

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

No. 1,469.—VOL. XXIX. [Registered as]

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1909.

[a Newspaper.]

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CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way	109
L. S. A. Notices	110
Admiral Moore's Experiences in America	111
Transition of Mr. Girdlestone	111
Experiences with Fakirs	112
Darwinism and Evolution	113
Finger Prints and Palmistry	113
The Common Man's Religion	114
Joan of Arc: The Great Spirit- ualist Martyr. An Address by Mr. J. W. Boulding	115
Abraham Lincoln and Spiritualism	117
The Logic of Existence and Per- sistence	118
Jottings	118

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Of making books on Fear-thoughts and Mind-mastery there seems to be no end; but here is one on 'Every Man a King,' by O. S. Marden (London: W. Rider and Son) which, though it goes over the old road, whistles blithely a variation upon the old tune. There are twenty-one chapters, and the following specimen of subjects will show how old the road is: 'How mind rules the body,' 'Our worst enemy is fear,' 'The power of cheerful thinking,' 'Affirmation creates power,' 'How to control thought': and perhaps the following specimen paragraphs may suggest something of the variations on the old tune:—

It is perfectly possible for a girl with the homeliest face, with the ugliest expression, if she has an honest heart, to make herself beautiful to everyone who knows her, by the perpetual habit of holding in her mind the beauty thought; not the thought of mere superficial beauty, but that of heart beauty, soul beauty. The basis of all real beauty is a kindly, helpful heart, and a desire to scatter sunshine and good cheer everywhere, and this, shining through the face, makes it beautiful.

Be one of those who are always radiating success thoughts, health thoughts, joy thoughts, uplifting, helpful thoughts, scattering sunshine wherever they go. These are the helpers of the world, the lighteners of burdens, the people who ease the jolts of life and soothe the wounded and give solace to the discouraged.

Learn to radiate joy, not stingily, not meanly, but generously. Fling out your gladness without reserve. Shed it in the home, on the street, on the car, in the store, everywhere, as the rose sheds its beauty and flings out its fragrance.

There are many books of this kind, and we are inclined to think that if a good specimen, and only one, is wanted, this is at least as good as any. It is, at all events, happily written, with knowledge and insight as well as gaiety and charm.

A certain 'F. T.' reviewing, in 'The Inquirer,' Dr. Hyslop's new book, reveals his want of knowledge in his first sentences. Does any well-informed Spiritualist recognise the truth of the following as a description of the average 'believer' or an average séance?—

A fault which one constantly observes in our friends the Spiritualists is that they have no sense of humour. They have come to regard their particular cult with such reverent earnestness as to make of it a sort of religion, which cannot be discussed but only received. The sceptic who may wander into their meeting is told that he is responsible for any failure in the séance, as if he, poor fellow, were not just the one person present whom it would be worth the while of the spirits to talk to. And should he attempt to discuss the alleged phenomena he is either met with meretricious explanations of his most lamentable ignorance, or reminded of his lack of faith, and snubbed.

'No sense of humour!' and not to be discussed! We should like to know whether 'F. T.' has ever met as many

as ten Spiritualists, whether he has ever attended a Spiritualist Alliance lecture, and especially whether he has ever read 'LIGHT.' We were really beginning to think that we were too fond of humour when inspecting sceptics, or even when dealing with very serious things. We do wish that these smart people who write so much about us would take the trouble to know something about us—at all events a little.

Our attention has been drawn to the following passage in R. A. Armstrong's 'Makers of the Century.' It is timely at the present moment when we have just been celebrating the centenary of the great naturalist:—

