

LIGHT

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A JOURNAL OF SPIRITUAL PROGRESS & PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

"Light! More Light!"—Goethe.

"Whatsoever doth make Manifest is Light!"—Paul.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

DEVOTION and her daughter, Love,
Still bid the bursting spirit soar,
To sounds that seem as from above,
In dreams that day's broad light cannot remove.
—BYRON.

A GENERAL NOTE.

We are recommended, in the interests of truth and humility, to "see ourselves as others see us," but really, the way that others sometimes see the Spiritualist is more calculated to astonish and amuse than anything else. Kindly "Punch" even is still in heathen darkness, though we must not perhaps take "The Crystal Gazer" in a recent issue too seriously, or we be as silly as the silly sitter is there represented. It is the serious psychic researcher, who thinks that his cousin-ship gives him the right to sneer, who makes the quaintest mistakes when he sets about admonishing us. In a recent deliverance such a one speaks of the delicate handling which is necessary with mediums, and implies a contrast between his own velvet-gloved willness and the treatment of them "as curious exhibits" by the Spiritualists! But if it comes to "exhibits," who is it that strips the unfortunate medium and searches her ears and mouth for concealed apparatus before a séance? Not the Spiritualist! And could we not name some investigators who would not be inappropriately dealt with if they were securely handcuffed to a post at a safe distance from the medium both before and during the sittings? "People who 'believe in ghosts,'" says another witty writer, Mr. Bohun Lynch, "I seem to see as naïve and ardent disciples of a modern cult, initiated by men who mingle with profound erudition a good wholesome credulity. The disciples, as a rule, manage very well without the erudition, whilst their credulity ripens to a point which is not, perhaps, entirely wholesome." Innuendo, garnished with elegance and wit, is less brutal but not less deadly than the blunt charge of fraud or the threat of insanity. But after all, it is human nature not to see the mote in our own eye but the beam in our brother's, to say nothing of the keen suspicion that his head is wooden, sometimes. This is a comforting reflection. We will leave it at that.

"REINCARNATION AND DESTINY."

More interesting and intelligible than many contributions on this subject, the article we have printed with the above heading on another page, begins with an inquiry as to whether life "Beyond the Veil" will be "wholly a spiritual one." This question centrally affects the subject as treated by our contributor. Now as the latest developments of thought regarding the nature of the Universe have dissolved the ancient antagonism between Materialism and Spiritualism, in the clear perception that those familiar terms of an implicit dualism are only sectarian misrepresentations of an eternal Unity, the question of a wholly spiritual or an entirely material state is properly obsolete. It is increasingly evident that there is a Spiritual Universe *within* the Material Universe, and that therefore the Universe is a Dual-Unity, at once material and spiritual throughout. This conclusion, if rightly reached, affects the general thought of the article to which reference is here made. Elsewhere we have set forth the differentiating cause of manifestation from dual-unity to duality as the action of the universal principle of polarity, the *positive* in the duality determining for us the nature of the system—a spiritual positive and negative material denoting a spiritual system, and the converse polar relations signifying a material one. These polar relations are not fixed, *ad universum*, but alternate, as death and survival teach us.

* * * *

MRS. DE MORGAN AND BIBLICAL PROPHECY.

In that remarkable book, "From Matter to Spirit," by Mrs. De Morgan (wife of the famous Professor of Mathematics who contributed the Preface to the book which was published in 1863), we came recently on a passage (p. 379) which bears on those signs and portents of a great crisis or revelation about which so much is being talked of to-day. Dealing with psychic phenomena and the then current explanations in the way of "unconscious cerebration," "self-delusion" or "irregular nervous action" or imposture, she points out that if these theories were true then, "the Bible is a history on a large scale and of great antiquity, of unconscious cerebration, irregular nervous action, self-delusion and imposture." A neat retort to the sceptics of that time. And then she observes:—

But we who lean on the Book which has furnished spiritual food to all ages and conditions of men, whose prophecies have been fulfilled and are going on to their completion in the second coming of the Saviour, which is the entrance of the living Word into every soul—we need not fear that our staff will ever prove to be a broken reed.

THE EDDY BROTHERS, THE HOLMES, AND THE AMERICAN KATIE KING.

BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

The years 1874 and 1875 were outstanding years of psychic activity in the United States, bringing conviction to some and scandal to others. On the whole, the scandal seems to have predominated, but whether rightly or not is a question which may well be debated. The opponents of psychic truth having upon their side the clergy of the various churches, organised science, and the huge inert bulk of material mankind, had the lay Press at their command, with the result that everything that was in favour of the new movement was suppressed or contorted, and everything against it was given the widest publicity. Hence, a constant checking of past episodes and re-assessment of old values are now necessary. Even at the present day the air is charged with prejudice. If any man of standing at the present instant were to enter a London newspaper office and say that he had detected a medium in fraud, the matter would be seized upon eagerly and broadcasted over the country, while if the same man proclaimed that he had beyond all question satisfied himself that the phenomena were true, it is doubtful if he would get a paragraph. The scale is always heavily weighted. In America, where there is practically no libel act, and where the Press is often violent and sensational, this state of things was—and indeed is—even more in evidence.

The first outstanding incident was the mediumship of the Eddy Brothers, which has probably never been excelled in the matter of materialisations, or, as we may now call them, ectoplasmic forms. The difficulty in accepting such phenomena at that date lay in the fact that they seemed to be regulated by no known law, and to be isolated from all our experiences of Nature. The labours of Geley, Crawford, Madame Bisson, Schrenck-Notzing and others have removed this, and have given us what is, at the lowest, a complete scientific hypothesis, sustained by prolonged and careful investigations, so that we can bring some order into the matter. This did not exist in 1874, and we can well sympathise with the doubt of even the most honest and candid minds, when they were asked to believe that two rude farmers, unmannered and uneducated, could produce results which were denied to the rest of the world and utterly inexplicable to science.

The Eddy brothers, Horatio and William, were primitive folk farming a small holding at the hamlet of Chittenden, near Rutland, in the State of Vermont. An observer has described them as "sensitive, distant and curt with strangers, and look more like hard-working rough farmers than priests of a new dispensation. They have dark complexions, black hair and eyes, stiff joints, a clumsy carriage, shrink from advances and make newcomers ill-at-ease and unwelcome. They are at feud with some of their neighbours and not liked. They are, in fact, under the ban of a public opinion that is not prepared to study the phenomena as either scientific marvels or revelations from another world."

The rumours of the strange doings which occurred in the Eddy homestead had got abroad, and raised an excitement similar to that caused by the Koons' music-room in earlier days. Folks came from all parts to investigate. The Eddys seem to have had ample, if rude, accommodation for their guests, and to have boarded them in a great room with the plaster stripping off the walls and the food as simple as the surroundings. For this board, of course, they charged at a low rate, but they do not seem to have made any profit out of their psychic demonstrations.

A good deal of curiosity had been aroused in Boston and New York by the reports of what was happening, and a New York paper, "The Daily Graphic," sent up Colonel Olcott as investigator. Olcott was not at that time identified with the psychic movement—indeed, his mind was prejudiced against it, and he approached his task rather in the spirit of an "exposer." He was a man of clear brain and outstanding ability, with a high sense of honour. No one can read the very full and intimate details of his own life which are contained in his "Old Diaries" without feeling a respect for the man—loyal to a fault, unselfish, and with that rare moral courage which will follow truth and accept results even when they oppose one's expectations and desires. He was no mystic dreamer but a very practical man of affairs, and some of his psychic research observations have met with far less attention than they deserve.

Olcott remained for ten weeks in the Vermont atmosphere, which must in itself have been a feat of considerable endurance, with plain fare, hard living and uncongenial hosts. He came away with something very near to personal dislike for his morose entertainers, and at the same time, with absolute confidence in their psychic powers. Like every wise investigator, he refuses to give blank certificates of character and will not answer for occasions upon which he was not present, nor for the future conduct of those whom he is judging. He confines himself to his own actual experience, and in fifteen remarkable articles which appeared in the "New York Daily Graphic" in October and November, 1874, he gave his full results and the steps which he had taken to check them. Reading these it is difficult to suggest any precaution which he had omitted.

His first care was to examine the Eddy history. It was a good but not a spotless record. It cannot be too often insisted upon that the medium is a mere instrument and that the gift has no necessary relation to character. The ectoplasm of the sinner is as useful for a demonstration as that of the saint. This applies to physical phenomena, but not to mental, for no high teaching could ever come through a low channel. There was nothing wrong in the record of the brothers, but they had once admittedly given a fake mediumistic show, announcing it as such and exposing tricks. This was probably done to raise the wind and also to conciliate their bigoted neighbours, who were incensed against the real phenomena. Whatever the cause or motive, it naturally led Olcott to be very circumspect in his dealings, since it showed an intimate knowledge of tricks.

The ancestry was most interesting, for not only was there an unbroken record of psychic power extending over several generations, but their grandmother four times removed had been burned as a witch—or at least been sentenced to that fate in the famous Salem trials of 1692. There are many living now who would be as ready to take this short way with our mediums as ever Cotton Mather was, but police prosecutions are the modern equivalent. The father of the Eddys was unhappily one of those narrow persecuting fanatics. Olcott declares that the children were marked for life by the blows which he gave them in order to discourage what he chose to look upon as diabolical powers. The mother, who was herself strongly psychic, knew how unjustly this "religious" brute was acting, and the homestead must have become a hell upon earth. There was no refuge for the children outside, for the psychic phenomena used to

follow them even into the school-room, and excite the revilings of the ignorant young barbarians around them. At home when young Eddy fell into a trance the father and a neighbour poured boiling water over him and placed a red-hot coal on his head, leaving an indelible scar. The lad fortunately slept on. Is it to be wondered at that after such a childhood, the children should have grown into morose and secretive men?

