

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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

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NEW ADDRESS—

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

The "Times Literary Supplement" contains often some fine thinking by able and scholarly minds. The following passage is from a recent article, "A Question." It has no direct relation with the questions with which we are primarily concerned, but it deals with a subject of profound importance, and the passage we quote is an example of temperate and reasoned judgment:—

The pacifist, in his natural anger against a society that is angry with him, judges "the crowd" in this war as if it were like the crowd in all our past wars, as if this war also were a mere spectacle to most of us. But even the mob at a Roman gladiatorial show would not have been only a mob if nearly every member of it had had a son or a husband or a brother among the gladiators. We, too, suffer; and if the pacifist tells us that we support the war because we hope to make money out of it, or because we hunger for revenge or excitement, or because we are members of a herd, we know that he is not telling the truth. We may express ourselves ill; but so does he. Let us excuse him by remembering that he, too, suffers. We are like wrecked men on a raft at sea who fall to quarrelling with each other about the manner in which the wreck might have been prevented. The quarrel is itself a symptom of their suffering.

* * * *

We find occasionally cause for regret in the contents of certain of our American contemporaries devoted to popular aspects of Spiritualism. We refer especially to alleged messages from the great dead, which are not only destitute of any shred of evidence, but often utterly unworthy of their source. Here, for instance, in a Brooklyn journal, are some lines purporting to be dictated by "(Spirit) poet Longfellow." We give one stanza from the effusion—it is more than sufficient:—

And the time is fast approaching
When the foemen yield to us
Who teach the truth to all our fellows
And who try to serve and trust.

"This," as Lord Jeffrey, the great Scottish critic, observed in another connection, "this will never do." Indeed, it is not only an affront to the memory of a great poet, but it is also a great disservice to a subject on which there is an acute need for dignity and strong critical judgment. It is, perhaps, not surprising that a journal which can print such fustian should also not be above reproducing an article from our columns without acknowledgment. We observe that a correspondent of the journal remarks, "The cause of Spiritualism is hindered and retarded by our own methods." It is indeed.

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"The Quest," when it touches psychical questions, usually does so in a detached and academic way, but we have noticed with pleasure that this does not mean that the

simplicities are altogether lost to sight. There is shown also the balanced view, the sense of proportion. Thus in a review of "Gone West" in the current issue of that magazine, the writer, discussing the origin of the after-death narratives in the book, remarks, "It seems . . . not only ridiculous but stark lunacy to talk of the unconscious as explaining anything really about a state of affairs which manifestly conceals the activities of very distinctly intelligent wills whose attention is tensely turned in one's own direction." Later he observes, "When we have taken every other hypothesis in the field into consideration and allowed generously for it in its legitimate field of operation, we nevertheless, in no few cases, find ourselves face to face with a residual element that brings us back from all our theorising to the naïve realism of concrete presentation; even as here in ordinary life we return to what is immediately before us after our scientific analysis and philosophic theorising—our wives and children, for instance, are still our wives and children and not constellations of electronic systems." These infusions of cold common sense into abstract philosophy are tonic and salutary.

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The passages we have quoted have an especial appropriateness (if we may presume on the suggestion) to the flood of theorising which has been evoked by the messages in "The Gate of Remembrance," which deals, as will be remembered, with the discoveries made at Glastonbury Abbey through the agency of automatic writing. We have long been familiar with these abstruse interpretations of things which could be more easily explained by the application of a little "horse sense." It would be quite easy, for instance, to resolve all the experiences of daily existence in the physical world into a mesh of metaphysical confusion by refusing to draw the very obvious distinction between dream life and waking life. Both conditions are apparent in the records of psychic experience. There is evidence of somnolent consciousness as well as of the alert activities of "distinctly intelligent wills," quite conscious of what they are doing, although not always aware of the precise way in which their communications will "come out" on this side. In interpreting these things when they do not answer exactly to what we regard as intelligent standards, we try to keep both factors in mind. We have talked with "spirit entities" who rambled incoherently, and made allusions to the moon with a fine disregard of appropriateness. We have also talked with those who showed a keen intellectual grasp of their subjects and a quite exemplary degree of alertness and mental resource. It was just the difference between a clear consciousness and a confused one, and no metaphysical word-spinning was needed to understand it.

A GREAT THINKER.—Fechner, the author of "Life After Death," a book too little known, and now clouded by the consciousness that its author belonged to a race which in its later developments has descended to the lowest depths, is the subject of some remarks in the "Times Literary Supplement" of the 28th ult. He is there described as "a poet, a true discoverer and pioneer in more than one region . . . endowed with imagination as well as philosophical insight." The "restraint and pervading sanity" with which his ideas are expressed have "deprived Fechner of that kind of fleeting fame which probably he would not have much prized but may have assured him a stable place as one of the originators of thought of the nineteenth century."

"IN WORLDS NOT REALISED."

A DREAM ADVENTURE.

BY PAMELA GLENCONNER.

"For surely there sounds music sweet
With fair delights and perfumes shed,
And all things broken made complete
And found again things forfeited.

("Ballads of the Bourne," by GRAHAM R. TOMSON.)

I found myself at the opening of my dream turning round on a piano stool, having just concluded playing the final chords of a piece of concerted music. I was in a long room, panelled in elm. The room was of great size; a large open fireplace with a piled-up fire of burning logs lit and warmed the further end. It was furnished very little, except for large and comfortable seats covered in deep rose colour that were placed against the walls. The room appeared to me to be empty, except for four or five people gathered round the fire at the further end, and one woman, whom I knew to be my godmother, was seated beside the piano talking to me.

"I had no idea it was I who had been playing; I never knew I could play this!" The piece of music on the desk before me was by Schubert.

"You have been playing here from time to time for six years now," she said to me, "so you have improved. You are asleep, and you come here and play the music while you sleep. There are a great many people here to-night."

"To whom have I been playing?" I asked. The room seemed almost empty to me.

"You have been playing to the dead," she said, "for there are dead here as well as upon the earth; 'death' and 'life' are conditions of the soul. That is why what you know as 'sudden death' is no death at all. You have shown you know this in not believing that those killed in the war are dead, or even far away."

"Have I been playing to those?" I asked.

"No, indeed. They do not need it; they are transcendently alive. Music with us is for the dead; it is given to them in order to see if they can hear it."

