

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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

No. 1,918.—Vol. XXXVII. [Registered as] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1917. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.
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London Spiritualist Alliance, Ltd.,
110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C. 2.

Programme of Meetings for the Coming Week.

TUESDAY, October 16th, at 3 p.m.—

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Seance for Clairvoyant Descriptions.

No admission after 3 o'clock.

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Members and Associates Free; Visitors, 1s.

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At 5 p.m.— ... MR. W. J. VANSTONE.

Lecture on "The Essenes and Jesus."

FRIDAY, October 19th, at 3.50 p.m.—

Members and Associates Free; Visitors, 1s.

Talks with a Spirit Control ... Mrs. M. H. WALLIS.

The subscriptions of new Members and Associates elected after October 1st will be taken as for the remainder of the present year and the whole of 1918.

Subscription to December 31st, 1918,

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Sunday, October 28th, at 7 p.m. MR. D. N. DUNLOP.
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At 5.30 p.m. ... MR. H. G. BEARD.

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Books by J. Hewat McKenzie.—"Spirit Inter-course: Its Theory and Practice." Cloth, 234 pages. 2s. 11d. post free. "First Steps to Spirit Intercourse." 3½d. post free. "If a Soldier Die, Shall he Live Again?" 2½d. post free from Office of **LIGHT, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C. 2.**

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The Spiritualist Education Council announce that they have postponed the opening session till October 31st.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE,

110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.

LIMITED BY GUARANTEE, AND NOT HAVING A CAPITAL DIVIDED INTO SHARES.

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Incorporated 1896.

By the Memorandum of Association the Members are Prohibited from receiving any personal benefit, by way of profit, from the income or property of the Society.

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This Alliance has been formed for the purpose of affording information to persons interested in Psychical or Spiritualistic Phenomena, by means of lectures and meetings for inquiry and psychical research.

Social Gatherings are also held from time to time. Two tickets of admission to the lectures held in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall, are sent to every Member, and one to every Associate. Members are admitted free to the Tuesday afternoon seances for illustrations of clairvoyance, and both Members and Associates are admitted free to the Friday afternoon meetings for "Talks with a Spirit Control," and to the meetings of the Psychic Class on Thursday, all of which are held at the rooms occupied at the above address.

Rooms are occupied at the above address, where Members and Associates can meet and attend seances for the study of psychic phenomena, and classes for psychical self-culture, free and otherwise, notice of which is given from time to time in **LIGHT**, and where they can read the special journals and use the library of works on Psychical and Occult Science. The reading-room is open daily to Members and Associates from 10 to 6 (Saturdays excepted).

A Circulating Library, consisting of nearly three thousand works devoted to all phases of Spiritual and Psychical Research, Science, and Philosophy, is at the disposal of all Members and Associates of the Alliance. Members are entitled to three books at a time, Associates one. Members who reside outside the London postal area can have books sent to them free of charge, but must return them carriage paid.

The subscription of Members is fixed at a minimum rate of one guinea, and of Associates at half-a-guinea, per annum. A payment of £1 11s. 6d. by Members or £1 1s. 4d. by Associates, will entitle subscribers to a copy of **LIGHT** for a year, post free. Inquirers wishing to obtain books from the Library without joining the Alliance may do so at the same rates of subscription.

Information will be gladly afforded by the Secretary, at the Rooms, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

* Subscriptions should be made payable to the Hon. Treasurer, Henry Witthall, and are due in advance on January 1st in each year.

Notices of all meetings will appear regularly in "**LIGHT**."

D. ROGERS, Hon. Secretary.
HENRY WITTHALL, Hon. Treasurer.

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For further particulars regarding the work of the Alliance apply to the Secretary.

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It should prove invaluable to all Lyceums for use of officers and Liberty Groups' study particularly.—R. A. OWEN (of Liverpool Society).

Mr. Evans gives us of his best in this brightly written volume. He covers a wide field and deals with many topics. An able chapter deals with 'The Spirit World.' The final chapter will certainly find great favour among thoughtful Spiritualists.—'Two Worlds.'

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Spiritualists when in London should stay at Hunstanton House, 18, Endsleigh-gardens, London, N.W. (2 minutes Euston Station, 5 minutes St. Pancras and King's Cross); central for all parts; perfect sanitation. Terms: 4s. Bed and Breakfast; no charge for attendance. Full tariff apply to Mrs. Stanley Watts, Proprietress.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

"The Invisible Guide," by C. Lewis Hind (Headley Bros., 3s. 6d. *net*) is the contribution of an accomplished and discerning author and journalist to that question which is now uppermost in every thoughtful mind. It is a collection of papers which appeared in various journals, notably the "Daily Chronicle," and deals with the character, career and influence of a friend of the author, known as Jimmy Carstairs, artist and musician. Jimmy, a soldier in France, is badly wounded at the very moment when we first make his acquaintance, and in a short time he passes into the unknown country. "Jimmy is dead, Jimmy is safe," soliloquises his friend as he stands by the camp fire:—

I stood motionless for five minutes watching and listening intently: as I watched and listened the question came to me. I did not seek it; the question came and I uttered it—"Is Jimmy dead?"

Eventually there came "a faint consciousness of the presence of Jimmy as if he had passed me," an impression of his nearness. The subsequent chapters develop the theme thus beautifully begun. It is a tender, delicate piece of artistry, this tracing out of the spiritual influence of Jimmy Carstairs. We learn of the teaching of "The Invisible Guide"; a high inspiration comes into the author's life, and everything that belongs to the common round of every day becomes touched with the light of Eternity. The book is one not easy to describe in a few sentences. The author plays on his theme as on a violin and every note is true and inspiring. Let us quote the final sentences of the book; they will convey much:—

I paced the hill, but I was no longer a Sentinel. I was the companion of an Invisible Host, and near, so near, quickening and encouraging me, was my Invisible Guide.

Dawn came. I was composed and happy, unfatigued, ready for the day. I spoke three words aloud: "Jimmy, I understand."

* * *

In a letter to the "Two Worlds" of the 28th ult. Dr. W. J. Crawford expresses the opinion that "the greatest need of the Spiritualist movement to-day is the discovery of a means of doing without the human medium in our intercourse with the next state, that is to say, the invention of a purely instrumental medium." We have seen that need definitely enough for a long time, but only in certain departments of the inquiry. We cannot, for instance, imagine a mechanical instrument taking the place of the infinite variety of inspiration which we find everywhere amongst orators and preachers, and the reality of which is part of our case for the influence and action of the higher humanity upon the lower. Mr. David Wilson, as our readers know, produced what might be called the preliminaries of such an instrument, but a close analysis of its

results created in us the impression that the messages given out by the mechanism were in some cases curiously interfused with the mind of its inventor. There was a baffling psychological condition which resulted in obscure and incoherent communications; it offended our sense of what is right and reasonable. It was like receiving telegrams, some of them of an ordinary sensible kind and others mere rigmarole, veritable "random readings." Knowing Mr. Wilson's disbelief in the idea of spirit communications, and his prejudice in favour of certain weird theories of his own, the wonder was that any clear and evidential matter ever got through at all. However, there were certain definite proofs, as there are in the case of most mediums, however erratic, and with these we had to be content. Mr. Wilson, we gather, has once more abandoned his experiments—whether permanently or not we cannot say—but he has at least in some fashion "shown the way" to investigators of another stamp. He certainly reported some surprising discoveries in connection with auric lights and the subtler forms of matter, of which we may yet hear more.