As they grew older the wretched father tried to make some money out of the powers which he had so brutally discouraged, and hired the children out as mediums. No one has ever yet adequately described the sufferings which public mediums used to undergo at the hands of idiotic investigators and cruel sceptics. Olcott testifies that the hands and arms of the sisters as well as the brothers were grooved with the marks of ligatures and scarred with burning sealing-wax, while two of the girls had pieces of flesh pinched out by handcuffs. They were ridden on rails, beaten, fired at, stoned and hooted at, while their cabinet was repeatedly broken to pieces. The blood oozed from their finger nails from the compression of arteries. These were the early days in America, but Great Britain has little to boast of when one recalls the Davenport brothers and the ignorant violence of the Liverpool mob.

The Eddys seem to have covered about the whole range of physical mediumship. Olcott gives the list thus—rappings, movement of objects, painting in oils and water-colours under influence, prophecy, speaking strange tongues, healing, discernment of spirits, levitation, writing of messages, psychometry, clairvoyance, and, finally, the production of materialised forms. Since Saint Paul first enumerated the gifts of the spirit no more comprehensive list has ever been given.

The method of the séances was that Horatio Eddy should sit in a cabinet at one end of the room, and that his audience should occupy rows of benches in front of him. The inquirer will probably ask why there should be a cabinet at all, and extended experience has shown that it can, as a matter of fact, be dispensed with save in this particular crowning phenomenon of materialisation. Home never used a cabinet, and it is seldom used by our chief British mediums of to-day. There is, however, a very definite reason for its presence. Without being too didactic upon a subject which is still under examination, it may at least be stated as a working hypothesis with a great deal to recommend it, that the ectoplasmic vapour which solidifies into the plasmic substance from which the forms are constructed, can be more easily condensed in a limited space. It has been found, however, that the presence of the medium within that space is not needful. At the greatest materialisation séance which the author has ever attended, where some twenty forms of various ages and sizes appeared in one evening, the medium sat outside the door of the cabinet from which the shapes emerged. Presumably, according to the hypothesis, his ectoplasmic vapour was conducted into the confined space, irrespective of the position of his physical body. This had not been recognised at the date of this investigation, so the cabinet was employed.

(To be continued.)

"ARABIC THE LANGUAGE OF CHRIST."—Mr. Arthur Machen, the well-known writer, takes exception to the statements in the article under this title (LIGHT, March 7th, p. 117), and asks whether it is not the case that the language of ancient Egypt was Egyptian, the language of the hieroglyphic character, represented to-day by Coptic, and that Arabic did not come into Egypt until the Mohammedan conquest circa 700 A.D. Mr. Machen adds: "There were no doubt scribes at the court of Pharaoh who knew Arabic. There were no doubt clerks at the court of the Saxon kings who knew Greek. But the Danes learnt very little Greek when they settled in England."

PSYCHIC INVESTIGATION : EVIDENTIAL CASES.

THE TESTIMONY OF A PROMINENT SOUTH AFRICAN BUSINESS MAN.

(Continued from page 124.)

I have narrated the foregoing cases with the fullest detail because it seems to me that every detail is important when it is a question of the evidential value of statements such as I am making. If the cases, as related, disclose in themselves any important gaps which detract from their veridical value, I am unaware of them. To me they seem complete, and therefore leave room for only one kind of doubt about the whole thing—the question of the *bona fides* of the narrator, and of those immediately concerned with him in the happenings related. The credibility of the writer, of his wife, and incidentally of everybody else referred to in the foregoing pages, would, I think, bear the strictest scrutiny where they are personally known. Their reputation for sanity would also, I believe, be found to stand the test of the most rigid enquiry. This, however, is all by the way; no proof of these things can be given to those who, 6,000 miles away, may happen to read what I am reciting in these notes. As I have still some further incidents to relate it is, therefore, better—as Mr. Jorrock used to say—to "cut the cackle and get to the 'osses.'" Nevertheless, I would like to say a few words here about the nature of our work during the past six years.

It has been the privilege of the several circles my wife and I have formed—always among known and tried friends—to get into communication with many sons, brothers and husbands lost in the great war, and by this means to bring solace to the sorrowing hearts of many surviving relatives. Our circle work—which I trust it is needless to emphasise has, from first to last, been entirely a labour of love—has, perforce, been principally of this nature; in fact, we have been repeatedly told by those on the other side that this was our special significance to them, and that we must, therefore, be content with the work assigned to us, and not expect assistance—at present—along other lines of investigation. Occasionally, however, experiences were vouchsafed to us which were markedly different from our normal work. I will give one instance, which happened over four years ago, as an illustration. The instance, chosen deals with the great war itself, and, like all matters involving evidential value, and proofs, has been carefully set out in our records.

A VISION OF THE WAR.

On the night of July 18th, 1918, we were holding one of our usual sittings. At that moment—8 p.m.—our evening paper, the "Star," the late edition of which was barely two hours old, contained in its Press cables the latest war news it was possible for any ordinary person—from the Cape to the Zambesi—to possess. The news from the Western front was at this time almost invariably about forty-eight hours old when published in the South African Press. On that evening we had been reading the position at the most critical point on the Western front as it was on the 16th of July. I refer here to the salient which had been driven into our line by the enemy forces between Soissons and Rheims. Our latest news told us that the point of the salient was then in the neighbourhood of Chateau Thierry, and the whole drift of the news disclosed a situation so painfully critical as to make us fear the receipt of the next Press cables. It appeared as though nothing short of a miracle could prevent the enemy from breaking through our line at the point mentioned and rolling up our weakened wings—in fact, bringing irreparable disasters upon the Allied forces. That, as we read our paper on the night of the 18th July, 1918, clearly appeared to have been the position two days earlier, and we did not know that the disaster feared might not already have happened.

About 8.30 p.m., after some messages had been received from George F. and other "visitors," during a slight pause while we were waiting to know who would come next, my wife began (as would be her custom when any vision of a special nature began to take definite form) to describe to us what she saw. She said (in effect): "A procession of women is trooping past. They are evidently all war-workers. I see many nurses—Red Cross and others; they seem to be in the majority; but there is a goodly number of uniformed women whose uniforms I am unable to place, as I have seen none of these before. Also there are not a few women who, from their dress and appearance, I take to be workers in ammunition and other factories."

This went on for a few minutes, when my wife said, "The procession has halted," and added, "The foremost part of it has already passed out of sight." She had remarked during the passage of the procession, "I can see the faces of the women quite plainly, but I see no one I recognise. They appear to be marching as though with a definite objective ahead, and the expression upon nearly all the faces is the same—a kind of fixed determination."

As we were told that the procession had halted, we heard, on the table, the seven clear raps which (by our pre-arranged code of rapping signals) meant: "Prepare to receive a message," and the next moment we heard that my

wife's hand was busy transcribing a message. When her hand stopped there came the five raps signifying "Message finished," and we at once switched on lights to read what had been sent through. The message was signed, "The women who have passed," and I might record here that this signature in a phrase was explained to us later by our Guide, to mean "the women who have given their physical lives in the war and have passed from your sphere into that one which is beyond what you call death." It was further explained to us that although their work on the earth plane had been cut off by their "passing," they were very fully occupied on their new plane of existence with work which was not unrelated to that which they had left behind, as it was still directly connected with "war work."

The message itself (which, it must be clearly understood, was in no way sought by us—was, in fact, something that had come to us with no reference to anything we had said during the sitting) started with the injunction, "Sursum Corda," and went on to impress upon us that we must not give way to despair about the condition of affairs on the fighting front, as on that very day a valuable victory had been won which would be the precursor of still greater victories. The concluding words of the message were: "Keep up your hearts."

Well, this is the substance of the message we received on the evening of July 18th, 1918, when our latest war news—up to July 16th—pointed in exactly the opposite direction. Naturally we wished to believe in the truth of the message, and knowing how entirely true some of our experiences had been (relating to matters which could not possibly have been within our knowledge when the psychic communications reached us) we were affected by what we had been told. But it was obvious we could only "wait and see" what news our later Press cables brought to us. Up to the afternoon of the 20th all news coming forward left us very much in the same position as existed—through our Press—on the evening of the 18th. Our forces were hanging on grimly; the enemy had pushed the salient in a little further, but had not broken through. That was all; but the afternoon edition of the "Star" on July 20th—about forty-five hours after we had received our message, and relating what had happened on July 18th—contained the news of a definite victory won upon the day our message came. Our forces had counter-attacked and had swept the enemy before them, capturing about 20,000 prisoners and some 400 guns. Some time later we discovered, through Press cables, that on this day, July 18th, Marshal Foch had started the counter-attack which, by a series of increasingly important victories, ended the war less than four months after.

We had several further visits from "the women who have passed," and on nearly every occasion some specially clear indication was given us of progress on the Western Front which anticipated our "physical plane" news by several days. Particularly was this the case with a later message which ran, "Watch. We are on the eve of great events. In a very little while the whole line will be moving forward irresistibly to final victory." Events entirely justified this, but in the case fully related I have given every evidential detail, and will leave it there.

A WORD TO THE SCEPTIC.

All I have written in the preceding pages is no more than a bare recital of a few facts (selected from records covering many hundreds of pages) which are as capable of verification by credible witnesses as any of the things depending for proof upon human testimony.

I do not presume to explain these things; for the present purpose I merely testify to their truth as happenings within my own personal experience—just as real as any of the hundred and one things that happen to each one of us, daily, in our ordinary lives. I could advance a theory, based upon personal experiences and certain lines of study, to account for this much maligned, generally ridiculed, and almost universally misunderstood phenomenon popularly known as Spiritualism; but, at all events for present purposes, I have no intention of launching into controversial matter which would occupy far more time than I, a busy man, have at my disposal, and which, in any case, would serve no good purpose. I have no quarrel with those who do not believe what I happen to have proved to my own satisfaction. I do not conceive it to be my duty to preach my creed from the house-tops with the object of thrusting my beliefs down unwilling throats, or forcing them upon the minds of those who are obviously not interested. I have to admit, however, that I have no patience with the blatant sceptic who goes out of his way to thrust his unbelief upon the notice of his fellows in the rude and objectionable fashion which seems inseparable from his method. If the critic of this type were capable of realising the pitiful show he makes of his ignorance in the eyes of those who have painstakingly acquired some knowledge of these matters, he would, perhaps, adopt a less aggressively cock-sure manner when animadverting upon what he does not like because he cannot understand.