I was still marvelling over the music I had just played and exulting in the sense of joy the sound left in me. I felt tingling with life.

"How did I play this?" I said, turning the pages of the difficult score before me.

"Every one who lives in their sleep can do easily what in waking their body prevents them from doing," she said to me.

"Have I been coming here for six years without knowing it?"

"That is a short time," she answered. "Some people never know they come here till they come here for good."

"Where is here?" I asked.

"Everywhere," she answered.

I waited while still the sense of excitement and achievement surged within me. I said to myself, "Bim felt this joy"; and just as if I had spoken aloud, she said: "Because you have been working here for six years you have been able to know intuitively in your waking hours how he fared. The first person he saw on waking here was you."

"But I am alive—I mean in the body."

"Yes; but he slept till you were asleep, and so you were able to be with him here when he awoke."

I felt wonderfully happy—too happy to speak.

"People who have a large sleep-life when they are on earth, although they may not remember it, are nevertheless rested and taught by it, and in hours of stress and pain it is their strength."

"What did I here before I played music?" I asked.

"You were with the children," she said.

I thought she meant this figuratively, till she said, "People go to the work they like best, or are sent to it if they do not find it for themselves. There is no uncongenial employment here."

"Where are the children?"

"In the large nurseries attached to the summer gardens," she answered, and she said it as casually as if she were saying the Edgware-road or Kew.

All the slum children are here every night; those who are cold and hungry and slapped all day long. The children people are accustomed to speak of as having no proper childhood at all have a glorious childhood here. Every night they have everything a child longs for—toys, flowers and food. When music cannot raise our dead, very often the nurseries and the gardens cure them, as there is so deep a climate of life there from the accumulated contentment of the children that it is especially invigorating . . ."

"You are constantly alluding to the dead," I said, "as if they needed curing, as if they were ill."

"What else!" she answered. "The people I speak of are the *only* dead, there are thousands of them here, and as for your world! Nevertheless, with you there is greater excuse for finding difficulty in telling the living from the dead, because the bodily senses hear, feel and see, even when what is heard, felt or seen is not understood. Now with us, if a piece of music is not understood, it is not heard."

"But the music," I said, "I have been playing to-night?"

"Well, if they hear it, they are getting better," she said. "a great many heard it to-night. Understanding is life."

"Where did I go before I went to the nurseries?"

"You did not leave your body; somebody read aloud to you while you slept. If you had been born into an unhappy home it would have been different; but you did not need to leave your body during your childhood."

"Then every one who is unhappy is really comforted, if they knew it?"

"Every one," she said; "comforted, healed, enlightened, fed, loved and forgiven, or we could not live at all. You and I are both of us this moment in Paradise."

"I hope I shall bring back memory of this," I said. "I hope I shall remember."

"You must see Lady Mary," my godmother replied, "and then I think you will remember."

"Who is Lady Mary?"

"She is a woman who lived on earth long ago in the time of ruffs and pointed bodices. She spends a great deal of her time in looking after her father, and she brings him here when there is music to try and help him. But he hardly hears it now at all, and she is reconciling herself to the idea that he will have to die the second death."

"Shall I see her?"

"I don't know whether you can."

I thought she meant Lady Mary was busy, and could not be with us; but soon I understood. The person she spoke of was close to us and I began to see her. After a while I saw her more distinctly. I saw her in the room as one sees a piece of ice in a glass of clear water.

I cannot recall her conversation consecutively, but I have phrases in my mind heard from her, so I will write them down, just as I remember them.

"The death of cold is far better than the death of pitch; the death of pitch clogs and defiles. The death of cold only arrests and suspends for a season."

"Pitch-dead people are far less hurtful to others than you would suppose, owing to the very nature of their condition. Were their energies free they would be an appalling danger, but their activities are clogged. Evil is sluggish, but good is vital, as swift as light. Cold-dead people cause a certain amount of trouble to those to whom they belong. It is like a long winter, waiting for the spring. But hurry-dead people are very mischievous. They are analogous to the moth that frets the garment on the earth plane. They destroy their own surroundings. Hurry is a great enemy of the soul. The condition most like to what on the earth plane you call insanity, is hurry here."

After a while she continued; "Damp-dead people are very bad indeed; they are those that have no spark of enthusiasm. Not even a quiet, steady liking for anything. They have no place here; and as in Divine ruling the best is given to all, it has been found kindest to let them begin as fungi—all over again."

"Even clear running streams can get pitch into them." Almost immediately she added: "But streams may run themselves clear in a night."

In my dream I thought this woman's name was Lady Mary Pomeroy. I am quite clear in my mind that this was so. I brought back with me on waking the expression on her face and the sound of her voice, as well as the manner of clothes she wore and her clear presence.

"Death, dead, dying," she said, "terms that on earth you shrink from because you do not know that they are conditions of being. . . . The first thing is to feel. The next step is to see further than your feelings. When people arrive at this they begin their sleep-life; they begin to live. But people rarely have a sleep-life unless they have had children, because children are awakeners. . . . Everything on the earth plane, from the greatest natural formations in scenery to the gentlest breeze that bends a blade of grass, is a physical aspect of a spiritual counterpart, and just as children scream and cry in the night, awakening those around them in the body, so they arouse the spirits of those to whom they belong; first by the carnal pain of birth and then by the finer pain of love and suffering. They are well named 'awakeners,'"

I heard her murmuring to herself, "First the egg, then the nightingale—two stages of being—and then the song."

After a moment she rose as if to go.

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"I have two rooms over the Cromwell Arms at the corner. Did you notice the old red building at the end of the street by the elms? That was my home as a child," she said, "and though it has suffered many changes, I am told, I do not see them, and it is my home still."

Then I awoke. I was saying over to myself, "Healed, comforted, fed, enlightened, loved and forgiven."

PRAYER: ITS UNREALISED RESOURCES.

A PLEA FROM A QUAKERESS.

