

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

"WHATSOEVER DOTH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT!"—Paul.

No. 1,900.—VOL. XXXVII. [Registered as]

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1917.

[a Newspaper.]

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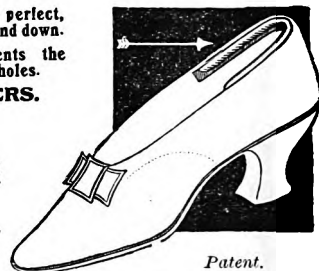
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PRICE TWOPENCE.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

In the course of a recent address (referred to in *LIGHT* of May 19th, p. 160), Sir Oliver Lodge remarked that the subject of psychic evidences was not new: it was only the scientific attention directed to it which was new. Supernormal manifestations, of course, have always existed in the history of mankind, and modern Spiritualism is simply the flowering of something that has been growing for thousands of years. Those who are seeking to uproot it, therefore, have a task of the magnitude of which they have not the faintest conception. The Bible itself, as but one record of "miracles" in human history, will stand all the pounding which materialistic science can bestow. One reason, perhaps, why psychic phenomena seem to be new is that we have given them new names. Lately we turned the pages of a copy of "The Gentleman's Magazine" for May, 1760, a periodical associated with the name of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and printed at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, where, as we remember, the author of "Rasselas" drudged for Cave, the founder and proprietor of the magazine. On page 236 we found an account of a trance address delivered by a country lad employed as a footboy in the family of Captain Fisher, of Reading. It took the form (as trance addresses frequently do) of a sermon, and there is even an "exact transcript" of the discourse, which, considering the circumstances, is a really remarkable piece of oratory. Of course the narrator of the story does not call it a trance address. To him it is a marvellous instance of a "sermon delivered in a fit." The boy had these "fits" at intervals, and on each occasion delivered a discourse, returning to consciousness without any recollection of what had happened.

* * * *

We hardly know of any form of psychic phenomenon in modern times of which examples are not to be found in the records of the past. Psychometry is the only exception we can call to mind, and it may be that there are instances of that in some phase or another, for, of course, psychometry is a wide subject. At the moment, however, we are thinking of that form of it in which, by handling a letter or some small article, a ring, a glove, a lock of hair, the psychometrist can delineate the life and character of the person immediately concerned. We have had hundreds of examples of the truth of psychometry, a fact we mention here because there are some old psychical researchers who are quite unfamiliar with the matter. Thousands of people possess psychometrical power without knowing it. And it is quite easy to make practical experiments along this line by taking some small article of jewellery, a piece of writing,

or anything which can be regarded as charged with the "magnetism" of some particular person, holding it to the forehead while in a passive condition and then stating what impressions are received. At first there may be a number of "bad shots," but the power (if it is there) will develop gradually, and if the experimenter is a good natural psychometrist the results will in time become startling in their accuracy. It is necessary, however, that the object to be psychometrised shall not be handled by intermediaries, otherwise their own life-influences will come into the "reading," and descriptions concerning A, the owner of the article, will be mixed up with those relating to B, the person who hands it to the psychometrist. This can be overcome by enclosing it in a wrapper. And it is worth noting that the less the psychometrist knows of the person whose life and circumstances are to be described the clearer will be the reading.

* * * *

It is, indeed, an amusing satire on some of the criticisms we read concerning mediumistic powers that the genuine medium is always at his best when he has no knowledge of the person of whom he is asked to give a delineation. In many cases any particulars given to the medium before he commences set his mind on the wrong track, by stirring up a train of inferences and deductions which vitiates the delineation. We have known a fine psychometrist completely "put off" by an innocent deception. Thus to give a psychic a piece of Brummagem jewellery, and tell him that it is a relic from Pompeii, would probably lead to what the callow investigator would regard as a fraud, although the trained student would only see in it an indirect evidence of the working of the psychic faculty. As we have said before, the very susceptibility to impressions which is shown by the genuine psychic may in itself be an evidence of his genuineness. For the rogue is notoriously sharp. He would see instantly through the shallow tricks by which the honest sensitive is befooled. The exercise of psychic faculty is a matter of sensitiveness to impressions, and impressions come from both sides of the way. A medium may be so completely under the influence of a strong mind in the flesh that any possibility of impressions from the unseen side may be utterly ruined. That explains much which the ignorant regard as evidence of imposture. The street hawker who sells pottery bangs his earthenware pots and pans together to show us how strong they are. If he tried the same test with delicate Sèvres ware we should think him a fool. When the world is as careful with its psychics as it is with its delicate china, it will be a happier place for them.

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FROM SEEN TO UNSEEN.

By J. ARTHUR HILL.

In reading Sir William Barrett's most interesting and welcome book,* four main ideas form themselves in my mind, as indicating its chief characteristics:—

1. It is unique in being the work of a founder of the S.P.R., who, indeed, was an investigator many years before that date (1882), and who was the first to bring telepathy before the notice of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Its author is therefore specially well-equipped for the writing of such an historical survey as he gives, for he has been personally acquainted with almost everybody of note in the research.

2. The historical part is, as a consequence, extremely impressive by the number of weighty names quoted; and the sceptical general reader will feel that he cannot, after all, wriggle out by saying—as he can after reading a book of evidence amassed by the author alone—that there is only one man's word for it and that the man may be mad. The sceptic will be forced either to the admission that there must be "something in it" or that an extraordinary number of otherwise able men of all varieties of training and occupation have gone curiously wrong. We may hope that this excellent and daunting array of great names will cause at least some sceptics to suspend judgment and to investigate for themselves.

3. The method is critical and will usefully teach a proper wariness and patience. The nucleus of the book was printed in 1895 but was held back from publication till 1908 because of the doubts about Eusapia Paladino. Then, when the 1908 edition was exhausted, re-publication was purposely delayed until the indications of the S.P.R. cross-correspondences became clear and were found to confirm the views already held. And in matters of detail, as when Sir William blindfolded the ouija-operators and then redistributed the alphabet letters, there are many examples of how to eliminate normal explanations.

4. The author's quoted experiments have been entirely with unpaid and unprofessional mediums. This is an important point; for, though we may satisfy ourselves of the genuine powers and perfect honesty of a professional, the outsider is apt to feel a certain mistrust. Recent books have been criticised from this angle, and Sir William's volume will nonplus such critics very usefully; for he has obtained many kinds of phenomena through friends and people of undoubted probity, under excellent conditions: raps spelling out messages, heavy tables moving about or even levitating, untouched, and remaining suspended eighteen inches off the floor, with himself sitting on top; also ouija-messages from people not known to be dead, but who turned out to have died—one of them in the "Lusitania" disaster—and other even more striking messages, such as that requesting the gift of a pearl tiepin to a lady—afterwards found to be the communicator's *fiancée*—whose name, given in full, was quite unknown to the automatists.

From these varied personal experiences and from an almost unrivalled knowledge of the investigations of others, Sir William Barrett concludes that human beings survive bodily death and that the Unseen is peopled with many forms of intelligence, human, subhuman, and superhuman. But he urges that the psychical order is not the spiritual order, as indeed all thoughtful Spiritualists will agree, and that soul-growth, high character, apprehension of God, are different from and not necessarily results of the acquisition of knowledge concerning the other side.