I have taken the trouble to put some of my experiences on paper for the perusal of the readers of LIGHT because I feel satisfied they are honestly searching for information, and will, on their part, take the trouble to read what I have written. I assume, therefore, that the reader is an honest but nevertheless critical enquirer.

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. CRANDON ("MARGERY").

The March issue of the *Scientific American* contains the following allusions to the "Margery" case, which from an apparently serious scientific inquiry has now degenerated into something like farce:—

"The famous 'Margery' case has been unusually eruptive of late. Many a newspaper editor has found it useful on days when news was light. We understand, even, that a number of theatrical stages have witnessed discussions, more or less acrimonious of the pros and cons of what the newspapers insist on calling our 'spook test.'

"All that, we suppose, is inevitable and unimportant. Eruptions act, so the geologists tell us, as safety valves for volcanoes. They prevent something worse. Maybe this rule applies to other things than volcanoes.

"Anent the public discussions of the 'Margery' case, there is one kick that we want to get off our chest again. Almost everyone insists upon ascribing to us a desire to investigate Spiritualism, defining Spiritualism, as the idea that the spirits of the dead survive after death and that the alleged phenomena produced by 'Margery' and by other mediums are manifestations of the interest and interference of these departed spirits in our terrestrial affairs.

"It is quite true that this interpretation has been put upon the phenomena by some students of the psychic. It is not our interpretation. Our prize was offered solely for the production of *supernormal* phenomena. Such phenomena might be caused by any one of many purely physical forces which might exist. The spiritualistic idea has no more to do with the case than the famous flowers of spring time.

"The only job of our Committee is to determine whether the phenomena are real and, if real, whether they are produced by known physical forces or by forces which science does not yet understand. We are not investigating spooks; we are investigating facts."

We are glad that the *Scientific American* has been able to get this "kick" off its "chest"! It is a feat which our footballers would envy.

CURRENT ITEMS.

We note that the children of the Dalton Spiritualist Church have had their annual treat, thirty children and twenty adults taking part in it.

The Rev. C. Drayton Thomas recently gave an interesting address on Spiritualism to a very large assembly in the Grand Theatre, Blackpool.

From the "Hastings Observer" we learn that the fourth lecture of the course of six organised by the White Cross Union was given by the Princess Karadja at the Royal Victoria Hotel, St. Leonards. There was a good attendance, and the lecture was well received.

The branch of the Kosmos Church founded at Portsmouth by the late Mr. R. N. Waterfield is still flourishing, says the "Hampshire Telegraph," studying its bible, the Oahspe, and unfolding its principles of fraternal and universal love.

The Rev. George Ward has completed his series of popular lectures on Modern Spiritualism at Paignton, and announces that he is now open to invitations from any body of Christian people in Paignton, Torquay or neighbourhood to speak (free) on "Christian Spiritualism."

It is stated that the series of twelve test séances arranged to be given by Valiantine, the American medium, to a special committee of the Society for Psychical Research, may be abandoned because of the difficult and unsuitable conditions which the medium has to face.

Miss Louise Owen is to speak at Queen's College, Birmingham, under the auspices of the Birmingham and Midland Society for Psychical Research, on March 25th, the title of her address being, "Northcliffe Still a Force—A Rift in the Veil."

Mrs. Annie Patterson, whose psychic work in North Shields has met with much appreciation for many years, is shortly removing to London, where she hopes to continue her efforts, which during recent visits to the Metropolis have met with such success. Mrs. Patterson recently gave two farewell services to her many friends at Tyneside Centre, Wallsend, and on each occasion additional proof of her mediumistic powers as a clairvoyant and psychometrist was afforded. It is felt that in London her gifts will find a new and wider field.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SIR OLIVER LODGE AND THE VALIANTINE SITTINGS.

SIR,—With reference to reports in the papers about one sitting which I had with Mr. Valiantine, on the invitation of Mr. Bradley at his house, I am not responsible for any report which I do not make myself, and I have not authorised anyone to report for me. The reports I have seen seem to me exaggerated, and I should have preferred that nothing had been said at the present stage. I wish it understood that no report has been made by me, and that I am not responsible for what has been or may be said.—Yours, etc.,
OLIVER LODGE.

The Athenaeum, Pall Mall, S.W.1.
March 11th, 1925.

THE NATURE OF PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

SIR,—I should like strongly to support what Miss Helen Dallas says on page 247 of LIGHT regarding the "Modern Churchman."

Like her, I have been a member of the Churchmen's Union (of which the periodical named is the monthly organ), and a few months before the annual conference at Oxford I wrote the Editor strongly supporting her appeal for the allowance of some reference to Psychical Research, and saying that none, in my opinion, were better qualified than this lady and Mr. De Brath to deal with such matters.

The Editor had apparently several more letters in the same vein, but none of them were published, as the matter was "decided" apparently before even Miss Dallas's letter was received, and so it was "closed."

Now in justice to all parties concerned, I think it fair to point out that Dean Inge, who succeeded the late Dean Rashdall as President, has been consistently opposed to anything even remotely connected with Psychical Research, as well as to all "faith" and "spiritual" healing or anything else savouring of "occultism."

The core of his religious philosophy seems to be that the spiritual world has nothing to do with time or space conditions, and he has always seemed to suppose that Psychical Research tends to point to "Immortality in time."

Surely this is a grave *non sequitur*, for I think I am right in saying that the profounder thinkers among Spiritualists and Psychic Researchers—F. W. H. Myers, and others, not to mention Swedenborg, with whom it was a prime factor in his system—have seen that the time and space factors tend, at all events gradually, to disappear.

Hudson Tuttle had another theory, of course, but he could scarcely be called a philosopher, at all events in his normal capacity.

However it may be, it appears to me pretty clear that Dean Inge has put his absolute veto on such matters, whereas the late President, Dean Hastings Rashdall, had been a member of the S.P.R. for a very long period of years.

Miss Dallas appears to me to be absolutely right in what she says about modern churchmen, and for many years it has seemed to me that modernism is on a shaky basis unless it is supported by Psychical Research in some form at all events.

The article referred to by Miss Dallas, viz., that by the Rev. John Todd, is, of course, written against the doctrine of the resurrection of *the flesh*, which is one that is abandoned not only by modernists but I suppose by nearly all of the most educated people to-day—and I also suppose, by all Spiritualists. What he fails to realise, however, is the possibility of dematerialisation and re-materialisation, of which there are so many well-attested cases.—Yours, etc.,
GUY HEATON.

St. David's, 51, West Cliff Road,
Bournemouth West.

A WARNING DREAM.

SIR,—One night I dreamt I was walking towards my home carrying my purse in my hand. A gipsy woman wearing a white apron came to me mumbling something, and while I was trying to listen she snatched my bag-purse and was gone. I awoke trembling and quite startled, but soon forgot all about my fright. A few days later I had a cheque to cash. The road in which I live is a very quiet one. I was returning home with the money, holding my purse in my hand, very deep in thought, when I chanced to look up. Across the way was a rough-looking gipsy man and woman, talking, and looking at me, no one else in sight. The woman left the man and was crossing over toward me, mumbling something. She was wearing a white apron, which caused me to remember my dream. Here was I, in same road, almost same spot, with conditions identical. Instead of pausing to listen to the woman I ran until I reached home. I feel sure that this dream was a warning.—Yours, etc.,
E. HAYES.

27, Highbury New Park, London, N.5.

MEDIUMSHIP AND HUMAN SERVICE.

SIR,—Through the kindness of one of your subscribers I have access to the columns of LIGHT; and, while steadily-failing sight renders it impossible for me to read, a friend has read to me much that is of interest and benefit.

I have noted especially the unnecessarily harsh and very general criticism which you so generously and fairly publish from some of your correspondents; by whom, it seems to me, nearly if not quite all professional mediums are lumped together and characterised as frauds. I wonder if these critics have ever had any very remarkable experience of their own—quite inexplicable from any material point of view and being in no way connected or concerned with a public or paid medium—they would in such an off-hand and final manner so summarily dispose of those whose lives are given to service in the hope of bringing happiness and comfort to hearts saddened by the earthly absence of those whom they dearly loved.

I should like to ask through your columns for the opinion of the critical regarding those fortunate ones who, while finding that by yielding their minds and souls to a Power non-understandable but Infinite, have not found it necessary to accept money for their services, but have gladly given the best that is in them in the work of love.

I am not a public or a paid medium in any sense of the word. It has not been my good fortune to come in contact with many who are known publicly in the work for great good. I am mediumistic and there have been many happenings in my life that have made me absolutely sure of the great truths of Spiritualism.

If my letter is not already too long, I would like to relate an incident of recent date—not the best perhaps but one that can be easily corroborated—and to ask if there could be any possibility of its being other than we all believe, a veritable message from one who is no more with his loved ones on earth.

On a Wednesday evening I chanced to call with some friends upon a Mr. and Mrs. W.—perfect strangers to me—of whom I knew nothing except that they had had a young son in the Service who had passed on.

They knew nothing of me or of my interest in things spiritual. In the course of the evening Mrs. W. handed me a photograph, saying: "This is Everett, the son whom we lost." As I looked at the photograph the eyes seemed to hold mine, and concentrating my thought upon it I said to the mother: "I feel that I must say to you the word 'Ready,' but it does not seem as if it meant that one was ready for anything but more like a call. Isn't it strange? Mrs. W., very much excited, replied: "No, not at all. Both of my sons (the elder one is still living) had auburn hair and from the time they were small boys always called each other 'Reddy.' Please see if you can get anything else." Waiting for a few moments I was rather disappointed, and told her that I could get nothing except the impression of a somewhat impatient voice saying: "Oh, you!" which could not mean anything. I was much surprised when both she and her husband said this was a typical expression of Everett, when in explaining something to them they did not seem to get his meaning quite clearly. I got nothing more at that time, but the father and mother were both convinced that their son was trying to reach them, and their hearts were much lighter than since the time of his passing.