Sir Oliver Lodge sends us the following extract from a letter of a Quaker lady to a friend, with the suggestion that it should be reprinted in our columns. It is so striking an argument for the use of a greatly neglected power of the soul that we give it here with pleasure:—

"I hope the loving, watchful care from the 'other side,' which I know you so abundantly experience, is making life still a comfort and a pleasure to you. It is curious and very interesting how your 'message,' like ours, repeatedly tells us how near is the advent of peace—of the end of outward fighting, at any rate. Months ago this message came, and has done several times since; and yet peace lingers. We forget—do we not?—that to them time is not; and that they can see as in a flash the oncoming of the happier future. But all agree that we must pass through a time of great tribulation and darkness first before the great redemption for which we pray. What I feel very much is, that some, perhaps most, of us are not using this mighty power of prayer as we should do. A message came from one in the unseen: 'If you could only grasp what prayer really is, you would use it without ceasing. It is a mighty force, and you only play with it—yes, I can think of no other phrase strong enough.' This is a stupendous thought, is it not? Can it be that, by not using our one supreme weapon, we are delaying in any way the onrush of God's great spiritual triumph over the powers of darkness, and that on us is resting, in some measure, the responsibility for the lingering on of the war? It is a very terrible thought, if true.

"A lady guest of mine said to me lately (she has the windows of her soul much open to spiritual things, but is not in membership with us, and does not see any way out but by force), 'But if you believe in spiritual methods of conquest, what are you doing in the great extremity when everyone is straining every nerve?' And I felt, what I have long felt, that I, at least, was putting very little into the mighty stream of supplication that ought to be ascending night and day from the hearts of the whole of true Christendom, in response to the promise, 'Prove Me herewith if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.' When one thinks of the giants of faith in the Bible, how they just *believed* and then *did*, straight and true, what God told them, without any other thought but obeying, it makes one feel what a stupendous thing this might be, if we were 'followers of them who through faith and patience inherited the promises.'"

THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The offices of this society are now at 1A, Clareville Grove, Onslow Gardens, S.W. 7.

A LINK WITH THE PAST is broken by the transition of Miss Boswell Stone, of Oxford, who was a reader of LIGHT from the first or almost the first number—that is to say, considerably over thirty years.

A NOTE ON THE MYSTICS.—Popular opinion conceives the Mystic as one of uncultivated mind, wallowing in a swamp of undisciplined sentimentalism and unbridled emotions. Nothing can be further from the truth. Regard the lives of representative Mystics associated with the great Indian schools, with Neo-Platonism, Sufism or Christianity, and find, not lotus-eating dreamers and idle drones, but vigorous and disciplined minds, strenuous workers, courageous and greatly compassionate. Each of them was a splendid educational force, making for righteousness and noble living, not for their own time only, but for our time also. Their teachings and their example inspire to-day as in the past thousands of responsive men and women. Strict morality; truth that harmonises thought, word and act; patience; indifference to pleasure and to pain; dauntless energy; love towards all that lives—such are the threads with which are woven the character of the Mystic. He stands to help the world, striving in all humility to render perfect service to God and to his fellow-men.—J. M. WATKINS.

MAZZINI, PATRIOT AND SEER.

The subject of Mr. W. J. Vanstone's address in the hall of the Art Workers' Guild on the 11th inst. was "Mazzini and the Emancipation of Italy." Mr. Vanstone described his hero as one in whom the Christ spirit was clearly manifest—a man whose soul thrilled with sympathy for the oppressed, whose aim it was to unite men everywhere in the bonds of brotherhood, and whose life was one great sacrifice for his country's welfare. Italian unity found, indeed, in Garibaldi its strong arm and practical effective, but the brain and soul of the movement were supplied by the idealist, Joseph Mazzini. Mr. Vanstone traced the story of Mazzini's life from the time when, as a delicate lad, keen-witted and precocious, he used to listen while his mother—a capable and devoted woman, well versed in the politics of the day—discussed with her generous and democratic husband (professor of anatomy at the University of Genoa) some of the grave abuses rampant in Government circles; the boy thus learning at his mother's knee the foundation principles of the work to which he was to devote his future energies. Then followed some of the more striking episodes of his exciting career—in which incessant labour for the cause he loved was varied with banishment, imprisonment, poverty, peril of execution at the hands of the law and peril from the assassin's dagger—up to his final arrest at sea and his imprisonment at Gaeta and his death in 1870 at Pisa. But he had lived long enough to see his country freed from Austrian domination, and, in place of petty States divided against each other and therefore weak, an Italy united and strong under King Victor Emmanuel. Mr. Vanstone mentioned that during Mazzini's stay in London he resided in spots no further distant from Queen-square than Goodge-street, George-street and Clarendon-street in the Euston-road, and Leather-lane; and that in the last-named locality he gathered the little Italian boys about him, educated them and sometimes clothed and fed them as well. Was Mazzini a Spiritualist? This question Mr. Vanstone answered by reading a portion of a letter written by the great Italian patriot to a mother on the death of her son, in which he encouraged her to hold to and find comfort in her belief in God and immortality, and to continue to love her boy and think of him, as by so doing she would make a bond of union between him and her, for "There is no death in the world except forgetfulness." As to the future of the race, Mazzini looked to the time, to quote his own words, "When the Christ's arms, still stretched upon the martyr's cross, are freed to clasp humanity in one embrace, when earth has no more Brahmins and pariahs, masters and servants, but only men . . ."

THE BIRMINGHAM SPIRITUALIST CHURCH.

CAROLINE GROOM MEMORIAL FUND.

The Committee of the Birmingham Spiritualist Church Building Fund earnestly desire all who have grateful recollections of the ministrations of Mrs. Groom (the foundress of this, the mother-church in Birmingham) to respond to this appeal for funds for the purpose of erecting a church in her memory. Her life-work is worthy of a suitable memorial, and all who appreciate the value of Spiritualism are invited to send donations to the Secretary, Mrs. Annie Deakin, 287, Giltott Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, or to the President, Mr. Albert Cook, 221, Rotton Park Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham. The following donations have been already received:—

Legacy from Mrs. Groom, £15; Church Building Fund, collections, &c., £25 16s. 0½d.; Mr. Hathaway, £10 10s.; Mrs. Grimley, £5 5s.; Mrs. Inkpen, Mr. Wadley, Mrs. Pickering, Mrs. Wilson, Mr. A. Cook, and Mrs. Cracroft, £5 each; Mrs. Hathaway, £1 1s.; Mr. Moors, £1 1s.; Rev. Susanna Harris, Mr. Proverbs, Mr. Cherry, Mrs. Stokes, Mrs. Beresford, Mrs. Bird, Misses Newman, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Jeaynes, Mrs. Froggatt, Mrs. Barber, Mrs. Pagan, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Harding, Misses Boddington, Mr. Price, Mr. Kirby, Miss Kirby, Mrs. White, and Mrs. Chinn, £1 each; Miss Goynne, 10s.; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Davis, 10s.; Mr. Nathan, Mr. Davis, Miss Young, Miss Kell, Miss Banks, Mr. Wright, Mr. Millington, Miss Halford, and Miss L. Newton, 5s. each; Miss Hoare, 3s.; Miss Doughty, 2s. 6d.; Miss Hensman, 2s. 6d. Total, £112 6s. 0½d.

