

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe

'WHATEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT.'—Paul.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

The only really religious authority that can be possessed by any institution or any man is a spiritual one, flowing from the possession of spiritual qualities. A cardinal may be religiously a nonentity, while the humblest 'soldier' in the Salvation Army may be a very Christ. It all turns upon spiritual vitality.

Here and there this is dawning even upon the minds of priests. A volume by an Episcopal rector, the Rev. E. McCrady, entitled 'Apostolic Succession and the Problem of Unity,' discusses this burning question with a view to establish a distinction between the old idea of Apostolic Succession and the historic Episcopate. Episcopacy, he suggests, is not a divine but a human institution. It is rather a historic development than a divine appointment. He says:—

When we ourselves are broad enough, catholic enough, to admit that the theory of the divine right of Episcopacy is a theory only—when we are willing to own, as we must, that while fitting in very well with historical facts, it can never be absolutely *demonstrated*—when we further are willing to recognise the fact that the Reformers did not believe in such a theory themselves, and that the Church, in spite of all the influences brought to bear upon her, has carefully refrained from officially promulgating such a doctrine—when, in other words, we cease to unchurch our Protestant brethren by insisting upon a principle logically indefensible and never officially set forth—we will then be in a position to expect some concessions on their part, and—we venture the further prediction—we shall then begin to hear some solid discussion, and see some valid signs of the approaching union of Christendom.

That is a tone which we have not been accustomed to from the priesthood, and a very acceptable tone it is. The freest lance amongst us will find no difficulty in admitting, recognising, and respecting a historical development. It is the overriding of spiritual qualities by official sanctions that we have had to repudiate.

A phrase that should be very dear to Spiritualists is 'love-work,' that is to say, work done apart from all thought or possibility of payment—work for a poor neighbour, for a struggling cause, for a forlorn hope, for a hopeless hobby, for mere beauty's sake. That is work which helps character, sweetens charity, taps the 'fountains of the great deep' within, and leaves its record in the soul. It is indeed one of the minor tragedies of life that money mixes with everything, debasing everything, except by a miracle of mercy where love conquers lucre, and, by some wonderful alchemy, turns even payment into a benediction. That is 'a miracle of mercy' indeed.

But one sometimes is half-persuaded to believe that the best part of the difference between earth and heaven is, or will be, that we all drop purses on this side of the veil, and pass on to find our only wealth in service, our only payment in love. It will certainly be excellent economy to begin that as far as possible now: and to practise sometimes here what will be our constant commerce there.

Mr. W. H. Fitchett's book on 'The Unrealised Logic of Religion' is a bit of a curiosity, but there is method in it. Its object is to show that if the Bible is 'all moonshine,' 'a book of dreams,' its contents are more of a miracle than the most difficult miracle recorded by it. One of its dreams is that God as a Father is watching over His children; but unbelief says there is no Fatherhood among the stars or beyond them. Another of its dreams is Heaven, delightful for children, and useful as a faith for the dying; but unbelief says there is no reality corresponding with it. 'The notion that we have spiritual natures and belong to a spiritual order, which death cannot touch, and which has heritage with God Himself, is yet another dream.'

But, alas! the Bible is not only a book of beautiful dreams or beautiful realities. It has in it the Gehennas of horror as well as the green pastures and the still waters. Mr. Fitchett seems to scorn the idea that the human mind and spirit could dream the dreams of the Bible or evolve its discoveries and its hopes, or improve upon them: but we think he is wrong. From the human mind and spirit, prompted and made vital by the Eternal Spirit, all these visions or discoveries came: and we are still mounting higher into clearer air.

'Radia, or New Light on Old Truths,' by Alec C. More (London: Elliot Stock), is, in form, a poem—until one reads it. It looks like 'blank verse' until one scans it: then it is often only 'blank.' Here, from the first page and the last, are two specimen lines:—

'The struggle hath continued unabated.'

'Now let him take of the water of life freely.'

No scanning or reading could make poetry of these lines. There are plenty of others of the same kind in the 188 pages. The work is not without imagination, but the subject is very worn. It will be sufficiently indicated if we say that in the margins of the various pages there are hundreds of references to Bible texts.

The humanitarian poet, Edwin Markham, tells, in 'The Cosmopolitan,' the story of his advance through a chaos of creeds and doubts to the faith that Humanity is 'the core of religion, the core of the spiritual fact.' In the course of this advance, strange to say, he shed nearly the whole of the Old Testament, 'the Hebrew old clothes of religion,' and finally rested in 'the martyr-love of Jesus,' and in the faith that genuine Christianity rests upon the

impregnable rock of humanitarian principles. With the beauty of diction, so noticeable in his poems, he says:—

I became a believer in the person and the politics of Jesus. And now I see in Him the supreme statesman and lawgiver of nations. His words are all in the logic of the universe. They are the indices of the universal wisdom of the Father.

My new convictions swept the old effigies into the dust-heap; but this did not deliver me into a godless universe, did not surrender my hopes to the clutch of a blind Chance, a nameless Something, forever mumbling Enigma. I still felt that there is One who watches, One who sorrows in our sorrows. This faith cannot answer all the wild questions of the heart, but it can do something to alleviate the pain of failure and the pathetic uncertainty of life. We are all aware that there is something wild in the world—glance at the newspaper with its catalogue of murders, poverties, and cruel luxuries. Still, there is something in me that makes me believe that there is a purpose striving in all this tumult of nature and history. . . . Man realises himself only when he identifies his life with the common life. There is no rest for man but in fellowship—in the beautiful concords, sympathies, and services of a Comrade Kingdom. Jesus saw this, and came preaching the Kingdom of Heaven, that New Order wherein men should love and labour and keep themselves 'unspotted from the world.'

We do not know the writer of the following new Ten Commandments or Resolves, but, through the Press, they are going round the world, and we feel moved to help them on:—

1. I will be square—I will not do any man; nor shall any man do me.
2. I will be thorough—I will do my work so carefully to-day that to-morrow will bring no regrets.
3. I will be happy—I will train my face to wear a smile and my tongue to say pleasant things.
4. I will be faithful—I will stick to my task till it is done, and forget the clock.
5. I will be energetic—when the alarm clock rings I will get up at once.
6. I will be more saving—I will put by something from my salary each week.
7. I will work harder—I will remember that a man who does no more than he's paid for never gets paid for more than he does.
8. I will be prompt—I will do it now, and do it right.
9. I will be optimistic—I will remember that 'if you boost, the world boosts with you; if you knock you knock alone.'
10. I will believe in myself—there is no devil but fear and no sin but ignorance.

TRANSITION OF MRS. ANDREW GLENDINNING.

Mrs. Andrew Glendinning, of St. Philip's-road, Dalston, London, passed to the higher life on Wednesday, the 15th inst., after a long illness at the age of seventy-four. Her body was interred in the family grave, at St. Pancras Cemetery, Finchley, on Monday, the 20th inst. Services were conducted by Mr. John Lobb, in the house and at the grave. There was no service in the chapel. Mr. Lobb's address at the grave was very consolatory and uplifting. Many beautiful wreaths were sent by friends who admired Mrs. Glendinning for her sweet disposition, her benevolence, her sympathy with the afflicted, her kindly advice to those in trouble, and her unflinching and judicious advocacy of truth. Mr. and Mrs. Glendinning have been earnest Spiritualists for forty-three years, and have witnessed many wonderful manifestations in their own home. During over fifty years they have worked hand in hand in the temperance, anti-slavery, and other movements. They celebrated their golden wedding on January 1st, 1905. We tender our sympathetic condolences to Mr. Glendinning and his family, and trust that they have already had the sustaining consciousness that their loved one is present with them in spirit.

'TALKS WITH THE DEAD.'—We understand that Mr. John Lobb has in the press a new book entitled 'Talks with the Dead.' It will be illustrated by spirit photographs, some of them of well-known public men. Mr. Lobb claims to have been present at many materialisation séances and to have had interviews with some hundreds of 'the so-called dead.'

THE MEDIUM MILLER IN PARIS.

As our first séance with Mr. Miller, the Californian medium, described by my husband in 'L'Echo du Merveilleux,' has already been reported in 'LIGHT' (August 11th), I will only mention that this sitting had been graciously offered us by the medium, who, at the request of a mutual friend, had paid us a visit, but to whom my husband and myself, personally, were total strangers. The cabinet and chair used by the medium were our own.

The three following séances, given before a larger circle, and under the direction of M. Gabriel Delanne, were also without any payment whatever, and they were held on July 22nd, 24th, and 26th at the house of a friend of M. Delanne's, Mr. J. A. The cabinet belonged to Mme. B., and the cane-seated chair and the little carpet inside were Mr. A.'s. Here again there was no corner without a door, and consequently there was one inside the cabinet, but it was sealed up by some of the gentlemen present, my husband being one of them. Mr. Miller's only personal friend, Mr. Klebar, sat in a corner of the large room behind our circle, and he could not move from the spot without disturbing some of the sitters. Twenty persons were present at the first of these séances, and about thirty at the others. M. Delanne always occupied one of the end seats near the cabinet, and Mme. B. the other. The light was faint, and, as in our home, was afforded by a little lamp, round which was put a shade of newspaper rolled in four thicknesses.

During the first part of the séances the medium always sat outside the cabinet, close to M. Delanne, where he also could be seen by such sitters as were not too far away. Thus, during the second séance, my husband, being very favourably seated inside the circle and just in the front of the cabinet, particularly observed the medium during the manifestations.

As it would be too long for me to describe all these séances in detail, I will just mention a few characteristic incidents of the first and third sittings, and then give a fuller description of the second, as that took place under strict test conditions.

From twenty to thirty spirit forms appeared to us at each séance, and on each evening two spirits at least materialised outside the curtains, talking to us as soon as the human form had emerged from the white cloud.

