions. Suppose we succeed in reducing everything finally to mind, what is mind? Is it something or is it nothing? Be the truth what it may, we must follow the gleam whithersoever it lead.

#### SPIRIT THE UNDERLYING REALITY.

The subtle relation of matter to force—the more attenuated the one the more potent and elusive the other—is not without significance. As an instance, take the development of illumination. At first the smoky, resinous torch of the savage, next the use of fat or oil, then coal gas, and lastly electricity. At each stage a refinement in the method of production and a corresponding increase in the brilliancy and utility of the light. This intensification of energy is observable in other familiar transformations upon the physical plane. We are conscious of a like tendency in ourselves—the less coarse we are in body and mind the greater our capacity for things spiritual. With the subjugation of the flesh comes clearer insight and a closer grasp of spiritual truth. By degrees we are led to realise that spirit is the underlying reality, and instead of laboriously seeking to demonstrate its presence we intuitively recognise its manifestations. The experiences of daily life, rightly understood, will be found to be full of spiritual incident and rich in occult teaching.

ARTHUR BUTCHER.

of conduct. But the law of life is not to be cheated. Such a man

is in the case of the fool who hopes to eat his pudding and yet to have it. Of course there are "cute" little arguments, propounded by Machiavelli and others, that the maximum advantage has to be squeezed out of any enterprise by judiciously timed little infidelities, betrayals, and so forth. And all these hinge on the fallacy of ends: for a certain "desirable end" a man will do this in itself objectionable deed. But then, when the end is obtained, he is grieved to discover that it turns out to be undesirable, because of the very deed by which he obtained it. This has been through all the ages the dying plaint of unprincipled and "successful" men. It is only a question once more of being wise and observant enough to foresee that the taint attaching to the means is going to linger on and affect the end. . . . Life is not lived for ends.

That brings out (quite apart from the particular argument) the wise old maxim which exhorts us to "live by the way." Even in the pursuit of an end thoroughly good in itself, we may miss great possibilities of present happiness from neglect of the many beautiful things that lie all along the path.

### THE BIBLE AND WITCHCRAFT.

The Rev. David F. Stewart, M.A., writes :—

It seems to me the following four points may help towards an explanation :—

1. A person "with a familiar spirit" was one with a control—good or evil.
2. A witch was one who had dealings with evil spirits.
3. The people had got into the habit of worshipping spirits instead of God, and so the whole system was condemned.
4. The priests used Urim and Thummim, and did not want any opposition.

From Miss E. P. Prentice we have the following letter :—

Has it not been widely discussed among Bible critics and commentators whether the supernatural powers claimed by witches were real or pretended? We find that sorcery or witchcraft was common among all the idolatrous nations of antiquity. Pretences to witchcraft were also found among the primitive Christians, and a belief in it was common as late as the sixteenth century. Hindostan with its learned Brahmins is overrun with professors of the art. The Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, writing of its existence in West Africa, remarks that a person gifted with this mysterious power is supposed to possess little less than omnipotence.

### A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF JULY 31st, 1886.)

Interesting to "C. C. M.": The "Pall Mall Gazette" says :—

"Just as the General Election was beginning we received from a provincial student of astrology an astrological forecast of its probable course. His letter was dated July 2nd, and his prediction was in no sense after the event, for even the result of the polling at Colchester was not known when his letter was written. His forecast consisted in the main of two predictions: (1) That on or before July 9th Mr. Gladstone's defeat would be a certainty, which has been fulfilled to the letter; (2) That his resignation might be expected on or before the 26th of July. Our astrologer has carried off the double event."

From "Notes by the Way."

HIS EXCELLENCY M. AKSAKOFF left London on Wednesday last for Paris and Biarritz. We understand that this gentleman has obtained full material in his experiments with Mr. Eglinton for a complete reply to the "hallucination" theory of Eduard von Hartman.

From the "Christian Commonwealth" we learn with regret that Dr. John Hunter has lost a son in the war. Dr. Hunter, it will be remembered, delivered an eloquent address to the London Spiritualist Alliance in February of last year.

\* The late Mr. C. C. Massey, who at that time contributed to *LIGHT* and was an enthusiastic astrologer.

## WORLDS BEYOND MORTAL THOUGHT.

THE REPORT OF A REALIST.

BY N. G. S.

Although Mr. McKenzie's descriptions of the spheres occupy only a third of his book,\* they seem (as I indicated in my notice of it last week) to call for separate treatment. We are asked to regard our planet as a series of solid concentric spheres surrounding our solid central globe like congealed atmospheres, diminishing continually in density as they recede. Those with which we are particularly concerned are seven, and extend to a distance of thirty-five thousand miles, which is about four times the diameter of the visible earth. There are others beyond, and each has sub-divisions of varying density. These spheres (or planes) are of superphysical matter obtained by the unceasing decomposition of all the substances of the physical core into minute particles, which are carried up by electric streams and lodged each at its proper level. Though impalpable to us now, they are very real, and it is in them that the future homes of humanity are to be found. The further they are away the more highly developed are the people, the more ideal the conditions, the more beautiful the vegetation and the more brilliant the light.

Nearest to us is the Astral Sphere, the lowest level of which is reserved for the spirits of animals, and it is seventy-five miles deep. Animals which have been pets remain with their masters for a time, but go no higher than the fourth sphere, after which they gravitate to their own region, where their fate has not been "worked out." Birds, however, rise higher. In the sphere just mentioned they acquire coats like plush and become translucent. In the sixth they are so luminous as to resemble animated jewels rather than live creatures. Above the animals sphere is the first of the three sub-divisions of the Astral, the surface being three hundred miles above our heads. Here low, sensual people live at the bottom of deep rocky gorges where nothing but a fungus grows and there are no houses; where the air is humid, a "low visibility" prevails and the conditions are altogether unpleasant and dreary. The mid-region is decidedly better. There is more light and less moisture, the ground is shale and mosses are able to grow. There are houses, cities and slums. In the upper region the ground is earthy and you have shrubs and grass of a poor sort, brownish-green in colour.

We now leave the Astral and come to Sphere II. We have risen one thousand two hundred and fifty miles and are in a country of rivers and lakes, with birds in the air and fish in the waters, but no animals of course, save those that have been pets in their former state. The people are mostly of the narrowly religious kind, and lectures are provided to broaden their ideas. Sphere III. is the Summer-land, a delightful world of enormous extent. That naturally must be, as we are leaving the earth farther and farther behind and increasing our circumference. Nearly all who die as children are sent here. The illumination is at least equal to sunlight, but no sun appears. The light comes from everywhere, so that there are no shadows. Neither is there any rain, wind or dust, and everybody is courteous and urbane. They live in houses with gardens, where the flowers turn towards you as you enter, or in case they don't like you, turn away. The houses are mostly of red brick, and they do not erect themselves at will or grow spontaneously, nor are they the creation of our thoughts while here, but have to be built. The bricks (like everything else in these wonderful lands) are made by extracting substances from the air with a complicated machine like a dynamo. They are then boiled in vats, pressed in moulds and dried in the air.