If you ask Darwin's own position with regard to these transcendent themes, he would reply, 'I am but a man of science of moderate ability, with little power of abstract thought. I only contribute certain facts and try to show how life has developed on the earth. Concerning God, I affirm not; I deny not. Take my facts and weld them as you will in the structure of your spiritual philosophy.' I myself had a letter from him long ago in which he said that he had never been able to arrive at a full conviction of the reality of a personal God. Years after, in his 'Life and Letters,' appeared notes and memoranda in which he made the same confession. But he intimated, and not without some sadness, that so immersed had his mind been in scientific observation, that the capacity of his early manhood to be moved by music and by poetry had failed him, and that sublime scenery had lost its power to make him conscious of a presence Divine, breathing through wood and glade. But all those higher experiences of the soul he treated with respect; and he never uttered or wrote one word which, legitimately understood, tends to subversion of our faith in Him who weaves the ages as a work upon the loom. Only he cleared religion of cant. He forced it back on its true foundations in the spiritual nature of man. He pushed miracle out of the circle of religion. He dealt a death-blow at ancient superstitions; and he cleared the air for noble and purer forms of faith in the twentieth Christian century than any to which the churches of the Christian world have as yet attained.

We have received a small and cheap-looking pamphlet, No. 2 of 'Desultory Dialogues on Current Topics.' Its title is 'The Old Soldier.' The writer is Robert Blake. It is published by 'The London Progressive Labour League,' at 240, Earl's Court-road, S.W.; and it indicates a seeing eye, a sympathetic spirit, and great literary skill. The price is twopence, and it is sold 'for the benefit of the wives and children of the unemployed.' It is a kind of Dramatic sketch, the Personæ being An author, A voice, and An old man: profoundly pathetic and beautiful.

A letter from the author accompanies the pamphlet, pleading for money or left-off clothing. He says:—

The London Progressive Labour League is an organisation established among the workers of London, who through no fault of their own are at present out of employment.

The members of the League do not appeal only for charity. They recognise, as clearly as the most rigid economist, that charity is merely a palliative. They are organised for work. In many directions, too numerous to mention here, they see that it is possible for them, by united action, to engage in useful and remunerative labour.

I have had some difficulty in persuading them that it will not be possible to maintain their organisation, and to set in motion the enterprises which they propose to under-

take, without some little capital to begin with. But I have succeeded in convincing them that the help of those who can afford to give, offered frankly in the same spirit in which it is invited, is not degrading, but in the highest degree honourable to all concerned. Charity of this kind is the sacred bond that unites classes, and keeps the whole community in health. I have been permitted to appeal on their behalf for the assistance they so sorely need.

The men have made me an honorary member of their Committee, and I make it my business, while leaving the details of management as much as possible to themselves, to see that money subscribed is put to a proper use. I may add that there are none of those religious tests in this organisation which lead to so much hypocrisy, and are so entirely out of sympathy with the spirit of the age.

Dr. Everett Hale, usually a good judge of things sane and ethical, is on the warpath against Adam Smith and his British bible, 'The Wealth of Nations.' He says:—

Unfortunately, such a teacher brought into the world of trade and manufacture the tidings which cannot be called glad tidings or good news. That is a very bad gospel which teaches us, as Adam Smith does, that everybody shall take care of himself. The Philistine world early accompanied it with the irreverent statement that 'the devil would take the hindmost.'

Till the last generation of men, however, this was supposed to be the gospel of the political economists. They were trying to win their way to the dignity which belongs to scientific men, and they invented the name of Political Economy for what very soon gained the title of the Dismal Science. Dismal enough it was while it carried with it its odious dictum which might have belonged to Moloch, which justified human selfishness.

All this time, however, there was another gospel in the world which had established itself with a certain place in literature. This gospel directed us to bear each other's burdens. This gospel taught each man to love his neighbour as himself. It sang in its songs that 'the neighbour is the suffering man e'en at the farthest pole.' So it happened that, while the boy in college was taught on week-days that rivalry and competition were the foundation of the State, and that that community was safest in which merchants and manufacturers were cutting each other's throats, he had in chapel to hear, Sunday after Sunday, that the world is one great brotherhood; that we are all poor; that we must work together, and live as brothers and sisters of the same family.

Fortunately for the 'dismal science' and happily for the world, this gospel, which for very good reasons is called the Christian gospel, has in the last generation established itself, even in the books of political economy. One has to apologise for Adam Smith. The world learns slowly, but it has learned that that cut-throat announcement which proclaimed the great advantage of rivalry and competition is less than what people call a half-truth. The whole truth is in the word TOGETHER, and the Glad Tidings are what they were nineteen centuries ago—that a man should love his neighbour as he loves himself.