A further list will follow later.

The above-named friends responded to the kindly appeal of the Rev. Susanna Harris at the Birmingham and Midland Institute meetings on March 17th and 24th. The committee thank both Mrs. Harris and the contributors for their generous response.

The funds are being deposited with the National Spiritualists' Union, Ltd., Trust Funds.

Mrs. A. DEAKIN, Secretary,
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THINGS PRESENT AND TO COME.

"LIGHT" AND THE ALLIANCE AND THE WORK BEFORE THEM.

Now that we have fairly settled down in our new home, which is really an old one, for it dates from the early years of the eighteenth century, we have time to look about us and indulge in a little mental stocktaking.

First, then, both *LIGHT* and the Alliance have occasion to congratulate themselves on an abode which is not only mellowed by antiquity but enriched by art. The room in which its meetings are now conducted, and which is in the same premises as its office, is the hall of the Art Workers' Guild. It was built and decorated by artists, and the atmosphere is tranquil and inspiring. Although quite a new structure, it is so much in keeping with the old house to which it forms an annexe that the two centuries' difference in age seems almost to have been bridged.

At the time of writing the great world struggle seems to be approaching its climax. A call has gone out for more "man power," there is a sharp increase in the tension everywhere, and more than ever it may be said that no one knows what an hour may bring forth. But we go quietly ahead, tackling each new difficulty as it arises, serene in the assurance that we stand with those who hold what is to-day the greatest truth in the world, and that the future is with us whatever may betide in the present.

We see how in the general purgation of life our position is becoming slowly clarified. The little issues, the small problems, are being thrust on one side and the great primary fact for which we stand, the reality of a life beyond the grave, practically proved and demonstrated, is emerging into its true place. When it is once firmly settled in the mind of the community and has become a part of human consciousness its effect on life in every department will be incalculable. It will throw new light on every problem; it will revolutionise the whole outlook. Religion, science, literature, commerce, social life—all will take a fresh colour from it, and become transfused with new meanings. It will be the "greatest thing in the world," and yet it will have come for the most part unperceived by those preoccupied with the stress and terror of the greatest war of the ages, a war which we know to be the fore-ordained precursor of a new era.

That is the outlook on the large scale. To come nearer home and survey the prospect from a more domestic point of view, we think first of all of *LIGHT*. The dearth of labour and material presses hardly upon us. It is now less a question of enlarging our scope than of securing that every copy of *LIGHT* printed shall be sure of a purchaser. These are the days of narrow things—there is no place now for margins and surpluses. It is a matter of adjusting output and demand with such nicety that waste is quite eliminated. Knowing that any increase in our price would bear hardly on many readers of slender means we have, with reluctance, continued our Sustentation Fund; moreover, the diminished size of our journal means a diminished revenue. Everybody knows nowadays that a newspaper lives by its advertisements. As the days go on we shall probably see some of our smaller contemporaries disappear. Only the strongest are likely to be able to ride out the storm. *LIGHT* may go under with them, but we do not calculate on the possibility. *LIGHT* is strong in that it has faith in its work, supreme confidence in that for which it stands, and, moreover, it is strong in having a multitude of friends. It has won the respect and even the goodwill of its contemporaries in the Press who know for what it stands—a sane and sensible presentation of a body of ideas and facts so new (alas!) as to be almost inevitably misunderstood and distorted almost out of recognition.

Finally, we think of our scheme for housing *LIGHT* and the Alliance in a home that shall be thoroughly worthy of the great work before them. In this connection we may refer to a helpful suggestion on the part of Mr. Withall, the acting President of the Alliance, which is that not only shall the house be in itself a memorial to departed leaders of the movement, but that it shall contain a memorial room in which those who have contributed to the purchase shall have the right to hang pictures or place other souvenirs of their departed friends. Our Fund is approaching the sum of £700. We have not the first £1,000 towards the £10,000 we have named as our mark. Yet we have no misgivings, even with the prospects of the terrible taxation with which the nation is threatened, £10,000 is really a very small sum—one or two donations from the wealthiest of our well-wishers would carry us to it in a few minutes. It will come, and the cause will be well worthy of it. Money is a great thing but only in those material matters of which we must take due account, without permitting them to threaten our sense of proportion. We might be poor with a million of money at our backs, if the money were not merely an instrument in the hands of those rich in vision, intelligence, self-devotion and strength of purpose. It would be for the lack of these rather than for the lack of money that we "could not speed." The Present may seem menacing, but the Future is with us. We are winning to our side some of the "choice and master spirits of this age." They have heard the call and realised with the American poet how—

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea.

A HAUNTED CHURCH.

Bromyard Church, near Bedford, is reported, according to the Hitchin correspondent of the "Star," to be haunted by a ghost who makes his presence known by mysterious footsteps and the trailing noise of clanking metal.

"The evidence was furnished by the Vicar, Canon Browning, at a meeting of the local Natural History Society. A Bedford lady, said the Canon, had told him that she and a friend were in the church when they heard heavy footsteps and the sound of a trailing sword, but were unable to see anyone, despite a careful search. Mr. W. N. Henman, hon. secretary of the society, also said he was once taking a rubbing of a brass in the church when he heard footsteps he was unable to account for. The Vicar, puzzled by these stories, raised the question whether the footsteps were those of the ghost of Sir Lewys Dyve, the former squire of Bromham Hall, whose spirit is uneasy at the separation of his body from his ancestral home and church, as it is known that he was buried in Somerset instead of at Bromham. The old squire's heavy boots and sword, which the ghost is supposed to wear, are still preserved in Bromham Hall, while in the church there is a monument to the family, dated nearly 400 years ago."

A DONATION FROM DENMARK.—Of pleasing interest amongst the latest contributions to the Memorial Endowment Fund is the £50 (received by Cable transfer) from Mr. M. Nissen, a leading citizen of Copenhagen and an old friend of *LIGHT* and the Alliance.