As we ascend, the inhabitants advance in intellect and spirituality, progressing from plane to plane by a refining process worked upon the body by the spirit within. The spheres, too, grow deeper, so that the earth could float in the sixth if it were fluid. The seventh reaches a distance of thirty-five thousand miles from earth and contains the highest types of humanity, who from this level are able to

\* "Spirit Intercourse." By J. HEWAT MCKENZIE (Simpkin, Marshall, 2s. 6d. net.)



visit the other planets. The ground here is crystalline, with the appearance of jewels. The streets are paved with blocks like frosted gold. The temples might be precious stones, and plants are entirely absent. No more than houses do clothes grow of themselves in those homes of the future. They are supplied to you on entering and you can change afterwards if you don't like them. Many readers will be pleased to learn that work is quite optional, and those who decide to work choose their own line, whether it be dressmaking, brick-laying, exploring or what not. Food is taken in by breathing, but fruit is sometimes eaten. Plants are produced by the action of will-power on the soil, and once produced they never die, but, like the inhabitants, grow to maturity and remain there. Should you die at an advanced age, you do not suddenly become young again, but may grow backwards gradually, if you wish, to what age you please. This is a matter of years, and you enjoy bodily vigour whatever your apparent age. There are no changing seasons. At the lower levels it is always dank and dismal, at the upper bright and warm; and in these countries you may dart about at lightning speed, but this uses up a great deal of energy and is reserved for occasions of need.

All these facts and much more I have learnt from Mr. McKenzie's startling book. The information is his, the language mine; and if this account of spirit lands reads somewhat like a fairy tale or allegory, that is, no doubt, my fault—or possibly my purpose. If I have described them at some length, that is because these chapters are typical of much that one reads, and also because the author's honesty is beyond dispute, and what he writes is not a summary of what he has read, but the fruit of his own inquiry and research. Certainly it was not his aim to amuse us with fairy tales. He has himself visited these super-worlds and has had the assistance of several eminent deceased scientists, and particularly of "the late Professor William James," who has been spending much of his post-mortem time in the pragmatic occupation of mapping and measuring the spirit spheres. The question is not of Mr. McKenzie's honesty, but the far larger question of the general credibility of these super-travellers' tales. For my own part I confess that the more I read of this part of his book, the more critical and judicial I grew. It all seemed too solid or too fairy-landish—too much within the range of easy subliminal invention. He brings back to earth nothing that is really super-earthly. A machine is indicated, but not explained; some "highly evolved musical instruments" are "impossible to describe." If only he could have brought us some improved system of notation, some new harmonic device, that indeed would have been convincing—almost.

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OFFICE OF "LIGHT," 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,  
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## Light:

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## A DREAM LIFE.

In his Introduction to "The Dreams of Orlow,"\* Mr. J. Arthur Hill remarks that the greatest advance in psychology during the last half century has been in the domain of the subconscious. And in regard to the dream-world as a source of inspiration in the waking life, he cites such instances as R. L. Stevenson, Cadmon and Ibsen, and gives some striking quotations from Pindar, Euripides and Shelley. We hope we may without presumption add Keats to the list. His "Sleep and Poetry" is a fine tribute to the "rich benedictions" which he gained in slumber:—

Sleep, quiet with his poppy coronet;  
For what there may be worthy in these rhymes  
I partly owe to him.

"The Dreams of Orlow" is a remarkable and fascinating book. Cast in the form of fiction with much of picturesque description and witty dialogue, it gives, as the author assures us, an "accurate account of real visions that a person still living has obtained." Orlow Erinveine ("Orlow the Dreamer") is the daughter of an utterly unpractical father, reputed to be a genius, and a mother whose pathetic faith in her husband blinds her to the possibilities of future wretchedness for her family as the outcome of his aloofness from the hard facts of existence. Fortunately for her, she is removed by death from the later catastrophes that descend on the family when Orlow becomes a poor drudge, the household serf, victim of the selfish caprices of a narrow-minded lodger, Miss Raleigh, and of the irresponsible father bemused with his books. Ann, the sister, finds a place as nursery governess, and the clever brother, Martin, is doomed to the dreary world of clerkdom.

The picture grips one. It has so many parallels in daily life. But Orlow has the power of "Dreaming True," and her night visions, which are many and strange, bring inspiration and interest into a life that would otherwise have been utterly hopeless and sordid. The dreams are sometimes inspiring and beautiful, bearing with them an influence that carries her through gloomy days. Now and again, however, they are of a baffling, sometimes gruesome character, but even these give opportunities for the distraction of Orlow's mind from the mundane troubles that beset her path. She ponders the problems they present and discusses them with Martin, whose cynical and often humorous comments provide the lighter side of the story. Some-

times when his interest is aroused, Martin offers some curiously wise suggestions. The dialogue, indeed, is not the least interesting part of the book. If Orlow is a dreamer, Martin is a philosopher and wit. Ann, who is a "minor third," comes into the dreams in a curious fashion, and also figures in some telepathic experiments with Orlow.

Orlow's dreams, though full of interest, especially to the psychologist, are rather elusive when brought into the cold light of everyday. There are vague suggestions of reincarnation, which appear to provide some kind of a clue, but although Orlow's story ends with her marriage to a man whom she frequently meets in her visions (where he acts as a guide and protector) he is entirely unconscious in his waking life of the part he has played as a dream character. "So Orlow is still without the proof she wanted." In this respect the story differs from Rudyard Kipling's marvellous tale of the "Brushwood Boy" in which the youth and maiden after their dreams meet in the waking world and remember each other.

We found the chapter on "Elementals" distinctly profitable by reason of its rational treatment of the problem of these grisly entities:—

For a considerable period Orlow's True Dreams were haunted at the start by these . . . ugly figures, which she came to call Elementals because they seemed the elementary mouldings of dream fancies. They used to appear before her when she was only half asleep, and sometimes mouthed defiance or seemed to try to prevent her entrance into the dream realm. She formed several theories about these creatures, which she soon ceased to fear. She thought that in the mind world there must be a source of life from which lower life is derived that turns into the souls of separate animals or insects in the material world, probably lapsing into the general life current upon ceasing to exist in the different bodies. This element of life, she surmised, could be fashioned by thought into any sort of shape upon the spirit plane, though immediately melting away as the mind which fashioned it ceased to work upon the current.

The power of thought of which we hear so much in regard to experiences in after-death states has here a suggestive illustration. But the mind which makes its own hobgoblins is ill-occupied in trying to foist them on other minds as a part of the eternal verities. The horrors and the grotesques are all illusory and fictitious except to the soul that sins or fears. They are no part of the permanent order, divinely sane and divinely simple.

To illustrate the artistic way in which the humorous element is introduced as a relief to the graver side of the book, and how that in turn serves to convey a moral, the importance of which still lacks full appreciation, we take the following further excerpt from the chapter on Elementals:—

"It has occurred to me," said Martin, "that once you can produce a True Dream, you ought to be able to fix where it is to be played out. I mean, you ought to be able to go to London, if you elect to do so, or to Oxford, or anywhere you definitely decide. And you ought to be able to meet anyone else who also can Dream True, by appointment."

Orlow's eyes expanded. The idea was great. She saw no reason—then—why it should be unworkable.

"In that way," pursued Martin, "the True Dreamers might have a good time of it, travelling about and seeing places. It would be less expensive, too, than taking excursions by train! As far as that goes, if you made a bargain with your pupils in True Dreaming, you might arrange, for a certain sum, to conduct them about the world, and so earn an honest penny over what is else an unprofitable business. Eh?"