All of which is so excellent that no one will deny it—on Sundays.

We are sorry. The Mr. Gow to whom we alluded on page 73 was a Hampstead minister of religion.

'LE FIGARO' of February 21st contained the following: 'Richefin, the author of "Morts Bizarres," some years ago spent a month on the coast of Normandy accompanied by his secretary. In the evening after dinner they engaged in table turning in the country cottage which the poet had rented. One day the table, which up to that time, after the manner of turning tables, had given rather random communications, began to tell a long story. The former owner of the house had been murdered and the guilty man had never been discovered. But the table knew his name and hammered it out vigorously on the floor. Next day the secretary went to interview the commissary of police in the neighbouring town, and he summoned before him the criminal whom the vindictive table had denounced. The man came, and no sooner was the crime mentioned in his hearing than he collapsed. The matter rested there, since the crime was sheltered from the law by lapse of time. But Richefin gave up table turning from that day.'

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

A meeting of the Members and Associates of the Alliance will be held in the SALON OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK-STREET, PALL MALL EAST (near the National Gallery), on

THURSDAY EVENING NEXT, MARCH 11TH,

WHEN AN ADDRESS WILL BE GIVEN

BY THE

REV. J. PAGE HOPPS,

ON

'A SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF BELIEF IN A FUTURE LIFE.'

The doors will be opened at 7 o'clock, and the Address will be commenced punctually at 7.30.

Admission by ticket only. Two tickets are sent to each Member, and one to each Associate, but both Members and Associates can have additional tickets for the use of friends on payment of 1s. each. Applications for extra tickets, accompanied by remittance, should be addressed to Mr. E. W. Wallis, Secretary to the London Spiritualist Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

Meetings will also be held in the SALON OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall, S.W. (near the National Gallery), on the following Thursday evenings:—

March 25.—Mr. W. J. Colville, on 'Spiritualism and the Deepening of Spiritual Life.'

April 22.—Mr. A. D. Deane, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., on 'Healing Methods, Mental and Spiritual.'

May 6.—Miss Edith Ward, on 'Magic, from a Modern Standpoint.'

May 20.—Miss Katharine Bates, on 'Automatic Writing: Its Use and Abuse.'

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CLAIRVOYANCE.—On Tuesday next, March 9th, Mrs. B. Skinner will give clairvoyant descriptions, at 3 p.m., and no one will be admitted after that hour. Fee 1s. each to Members and Associates; for friends introduced by them, 2s. each. On March 16th Miss Chapin, the blind medium.

TRANCE ADDRESSES.—On Wednesday, March 17th, at 6 p.m. for 6.10 prompt, the third and last of a special series of Trance Addresses will be delivered by Mr. E. W. Wallis, on 'What I have Learnt in the Spirit World.' Admission 1s.; Members and Associates free. No tickets required.

PSYCHICAL SELF-CULTURE.—On Thursday next, March 11th, at 4.45 for 5 p.m. prompt, Mr. E. W. Wallis will conduct a class for psychical self-culture. No admission after 5 o'clock. Members and Associates only.

TALKS WITH A SPIRIT CONTROL.—On Friday next, March 12th, at 3 o'clock, Mrs. M. H. Wallis, under spirit control, will reply to questions relating to the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, mediumship, and life here and on 'the other side.' Admission 1s.; Members and Associates free. Visitors should be prepared with written inquiries of general interest to submit to the control.

MEMBERS have the privilege of introducing one friend to the Wednesday and Friday meetings without payment.

SPIRIT HEALING.—On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, Mr. A. Rex, the healing medium, will attend between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m., to afford Members and Associates and their friends an opportunity to avail themselves of his services in magnetic healing under spirit control. As Mr. Rex is unable to treat more than four patients on each occasion, appointments must be made in advance by letter, addressed to the Secretary, Mr. E. W. Wallis. Fees, one treatment, 7s. 6d.; course of three, 15s.