THE RELIGIOUS SIDE OF SPIRITUALISM.—APPLICATION TO THE HOME SECRETARY.—Not in order to evade any national obligation but in order to obtain recognition of the religious side of the Spiritualistic movement, the Spiritualists' National Union have made strong representations to Sir George Cave, the Home Secretary, that the "expositors" or ministers of the Spiritualist Churches throughout the country shall be included in the term "Ministers of other denominations" as provided in the "Man Power" Bill. The Spiritualists' National Union have associated with them in their action the numerous societies throughout the country, and in view of the great numbers of Spiritualists who are serving in the Army and Navy, the desired recognition should certainly be accorded.

THE PSYCHIC RESEARCHER AND THE INCARNATION.

NEW LIGHT UPON THE FUNDAMENTAL FACT OF CHRISTIANITY.

A LECTURE BY ELLIS T. POWELL, LL.B., D.Sc.

Psychic Research is really an ally of Christianity. It is not an ally of any special interpretation of faith. It is not responsible for mediaeval interpretation, nor is it in sympathy therewith. But faith develops, and if psychic science shows the original Deposit to be consistent with scientific research, then Christianity stands justified from a new standpoint and by a new vindicator.

Let us, by way of illustrating this function of psychic research as the handmaid and auxiliary of Christianity, devote a short time to the study of the Incarnation in the light of Psychic Research. For the Incarnation is among the fundamentals of Christianity. I claim that man's mental outfit for examining and understanding Christianity is immensely better with psychic science than without it; and therefore I do not hesitate to turn the light of our psychic knowledge upon such great mysteries as the Incarnation.

If we look to the earliest enunciations of the fundamentals of the Faith, we find the so-called Apostle's Creed affirms that Christ was "conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary." The Athanasian Creed, dating from the fifth century, is more precise, as becomes an enunciation purposely framed to define the Catholic faith in an era of heresy and conflict:—

"For the right faith is that we believe and confess: that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is God and Man: God, of the essence of the Father, begotten before the ages: and Man, of the substance of his mother, born within the limits of time"—

that is to say, descending into conditions of time from a plane where time is not. "By Whom also God made the ages," says the author (or authoress) of the Epistle to the Hebrews, thus definitely affirming that God expressed Himself in time through Christ, though He Himself remained timeless and eternal.

"Complete as God, complete as man: of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting.

"Equal to the Father, as touching his Godhead; and inferior to the Father, as touching his Manhood."

The third of the great creeds of Christendom, the Nicene, has been recited in public worship since the year 471. It affirms Christ to have been "Begotten of His Father before all the ages," to be

"God, emanating out of God: Light emanating out of Light: very God, emanating out of Very God: begotten, not made: one with the Father in the nature of his being: by Whom all things were made: Who for the benefit of us men and for the sake of our salvation came down from the higher spheres."

It will be noticed that I have in several places ventured upon changes in the venerable language, familiar to many of us from childhood, of these ancient formulas. When originally framed, in Latin or Greek, they were the expression of the central truths of Christianity (as nearly an expression was possible) in the language of the hour. But language is undergoing a subtle but incessant process of change, so that the translations even of the sixteenth century, as embodied in our Anglican Prayer-Book, have at many points lost the precision which they once possessed, and unless amended into strict accordance with their originals, are liable to mislead a modern reader.

These, then, are the bases of the Christian faith with regard to the Incarnation. They answer the question which the word "incarnation" itself inevitably suggests—what is it that incarnates? What is it that enters into the flesh? The creeds affirm that it was a being of the same essence as God who thus became manifest in the flesh. It was, therefore, a pre-existent personality which chose to enter our mortal environment, "for the benefit of us men, and for the sake of our salvation." A supreme spirit elected to descend from the unimaginable brightness, and to enter the prison of the flesh, in order to disseminate a message which could be proclaimed, and to do a work which could be performed, in no other way. And why should there exist any need for such a message? Let Myers reply, for one goes instinctively to his pages for the felicitous enunciation of great psychic principles:—

"The dwellers on this earth, themselves spirits, are an object of love and care to spirits higher than they. The most important boon that can possibly be bestowed on them is knowledge as to their position in the universe, the assurance that their existence is a cosmic and not merely a planetary, a spiritual and not merely a corporeal, phenomenon. I conceive that this knowledge has in effect been apprehended from time to time by embodied spirits of high inward perceptive power, and has also

been communicated by higher spirits, either affecting individual minds or even (as is believed especially of Jesus Christ) voluntarily incarnating themselves on earth for the purpose of teaching what they could recollect of that spiritual world from which they came. [Note especially his language—"what they could recollect of the spiritual world from which they came."] In those ages it would have been useless to attempt a scientific basis for such teaching. What could best be done was to enforce some few great truths—as the soul's long upward progress or the Fatherhood of God—in such revelations as East and West could understand."

In the fact of pre-existence itself, especially where the person concerned is affirmed to be of the same essence as the Deity, there is nothing supernormal. There must be few people who imagine that the spirit even of man is created at the moment of conception, or at that even more mysterious juncture when the baby "quickens" and the mother first feels the fluttering motion of her offspring. Of the spirit of the individual human being, as in a higher and holier sense of the Third Person of the Trinity, we may say that it is "neither made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding."

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

Those beautiful lines of Wordsworth are as true of us, in principle, as they are of Christ. We all, like the first Adam of whom St. Paul spoke (1 Cor. xv. 45), "arrive at becoming a living being"—that is to say, we become conditioned by time, and space, and matter. But I take it that there is one tremendous difference between us and the greatest of all psychics. We are all originally sparks of the Divine, plunged into time, and space, and matter. When the sparks flash signals to one another, we call the signalling telepathy. That is ordinary incarnation. Voluntary or disciplinary reincarnation, as it doubtless occurs in the regular course of psychic development, is a passage from the nearer spirit planes into incarnation, before the spirit has become too refined and etherialised to regain control of a material body. Of these two species of incarnation we possess experience.