The first spirit who appeared at the first séance was a child, whispering 'Julie.' The medium, whom we could at this moment see at the side of M. Delanne, exclaimed, 'She has something in her hand; it is a white rose!' A lady present, Mme. Hoileux, then said that a cousin of hers called 'Julie' had died, as a child, and that they had covered her body with white roses. The spirit had withdrawn, but affirmative knocks came from the cabinet.

Another spirit appeared at the same sitting, and said, 'Jeanne Perret.' 'That is my sister!' exclaimed a young man sitting beside my husband, and, after the séance, he showed us a letter he had brought with him, and which this sister had written before her death. He had been thinking of his sister, and had asked her, mentally, to come, and she did so.

At the third séance a spirit came for a friend of ours, Mlle. Chambeau, with whom she had had only a slight acquaintance, and whom she did not in the least expect to see. It was a form of rather small size; it also appeared while the medium was outside the cabinet, and said with a loud voice, 'Emile Pennès.' 'I have known a man by that name,' Mlle. Chambeau said, 'he was the father of a friend of mine.'

Towards the close of the first séance there was a remarkable manifestation of a little girl, one of the cabinet spirits, called 'Lulu Adams'; she certainly stayed with us for at least a quarter of an hour, retiring now and then to the cabinet in order to gather strength. She was talking all the time with a strong, rather shrill child voice, which had nothing in common with that of the medium. She was not a 'Mademoiselle,' she said, as somebody addressed her thus; she was only seven years old, . . . all the French she knew was 'soupe de bouillon,' and she liked very much the 'soupe de bouillon people.' She crawled up on a vacant chair beside M. Delanne (the one the medium had used when outside), touched his arm and burst

out laughing. She started singing, but went too high, stopped suddenly and laughed. Now she was going to show us something particular, she said—she was 'going to float.' And up in the air she went, floating before the curtains between M. Delanne and Mme. B., chatting and laughing all the time. I believe this lasted several minutes; we could not distinguish her face, but we all saw the little white form floating about, and heard the peculiar voice following her in the air, coming distinctly from her. Being high up, just above and a little behind Mme. B., as far as we could judge, near the ceiling, she sent hand kisses round to all, then suddenly 'dropped down with a bang on the floor,' and she was no more there. But almost at the same instant she came out of the cabinet again, went up to M. Delanne and put something on the chimney-piece behind him. 'I took this over there,' she said, and withdrew. After the séance we examined the little object and found that it had been taken from a very high piece of furniture, standing behind Mme. B.

At the end of the first and third séances the cabinet control, 'Betsy,' materialised, and, though we could not distinguish her features, we could see the black face against the white drapery; at the same moment that she retired behind the curtains, the medium was projected out into the room. I may add here, that we constantly heard the direct voice of this spirit during the sittings, and it was a distinctly feminine voice.

Before the second séance, on July 24th, the medium, at his own wish, completely undressed before M. Gabriel Delanne, M. Alexandre Hepp, and two other gentlemen, and he put on a long black coat, belonging to one of the ladies present. When M. Delanne, after this, came into the séance-room with Mr. Miller, he said: 'I can assure you all, that the medium has absolutely nothing white on him, not even a white thread.' The cabinet having been searched, as usual, and the door inside sealed, the medium sat down at the side of M. Delanne, and a few minutes afterwards the manifestations began.

Seven spirits appeared, one after the other. We could not distinguish their faces, but we all saw the white forms, of different sizes, among which there was one little child, quite a baby, and one very tall form.

The eighth apparition was a female figure, who, when asked to give her name, distinctly pronounced: 'Elise Froehlich.' 'Do you come for Mrs. Froehlich?' I asked, knowing a lady by that name. The answer was in the affirmative. 'Well, I will write to her,' I said, and several knocks in the cabinet seemed to indicate the spirit's satisfaction.

Mrs. Froehlich was at the seaside and had left Paris before Mr. Miller's arrival; if she had been in Paris, we should have invited her to the séance given in our home on July 20th, but of this the medium was not aware; he had never met her and could not know her name. As to my husband and myself, we have no intimate acquaintance with Mrs. Froehlich, and know nothing about her friends on the other side. I wrote and asked her whether she had lost anybody called Elise Froehlich, and the answer was that such was the name of her mother-in-law. The latter had died young, while her son was still a child, so Mrs. Froehlich had never known her. Now, though the materialised form could say nothing more than her name, I consider this a very convincing case of spirit return, as no theory of telepathy or subliminal consciousness can give a satisfactory explanation here, and still less so as the medium was sitting wide awake at the side of M. Delanne. Nor could the names have been given by chance, as Elise is rather an uncommon name in France as well as in America; and Froehlich is a German name. I must add that Mrs. Froehlich did not know that we were having a séance that night.

After Elise Froehlich, a masculine figure came out of the cabinet, saying, with a strong, rather hoarse, voice: 'Henri Dusart.' 'That is my father!' exclaimed one of the sitters—Dr. Dusart. The spirit withdrew, but soon came out again and then said: 'What a happiness!' Dr. Dusart asked whether his mother, Adele, was also present, and an affirmative answer was given by raps. Presently another spirit form appeared, whispering 'Adele.' She tried to advance, but

could not, and dropped down. The medium then said that he had seen a little baby with her, and Dr. Dusart answered that he knew who it was.

Mr. Miller now asked that the cabinet should be searched again, which was done by Dr. Dusart and another gentleman, the shade having been removed from the lamp. Then the medium entered the cabinet, and we were requested by 'Betsy' to sing and to join hands. The medium soon fell into a trance, and the manifestations became more powerful.

A little white cloud came out of the top of the cabinet, near the ceiling, floated about before the curtains, and 'sank' slowly to the floor, where it looked like a white muslin ball. But now it quickly grew; and making undulating movements, it increased in height and presently assumed a human form; a man was standing before us, extending his arms, showing his hands and saying, 'Edouard Marchand.' He talked to us for some time, then dematerialised before our eyes, speaking while so doing. We heard his voice as long as we saw the diminishing form, and until there was only something white left on the floor. This also disappeared.

'Betsy' then asked M. Delanne to put the vacant chair which stood beside him, just in front of the cabinet. This he did, and now another spirit materialised outside the curtains and on the chair. I don't know how the white ball came there, I suddenly saw it there; some of the sitters said it had been thrown on to the chair from the cabinet. And now it increased, waving to and fro, like the preceding one, and presently a female figure emerged out of it. Her name was 'Jemina Clarke'; she said she was Scotch, and had been the medium of Wesley. She stepped down on the floor, lifted the chair and placed it farther away from the cabinet; then she retired, saying 'Good-night.'

'Betsy' now told us we need not join hands any more.

Four spirit forms then showed themselves at a time. Some of the sitters said they saw five, but I only could see four. They seemed to slide out of, or through, the curtains, one after the other, placing themselves in a row before the cabinet, and they gave the impression of not being so material and tangible as the preceding spirits; the two that came out last especially looked almost diaphanous. They all had something luminous round their head.

We were again requested to join hands, and presently four luminous spirits appeared once more, one beside the other; this time they seemed to be better materialised and they all gave their names; they were four cabinet controls.

Shortly afterwards two spirits showed themselves together; they seemed to be fully materialised, and they had luminous frontlets. They declared themselves to be Margaret and Leah Fox. Mme. B. says that one of them touched her arm.

Soon afterwards a very beautiful manifestation took place. A female figure of medium size came out of the cabinet. She was 'Mona, Queen of Atlantis,' she said. There was something strikingly noble and impressive in her bearing, and she walked about with a majesty and charm that cannot be described. She spoke English to us first, then retired to the cabinet, and 'Betsy' told us that she would come back and would then speak French, but in order to do that, she had to dematerialise and rematerialise. She soon came out again, and walked about in the room; she came very near my husband and myself, so we saw her better than any of the other spirits. She had a luminous crown on her head, and also a kind of luminous sheet or plastron on her chest which threw some light on her face and figure. She seemed to be finely shaped, and to have a delicate face of a dark shade. My husband, who saw her at less than the distance of an arm's length, says that she had a fine large forehead and very beautiful features. She had a black dress that seemed to fit her body, and over this she wore rich white drapery, which she separated and drew together again in a most graceful manner. Extending her arms her very large sleeves hung down on each side like white wings. She had a long white train, which sometimes seemed to cover the whole, or at least a great part, of the floor, and once a piece of this white stuff separated from the rest as if it had been cut off. Sweeping over it with her train it again joined the latter.

She spoke in a calm, solemn way, and with a sonorous feminine voice. She was 'Mona,' Queen of Atlantis. This island had been swallowed up by the sea because of the great perfection of its inhabitants. 'God Jehovah' had permitted them to come back to him. God had sent her to us, and she prayed that He would grant us in Europe such a good medium as this one, so as to convert Europe. 'May God Jehovah give you the truth, may He bless you.'

After this a few more manifestations took place, but of less importance. However, I will mention that one of the cabinet spirits, Angele Marchand, whom we had already seen several times, and to whose mother, living at San Francisco, we have, at the spirit's request, written a letter about the sittings, came out to the circle, and went close up to M. Delanne, that he might see her face.

In concluding this report I wish, in our own name, as well as in the name of friends present, to heartily thank the medium for the kindness and the entire disinterestedness with which he gave us these wonderful and most convincing séances.

ELLEN LETORT.

I certify the correctness of the above.
Paris.

CHARLES LETORT.

THE ITALIAN MEDIUM POLITI.