The book is most readable in style, and abounds in happy literary allusions and quotations; one can wish it no better destiny than that it may be read as widely as it deserves.

A RELIGION which should appear reasonable to the whole world could not be the true one. The true religion must at its first appearance amongst men be saluted from all sides with that accusation of folly which Christianity has so loftily braved.—VINET.

* "On the Threshold of the Unseen." (Kegan Paul, 6s. 6d. net.)

FRESH EXPERIMENTS AT THE BELFAST CIRCLE.

By W. J. CRAWFORD, D.Sc.

Readers of LIGHT may be interested in an unexpected result which has recently been obtained in connection with the researches I am carrying out. During the hundreds of séances that have been held, the medium had never touched the levitated table either with her hands or her feet. She had never experienced any desire to do so. The other night I tried what would happen if she *did* touch it. The result was rather surprising.

The operators were told to levitate the table (it consists of a top and four legs only) in the usual way, but to bring it a little nearer the medium than was customary, so that she could easily touch it. They were asked to keep the table levitated *if they could*, until told to drop it. The following experiments were then made:—

(a) The medium touched the near edge of the levitated table with her bare hand and the table dropped—not quite instantaneously, but taking from two to three seconds.

(b) The medium leaned over and placed her hand on the surface of the levitated table near its centre, whereupon the table dropped in from two to three seconds, exactly as in test (a).

(c) The medium touched the surface of the levitated table with a glass tube held in her hand, and the table dropped in from five to six seconds.

(d) The medium touched the surface of the levitated table with a piece of twisted paper, but this had no effect and the table did not drop.

(e) The medium then touched the surface of the levitated table with a piece of wood, but again there was no effect, the table remaining as before.

(f) The medium lifted one of her feet and gently slid it up and down a near leg of the levitated table. This also had no effect, and, seeing that the table did not drop, I desired the medium to touch its surface with her hand—simultaneously with the contact of her foot on its leg—when the table fell with a thud.

The net result of these experiments is to show that if the medium touches the levitated table with her hand it invariably falls to the ground almost immediately.

A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF JUNE 11TH, 1887.)

"The Christian Herald," in a recent article on Spiritualism, said: "It is vain to speak of that power as mere jugglery which has convinced some of the *élite* of the literary world, which has caught in its meshes many scientific men, who at first only troubled to investigate for the purposes of refutation. Nor, indeed, can anything be more dangerous than utter incredulity: for the wholly incredulous, if suddenly brought face to face with the supernatural, is of all men the most likely to yield entire submission to the priests of the new wonder. Better far is it to prayerfully inquire whether these things are possible, and, if so, in what light the Bible teaches us to regard them. We shall thus be armed against all the wiles of the devil."

The Rev. John Pierpoint, so distinguished for his thorough manliness and love of truth, was interested in psychometry, and in his poem on "Progress," delivered at the 150th anniversary of Yale College, he referred to it and its discovery thus:—

The very page that I am tracing now,
With tardy fingers and a careworn brow,
To other brows, by other fingers prest,
Shall tell the world not what I have been deemed,
Nor what I passed for, nor what I had seemed,
But what I *was*! Believe it, friends, or not,
To this high point of progress we have got,
We stamp ourselves on every note we write!
Send you a note to China or the Pole—
Where'er the wind blows or the waters roll—
That note conveys the measure of your soul

THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE.

A RECORD OF MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE.

I was unhappy, long and persistently unhappy. Life was drained of hope, of every gleam of colour. Darkness was upon all sides; not the blackness of a storm that will burst and pass but the ineffable heaviness of leaden skies that, after day-long rain, sink into sodden evening with no more hope of sun.

Life had failed me, or I had failed life; not without long struggle and many desperate scramblings up the slippery hill of achievement. It was not outside circumstances, not opposition that had conquered me; outside circumstances in themselves are rarely invincible; but the slow realisation of my own inadequacy, my lack either of charm or efficiency, and the weariness and bluntness that crept like a fog over my mental perceptions for many days at a time.

I was bankrupt towards all Life's demands. Very slowly the protracted failure of physical and mental forces closed every avenue of effectual action. Yet I was born a creature filled with love of life, quick of expectation and imagination, with wide range of appreciations, and with a desire of beauty that has ever scourged me with the whip of my own deficiencies.

Beauty I worshipped when, as a child, I played alone in the little town garden, peopling the sunset country with a god-like race. Beauty and Love I worshipped in girlhood and womanhood, knowing not then that they are one, that Beauty is but the fringe and fragrance of Love, that "great spirit" that links us to the Life-head which men call by so many and opposing names in vain effort to compass and bring it within human comprehension.

I had no blessing of either. Lonely in childhood, lonely and sick in girlhood, leading from the twenties to the early thirties a tentative life; trying here and there, in music, in letters, in ambition, in embryo and fragmentary love episodes, in hard study, in solitude with Nature, to find comfort, I found myself at middle-age in worse plight—still more isolated, without love, without religion, without ambition, without, indeed, any motive for continued existence. Yet I was deliberately retrieved from suicide.

Then, suddenly, there came to me that experience which alone justifies me in the intimacy of what I have written, and which I have written for the unhappy alone; yet before the task of seeking words adequate to contain it, or to give the faintest, poorest hint of its ecstasy, my mind shrinks and my spirit is abashed.

After a day of spiritual anguish I awoke about midnight from a dreamless sleep, and in my consciousness were the words "There is no death." I awoke, I say, but it was no ordinary awaking. The links of my limitations were shattered. I was yet "I," but with powers and capacities suddenly superhumanly recreated, potentially effectual beyond all previous conception. It was as if all my parts had come into flower at once and unitedly realised my ideal. And that which said or, rather, made known "There is no death," said also, "Thus shall you be."

Nature about me was of the same order as we see it, but also delivered from the limitations of imperfection. Everything had developed after its ideal, delighting in growth, and I felt and knew the spirits in the trees and all living things and they knew me as I knew them. And what I knew, I knew at once, not by slow reasoning from one thing to another, but it was immediately apparent.

I was not bodiless, but so exquisitely conceived an instrument of consciousness was it as hardly to obtrude itself save as a sensuous zest to understanding. I was not a spirit using body, but a unity. What I desired I not only did but was, and I was one with Beauty.

Neither was I alone any more. I, even I, was necessary to that world, was an integral part of it, and realised a communion so absolute and universal as to make bankrupt imagination. In the midst of inexpressible felicity, comradeship was the supreme bliss. Love encompassed, welcome thrilled me, though

I neither saw nor heard any creature. But the trees and the grass and the earth welcomed me, and we had all life in common.

No words can tell, nor could any painter set forth, the wonder of colouring in that world, nor the primal clearness of atmosphere. Yet was it no strange world, but this, blossoming in some dewy stainless dawn as might a painter dream his masterpiece. And the life therein was as water singing in the sun. Let each one picture what it might mean to him if the most supremely happy moment in earthly life were to be extended, unfading, vivid, as in mid-career . . . and that is but as humbly like as is a pavement painting to a masterpiece by Watts or Turner.