But even if we had no authority to guide us, in the shape of His own unique claims and powers, we must have inferred, as scientists, that Christ could not have come from the more or less earthy regions of the spirit world which are immediately contiguous to our own planet. We must have known from His personality, character, and message, that He came from infinitely higher spheres. We have a prehistoric identity, even as He: but His possesses an immeasurably longer history, as begotten before the ages. "I have honoured thee on earth," He said, in that sublime prayer to His Father in John xvii., "I have honoured thee on earth by completing the work thou gavest me to do: and now do thou honour me at thy own side, with the honour which I had at thy side before the world began." While the world was as yet amid the whirling cosmic dust, this supreme spirit was already far advanced in its evolution. So that when the Nicene Creed affirms that He is God, emanating out of God, Light emanating out of Light—the light of the world proceeding out of the unimaginable brightness—we are confronted by no unintelligible mystery, but by a fact which we might have deduced from the existent data, by means of the application of our knowledge, meagre as it is thus far, of the laws of the ethereal universe.

The tremendous difference to which I have alluded—that is to say, the uniqueness of the Incarnation and its supremacy among the psychic phenomena of the world, lies just in the fact that the incarnating spirit descended so far, and came from such an exalted home, to be enshrined in the body which dwelt in the carpenter's home at Nazareth, and walked the holy fields of Palestine. An ordinary incarnation, whether it be an original experience of terrestrial life or a re-incarnation, is a spark of Deity descending to the physical plane: the Incarnation was, in some sense which we cannot fully fathom, the descent of the Deity itself, coming from the highest to the terrestrial. The relationship between the Deity and the visitor is expressed for us as that of Father and Son, but in fact it was no doubt far more intimate and complex: so that the words of the hymn are in a sense true—

"Those mighty hands that rule the sky
No earthly toil refuse,
The maker of the Stars on high
A humble trade pursues."

(To be continued.)

MARY ANDERSON'S GHOST STORY.

("A GENERATION AGO.")

Under the above title, *LIGHT* of April 21st, 1888, gave a remarkable story of a psychic adventure of Miss Mary Anderson, the famous American actress who was not long ago repeating one of her former triumphs, in "Pygmalion and Galatea," on the London stage. The story refers to the fact that during a former visit to England Miss Anderson was invited to pay a visit to Lord and Lady Lytton (the former best known as "Owen Meredith") who were then at the ancestral seat of the Bulwers, the well-known manor of Knebworth. She had been their guest at Knebworth more than once before, but on this occasion, her usual apartment having been taken by an earlier comer, she was allotted another—a handsome but somewhat gloomy room containing massive antique furniture and a large faded portrait of Queen Elizabeth, evidently a contemporary likeness. Her maid was installed in a small room adjoining her own. No ghost stories were told during the evening, which was passed in merry and animated conversation till nearly one o'clock. The party then separated, and Miss Anderson retired to rest, the door between her bedroom and that of her maid being wide open, and that leading to the corridor securely bolted. No sooner had Miss Anderson put out the light and laid her head on the pillow than she was conscious of a singular and unpleasant change in the atmosphere of the room, which had become at once intensely cold and damp and overwhelmingly oppressive, so as to be scarcely respirable. "I could compare it," she afterwards said, "to nothing except a blanket saturated with ice water, and pressing upon my mouth and nostrils so as almost to stop my breath." She tried to cry out, but strength and power of speech seemed to have alike forsaken her. Then she became aware of something clutching at the bedclothes; a strong grasp fastened at intervals on the coverlets and blankets she had drawn over her. In the extremity of her alarm she contrived, by putting forth all her strength, to raise herself in a sitting posture, supported by her hands, but she was instantly dashed back against the headboard of her bed by a fierce grasp fastened upon her neck and shoulders. During this mute and terrible struggle, Miss Anderson saw a light repeatedly flash up in her maid's room and then go out. She tried in vain to reach her own matchbox, which was placed beside her bed; but failing in that attempt, she finally broke loose from the hold of her invisible persecutor, and with a shriek sprang from the bed. Her maid rushed into the room, exclaiming in terror, "Oh, Miss Mary, did you see it?" "See what?" asked Miss Anderson. "Something—I cannot tell what—that caught me by the throat and tried to choke me as soon as I got into bed." On comparing notes, mistress and maid found that they had suffered in precisely the same manner, but the latter had contrived to get hold of the matchbox. "But every time that I struck a match, Miss Mary," added the frightened girl, "something would blow it out." The two terrified girls lighted their lamps and sat down together on Miss Anderson's bed, wrapped in blankets, to await the dawn, having first tried the fastenings of the outer doors of their rooms and found them secure and in good order.

As soon as it was light they dressed and went downstairs, exciting much attention on the part of the early risers among the servants by their pale looks and evident agitation. The housekeeper ventured at last to ask Miss Anderson if anything was the matter. On being told the story she exclaimed "What!—again?" a remark which she tried to explain away by assuring Miss Anderson that she must have been suffering from nightmare, though she failed to explain why the same nightmare should have attacked mistress and maid simultaneously.

In giving the above story, which it quoted from an American journal, *LIGHT* had not at first any means of checking its accuracy, but shortly afterwards the editor learned from a correspondent that she had just had a full confirmation of it from Miss Anderson's own lips, the alterations of detail being very slight and immaterial.

MR. W. H. EVANS makes an apt comment on the removal of our cover: "I do not think it makes much difference," he writes; "like a British workman *LIGHT* has taken its coat off to do its work effectively."

KINSHIP WITH NATURE.—His flowers are alive to him; he talks to them as to people, "Thank you, Hollyhocks, for coming out"; and one day while busily cramming a bunch of honeysuckle into his mother's water-jug she heard him saying in a voice filled with kindly intonations, "Have some water, Honeysuckle; have some water."—"The Sayings of the Children," by LADY GLENCONNER.

"THE MAGIC OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH"

N. G. S. AND MR. NEVIL MASKELYNE.

Replying to Mr. Nevil Maskelyne's statements in our last issue, N. G. S. writes:—

Mr. Maskelyne finds in my reply more discourtesy than it actually contains—more, at any rate, than was intended. I do not think controversy gains anything from hard words, but when the opposition is informed by a spirit of mockery some slight severity is permissible. It will be understood, also, that while the controversialist writes for the eye of his opponent, he has likewise his own particular gallery to play to. Mr. Maskelyne objects—

(a) That I question the *bona fides* of his offer to engage a medium at his own terms to perform Spiritualistic feats. But his quite evident purpose was to challenge Spiritualism, not to secure new stars for his show.