* * *

In the course of the letter to which we alluded Dr. Crawford refers to the undoubted fact that a line of continuity exists between the beings inhabiting the next state and this, and is of opinion that the methods by which the former act on the latter are discoverable, for he is certain that there exists a form of energy common to the two worlds. (That is sufficiently obvious.) He remarks that "no amateur, dilettante work is likely to be of the slightest use." Of very slight use, at any rate, as we have seen. He calls for the establishment of a laboratory thoroughly equipped with all the apparatus that experience has shown to be necessary. That will "come along" we have no doubt, for already the public is awakening to the fact that, in one aspect at least, the discovery and exploration of "the next world" is a scientific proposition at least as important as a successful expedition to the North Pole—and it found the means for *that*, although there were no commercial possibilities attached to it. Referring to the fact that many clairvoyants declare that they see the psychic body leaving the physical one at death, Dr. Crawford writes:—

If this is correct in fact, photographic means might be devised of recording the event, and this discovery alone would go a long way towards settling the public mind. Then there is the general question of spirit photography, which should be sifted to the bottom, and, if found a fact, its laws unravelled to the last one.

There are, as we know, many experiments now proceeding in psychic photography, and as the thing is a reality the ultimate demonstration of its truth on purely scientific lines is assured. It is only the difference between a fact and an accepted fact. Finally Dr. Crawford writes:—

Science has nothing to fear from investigation into the psychic realm. None of our hard-won generalisations are likely to suffer. There will be extension but no destruction.

Dr. Crawford is a physicist working in his own field. Psychiatrists, "logical" or otherwise, should make a careful note of this.

"FATHER, SEND AN ANGEL."

By "JOY."

With the words, "Into Thy hands, Father, I resign myself and all whom I love," I laid me down to sleep. I became conscious that in my spirit form I had left my physical body and was floating upwards. I looked down. Beneath me lay the great city. The housetops offered no obstruction to my spirit vision. I saw through them into the houses. In many of them I beheld women weeping, weeping for fathers, husbands, sons, brothers, sweethearts, slain in battle.

To all of them my heart went out in sympathy. Perhaps because their sorrow had been my sorrow too, I was especially drawn to those whose tears were falling for sons who had died for England. Their bitter cries of anguish I could hear. "My boy, my boy! O God, give me back my boy!" In the spirit body all the faculties are quickened, and to them is added a sixth sense, for I could read the thoughts of these grief-stricken ones. The mind-pictures that flashed before some of them I could perceive. The baby on whom the full measure of a mother's self-sacrificing love had been so joyously and tenderly bestowed; the child, the boy, the youth, the young man who went forth so bravely to fight for the right—lost, all lost in that mangled form on the blood-drenched field of battle. That visualised horror was the dominating one; the end, beyond which was darkness and silence. Heaven never seems so far off as when one is suddenly crushed to earth by the weight of a great sorrow. A deep yearning to comfort these stricken sisters of mine possessed me. But something carried me away from them.

The great city was left behind. I was transported to the field where that harvest of sorrow had been reaped. What I saw was no strange sight to me, for often, since this terrible war began, have I in my spirit body witnessed the horrors of modern warfare. As the grief of a mother who has lost a son can be understood only by a mother who has herself lost a son, so only those who have taken part in them can obtain any adequate conception of the awfulness of the conflicts of this Armageddon. And they cannot describe them. Still more difficult would it be to describe a battle as it presents itself to one in the spirit body. The combatants themselves can see only what takes place within their own range of vision, which, generally, because of the precautions they have to take, is extremely limited. The eyes of the spirit body see through the things that obstruct the ordinary human vision. They are clairvoyant. Their range is not limited. But this can be understood only by those who have had experience of it.

Though knowing—realising—that in my spirit body no weapon of destruction of man's devising could harm me, the stark horror of all I saw and heard—the roaring of the guns, the deafening explosions, the lurid lights, the cries and groans of the wounded, the mutilated and bleeding forms—would, I think, have driven me stark mad, but for one thing, a great and glorious thing which I have been allowed to see that I might testify to it: the ministry of angels on the field of battle, God's love made manifest amid what has been well said is "hell."

For in that battle, as in all battles that I have been shown, I saw two armies—one an army of the living, the other an army of the mis-called dead. With each soldier was one—sometimes two or more—of these white-robed spirits. Among them was my own son. Guardian angels they were, faithful unto death. Wherever a man fell wounded an angel stooped over him, striving to ease his pain and to impart to him that which would comfort him. And when a soldier was killed one or more of them departed with the living, incorruptible spirit body, unmarred by the shot or shell or bayonet thrust which had terminated his earthly life.

From this hell of man's own making I floated away and found myself amid a scene of wondrous but familiar beauty, where often I had obtained rest and refreshment for my soul since first my Guardian Angel took me where all is peace and harmony. But it is not its sublime beauty, nor its glorious music, nor its fragrance, nor the radiant forms of the angels

which makes it heaven. It is not any one of these things, nor all of them combined. It is the deep and continuous sense of the love of God which fills all hearts there.

I was greeted by friends and loved ones whom I had known on earth, and by other friends whose acquaintance I had not made until after, through death, they had found more abundant life. We conversed about the scenes I had left. I had told them of the weeping women, and how sorry I felt for them, when I became aware of the presence of one who was visibly clad in glory. It was the Saviour. "Father," He said, "send an angel to those who weep."

"Send me!" cried many, and stepped forward. I, made bold by my desire to help, too, joined them. The Saviour stretched forth His hand in blessing.

"Go in peace," He said. "Be of good courage. I have overcome the world and death and the grave. Behold, I am with you always!"

The messengers departed and I went with them.

WILL LIFE BE EASIER THERE?

By THE REV. F. FIELDING-OULD, M.A.

It is not unusual to hear Spiritualists after an inspiring séance ejaculate, "Oh! that we were there; our troubles would be at an end!" or some similar aspiration. In thinking frequently of the next stage in our destiny, and meditating on the larger life and wider range of faculty in that superior state, we are in danger of belittling and under-estimating the unspeakably precious opportunities of this present world. The wise man will endeavour to live here as long as he can, and gather, with both hands, the humbler flowers which grow around his hurrying feet. "Life will be easier there!" was a sitter's comment on a trance address. "Don't be too sure," replied the controlling spirit; and in that warning how much may be implied. Progress can only be made by effort, whether we run a race, learn a language, or cleanse and sanctify the soul. If there is to be progress, advance and growth, in the next world, there must be effort, difficulties must be faced and obstacles overcome. Authority may be given but power must be acquired; knowledge may be imparted, but the learner's mind must be strained more actively than the teacher's. There may be there no temptation to sin in the crude forms which we know, but there must always be the possibility of contenting oneself with the lesser good and the obligation of reaching up bravely to the highest and noblest we can conceive, so that the old conditions of struggle, the old possibility of self-contempt and self-reproach may continue still. "There remaineth a rest for the people of God"; but unless this is the peace which should underlie and be undisturbed by any struggle or adversity, it must be a temporary rest, a holiday after the stress of our time on earth. The ship, long storm-tossed, enters the quiet harbour, and the watch on deck may go below; the cargo, nobly won and protected, is put safely ashore; the vessel is repainted, the stores are replenished; then beautified and cleansed, and filled with new vigour and powers of endurance, the vessel puts to sea again for the honour and advantage of both owner and crew. The world being, as we conceive, before all else a training ground of character, the doing of great and famous deeds is not the true measure of success, and "he who ruleth himself is greater than he that taketh a city"; the kitchen-maid may be getting more out of life than the nobleman in whose palace she lives. "God," says St. Ephrem, "does not regard the action, but the intention of the will; He does not consider what is done, but with what care and intention it is performed." Rider Haggard, in his last book, "Finished," strikes the same true and musical chord. "Our lives," he says, "cannot be judged by our deeds, they must be judged by our desires or, rather, by our moral attitude. It is not what we do so much as what we *try* to do that counts in the formation of character. All fall short, all fail, but in the end those who seek to climb out of the pit, those who strive, however vainly, to fashion failure to success, are by comparison the 'righteous.' To turn our backs wilfully and without cause on the good, is the real unforgivable sin against the spirit." It does not matter if in our lives here we write no immortal book, conquer no kingdom, or otherwise render our names undying among the children of earth, but it is of infinite importance that we should acquire a loyal, reverent, pure, brave, sincere character, and materials and opportunity for that work will be found in the humblest and most obscure circumstances among which our lot may be cast,

THE ATLANTEANS AND TITANS: URANUS.