"One thing I can tell you for certain," spoke Orlow, with vehemence: "if once the idea of profit were introduced, or if the curse of money were allowed to fall upon this part of life, it would collapse like a house of cards."

"You could put an advertisement in the papers," proceeded Martin, as if she had not interrupted, "'Excursion to Africa to-night. Dream punctually at half-past eleven, and meet your visionary guide outside the Town Hall. Dream journey to start while the clock strikes twelve. Excursionists are warned

\*"The Dreams of Orlow" by A. M. IRVINE (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 5s. net).



that they had better retire early in order to be asleep in time. Tickets only one guinea each.' 'Why, you might pocket fifty guineas in one night if you advertised widely enough.'

Martin did not provoke a smile by this sally. It grated upon Orlow's feelings as if he made fun of something that to her was holy. The idea of money connected with anything of the spirit was almost awful.

Altogether, it is a book to read and ponder over. Orlow's experiences and her comments upon them are a valuable contribution to dream-psychology, although they occasionally seem to be tinctured with some of the sombre and depressing influences of her daily life. A little more of the sunny side of earth experience might have given them a brighter aspect, and led to more cheerful and definite conclusions. But her experience of the radiant possibilities of the dream-world give the book a charm. Many others have made the discovery, and found in it a source of hope and courage in a world of travail above the shadows of which it is given to few to rise completely.

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## SUMMER AND THE DESOLATE PLACES.

A MEDITATION AND A MESSAGE.

BY "NEERA."

Summer is with us again! Everywhere, in the woods, beside the river banks, across the meadows she has brought her glad summons. Everywhere in Nature there is an undercurrent of rejoicing, for the divine spirit of eternal, ever-renewing youth is calling to the world to clothe herself in the garments of joy. "Life," she cries, "I bring you life!" And the birds answer her call with their paeans of praise, returning from far lands to hear her glad tidings. The call of the mysterious grey bird rings through the land, the call of love—Life and Love.

In Nature all is as it has ever been. It is only in our desolate hearts that this summer sunshine seems joyless, for there can be few homes now that have not paid the price of loyalty. Not perhaps the uttermost price. "He" may still be with us, and we talk of him cheerily, a little airily, as if to cheat a listening-fate into belief that we defy its power to hurt us.

Nevertheless, hidden under a matter-of-fact or captious manner lies the gnawing anxiety, and restlessly we turn to work or to play, to the multitude of small interests we keep going against "his" return, always hoping and believing that all will be well.

But what of those for whom there can be no song-birds in the heart, no green things of life and love, to whom the ringing call of the cuckoo will only add one more stab of pain? They look out on the world of green things. What do these say to them? What message have the hedges of wild roses, the flame of gorse flung over commons and uplands, the meadows sweet with the scent of hay? Outwardly the world is the same. The soul-less things have come back, but "he," where is "he"?

Better the long, dark winter, the imprisoning walls, than this laughing garden world of life and love mocking with its contrast the death-chamber of the heart.

In every town now one sees a few quiet, black-robed figures, their blanched faces imprisoned within black veils, out of which look eyes asking dumbly for comfort. In our hearts, I think, as we pass one of these desolate young creatures, every man would like to bare his head in homage, every woman whisper her thanks for the sorrow borne in her stead. For every tear that these women shed literally thousands benefit, and we cannot accept unconcernedly such a sacrifice. Yet how can we help them? What can we say to them? This is not the moment, when the whole world is sorrowing or in hourly anxiety, to repeat the old *clichés* about death. Death is too close and familiar a figure in these days, and no one knows through whose doors he will not enter next. He is both too near, and yet too strange, to most of us who have not yet faced his majesty and beauty through the eyes of one passionately loved.

"What is it like—the valley of his Shadow?" I asked one whose road lay for the moment within its solitude. She looked at me for a moment with her quiet, tragic eyes, as if to assure herself that it was no idle question. Then she smiled.

"It is very quiet," she said. "A deep, hushed valley that leads to the heart of things, to the great God. It is the passage between finite and infinite life, and in its living silence one hears one thing, the voice of the Father of all; and one meets one thing, one's own soul."

"Yes," I thought, "that is death." What have we to offer to women who have passed through that? Not some outworn platitude, produced in haste from the mental rubbish bag because, hitherto, we have never given the necessary time or thought with which to produce the living word. These women have seen the great realities. They have soared to the peaks of happiness, and sunk into the pit of despair. It is from them that we may learn the glory and the isolation of a great sorrow, we whose lives are still intact, whom war has not touched in its cruellest form. Sometimes I wonder just why these particular men died the sacrificial death, and the women who loved them have been called on to bear their crushing burden. But to know this would be to know the secrets of all souls, for if we do not believe in blind chance it seems reasonable to suppose that at some moment of their lives these men and women chose, perhaps subconsciously, this destiny, and that every step in life was a preparation to this end. And now these veiled sisters watch for us between Time and Eternity for they alone among the living have touched the fringe of Life and Death. If they loved and were loved passionately, their lives have been swept utterly clean, and they are gazing now across a future that must seem empty as a desert. For they have lost the only relationship intended by Nature to continue through life, and now no one remains to them beside whose chair they will inevitably draw up their own chair in the evening of their lives. And those things which their all too brief happiness did not find time to say will never now be said. And if they did not love . . . then are their lives perhaps even more tragic. What can we say to them, what can we do for them, we who still have our lives to enjoy—if we will?

I can think of only one word of comfort to offer them that would be worthy of their sacrifice. I would ask them to remember that a great choice was put before them. Not a personal choice such as comes to most of us at some time in our lives, but a choice outside Time and touching Eternity. And they made their choice. They had the supreme and extraordinary courage to allow themselves to be used by the Great Ones for the uplifting of the world. I do not say that the world will be uplifted; that the millennium is coming, or that this war will eradicate war. But they and their gallant dead made these things possible, and now it is for us to make good their sacrifice. They shirked nothing, following out to its most terrible and glorious conclusion their love of country and of right, and in time that peace of God which passeth all understanding must descend on those who gave all for the peace of the world.

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### "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.

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THE Greek Government has announced to Dr. Drakoules, the well-known humanitarian and Socialist writer, and formerly member of the Greek Parliament, that it has decided to introduce this month a Bill for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, drafted by Dr. Drakoules. The Bill is sure to be voted for by the present Parliament, as it is well known that the Queen fosters a strong interest in the welfare of animals. This humanitarian law will be the fruit of long and persistent efforts of Dr. Drakoules.—"THE HERALD OF HEALTH."

## THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY AND THE DRAMA.

Although *LIGHT* has already dealt very fully with "The Barton Mystery" at the Savoy Theatre, there is so much of value and interest in an article on the subject under the above title, by Miss Felicia Scatterd, in the current issue of the "Asiatic Review," that, by kind permission of the editor, it is here reproduced, with some small abridgments:—

Just when we're safest, there's a sunset touch,  
A fancy from a flower bell, someone's death,  
A chorus ending from Euripides—  
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears  
To rap and knock and enter in our soul. . .

—BROWNING.