I, so strangely visiting therein, did not perceive myself in any deed, yet was I neither idle nor at rest. Life flowed into and from me, involving me in ceaseless but splendid and effortless activity; and within it was a sense of carrying on some purpose to some end, though I knew neither end nor purpose. It sufficed to be so generously alive, to be capable of the most profound feats and all imaginable daring, to be strong as a mighty water, vivid as a great flame, tirelessly glad as a lark, unfolded as parched earth to rain.

As suddenly as I had awakened I fell again into dreamless sleep. There was no margin of critical consciousness; the thing was . . . and was not. But in the morning I remembered, and more than remembered all. For throughout the day the dazzlement of it was in my eyes, the delight of it in my heart. I touched the trees, the leaves, with a new and tender understanding. The spoilt and maltreated hedges, the stunted bushes, the imperfect flowers were even as I, and should be even as I. They were my brothers and sisters; they also waited, maimed and sorrowful, without knowledge or hope. For one day I still saw, not "through a glass darkly," but with insight, as if that veil that ever shrouds us from each other was clean lifted up. It has fallen now; but not for ever. I know, beyond forgetting, that there is another vision more greatly surpassing human sight in quality and intensity than the reach of the most powerful telescope surpasses it in extent. Moreover, there have been moments since, at lengthening intervals, when the face of a familiar country has been suddenly transfigured, as love-light transfigures a homely human countenance, and I know that at such times I am eye to eye with the Spirit of Earth.

That day I looked in the faces of the idle, the weary, the sick, the cowed, and said to each, silently: "Deep in your heart there is a blossom that nobody has ever seen. You yourself know but the haunting scent of it. It is your soul's desire, and one day it will outbloom the noblest rose. All that you go lacking shall be fulfilled unto you so only that you desire it. Oh, if I could but show you—show you the humblest fringe of the life that shall be ours, yours and mine. The more you desire, the more you are tormented with hunger and pain of longing for joys never to be tasted here, the more richly shall you inherit of what your soul pictures. Desire greatly, then, ye poor in earth's joys. Only what your soul creates for you here shall you enjoy later. Draw to nourish your ideal every knowledge and understanding, every beauty, every aspiration. Shun no pain of present denial that may paint more vividly the picture of future delight. Do you worship Love? Bring, then, to his shrine the incense of every fresh perception; let all things be to his honour. The more you dream of ecstatic union the more you shall be lashed with existing imperfections and inadequacies, and the torture shall sharpen the outlines and deepen the tints of the dream in the depths of your soul. Raise upon the waste places of your life palaces of aspiration. Build them of the rainbow, of birds' song, of the love that might have shone in eyes you have never seen. Fear not to dream, for only your dreams shall come true. The facts of earth are but the sheath, the winter trappings of the bud, and when Azrael calls they shall part and shrivel up and the young leaf come forth, tender, green and glorious.

L. H. W.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT," 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON, W.C. 2.
SATURDAY, JUNE 9TH, 1917.

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, Office of *LIGHT*, 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C. 2. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. F. W. South, Office of *LIGHT*, to whom Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable.

Subscription Rates.—*LIGHT* may be had free by post on the following terms:—Twelve months, 10s. 10d.; six months, 5s. 5d. Payments must be made in advance. To United States, 2dol. 70c. To France, Italy, &c., 13 francs 86 centimes.

Wholesale Agents: Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Ltd., 31, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. 4, and *LIGHT* can be ordered through all Newsagents and Booksellers.

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THE HUMAN TOUCH.

There is dross, alloy and embasement in all human temper; and he fieth without wings who thinks to find Ophyr or pure metal in any.—
SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Mankind will not be reasoned out of the feelings of humanity.—
BLACKSTONE. (Commentaries.)

Among the numerous members of the learned professions who, in spite of the frantic opposition of certain vested interests, have begun to investigate psychic evidences and to find them true, is an old University Professor, a man with a wide experience of the world and one who has made his mark in his own line of study. He is keenly interested in the experiments of Dr. Crawford at Belfast, and in conversation with us the other day expressed his wonder that such phenomena had not aroused more interest in the scientific world. As he truly remarked, if a table or any other object can be lifted into the air by an agency unknown to Science (and that is merely to take one out of many phenomenal happenings) then we have a most tremendous fact, demanding the serious attention of physicists. He might well wonder, especially as Dr. Crawford's experiments do not stand alone. They are only carefully verified examples of supernormal occurrences such as have been recorded hundreds of times in other places by other persons during the last fifty years; moreover, they corroborate and extend the well-known researches of Sir William Crookes.

But this attitude of indifference or opposition to new revelations in Religion, or new discoveries in Science, is a very old story. As Artemus Ward remarked, it is wonderful what a lot of human nature there is in the world. And there is a great deal of it both in scientists and pietists. If we could conceive of Religion and Science as majestic Beings—Gods or Genii—we could imagine them smiling from Olympian heights at the antics of some pompous pigmies who claim to speak in their august names, taking those names in vain. The Rationalist—who avoids some of the weaknesses of human nature only to fall into others—charges upon Religion a long catalogue of burnings and slaughterings, rapine and vice. And Science, too, has been called to account for sins less frightful, perhaps, but more cold-blooded—vivisection for instance. Yet neither Religion nor Science can justly be held accountable for the vagaries of their followers. It is human nature which is at fault. But how natural it is! We must be saints, indeed, if we can meet with a smile those whom we suspect to have designs on our personal rights or possessions.

The scientist who opposes us with a snarl is fearful for his cherished systems of force and matter; his religious brother raises a cry of alarm, because Psychic Science appears to threaten not only his religious belief but his vocation as a warden of the mysteries of life and death. We still have to show them that our discoveries will really have the effect of enriching the domains of Science and permanently establishing the foundations of Theology. Their hostility arises from the fact that their human nature is really stronger than their religious nature or their scientific nature. For the truly religious mind would have no room in it for fear, bigotry or spiteful resentment, just as the truly scientific mind would have no tincture of prejudice, jealousy or tyranny.

We must never forget, however, that some of our physical phenomena are so "antecedently improbable," so "impossible," that many quite reasonable people think themselves justified in denying them without examination. The small girl in "Punch" when told that an aeroplane was flying overhead replied that she was "fed up" with aeroplanes. And yet within the memory of some very young people amongst us the flying plane was a sight which men would cross half the world to see, and only a little while before that it was so "impossible" that if an aviator had passed over London very few scientists would have been induced to take a short journey to look at him.

Let us not complain too loudly of the unscientific verdicts of scientists. After all, it is better to be human than strictly scientific. The human mind cannot be expected to develop according to plumb and rule. The oppressive exactitude of logic and mathematics must be relieved by something exuberant, erratic and rebellious—something that will rise in a pulpit and shout "Devils!" something that will sit in a study and dismiss a disagreeable fact with a contemptuous "It does not interest me," or a defiant "It is the last thing I will give in to."

But human nature being essentially good, its perversions born of ignorance and misunderstanding are gradually corrected. That is why so many intelligent and fearless minds are now coming our way. For it is just as much a mark of human nature to examine and judge a proposition as to dismiss it without reflection. As the evolution of the human mind proceeds the former attitude will become even more a mark of the truly human character.