Some remarkable physical manifestations obtained at Turin with the medium Politi, of Rome, are described in 'Luce e Ombra' by Captain De Albertis. In the July number he mentions a case in which a table weighing about twenty-four pounds, around which the sitters had formed an unbroken chain, was found to have been carried over their heads. The incident is thus described:—

'The medium, who was firmly held by Cav. Gamarino on the left and by Signor F. on his right, gave the order: "Take your hands away from the table and do not break the chain at any cost!" As we raised our hands we felt the table oscillate. The medium groaned a little, and then heaved a deep sigh of relief, after which all was silence. Then my neighbours and I, still holding each other's hands, tried to place our hands on the table again, but we could not find it. We stretched out our feet, but could not touch it. Then the medium laughed sardonically, and said, "Light!" We turned on the electric light and found that the table had been carried completely over our heads and that of the medium, and deposited by the window, with its legs in the air and its top pressing against the curtains which closed in the window-recess to form a cabinet. The table could only have been turned over when it was in the air above our heads.'

In the August number of 'Luce e Ombra,' Captain De Albertis continues his account of these séances, and describes three occasions on which direct writing was obtained, the medium being afterwards found to have been tied tightly with cord by invisible agency. On the first two occasions the control 'Alfred' wrote his name with pencil on a sheet of paper, the noise of the pencil moving over the paper being heard; but the light was not turned on sufficiently soon afterwards to make sure that the medium had not tied himself, or been tied, after the writing was done.

On the first occasion a cord had been so arranged that when the medium retired into the cabinet it could be drawn across in front of the curtain, so as to show whether he came out again in the darkness. The paper and pencil had been thrown on to the floor by the movements of the table, but the unseen agents found them and replaced them on the table, at the same time writing a signature. On the light being turned up, Politi was found with his feet, hands and arms very tightly tied with the cord which had been stretched across the curtains, and which was found to have been cut into three pieces.

For the second séance a ball of string had been procured, and on inquiry it was learnt that the servant had put it into one of the drawers of a chiffonnier, but could not remember which. The sound of opening and shutting the drawers was then heard, and after the signature had been made on the paper as before, the medium was found to be enveloped in turns of string 'like a Bologna sausage,' and the last knot was

right between his shoulders, in a place which he could not have reached with his hands after the other bindings had been made.

The third trial proved more conclusive, for the moment the sound of writing ceased, and the pencil was thrown down, the light was turned on, when, says Captain De Albertis, 'we found the medium in trance, bound with such a complication of turns and winds and knots as would have taken another person at least five minutes to execute. But if we had to suppose that all this was done by the medium himself, it would have taken him at least fifteen or twenty minutes. Even if Politi bound himself partially and then stretched out his hand to do the writing, finishing the binding afterwards, we can only diminish the time necessary to two minutes, or say one minute. But this one minute cannot be any further reduced, and, as a matter of fact, less than thirty seconds elapsed before the light was turned on.'

The signature given at this last trial was, by request, not that of 'Alfred,' but the name of another control, 'Ernest.' The uncle and mother of 'Ernest' both recognised the handwriting as his, and supported their opinion by producing signatures written during his earth life. The mother has had the spirit signature framed and hung over her bed as a precious memorial.

SPIRIT CONTROL IN INDIA.

'Prabuddha Bharata' for July contains an account, taken from the Lucknow 'Advocate,' but regarded for independent reasons as accurate, of a boy who was suddenly taken ill with fever as the result of a sunstroke. When out of danger, and the fever only slight, though the boy was very weak, he had a series of fits, as they were called, during which he was very violent. One day the nature of the fits changed, and his talk became sensible, though not in his own manner, but like that of a military man, who related his adventures and battles. The boy's friends were convinced that it was a spirit who was speaking, and asked questions. The spirit would not give his name, but said he wanted something to eat for himself and five others; it was to be put down a certain well. The spirit promised to watch over the boy and help him, saying that he loved him, because he believed that the spirit of his old commander was reincarnated in this boy. As soon as the conversation was finished the spirit left, and the boy got up and said that he felt as if a burden had been removed from his head. He had been so weak that he had to be carried about, but now he was as strong as ever and felt very hungry; he went and had a substantial meal.

The sequel is curious: a basket was filled with the specified food and lowered down the well indicated. When it had descended some eight or ten feet, the boy's father 'felt someone snatching the basket; it was so forcibly done that he received a jerk and the basket was gone, leaving a mark of the string on his forefinger.' After midnight a man reported that he had seen the forms of five men pass from the well towards the house; one was a military man having a sword-cut in the forehead. The boy had, before the sunstroke, several times seen a similar figure, which saluted him, but he thought it was one of the soldiers.

The spirit (presumably that of the military man described) controlled the boy again from time to time, and on one occasion, as the boy's father expressed disgust with the place because there were so many sick people, the spirit said that they would all be well by the next day; the next morning all were up, and no one felt sick. At times the spirit asked for money, which disappeared when placed under the tree in front of the house. The doctor, who first questioned the controlling spirit which spoke through the boy, said that he had never seen a case which appeared more like one of 'possession.' Certain things which happened in his presence absolutely startled him and he was unable to offer any explanation of them. The curious thing is that, even when the boy's father and attendants recognised the character of the control, they were in constant terror lest this spirit should injure the boy, and would hardly trust any promise to the contrary. One would like to know why the six spirits wanted a rupee each, and what they would do with the money!

WORK: A MEANS OR AN END?

The late Herbert Spencer, in his autobiography, gave to the world a revelation of himself which is full of interest. Richard Arthur, writing in a recent issue of 'Mind,' says: 'He was hardly at all what one somehow supposed him to have been. He was no dry-as-dust savant and ascetic, and one is repeatedly struck in reading his account of himself by his humanness.'

When Herbert Spencer visited New York, he took the opportunity to criticise American life as characterised by over-devotion to work. He says: 'The thesis on which I enlarged was that life is not for learning nor is life for working, but learning and working are for life.' His conviction that enjoyment is a prime duty is set forth in other passages. Here is one:—

'By far the most serious as well as the most general, error which results from not deliberately asking which are means and which are ends, and contemplating their respective worths, we see in the current ideas about the relation between life and work. Here, so profound is the confusion of thought which has, by a combination of causes, been produced, that the means is mistaken for the end, and the end is mistaken for the means. "Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work," is a Scriptural injunction which, in the most unmistakable way, implies that work is the end and life the means. But the whole thing is a superstition. Life is not for work, but work is for life; and very often work, when it is carried to the extent of undermining life, or unduly absorbing life, is not praiseworthy but blameworthy. The progress of mankind is, under one aspect, a means of liberating more and more life from mere toil and leaving more and more life available for relaxation—for pleasurable culture, for æsthetic gratification, for travels, for games.'

Alluding to the disposition of some of his friends to lead a too exclusively intellectual life, he says:—

'It is a great mistake for adults, and especially adults who work their brains much, to give up sports and games. The maxim on which I have acted, and the maxim which I have often commended to my friends is: "Be a boy as long as you can." He repeatedly urges the cultivation of the pleasurable emotions. Speaking of his enjoyment of the game of billiards, he says: "Those who confess to billiard-playing commonly make some kind of excuse. Change of occupation is needful, they say; or it is alleged that the game entails a certain amount of beneficial exercise. It suffices for me that I like billiards, and the attainment of the pleasure given I regard as a sufficient motive. I have for a long time deliberately set my face against that asceticism which makes it an offence to do a thing for the pleasure of doing it; and have habitually contended that, so long as no injury is inflicted on others, nor any ulterior injury on self, and so long as the various duties of life have been discharged, the pursuit of pleasure for its own sake is perfectly legitimate and requires no apology."

This view, which seems to us to be healthy and sane, will be strongly controverted by those who take pleasure in other directions, and who regard it as sinful to waste time in what they call 'idle enjoyments,' and also by the advocates of the 'strenuous life'; but, it may be suggested, the most pressing problem of the day would be largely solved if, instead of exacting long hours of toil from the workers, as is now the custom, our capitalists saw to it that 'labour-saving' inventions really saved the working classes from arduous and long-continued labour—so that the benefits of such inventions accrued to the workers in shorter hours at a better rate of wages, and the employment of more rather than fewer 'hands,' because of the increased productiveness of their labour when allied to machinery. Not only would there then be more people earning their livelihood, but there would be shorter hours for the workers, who would thus have more leisure for self-cultivation—that is, as Herbert Spencer put it, for 'pleasurable culture, for æsthetic gratification, for travels, and for games.' And who shall say that the world would not profit by such an alteration in the social conditions of the people! Surely the result would be that a healthier, happier, and a wiser and more spiritual civilisation would speedily be achieved, for if men and women were less worn with heavy work (in which they engaged solely to secure the means of subsistence) and had more time for thought, for rational relaxation and

pleasure, more attention would be given to those things which go to make life worth the living—health of body and mind, happy homes, and temperate enjoyment of the pleasures of social life. 'Work for work's sake' has fastened the chains of 'wage slavery' about us, and has driven too many into the abyss of unemployment, poverty, and despair! Surely we might try to make 'learning and working' agencies to secure the well-being and happiness of all!

PRESENT ETERNITY.

The true and false uses of the conception of Eternity are well set forth in an article by 'Truthseeker' in 'The Light of Reason' for August. The old use of the word by theologians and ecclesiastics as 'a kind of whip to urge their hearers and devotees to accept their ideal of the religious life,' and to 'flee from the wrath to come,' was an appeal to fear, and does not lead to the best kind of human virtue, the writer tells us, although he admits that it may have 'had an influence on a certain type of mind, and produced effects which survive to this day in better morals and cleaner lives.' On the other hand, continues the writer:—

'The value of the great idea of Eternity lies, not in raising our fears, but in calming us by the high thought that every moment in every life, and every moment in every world, is but part of the great stupendous whole wherein the Power and Wisdom and Love Eternal live and act. The fact that we are now in Eternity, that we bear in our souls the impress of all past ages, and belong in a very real sense to all the ages to come, should make us more and more alive to the work of soul-development and purification. . . The thought that we form part of the wisely planned eternal scheme of things, instead of filling us with terror and causing us to shrink in fear and dread from the mystery of the unknown future, should rather fill us with an unquenchable hope that everything that men at their best have dreamed or prophesied is destined to be fulfilled, and that the years will unroll the scroll of goodness and truth and love beyond our utmost imaginings.