BY E. WILMSHURST.

The giant Acmon, deified after death (page 269) was succeeded by his son Uranus, "in Prinsepium et Imperium," as stated by Sanchoniathon, who styles him *Ilo* (Ilo) or *El*, "a God." Abbé Pezron explains that, in Celtic, *Ur* (Latin, *Vir*) signifies "a man," and that *En* in the Breton-Celtish tongue is "Heaven"; therefore "Ur-en-us" means "a man of Heaven," a demi-god, a title appropriate to the Atlantean sons of God, whether descended from Noah or other Atlanteans. The later Greeks called him "Ouranos," also signifying "Heaven." His wife and sister was by the Romans known as "Terra" (Earth). Hence Homer's myth of the union of Ouranos and Terra (Heaven and Earth). But (says Pezron) happily the Greeks preserved the Celtic proper appellation "Titea," from *Tit*, "the Earth," in Celtic. She had seventeen sons and at least two known daughters by Uranos. These sons, as offspring of the chief wife and to distinguish themselves from the numerous sons of other wives and concubines, assumed the title of "Royal Titans." Consequently all the giants of the Royal Clan became known to us as "The Titans." Uranus may be regarded as the first "Mon-arch"—or King—of Titan dynasty, and from Asia Minor he extended his rule over the countries to the West, inhabited long before by the animal-homo tribes of earth-men (autochthons). It must not be assumed that these gigantic men were diabolic: they had their good points. Uranus formed the aborigines into corporate bodies, taught them to build habitations, to sow corn, to observe the stars, to predict events; he settled solar and lunar years, and after his death was buried in Aulatia, and later was invoked at Carthage, as stated by Lactantius. Diodorus Siculus states that he had forty-five children, of whom, by Titea, were Basilea and Pandora. The latter, who was also called Rhea (Lady) married her brother Sadorne, after the manner of the Atlanteans, the Pharaohs, and the Incas of Peru.

From Phrygia, Uranus conquered Thrace, in Europe, and Greece (before the Hellenes) and annexed its greatest island over which as governor he placed his Titan brother, Cres, from whom the island was called Crete. The ten sons of Cres, who were known as Curètes and also as Dactyls (ten), were all augurs, vates, or magi. From Crete they taught the ancient wisdom and White Magic to the Mediterranean countries and founded the city of Cures, in Italy. These Druids of the West may be compared to the Wise Men of Arabia and the East, mentioned in the Book of Job (Diodorus).

Uranus next advanced over Italy to Spain as far as the Pillars of Hercules, where he placed his Viceroy, and, crossing to Africa, conquered Mauritania. Egypt, long before colonised from Atlantis, was a civilised country, governed by a sacred Priest-King, but Syria and Phœnicia rounded off Uranus' kingdom, as stated by the Phœnician Sanchoniathon. In "Primitive History from Creation to Cadmus," by W. Williams, of St. John's College, Cambridge (1789), the learned author states that towards the end of Uranus' reign dissensions arose; Titea, infuriated at his amour with the beauteous Euronome, instigated her son Sadorne (Latin, Saturn) and his brothers, the Titans, to conspire against him, and they deposed him. Some writers say he died of grief. Certain it is that he died like other men, and that he was deified as an ancestral protector or god-ling, and had temples erected to him, one of which was near Carthage. He fought his adversaries the Cyclops, and also the giants or non-Titan Atlanteans, and consigned them to the peninsula of Spain, then called Tartarus, where at the extremity of Europe the sun descended into the ocean which had overwhelmed Atlantis. This descent of the sun into the sea, and the darkness which prevailed after its disappearance, gave rise to the Greek myth that at Tartarus was the entrance into Hades and the underworld, inhabited by the ancestral shades as described by Homer in the Odyssey.

After Uranus conquered Syria, a Titan colony or garrison was formed there. Joshua fought with these Rephaim: Og

was ruler of Bashan, where yet now (1917) are the cities of the giants in habitable condition, built of enormous stones from twenty feet long, and with doors and shutters of stone. In his "Giant Cities of Bashan" (1868), the Rev. T. L. Porter (of Damascus) says:—

The ruined Greek and Roman temples and towers of pre-Christian ages here are modern in comparison with the colossal walls and massive stone doors of the private houses of the gigantic Rephaim of some two thousand years before, and antecedent to the conquest by Joshua. I measured one door at Kerioth (denounced by Jeremiah) which was nine feet high, ten inches thick, and four and a-half feet wide—solid and perfect—and I saw the folding gates in another town still larger and heavier. At Kufir, near it, the stone gates, ten feet high, remain perfect, yet the place is deserted: the stone walls of the houses are seven feet thick; rooms are twenty and thirty feet long and ten feet wide, the roof being spanned by long slabs of black basalt, hard as iron, and forming outside the cool "housetop" so much used in the East. At the capital of Og—Edrei (Numbers xxi. 33)—which was populous up to the Moslem conquest, I was prostrated by a blow from a club, and hustled away bleeding, by a mob of savage Moslem fanatics, when copying a Greek inscription. The whole district is a mass of stones and columns, nearly uninhabited, yet Joshua took sixty walled towns, and I counted over a hundred sites of towns and villages in Bashan, which is only the size of the English county of Yorkshire.

Here, then, are tangible evidences of the existence and power of the giants and Titans recorded both in sacred and profane history. Why should we not also find interest in the accounts of the Greeks, who from their own point of view were as much interested in the stories of the power, magical and physical, of these, their own demi-god ancestors, as the Jews were in the magical powers of Moses, Joshua, Elijah, or Daniel? There is a mine of information in Greek records, now regarded as fabulous, which, if rightly understood, would elucidate many of the mysteries of the psychic phenomena which are now again occurring in our days of change and commotions in civil, scientific, and religious circles. The magic of one age becomes the science of the later days, which in turn becomes the religion, or the exponent of a better understood conception of religion, in a yet later age.

DR. MERCIER AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

Under this title "The Medical Press" of the 26th ult. publishes a letter from Dr. Mercier in which he makes the following interesting admission:—

With respect to his [Mr. J. Arthur Hill's] jeers at my inexperience of Spiritualism, it may perhaps interest your readers to know that this reproach can no longer be brought against me. I have lately had a great deal of experience of Spiritualistic manifestations, and what I have seen has compelled me to modify my views very materially. Some of my experiences far exceed those of Sir Oliver Lodge, and if the matter is considered of sufficient interest, I may perhaps be induced to publish them.

A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF OCTOBER 15TH, 1887.)

Sir Andrew Clarke, M.D., recently delivered an address at the Y.M.C.A., Aldersgate-street, on "The Question of Life." He contended that the whole tendency of modern physical research was to show upon scientific as well as philosophical grounds that materialism was untenable.

"LIGHT" MAINTENANCE AND ADVERTISEMENT COMPENSATION FUND.

We have to acknowledge, with thanks, the following further donations to this fund:—

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ERRATUM.—Mr. Sinnett points out a small but not unimportant verbal error in our notice of his article in the "Nineteenth Century" (page 319). The phrase quoted in the fourth paragraph should read "Whatever is, is, has been, or [not and] will be human."

OFFICE OF "LIGHT," 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON, W.C. 2.
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IN TRANQUILLITY.

We write with the thunder of guns in our ears, the scream of ascending shells; and, at intervals, a muffled crash, which has an ugly meaning. Death and destruction are abroad, and that which, in its way, is worse than both—unreasoning fear.

One is apt in these crises to feel as though all the humanities were slipping away—all the old order and sanity (such as we had) that was wont to give life its meaning and purpose. That is natural enough. Habit has a strong hold on the mind, and in an ordeal like that through which the community is now passing it is quite easy to lose the sense of proportion. It is difficult, on the other hand, to retain the vision that can see—

How war that, with its thunderous gloom and gleam,
Storms through our days, may seem
By peaceful hearths, in some far-coming year,
A music, that was discord heard too near.