"The Barton Mystery," now being played at the Savoy Theatre, marks an epoch in the history of modern drama with regard to psychology on the stage. Subjects taken from the realm sacred to the psychical researcher have been dealt with before, but mostly from the farcical point of view. Now we have a careful study of real mediumship, distorted and disfigured it is true by weaknesses and defects, but these latter, regrettable as they may be in themselves, no more destroy the fact of the possession of psychical gifts than does a tendency to violent temper annul mathematical or musical genius.

Indeed, the "irritability," using the term in a technical sense, which in bad environment tends to alcoholic or other excess in one case, or to violent passion in the other, may be just the necessary condition for the production of the rare and valuable contributions made by these highly endowed natures to the sum of human knowledge and experience. In a more enlightened social order, these sensitive beings would be carefully cherished and shielded, so that the best in them could be forthcoming. To-day they are persecuted and prosecuted, insulted and scorned, even by those who profit most by the exercise of their unusual faculty.

The author of "The Barton Mystery," Mr. Walter Hackett, is alleged to have met the original of Beverley in Atlantic City. Mr. Hackett's friend, Broadhurst, who had just written his successful play, "Bought and Paid for," was with him. The American actor and producer, Mr. John Mason, had arranged to produce the piece and to play in it. The Atlantic City psychic said Mason would not play his part, and gave the name of the actor who would replace him. This prediction was realised, and Mr. Hackett, the creator of Beverley, wrote his drama, in which true psychic faculty is given the prominent position which it actually occupies in daily life.

"The Barton Mystery" as a play is admirably conceived, and rivets attention all the way through. The "mystery" as to the murderer of the unfortunate man who gives his name to the drama remains unsolved almost to the end.

It has been called a one-man play. This is not exactly true. A conception such as "Beverley," carried out by an actor like H. B. Irving, must create an enthralling centre of interest round which the other characters group themselves with the inevitableness of living sequence. But these others are presentments of live people whom many of us have met. Each exists as part of a vivid balanced whole, forming an essential and therefore integral factor in the outworking of the plot.

As in Shakespeare and in everyday life, tragedy and comedy are so interblended that a fine humour relieves the otherwise unbearable tension. Sir Everard and Lady Marshall are delightful creations, especially the former, and Holman Hunt and Marie Illingworth leave little or nothing to be desired in their respective interpretations.

Sir Everard and Lady Marshall are types respectively of what the late Professor William James termed the "scientific-academic" mind and the "feminine-mystical mind." It is in line with the curious ironies of mundane existence that two such types should have become man and wife, since, as Professor James puts it: "They shy from each other's facts just as they fly from each other's temper and spirit. Facts are there only for those who have a mental affinity with them."

What opened-eyed student of psychical matters has not met many Sir Everards even in the exalted ranks of the Society for Psychical Research, men credulous in their incredulity, who, rejecting genuine evidence, fall a victim to "faked phenomena" because, forsooth, the latter complied with conditions laid down by themselves in their colossal ignorance of the laws governing those unexplored fields of knowledge. But having been led into the truth by false evidence, having "seen the light," Sir Everard Marshall becomes a staunch and courageous pioneer, and thus illustrates and justifies Professor James's contention as to the superior capacity of the scientific mind over the mystical one in dealing with ascertained facts. The wild advocacy of the sentimental Lady Marshall, who adopted

a new religion every few months and deemed it her duty to convert her much-trying husband, is a case in point. Her deliberate "helping out of the phenomena" in her anxiety to convince her husband, evinces a disregard for truth and a lack of conscientiousness of which the scientific mind is rarely guilty, but which is not infrequently displayed by over-zealous propagandists of various religious schools of thought.

And Richard Standish, M.P. (powerfully portrayed by Mr. H. V. Esmond), who, in his agony of anxiety to save the life of an innocent man—against reason, against common sense, against all that such a man stands for—clutches at the proverbial straw, and consents to consult a "weird" being whom he regards as eccentric and absurd—is he not multiplied amongst us to-day by the thousand—nay, by the million—in the crushed and grief-stricken men and women who find no consolation in orthodox religion, no answer from official science to the problems that threaten to overwhelm the very citadels of reason—nay, of life itself? Hard-hearted science and soft-headed religion drive them in crowds to Beverley and his like, and be it said in all seriousness and admitted with thankfulness that these much-sinned-against members of the human family, against whom all doors are shut, to whom all justice is denied, these men and women possessing the "sixth sense" do often prove a tower of strength in weakness and despair, and a source of guidance and enlightenment in bewilderment and perplexity when everything else has proved of no avail.

A criticism levelled against the play is that the dream-scene is not clearly enough indicated to be a dream. Most spectators seeing it for the first time have no notion that they are witnessing a dream. This so-called defect is really a triumph of artistic suggestion. It is afterwards realised how stupid one was not to have seen that it was a dream! As a spectacle, the intense interest with which the dream-scene is followed would be lessened and the glad relief of discovering that the good Richard Standish is a murderer in dream-life only would vanish completely were one conscious that it was only a dream from which the sleeper would soon awaken. The psychological problems raised by the dream itself are of paramount interest, but cannot be dealt with here.

Beverley may be an "imperturbable trickster," but he is a gifted human being of genuine if eccentric genius. The more one studies the character the stronger becomes one's admiration of Mr. H. B. Irving's interpretation of Mr. Hackett's masterpiece.

Beverley drinks too much whisky and pockets his host's cigars. He is not scrupulous as to means for the attainment of a desired end. He knows certain things are true, and under pressure does not hesitate to lie on behalf of that truth. Society forces this upon him, since he has to live by its suffrages, and it cannot understand that his "powers" control him. He does not, cannot, control his powers.

And is not this true of genius and inspiration in all their varied and transcendent manifestations? The mood is not always at command. "The spirit bloweth where it listeth." Terror and ecstasy clutch at our heartstrings and hurl us into the abyss or waft us to the Empyrean most effectively, most surely, when we are off our guard: when, for a moment, the objective self is quiescent under the spell of some great emotion, some overmastering sense of awe and wonder, of love or hate, of joy or sorrow, of life or death.

Humanity has ever treated its most gifted children, its poets and seers, its prophets and mediums, with senseless cruelty and crude stupidity; hence the Laureate's manufactured verse and the sensitive's "faked" phenomena.

The medium, like the scientist, knows that there are laws governing the seemingly erratic realm in which he functions. His knowledge is purely empirical, but it is knowledge as far as it goes. He expresses this truth in his own quaint fashion by saying he must have certain "conditions."

"My dear, your Prince of Mystery is quailing before a true scientific test!" exclaims Sir Everard to his wife, when Beverley declares himself unequal to an impromptu séance.

"I am not quailing," replies the badgered sensitive.

"I have quailed already"—pointing archly to the dining-room door—"and one cannot be psychic after supper."

Sir Everard, however, insists, is completely convinced by the sham séances of "helped-out phenomena," and indignantly repudiates all possibility of trickery or deception. He "sees the light," while his wife, an unwilling accomplice to the fraud, sorrowfully abandons her latest "religion" and makes the salutary discovery that psychical powers are not of necessity a guarantee of moral probity or spiritual worth.

As before stated, Mr. Irving's "Beverley" is a triumph of impersonation.