'We inherit the wisdom of the wise in all past ages. We look forward to the unknown future, and expect, as Jesus did, still greater things to be done, and more wisdom to become a common possession. We practically inhabit Eternity, and it has been well said by a German philosopher, "The eternal is the present: in every valuable moment, in every ray of sunshine, in the striving which takes 'Excelsior' as its motto." To live eternal life in the midst of time—this is the true immortality, whether or not there is any other immortality.'

But there is also another view of Eternity than as being something of which time is a part or a section. It is an idea of existence unconditioned by time, so that in our actions here we are only exhibiting, on the lantern-screen of material conditions, truths which exist unchangingly, though we may not at all times have sight of them. We live on the plane or planes on which we exercise powers of perception and response; if we perceive and act to any extent whatever on the plane of eternal truth, we are to that extent living, now and in this world, the unconditioned life, the life of Eternity.

KNOWLEDGE.

'Would you believe in Presences Unseen—
In life beyond this earthly life? Be still:
Be stiller yet; and listen. Set the screen
Of silence as the portal of your will.
Relax, and let the world go by unheard.
And seal your lips with some all-sacred word,

'Breathe "God," in any tongue—it means the same;
Love Absolute: Think, feel, absorb the thought;
Shut out all else; until a subtle flame
(A spark from God's creative centre caught)
Shall permeate your being, and shall glow,
Increasing in its splendour, till, You Know.

'Not in a moment, or an hour, or day
The knowledge comes; the power is far too great,
To win in any desultory way;
No soul is worthy till it learns to wait.
Day after day be patient, then, oh, soul;
Month after month—till, lo! the goal! the goal!

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, in the 'Nautilus.'

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THE INBREATHING OF GOD.

If there is, in any sense, a God, He must be a revealing God. A creator must necessarily be a revealer. That is a sound and inevitable conclusion, but the conclusion is spoiled when it ends in the inference that God has revealed Himself in a Book only: for, surely, in any case, a creation must be a better revelation than a volume; and a human soul must be a better medium than a written word. But it may be said that creation as we know it is violently contradictory, that it has produced the tiger as well as the lamb, the tornado as well as the gentle summer morning breeze. This is true, but what about the Book? A faithful study of that brings out the fact that all the contradictions of Nature are reproduced in it. Nature reports of God that He seems arbitrary, callous, cruel: and the Book reports precisely the same. The tiger and the lamb are to be found in the lxviii. and the xxiii. Psalms, and the tornado and the summer morning breeze are to be found in Numbers xvi. and xxxi. and Matt. v. But if we begin to cite proof there would be no end to it.

The real truth is that we are all standing before an indescribable Mystery which appears to be expressing itself under limitations, inevitable or, for some reason, self-imposed. What we call the 'unconscious' things of Nature express that Mystery according to their substance and structure, while the conscious creatures express it according to their varying grades of development, with intention or without: and what seems true about Human Nature is this,—that there is implanted or born within it a consciousness of some surrounding Presence, unseen but powerful and knowing, and a sense of dependence which moves it to go in search of this mysterious Presence, and to treat it. That is probably the whole of it, so far as inspiration or revelation is concerned, and this is akin to the mysterious bias which is born in the unconscious things of Nature and which determines the development of species and all the wonders of Evolution which, let the strict Darwinians say what they will, exhibit indications of intention behind them, and the presence of bias and impulses in given directions. So that there is inspiration of growth as well as of thought.

It comes to this, then, that revelation is directed discovery, and that inspiration is impulse, not disclosure; a

movement from within, not information from without. This at once unifies and explains all books of 'Holy Writ' and all religions. All are records or symbols of natural search, not depositories of supernatural communications. This makes all the contradictions of the Bible interesting and valuable, instead of confusing and distressing. Every line of it came from the anxious mind and heart of man in its search for Truth and God, and, thus understood, we should not wish one blot away.

In answer to this we are often reminded of the saying (Job xxxii. 8) that 'the inspiration' (or *breath*, as the Revised Version has it) 'of the Almighty giveth man understanding.' But that is not the whole of the verse, the beginning of which is, 'There is a spirit in man,' and then it goes on to say that the breath of God gives him understanding. Thus this very passage bears out our version of inspiration, that it is but the vitalising breath of the inspirer which man receives, just as it is the breath of the creator which the plants receive, and one becomes henbane and another wheat. Each, according to its kind, is quickened by that breath, and manifests its quality on its own plane. It is precisely so with the human receivers of the breath. The writer of the 23rd Psalm discoursed of the shepherd-God who made him to lie down in green pastures, and led him by the still waters: and the writer of the 68th Psalm made God promise His fighting men that they should dip their foot in the blood of their enemies, and the tongue of their dogs in the same. In a sense, they were both inspired. That is to say, both spirits received the vitalising breath, just as do henbane and wheat, and both were animated according to their kind. It is a mystery, but it is true. It is open to us to ask, Why does not God inspire us only to the right and good? but that opens up a large question. Perhaps He wants to develop men and women, and not to construct automata: or perhaps He does His best with the material: or perchance there are reasons for growing henbane and wheat.

The huge consoling thought is that Evolution means advance, and that, in proportion as man learns to co-operate with God, the advance is secured. Perhaps that is the whole of the explanation. It looks like it. God is evolving co-operators, not creating automata; and it is highly probable that the process requires struggle and all the confusions, discernings and discriminations of the upward march from Psalm 68 to Psalm 23, and from the Book of Numbers to the Gospel according to Matthew; yes, and from henbane to wheat. Even weeds may be educational and disciplinary.

This view has at all events the enormous advantage of restoring God fully to the Human Race. It suggests that revelation is not at an end, that inspiration has not ceased. It puts the spirit of man where it ought to have always been—on the throne, facing the sun, and the recipient of its direct rays. It makes Religion a purely spiritual matter, not at all depending on ancient books and venerable traditions and stored-up hearsays, but a matter of present insight and feeling, depending upon experience and aspiration, knowledge and love. It gives to living Man a living God, and to a living God a living Man. It explains the past, illumines the present, and gives us boundless hope for the future. It is the key to the history and the march of Man.

TRUE HEROISM.—To stand with a smile upon your face against a stake from which you cannot get away—that, no doubt, is heroic. But the true glory is resignation to the inevitable. To stand unchained, with perfect liberty to go away, held only by the higher claims of duty, and let the fire creep up to the heart—this is heroism.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

BE STILL.

Every season of Nature has a special word to utter; a great, simple word which predominates over the thousand undertones of her many voices. Autumn speaks of Transition; Winter of Endurance; Spring trumpets forth the word Life; and summer whispers 'Be Still.' It is the one moment of the year when Nature seems (it is only in seeming) to deny her own law of continual movement, and actually to stand still. The trees, full-foliaged, have not yet loosened the bonds that hold to them the leaves which they brought forth in hope, in the winds and sunshine of Spring; the corn stands waiting, not yet laid low by the reaper; the birds have by common consent hushed their songs; in the fields the clover-heads stand with full cluster, and the dandelion clocks, perfectly rounded, tempt the happy children to clutch and blow.

For once, too, even in big cities, men and women have agreed to conform themselves to Nature, and to treat this Summer month as it should be treated, that is, as the holiday season. Not all, alas! For the abnormal conditions of a world seeking for the wrong things in wrong ways, hold many toilers at the loom and desk who might also be making holiday if simpler tasks and truer aims prevailed to make mankind happy and good.

The ideal for a winter holiday is social. The ideal for a summer holiday is rather that of solitude or the congenial companionship which enhances the quiet of the soul, and which enables it to listen the better to Nature's word, 'Be Still.'

We are too much in love with speech in the great world of to-day. We need again to remember the witness borne by the hermits of the earlier ages. Not that we need imitate them literally, by withdrawing ourselves wholly for lonely contemplation, far away from the paths of our fellow men; but we need to remember the lesson they taught of the blessedness of occasional periods of such withdrawal, the value of silence, the imperative need to 'be still.' Not once in the year will suffice for this recuperative stillness. Every week there should be the possibility of such rest for every soul of man. We welcome the united effort now being made by Christian churches of all denominations, in combination with Labour leaders, to secure for our race the weekly day of rest. It is a healthy sign. It shows, we may hope, that the rush of life has begun to work its own cure.

It was lately stated in the papers that 'society ladies' had started a week's 'retreat,' during which they had enjoined upon themselves a rule of silence, except for a couple of hours out of the four and twenty. If this becomes a fashion, as 'slumming' did for a time, it may not be very long-lasting, but as far as it goes it will be healthy, and we wish that it may last longer than fashions are wont to do. Even a weekly rest, however, is not sufficient. There ought to be, in every day, a leisure hour or half hour, by preference in the early morning, when the mind can reap the benefit of a rested body, and can lay itself open to the influences of a higher world before the work of the day begins.

Abnormal conditions again render it impossible for every one to secure this hour or half hour in the morning; but there are thousands who might do so, and who never make the attempt. They do not know what they lose, or what fragrance, what refreshment, what peace are stored for man in the morning hours, when even the city is less fretful in its stir, less heated in its pursuit of business. The loss of this stillness is one for which there is no compensation. It is worth while to shorten the hours of sleep, worth while to compel the laggard will to rise in order to create a habit by which this morning peace may be

secured. For in that quiet hour the soul can readjust the values of things and form truer estimates of life; so that it may the more readily distinguish, in the day that follows, those things that really matter from those things that do not, and may break a little further through the crust of circumstance that hides realities, and catch at least occasional glimpses of the spiritual significance of events.