Our child-science is born, and its rugged nurses will soon find their task lightened because the infant is growing lustily. Of the Herods who would, an they could, have strangled it in its cradle we may soon be able to say:—

"For they are dead which sought the young child's life"—

Thus one by one the enemies of the race
Who closed with Progress in a deadly strife
Shall come, at last, unto the grave's low place.
And Time shall point us to the ashes grey

Where Persecution's fires have long grown cold,
And lead us where brave Science holds her sway,
While tyrants fester in the weed-grown mould.

In Mr. H. G. Wells' new book, "God the Invisible King" (Cassell's, 6s. net), we find the ideas of one of our ablest thinkers on the subject of Deity. Mr. Wells appears to see God only as a power operating in and through man, and he sweeps away relentlessly all dogmas and traditions of any deific power outside humanity. The book is strong, vivid, provocative. To us it appeals as one of the final blows delivered at the childish conceptions of an arbitrary, capricious partisan deity still held by many grave and reverend theologians. All the same, Mr. Wells contrives to give us a conception of Deity in which poetry, idealism and transcendentalism have little place. God and Religion must have an emotional as well as an intellectual appeal. So we look upon Mr. Wells' conception of Deity as only one facet of a reality manifested in an infinite variety of ways.

THE DEEPER PROBLEMS OF PSYCHIC RESEARCH.

ADDRESS BY DR. ELLIS T. POWELL.

(Continued from page 174.)

Now your consciousness is your individuality, so far as your individuality is capable of comprehension. Individuality is the totality of your experiences, your thoughts, your personality as influenced, developed, cramped or frustrated by the environment in which you live. But do we know so much about our individuality? Do we really know it at all? I am a man of such a height, such a weight, with hair of a certain colour, and features of a certain type, with a certain intellectual endowment, the result of study and experience, and so forth. But the totality of these characteristics is not I. You can imagine the creation of an exact duplicate of myself, in every respect so perfect that even my wife might be startled into supposing herself the unconscious perpetrator of bigamy. But the duplicate is not I. There is something which would differentiate him utterly from me. For instance, as it has been so put, he could not answer to my name at the Judgment Day. The recording angel would reply, "Thou art *not* the man I called." But if you were there and attempted to define *why* he was not, you would find the definition beyond you. The affirmation of the uniqueness of our nearest and dearest, of our child, of our wife, of our mother, of our friend, is always an attempt—but a fruitless and inadequate attempt—to express an individuality, or, in other words, to define something which goes beyond science and beyond abstract thinking. In all our human efforts to define an individuality we never get beyond the conception of a type. We are conscious that our friend is something more than a type of personality, and in our profounder consciousness we know quite well what he is, but yet we fail utterly when we attempt definition. Once again, to quote Professor James, "We never meet this real presence of an individual at any time as a fact of science. It eludes our direct observation, for it is a form of being that belongs to a far higher sphere than that of any immediate experience. Only an Infinite process can show me who and what I am." So that individuality, while for us it is the most real thing in the world, nevertheless remains the elusive goal of an eternal quest. Demonstrate that the individual survives, and you are instantly confronted with the deeper query—what is the individual?

Notice how this view of individuality is beginning to colour all our modern social science, and consider in that light what an immense contribution psychic science is going to make to its further and profounder evolution. There is an economic principle which tells us that almost invariably the longest way round is the shortest way home. But do you think that ideal is going to be confined to material and terrestrial circumstances? Obviously not. If psychic science demonstrates man's survival of death and his ultimate entrance into a realm where his faculties would have immensely enhanced opportunities of healthy functioning, then it is going to dawn upon the whole human race as a mere scientific postulate that life here is indeed a school for the life beyond. Instead of being the end it is discerned as the beginning; instead of being the summit, it is but the commencement of the climb. The whole aspect is changed, and new factors, immeasurable in potency of expectation and exhilaration, are substituted for blank hopelessness or feeble faith.

What of the war? Surely we do not err in our belief that the struggle, with all its splendid sacrifice and all its lofty inspiration, is the result of a gathering and concentration, eventuating into a tremendous uprush of psychic energy, the forerunner, in all probability, of a new revelation to mankind, in the shape of a deeper comprehension of Christian truth. Look how the new psychic knowledge is colouring one of the gravest problems of the hour, a question that is in every mind, the alternative between monarchy and republicanism. No sooner do we look at the British Monarchy than we see that it is no longer the personal sway of a clever man, as in Norman

days, nor yet a supposedly Divine, hereditary right, as in later ages, nor yet the glorified marionette show which was the Hanoverian ideal, with the King as a sort of gilded popinjay.

NO PERSONAL MONARCHY.

The British Kingship is no longer a personal monarchy. The Allied Empires—Britain and her Dominions—need no centralised personal seignior, based upon the superstitious adulation of a physical man or woman, to keep their steadfast faces turned towards the rising sun of human progress. Three of them rule themselves, and the fourth—India—enjoys the utmost practicable measure of political liberty. The idea of the King, as the exalted head of a caste apart from the rest of humanity, has been replaced by the knowledge that he is, in our age, only the adumbration of a mystic psychological entity, far more real than if it were a physical being. Behind the mortal figure of the King looms the immortal sublimity of the Imperial Self. That it is a deathless spiritual identity, an actual psychic personality, sacramental in its mystery and potency, we need not hesitate to affirm. Hither the devotion of the allied Empires ever turns. Contemplating one of our great State ceremonials, the proverbial visitor from another planet might imagine that he witnessed a nation doing homage to its King. But, in truth, both King and nation would be bowed in reverent salutation before a supreme Imperial Intelligence psychically generated by the patriotic yearnings of unnumbered men, which is greater than the King, and is destined to survive, in beneficent activity, long after the individual King and his people alike have been gathered to their fathers. To remove the Kingship is to take the Keystone from the Imperial arch, the linch-pin from the Imperial chariot wheel. The day when that is done will witness the beginnings of a catastrophe which will end with a down-dashed Empire where once stood the puissant world-power that dared handgrips with the might of Prussia.

THE SWAY OF THE IMPERIAL SOUL.

No transient physical personality, flitting across this mortal stage, and passing away almost before its lineaments have been discerned, could have evoked the magnificent enthusiasm of the great Dominions, perhaps the most tremendous and transcendent of all the giant phenomena of the war. And it is surely not coincidence, but design, which at this supreme crisis in world history has joined under one Imperial flag the fearless and practised Indian adepts of Eastern mysticism and the restless British conquerors of the material resources of the earth. Have we not in that alliance, consummated under the majestic ægis of the Imperial Self, radiantly immortal in the background, another reminder of the splendid destiny that is before us, and of the inscrutable Pilotage which has guided our forefathers, and still guides ourselves, towards it?

I believe that the evolved British Kingship, as we know it to-day, has in it the germ of a sacramental efficacy as the focus of an Empire's devotion, the radiant point of an Empire's joyous hope. But if it is to rise to the level of its transcendent potentialities, the King must fling off the thralldom of the unscrupulous schemers whom we class as politicians, as well as their even more dangerous co-operators, the vast armies of official idlers who live on the rates and taxes. You cannot build spiritual achievement upon a system of legalised nepotism and heartless plunder.