Twenty years' study of mediums and mediumship enable the writer to make the deliberate statement that half a dozen

sympathetic visits to the Savoy Theatre will teach one truths on this nascent science of psychical research that many years' faithful membership of that august body, the London S.P.R., has failed to impart to the bulk of its adherents. This is not said by way of criticism. Such a body has its duties and responsibilities. It cannot afford to make mistakes. It must risk executing a dozen innocent victims rather than take to its official bosom one "rogue and vagabond" of the Beverley type.

"Beverley" demonstrates the existence of the supernormal faculty of psychometry, and he instances historical examples. In the play guilty persons are traced and discovered, scenes of betrayal and murder reconstructed.

The "instability" of temperament, which is the source of Beverley's sensitiveness, also makes him liable to respond to his environment for good or ill. He is the victim of society.

Society (with a capital S) fawns on him and cajoles him, carries him in its pocket with its lap-dogs and vanity bags. When he will not, or cannot, gratify its whims and caprices, it chastises him as does the Fiji Islander his idol. Indeed, it is more cruel to him than to its lap-dogs, which it allows "charming" professors to vivisection so long as its own individual pet is safe. But should misfortune overtake its favourite medium, it relegates him or her without a pang to the mercy of official psychesectors, civic or scientific, and hunts out fresh victims of the listless curiosity it dignifies by the name of "scientific investigation."

It despises him and scorns him, excludes him from its clubs and confidences, yet appeals to him when all else fails, when science is mute and the heavens are as brass. It receives his indispensable services with condescension, and imagines all obligations discharged by a cheque. Even this pecuniary recognition is often lacking, for society sometimes develops an excrecence it calls "conscience" which will not permit it to pay for "spiritual" things with filthy lucre.

"My dear, one cannot believe in the creature's genuineness if we make it a matter of £ s. d.," it simpers.

It regards him as an "oily impertinent charlatan," yet reviles him for leaving unsolved the problems that have defied mankind through all ages. When he does succeed in throwing a gleam of light on some hitherto baffling mystery, "coincidence," that "watchword of ignorance," gets the credit.

All this and more Mr. Irving makes his audience feel. He arouses a strange pity for, and comprehension of, the pathos and tragedy of such a life as that of the Society Medium. He shows him to be, at his worst, a victim of the defects of his gifts: at his best, generous, forgiving, long-suffering, tolerant of the vices and stupidities of his clients, because he knows how much all men are at the mercy of circumstances. He remains at heart a child, suffering keenly, but not resenting the pain, for his wayward genius has revealed to him in his moments of true inspiration glories unspeakable. He has seen the "light that never was on sea or land," and feels himself a "strayed angel" from realms supernal, doomed for some inscrutable reason to sojourn awhile on the dark planet men call Earth.

### A "SUPERNATURAL" INCIDENT.

We cull the following anecdote from an old issue of the Hartford "Courant," an American newspaper. It recalls the story related by Mr. Percy Street in his address to the London Spiritualist Alliance in January last (LIGHT, February 5th, 1916, p. 45):—

Bishop Cox relates that on one occasion he was reading the service in a little church, with only a handful of worshippers present, when he suddenly resolved to close the Psalter with the *Gloria in Excelsis* instead of the customary *Gloria Patri*. He had never done this before, he says, and has never done it since. During the day he was called upon by a widow "of high position in society and a family eminent in the history of our country." She asked him whether he had been desired by any of her relations to gratify her by departing from custom. She had always made this day one of special private devotion, as it was the anniversary of her husband's death. She had made an effort to be at church that morning on this account. "What was my surprise," she said, "to hear you break off with the *Gloria in Excelsis*. My husband, very reticent as to his religious emotions, lay dying. Suddenly he aroused himself, and to the amazement of all recited the *Gloria* in entirety. Reflecting on this as I went to church on this anniversary, imagine my surprise when, for the only time in a long time, I found the *Gloria* so used by the clergyman. I joined in with it with feelings greatly excited, and come to thank you for so kindly considering me."

Her husband was a stranger to the Bishop, who regards the whole incident as supernatural.

### THE INNER POWERS OF PRECIOUS STONES.

The mere idea of power in a gem may provoke to laughter the superficial critic, but not the true philosopher—the cause-seeker—who sees in ridicule only a fool's weapon. It is apparent that a thought put forth can be clothed in matter, hence rises the palace from the conception of the architect, the picture from the conception of the painter; and it is equally apparent that an influence, a power, can draw unto itself, and intermix with itself, substances for its material manifestation in the same way as we of the earth draw for our material manifestation earth substances which constitute our flesh and bone.

We will regard man as a twofold entity—mortal and immortal. He is, then, composed of a perishable and an imperishable form, and especial gems have been allotted to each, all blending, however, in simple and beautiful harmony. The denser gems, such as the onyx, jasper, malachite, are emblematical of the material man, while the diamond, emerald, ruby, &c., reflect the man immaterial.

It has been truly said that man, no matter how low his condition, ever raises his eyes to the stars, and it is rare indeed, even in our very materialistic world of to-day, to find a person utterly without conception of some being higher than himself. In a matter of gems the symbol of something higher than mere earth is expressed in the precious order of diamonds, pearls, emeralds, &c., and it is natural that these should be placed above the jasper, the onyx, the cornelian, &c. Their worth, in the eyes of man, is greater, their rarity is greater, the symbol for which they stand more ethereal, and within themselves are the elusive forces which analysis, however keen, cannot find.

We connect the visible form of man with the visible world around him—the invisible is conscious force which acts on the plastic visible, moulding it to its desires and demanding obedience absolute. Jacob Böhme wrote that when the serpent of Eden said to Eve, "Thy eyes shall be opened," her earthly eyes were opened, but the heavenly ones were closed. Thus all the mighty forces of the Invisible and Divine were closed to eyes that had lost their sense of heavenly sight, eyes that had seen sin, so that the light of divinity blurred the sight and opened it only on a material, slavish, and obeying world of form.

An anonymous writer says that there is something as yet lacking satisfactory explanation in regard to gems, just as there is in regard to what, for lack of a more scientific name, we call "luck." He remarks on the progress of Nature from gross to subtle, from heard-of things to unheard-of things, and none who is not omniscient could say that the affinities of loadstone and iron in the magnetic world have no analogy in a subtler sphere. The latent, real occult forces in the gem can be forced into life and action when the superior and sympathetic life directing the human will compels such action.

The wearer of a talismanic gem should appreciate the high and sacred meaning of his jewel. From the very instant the gem is employed, the mind must be raised to contemplation of the extreme power of the Creator, and it must be recognised that the lost crown of man can be gained by rightly directed thought and immovable faith.

The famous Francis Barrett, F.R.S., wrote:—

It is a common opinion of magicians that stones inherit great virtues, which they receive through the spheres and activities of celestial influences by the medium of the soul or spirit of the world. Authors very much disagree in respect of the probability of their actually having such virtues *in potentia*, some debating warmly against any occult or secret virtue lying hid in them; others as warmly showing the causes and effects of these sympathetic properties.

However, to leave these trifling arguments to those who love cavil and contentions better than I do, and as I have neither leisure nor inclination to enter the lists with sophists and tongue-philosophers, I may say that these occult virtues are disposed throughout the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, by seeds or ideas originally emanating from the Divine mind, and through super-celestial spirits and intelligences always operating according to their proper offices and governments allotted them; which virtues are infused, as we

before said, through the medium of the Universal Spirit as by a general and manifest sympathy and antipathy established in the law of Nature.