Mr. W. B. Yeats says, in his suggestive and poetical essay on 'Magic':—

'I must write, or be of no account to any cause, good or evil; I must commit what merchandise of wisdom I have to this ship of written speech. . . We who write, we who bear witness, must often hear our hearts cry out against us, complaining because of their hidden things, and I know not but he who speaks of wisdom may not sometimes in the change that is coming upon the world have to fear the anger of the people of *Faery*, whose country is the heart of the world—the Land of the Living Heart.'

Anyone who dares to speak in praise of silence must thus misdoubt himself. For to 'the people of the *Faery*' belongeth the land of silence, and their vengeance is to be feared by all who dare to boast of its treasures; these are reserved only for those who enter into the land as little children, to listen, to learn, and to obey.

MR. BEIT'S SUB-CONSCIOUS MEMORY.

According to Mr. Stead, in the 'Review of Reviews' for August, Mr. Alfred Beit, of South African fame, would have been an interesting psychological study to those who maintain that every event occurring within the range of our perceptions, whether consciously observed or not, is recorded in the sub-conscious memory. Mr. Stead says, in the course of a 'character sketch' of Mr. Beit:—

'He was a man of refinement, sensitive as a woman, with the taste of an artist and the enthusiasm of a political visionary. The inner soul of him was highly developed; the higher senses of the Ego imprisoned in flesh were marvellously developed; his power of intuition amounted almost to divination. His conscious mind seemed capable of reading every inscription made by the unconscious mind upon the tablets of memory. Mr. Rhodes and his other friends relied upon him as a universal *index rerum*. He remembered everything, he forgot nothing.'

'I remember once differing from Mr. Beit as to the contents of a letter which was in my possession and was of vital importance to me. I had once showed it to Mr. Beit, and then filed it away. Years after we recalled the letter. He quoted its contents, I thought incorrectly. When reference was made to the letter in my pigeon-holes, Mr. Beit was proved to have remembered its contents better than I whom they solely concerned.'

Mr. Stead reprints the story, which has been in all the papers, about waking up Mr. Beit to ask what Rhodes had done with an agreement which had been signed the evening before. Mr. Beit turned round sleepily in his bed and said: 'It is in his left-hand waistcoat pocket; he took his waistcoat off because he felt too hot, and threw it under the sofa.' The waistcoat was found, and there, in the left-hand pocket, was the missing document. Mr. Stead continues:—

'Nor was it only in remembering things that Mr. Beit was phenomenal. He had a gift of diving to the heart of things, of tearing out the soul of a report, that was almost uncanny. At times it seemed almost a kind of clairvoyance. In judging human beings, he seemed to have a kind of sixth sense.'

It would seem from the above as though Mr. Beit were a psychometrist rather than a clairvoyant, with an unnamed gift for sensing character from the psychic emanations or 'auras' of those with whom he came into contact.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.—The Members, Associates and friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance will be pleased to learn that the coming session will be opened on Thursday, October 4th, with a *Conversazione*, which will be held in the Throne Room, at the Holborn Restaurant, when music and refreshments will be provided, and an enjoyable evening may be anticipated. Further particulars will appear in the next issue of 'LIGHT.'

PROFESSOR RAY LANKESTER AND TELEPATHY.

SPIRITUALISM ALONE EXPLAINS.

It is a continual surprise—though, perhaps, experience ought to have familiarised us with the fact—to find how very unscientific a scientific man can be when he ventures out of his own particular line of inquiry. One would think that the training of an eminent man of science, in whatever department his labours happen to be, would at least prevent him from being dogmatic about what he has not investigated; for the very root of science is the demand for evidence before an opinion of any kind is formed, either for or against the reality of any alleged fact. The scientist, *qua* scientist, ought to have no *a priori* convictions, but should ground his beliefs on facts; yet it must regretfully be confessed that eminent scientific men occasionally blaspheme against their own principles by showing a most theologian-like dogmatism in support of which they can urge none but *a priori* considerations.

The latest important example of this tendency occurs in the recent presidential address of Professor Ray Lankester before the British Association. We are of course aware of the views held by Professor Lankester on such matters as the alleged phenomena of the late Dr. Slade; but it is rather surprising to find that his opinion on 'thought transference' is equally strong, equally negative, and, in my view, much more mistaken. The professor remarks that the new facts of wireless telegraphy do not 'lend any new support to the notion that the old-time beliefs of thought transference and second sight are more than illusions based on incomplete observation and imperfect reasoning. For the important factors in such human intercourse—viz., a signalling instrument and a code of signals—have not been discovered, as yet, in the structure of the human body. . . . Apparently, then, Professor Lankester will not believe in telepathy until he finds out *how it works*, until he discovers the mechanism of the transmission. If he carried out this principle in other matters—insisting on understanding a process before giving credence to evidence for a fact—he might perceive the absurdity of applying it in this particular case. For he would have to maintain that he could not see anything without first understanding the structure of retina and optic nerves; that he could not hear without full knowledge of the auditory mechanism; that he could not believe in the fact of being knocked down until he understood the electrical and molecular changes in the brain and fist of the man who did it! *Facts* come first, then process and mechanism. The facts may be fully evidenced and rendered completely credible, long before we arrive at any conception of how they come about; indeed, this is precisely the order in which scientific discoveries are made. The facts observed by Galvani—and for believing which he got well laughed at—were that his frogs' legs twitched without apparent cause; the mechanism—i.e., *why* they twitched, the *law* of the process—is not fully understood even yet. To demand full knowledge of a process, before believing well-evidenced facts, is not only unscientific but even obviously silly; and it is rather discouraging to find that a president of the British Association can be so sentimentally biassed against unpleasant facts as to allow himself to make such a hasty and ill-considered dictum.

After remarks of this kind concerning telepathy—of the reality of which few, if any, real investigators have any doubt—we naturally expect that we shall 'catch it hot' when the learned professor gets to the more debatable questions of messages and apparitions generated by spirits on the other side of death; and it is with some relief that we find ourselves being let off easily with a mere reference to 'enthusiasts' who 'have been eagerly collecting ghost stories and records of human illusion and fancy.' Let us be thankful for small mercies; thankful on our own behalf that we have escaped a severer castigation, and thankful on behalf of Professor Lankester himself that he was mercifully restrained from making attacks for which, if he studies the subject and learns, as we hope he will, he might afterwards have been sorry.

Finally, it is a pleasure to note the appreciative remarks about the work of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, though his connection with Spiritualism and psychical research is of course ignored. To scientists like Professor Lankester a man is apparently an authority only in so far as his conclusions happen to harmonise with their own.

ARTHUR HILL.

The 'Revue Spirite' for August contains the conclusion of an article by Professor Moutonnier, of Nice, entitled, 'A critical examination of the most important psychical phenomena and of the various theories proposed.' In this number Professor Moutonnier specially refers to spirit photography and multiple personality as exhibiting features which cannot be accounted for by the theory of the 'subliminal self.' Not even by the hypothesis of reincarnation can it be explained why an entranced medium should give signs of a degree of education, or even of special knowledge, far superior to that possessed by the same person in the normal state. The Professor shows this in the following way:—

'Some people will say that all such knowledge has been acquired during previous lives, and remains dormant in the sub-consciousness of the subject, and that, under the influence of hypnotism, it is aroused and comes to light. But of what use is all this knowledge to the medium if he cannot employ it for his own advantage, or the good of others, during his waking life? God has made nothing without a purpose, and cannot have willed that a spirit which had raised itself to a high degree of attainment, through various phases of evolution, should incarnate and live upon earth without the chance of making use of its intellectual faculties. Whichever way we look at the question, there is no argument so powerful and convincing as that of Spiritualism.'

Certainly it is not likely that Socrates would reincarnate in a servant girl on the off-chance that someone might hypnotise the girl and find Socrates underneath!

In summing up his conclusions, Professor Moutonnier says:—

'We stated at the commencement that men of science agree that the hypothesis should be considered as the true one which best fulfils certain conditions, namely: (1) That it explains the greatest number of facts; (2) that it is not controverted by any fact; (3) that it is the simplest and most obvious; (4) that it is applicable to newly-discovered facts as they arise, without requiring to be specially modified in order to explain them.'

'We have passed in review the three hypotheses most dominant at present in the opinion of scientific men, namely, telepathy, the subliminal self (or the sub-consciousness) and clairvoyance. We Spiritualists admit that these theories may explain certain physiological phenomena, but we claim that they are powerless to account for all the facts attested by men whose perfect integrity cannot be doubted, and that Spiritualism alone is able to explain them. We are therefore justified in saying that the Spiritualist theory is the only one which solves all the psychological problems of ancient and modern times, and that it is no longer a hypothesis, but a real, immense and vitally important truth.'

AN IMPRESSION OBEYED.

The correspondence department of the 'Nautilus,' conducted by Elizabeth Towne, is headed 'Things that make for success.' One of the letters printed in the August number tells a pretty story illustrative of obedience as one of the most valuable factors that 'make for success.' The writer had heard from a friend that he had made arrangements for her to have a certain article at half-price, provided she sent the money at once. She went to the post-office, and, rejecting disdainfully a suggestion which came to her at the moment, she went to the money order room, but found she had not got the name and address of the firm who supplied the article. Then, she says:—

'Again the message which had been given to me as I entered returned to me: "Inquire for a letter." But what nonsense! All letters came to my house and I had not a moment to waste. No, the only thing to do was to telephone to my friend, find out the address, and confess myself an utterly stupid creature. I started to find the nearest telephone, and for the third time came, sharp, clear, and distinct, "Inquire for a letter."

'I have learned to obey, even if I do object sometimes, so with a groan of disgust I flung myself into line at the inquiry window and when my turn came I asked for a letter in a very cross way. One letter was given me, in an envelope which looked familiar. The desired address was within; it was from the firm in question, who had made an error in my address, and the letter had lain there for a week. My money order was secured, and I left the building vowing never to be rebellious again!