Now is the time to look calmly and quietly at the core and centre of that faith and knowledge which we are here to hold up as a beacon-light in a dark world. What is it in essence, detached from the multitude of theories and speculations which have grown up around it as details and side issues—satellites which seem at times to dim the brightness of their primary? It is the recognition that death and every form of physical disaster are transient things—the merest trifles although only to be seen for what they are "under the aspect of eternity." It needed these times of terror and tumult to bring the fact home to us, to make it vivid and vital. That is the issue upon which we should concentrate. Many things may or may not be true, but the eternal principle of Life as the only reality is beyond all questioning, "serene and inaccessibly secure." It is the poet's vision now being translated into scientific fact, and thus made more apparent although no more assured than before. The great light burns as it always did, quenchless, radiant, eternal as is every principle of Nature. We have simply improved our telescopes and certified its existence to the eye of the mind as well as to the vision of the spirit. It has become more than a great hope. It is a mighty certainty. We may now work from the centre outwards, always the truest and surest way. That attitude will keep us calm amid the clamour and disputation of those who can only see the small aspects and who are prone, therefore, to magnify them into matters of primary importance. And, more than all, it will procure us that stability and clearness of mind that will make us at least

inwardly at peace in these days of darkness and eclipse. For now the outer vision can aid the inner, the Fact give its testimony to the Principle. We see (as Emerson put it) "identity and eternal causation." We perceive that "Truth and Right are." Hence a great Tranquillity "out of the knowing that all things go well."

A FABLE FOR THE FEARFUL.

An African Secretary Bird (so Renowned as a Snake Killer), having strayed into a Barn-yard to rest, was made welcome by the chickens as a Distinguished Stranger, and allowed the freedom of the place. But the Hens bade him keep close, for (quoth they) "There is Danger abroad." "What is this Danger?" said the New-comer. And thereupon they told him that in the outlying Fields were Serpents, Stoats and other Monstrous creatures. They had heard as much from the Rooks who inhabited the Trees in those parts. But when He had taken his Rest, the Secretary Bird gave them good day and Departed, taking no heed of their cries of Alarm and Expostulations. Soon he came into a Field wherein many Rooks were feeding. On beholding him the sable host began to Caw lustily, warning him of the divers Perils that awaited him. And, indeed, crying out upon him as a Trespasser, they would have expelled him by Force but that they observed he had a sharp Beak and Claws. So seeing that they could not Stay him, they fell to uttering hoarse Curses and Prophecies of Impending Doom. A Viper, which lay on a Bank near by, disturbed by the Clamour, put forth its Head and hissed angrily at the Intruder, but in a Trice the Secretary Bird, with one stroke of his strong Beak, split the Snake asunder and made a Hearty meal of it. Then in tenderness to the Barn-fowls who kept up an Incessant Wailing he went back to the Barn, to pacify them, pausing only to punish an Ill-conditioned Cur which sought to bar his Progress by snapping at him, for which the Cur got so badly mauled that it fled howling lustily. On his Return the hens gathered round the Visitor clucking their amazement that he had met with no mishaps on so Dangerous an adventure. "Are not the fields full of Serpents?" said they. "No," quoth the Bird, "there are none more there than elsewhere in the World, and now there is One less than before." "Did not the Rooks warn you?" they asked. "Truly, they did," quoth he, "but I suspect it was for purposes of their own." "How is it you were not afraid?" inquired an Inquisitive Pullet. "Perhaps," replied the Secretary Bird modestly, "it is because I am not a Barn-fowl." Moral: There are others.

D. G.

"TRADING IN PAIN."

Under this heading the "Daily Chronicle" of the 3rd inst. referred to the fact that it had received from a correspondent who had lost a son in battle a circular enclosed in a heavy, black-bordered envelope, which had been sent to him by the writer of a book professing to deal with the question of bereaved parents communicating with their dead sons. "That any writers" (commented our contemporary) "should be so wanting in a sense of decency as to attempt to market their wares by a flagrant appeal to the pain and anguish of those who have given their sons to the righteous cause of their country, is a matter that merits condemnation, as well as discouragement." We desire to associate ourselves in the most emphatic manner with the "Chronicle's" reprobation of such utter lack of delicacy of feeling as is implied by conduct of this kind.

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be; now put foundations under them.—THOREAU.

THE SYSTEM OF UNITY.

A SOLVENT OF PROBLEMS.

BY THE REV. ROBERT DAVEY, OF STREATHAM.

[It may be of interest to readers to know that the following piece of clear thinking is from the pen of one who is not far from his hundredth year. He was born in 1820.]

One of the puzzles of the world is how matter can act on mind and mind on matter, because they belong to totally different planes of things. But research shows that they belong not to things concrete, but solely to the abstract conceptions of the system of Dualism, and that unless a loftier system is discovered the puzzle can never end, for Dualism has filled the world with puzzles and has brought satisfaction to no one. In order to save himself from Dualism, Bishop Berkeley adopted the idea of Idealism and "dropped out" matter; and Hume, by taking to Materialism, discarded mind, while Dualism left out both matter and mind, in order to spin its metaphysical cobwebs and puzzles.

The loftier system, which brings perfect satisfaction, is discovered in the system of Unity. The house in which we live is a unity, which consists of an inside and an outside, but the interaction of the inside and outside is no puzzle, because they are not two separate things, but a unity with the house. In like manner, matter and mind are not two separate entities, but a unity. Indeed, every finite thing in the universe is a unity, which consists of the Seen and the Unseen, of matter and mind. These two simple categories, the Seen and the Unseen, will throw their light on every thing, be it small or large, an atom or the universe.

At this point it is necessary to find an answer to the question, What is a thing? The difficulty of doing so is brought out by F. H. Bradley in his great work, "Appearance and Reality." At page 19 he says:—

We may take the familiar instance of a lump of sugar. This is a thing, and it has properties, adjectives which qualify it. It is, for example, white, and hard and sweet. The sugar, we say, is all that, but what the *is* can really mean seems doubtful. Sugar is obviously not mere whiteness, mere hardness, mere sweetness, for its reality lies somehow in its unity. But if we inquire what that can be in the thing besides its several qualities we are baffled.

If Mr. Bradley is unable to tell us what a thing *is*, to whom can we look for the answer? One of our most weighty authorities has said, "The barrier between matter and mind remained unshaken. In all probability the door will never open" (the "Hibbert Journal," January, 1912, p. 294).

For many years I brooded over the mystery as the bird broods over its egg, until the young chick bursts its shell, when its darkness passes away into the light of day. The darkness has passed from me and the light has come. To me *a thing* is a unity, consisting of the seen and the unseen, and the unseen reality of the thing is the thought and volition of the Eternal Mind. And to know *a thing* is to know every thing and all things. The most wonderful thing in the world is the brain. All our nerves of sense, of vision, of hearing, &c., run up into the brain. And the brain is a unity, which consists of the seen and the unseen, of matter, and *mind* that blossoms in our consciousness of the things we see and know. The alternative to these representations is the popular supposition that our eyes see, by direct action, the things we perceive around us. But if that were so, we should have no need of nerves and brains, for our eyes would see and know without them. It has been well said that the most wonderful thing in the world is the brain.

From these considerations we see the simplicity and the grandeur of the universe and of every finite thing of which it consists; for what is true of the whole is true of every part.

The system of Unity throws its light on the relation of earth and eternity, which are not contraries, but a unity. Therefore the unseen realities of the things of God's wonderful world, behind the veil of earth, are the thoughts and volitions of the Eternal Mind. And "when we have shuffled off this mortal coil," and are no longer in this body, then the unseen realities of our consciousness are the thoughts and volitions of the Eternal Mind, who is in eternal relation with our consciousness.

In these aspects of life we see that the continuity of our consciousness *in* the body and *out* of the body is a blessed certainty.