—DR. ISIDORE KOZMINSKY in "The Harbinger of Light."

### SIDELIGHTS.

In his nightly column of "Gossip" in the "Evening News," "The Londoner" says some quaintly wise things. In a recent issue of the journal, discussing the attitude of Science towards popular superstitions—in especial the idea that the cannonading in France is responsible for the wet and dismal summer—he remarked:—"Who knows but that Science will change its mind over this matter. It has changed its mind before to-day. I remember that I once read in a newspaper an address in which a proud professor made game of an old-fashioned fancy that the bed of a man taken with the small-pox should be hung with red curtains. A year passed and Science was talking obscurely about the action of light upon certain diseases, about the filtration of actinic rays. It had come round to the red curtain superstition and was dressing it up in learned language."

Some of our readers will recall the name of Mr. Reginald Machell, who some fifteen years ago was known in London for his remarkable symbolic paintings which won for him considerable distinction as an artist. He was a member of the Theosophical Society, but at the time of the "split," after the death of Mme. Blavatsky, he went to Point Loma, California, as a member of the Theosophical community there under the leadership of Mrs. Katherine Tingley. According to our last advices, he is still engaged in painting, and with such success that a famous American writer visiting the colony spoke in the highest terms of his work as tending to create for Point Loma the title to be an "Artist's Mecca." Mr. Machell's name was recalled to our mind recently by an announcement in the Press of the death of Colonel Machell, of the Border Regiment, who was killed at the front, and of whom it is stated that he was a son of the late Canon Machell and a cousin of Lord Middleton. Colonel Machell we understand to have been a brother of Mr. Reginald Machell.

The "Daily Chronicle" devotes three-quarters of a column to a review of "The Quest for Dean Bridgman Conner," the book recently noticed in LIGHT. It is written by Mr. Tighe Hopkins, and the general tenor of the article is derivative of the reality of mediumship—Mrs. Piper's mediumship at least. It reads a little oddly in view of articles which, if we remember aright, appeared in the same journal some time ago, suggesting that spirit intercourse had a diabolical source. Of course an editor cannot be held responsible for the conflicting opinions of different writers in the same journal; but it seems necessary to remind some of the opponents of psychic research that they cannot have the argument "both ways." To treat a subject as an imposture at one time and at another as a reality with a diabolical significance, is, to say the least, confusing to the general reader, and it certainly reveals a bias, which in the end defeats its own aims. We recall Abraham Lincoln's celebrated aphorism: "You can fool all the people some of the time; you can fool some of the people all of the time; but you cannot fool all the people all of the time."

Mr. Charles W. J. Tennant, writing on behalf of the Christian Science Committees on Publication, says: "Your issue of July 15th contains the following question and answer: 'What is New Thought? A definition is not easy, but we think that, like Christian Science and similar movements, it is a method (one of many) whereby the powers of the subconscious mind are brought into activity.' Systems which have for their basis the human mind and its beliefs of material consciousness and subconsciousness, have nothing in common with Christian Science, which is defined by Mrs. Eddy, on page 1 of 'Rudimental Divine Science' as 'the law of God, the law of good, interpreting and demonstrating the divine Principle and rule of universal harmony.'" Mr. Tennant has omitted the context in the sentences he quotes. We supply it. Following those sentences we wrote, "That is another way of saying that it is a cultivation of the attitude of reliance on spiritual rather than on material agencies, for, as we have learned, it is through the subconscious mind that spiritual power . . . comes into action in the physical life." Christian Science, we cordially concede, has done a tremendous work, but there may easily be a wide difference between what it claims to be and what it actually is,

### UNITY AMID CONFUSION.

The apparent contradictions and confusions in communications received from the spirit world are a source of triumph to the opponents of Spiritualism and a difficulty to inquirers.

It is well to remember that these communications are from beings who once were mortal, and who still retain something of the varying moods and prejudices of their mortal state, and who, existing in different spheres, necessarily have experiences of life vastly differing one from the other, and in their communications with us are hampered by their own limited knowledge and power of expression, by the mood which influences the auric conditions of the sitters or inquirers upon the earth-plane, and by the imperfections of the medium through whom the communications are made. When examined more closely, these inconsistencies are not as great as at first they appear to be.

Among the principal lessons to be learned from a consideration of the various aspects and phenomena of Spiritualism are those of the essential unity of the human family and the interdependence of the denizens of the various spheres upon each other.

Even the least developed of mortals strives for the advantage of his own personal family, and one more advanced adds that of his friends, whilst another, whose sympathy is more developed, pitying the hard fate of certain others to whom his attention is drawn, includes them also within the scope of his good-will and effort. Tracing this further, we see of necessity that the most enlightened of mortals must include all men within his range of sympathy, for as his clearer vision enables him to recognise in even the blackest of criminals the victims of heredity and environment, such become the objects of his pity and love rather than of his blame and abhorrence. Therefore it is not surprising to find all who have been mortal working in ever widening circles for the benefit of the whole human race, and we realise that the failure of an individual to develop along natural lines is a cause of concern and discomfort to the whole, even as pain in the extreme joint of a toe distresses the whole body and must be overcome in order that the whole body may enjoy health and comfort.

We can trace this law in the various circles devoted to mediumistic work; those spirits least developed return to warn their relatives by their fate; those more advanced urge the imitation of those actions and ideals which they find from experience to be beneficial; whilst those still more developed urge mortals to work by precept and example in the widest field of influence that the world affords them, at the same time availing themselves of the mediumship of the mortal to project their love and help even into those dark spheres in which love is unknown.

E. M.

WAR'S MYSTERIES.—An officer with an eye for the mysterious noted two strange incidents in the "great push." Just before the offensive four dogs came out of the German lines and crossed over to our lines. The Germans whistled and shouted, but the deserters held steadily on. Our men, of course, hailed it as an omen. The other incident was still more curious. In this war-scourged zone there is a road called Crucifixion Avenue. When our men reached this road they found every tree destroyed by the bombardment, and the road had been flanked by trees on both sides. But the large crucifix still stood there, and when it was examined closely it was impossible to find a single trace of shrapnel fire.—"Star."

THE WAY OF POWER.—When you have realised your spiritual perception . . . you will be surprised at the changes that will take place in your outlook. You will no longer behold the race as bent upon evil, for you will see the possibility for goodness in every created being. You will lose the sense of your impotence as a single drop in the ocean of creative force, for you will have joined your energising essence to the mighty minds that rule the revolutions of our planetary system, and you will know that all things are progressing toward perfection, and that even though a man, a nation or a race retrogress through error, yet error will burn itself out, and that in time all men shall behold the love of God.—ANNIE PITT.



## 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 bonafides 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.

**Mrs. Zaidia Johnston, 57, Edgware-road, Marble Arch, W.**—Private sittings daily. Hours, 11 to 7. Fees, 2s. 6d., 5s., 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: 2329 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, 8, 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.—16, Ashworth-road (off Lauderdale-road), Maida Vale, W. Buses 1, 8 and 16 to Sutherland-avenue Corner. Maida Vale Tube Station.