Here I must pause. If I have opened before you vistas which seem almost immeasurable in their vastness, hopes which must require an eternity for their realisation, truths which must occupy ages in their investigation and comprehension, even with the aid of our tireless co-operators on the other side of life—well, I can only plead that in eternal progress lies the only satisfaction for the aspiring spirit of man. Now, and for ever

A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?

If the Purpose operating in evolution "is not defined from the beginning, but susceptible of development," then we must develop with it, not only here, but in the psychic planes whither we must all soon depart. What is it that has been so beauti-

fully said of all those brave spirits who have offered the supreme sacrifice for King and country ?

To them cometh our great Lord God, master of every trade, **■** And tells them tales of *His* daily toil, of Edens newly made ; And they rise to their feet as He passes by, gentlemen unafraid

—unafraid because their very presence in that Land of Hope and Glory demonstrates them fellow-workers with Him in the great advance, not alone on the Western front, but on the whole cosmic front, from planet to planet, sun to sun, and island-universe to island-universe, over the whole inconceivable immensity of creation. And the further the psychic researcher goes, the more sure do his footsteps become. He shares the unshakable confidence of the ancient saint, who said, in words that have voiced for centuries the faith of Christendom, "O Lord, in Thee have I trusted, I shall never be confounded"; for he *has* trusted in God, and he has *not* been confounded.

BEYOND THE REALM OF THE INTELLECT.

In modern times the intellect has come to be credited with a capacity and right to reveal and establish for us even the highest truth it is possible for man to reach. . . The intellect really has neither the capacity nor the right to manufacture final truths independently of the finality of a higher experience that lies beyond its limited province. Ultimately, all truths or realities must be experienced; they cannot be argued out. . . Suppose the intellect preambles all the exercise of its authority in the domain of science and philosophy with the confession that the highest truth is a truth of experience lying beyond itself and that it functions merely as an indispensable makeshift in the absence of that experience, what are the benefits that would accrue to our culture from this correct intellectual attitude ? In the first place, the growing conflict between the narrow empiricism of science and the proud rationalism of philosophy would come to an end. For not only the province of science as lying within the limits of our experience of matter and force would then be recognised, but degrees of supersensuous experience of matter and force would be admitted, fruitfully enlarging thereby the scientific views of substance and causality and rendering it possible to have a more final restatement and systematisation of scientific conclusions. . . Finally, the confession of the modern intellect of its intrinsic inability to reach the highest truth would bring into our life and culture the real import and sublimity of religion.—"Prabuddha Bharata."

THE WORLD TO COME: A JOURNALIST'S FANCY.

Discouraging in a recent issue of the "Star" on "Talk and Talkers," "Alpha of the Plough" remarks:—

It was a favourite fancy of Samuel Rogers that "perhaps in the next world the use of words may be dispensed with—that our thoughts may stream into each other's minds without any verbal communication." It is an idea which has its attractions. It would save time and effort, and would preserve us from the misunderstandings which the clumsy instrument of speech involves.

"Alpha," however, does not share the poet's hope, for he writes:—

I fancy the next world will be like this, only better. I think it will resound with the familiar speech of our earthly pilgrimage, and that in any shady walk or among any of the fields of asphodel over which we wander we may light upon the great talkers of history, and share in their eternal disputation. There, under some spreading oak or beech, I shall hope to see Carlyle and Tennyson, or Lamb and Hazlitt and Coleridge, or Johnson laying down the law to Langton and Burke and Beauchamp, with Bozzy taking notes, or Ben Jonson and Shakespeare continuing those combats of the Mermaid Tavern described by Fuller—the one mighty and lumbering like a Spanish galleon, the other swift and supple of movement like an English frigate—or Chaucer and his Canterbury pilgrims still telling tales on an eternal May morning.

A THING is never re-told as it is told, and never told as it actually happened.—G. D.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

CONSOLING PROOFS OF A LIFE BEYOND.

By H. A. DALLAS.

The following case seems to me to be of considerable evidential value and calculated to bring comfort to those who have suffered bereavement.

Two friends of mine are concerned in the experience. Mrs. Groves (pseudonym) is one of my most intimate friends, a rather critical student of psychical phenomena; she has become convinced of the reality of communication from the other side only after long study and repeated experiences. I am absolutely certain that she would be scrupulously cautious not to stultify evidence by giving any unintentional clues when in the presence of a medium.

Mrs. Trent (pseudonym) is also a friend of mine of some years' standing; we have never met, but we have corresponded from time to time. She is a natural psychic, clairvoyant and clairaudient, and I have on more than one occasion had evidence of her supernormal faculties. These ladies have not met each other, but they have frequently corresponded. Mrs. Groves' son passed over some years ago; Mrs. Trent's son laid down his life in Gallipoli (having been previously wounded some months before, he still felt the discomfort of the old wound).

Edwin H. Trent was in the Australian division: he fell on August 6th, 1915; but it was many weeks before any of his friends received tidings of his passing. He was an only child.

His mother, who lives in England (not in London), wrote to Mrs. Groves as follows:—

On Sunday evening, November 25th, 1915, while father and I were sitting in the dining-room together, Edwin came. . . He told us that all he can remember of his passing is that he was in the middle of a great "scrum" on the battlefield—"Lone Pine," Dardanelles—when he heard "J.B.S." calling him to come quickly as he was wanted immediately. Edwin had been for many years accustomed to travelling in the "excarate body" so was not surprised at the summons, but simply slipped out of his earthly frame and obeyed the call. When he had finished the work for which he was wanted, "J. B. S." told him that he had now done with this earthly body and was in future to work without its limitations. Edwin added: "I was jolly glad, for my shoulder that was wounded in the spring was often very troublesome—not that it mattered, it was all in the day's work."

When he was wounded in the *spring* of 1915, and while his body was asleep in the hospital, he came to us and told us that he would be all right that time, but that he would be released before the end of the war, and that I "had better get those things ready" so as not to be "fussed" when the news of his transition came. The "things" to which he alluded were the little memorial leaflets I intended to have printed when he should hear that he was "free." . . He did seem so glad to be rid of his "bothering earth body," as he called it. He was always impatient of it when a child, and at the age of eleven wrote the lines which I afterwards had printed on the memorial leaflet:—

"The world is like a tailor's shop,
Where overcoats you buy;
And you are sent into the world
To lead good lives—then die.

"But death is *not* a horrid thing,
As some of you suppose;
But only is the casting off
Of your worn-out old clothes."

On December 1st, 1916, Mrs. Trent received a letter from Mrs. Groves. She wrote:—

On Thursday last I went with a friend to Mr. Vango to get a message from someone unknown to me who had recently passed over under painful circumstances, and my visit was entirely for the sake of the bereaved. There was very little given from the source expected, and we were disappointed. Suddenly the control left this subject and gave a striking description of my dear son, with a few evidential messages, and added that he was accompanied by a younger man, who was also described, and the description recalled to me your Edwin's portrait which you sent to me last year. I did not say that I recognised it.