On the following Sunday evening I was sitting alone in the twilight when I felt impelled to take pencil and paper and some verses were written, slowly and disconnectedly—in fact the writing took nearly two hours. I gave the verses the title "Your Soldier," and quote the concluding stanza. The whole poem would take up too much space:—

I've just gone to a Higher Service—
"God is Love" and He understands.
Reach out in true faith believing—
I shall touch your groping hands."

Naturally, I thought of the young soldier, Everett W., but I would not have ventured to place the author if I had not when half-waking the next morning seen distinctly the photograph that I had seen at his home a few days before, but with a white blank space below it instead of the dark card mount of the real photograph; and as I looked at it the name "Everett" was written rapidly on the blank surface. I rose at once and reproduced the signature as well as I could and that day mailed the lines and the reproduced signature to Mr. and Mrs. W. They called to see me on the following day and brought with them letters from their son, which showed the signature to be almost identical with the signature of the letters. I had never seen any word in his handwriting before. They also told me that the verses were written on the anniversary of his going away from earth. I did not know the date of his passing.

Everett's parents are sure that he wrote the lines to let them know that he still lives and to comfort them, and they are far happier than they thought could be possible.—Yours, etc.,
ADA L. SINCLAIR.

Gorse Bank, Port St. Mary, I.O.M.

LIGHT,

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"LIGHT" proclaims a belief in the existence and life of the spirit apart from, and independent of, the material organism, and in the reality and value of intelligent intercourse between spirits embodied and spirits discarnate. Its columns are open to a full and free discussion, its only aim being, in the words of its motto, "Light! More Light." But the Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by correspondents or contributors.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE "STUNT MERCHANTS."

We once quoted in these columns a reflection by a Scottish poet:—

Better to be deceived than have the heart
Contracted by suspicion.

We quoted it with approval, but, as the old saw tells us—"there is reason in all things." It is possible to be too kind, too unsuspecting, and so to be victimised by people the mere sight of whom should put us on our guard. It is necessary to have a keen eye as well as a tender heart.

From time to time we are approached by persons whom we may typically describe as Mr. Boome, the publicity man, Mr. Scoop, the "stunt" journalist, and Mr. Spoofo, the public entertainer—one or the other. They have conceived a sudden and peculiar affection for Spiritualism; they are out for the truth (bless them!). They approach it with respect and reverence (dear souls!). Ours is a great and wonderful subject. They would like to be inducted into the mysteries, and then present them with the unrivalled resources at their disposal to a public hungry and thirsting after righteousness. They take it for granted that this proposition will make a strong appeal to us, and are much depressed to find that it awakens no responsive chord, but leaves us quite cold.

Truth to tell, we have known Messrs. Boome, Scoop and Spoofo for many years in other walks of life; we have observed their tricks and their manners and we are wary of them. We give them a polite but firm refusal, knowing that their true intent is not at all for our delight.

But they are much too astute and persistent to be put off their game in this way, and they usually encounter in the end some kind, generous, unsuspecting Spiritualists who are apparently flattered by their attentions and who take their effusive protestations of sincerity and zeal and reverence as genuine sentiments.

The final result is always much the same: There are sensational articles in the papers first acclaiming

Spiritualism and then deriding it, a public discussion, an Investigation Committee, a discussion on phenomena and so forth. The programme is varied according to circumstance, but it always leads up in the end to a conjuring entertainment in exposure of Spiritualism by Spoofo. It is, in short, a cleverly engineered campaign whereby Boome and Scoop and Spoofo should line their pockets and advertise their cleverness. It is practised, as we observe, on both sides of the Atlantic.

The victims do not, as a rule, discover the trick until after it has been perpetrated and then they are very angry and would have us denounce the wretches who have so wantonly practised on their holiest feelings.

We do not always feel that way about it. It was a trial of wits and Boome, Scoop and Spoofo showed themselves the superior in the contest. We like to look at the matter in a sportsmanlike way. Moreover we remember that we are in this world to develop our intelligence as well as our affections, to grow wiser as well as better. If we are fooled it means that we have been foolish.

Boome and his confederates have simply acted after the manner of their kind. They are out like the majority to secure their own ends, and if they secure them at our expense, it shows that we have somehow fallen short of our true standard. Still, we should not whimper, but rather make the best of it; put on a cheerful countenance and tell the rogues who have practised on us that if they do it once more we shall blame ourselves and not them.

Meantime we reflect that some of those who exploit Spiritualism have "schemer" and "self-seeker" written all over them. We sometimes see efforts made by earnest Spiritualists to convert such persons to Spiritualism, and we often wonder at the spectacle.

Even if there were any genuineness in their desire to be convinced they would be no acquisition to our movement. But quite obviously they are not genuine; they are the veriest knaves and they show it. Their pretensions would not deceive an intelligent dog. Any smart office boy would see through them at once if they were "operating" in the business world.

"The children of this world are wiser than the children of light." It is true, and is rather to be regretted. Because we have always felt that the children of light should show more and not less acuteness than their worldly brethren, since they have a faith to keep, a trust to guard. Their eyes and minds should be the keener because of their love for their cause as something dearer than themselves and demanding even more vigilance than the claims of self-interest.

Boome and Scoop and Spoofo are abroad to-day, quite indifferent as to whether they shall exploit Spiritualists or anti-Spiritualists. They will select whichever pays best. We must beware of them, but never so much as when they come as friends, with unctuous professions of goodwill and flattering promises. It is for us to find them out before they have cheated us, and not afterwards. Whether they are for us or against us they are equally to be avoided.

WIRELESS.

With the wireless telegraphic,
Man, the great inventor, plays;
With assistance of the ether
His great marvel he arrays.
Yet he gives but scant attention
To the wireless of the Soul,
For he knows that if he listened
He'd hear little to console.

It would tell him that he cannot
Live his life for self alone;
That he is his brother's keeper,
Be he tramp, or on a throne;
That the greatest test of valour
Hath no drum nor trumpet roll—
'Tis the conqu'ring of the vices
That beset the human soul.

—WILLIAM MCKAY.

SIDELIGHTS.

Selected Items from the Magazine and Newspaper Press.

From a leader in the "Boston Herald" of the 7th ult. we learn that a Bill has been introduced into the New York Senate providing for the "regulation and licensing of ministers of Spiritualism." The "Herald" believes that it would weed out untrustworthy mediums:—

For the Bill ordains that "no person shall perform the office of any branch of the ministry of Spiritualism, or for compensation give any demonstration of occult powers, until he or she shall have obtained from the examining board of the General Assembly of Spiritualists a certificate of proficiency and a license." How far legislation in such a field will be regarded as justifiable or even appropriate remains to be seen. Yet some plan for bringing the elect of both sides together may yet be evolved. It would narrow the issues; it might also supply the man in the street, now bewildered over the clash of opinion, with just what he wants to know.

Regarding War, "Brotherhood" for March reminds us that despite war and rumours of war,

Whatever may be doubtful as regards the future, of one thing we may be sure: the future is not for the warlike—is not for the nations that attempt to gain and rule by force. "All they that take the sword" or its modern substitutes "shall perish," sooner or later, through war. Nothing has been more surely established than that under modern conditions of warfare victors and vanquished alike tend to be ruined.

Concerning "Unspoken Conversations," the "By-stander" for the 11th inst. has the following:—

Sir Oliver Lodge is convinced that telepathy will very shortly play a great part in the lives of the people. I don't suppose there is a person living who has not at some time or another held an intimate conversation with some other person, without a word being spoken. I could fill these pages with examples that would startle the unbeliever, if such a man or woman exists, and I have little doubt that our minds will be linked together by a form of mental wireless long before the passing of this present generation.

The "Edinburgh Evening Dispatch" gives an excellent reproduction of a psychic photograph, identified as that of Abraham Lincoln. The "Dispatch" says:—

Since the photograph was taken, it is stated that Lincoln has corroborated it by giving a message through a medium, in which he is reported to have said how pleased he was to be able to break through the etheric veil which separates the two worlds and show himself on the plate of the camera. This no doubt, continued the message, would be a great revelation to many on the earth plane, but friends, he concluded, "it is quite as great a revelation to us in the spirit world to know that we are so real and living, not dead as some imagine. We are working very hard to impress upon you children on earth the reality of the spirit world and that under certain conditions we can communicate with you."

Psycho-analysis and murder: The "Sunday Express" of the 8th inst. gives some particulars of the case of the woman psycho-analyst who probed her nephew's mind and discovered that he would kill her. This took place as she predicted. The nephew was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment for strangling his aunt, a distinguished teacher and disciple of Professor Freud. The nephew's motive for the crime, as stated at the trial, was that he resented his aunt's experiments on him and the ruthless exposure of his childhood in a book she had written on the value of psycho-analysis.

In connection with Miss Louise Owen's visit to Birmingham, where she is to address the Birmingham and Midland Society for Psychical Research on the 25th inst., the "Birmingham Gazette" gives a remarkable story, as related by Miss Owen, concerning the way in which she received the title of her lecture, "Northcliffe Still a Force: A Rift in the Veil." She had a telephone message from a lady gifted with psychic powers who said that Lord Northcliffe had promised to give her a suitable title for the lecture. The lady, while still holding the receiver, then went under control and her spirit guide, a Chinese, continued the conversation on behalf of Northcliffe who, he said, was standing beside him. After giving the title of the address, as mentioned above, he delivered further messages from her late chief. Miss Owen states that just before receiving the telephone message she had been searching her mind for a suitable title for her lecture.

With reference to the case of Madame Clara Irwin, the "Clapham Observer" remarks:—

I have never been able to understand the logical aspect of these prosecutions in cases like that of Madame Clara Irwin, against whom, personally, no complaints are made. . . .

There are scores of mediums who advertise their business in a perfectly straightforward way. Surely if I elect to have a "reading" for five shillings, or any other agreed sum, from any medium, locally or elsewhere, I cannot plead that I have parted with money under any misrepresentation. . . .

Psychical research is far too serious and lofty a subject to be treated as a police court prosecution. Those who claim to be exponents of the "science," or by whatever name it may be called, are entitled to make a charge for their hire if we hire them, just as we expect to pay our clergy, doctors, and lawyers, although it sometimes happens we do not always believe all they may have to say. We never think of prosecuting them because we may not agree with them. Then why all this potter about Spiritualists?