**Note Change of Address.—Mrs. S. Fielder** (Trance and Normal). Daily, 11 to 7. 'Phone: Paddington 5173. Séances: Monday, at 3, 1s.; Tuesday and Thursday, at 8, 1s.; Wednesday, at 3, 2s. 6d. (select séance). 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 'd. 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.

**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.).

**Donald Gregson (Practical Psychologist).** Lecturer 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*

**Lionel White.** Daily, 11 to 6. Séances: Tuesday, at 8; Thursday, at 3 (select), 2s.; Saturday, 8, Sunday, 3, 1s. Tuition in Psychic Development. Psycho-Therapeutics.—258, Kennington Park-road, S.E.; half minute Oval Tube Station.

**Marcia Rae, 3, Adam-street, Portman-square, W.** Sittings daily, from 3 to 6, or by appointment. Fees 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s. 6d. Healing; speciality nervous disorders; Lecturer. For vacant dates apply above address.

**Mrs. Florence Sutton.** Private sittings daily. Tuesdays and Saturdays by appointment only. Short readings 1s.; fuller ones from 2s. 6d.—45, Milton-road, Albion-road, Stoke Newington, N. 'Buses 21 and 65.

**Miss Marie Conchessa gives readings daily from** 10 to 1.30. Afternoon readings by appointment only.—14b, Whitehead's Grove, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.

**Elsevere St. John.** Consultations daily, 11 to 8, at 98, Bishop's-road, Bayswater, W. (opposite Whiteleys). Short readings from 1s. 6d.

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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.

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**SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, JULY 23rd, &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.**—77, New Oxford-street, W.C.—Mr. H. Ernest Hunt delivered a most timely and instructive discourse entitled "The Outlook." On Monday, the 17th inst., Mr. Horace Leaf gave successful clairvoyant descriptions. Mr. G. Craze presided on both occasions. For Sunday next, see advt. on front page.—D. N.

**LONDON SPIRITUAL MISSION:** 13b, Pembroke Place, Bayswater, W.—Morning, trance address by Miss Violet Burton; evening, Mr. Percy Beard's control gave answers to written questions of general interest. For Sunday next, see front page.

**CHURCH OF HIGHER MYSTICISM:** 22, Princes-street, Cavendish-square, W.—Mrs. Fairclough Smith gave a grand trance address in the morning, and in the evening an inspirational address on "Mediumship," which embodied descriptions of her own experiences. Sunday next: Morning, service for our fallen heroes; evening, answers to written questions (see advt.).

**FOREST GATE, E.—EARLHAM HALL, EARLHAM GROVE.**—Service conducted by Miss Sheal, address by Mr. Sarfas, "The Purpose of Life." Sunday next, Mrs. Orlowski, in the Small Hall.—F. S.

**WOOLWICH AND PLUMSTEAD.—PERSEVERANCE HALL, VILLAS-ROAD, PLUMSTEAD.**—Afternoon, Lyceum; evening, Mrs. Beaumont-Sigall, address and clairvoyance. Sunday next, 3, Lyceum; evening, 7, Mrs. Jamrach, address and clairvoyance.

**STRATFORD.—IDMISTON-ROAD, FOREST LANE.**—Afternoon, Lyceum; evening, good address and clairvoyance by Mrs. Gordon. Sunday next, at 7, Mrs. Keightley. Thursday, at 8, church workers; Sunday, 6th, Mr. and Mrs. Smith.—A. G. D.

**RICHMOND.—(SMALLER CENTRAL HALL), PARKSHOT.**—Mrs. Brown conducted a public circle and gave well-recognised clairvoyance. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. H. Boddington. Wednesday, August 2nd, at 7.30 p.m., Mrs. Mary Gordon.

**BRIGHTON SPIRITUAL MISSION.—1, UPPER NORTH-STREET** (close to Clock Tower).—Mrs. Cannock gave excellent addresses and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mr. Hanson G. Hey (secretary, S.N.U.), addresses: 3 p.m., Lyceum. Friday, 8 p.m., public meeting for inquirers.

**BRIXTON.—143A, STOCKWELL PARK-ROAD, S.W.**—Mr. Horace Leaf gave an address on "Animals and their Survival of Death," followed by clairvoyant descriptions and messages. Sunday next, 3, Lyceum; 7, Mrs. Podmore, address and clairvoyance. August 6th, Mr. and Mrs. Connor. Circles as usual.

**CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—SURREY MASONIC HALL.**—Morning and evening, Mr. A. Vout Peters, splendid addresses and excellent clairvoyance. Sunday next, 11 a.m., Mr. and Mrs. Alcock-Rush, address and spirit messages; 6.30 p.m., Mrs. Annie Boddington, address and clairvoyance.

**CROYDON.—GYMNASIUM HALL, HIGH-STREET.**—Mrs. Mary Davies' address was much appreciated. Sunday next, 11 a.m., service and circle; 7 p.m., Mr. Harold Carpenter. Short service for intercession each Sunday. Every Wednesday, 8 p.m., address and clairvoyance.

**WIMBLEDON (THROUGH ARCHWAY, BETWEEN 4 AND 5, BROADWAY).**—Well-reasoned trance address by Mme. de Beaurepaire. Sunday next, 6.30, Mrs. Mary Davies. Wednesday, 3 to 5, healing through Mr. Lonsdale. Open circle, 7.30, Mrs. E. Webster.—R. B.

**CLAPHAM.—HOWARD-STREET, WANDSWORTH-ROAD, S.W.**—Morning and evening, addresses and clairvoyance by Mrs. Harvey (of Southampton). Friday, at 8, and Sunday, at 11.15, public circles. Sunday next, at 7, Mrs. Clare O. Hadley. August 6th, Mrs. Brownjohn.—F. C. E. D.

**BATTERSEA.—HENLEY HALL, HENLEY-STREET.**—Morning, well-attended circle; evening, Mr. H. Wright, address and clairvoyance. 21st, Mrs. Bloodworth, psychometrical descriptions; large audience. Sunday next—morning, 11, circle; 3, Lyceum; 6.30, Mr. Clifford Coote. Circles: Monday, 3, ladies, Miss Ponocella; Tuesday, 8, developing; Wednesday, 8, healing; Thursday, 8, Mr. H. Wright.—N. B.

**PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL, LAUSANNE-ROAD.**—Morning, address by Mr. C. J. Williams; Miss Westcott gave clairvoyance; evening, Mr. A. Moncur, trance address, followed by clairvoyance. 20th, Mr. C. Coote, address and clairvoyance. Sunday next, 11.30 a.m., address; 7 p.m., Mrs. E. Marriott, address and clairvoyance. August 3rd, 8.15 p.m., Mr. Hope Johnson. 6th, Mr. and Mrs. Lund.—C. J. W.

**HOLLOWAY.—GROVEDALE HALL, GROVEDALE-ROAD.**—Morning, Mrs. L. M. Brookman, address and descriptions; duet by Miss Beryl Selman and Rev. D. F. Stewart; evening, Mr. G. R. Symons, address; anthem by choir. 19th, Mrs. M. Crowder, address and descriptions. Sunday next, 11.15 and 7, Mr. A. Punter. Wednesday, Mrs. M. Maunder. August 6th, 11.15, Rev. D. F. Stewart, M.A.; 7, Mrs. E. Neville. Friday next, visit of Mr. Hanson G. Hey.—J. F.