CONCERNING DREAMS AND APPARITIONS.

As what is called the 'silly season' has come round again the newspapers are once more filling their columns with letters from correspondents, and, as usual of late, are turning to subjects with which Spiritualists are familiar. Thus the 'Daily Telegraph,' since the 11th inst., has printed a host of letters under the heading 'Sleep and Dreams.' Perhaps the most conspicuous feature of these letters is the materialistic bias of a number of the contributors. One who signs himself 'Wandering Joseph' and writes from Dulwich, relates the following curious experiences and asks for help in the solution of what he calls 'a great life-long riddle':—

'For many years I spent an uneventful time in a city office, with its horizon limited to the neighbouring streets. I never travelled—year in and year out I was chained to the desk. Yet night after night I visited in my dreams unknown lands—lands which I had never even read about—cities of domes and minarets, cities of brick and stone with very lofty buildings, and towns with pleasant frontages of foreign aspect.

'Leisure coming later in life, with the means to enjoy it, I resolved to travel. Now, mark my words. I have gone nowhere with any sense of novelty or surprise. I have been as much at home in Paris as I have been in New York, and I have found at the first view familiar corners in Holland, Germany, France, Spain, and even in Morocco. A curious sense has oppressed me upon setting foot in a strange city: "Why, I have been here before!" This sense has grown upon me; it has become almost an instinct; I can find my way about a place in the dark without consulting guide or plan, and I scorn to ask the way. All that I need is to make a preliminary circle, as a homing pigeon does, and discover some landmark which I know, that is, which I have seen before in my dreams.

'Now, here is another strange thing. I retain the habit of visiting places in my sleep which I have never seen, and I have fallen into the way of taking long dream-sleeps in the daytime, which are given up to the pleasantest excursions, except that I wake terribly fatigued. It is a strange thing, that although I vividly dream of places, yet I never picture in my sleep faces of the people I meet there. Yet, when, as usually happens, my journeyings, sooner or later, actually take me to the town I have seen in my visions only, it never fails to occur that some person, an utter stranger, says to me, "Oh, I have seen you before; I know you perfectly by sight." Mistaken identity, of course, but it mystifies me. . . . What will happen when I get to the eternal city I don't know—I do not refer to Rome or to any heavenly abode. I mean that great white city with its marble palaces and flights of steps, blazing under a fierce sun, which I have at irregular intervals marvelled at in my dreams ever since I was a boy. I must have gone to this city in sleep every year for forty years, and I always come back from the trip refreshed; yet I have never viewed it in the body. I do not find it in any picture postcard, and, of course, I do not know its name or location, or some tourist agency would have booked me there long ago. I suppose I shall find the mysterious city some day, and I expect that a lot of acquaintances will claim me, and I shall have to disown them. This is the riddle which I spoke of. Is it solvable?'

Another correspondent, who inappropriately signs himself 'Inquirer,' seems to know all about it. He defines sleep as 'death in all save that the body is alive. The mind, the real being, is dead, the soul is—where?' He denies that during dreams the soul flies off and seeks and receives new strength; this, he says, 'is not so. Dreams are merely the unconscious working of the healthy brain. . . . Dreams only occur in moments of semi-consciousness, before sleeping or just previous to awakening. . . . Sometimes the brain will retrieve from its stores,' &c. What a wonderful brain! Evidently 'Inquirer' had better dive a little deeper; he will not then be quite so sure. 'A Dreamer,' on the other hand, says:—

'In dreams I can and do meet those I love, separated by distance or death, and can renew again the exquisite bliss of other days. So likewise they "understand" who never understood before. . . . For me there hides no ghastly fear in dreams. I "will," with a quiet mind, for the dreams that may come are but the shadows which go before of the realities which will meet me when sleep and death are no more.'

The 'Daily Mail,' on the 17th inst., published an article, by Mr. J. Compton Rickett, M.P., on 'The Origin of Apparitions,' in which the writer contends that 'visions are subjective in their appeal to human consciousness. Whatever

may be the objective reality which lies beyond, we ourselves provide the form and colour of the revelation itself. . . . In plain words, spiritual forces find well-worn channels by which to approach us.' It is difficult to determine what the phrase 'spiritual forces' means, as used by Mr. Rickett. Does he mean spirits? They are the only 'forces' which can 'approach us' and 'appeal to our consciousness.' Mr. Rickett favours the idea that 'the subconscious influence of one mind upon another still in life, or at the moment of passing out of present existence, without calling in spiritual phenomena' (surely he means spirit people!) 'to account for the circumstances, will explain a large number of the stories of apparitional appearances.' Perhaps it will; but what of the residue which that theory will not explain, and which indicate purpose on the part of incarnate persons? That is the real crux of the inquiry, and Mr. Rickett himself relates incidents which, in our opinion, are outside the explanatory theory which he propounds, as, for instance, that of the churchwarden, 'of excellent character' who was 'awakened for nights in succession by unseen hands which had seized the bed-clothing and thrown it violently to the floor'; as also the story of his relative, and later two children, who saw 'a little old man in eighteenth century dress sitting in front of the fire place.' It is hardly conceivable that the subconsciousness of the two children, as well as that of Mr. Rickett's mature relative, would have conjured up exactly the same subjective appearance, and it seems far more probable that there was a spiritual objective reality which was seen by all three.

The article in the 'Daily Mail' was called out by a statement made by Mr. Rickett, in an address which he had given a few days earlier at Seaford, to the effect that:—

'A gentleman, whose son was attached to the British forces in South Africa as doctor during the Boer War, paid a visit to two of his sisters. They remarked that they were glad his son had returned home. On the father replying that his son was still in South Africa, they exclaimed that they had seen him looking through the glass panel of the door of the corridor about six p.m., just before the father's arrival. The father returned to London, and next morning made inquiries at the War Office. He was told that information had just been received that his son had died the previous evening from enteric fever, the hour of death being six p.m. English time.'

Some writers regard this as 'a coincidence,' but there are far too many experiences of this kind on record to render the use of that word applicable. Besides, what is a coincidence? It explains nothing—it is only saying that the two circumstances coincided. The point is, *why* did they occur almost or quite simultaneously?

A SEANCE IN A HAUNTED HOUSE.

A remarkably good test of spirit return and identity was recently given through the mediumship of Mr. W. E. Walker, of Ponder's End, a well-known worker in the cause of Spiritualism for thirty years past.

Mr. Walker, without being informed of the character of the circle he had undertaken to conduct, was invited to a 'haunted' house in the East End of London, where a young man, who had suddenly passed out of his body, continued to manifest his presence in various ways, much to the consternation of the new occupants, who are not Spiritualists.

The circle consisted of friends of the deceased, and was entirely sympathetic. The medium was immediately controlled by one of his guides, who informed those present that their commendable purpose was known to the spirit helpers of the medium, who would endeavour to give to the distressed one the relief which they desired for him. The spirit guide, fully controlling the medium, then accurately 'diagnosed' the malady from which the young man had suddenly passed away, and alluded to circumstances and details connected therewith, quite outside the normal knowledge of the medium himself. The guide further intimated that the spirit helpers would assist the distressed one to control the medium as a means of better enabling him to realise his true position.

After a little while the medium was controlled by the deceased, and the painful but necessary demonstration of his

'passing on' was so faithfully impersonated by and through the medium that some present felt a real concern for the person of the medium himself, who by this time appeared as much exhausted as if actually dying.

The distressed returning spirit, as soon as he was enabled to articulate through the medium, spoke a few words to express his relief. He then addressed himself particularly to the one who had been his own intimate and inseparable companion. He called him by his Christian name, and caused the medium to clasp him in an affectionate embrace in a manner familiar to him. Whilst thus embracing his friend he made the medium ejaculate: 'Toll them, toll her I am not dead, no, not dead!' This was followed by other expressions signifying that he now began to realise that he had entered on a new phase of existence. After bidding us an affectionate farewell and thanking us many times he ceased to control the medium, who then passed under the influence of his guide, who assured us that our young friend was in good hands and would, from now onward, make progress, and that he would return again if we provided the proper conditions. To the intimate friend of the spirit the guide described exactly the feeling of depression and melancholy which had for so long possessed him, owing (as he had been informed previously by a clairvoyant) to the frequent spirit presence of his unfortunate companion.

Altogether, our experience at this séance afforded us a very satisfactory and convincing test of the real presence of the spirit and of his identity, although the gaining of any test for ourselves was not our primary object. As the one who arranged the circle in question, I am in a position to say that none of the circumstances preceding our sitting were known to the medium.

I have only to add (and this is a very important feature of the case) that the 'hauntings' complained of have now ceased, and the young man's friend on this side has been relieved of the depression reflected upon him from his spirit companion.

H. G. SWIFT.

TRANSITION OF JOHN THOMAS JONES.

I regret to record the passing to spirit life of John Thomas Jones, of Merthyr, known in bardic circles as 'Shon O'Ferthyr.' On Friday evening, the 17th inst., he spent some time with the president of our society, seemingly in good health, but on Saturday, about 3.30 a.m., he was taken very ill, and an hour later he passed peacefully away. Strange to say, on retiring, Mr. Jones stated that that night would be his last in the body.

More than thirty years ago the late Mr. W. Wallace, of London, held some séances in Merthyr, which resulted in the formation of a circle, with Mr. Wm. Scott (now of Cardiff) as the leader. When Mr. J. T. Jones was brought in he was soon under control, and for over twenty years, with scarcely a break, he was the medium, and almost all phases of phenomena occurred through him, including automatic writing, physical manifestations, direct voices, direct writing, and foreign languages were spoken and written through him very fluently. In one case a Greek message was written which was verified through the efforts of Mr. Scott.