"The Guardian," in announcing a series of lectures on aspects of religion and science under the auspices of the Diocesan Study Association in the King's Hall, Armstrong College, remarks on "the Lure of Psychology":—

The popularity of psychology does not seem to abate, and, among working-class folk, it has ousted economics from the first place.

Mr. Hannen Swaffer's series of articles in the "Sunday Express" grows in interest as it proceeds. In last Sunday's issue of that journal he tells how the series of tests by the S.P.R. have had to be abandoned, owing to adverse psychical conditions. At a séance held at Mr. Dennis Bradley's house Mr. Bradley and Mr. Swaffer stood outside the room and listened to the spirit voice in order "to destroy the anti-Spiritualist arguments that, in séance rooms, the sitters are hypnotised and think they hear the voices." In the account given of further sances, it is related that the Countess Ahlefeldt spoke in Russian with her departed brother; that the Japanese poet Gonnoske Komai conversed with a spirit in Japanese; that Miss Winifred Graham spoke with her father and with Charles Garvice the novelist: that Miss Fay Compton had a conversation with Pellissier; with much else of intense interest. Mr. Swaffer thus concludes his article: "We are on the eve of great proofs. The world will soon accept this great revelation. 'Spread the truth of immortality,' said Miss Radclyffe-Hall's father to her the other night. We are doing it."

THE NECESSITY OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

I do not expect to convert anyone to my own belief. I do not even wish to do so, for belief in such matters ought to be of slow growth, carefully tested from time to time as experience accumulates. Investigators ought to take stock, so to speak, every year or two, dispassionately reviewing the whole mass of evidence, and trying to think of some better explanation than the one which has hitherto seemed the best. I have done this, but each review has confirmed the opinion to which I was driven by the first few years of investigation. And here it may be remarked that no sensible writer of books on this subject will expect to make converts, because mere reading cannot convince. Personal experience is usually essential; it certainly was in my case. But it is not possible for everyone to obtain this first-hand experience, and for those who cannot it may be helpful to know what others say who have been able to investigate. Reading may not convince, but it may modify the natural hostility which the general reader feels towards these at first incredible things. He will feel, after a sufficiently extensive course of such reading, that it is perhaps almost as difficult to believe that all these investigators are mistaken, as to believe that there may be "something in it."

—From the Preface to "From Agnosticism to Belief," by J. ARTHUR HILL.

NOT SO FAR APART.—We are apt to feel as if nothing we could do on earth bears a relation to what the good are doing in a higher world; but it is not so. Heaven and Earth are not so far apart. Every disinterested act, every sacrifice to duty, every exertion for the good of "one of the least of Christ's brethren," every new insight into God's works, every new impulse given to the love of truth and goodness, associates us with the departed, brings us nearer to them, and is as truly heavenly as if we were acting, not on earth, but in heaven. The spiritual tie between us and the departed is not felt as it should be. Our union with them daily grows stronger, if we daily make progress in what they are growing in.—CHANNING.

FOR THE KNOWLEDGE SEEKER.

CONDUCTED BY F. E. LEANING.

VIII.—LEVITATION AND TRANSPORT.

An enquirer wishes to know where he can find particulars of the levitation of Florence Cook, Lottie Fowler, and Mr. Williams.

Miss Florence Cook, at the age of sixteen, wrote an account of her mediumship for the "Spiritual Magazine" in 1872 (p. 516), in which the incident occurs. It is most interesting to learn that she was, when in her very early teens, most orthodox, and when a school-friend told her that they got messages from spirits by raps on a table, declared that it was wicked and that the spirits, if there were any, must be evil ones! Her mother, however, put the matter in quite a different light by saying that no doubt it was some trick to amuse the children, and telling her to go and sit with her friend and see how it was done. On the second occasion her mother accompanied her, and the little party consisted of the three adults and the two school-girls.

Now we may let Florence speak for herself: "It was spelt out that if we would sit in the dark I should be carried round the room. I laughed, not thinking it would be done, and put out the light. The room was not perfectly dark, a light came in from the window. Soon I felt my chair taken from me. I was lifted up until I touched the ceiling. All in the room could see me. I felt too startled at my own position to scream, and was carried over the heads of the sitters and put gently on to a table at the other end of the room." This happened in the spring of 1870.

The case of Miss Lottie Fowler was, I believe, of a different order, since the conveyance of a human "apport" is necessarily a much more complex phenomenon than the simple lifting up and putting down of a person in a room. The account is written by a member of the circle sitting at Messrs. Herne and Williams' (61, Lamb's Conduit Street, Bloomsbury) on February 17th, 1872, and was printed the following week in the "Medium and Daybreak" (Vol. III., p. 70), the Editor of which was also present. It should be premised that Miss Fowler was a stranger in London, knew nothing of this circle, and regarded such a thing as wholly impossible. She set out from her home in Keppel Street, Russell Square, at 7 o'clock, with the view of visiting Mrs. Makdougall Gregory, and took an omnibus at Tottenham Court Road, going West and paying her fare to Marble Arch. She remembered passing Peter Robinson's, and seeing a street, Duke Street, some way further on; that there were five or six other passengers, and that the conductor wore a light coat, high boots, and whiskers. Besides a feeling of sickness coming over her, she knew no more till she recovered consciousness with difficulty at half-past eight in the midst of a circle of strangers, and could hardly be persuaded that she was in her right mind. I will now give Mr. Clifford Smith's account of the circle's experience, in which they were sitting with locked doors and heavily curtained windows, eight persons in number, including the mediums Herne and Williams.

"Two minutes could not have elapsed," he says, "before I felt the passage of some drapery overhead, and directly afterwards all exclaimed that some person was on the table, and various conjectures were made as to the person it could be. This could only be decided when a light was obtained, when I, who was nearest to her face, recognised her as Lottie Fowler. She was in a deep trance. The pulse, however, which I felt immediately, was full, but rapid and fluttering, as a person is under the influence of great excitement. Afterwards this subsided and became gradually weak and feeble, but rapid, as in a person in an extreme state of exhaustion." She was brought into the circle at 7.15, and after being controlled in trance for over an hour recovered at 8.30. This account drew forth some correspondence, a Mr. Joseph Ogden objecting that if true the circumstance "must have struck the eye of even an omnibus conductor." No doubt if he had his eye upon any passenger who vanished into thin air he would have been "struck," but why an omnibus conductor should be considered as the zero of human intelligence one does not quite see. A further contributor, "J. E. T.," in the issue of March 15th (p. 93), draws a note from the Editor on the similar disappearance of Mr. Williams in the presence of his wife (Mrs. Burns), Morse, and Herne. The three men stood with their backs to the closed doors and saw Mr. Williams descend from the ceiling in a shaft of light. "He remained suspended with his feet about eighteen inches from the floor for a little time, and came to consciousness as soon as his feet touched the ground."

There are other less-known and more surprising examples, not drawn from Spiritualist annals, which I shall give next time.

RAYS AND REFLECTIONS.

I am struck by the number of people who are interested in Numerology, one of the byways of Occultism and one which needs very careful observation, for there is a "fatal facility" in the way in which some students arrive at their conclusions.

A very casual analysis of some of the cases of coincidence in numbers is enough to show that in "taking out" similar numbers in the career of some particular person or the circumstances of some event—usually a disaster!—the inquirer unconsciously selects only those figures which confirm his theory, and leaves out those which do not.

Nevertheless, there are many curious and arresting examples of special numbers which play a part in the lives of some famous men, and some who are not famous, but who observe that special dates and days crop up in their lives in a most significant way.

Consider one of the most recent of the famous instances—the late President Wilson, whose career was marked by "the lucky 13." Thirteen letters in his name, thirteen years at Princeton, when he was chosen as President of the University; thirteen years as President, and then in 1912 (the sum of which figures is 13) he was nominated as President of the United States, into which high position he was installed on January 13th, 1913. There were some other instances of the power of this supposed unlucky number in his life, but these will suffice for the moment.

In the meantime I remember that many people who have no interest in occultism, and have therefore no prepossessions on the point, have observed some particular number coming up prominently in their affairs. One of these, a keen business man with no romantic notions, told me that 6 was so often uppermost in the events of his life that he had begun to wonder at the thing. I have little skill in these matters, but working out by a numerical system the significant figures in his life, I found with some little surprise that his powerful number was actually 6! It was certainly curious, if not quite convincing.

Mr. Frank Lind, who some time ago contributed to LIGHT a short article, "Jokes I have Dreamt," sends me another instance in point. He says that one night recently he dreamt that someone asked him a riddle: "What is the difference between a swallow and an air-gun?" As he was unable to answer the conundrum he was kindly supplied with the answer: "One comes with a spring, the other goes with a spring." The curious point about the dream, he says, is that previously in his waking state he knew nothing of the mechanism of an air-gun, and only afterwards discovered that it impels its missile by compressed air, the trigger releasing a spring behind the air-chamber.

Recent discussion on the psychology of animal life reminds me of a lady who is a devoted lover of animals and cherishes a favourite cat with a special devotion. Birds are also the subject of her benevolence. Some time ago she commenced the practice of throwing her crumbs every morning to the birds. The idolised cat observed this proceeding with interested attention and doubtless an air of piety. Some time later the lady became aware that just previous to the bread-throwing the cat was in the habit of secreting himself behind a bush, and when the birds came down, attracted by the crumbs, he frequently succeeded by a nimble spring in catching one. This discovery naturally led to pussy falling into disgrace and being sometimes severely banged for his wickedness, although after all it would seem that the cat was simply acting according to his nature; and the episode reflected a little not only on animal psychology but on human psychology! Somebody raised the question as to whether if the cat had a continued life and the birds likewise, this little tragedy might not be repeated, but I am assured by those who may be regarded as authorities on life in the next world that this is not the case, and that animals, like their human superiors, undergo character-transformations. Putting aside certain deep philosophical explanations, we may remember that the etheric body is not subject to injury or destruction.