**TOTTENHAM.—684, HIGH-ROAD.**—Mrs. Jamrach gave a splendid address, followed by clairvoyant descriptions.—D. H.

**SOUTHPORT.—HAWKSHEAD HALL.**—Expositions and descriptions by Mr. A. E. Lappin.—E. B.

**EXETER.—MARLBOROUGH HALL.**—Services conducted by Mr. Elvin Frankish.—E. F.

**KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—BISHOP'S HALL, THAMES-STREET.**—Mr. W. Owen gave an address to an appreciative audience.

**SOUTHAMPTON SPIRITUALIST CHURCH, CAVENDISH GROVE.**—Morning and evening, addresses by Mr. R. Boddington.

**FULHAM.—12, LETTICE-STREET.**—Address by Mr. G. Beard. Mr. Wilkins addressed the Liberty Group.—V. M. S.

**PORTSMOUTH.—54, COMMERCIAL-ROAD.**—Mrs. Graddon Kent gave an interesting address, followed by clairvoyant descriptions, with excellent results. Afternoon service.—J. M.

**READING.—SPIRITUAL MISSION, 16, BLAgrave-STREET.**—Addresses by Mr. P. R. Street. Monday, address by Mr. Hanson Hey, Secretary National Union.—T. W. L.

**BRISTOL.—SPIRITUAL CHURCH, THOMAS-STREET, STOKES CROFT.**—Morning, service conducted by Mr. Eddy; 'discussion'; evening, address by Mr. Osborn. Other usual meetings.

(Continued on page iii.)



## SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, JULY 23rd, &amp;c.

(Continued from page vi., Supplement.)

**EXETER.—MARKET HALL, FORE-STREET.**—Good audiences listened to addresses by Mrs. Trueman, who also gave clairvoyant descriptions.—P. G.

**PORTSMOUTH.—311, SOMERS-ROAD, SOUTHSEA.**—Morning, public circle conducted by Mr. Pullman, clairvoyance by Mrs. Preece and a local friend; evening, address by Mr. Pullman, clairvoyance by Mrs. Gutteridge.

**MANOR PARK, E.—STRONE-ROAD CORNER, SHREWSBURY-ROAD.**—Morning, spiritual healing service; afternoon, Lyceum; evening discourse, "Small Talks on the Sweeter Things of Life," by Mrs. Podmore.

**MANOR PARK, E.—THIRD AVENUE, CHURCH-ROAD.**—Afternoon, Lyceum; evening, address by Mr. Percy Smyth. 17th, address and clairvoyance by Mrs. Maunder. 19th, address by Rev. D. Stewart, clairvoyance by Mrs. Jamrach.—E. M.

**PORTSMOUTH TEMPLE.—VICTORIA-ROAD, SOUTH.**—Mrs. E. M. Christie, of Torquay, gave two inspirational addresses, followed by clairvoyant descriptions and messages. 19th, Miss Beaty Fletcher and Mrs. Gutteridge gave valuable help at a public circle. 24th, Mrs. Christie gave clairvoyant descriptions.

**COUNT MIYATOVICH AT BRIGHTON.**—The "Sussex Daily News" of the 17th inst. contains a report of an address at the Athenæum Hall, Brighton, delivered on the previous evening by Count Miyatovich, "The Existence of a Future Life in the Light of My Psychic Experiences," Dr. W. A. Griggs occupying the chair. M. Miyatovich's story of his psychic experiences, many of which have already been recounted in *LIGHT*, seems to have made a profound impression. It is pleasant to know that the Count has recovered sufficiently to be able to speak in public.

THE "Review of Reviews" for July is as full of topical and literary interest as ever. Sir H. H. Johnston writes of Ireland (in his series "The Truth about the War"), and Viscountess Wolseley deals with a subject of the deepest moment just now—the question of women's work on the land. With its survey of the leading articles in the Reviews, literary and dramatic criticism, and its special feature—reproductions of political cartoons from the World's Press—the magazine provides in small compass an all-round view of men and things.

THE "Psychic Gazette" for July is pleasantly varied in its contents. Mr. J. Arthur Hill writes on "Dreams and their Meaning," and is properly sceptical of the validity of the Freudian theory—that all dreams are the outcome of repressed wishes. Mr. C. G. Sander discourses of Soul Mates and Affinities, Mrs. E. L., Silverwood of Fairies, Mr. Arthur Cuthbert continues his interesting Reminiscences of Thomas Lake Harris, and there are other attractive articles by writers known in connection with psychic literature.

**SONG BIRDS AS FOOD.**—"Bird Lover" sends us the following humane and urgently-needed protest: "After all that has been said and written about the destruction of wild birds for food, one might have hoped that there would be some marked diminution in the trade. On the contrary, however, we read that not only are large numbers of larks and lapwings still killed and sold for this purpose, but that such charming birds as the song and missel thrush, the redwing and blackbird, are now being utilised in the same way. Song birds have long been used for food on the Continent, but with us humane feeling should be sufficiently strong to prevent the barbarous practice from taking root in this country. There is not even the sordid excuse of 'food in war-time,' because the people who buy the birds can by no stretch of fancy be termed poor; they are of the well-fed classes, who desire some novel tit-bit to titillate a jaded and morbid appetite. Lady Mayo does well to call for protest against this 'hideous innovation.'"

**BURIAL ALIVE.**—Mr. J. R. Williamson, of 100, Chedington-road, Upper Edmonton, writes of a gruesome possibility, which even in these terrible days is important enough to call for practical attention. The danger of apparent being mistaken for real death, and treated accordingly, is conspicuously shown (he says) by an incident reported not long ago in the press. It appears that a badly wounded officer in the Dardanelles, diagnosed to be dead, was placed with others on the deck of a hospital ship for burial. A wounded brother officer, on taking a farewell look at his friend, noticed a slight twitching of the muscles of the face, and promptly reported the circumstance. The supposed corpse was conveyed to a cabin, given a hot stimulant, and recovered. Similar mistakes occasionally occur, and are not, it is to be feared, always discovered in time to prevent interment. Mr. Williamson adds that he will be pleased, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope, to send free literature showing how such tragedies may be prevented.

"RACHEL COMFORTED."—Another article by "Rachel" on the subject of her experiences will appear next week.

**HORACE AND WITCHCRAFT.**—Mr. "Angus McArthur" kindly sends us an English version of the lines from Horace, quoted by Deputy-Inspector-General Buchanan Hamilton in his letter last week. Canidia (the witch), who is described by the poet as "crowned with writhing snakes," thus exhorts her fellow-hags:—

... From graves uprooted tear  
Trees, whose horrors gloomy spread  
Round the mansions of the dead;  
Bring the eggs and plumage foul  
Of the midnight shrieking owl.  
Be they well besmeared with blood  
Of the blackest-venomed toad.  
From their various climates bring  
Every herb . . .

Yet every root and herb I know,  
And on what steepy depths they grow.

That the foul hags an amorous dose  
Of his parched marrow may compose—  
His marrow and his liver dried.

With stronger drugs a larger bowl  
I'll fill to bend thy haughty soul.

The translation is, of course, a free one, as being in verse, and for greater intelligibility includes some lines not in the extract given last week.

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