I should like to mention one incident which, to my mind, was a conclusive proof of an unseen power. One evening a gentleman was present who had spent some time at sea, and the spirit friends asked him to tie the medium to a chair. He did so, and shortly afterwards both medium and chair were carried and placed on the table, which was in the centre of the room, without the sitters unliking hands. The passage of matter through matter was a frequent occurrence in these sittings.

Out of this circle sprang the present Merthyr Spiritualist Society, which, I am pleased to say, is in a sound condition. On Sunday evening, at the public service, a vote of sympathy with the bereaved family was passed, every person present standing in silence. Mr. Jones was not a public worker, but his genial face will be much missed. His many friends pray that God and His Holy Angels will bless and comfort his children and all who mourn his loss.

T. E. D.

SATISFACTORY INTERVIEWS WITH CLAIRVOYANTS.

In reply to your request, I beg to submit particulars of three most satisfactory corroborative interviews which I have recently had with clairvoyants who are well known to readers of 'Light,' and I am glad to be able to bear testimony to the genuineness of the intelligence communicated to me in each case. I had the misfortune to lose my father a fortnight ago, and the day after the funeral I sought out Mr. Ronald Brailey, whose guide, 'Kalulu,' gave me not only a minute description of the deceased, but touched upon several vital points connected with his affairs, particularly with regard to a document which had been destroyed, and about which the spirit seemed somewhat concerned. The medium was then controlled by my father himself, the manner of the control and the nature of the communication leaving no doubt in my mind as to the identity.

The same afternoon I visited 'Clairibelle,' with almost the same result in detail, the said document being again referred to, and several other matters being dealt with that closely concerned the deceased and myself. My father also controlled the medium, who informed me that she had never before experienced a direct control by a friend accompanying the visitor, being always controlled by her guides. This exception, the medium told me, was allowed in my case because of an understanding existing between my father and myself before his decease that the first to pass over should, if possible, endeavour to get into communication with the other. The nature of the communication was almost identical with that given through Mr. Brailey.

On the following Friday (August 10th) I visited Mr. J. J. Vango, and can only say that his guide ('Sunflower') corroborated all that the previous mediums had told me, without the slightest suggestion or statement of any kind on my part, the missing document in question being the prominent feature. Two other matters were also dealt with by Mr. Vango's guide—one with regard to a diamond ring, and the other a photograph, which had figured prominently in our domestic happenings since my father passed away.

The most striking feature of the whole matter is the fact that all of these three mediums went directly to the points most nearly concerning the deceased and his affairs, and all of them touched on certain private and delicate matters which could not by any possibility have been known to anyone outside our domestic circle, and the advice given by the guide of one medium agreed in all respects with that of the other two.

I may say, in conclusion, that neither Mr. Brailey, 'Clairibelle,' nor Mr. Vango had ever seen or heard of me before, and the prompt and ready manner in which they at once dived into the privacy of things concerning my late father, myself, and our home, is a striking test of the continuity of life in 'the Great Beyond.'

CHARLES BRAMLEY.

Thorsdone, Buckhurst Hill.

A WISE WOMAN.

The attitude we assume towards ourselves and others very largely determines what we get out of life, for the world is, in the main, ready to pay us back in our own coin, so that to get we have first to give. This fact is clearly exemplified in the following little story which is told by a writer in the 'Message of Life.'

A woman who, although she had snowy hair and was eighty years old, never impressed people with the idea of age, for she was young in sympathy and interest, was asked how she had managed to keep her youthfulness so wonderfully, and in answer to that question she said:—

'I knew how to forget disagreeable things. I tried to master the art of saying pleasant things. I did not expect too much of my friends. I kept my nerves well in hand, and did not allow them to bore other people. I tried to find any work that came to hand congenial.'

'I retained the illusion of youth, and did not believe "every man a liar" and every woman spiteful. I did my best to relieve the misery I came in contact with, and sympathised with the suffering. In fact, I tried to do by others as I would be done by, and you see me, in consequence, reaping the fruits of happiness and a peaceful old age.'

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.

'A Puzzling Experience.'

SIR,—In the strange narrative communicated by 'Prudence' ('LIGHT,' p. 396), we ought, perhaps, to distinguish between two singular features which are evidently in the mind of the writer. The first is that the presence of Miss Blank has the effect of heightening or developing the writer's natural clairvoyant faculty. The second is that the visions or impressions thus received are, as we gather, of a nature to cause anxiety; and it is inferred that Miss Blank's presence in the neighbourhood is the cause of the misfortunes, so that she 'seems like an omen of evil.'

Now it is difficult to believe that the mere presence of a certain person can bring evil to a family which, previous to her coming, 'seemed to have bright and happy prospects.' Even if that person were surrounded by evil or undeveloped entities, it is stretching questionable theories to a great length to assume that these spirits can work ill-fortune all round. One would therefore prefer to believe that, although the ill-fortune may be revealed to 'Prudence' in Miss Blank's presence, it is not caused by the latter. But one cannot help feeling sorry that 'Prudence' appears, by her own showing, to have wilfully neglected a natural gift of clairvoyance which, by systematic training, she might have rendered very valuable. In consequence of this neglect her warnings, even if given, will probably not be heeded by her friends.—Yours, &c.,

S.

SIR,—Regarding your publication of the letter signed 'Prudence,' in 'LIGHT' of the 18th inst., as an invitation to its readers to respond to the appeal 'What am I to do?' &c., I reply that in my opinion 'Prudence' should certainly acquaint the persons concerned with the previsionary experiences referred to, for they are, I think, caused by the unconscious action of Miss Blank's mind upon that of 'Prudence,' the latter receiving, unknowingly, the thoughts of the former, Miss Blank, perhaps, planning and, to some extent at least, causing events which she desires.—Yours, &c.,

E. P.

SIR,—Your correspondent, 'Prudence,' will, I think, act most prudently by refraining from mentioning her feelings regarding Miss Blank to the family to whom she alludes. Instead of severing the friendship between Miss Blank and the family in question, it is much more probable that, should she tell her feelings, she will be regarded by the family in question as 'fanciful,' or 'crazy,' or 'meddlesome,' and get no thanks for her warning. Besides, unless she is able to prove that the things which have happened to the family have been caused by, or are due to, Miss Blank, what evidence can she adduce to prove that she is not 'imaginative,' and how would she defend herself against a charge of maligning Miss Blank? It is most probable that 'Prudence' will be the one to suffer, and to lose the friendship of the family in whom she is interested. 'Punch's' advice to those about to marry, 'Don't,' is applicable to this case, in which a discreet silence will be best in the opinion of—Yours &c.,

CAUTIOUS.

'Old Moore.'

SIR,—When I called at the newsagent's for my copy of 'LIGHT,' I bought an 'Old Moore's Almanac for 1907.' At the heading for the month of May there is a weird picture of five persons seated at a table 'invoking the spirits.' Underneath the illustration is this paragraph:—

'We note, seated at the table, the little gathering who are anxious to communicate with the spirits of the departed. "Old Moore" begs to offer a most solemn warning to his friends not to dabble in these matters at all. If persisted in the results may be deplorable, and no possible good can accrue,' &c.

A friend of mine, who is opposed to Spiritualism, said: 'Do send that to "LIGHT" and ask what is going to happen?' She evidently thinks you are a seer as well as an editor.—Yours, &c.,

E. P. PRENTICE.

[We would suggest that our correspondent's lady friend should consult Old Moore himself, were it not that 'Old Moore' is evidently so old that he has entered upon his dotage. We ourselves are not aware of any 'deplorable' results that are likely to ensue when investigation is made in a calm and level-headed manner.—ED. 'LIGHT.']

'Meekness.'

SIR,—In reply to 'Reader,' in 'LIGHT' of the 18th inst., permit me to say that Dr. Hoyt's interpretation of the word 'meekness' as 'a gracious self-control in face of irritation,' is, I think, quite in accordance with the Biblical idea. It is borne out, too, by the 'Concordance to the Holy Scriptures,' in which Cruden defines meekness as 'a temper of mind that is not easily provoked, and suffers injuries without desire of revenge, and quietly submits to the will of God.'

A beautiful definition, surely; and one touchingly applicable to that 'meekness of Christ' to which St. Paul directs the thoughts of his Corinthian converts.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. HUTCHINSON.

Alderton Vicarage.

'They All Came.'

SIR,—The incident narrated on page 383 of 'LIGHT' as taking place in America reminds me of an occurrence at one of my sésances outside London. Amongst the sitters were an old couple, the lady being a hard-featured person of forbidding appearance. I gave the man descriptions of two very plain ladies who both claimed to have known him, but he failed to recognise them; and turning to his wife he said, 'Do you know them, my dear?' She snapped out, 'I never knew such persons,' glaring at me with such an appearance of hate as I never remember seeing upon a sitter's face before. This somewhat upset me, but I continued the sésance. Some time afterwards I was talking to the leader of the sésance, when he said, 'What a capital sésance you gave us at D——.' I said I considered it was quite a failure. 'Oh, no,' he replied, 'everything you said was right.' He then mentioned various details which I had given at that sésance, and which would have been awkward for the sitters to acknowledge, and he added, 'You remember the old man and woman? The two women you described were the man's former wives, and he dared not acknowledge them; we all knew them well, for all the sitters belonged to the church of which the man was a member.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED VOUT PETERS.

Westgate-on-Sea.

'Sleep and Dreams.'