* "J.B.S." is a mutual friend, well-known to Mrs. Trent, Mrs. Groves and myself; he would be sure to be interested in what might befall Edwin H. Trent. He passed over a few years ago.

all, but asked if the name could be given. After a short pause, the control said: "Eddy—no Ed—Edwin, and he wants to give you a 'test' message for his mother." "He passed out very quickly . . . no pain." Again a pause . . . then, "Give mother love from Edwin. . . . I want her to hear again that my end was quick, and that I did not suffer. I did not know at first that I was 'dead,' and when I awoke I was surrounded by good friends. My first thoughts were of mother, and I was with her. She does not grieve, but I want her to know from an independent source that I am very happy and very busy—helping where help is needed." A pause, then "Love to grandpa, dear old man; he was always kind to me. Tell him his health will be better." Another pause, then "Jimmie." (Is this name connected with Edwin? It was not recognised by us.) Then Mr. Vango's control continued:

"He is holding up a tunic for some special reason, and now shows a badge as a token."

Edwin then thanked me for taking the message for you (for of course I had said I would gladly send it to you) and then went away. The rest of the sitting was taken up by my own son's messages to me.

I think the part relating to Edwin is very remarkable, as of course Mr. Vango knew nothing of the circumstances, nor of you, nor of Edwin. Indeed, he does not even know my name. And our visit to him was only decided on a few minutes before we went to his house.

I hope you will find it really a "test" message.

G.

On this letter Mrs. Trent comments as follows:—

When I received this letter from Mrs. Groves I found it confirmed the communication I had received from Edwin in 1915, but I did not think the expression "when I awoke" could have been used by Edwin as he had been well used to the "other side" long before he put off his earthly uniform, and also, from what he had told me, I knew he had not gone to sleep on his transition, but went straight on with his work—no longer inconvenienced by the "body of limitations." He is too busy now to come often to me, but I managed to get in touch with him and to ask him what he did say. He replied, "I said—'when I realised my condition'—not 'when I awoke.'" I informed Mrs. Groves of this, and she referred to her notes—for the whole message had been given slowly so that she could take it down at the time—and found that she had written correctly "when I realised my condition" at the time of sitting, but having written to me from memory without referring to her notes, had herself made the mistake—not Mr. Vango's control through whom Edwin gave the message for me. All the rest had been faithfully remembered.

Mrs. Groves was much impressed by Edwin's statement that I do not grieve, because, as a rule, the messages given through Mr. Vango are so full of consolation; but this was so evidently intended as a test message to one who would understand.

"Jimmie" was Edwin's school chum here, a fact of course quite unknown to Mrs. Groves or Mr. Vango.

The tunic and badge shown separately were tests in themselves. I had written to Edwin asking him to send me an Australian badge. He replied that he would do so later, but that all the men had been ordered to give up their badges, buttons, &c., at Lesbos, before they went into the Gallipoli trenches. Shortly after writing this he received his promotion, or in other words was "killed in action." But I was able to procure the badge I wanted, and I always wear it, so Edwin knew I should at once recognise the "test" in his message.

Edwin was remarkably correct as regards "grandpa's health." He has been suffering with his eyes (which at eighty-four is serious) but is nearly all right again now. Edwin is also absolutely correct in saying that I "do not grieve." Why should I, when I do not believe in Death, but in Life Everlasting—in a better uniform than that of earth?

I have never seen Mrs. Groves though we correspond occasionally; and I have never seen Mr. Vango, who knows nothing of me. The whole incident was absolutely unexpected by Mrs. Groves and myself.

M. J. T.

At a later date Mrs. Groves received another letter from Mrs. Trent, in which she wrote:—

One of my nephews was wounded and in hospital in France, where we hoped he was recovering, but, owing to letters being held up, we did not get them until the middle of the first week in December. Before their arrival—on the evening of Saturday, December 2nd, 1916, I saw him as if about to leave his mortal body, and was told that there was serious brain injury which would be permanent if he lived. On Sunday, December 3rd, during Litany in church, I saw R. again, looking all right and

in full uniform. He said, in a very shy voice, "Auntie, I am free." He also added that he was "jolly glad."

It was not until the morning of December 4th that we heard by telegram to D. from France, that in the evening or night of December 1st, R. had passed on to higher service.

As you know, most of what is said, or shown to me, is in full daylight. I never sit in the dark.

M. J. T.

These experiences are written for "our learning that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, may have hope." Surely these words, originally applied to experiences of the Hebrew people, may, with reverence, be equally applied to occurrences such as the above. The latter, like the former, are not merely intended for the private comfort of those to whom they refer, but they bear witness to truths precious to us all. It is because my friends realise this that they gave me permission to use the experience in any way that might be useful.

THE LATE MR. MASKELYNE AND PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

BY THE REV. CHARLES L. TWEEDALE.

The late Mr. Maskelyne never exposed the Davenport Brothers, nor did he ever reproduce the phenomena manifested through the Davenports, and afterwards through Mr. Fay. He certainly did bring forward an absurd travesty of these phenomena in feeble imitation of the real thing, but never under the same conditions as those of the Davenport Brothers, or Mr. Fay.

There was as much difference between Maskelyne's imitation and Davenports' or Fay's reality as there is between chalk and cheese. My friend, the late Sir Hiram Maxim, took a keen interest in this matter, and had many opportunities of seeing the Davenport cabinet phenomena in the United States. He was often on the stage as one of the committee of investigation, and accompanied by the smartest conjurers, detectives, and mechanicians that could be found, but was invariably completely baffled, and never could gain the slightest inkling of how the phenomena could be produced by normal or material means.

He offered rewards both in the U.S.A. and this country for information as to how the phenomena could be reproduced materially, but no information was ever forthcoming. He attended many alleged exposures of the methods of the Davenport Brothers, but in every case, to use his own words, they were "all humbug." He specially went to see Maskelyne and Cooke on this matter, but again to use his own words, "There was not the slightest resemblance to what I had seen performed in Massachusetts and Connecticut. I am strongly of the opinion to-day that Mr. Maskelyne would be quite unable to go on a new stage, with a firm new floor and no apparatus save a light box, and perform what I saw done. So far, Mr. Maskelyne has utterly failed to understand or explain this extraordinary performance."

Sir Hiram publicly challenged Mr. Maskelyne to reproduce what he had seen in the States as produced by the Davenport Brothers, and by Mr. Fay (who was at one time associated with them), under the same conditions, and offered him £20 if he could do it. This challenge appeared in the "Strand Magazine" a few years back. Sir Hiram there describes what he saw, and what he challenged Maskelyne to reproduce under the same conditions.

Mr. Fay was securely bound to a chair by twenty yards of strong new rope. This binding was done by a professional ship rigger. Every knot was sealed with sealing wax, and the binding was so effective that, in Sir Hiram's own words, "the chair and the man formed one piece." Mr. Fay, thus bound, was lifted into a light wood cabinet supported on four cane-seat chairs on a brilliantly lighted stage, with the investigating committee standing around. The wood cabinet was made of light match-boarding, and was thoroughly searched and perforated by pen-knives before Mr. Fay was put into it. Mr. Fay's hands were then filled with dried peas, as many as he could hold, and his feet placed upon sheets of paper, and their position marked by running a pencil round them.