The thought and will of the Eternal Mind are the only reality of things of earth and of eternity.

The realities of the things of myself on earth and the realities of the things of my friends in eternity, are each the thought and will of the Eternal Mind; hence they cannot be far apart from each other, and their intercommunion must be possible.

THE PHENOMENA OF DREAMS.

BY LILIAN WHITING.

That drama which we call "a dream," and of which, on waking, we bring back more or less vivid recollection, is frequently a real experience in the ethereal realm to which the spiritual man is temporarily released by the trance of sleep. The ethereal realm is our native air; it is a realm far more real and more significant than is the physical, and were we not permitted to pass a portion of the twenty-four hours there, life could not go on at all. It is there that the spiritual man is recharged with energy that he may take up the work in the world of physical expression, for a limited number of hours again. The dreams that are mere vagaries, and a mass of incoherent or grotesque details, do not, of course, come under the designation of the spiritual drama. In the ethereal realm one meets friends who have passed from earth; renews old relations of friendship; carries on conversations; and experiences, indeed, the same actual companionship that had been enjoyed on earth.

But in what plane can we place the dream that is half prophetic of immediate occurrences?

A friend in Canada—one of the lyric group of the Canadian poets—sends me a list of several dreams with their partial actualisation within a short time. For example:—

She dreams of an old schoolmate from whom she has not heard for a long time; within two days comes a letter from a mutual friend with news of this schoolmate.

She dreams that some one, whom she has reason to suppose does not like her, is thinking of her with active and positive anger. Two days later she receives a letter from this person written in bitter anger. Previous to this there had been no communication between them for a space of three years.

She dreams that a person who has long seemed to misunderstand her, passes her on a staircase with an endearing word. The next day this person does her a special kindness and she realises that the entire misunderstanding is over.

She dreams that a mutual acquaintance is discussed most unkindly and unfairly by two other acquaintances. The next day this discussion, by the same persons seen in the dream, actually takes place in her presence and is unjust and unfair, precisely as she had dreamed it to be.

She dreams of being in a museum of art, in which she sees the recumbent statue of a wounded soldier, with a woman beside him with lovely eyes and an unmistakable face. The next day her father brings her the biography of Clara Barton (the famous American nurse) and the frontispiece showing her face is identical with the face of the woman seen in the dream.

She dreams that she is trying to restrain a little boy whom she knows from going on the street into danger. The next day the lad only escapes from under a motor car by a miracle, his mother risking her life to save him.

So they run on—a partial realisation, or actualisation, following each dream.

Does it not seem as if one's spiritual self looked out and caught glimpses of occurrences close at hand beyond the recognition of the physical eye or ear?

I believe Mr. H. G. Wells holds a theory that the foretelling of the future should be, and eventually will be, a part of the higher development of man.

It would be interesting to know what Miss H. A. Dallas would say regarding these phenomena.

The Brunswick, Boston, U.S.A.

August, 1917.

THE SIBYL AND THE WITCH-FINDER.

THE MODERN MATTHEW HOPKINS MAKES A DISCOVERY.

In his reply to Dr. Mercier in the "Sunday Times" of the 23rd ult. Sir Oliver Lodge referred to the fact that Mr. Harold Ashton admitted that he had discovered one genuine medium or psychic. Here is Mr. Ashton's account of the discovery as set forth in that popular weekly journal, "Tit-Bits."

At the top of three flights of desperate stairs I found Sarah, the Sibyl of Notting Dale. Gustave Doré, or George Cruikshank, would have delighted in illustrating this direful dame and the miserable surroundings which enfolded her. Her nut-cracker face, yellow-toothed and parchment-skinned, was the face of a picture-book witch—her hands were claws. Sarah was the very apotheosis of dismality and dinginess.

She was clad in a dingy dressing-gown of bottle-green, and she was sitting on a dismal bed, swaying to and fro—a half-human pendulum. And she creaked as she swung. There was something mesmeric in this perpetual motion of hers. It was grim, too—f forbidding, and almost frightening.

The sibyl addressed me as "dearie," and, grabbing my hand in her own clammy claws, bent over it (still swaying), and in a high-pitched voice, and very rapidly, gibbered the main story of my life, from the days of my innocent childhood down to the present time. Changes of career and fortune and health and happiness she told me, without faltering and without a pause. She told me that the mystic figure 7 was stamped deep upon my palm. "Seven generations of the same name are yours," she cried—and that is true enough, as my family Bible testifies. From father to son, seven Williams have been born in a direct line in my family, and I am the seventh. I was christened William, though I never use the name except on legal documents. How came Sarah to know this? and many more strange things, and true, she told me! I had never seen her before—and I hope never to see her again.

When it was all over, she charged me 1s., and offered me a drink—of gin!

I shook my head. "Ah, you're wise, dearie," said she. "It's gin—gin and honesty together—as brought me down to this. In my time I had the best palmistry business in the West-end of London; but I was too straight for the pretty ladies who used to come and see me, in shoals. I told 'em the plain truth—what I saw in their hands and their deceitful faces, and they took fright, and left me one by one, until I've come—to this!"

"And now," says she, folding her skinny hands and fixing her hobgoblin eyes for the first time upon my face, "I'll tell you your fortune, if you like, for nix! Lie—lie, flatter, and cajole the fools in the world, and you're booked for a soft thing. Honesty's the worst policy—live honest and you'll die poor! And drunk—if you're lucky!"

For twenty years and more I have sought among the spooks for an honest practitioner: here in the heart of Notting Dale's infamous Black Spot, and in the personality of this miserable old woman, I had found one at last. And this is what she had come to!

Several reflections, both flattering and unflattering to Mr. Ashton's rôle of psychic investigator, rise in one's mind after reading this piece of self-revelation; but the story may be left to provide its own commentary. It may, however, be of interest to give the following brief outline of the career of a former "investigator" of psychic faculties:—

Matthew Hopkins, the "witch-finder general," flourished during the first half of the seventeenth century. "During an epidemic of witchcraft he explored the eastern counties in pursuit of those suspected of the crime, subjecting them to the ordeal by swimming or sinking—an ordeal to which he was eventually and effectually himself subjected." We quote from "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia."

A THOUGHT FOR THE HOUR.—Never was there an era of tribulation and upheaval in the world's history but it was followed by a great awakening and refreshing, a new earth and a new heaven come forth. Out of the blood-reeking jaws of hate has always come forth in the end a yet greater era of good will and a greater sense of universal brotherhood. It is the emphasis of all Nature that negative conditions are the passing cloud only, the temporary reign of storm and darkness, the working out of the law that all opposed to the normal is only temporary, ephemeral, at its worst or its best. Good alone is indestructible and eternal.

PROPHETIC FALLACY.

How easily language read apart from the circumstances in which it was used may be mistakenly regarded as prophetic of current events is well illustrated by Mr. Arthur Machen in his column of "Gossip about Books and Authors" in a recent issue of the "Evening News." He refers to some lines quoted in a paragraph in a morning paper (we have quoted them in *LIGHT* long ago), which occur in James Hogg's "Kilmeny's Visions in Fairy Land."

The lines are:—

She saw a people, fierce and fell,
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;
There lilies grew, and the eagle flew,
And she herked on her ravening crew.
Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a blaze,
And the thunder it roared o'er the land and the seas.

And there are other lines following which tell how the eagle "swinked for life" and met everywhere "the gowl of the lion's mouth." And the paragraphist concludes by giving the dates of the Ettrick Shepherd's birth and death—1770-1835.

So these lines would have been an amazing instance of the prophetic gift—if they had related to the future. They do not. They refer to the Napoleonic wars. The eagle is the eagle of Napoleon, not of the Kaiser. Still, "Kilmeny" was cited as a prophetic poem quite early in the war; and I like to meet old faces and old friends.

FROM ELECTRONS TO INFINITY.