I suppose it will take a long time for some people to outgrow the superstition which attributes supernal wisdom to spirits, merely because they are spirits. So that to be "spirit-guided" is not in any way a guarantee that one will be guided aright. It is rather a matter of co-operation: the wise are wisely guided by those who desire the guidance of wiser souls, but "against stupidity even the gods themselves contend in vain."

D. G.

RE-INCARNATION AND DESTINY.

BY AUBREY CLAIR.

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.

—WORDSWORTH.

During an investigation into the phenomena of Spiritualism extending over a period of thirty years, I have often wondered if our life "Beyond the Veil" is to be wholly a spiritual one?

If there is to be a Future there must have been a Past, since nothing can be born in Time for Eternity. As Victor Hugo says: "That still greater Mystery our past Eternity." If this be granted, the question arises, did we possess a spiritual or material body in that past life? Having been incarnated here it is not inconceivable that we were elsewhere, and shall be again.

It is a curious and suggestive thought that the theory of reincarnation was held by the Buddhists thousands of years before the Christian Era, and Buddhism is the prevailing faith of the world, its followers numbering nearly one quarter of the human race.

When we also consider the facts of Astronomy in the light of our later scientific knowledge, we are still further impressed with the strength of the case for physical survival. Our earth is but one of the smallest of the planets of our own solar system, and when we contemplate the millions of other suns which inhabit space (the giant telescope on Mount Wilson, California, has recently discovered over 100,000,000 new ones) with their attendant planets the doctrine of an immediate spiritual existence for all becomes even more open to doubt.

Some of these other suns have been shown to be many hundreds of times greater than ours, and it would only be reasonable to suppose that the planets to which they give light and warmth are vastly superior to our little world, and that for an "Earthling" (with apologies to Mr. Wells) to pass to one of these would appear to be a transition exceeding his wildest dreams.

For those who have not cultivated their spiritual qualities here, continuity on a physical plane would seem a much more fitting fate than to be at once placed on a plane, the conditions of which would be entirely foreign to their nature. Can it therefore not be conceded that Man, in his evolution upward, is destined to spend some time yet among material surroundings before attaining to a higher state? Some, at least, of those other worlds must be the abode of life. The sun shines on them in the same way as it does upon our earth, and we know that where the sun shines there is life—vegetable, animal, and why not man?

This opens up the question, are all the dwellers in these other worlds also to enter a spiritual state when their span of life is run? Can we think that the multitude of planets are all only created for one brief incarnation for their own particular race and that no denizen from any other sphere is ever to visit them? In the words of the late Sir John Lubbock, what greater destiny could the mind of man conceive than to journey from planet to planet and from star to star, gaining fresh knowledge and power as we advance?

If our past existence was a spiritual one, why this temporary halt on a physical plane to pass again to a spiritual one? It seems a strange experience to what has gone before and what is to follow. If there was no Past and the planets were what might be termed breeding-grounds or stepping-off places, the case would be much simplified, but granting a Past, and if we are to reject the theory of reincarnation the whole thing is inexplicable.

Many of us have had thoughts and emotions which we cannot place as belonging to this life. To quote Dickens:—

Thus, a strain of gentle music, or the rippling of water in a silent place, or the odour of a flower, or the mention of a familiar word, will sometimes call up sudden dim remembrances of scenes that never were, in this life: which vanish like a breath; which some brief memory of a happier existence, long gone by, would seem to have awakened; which no voluntary exertion of the mind can ever recall.

Some go much further than that and declare they can definitely recall scenes and characters they knew in a former "life," and even fix the period in which it was passed.

From whence do these thoughts come? Are they memories of a Past or visions of a Future? When a very young child is constantly looking upwards and can only with difficulty be persuaded to lower its eyes the prediction of the mother that it will not live is often fulfilled. It returns to that Home which it seems never to have really left. As we grow older we lose the thoughts and dreams of childhood. Most of us become so engrossed in the affairs

of the world, which has so much to offer to attract and allure that it is only when approaching their "second childhood" when most of the rush and worry of life is past, that the evidence of the spiritual again prevails.

To my mind the chief argument *against* reincarnation has always been that if we are to remember no more of our present life than we do of the past then indeed death is annihilation, as the Egos which persisted would not be us. As the facts of Modern Spiritualism prove, however, that our friends who pass on *do* remember us, it would seem if that past life ever existed we have forgotten it, or that for some wise purpose it is hidden from us. No man has ever claimed to have received a message from a spirit who alleged he knew him in a former "life," though there have been cases in which spirits stated that they came from distant planets. Why our past existence should be forgotten if we are to carry the memory of the present into the future is a problem none of us can solve. Perhaps in that ultimate scheme of things it will be made plain to us. We should be content to know that the experience (if such) is not to be repeated, and that when we leave here it will be to rejoin those we have loved on earth.

As to our Final Destiny, we believe it lies beyond the outermost planet and the farthest star. No one has probed the depths of space, but doubtless beyond the faintest nebulae visible to the eye of the most powerful telescope aided by the sensitive plate are other and still more distant orbs. Light, travelling at 186,000 miles per second, takes over four years to reach us from the nearest star. Some astronomers hold that the entire Milky Way, with all its millions of suns and planets, is but one of many such systems. We cannot conceive of space as otherwise than boundless, so however far we journey in that Eternity which lies before us—through what worlds and what scenes—we can be no nearer any end. Faced with such thoughts as these the mind of man acknowledges his littleness, while he can only bow the head in adoration of a Being Whose works fill his soul with reverence and awe, but which so far transcend his finite understanding.

MEDIUMSHIP AND THE LAW: A TEST CASE.

We have already referred to the prosecution of Mrs. Clara Irwin, the Clapham medium, who some time ago was fined £10, with £5 costs, as a result of a prosecution for fortune-telling. The case is regarded as a suitable one on which to base another attempt to liberate the practice of mediumship from what the late Dr. Powell called the "barbaric legislation" of the past, and we learn from the "Psychic Gazette" that Mr. A. E. Timbrell, the solicitor, has submitted the case to Mr. E. P. Hewitt, K.C., who advises that in his opinion the defendant was wrongly convicted for reasons which he has set out at length. He thinks there is a fair prospect of persuading another Divisional Court to dissent from the decision given in the Stonehouse v. Masson case, but the costs of such an appeal could not be met without assistance, and we are asked to invite contributions from our readers to defray the expenses of appealing from the decision in the police court.

It seems that it will be necessary for Mrs. Irwin to give a personal guarantee for £80 and find two other guarantors for £40 each, before the appeal can be heard, the guarantees being necessary to cover the Police Commissioners' costs in the event of the appeal failing. Further, there would be the expenses immediately connected with the appeal itself in the way of legal fees, etc.

Should the appeal succeed, the gain to the movement would be great indeed.

We are ready to receive donations towards defraying the expenses of the appeal, and will acknowledge them in *LIGHT*. (Address Editor, 5, Queen Square, London; W.C.)

SPIRITUALISM IN BUDA-PEST.

Madame Buchinger writes from Buda-Pest:—

It may interest you to know about the strong Spiritualist movement here. A short time ago the Spiritualists of Buda-Pest held a meeting in their old Parliament House, and it was crammed to the last seat. There are over a thousand circles in this twin city, most of them meeting every week. Spirits have appeared, and many have spoken in various languages, some of them understood only by the more highly educated sitters. Mr. Odon Nerei, a man of the kindest disposition and the most charming personality, is the leader of the movement, his experiences dating back thirty years. He has travelled much in Europe and America, and has an impressive collection of spirit photographs, one of them showing the astral form of a dog. Mr. Nerei has helped many distressed suicidal people and cases of those who have actually attempted suicide, but have been resuscitated are taken to him, because of the way in which he is able to revive their love of life. It is, however, difficult, as we are living in a Catholic country, and it is not easy to swim against the stream of prejudice, thousands being hampered by the ever-vigilant and persuasive clergy.

"THE ADELPHI" AND SURVIVAL OF PERSONALITY.

OVER THE DREAM BORDER.

A FRAGMENT FROM LIFE.

This magazine for March opens with a remarkable article by its editor, John Middleton Murry, who gives an account of a correspondence between himself and the late William Archer on the question of survival.

The men were "almost total strangers" to each other when Murry unexpectedly received a long letter from Archer, and said to himself: "William Archer is going to die: this is his spiritual testament." He hastened to reply that his rejection of *personal* immortality was wholly different from an acceptance of annihilation.

Archer wrote from a nursing home (awaiting an operation), confessing that he was very far from being convinced of personal survival, but contended that the evidence on the subject left the question very open. He reflects: "A grub who should construct a religion on the assumption that he could never be anything but a grub, would be rather nonplussed when he found himself a butterfly." He said there must be something not understood by him behind the phenomena loosely described as spiritualistic.

Having had many communications from a dead relative, under circumstances *absolutely* excluding trickery or fraud, he could think of only three hypotheses in the way of a possible explanation: (1) That at least some part of the communicator's intelligence and memory survives. (2) That some sort of intelligences are more or less able to simulate the characters of the dead. (3) That certain living persons have marvellous powers of drawing upon the supraliminal and subliminal memories of other living persons. Notwithstanding certain reasons against the first hypothesis, it seemed to Archer the simplest and most acceptable of the three. In the event of his recovery from the morrow's operation he would suggest that he and Murry should meet and consider the problem.

Murry at once replied, reiterating his conviction that something of a human life survives and is immortal: As regards his criterion of truth, he said that for him there were two kinds of certainty, the voice of conscience being to him just as real as the existence of the physical world. He wrote in great haste: "That William Archer should receive any letter while he was able to read it was to me," he says, "a matter of life and death. . . I believe he received it, and read it, and prepared to reply."

Then follows an imaginary duologue in which Murry tries to say what he should have said if the intended meeting had taken place. Murry begins by confessing belief in the immortality of the soul. Archer asks what the soul is: "Does such a thing indeed exist?" The other declares his belief that the soul exists, but does not think it can be proved. After some curious metaphysical struggling, in which love wrestles with intellect, and finally embodies itself in one woman who seemed to see him as a reality unrealised by himself, he is again reduced to nonentity by the death of this woman: "At the moment you are not, you are; and that which you are not, you are. That is the birth of the soul; and in knowing itself, it knows *I Am That I am*, which is the name of the nameless God."