(b) That I seek to discourage competent mediums from accepting his offer because I "fear the rivalry of mundane mysteries." What I fear is that, as shows have failed in the past to convince the world, future shows will equally fail. I have no doubt that an excellent entertainment could be provided—better than anything to be seen at the Theatre of Mystery—unless Mr. Maskelyne were present to inhibit the phenomena by his attitude of rigid negation.

(c) That I reported the inhabitants of the spirit-world as having deteriorated morally. If I have done the late Mr. Maskelyne an injustice I apologise; but my meaning was this: that a sceptic and critic of iron resolution, after years of unbending hostility, would find it very difficult to bring himself to the point of going out of his way to apprise the world of his error. I did not take into account any feeling of "solemn obligation to his dear ones." He might have this feeling or he might not. It would make a difference. But it is not certain, as another contributor has explained, that he would discover at once the possibility of communication. Let us suppose, however, that he did succeed in communicating: is it certain that his dear ones would pay any attention to his words? If Mr. Maskelyne were to receive through a medium a message coming ostensibly from his father, how would he receive it? Would he accept it as genuine, or would he exclaim, quoting his own words, "Human folly and incredulity"? By what hypothesis—fraud or illusion—would he explain it away? Perhaps the late Mr. Maskelyne has a reason for keeping silence which had not occurred to me.

The fact that certain "ghosts" go through the form of repeating their crimes has often been observed. I have said that the problem is one of interpretation. There are ghosts and ghosts. Some of them are of the cinematograph order, and the repetitions of acts are merely pictorial. The subject is too large to pursue here. They are not beyond "good and evil," but some of them are beyond our present comprehension. Those who believe in survival, we are told, hope for a better life in the spirit world. But do they not believe in Hell as well as in Heaven, those who accept the "ethical teachings received in the nursery"?

(d) That I called him various names, such as "cynic, trickster, fossil, quaint survival." These seemed to me at the time to be rather happily chosen and not calculated to wound very deeply. Some were applied, not to Mr. Maskelyne but to the type to which I feared he might belong. By "trickster" I meant "one who performs tricks, an illusionist." No offense in that, I hope.

(e) That "the Spiritualist cult is a reversion to the savage type, where ordinary or extraordinary phenomena are attributed to the agency of spirits." Spiritualists attribute certain phenomena to spirit agency because spirits themselves appear to make this claim. Can Mr. Maskelyne suggest any flaw in the reasoning? He explains them by denying them. That method has the merit of simplicity, but no other. Has he tested them? He ignores my invitation to do so. To deny what you have not tested is the practice of many scientific men, but it is contrary to scientific principle and has made many look foolish ere now as time showed up their untimely intolerance. Spiritualism is a science. It is not to be dismissed by a flout and a jeer; and this is coming to be recognised more and more every day.

(f) That he has given time to the reading of Spiritualist literature and the time has been wasted, because he "evermore came out by the same door wherein he went," and because he became thereby "more than ever convinced of human folly and credulity." Here he unintentionally gives away the preconceived idea with which he started on his investigations. He found what he expected to find? He found that for which he deliberately sought. May one say that he found what he was inexorably determined to find? May one hint, ever so delicately,

that his reading was coloured and his judgment clouded by a theological, hereditary or environmental bias? In Mr. Maskelyne we have an interesting "mental case"—not pathological, of course, but psychological. A man of acute intellect and sound common sense (I take those for granted), a student of Nietzsche and Omar Khayyám, he has had the evidence before him and has delivered a wrong judgment; he has examined the premises but has been unable to reach a right conclusion. Where other acute intellects have succeeded he has failed. Such is the effect of bias, which works like madness in the brain, distorting and perverting the mind which, however unconsciously, gives it house-room.

THE DIRECT VOICE.

A SOLDIER'S NOTES OF A RECENT SEANCE.

By M. E. (D.S.O.).

It is only a few days since I returned to the front from leave, and every detail of the happy sitting I had with Mrs. Roberts Johnson before I left is still vivid in my mind. Even were it not so I have the notes of it by me taken during the sitting, for I make a practice of noting the proceedings at all the sittings I attend.

It was the afternoon of March 5th and had been raining all the morning but settled down to a cold drizzle, so that when we reached Mrs. Johnson's house we were glad to be welcomed to a bright fire where it was warm and cosy. My brother and his wife had accompanied me by her special invitation, and as it was to be my sister-in-law's first experience at this kind of séance she was all attention to the conversation during tea. At 6 p.m. two ladies arrived who were to join in the sitting, and at 6.50 we took possession of the kitchen, which offered the most warmth, was most easily darkened, and incidentally afforded most room. We found a circle composed of Mr., Mrs., and Miss Johnson, the two ladies and ourselves, and the moment a short prayer had been concluded the voice of David Duguid, Mrs. Johnson's director of ceremonies, was heard announcing that all was in order and that the friends would do what they could but the weather conditions were against them. I noted that my sister-in-law, who sat next to me, was somewhat startled by the power of the unknown voice, but thereafter she showed no further surprise. My little friend, "Silver Star," next greeted me, speaking this time in much more perfect English than she had ever used before. I charged her with touching the telephone which stands close to my head when I sleep out here, and she admitted having tried to use it as a speaking trumpet—an endeavour in which she naturally failed for want of a medium. (I had been more than once disturbed at night by hearing the receiver moved on its cradle and other similar sounds.) She went on to tell me that my conditions and surroundings out here were much more congenial to me, which was quite true. One of the lady visitors, Mrs. R., was addressed by some of her relatives, amongst them a son who had passed over suddenly, a victim of this war. I must not describe what to her must have been sacred, but it was so intensely human and touching that I shall ever remember it. Mrs. Johnson's spirit son, Billy, was present in the intervals, chatting to his father, mother and sister in turn. The dog, which had been put into the adjacent conservatory at the commencement of the sitting, was now making much noise, evidently wanting to be admitted. In the most natural way Miss Johnson asked Billy to go and quiet the dog, which he evidently did, as the noise soon ceased. The father of Mrs. O., the second of the two ladies, spoke to her, giving her much fatherly advice. Next a brother who had died in infancy came to my sister-in-law, giving his name, and saying that it was the first time he had spoken to her through a medium, but it would not be the last. "Silver Star" chatted with each of us in turn. She told us she was helping, which was confirmed by David Duguid, who said they were making use of the opportunity to instruct her as she possessed much power herself, had strong helpers, and, moreover, had not lived in earth conditions long enough to be harmfully affected by them.