SIR,—In response to your request I send you two incidents relative to 'Sleep and Dreams' which should be of interest to your readers. The first is that of a Scotsman whom I met in the United States some years ago. He was a strong Atheist, and could not accept any creed, and his only ray of hope of the immortality of the soul was the following experience. When a boy, and while residing in Scotland, he used to get some particular birds for gentlemen who came from London to that part of the country, and the pocket-money he thus received helped him considerably. Some of the birds had a nest up in the 'craigs' close to where he lived, but there was no possible way (apparently) of getting at the nest. Every means was tried but ended in failure. One night, however, he dreamed that he went along a narrow path on the front of the Craig (two hundred feet high) until he came to an abyss. A great depth yawned before him and there was no path to be seen, but, in his dream, he swung himself round the face of a perpendicular rock, and planted his foot on a ledge, along which he carefully went until he came to a nest, in which were three birds. He put the birds in his cap, returned to his bedroom, awoke, and found it to be 'only a dream.' Such, however, was the seeming reality of the dream to him, that, although it was five o'clock in the morning, he slipped on his clothes and cap, but did not stop to put on his stockings and shoes, and away he went. He scaled the front of the Craig until he came to an end, and although there was nothing to be seen, yet so real was the dream that he flung himself around the projecting rock and planted himself on the ledge as he had dreamed. He went to the nest and there were the three birds. He put them into his cap and returned safely to his bedroom, and afterwards sold the birds to some London gentlemen. The question put to me by my informant was this: 'Did my soul leave the body and go through the experience alone? or did God see fit to reveal the way to me by some special power of His, so as to convince me of His existence?' but I was unable to answer his inquiries. This gentleman, I might say, was a very intelligent person, and advanced in every way in literature. He lectured on scientific subjects, and yet, with all his learning, the only ray of hope of the existence of a soul or the existence of a God was based upon the dream above-mentioned.

The following is my own experience. I was once in the State of Maine, and had a dream that my sister in England had sent me a letter to an address in the State of Massachu-

setts, where I had recently lived. In the dream I saw a young lady, a daughter of Mr. X., who lived in the house, open the letter sent to me from England and after reading it tear it into many small pieces, which, later on, she burned. The dream seemed so outrageous that I could not see why, even if the young lady had intentionally or accidentally opened the letter, she did not forward it to me, which I knew contained valuable information, for I also read the letter in the dream. Three months later I returned to Massachusetts, and in answer to my repeated inquiries, was assured that there had not been a letter for me received by any persons in the house. I hardly knew what to say or do under the circumstances. To try to convict anyone on the 'evidence' of a dream, was risking too much of the friendship of the family. However, the dream burned into my mind and as the customary letter from England did not come, I felt more than ever convinced of the truth of the dream. At last, when an opportunity arose, I quietly asked the young lady the reason she had read and destroyed my letter. At first I was met with a blunt denial, but when I told her the contents of the letter, spoke of the bedroom where she read it and afterwards tore it into small pieces, and named the stove in which she burnt them, then she cried and begged for mercy. For she knew I was telling the truth, but it seemed to her, at the time, that someone must have seen her and told me. I forgave her, and replied to England to the letter which I had never seen. Moreover, the young lady stated that I knew the contents of the letter better than herself. As regards the *modus operandi* of these dreams I do not know, yet they are 'realities' in life as much as many other things, the cause of which we do not know.—Yours, &c.,

MERCURY.

'Take no heed what ye shall eat,' &c.

SIR,—The writer of the article 'Take no heed what ye shall eat,' &c., in 'LIGHT' of the 11th inst., has a perfect right to his opinions, but when he quotes the words, 'The earth is the Lord's,' I would remind him that there are just a few millions of us who do not agree with him in imagining that any 'Lord' has given to us a right, save that cowardly one of might, over the lives of our sentient and evolving lower fellow-creatures, in order to satisfy a debased craving for animal blood and animal flesh. Did 'E. C.' know, which he evidently does not, that it is impossible for man to partake of the same without thereby incorporating into his own constitution their lower magnetisms, astral qualities, and slower vibrations, he would, perchance, hesitate to hinder and obstruct his own higher evolution, which he and every such eater undoubtedly does.

To regard only the physical effect: it is not, and never can be, to the more advanced races of the world, other than productive of disease and premature death, long delayed as either may appear to be in some rare cases. As for the argument of the non-sufficiency of a fruitarian diet, meaning everything suitable the earth produces, none but he who has had no personal experience would dream of upholding it.—Yours, &c.,

J. F. DARLEY.

Commercial Morality.

SIR,—Under the heading 'More Religious, not Less,' you quote the Rev. Minot J. Savage as having affirmed that 'the world was never so truth-telling as it is to-day; nothing like it ever existed in the past; the commercial life of the world compels truth,' &c.

I do not know by what road the rev. gentleman has arrived at such an extraordinary conclusion regarding our modern business life, but I would respectfully remind him that his own countrymen have, it is acknowledged, raised lying to a fine art. Great industries are based upon and upheld by unblushing and barefaced falsehoods, as witness the late horrible disclosures regarding the meat packing industries of Chicago. We at home are much the same. As a man engaged in commerce in order to live, I emphatically declare that my experience proves that almost our entire modern system of business is founded on lies and deceit.

Between man and man there is no truth in business, and to my sorrow I have found that the man who tries to conduct his business on the basis of truth has as much chance of succeeding to-day as he has of flying.

I wish to record a word of thanks, at the finish, to the Rev. Savage for his books on Spiritualism. They were my first introduction to the great truth of Spiritualism, for which I am his eternal debtor.—Yours, &c.,

J. H.

SOCIETY WORK.

PECKHAM.—CHEPSTOW HALL, 139, PECKHAM-ROAD.—Mrs. Podmore's address on 'Prayer,' and her clairvoyant descriptions were much appreciated. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., public circle; at 7 p.m., Mr. and Mrs. Clegg.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. W. Underwood's trance address was much enjoyed, and a good after-meeting was held. Speaker on Sunday next, Mr. Albert Card, late resident medium of Western Australia.—J. P.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—73, BECKLOW-ROAD, ASKEW-ROAD, W.—On Sunday last Mr. J. Macdonald Moore gave an eloquent address on 'Spiritualism, a Practical Religion,' to a crowded audience. On Sunday next, at 11 a.m., circle. At 7 p.m., Mr. F. Clark. On Thursday, the 30th inst., at 8 p.m., Mrs. Podmore.—A.

BRIGHTON.—COMPTON HALL, 17, COMPTON-AVENUE.—On Sunday last able and scientific addresses of much educational value were given by Mr. Connolly. Speaker on Sunday next, Mr. Hopkinson. Hall open on Thursdays from 3 to 5 p.m. for inquirers; Fridays, at 8 p.m., healing; and Saturdays, at 8 p.m., prayer meeting.—A. C.

HACKNEY.—SIGDON-ROAD SCHOOL, DALSTON-LANE, N.E.—On Sunday last, in the absence of Mrs. Jackson, the secretary gave a reading from 'The Debatable Land,' and Mr. Emms related some of his experiences during forty-three years' investigation of Spiritualism. Madame Cope kindly contributed two solos. Speaker on Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. F. Fletcher.—N. R.

CLAPHAM INSTITUTE, GAUDEN-ROAD.—On Sunday evening last Mrs. Ball's eloquent appeal for the spiritualistic training of children was much appreciated. Mrs. Boddington presided and sang a solo. On Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., circle; speaker at 7 p.m., Mr. Macdonald Moore. On Thursday, at 8.15 p.m., psychometry and clairvoyance. Silver collection.

OXFORD CIRCUS.—22, PRINCE'S-STREET.—On Sunday last Mr. Frederic Fletcher gave an instructive and intellectual address on 'The Science of East and West,' and his next visit is being looked forward to with keen interest. Sunday next, at 6.30 p.m., Mr. E. W. Wallis will give a trance address on 'New Light on Old Problems.'—P. E. B.

BALHAM.—19, RAMSDEN-ROAD (OPPOSITE THE PUBLIC LIBRARY).—On Sunday morning last Mr. F. T. A. Davies gave some valuable instruction, and Mrs. Morley gave clairvoyant descriptions. In the evening Mr. G. Morley spoke on 'The Chosen People of Jehovah,' and clairvoyant descriptions were given. On Wednesdays, at 8.15 p.m., and on Sundays, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., public services for Faithist teachings are held. Questions invited.—E.

STRATFORD.—IDMISTON-ROAD, FOREST-LANE, E.—On Sunday last Mrs. Phillips spoke very nicely on 'Spiritual Unfoldment' to a fair audience. Mr. Wrench gave psychometric readings and named Mrs. Pearce's baby in a manner which was much admired. Speaker on Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Keyworth. Circle at 11 a.m. On Thursday, at 8 p.m., address and psychometry.—J. W.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—SURREY MASONIC HALL.—On Sunday morning last much benefit was derived from a discussion on the right and wrong use of spiritual gifts. In the evening Mr. W. E. Long's trance address on 'Inspiration the Foundation of Religion' was very enlightening and much enjoyed. On Sunday, September 2nd, Union of London Spiritualists' Conference, at 3 p.m. Tea (6d.) at 5 p.m.; service at 6.30 p.m.; Mr. J. Adams and other speakers.—S.

CHISWICK.—110, HIGH-ROAD, W.—On Saturday last the members and friends had their annual outing to Ruislip, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Tea was served in the open orchard; and the large fields and Ruislip Park afforded much enjoyable amusement. On Sunday last the morning circle was very harmonious and spiritual. In the evening a thoroughly uplifting trance address was given through Mrs. A. J. McLellan. On Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., public circle. At 7 p.m., Miss Violet Burton, address on 'Plain Saints and Beautiful Sinners'; at 10.45 a.m., choir.—J. P.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday evening last Mr. E. W. Wallis's able and philosophical trance address on 'Heaven and Hell' gave much pleasure to an appreciative audience. Prior to the address Mr. Wallis paid a fitting tribute to the memory of Mr. E. W. Bertram, who was until recently a member of the council of the Marylebone Association, and read one of the Rev. George Hepworth's 'Herald Sermons' entitled, 'The Man and his Faith; or "Death, where is thy Sting?"' Mr. F. Spriggs ably presided. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. A. V. Peters will give clairvoyant descriptions. Doors open at 6.30. Silver collection.—A. J. W.