He had realised his divine Individuality, but did not understand the relation of personality to it; therefore, "to seek to reimpose personality upon the soul which is the triumph over personality—that would be strange, . . . futile and unworthy." In a morning mist of intellect Murry goes on to say: "Something is there. I believe it more strongly than you, but because I believe it, yes, and know it, I believe that to seek to compel the eternal and timeless being to re-enter this world once more is mistaken."

When the sun of knowledge has dispersed the mists of the night he will see that such compulsion is impossible, that his concluding argument has only a logical relation to the conception of reincarnation, and that intercommunication between the living and the dead is nothing less than a necessity of the love that is eternal.

W. B. P.

WALT WHITMANS CLARION CALL.

HAVE the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson,—
We take up the task eternal and the burden and the lesson.
Pioneers, O Pioneers!
All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize—world of labour and
the march.
Pioneers, O Pioneers!
Till with sound of trumpet
Far, far off the daybreak call—hark how loud and clear I
hear it wind.
Swift! to the head of the army!
Swift! Spring to your places,
Pioneers, O Pioneers!

I seem to be looking out of the window for the sun to rise, the window is open, but I don't feel cold. I am puzzled by a subtle change in the atmosphere, I hold back the curtains and wonder at the unfamiliar outlook. I still have a sense of golden light, of enfolding love and happiness. I think I will try to keep this feeling all day, and then I begin to laugh, because I see myself lying in bed, fast asleep, dreaming, of course. I look very happy and peaceful lying there, and hope I shall go on with my lovely dream.

Suddenly it occurs to me "This is very odd, I am looking at myself. Are there two of me?" Stranger and stranger, I have a sense of whirling in the air, of travelling rapidly, of ever-increasing light, brightness, beauty, and surprised content; then there is soft music, those soft voices calling, they penetrate and thrill me. I feel surrounded, encircled, permeated by love and kindness; and yet here I am standing by my bed looking at myself asleep. My arm, with a pink-patterned sleeve, lies outside the coverlet. I look down on myself. I have on a similar voluminous pink gown, and I think how everyone laughs at my taste in nightgowns, the colours gay, the shape unfashionable—and yet—I didn't have two pink ones. I am puzzled, what am I to do now? To get into bed with myself again, or what? Something must be done, because I hear footsteps coming down the passage. Jane will have a fit if she sees two of me!

I know. I'll just float out of the window. I must be quick about it too. I feel as light as a feather as I float away; hands are held out to me, I have invisible support. I sail away. "This is a great adventure. I do hope I shall remember it all when I come back." This is wonderful! I feel I never want this journey to end, everything is getting more and more beautiful, wonderful, and the voices are nearer and clearer.

"Here she is at last."

"Welcome! Welcome! Welcome!"

"Welcome to *Eternal Life*."

I am enfolded in an atmosphere of love; there are the faces I have waited so long to see again. . . . I see, I feel, I know, that all I ever longed for, and more is here. It is too much to grasp. I just know I have come home at last, safely across the great divide. I feel a little tired, I'll rest—I'll sleep awhile—so safe—because I remember,

"And underneath are the everlasting Arms."

When the sun shone through the chinks of the still-drawn curtains, it woke me up, and I remembered vividly every word and every sensation. I have written down in words that inadequately express the fullness and reality of this experience. All the more wonderful to me, because as a rule the happenings of sleeping hours with me are usually as tantalising as Burns' snowflakes on the river.

M. S. S.

THE MODERN MYSTIC.

The present age will produce, and is producing, its corresponding type of mystic; not exactly a new type, but one in which the purely religious or devotional element is less in evidence, and a more balanced, critical or rational criterion takes its place: *A greater tendency to unite the spiritual and the material modes of our life rather than to place them in opposition and antithesis. . . . I do not regard as true mysticism anything which tends to maintain the apparent duality or polarity of our nature, and to keep spirit and matter eternally apart; treating matter as illusion and spirit as reality. Mysticism is essentially union, that is to say wholeness; but this can never be attained by a mere ecstatic flight, from one pole, or extreme, to the other. The true mystic, whatever subjective flights he may take, will, I apprehend, bring back with him some message which will enable us to understand more clearly the why and wherefore of our present limitations, and their proper relation and proportion to the super-physical and extra-rational region to which he has penetrated; their proper position and function in the wholeness of our nature.*

The hall-mark of mysticism is essentially a completely satisfying *illumination*, in which all the contradictions, dualisms, and antinomies of the formal mind are resolved into an inexpressive sense of harmony and unity; and this as *knowledge* in the deepest and truest sense of the term—"the clearest, the surest of the sure," as Tennyson says in describing his own experience—and not merely as emotion.

But mysticism has many phases, and no completely comprehensive definition of it is possible. It may frankly be said here, therefore, that what I mean by Rational Mysticism, is mysticism of the philosophical rather than of the devotional type. . . . What we now arbitrarily divide into "material" and "spiritual" is in its ultimate one; the material and the spiritual being the modes or aspects of the *one life* which is the universe.—From "Rational Mysticism," by WILLIAM KINGSLAND.

THE INTERCOURSE OF TWO WORLDS.

I want, if possible, to show you how very closely the two worlds dovetail, and how very much the happenings in your world influence us, and *vice versa*. We have only to take a few instances to prove this. During the war, as you know, psychic power was greatly held up in some directions, and yet when any help or comfort could be given to those suffering through the war, it seemed doubly increased for this special purpose. We here had for the time to put aside much of our usual work, and to give ourselves up to that of comforting the bereaved, and of bringing light to those who had passed over to us in darkness, and whose mental vision had to be restored to them. We worked almost unceasingly at periods when there was an influx of those poor, perturbed souls. In normal times the work is more gradual, and we let the newly-arrived spirits have a longer period of rest before we try to instil new ideas into their bewildered minds. This intermingling of the seen and the unseen is very real, and those psychics who are still on the earth plane are well aware of it going on; but those who are not psychic, or who do not develop the gifts they have, do not realise how many of their best deeds of kindness, and much of their best work in other directions, have been carried out through impressions given them by the spirit-world. We hesitate to say what would be the effect if all the influences passed on to earth from our world were to cease, but we think that, to a certain degree, progress would be stopped, and that men would find themselves deprived of something on which they had unconsciously relied for guidance and help. I daresay you think that we rate our influence on earth too highly, but I do not think this is so. We do not say that everything is impressed from the spirit-world, and that no ideas or actions are generated by the initiative of the dwellers on earth; but in the same way that uplifting aspirations come, in the first place, from God, so we are able to give a trend and direction to your thoughts on the earth plane. A man suddenly develops the idea of some philanthropic scheme. He may think the idea his own, but had he no friend, now passed over, whose delight it was to form new plans for the benefit of his fellow-men? If he had, then that friend is probably still working on through him. If he had no such friend, he may still have some guide who can influence him, and make him plan and scheme as he never would have done but for the impetus given him. Then are there not impressions received as to doing a certain thing; going to a certain place; seeing a certain person? The psychic records are full of such instances, but alas! these are generally read by those who have already the consciousness or knowledge of the psychic power. If the same knowledge could be conveyed to those who are outside this inner circle, the cause embodied in these truths would spread more rapidly than at present. But all the world is not yet ready for the teaching, and it is perhaps a wise decree that the truth shall spread like a little trickling stream, and not like a mighty raging torrent which might overflow its banks and possibly bring disaster in its course.—From "The Progression of Marmaduke."

HULHAM HOUSE, Exmouth, is again open to receive patients as well as visitors. Miss Chilton and Miss Harvey expect to sail from New York on the "Olympic" on March 28th, arriving April 6th. It has been a pleasure both to them and to Dr. Beale to receive real sympathy with their work from several members of the medical profession across the water.—E. M. S.

MATERIALISATION.—Ectoplasm as such does not demonstrate survival. But when, with more than the rapidity of thought, it builds up and breaks down, or dematerialises at the word of command, producing by means of materialised hands and feet, seamless wax gloves, from which no living hand or foot could be withdrawn without damaging the glove, it demonstrates intelligence other than that of the experimenters. When it reproduces by the agency of a temporary materialisation, or of a supernormal photograph, a death-wound, unknown to any of those present, but afterwards verified, survival as associated with ectoplasm is as clearly proved as any fact can be in this wonderful but relatively imperfect world, for here we have an instance of memory. Memory pre-supposes mind: both imply thought and all three demand conscious life, or rather self-conscious existence, as an essential pre-requisite for any similar manifestations whatsoever.—From Miss F. R. Scatcherd's article "Ectoplasm as Associated with Survival," in "Survival," edited by Sir James Marchant.

Madame Thornton, Clairvoyante, Psychometrist, inter-views by appointment. Psychometry by post. Advice on Health, Business, etc. Send P.O. 2s. 6d. Birth date or article. Splendid testimonials.—27, Borough Road, North Shields.

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MR. HORACE LEAF holds an At Home every Wednesday, at 3 p.m. 2s. Public Developing Class every Friday, at 8 p.m. 1s.—11, Westbourne Gardens, Bayswater, London, W.2. Phone Park 6099.

SUNDAY'S SOCIETY MEETINGS.