About six years ago a great friend of mine died, and towards the end when his breathing had become difficult I paid him frequent visits. He was uncle to my sister-in-law and was a most upright man. Though a declared atheist he did not fear death. I often spoke with him of the after-life, assuring him that he would still live, but he died in the belief that death ended all. This old friend came and stood between my sister and myself. Before he spoke, I recognised the hard breathing. His first words were—"It is true—it is true! I am not dead." Then he told us who he was, but as he still had his earth conditions he was soon exhausted and asked us to be patient until he could get his breath again. When he recovered he expressed himself

to my sister about changes which had taken place in his family since his passing. If I had wanted convincing proof of life after death I had it then. A girl friend of the Johnsons next spoke and caused a good deal of merriment. "Silver Star" constantly reminded me of her presence by interjections and touches, tapping my writing-pad and pencil when I stopped making notes, and remarking that I had better go on writing. The room was perfectly dark, and even when all was silent no one could hear my pencil at work, much less whilst so much talk was going on. The last speaker of importance was W. T. Stead, who in his usual clear style asked me to convey a message to a friend of his, which I have already done. I was also asked by another of the voices to give a message to the Editor of LIGHT. This I have also done, just as it was given, for to me it conveyed little or nothing intelligible. The Editor will be able to say for himself whether he understood it or not. [Perfectly.—Ed. LIGHT.] "Silver Star" came and shook hands with me, and the sitting closed at 9.20 p.m.

I have never had two sittings alike with Mrs. Johnson. They are marked each time by some different characteristic. On this occasion, before each new speaker used the trumpet, I saw a faintly luminous figure moving about. Then, again, all the voices were louder than is usual in ordinary conversation, so much so that Mrs. Johnson on more than one occasion asked the male speakers to moderate their tone; otherwise neighbours and pedestrians outside might be attracted by the unusual noise. Most of our spirit visitors remained throughout the sitting, and verbally called our attention to the fact. This was the best direct voice sitting which, so far, it has been my good fortune to attend.

THE L.S.A. MEMORIAL ENDOWMENT FUND.

The following is a full list of the subscriptions received to date for this fund, for which the donors have the hearty thanks of the L.S.A. Council and LIGHT:—

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"MY FATHER: PERSONAL AND SPIRITUAL REMINISCENCES" is a cheap but excellent reprint of Miss Estelle Stead's life of her distinguished father. It can be obtained at this office for 1s. 9d., post free.

TO-MORROW'S SOCIETY MEETINGS.

These notices are confined to announcements of meetings on the coming Sunday, with the addition only of other engagements in the same week. They are charged at the rate of 1s. for two lines (including the name of the society) and 6d. for every additional line.

Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour-street, W. 1.—6.30 p.m., Mr. Robert King, "The Psychic Meaning of Colours."

The London Spiritual Mission, 13, Pembroke-place, W. 2.—11, Mr. P. E. Beard; 5.30, Mr. Thomas Ella. 24th, 7.30, Mr. Paul Tyner.—I. R.

Woolwich and Plumstead.—Perseverance Hall, Villas-road, Plumstead.—3 p.m., Lyceum; 7, Mrs. A. Boddington, address and clairvoyance.—J. M. P.

Kingston-on-Thames, Bishop's Hall.—At 6.30, Mr. Maskell, address and clairvoyance.—M. W.

Battersea.—45, St. John's Hill, Clapham Junction.—11.15, circle service; 3, Lyceum; 6.30, Mr. Ball. 25th, 8.15, Mrs. Jarman.—N. B.

Brighton Spiritualist Brotherhood.—Old Steine Hall.—11.30, Mission Circle; 7, address, Miss Struthers; clairvoyance, Mrs. Bioletti. Thursday, 7.45. Friday, Young People's Guild, 7.30. Tuesday, entertainment by Young People's Guild.

Brighton.—Windsor Hall, Windsor-street.—11.15 and 7, Mr. F. T. Blake, addresses and descriptions; 3, Lyceum. Wednesday, 8.

Reading.—Spiritual Mission, 16, Blagrove-street.—11.30 and 6.45, addresses by Mr. H. Boddington.—T. W. L.

Camberwell.—Masonic Hall.—11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., Mrs. M. H. Wallis. 28th, 6.30 p.m., Mr. H. E. Hunt.—F. J. B.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD., 6, Queen Square, Southampton Row, W.C. 1.

MONDAY, April 22nd, at 3 p.m.—Address by Miss H. A. Dallas on "Dr Richard Hodgson and Mrs Piper."

TUESDAY, April 23rd, at 3 p.m.—Clairvoyant Descriptions.

THURSDAY, April 25th, at 5 p.m.—Lecture by Mr. W. J. Vanstone, Ph.D., on "Ruskin."

FRIDAY, April 26th, at 4 p.m.—Trance Address by Mrs. M. H. Wallis on "Physical Phenomena."

Tuesday meetings are confined to Members. Other meetings Members and Associates free; Visitors 1s.

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13, Pembroke Place, Bayswater, W.

SUNDAY, APRIL 21st,

At 11 a.m. ... MR. P. E. BEARD.

At 5.30 p.m. ... MR. THOMAS ELLA.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24th, at 7.30 P.M.,

MR. PAUL TYNER.

THE CHURCH OF HIGHER MYSTICISM.

22, PRINCES STREET, CAVENTISH SQUARE, W. 1.

SUNDAY, APRIL 21st.

At 11 a.m., Mrs FAIRCLOUGH SMITH, "Spiritual Development."

At 6.30 p.m., Mrs. FAIRCLOUGH SMITH, "War."

Healing Service after the Evening Meeting.

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Evening, 6.30, Service ... MADAME DE BEAUREPAIRE.

WEDNESDAYS.—Healing, 3 to 5. From 5 to 6, Mr. Richard A. Bush attends to give information about the subject of Spiritualism. Enquirers welcomed. Next Wednesday, 7.30, Open Circle, MRS. MAUNDER.

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MRS. MARY DAVIES asks us to call attention to the fact that her new church will be opened on the coming Sunday, the 21st inst. It is, she informs us, a beautiful little place and is situate at the Quex-road end of West End Lane, Hampstead (No. 131). Services will be held at 11 and 6.30, the morning service being preceded by a brief opening ceremony. Several friends have promised to take part, and Mrs. Davies hopes that many Spiritualists resident in the district will attend.

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