Dr. P. S. G. Dubash's little work, "Continuity: or, From Electrons to Infinity" (Hickie, Borman and Woods, 36, Lime-street, E.C., 1s. 6d.), is only small because its argument is closely packed. Beginning by tracing the origin of matter from the monad electric elements termed electrons, the author points out, first, that of the different forms of matter known to us as elements, some—perhaps even all—are probably not absolutely stable, that there is a possibility of transmutation linking together two different elements; next, that life can no longer be regarded as a trait of the vegetable and animal kingdoms alone, to the exclusion of the mineral kingdom; further, that there is no sharp line of division between the vegetable and the mineral kingdoms, nor between the animal and the vegetable: each mingles with the one above or below it. This applies also, he holds, to man and the lower animals: the former cannot claim possession of any faculty which is entirely denied to the latter. Nor is any link in the chain of being broken by the phenomenon which we call death, and which he regards as simply the passing of an entity from a three-dimensional to a four-dimensional form. Finally, he propounds an ingenious theory of spirical or retrograding progress by which, in his view, the difficulties attending the theory of reincarnation are satisfactorily met. The foregoing statement represents but a part of the author's thesis, which is most carefully worked out and stated in the clearest terms.

THE PETERS TESTIMONIAL FUND.

Mr. H. Withall is happy to acknowledge the following additional subscriptions towards the proposed testimonial to Mr. Alfred Vout Peters:—

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"THE RETURN OF MARK TWAIN."

DR. HYSLOP'S TESTS.

Dr. Hyslop's opening note in the July number of the Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research concerns the efforts he has been making to test the authorship of two books, "Jap Herron" and "Brent Roberts," the contents of which, like the communications of "Patience Worth," have been received through a Ouija-board, and which claim to have been dictated by Mark Twain. The writing has been obtained at St. Louis, Missouri, under the hands of two ladies, Mrs. Grant Hutchings and Mrs. Hays, the latter being the psychic through whom the material was really transmitted. Both ladies, Dr. Hyslop states, are open to any investigation for character and seriousness which the sceptic may wish to make, but he grants that the student of psychology has, "superficially at least, a strong case for subconscious reproduction and fabrication" in the following facts:—

1. The psychic had read a good deal of Mark Twain.
2. She greatly admired the man and his humour.
3. She had strongly wished him to communicate through her, and expressed this desire.
4. She has a keen sense of humour herself, somewhat like that of Mark Twain in respect of dryness and drollery, though not otherwise.
5. She has a strong tinge of melancholy, like Mark Twain.

"These are," as the doctor says, "ideal conditions for accusing the subject of subconscious production," and he saw no way to settle the question but by cross reference experiments.

The result was that I brought the two ladies to Boston to apply the usual test with Mrs. Chenoweth. I did not tell a single person anywhere that I was bringing the ladies. The gentleman who furnished the money for the experiment was aware of its general nature but not of the persons involved. I did not, as I never do, let Mrs. Chenoweth know that I was experimenting for any specific things. I have the right to admit sitters without her knowledge of their identity or even of their presence. I took each lady at separate times, no names were used, Mrs. Chenoweth did not see them at any time. They were not admitted to the séance-room till Mrs. Chenoweth was in the trance, and they sat behind her where they could not be seen, even if Mrs. Chenoweth had been normally conscious. I gave each five sittings, and Mark Twain purported to communicate in connection with each of them. This was as it should be on the theory that he had been present at the work in St. Louis; for it required both of them to run the Ouija-board, neither can make it work alone. Usually when I have sitters present the communicators change with the sitters, but in this instance the important communicator was the same.

It will not be necessary here to go into details. These will be given later in a more complete form. All that I wish to do here is to show what scientific protection both the books and the result of the present experiments have. The most important point is the appearance of Mark Twain where there was no reason in the situation to suggest it and where it is usual to have family relatives appear. Some relatives of Mrs. Hays first appeared, but they referred to the nature of the work, and Mark Twain followed. With Mrs. Hutchings no relatives were prominent, and Mark Twain had almost a monopoly of the communications. He used many of the same expressions that came through the Ouija-board, mentioned incidents in his life to prove his identity, described quite fully what he was doing through the ladies, and represented his nature in a very characteristic way. His natural humour appeared at times, and with it at others a seriousness which was characteristic of him in life, though not appreciated as it should have been. The password which he gave me in a St. Louis sitting for cross reference came to me through both Miss Burton and Mrs. Chenoweth. (Miss Burton was the subject of Vol. V. of the "Proceedings.") Other facts of equal importance came in proof of Mark Twain's identity. . . . There were also further cross references through another psychic under the most complete test conditions.

The outcome of the experiments is that there is abundant evidence that Mark Twain was behind the work connected with his name, though the student of psychology would probably find abundant evidence that it was coloured more or less by the mind through which it came.

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SUSANNA HARRIS.

The Rev. C. H. St. John Mildmay writes:—

I should like to put on record two remarkable séances with Mrs. Susanna Harris at which I was so fortunate as to be present.

The first of these took place some weeks ago, at Maida Vale, when Mr. Roome, of Richmond, who has many times in past years attended séances with Mr. Husk, was also present. It was a private circle, consisting of our three selves only. On this occasion Mrs. Harris held my hand in both hers while the musical box was playing and moving about in the air. Mr. Roome was a complete stranger both to Mrs. Harris and myself. Shortly before this séance a somewhat sceptical person had challenged the mystery of some of the phenomena and suggested to me a possible explanation, which I had repeated to Mrs. Harris. It was to confute the suggestion he had made, that she was good enough to grant me this, I can only say convincing, test.

The second of the two séances took place in my own house, and was a completely private one, no one being present but Mrs. Harris and myself. While she held my hands in each of hers, at a distance apart, "Harmony" was asked to come and touch me. "Harmony" then touched my face distinctly, and several times, Mrs. Harris's hands being all the time in mine. I ask you to put these séances on record, as such séances are profoundly convincing, and silence a whole army of conjectures.

AS OLD AS HISTORY.

Mr. Joseph Clark, after reading Dr. Wallace's interview with Mr. R. J. Lees (page 293) with its story of a case of haunting and the light thrown upon it by the discovery of human remains in the house concerned, recalls the fact that a similar story is to be found in one of the letters of the younger Pliny (Book VII., Letter 27). Mr. Clark thus condenses the story:—

Pliny relates that in Athens was a large house rendered uninhabitable because of noises and the apparition (*idolum*) of an old man in chains. The terror caused by the apparition was so great that the public were warned against the house. A certain philosopher who came to Athens read the warning notice, but ventured on taking the house, where he lay down at evening with his lamp and writing materials. Soon he heard the noise of chains, the form stood like one calling (*similis vocanti*). The philosopher took the lamp and followed to the courtyard. Here it suddenly slipped away (*repente dilapsa*). The philosopher marked the spot, and next day warned the city authorities that they should dig at the spot where "it" vanished. They did so, and found remains of a body and chains, which were duly buried. Ever after the house was freed of its ghostly visitor.

THE KNOWN AND THE UNKNOWN.

Commenting on the sonnet printed in Notes by the Way of the 15th ult., and which we have since discovered to be by Longfellow, F. C. C. writes:—

I have, more than once, used the same analogy. St. Paul says "then we put off childish things." There is *one* universe, we differ from one another in our difference of *regard* of the same one thing! When we throw off our earthly clothes for a new suit the tailor is the same, but there is change in our regard of the external. Even on earth John Smith is not week-a-day Smith when he has his Sunday clothes on. Make a jump from childhood to old age—is your difference of regard of the external *less than* the difference of your regard of the external when you pass from embodiment to disembodiment?

THE MAGIC OF PERSONALITY.—The man of personality has no fear of life or death; he knows that both are good in their own time, therefore he is lord of life and death. He has no fear of society, for he has outgrown the blame or praise of his fellows; both fall upon him in like manner; he heeds neither the one nor the other. He is not afraid of Truth, because *he is Truth*, for "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he." He is not afraid of fortune, for, with Walt Whitman, he says, "I, myself, am good fortune." He shrinks not from the future, knowing that "character is destiny." He knows that nothing can bring him success but himself. He knows that nothing can hinder his good, nor prevent him from reaching the goal towards which his feet are set, but his own failure to walk in the direct pathway of integrity and principle. And no light can fall upon that pathway to guide his footsteps except the light that shines out from his own *inner shrine*.—"Personality," by LILY L. ALLEN.