Lewisham.—*Limes Hall, Limes Grove.*—March 22nd, 11.15, open circle; 2.45, Lyccum; 6.30, Mrs. Redfern. Wednesday, March 25th, 8, Mr. E. Abethell.
Croydon.—*Harewood Hall, 96, High-street.*—March 22nd, 11, Mr. Percy Scholey; 6.30, Mr. Horace Leaf.
Camberwell.—*The Central Hall, High-street, Peckham.*—March 22nd, 11, open circle; 6.30, Mr. W. Ronald Brailey. Wednesday, 7.30, at 55, Station-road.
St. John's Spiritualist Mission, Woodberry-grove, North Finchley (opposite tram depot).—March 22nd, 7, Mrs. Boddington. March 26th, 8, Mrs. Anderson.
Shepherds' Bush.—73, Becklow-road.—March 22nd, 11, public circle; 6.30, Mr. and Mrs. Holloway. Thursday, March 26th, 8, Mr. James Gilchrist.
Peckham.—*Lausanne-road.*—March 22nd, 7, Miss L. George. Thursday, 8.15, Mrs. F. Kingstone.
Bowes Park.—*Shaftesbury Hall, adjoining Bowes Park Station (down side).*—March 22nd, 11, Miss Maddison; 7, Mr. Vout Peters. Wednesday, March 25th, 8, Mrs. Florence Sutton.
Central.—144, High Holborn, W.C.1.—March 20th, 7.30, Miss Mary Mills. March 22nd, 7, Mr. McCarthy.
St. Luke's Church of the Spiritual Evangel of Jesus the Christ, Queen's-road, Forest Hill, S.E.—Minister: Rev. J. W. Potter. March 22nd, 3, clairvoyance; 6.30, Service, Holy Communion and Trance Address. Healing Service, Wednesday, March 25th, 7 p.m.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Things that Happened." By Vereker Hamilton. Edward Arnold & Co. (16/ net).
"The Great Reveille," a Book of the New Revelation. By D. S. Thomas. C. W. Daniel Co. (1/- net).
"The Exposition of Genesis." From "The Arcana Cœlestia." By Emanuel Swedenborg. The Swedenborg Society, 1, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1.

A PRAYER IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

Then an event happened which Thomas Stevenson would certainly have taken as a direct intervention of Providence. In appreciation of kindnesses received [while amongst the islands of the South Seas] the elder Mrs. Stevenson entertained a company of some thirty women and a few children on the yacht.

The entertainment ended, and speeches and compliments made, an aged woman of the party prayed for the safety of the ship and all she carried. In particular she prayed that, if there were any defects in the vessel, they might be discovered before she put to sea or ran into danger. When the visitors were gone, Captain Otis, sailor-fashion, appears to have made a contemptuous reference to "praying, psalm-singing natives" and their absurd petitions. The "Casco," the beautiful silver ship, as her wealth of glittering metal led admiring natives at Fakarava to call her, was sound in every timber and perfectly seaworthy. To prove his words he tested the mainmast and lo! to his horror and dismay it was crumbling in the last stages of dry rot. It had, in fact, been unsafe throughout the whole voyage from San Francisco and the miracle was that it had not long ago gone by the board in a gale.—From "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," by J. A. SEWART.

TO SHELLEY.

*The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are—"Adonais."*

Torch-bearer of a pure, Promethean fire,
Of Ariel-flight and opalescent ray!
Of Love and Liberty the phoenix-lyre,
Outsoaring Sorrow and the sad sea-way!
Drop, with the slant wind, and the serried throng
Encompassing, for a chameleon-cloud,
To caedal Earth, discerning in thy song
Her own dream-self of Destiny endowed;
And o'er her plains of Paradisal sleep,
Pour out the cup of Thy clear hyaline
On such as these the close communion keep
With all they know and feel to be divine!
'Mid shepherding winds, and 'neath the Morning Star,
Feed thou the Soul of Vision, from afar!

E. M. HOLDEN.

CONVERSAZIONE AND DANCE.—The Annual Conversazione and Dance of the London District Council of the Spiritualists' National Union was held on Saturday, March 14th, at Australia House. Between three and four hundred were present and many had to be refused admission owing to the limited accommodation. Mr. Richard Boddington presided, and Mr. T. W. Pitman acted as M.C. An enjoyable evening was spent.

London Spiritualist Alliance, Ltd.

Established 1884.

Incorporated 1896.

5, Queen Square,
Southampton Row,
London, W.C. 1.

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Monday, Mar. 23rd, at 3 p.m.

Clairvoyance and Psychometry, Circle limited to six. Members 5/-; friends introduced by Members, 7/6.
Mrs. E. A. Cannock.

Tuesday, Mar. 24th, at 3.15 p.m.

Clairvoyance, Public Demonstration. Members Free; Non-Members, 2/-
Mrs. Florence Kingstone.

Wednesday, Mar. 25th.

4 p.m. Discussion Class, preceded by tea. Members, 1/- Non-Members, 2/-
Leader: Mrs. E. M. Taylor.

7 p.m. Clairvoyance and Psychometry, Circle limited to six. Members, 5/-; friends introduced by Members, 7/6.
Mr. C. Glover Botham.

Thursday, Mar. 26th, at 7 p.m.

Discussion Class. Subject, "Psychic Photography."
Leader: Miss Felicia Scatcherd.
Free; Members only.

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The Council of the London Spiritualist Alliance have much pleasure in announcing that, in conjunction with the Bazaar and Fête to be held at Caxton Hall on May 20th and 21st, an

EXHIBITION OF OBJECTS OF PSYCHIC INTEREST

is being arranged.

By the kindness of Mr. J. S. Jensen, the President of the Society for the Promotion of Psychic Knowledge, Copenhagen, the Successful Exhibition recently held in that city is being transported *en bloc* to London. Thousands of objects of psychic interest, including autograph letters, rare books, photographs, pictures, apports, automatic scripts, personal relics, and other articles illustrating the literature, history and development of Spiritualism and Psychical Research—from the period of the Fox sisters to the present day—will be on view.

AN APPEAL.

It is realised that a great many interesting objects of psychic interest must be in the hands of private individuals or societies, and the Council would be grateful if anyone possessing such objects would loan them to the committee who are organising the Bazaar and Exhibition. All articles loaned will be well looked after and returned to the owners immediately after the Exhibition has closed. Please address all communications to the General Secretary, London Spiritualist Alliance, 5, Queen Square, London, W.C.1.

BOOKS THAT WILL HELP YOU

Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death.—By F. W. H. Myers. Cloth, Post Free, 8/-.
On the Threshold of the Unseen.—By Sir Wm. Barrett, F.R.S. Cloth, Post Free, 8/-.
Across the Barrier.—By H. A. Dallas. Cloth, Post Free, 2/6.
Psychic Philosophy.—By Stanley De Brath, M.Inst.C.E. Cloth, Post Free, 5/10.
Ancient Lights, or The Bible, The Church, and Psychic Science.—By Mrs. St. Clair Stobart. Cloth, Post Free, 8/-.
The Morrow of Death.—By "Amicus"; Foreword by Rev. G. Vale Owen. Post Free, 2/3.
Making of Man.—By Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S. Cloth, Post Free, 3/9.
How to Develop Mediumship.—By E. W. and M. H. Wallis. Post Free, 2/3.
The Heart of a Father.—By a Well-known Public Man. Preface by Rev. Sir James Marchant, LL.D. Post Free, 2/2.
Here and Hereafter.—By Leon Denis. Cloth, Post Free, 4/10.
New Evidences in Psychical Research. By J. Arthur Hill. Cloth, Post Free, 3/9.
Automatic Speaking and Writing: A Study. By E. T. Bennett, Post Free, 1/9.
Phantoms of the Dawn.—By Violet Tweedale. Cloth, Post Free, 8/-.
Towards the Stars.—By H. Dennis Bradley. Cloth, Post Free, 8/-.

Some New Evidence for Human Survival.—By Rev. C. Drayton Thomas. Cloth, Post Free, 6/6.
Psychic Research in the New Testament.—By Ellis T. Powell, LL.B., D.Sc. Post Free, 1/2.
Spirit Teachings.—By Rev. W. Stainton Moses (M.A. Oxon.). Cloth, Post Free, 6/6.
The Return of G. R. Sims.—By A Friend and R. H. Saunders. Cloth, Post Free, 2/9.
Survival.—Edited by Sir James Marchant, LL.D. Cloth, Post Free, 8/-.
The Blue Island.—Communicated by W. T. Stead. Cloth, Post Free, 3/9.
From Agnosticism to Belief.—By J. Arthur Hill. Cloth, Post Free, 7/10.
Rupert Lives.—By the Rev. Walter Wynn. Cloth, Post Free, 1/-.
Ministry of Angels.—By Mrs. Joy Snell. Paper Cover, Post Free, 2/3.
My Letters from Heaven.—By Winifred Graham. Cloth, Post Free, 4/10.
What Happens After Death.—By the Rev. G. Vale Owen. Post Free, 1/9.
An Artist in the Great Beyond.—By Violet Burton. Cloth, Post Free, 4/9.
On Tour in the U.S.A.—By the Rev. G. Vale Owen. Cloth, Post Free, 4/9.
Paul and Albert.—By the Rev. G. Vale Owen. Cloth, Post Free, 4/9.
The Outlands of Heaven.—By Rev. G. Vale Owen. Cloth, Post Free, 4/10.
Facts and the Future Life.—By Rev. G. Vale Owen. Cloth, Post Free, 4/10.

The Life Elysian.—By R. J. Lees. Cloth, Post Free, 4/10.
Through the Mists.—By R. J. Lees. Cloth, Post Free, 4/10.
The Case of Lester Coltman.—By Lilian Walbrook, With an Introduction by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Cloth, Post Free, 4/10.
Science and the Infinite.—By Sydney T. Klein. Cloth, Post Free, 4/10.
A Psychic Vigil in Three Watches.—"Anon." (Commended by Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S.). Cloth, Post Free, 3/6.
The Law of Psychic Phenomena.—By Thomson Jay Hudson. Cloth, Post Free, 8/-.
Spiritualism in the Bible.—By E. W. M. H. Wallis. Post Free, 1/9.
The Nurseries of Heaven.—By the Rev. G. Vale Owen and H. A. Dallas. Cloth, Post Free, 3/9.
The Way of Attainment.—By Sydney T. Klein. Cloth, Post Free, 5/4.
The Healing Power.—By Helen Boulnois. Cloth, Post Free, 1/9.
The Evolution of Spiritualism.—By Harvey Metcalfe. Cloth, Post Free, 8/-.
Our Second American Adventure.—By Sir A. Conan Doyle. Cloth, Post Free, 8/-.
Arabic: The Language of Christ.—By Major R. A. Marriott, D.S.O. Post Free, 2/2.
Thy Son Liveth. Messages from a Soldier to his Mother.—"Anon." Post Free, 5/3.

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