Finally, a tall goblet of water was filled to the brim and balanced on his head. A number of bells and musical instruments were then put in the cabinet. When all was ready, and the stage brilliantly lighted, the doors of the cabinet were closed. Instantly all the bells rang and all the musical instruments played, and one by one were thrown through a little window in the cabinet on to the stage, and a hand waved at the opening for a moment. The committee standing round rushed forward and opened the doors, only to find Mr. Fay securely bound, all the sealed knots unbroken, not a pea dropped, not a drop of water spilled, and his feet in exactly the position marked on the paper. This was repeated scores of times to the utter baffling of every person who tried to solve the mystery.

Maskelyne was challenged to produce the same result under the same conditions. He failed to come up to the scratch because he knew perfectly well that he could not do it. The forces involved in this matter are psychic and cannot be successfully reproduced by any conjurer using material means. It will be remembered how Maskelyne also failed to reproduce a materialisation some years ago, thereby losing the £1,000 offered by the late Archdeacon Colley. His attempt as exhibited on the stage was described by the eminent scientist Alfred Russel Wallace as a ridiculous travesty of the real thing. The fatuous nonsense also retailed by Maskelyne about psychic raps being produced by "surgical instruments" will only deceive those entirely ignorant of the subject.

THE HUGH LANE CASE.

AN EVIDENTIAL CASE FROM SIR WILLIAM BARRETT'S
NEW BOOK.

Under the title, "Another Famous Scientist Defends Spiritualism," the "Weekly Dispatch" prints a lengthy notice of Sir William Barrett's new book, "On the Threshold of the Unseen," and cites several of the evidential cases given in the volume. Amongst these is the "Hugh Lane" case, the experience of Mrs. Travers Smith, wife of a well-known Dublin physician and daughter of the late Professor Dowden, which is thus related by her:—

On the evening of the day on which news had come that the "Lusitania" was reported sinking, Mr. Lennox Robinson and I sat at the ouija board, the Rev. Savill Hicks taking the record. We did not know that Sir Hugh Lane was on board. We were both personal friends of his and knew he was in America, but had no idea he was coming back so soon. Our usual "control" came, and then the words, "Pray for the soul of Hugh Lane." I asked, "Who is speaking?" The reply was, "I am Hugh Lane." He gave us an account of the sinking of the ship, and said it was "a peaceful end to an exciting life."

At this point we heard the stop-press evening paper called in the street, and Mr. Robinson ran down and bought a paper. I went out of the room to meet him, and he pointed to the name of Sir Hugh Lane among the passengers. We were both much disturbed, but continued the sitting. Sir Hugh gave me messages for mutual friends and ended this sitting by saying: "I did not suffer; I was drowned and felt nothing."

The comment of Sir William Barrett is: "This is a very evidential case, for no information of the death of Sir Hugh Lane was given until some days later."

THE man who is convinced that perfect truth and perfect beauty are identical, that the truth when fully manifested is beautiful, and that the beautiful is true, can afford to let go his own theories of existence and to learn from the facts, without anxiety, knowing that all facts are notes in the great chorale of the Cosmos.—"Objections to Spiritualism Answered," by H. A. DALLAS.

PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.—On another page will be found Dr. Crawford's account of a new experiment conducted by him at the Goligher circle in Belfast. For the benefit of new readers it may be mentioned that the descriptions of most of his previous experiments, given in *LIGHT* during 1915 and 1916, are now published in book form under the title "The Reality of Physical Phenomena" (Watkins), and can be obtained at this office, price 4s. 6d. net (post free 4s. 11d.).

FROM A READER OF "RAYMOND."

THE VOICE OF GRATEFUL RECOGNITION.

There is an ancient maxim that wisdom lies midway between two extremes. "Raymond" has been attacked by materialists and High Church bishops with about equal vehemence, and the obvious inference should be at least some little consolation to Sir Oliver Lodge. Moreover, there is a large body of feeling on his side, though mostly silent; for, again, wisdom is not always with those who talk most. But we frequently hear thoughtful people say how greatly "Raymond" has comforted and helped them, and it is a pity that this appreciation cannot be given more publicly. We have, however, seen a copy of one letter which a friend of our cause has sent to Sir Oliver, and we venture to quote it as typical of many. In the course of the letter, which is dated the 10th April, the writer says:—

The insolent attacks that have been made on you and your book, "Raymond," in some of the papers induce *one* woman, who owes you a debt of gratitude never to be repaid in this life, to write and tell you that your books have been her greatest help during the latter part of a long life, and now that she is nearing the end of her earthly pilgrimage your "Raymond" has shed a bright light over the valley beyond.

Whether the world at large is yet ripe for Spiritualism she doubts. She has seen terrible results from its pursuit, and she thinks that those to whom it has been a blessing and not a curse cannot be careful enough to impress upon the careless and weak-minded the extreme danger of meddling with matters that their judgment is not balanced enough to cope with.

I pray almost daily for God's blessing on you and for His guidance on your work that all that is good in Spiritualism may grow and prosper, and all that is evil perish.

AN ECHO OF THE PAST: A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE.

Mr. James Watson, of Willaston, near Nantwich, to whom we have been already indebted for the narrative of a striking psychic experience, relates a tragic incident which happened when he was a lad of fifteen, living with his parents at Hackney, and which had a remarkable sequel. It was a Saturday afternoon in summer-time. An elder brother from Liverpool, who was spending his holiday with the family, had gone for a row on the river Lea. Our correspondent was in a house in London chatting with some friends, when he distinctly heard a voice, which he could not identify, though it seemed quite familiar to him, call him several times by his Christian name. He asked his companions whether they also heard it, and was assured that they had not. A feeling of coldness came over him. He looked up at the clock over the chimneypiece: it was three minutes to four. When he reached home tea was ready laid on the table. His father, who had gone to pay some visits, had not returned, but he put in an appearance shortly afterwards. They waited some time for the brother to arrive, but as he did not show up they had tea without him. When seven o'clock came and the young man was still missing the father bade James put on his cap and accompany him to the river. They had not gone far when the man manifested such keen distress that the boy's curiosity was excited, and he then learned that his father had had that afternoon a similar experience to his own and this had filled him with the direst foreboding. The foreboding was fully justified, for they arrived at the boathouse only to learn from the boatmen that the light skiff in which the young man had gone out had capsized, that its occupant was drowned, and that his body was then lying in a shed of an hotel some distance away. The painful task of identifying the corpse followed. Among the articles found on it and handed over to the family was the young man's watch. It had stopped at seven minutes to four. Now for the sequel. Mr. Watson states that about fifteen years ago—many years after the events above narrated—he was at a Spiritualist meeting not far from Willaston and stayed to the after meeting. The medium described to him a young man standing by him, but he could not at the moment recognise who it could be. Then she added, "Don't you remember a voice calling you—now many years ago, when you were in London? It was a Saturday afternoon. Don't you recollect looking up at the clock and noting that it was three minutes to four?" At once the past flashed back into his recollection, and with it came the comforting assurance that life and memory and affection persist beyond the incident of physical death.

SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, JUNE 3rd, &c.

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.—*Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour-street, W. 1.*—Instructive address, "Auras," Mr. Horace Leaf; pianoforte and violin solos, Miss Frances Somers and Master Somers. Mr. Leigh Hunt presided. For Sunday next see front page.—G. C.

LONDON SPIRITUAL MISSION: 13B, *Pembroke Place, Bayswater, W.*—Mr. Peckham spoke on "Human Personality," and Mr. P. E. Beard on "The Changing World." For Sunday next see front page.—I. R.

CHURCH OF HIGHER MYSTICISM: 22, *Princes-street, Cavendish-square, W.*—Morning, helpful meeting for our fallen heroes; evening, Mrs. Fairclough Smith, fine inspirational address. Sunday next, morning, open meeting; evening, Mrs. Fairclough Smith, replies to written questions.

WOOLWICH AND PLUMSTEAD.—**PERSEVERANCE HALL, VILLAS-ROAD, PLUMSTEAD.**—Address by Miss Violet Burton. Sunday next, address and clairvoyance by Mrs. Sharman.

WIMBLEDON SPIRITUALIST MISSION.—Illuminating address by Mr. Robt. King. For prospective announcements, see front page.—R. A. B.

CLAPHAM.—**HOWARD-STREET, WANDSWORTH-ROAD, S.W.**—Sunday next, at 11.15, public circle; 6.30, Sergt. Meadwell. Friday, at 8, public meeting. 17th, Mrs. Mary Clempson.

RICHMOND.—14, **PARKSHOT (OPPOSITE PUBLIC BATHS).**—Mrs. Neville gave trance address and splendid descriptions. Sunday next, Mr. H. Boddington, address. 13th, Mrs. Neville, address and clairvoyance.—B. S.

TOTTENHAM.—684, **HIGH-ROAD.**—Conference with Union of London Spiritualists. Speakers: Messrs. Gwinn, Williams and Connor. Sunday next, 7 p.m., Mrs. Florence Sutton; 3 p.m., Lyceum.—D. H.

BRIGHTON SPIRITUAL MISSION.—1, **UPPER NORTH-STREET** (close to Clock Tower).—Sunday next, Mr. G. Tilby: 11 a.m., healing service; 7 p.m., address: Lyceum, 3 p.m. Friday, 8 p.m., public meeting for inquirers.—R. G.

MANOR PARK, E.—**THIRD AVENUE, CHURCH-ROAD.**—Uplifting address and clairvoyance by Mrs. Jennie Walker. Sunday next, 6.30, Mrs. Jamrach; 11th, 3 p.m., ladies' meeting; 13th, 7.30 p.m., Mrs. Ord: addresses and clairvoyance.

CROYDON.—**GYMNASIUM HALL, HIGH-STREET.**—Address by Mr. Benjamin Phelps on "The Mystery of Pain" greatly appreciated. Sunday next, at 11, service and circle; at 6.30, Mrs. Mary Davies.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—**SURREY MASONIC HALL.**—Morning, splendid address by Mr. G. T. Brown; evening, inspiring address by Dr. W. J. Vanstone. Sunday next, 11 a.m., church service; 6.30 p.m., Mr. Robert King.

BATTERSEA.—45, **ST. JOHN'S HILL, CLAPHAM JUNCTION.**—Address and clairvoyance by Mrs. Maunder. Sunday next, 11.15, Mrs. Bloodworth; 3, Lyceum; 6.30, Mr. A. T. Connor, address and discussion. Thursday, 8.15, clairvoyance; doors closed 8.30.—N. B.

READING.—**SPIRITUAL MISSION, 16, BLAGRAVE-STREET.**—Mr. J. J. Morse gave eloquent addresses morning and evening, and named the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pocock.

SPIRITUALISTS' NATIONAL UNION, LTD.—Mr. Hanson G. Hey (30, Glen-terrace, Clover Hill, Halifax), secretary of the above Union, sends us the following list of nominees for election at the annual general meeting to be held in Liverpool on the 7th of July next. There are four officers and five councillors to be elected. With the exception of Mrs. Butterworth all the names are those of the present holders of the offices for which they are now nominated: President: Mr. E. W. Oaten (Sheffield); Vice-President: Mr. J. J. Morse (Manchester); Treasurer: Mr. T. H. Wright (Sowerby Bridge); Secretary: Mr. H. G. Hey (Halifax); Council: Mr. A. G. Newton (Southampton); Mrs. H. Butterworth (Barrow-in-Furness); Mr. R. Boddington (London); Mr. R. A. Owen (Liverpool); Mr. A. E. Hendy (Southampton); Mr. H. J. Webster (Sheffield).

Mr. E. M. DAKEN, of New Zealand, whose weather predictions were referred to in *LIGHT* of February 17th, and who foretold with considerable accuracy the weather conditions for the first quarter of the present year, has kindly provided us with a forecast for the coming summer, which may be briefly summarised as follows: June, wet and unsettled; July, unsettled for the first ten days, then fine until the end; August, fine and hot, except from 10th to 17th, when heavy rains may be expected; September opens with "scattered showers," then fine and warm until the last week, when stormy weather is indicated. In a postscript Mr. Daken says: "The rainfall in Australia, south of the Tropic, will be excessive, while the United States will experience drought." Mr. Daken is at present in New York endeavouring to interest American meteorologists in his system of forecasting.

"DREAMS AND VISIONS OF THE WAR," by Rosa Stuart (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., 1s.), is a book of light reading fairly well described by its title. It gives in a popular way records of telepathy, prophecies, apparitions, premonitions and other supernatural happenings in connection with the war. The book contains a preface by Miss Estelle Stead, and will doubtless afford entertainment to many quite outside psychical circles. There are some old stories in it but also some that are new.

Mrs. C. C. CURRY writes that in view of the prosecutions under the fortune-telling section of the Vagrancy Act, the Brighton Progressive Spiritualist Society, of which she is president, has dissociated itself from all meetings held by any of its members outside its hall in Windsor-street; also that until further notice no meetings of any kind will be held at the hall, except the usual meetings on Sunday at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m. All communications for the society should be sent to Mrs. Curry at her address, "The Al-ove," 7, Vine-place, Brighton.

THE "Strand Magazine" for June gives prominence to an article by Sir Oliver Lodge, entitled "How I became Convinced of the Survival of the Dead." It is in the nature of an autobiographical sketch, giving in brief outline an account of the successive stages by which Sir Oliver obtained conviction on the subject. He began by being "probably as contemptuous and superior as other young men of science." It was a meeting with Edmund Gurney in the 'seventies that first turned the current of his thoughts. Subsequently he met F. W. H. Myers and afterwards Sir William Barrett. It seems that some of the strongest evidences in Sir Oliver Lodge's case were furnished through the mediumship of Mrs. Piper, of whom a photograph is given. We found the autobiographical passages intensely interesting, and it is to be hoped that Sir Oliver will yet give us a volume of reminiscences, putting on permanent record his recollections and impressions of men and events. He has lived so intensely, known so many of the great men of his time, and seen so much, that such a book would be a valuable and inspiring record.

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