Mrs. E. ROBERTS JOHNSON asks us to notify her change of address, viz., 5, Fulthorpe-road, Norton, Stockton-on-Tees.

THE NATURE OF TIME.

BY MRS. PHILIP CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY.

The suggestions to which Blanco White's line,

"If Light can hide so much wherefore not Life?"

have given rise are plausible enough from some points of view, but surely unsound, in that they eliminate the element of free-will. That we are merely witnesses of events enacted long ago would certainly furnish a possible clue to the mysterious power of prophetic vision, but such a solution would also reduce us to mere puppets in this particular phase of evolution, enacting pre-ordained scenes—no more than automatic reproducers of actions and conditions already inscribed on the records of time. To rob us of free-will is to kill all incentive to advance, all striving towards the mastery of fate or amelioration of circumstance; logically there would be nothing left but to sit down, hands before us, and await what comes. In fact, anyone believing in such a theory would be extremely foolish to do anything else. The very mainspring of evolution is the belief, instinctive in all of us, that we can better the conditions around us, become master of our environment instead of allowing it to master us. If all has been pre-ordained and pre-enacted, why remain on the stage instead of taking up a lazy and irresponsible position in the stalls?

To accept such an explanation, alluring as it may be, would be to accept the rank fatalism of the East, with its inevitable result—passive resignation to the things that be.

THE SWORD IN THE SKY.

Miss S. Ruth Canton, the artist, sends us the following account of a strange sunset effect. It is not an experience which the Society for Psychical Research would be likely to add to its records. Nevertheless, it is a story which we feel Ruskin would have entertained hospitably, for he was a seer who found marks of spiritual significance in the clouds:—

The paragraphs in *LIGHT*, headed "Portents in the Sky," have recalled to me an extraordinary sky I saw at Falmouth in 1914. Certainly it did not have the interest of human forms, but it impressed me so strongly that I could paint it, even at this distance of time, from memory. I went to Falmouth three days after war was declared. One evening, when returning from a walk, I was greatly struck with the wonderful effect of a sunset. The sky was a greenish blue, and large masses of rounded clouds appeared just above the hills. Towards the north all was grey and amorphous. Out of this grey came more or less straight streaks of grey cloud across the sky; but one of these streaks was shaped exactly like a huge, straight sword-blade coming to a sharp point, which point was drenched in sunlight, and small spots of similarly sunlit clouds dropped, as it were, from the point, just as would drops of blood from a sword-point. The sides of the "blade" were as straight and unbroken as if they had been ruled. It was so striking that I received an instantaneous impression that it portended a war much greater than we at that time realised. The mighty sword swept right across the heavens.

MEDICAL SCIENCE AND THE COLOUR CURE.

That clever writer on the "Evening News" staff, "The Londoner," indulges in the following reflections among others anent the new colour ward for cases of shell shock, which has been fitted up in Welbeck-street Hospital:—

Doctors are men of science, and men of science grow more cautious, less cocksure than they were. A thousand things are hidden yet, and not a hundred known. Once upon a time I read the speech which a famous doctor and baronet made to the students at the opening of a new hospital. That was many years ago: the speech was of the time when many wise men were unwisely cocksure. I remember that the doctor, speaking of his art as though all the secrets were known, made game of his ancestors, the ancient doctors. He told, as a funny story of their dark ignorance, the story of the old doctors who would have the patient, sick of the small-pox, put to lie in a red bed with red curtains. Now I have lived to hear a doctor of the new sort talk very gravely about red beds and red curtains, about the actinic rays and the power of colour in cases of small-pox. Therefore I, an ignorant layman, will not slip into speaking foolishly of the primrose yellow beds in Welbeck-street.

AN UNEXPECTED MESSAGE.

Mr. James Watson, of Nantwich, sends us a good example of the unexpected manifestation of continued interest on the part of those on the other side in the people to whom they have become attached here. Some few years ago a Mrs. H——, who lived not far from his home, used to get psychic messages by means of a slender cane and an alphabet card. For several mornings, she was much perplexed by reason of some foreigner monopolising her time with what to her was unintelligible gabble, to the exclusion of communications from others from whom she wished to hear. She consulted Mrs. Watson, who advised her when the unwelcome visitor next manifested to take down what she could of his communication and bring it for her to see. Two days later Mrs. Watson received another call from Mrs. H——. The foreigner had, she said, come again that morning and she had asked him what he wanted, as she could not understand his motive in taking up so much of her time. In reply he asked her to take down what he was going to say and show it to Mrs. Watson, who was (he said) a very dear friend of his. Mrs. H—— then handed Mrs. Watson a scrap of paper on which was written "With loving greeting to dearest Ma, from her boy, Kantahella." Mrs. Watson's delight on receiving this message could hardly be described. Kantahella was a native of Ceylon who long before had paid a visit to this country, staying the greater part of the time in the home of the Watsons, with whom, being a very lovable young fellow, he had become a great favourite and to whom he was in turn much attached, calling Mrs. Watson his "English Ma." The Watsons had received one letter from him after his return to his native land; then, after the lapse of several months came the news that he had died of fever.

A daughter of Mr. Watson's writes to confirm her father's statement, and to add that she was herself in the house when Mrs. H—— brought the written message to her mother.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"The Late Rev. William Stainton Moses."

SIR,—It would have been more gracious and candid on the part of Mr. Evans had he added in his letter given on page 318 that I had expressed my regrets to him that I had, with no intention of *suppressio veri*, omitted the word "posthumous" in my quotation from Mr. Andrew Lang's letter to the "Pilot" of November 23rd, 1901.

Not being versed in the subtleties of Spiritualistic explanations as to the risk of having to deal with mischievous discarnates, short-circuiting messages from the Beyond, I was honestly ignorant of the importance attached to the term "posthumous." I did not know that such pranks were possible in the spirit-world. But we all live and learn.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD CLODD.

Aldeburgh.

October 7th.

To the last issue of the "Sunday Times" Sir Wm. Barrett contributes the first portion of an article, "Does Death End All?" in which he relates a remarkable development of the Hugh Lane case of an evidential character. He refers to those "ferocious and distinguished sceptics," Mr. Edward Clodd and Dr. Mercier, both of whom are represented in the correspondence columns of the journal by characteristic letters. Mr. Clodd's letter contains an allusion to Dr. Crawford, of Belfast, on whom he contrives to cast a slur by the ingenious method of giving the doctor's degree (Doctor of Science) in inverted commas!

MR. MAX PEMBERTON is conducting "An Inquiry into the truth of Spiritualism," the results of which he is giving in a series of articles in the "Weekly Dispatch." Mr. Pemberton's name as an author and journalist is well known, but, although a Press experience is an excellent equipment in enabling one to form swift and accurate judgments on men and things, we hardly think that it is all that is necessary to make an ideal investigator into the subject. However, we have no reason so far to complain of the inquirer. In the last issue of the "Dispatch" he relates an interview with Mr. Vango, and shows a distinct fairness, frankly admitting the correctness of anything in Mr. Vango's descriptions which he found to be true, and studiously avoiding the old methods of pre-judgment and ridicule of anything not at first intelligible.

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

Reports and prospective announcements are charged at the rate of twenty-four words for 1s.; and 3d. for every additional ten words.

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.—*Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour-street, W. 1.*—Excellent address and successful clairvoyance by Mr. A. Vout Peters; soloist, Mrs. Grace Fox; good attendance. Autumn Reunion on 6th inst.; particulars next week. For Sunday next, see front page.

LONDON SPIRITUAL MISSION: 13B, *Pembridge Place, Bayswater, W.*—Harvest Thanksgiving Sunday, Mr. E. W. Beard, "The Many Harvests"; Mr. Ernest Hunt, "As a Man Soweth." For Sunday next, see front page.—I. R.

WOOLWICH AND PLUMSTEAD.—**PERSEVERANCE HALL, VILLAS-ROAD, PLUMSTEAD.**—Mr. G. Prior, address. Sunday next, 3 p.m., Lyceum; 7, Sergeant Newton.—J. M. P.

WIMBLEDON SPIRITUALIST MISSION.—Splendid address by Dr. W. J. Vanstone. For prospective announcements see front page.—R. A. B.

CLAPHAM.—**HOWARD-STREET, WANDSWORTH-ROAD, S.W.**—Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., public circle; 7 p.m., Mrs. Annie Boddington. Friday, at 8, public meeting. 21st, Mr. Thomas.

READING.—**SPIRITUAL MISSION, 16, BLAGRAVE-STREET.**—Services at 11.30 a.m. and 6.45 p.m.: addresses by Mr. H. Boddington. Sunday next, Miss H. A. Dallas.—T. W. L.

TOTTENHAM.—684, **HIGH-ROAD.**—Mrs. M. Gordon, address and clairvoyance. Sunday next, service at 4 p.m. instead of 7; the Lyceum will meet at 2.30.—D. H.

CROYDON.—**GYMNASIUM HALL, HIGH-STREET.**—Address by the President much appreciated. Sunday next, Harvest Festival Services: at 11 a.m., the President; at 5 p.m., Mr. Robert King.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—**SURREY MASONIC HALL.**—Addresses and clairvoyance: morning, by Mrs. Mary Gordon; evening, by Mrs. Jamrach. Sunday next, 11 a.m., Mr. Osborne; 6.30 p.m., Mrs. Cannock, address and clairvoyance.

MANOR PARK, E.—**THIRD AVENUE, CHURCH-ROAD.**—Interesting address by Mr. Watson. Sunday next, 6.30, address by Mr. Tayler Gwinn. Monday, 3 p.m. (ladies), and Wednesday, 7.30, Mrs. Jamrach, addresses and clairvoyance.

BATTERSEA.—45, **ST. JOHN'S HILL, CLAPHAM JUNCTION.**—Good meetings. Evening, Mr. Olman Todd on "The Magic Staff." Sunday next, 11.15, circle service; 3, Lyceum; 6.30, Mrs. Jamrach. 18th, 8.15, Mr. Meadwell.—N. B.

BRIGHTON SPIRITUAL MISSION.—1, **UPPER NORTH-STREET.** (close to Clock Tower).—Sunday next, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Miss Florence Morse, addresses and descriptions; 3 p.m., Lyceum. Friday, 8 p.m., public meeting for inquirers.—R. G.

RICHMOND.—14, **PARKSHOT (OPPOSITE PUBLIC BATHS).**—Mr. Maskell, trance address; Mr. Seller, violin solo. Sunday next, Mr. G. Prior, address. Wednesday, Mrs. G. Kent, address and clairvoyance.—B. S.

HOLLOWAY.—**GROVEDALE-ROAD (NEAR HIGHGATE TUBE STATION).**—Morning, Mr. T. O. Todd on "Victory through Love and Service"; evening, Mr. and Mrs. Pulham, address and clairvoyance. Sunday next, 11.15 a.m., Mr. W. J. Parry; 3 p.m., Lyceum; 7, Mrs. Mary Davies. Wednesday, Mrs. Podmore. Thursday, tea and entertainment to 50 wounded soldiers. Come and help.

SOCIAL MEETING.—The Little Ilford Society of Christian Spiritualists, Church-road, Manor Park, E., has held a social and dance at the Lecture Hall, Public Library, in aid of the new church fund. Owing to the recent air raids the number present was not large, but those who met had a real good time. Thanks are due to the following artistes: Miss Hatch for pianoforte solo, Miss Moore, Mrs. Randle, Mr. D. Randle and Mr. Watson for songs, all being much appreciated. Dances and games were much enjoyed; Miss Hatch officiated at piano. At the close we all joined in "Auld Lang Syne." A hearty vote of thanks was accorded Mrs. Jamrach and all who helped to make the evening so enjoyable.—E. M.

FROM Mr. R. A. Owen (19, Chatsworth-avenue, Aintree), we have received a copy of the syllabus of Wednesday evening lectures for the three months' session ending December 19th, arranged in connection with the Liverpool and District Spiritualist Institute No. 1, of which he is secretary. They cover a wide range of subjects of interest to students of psychical science and phenomena. The Institute has secured more congenial quarters for its meetings at 22, Whitechapel (near Church-street), and Mr. Owen states that the session has started with excellent prospects of support by Spiritualists and inquirers. He also sends a list of the speakers engaged for the Sunday services of the Society of Spiritualists meeting at Daulby Hall, amongst which we recognise several names very familiar to us. We are glad to hear that the society is "going strong."

WIFE'S DREAM FULFILLED.

At an inquest at Clerkenwell on the 6th inst., on the body of a man named Denton, the widow stated that on the morning of the 3rd she dreamt that he was dead. The dream was repeated the same night, and as he did not return home she went with the police to his engineering workshop in Central-street, St. Luke's, where he was found on the floor with one end of a piece of gas tubing in his mouth and the other fixed to a gas bracket.

HUSK FUND.—Mrs. Etta Duffus, of Penniwells, Elstree, Herts; acknowledges, with thanks, receipt of £3, proceeds of concert given by the Women's Guild of the Dundee Spiritualist Society.

NATIONAL UNION FUND OF BENEVOLENCE.—The hon. financial secretary, Mrs. M. A. Stair (14, North-street, Keighley, Yorks.), acknowledges with thanks the following subscriptions received in September:—Nottingham Central Society, 15s.; Kathleen Newman, 2s. 9d.; Members' Circle, Bristol, 5s.; Northern Counties Union, £1 5s.; Mr. Smith, Westcliffe, 10s.; Three Members of the late Holker-street Society, Barrow, 15s.; Study Group, Daulby Hall, 10s. Total, £4 2s. 9d. Mrs. Stair appeals very earnestly to societies and friends to make Sunday, October 21st (the date fixed for the annual collection) a real day of thanksgiving by generous contributions to the fund.

A VERY interesting series of free Wednesday afternoon lectures has commenced at the rooms of the Order of the Golden Age, 153, 155, Brompton-road, S.W. The first of the course was given last Wednesday by Mr. A. J. Bennett and dealt with "The Influence of Colour—Mystical and Practical." Next Wednesday Dr. Hector Munro speaks on "War Strain: How to Avoid and Alleviate It." Madame Rousseau deals on the 24th with "The Significance of Numbers," and Dr. W. J. Vanstone on the 31st with the "Spirit of the Nation and the Land Question." The subjects of the remaining lectures (which continue through November and December) are equally important. Each lecture commences at 3 p.m.

MIDLAND DISTRICT UNION.—Mr. B. P. Membery, hon. secretary of the Midland District Union of Spiritualist Societies and Spiritualists, sends us an account of the Union's annual gathering and propaganda services, which took place on the 30th ult. in Birmingham Town Hall. In the morning Mr. Ernest Keeling (Liverpool) addressed an audience of some three hundred on "Spiritualism: Its Message and its Mission," and Mrs. E. A. Cannock gave clairvoyant descriptions: in the afternoon Mrs. Cannock addressed a still larger audience on "The Coming Religion," and in the evening Councillor J. Venables presided over a mass meeting of more than three thousand at which Mr. Keeling was again the speaker and Mrs. Cannock the clairvoyant, the accuracy of the lady's descriptions greatly impressing her hearers. Mrs. G. M. Roe sang beautiful solos at the morning and evening services, and at each service the amalgamated choir rendered an anthem. Mr. Wilfred Green ably presided at the organ. Altogether, Mr. Membery reports, it was a great day for the workers and the cause.

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