To one who asked for 'the best safeguard against fraud and misleading "psychic" phenomena,' Dr. McIvor-Tyndall says: 'The desire to know the absolute, unfailing truth is the best qualification I know of, for the successful investigation of psychic phenomena. Be discriminate without being critical, be patient, just, and open minded, and if you are seeking nothing but the truth without any preconceived idea, or prejudice, you will be rewarded by finding that occult phenomena are very common in every-day life.'

ADMIRAL MOORE'S EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENA WITH THE BANGS SISTERS.

While people in Europe are becoming excited over Eusapia, a woman who has not a tenth part of the mediumistic qualities of D. D. Home, spirit manifestations are going on in this country which eclipse everything that has occurred in England or on the Continent since the days of that eminent psychic, Stainton Moses.

There is great intolerance of the subject in the United States, and for that reason people are loth to talk about it. It is quite easy to upset a will, or a deed of gift, or to incarcerate a person here on the evidence of three persons who will swear that he is a convinced Spiritualist. Yet, it is right here, in this electrical climate, amongst these mirthless, dollar hunting Americans, that the secret of communication with the next state will be found; in the damp climate of Great Britain I fear that no progress will be made.

I wrote to you in January about the Bangs Sisters. I have lately visited them: it will occupy too much of your space to describe more than two sittings. I am not going to enter into particulars as to precautions and tests; suffice it to say, the Bangs Sisters allowed me every sort of test I asked for, and I took full advantage of their permission.

The events I am about to describe took place on the 19th and 20th January last. I took a letter to the house, gummed and sealed. In it was a communication from me to a spirit; also four sheets of blank paper. All the paper was marked with a private mark. I was received by May Bangs in a small room, in the middle of which was an oak table, 3ft. 10in. by 2ft. 4in., covered with a cloth that did not anywhere extend beyond the edge of the top; about a foot from the floor the four legs of the table were connected by a shelf, a quarter of an inch, or less, in thickness. The time was 10.30 a.m., and the room full of light. I put the letter between two slates. May Bangs took hold of the double slate ends with one hand, while I put four rubber bands round the slates. The slates were then put on the table, a little vessel of ink was placed on the top of them, and over all a piece of 'Bristol board' a trifle larger than the slates. From this moment May Bangs had nothing to do with the slates; they were in my own possession under my hands. May Bangs and I sat opposite one another, one on each side of the table, she leaning back in her chair writing on a pad of paper.

In my letter were twenty-three questions. After we had been sitting, talking, for a quarter of an hour, May Bangs began telling me what my questions were and answering some of them. Presently she said, 'Put your visiting card on the slates and we will see what will happen to it,' and, some fifteen minutes later, 'Why do you write to your relative in such a formal way? Write a postscript on a piece of paper, naming your wife in the same familiar way as you would if writing to this spirit in life.' This I did, without her seeing what I had written. She then went on repeating my questions in the sealed letter. When an hour and a half had elapsed, three knocks on the table announced that the writing was over.

I now opened the slates. Inside I found my letter intact with seal untouched. On the outside of the envelope was written, 'You will find your slip of paper arranged to your hat in the other room' (signed by an initial of the spirit to whom the letter was addressed). I slit open the letter at the top and found inside it (1) my questions contained in four pages; (2) eight pages of reply from the spirit, in ink, written with a steel pen; (3) my visiting card. I went into the drawing room, where I had left my hat, found it had been moved, and that, inside the lining, was my postscript.

The tone of the letter of reply was far in advance of the mind of the psychic, and indeed of that of the writer when in earth life. About half the questions were answered, either by the psychic or in the letters. Reasons were given for not replying to all of them. With some reluctance, May Bangs surrendered to me the sheets from the pad she had been writing upon during the sitting before the slates were opened. I

found all my questions written out consecutively, one, two, &c., up to twenty-three, just as I had them in my own letter.

The next day a portrait of the spirit to whom I had written was precipitated on to a Steinbach canvas within two feet of me. The Bangs Sisters each held one side of the canvas, which was put up against the window, while I sat between them and watched the face and form gradually appear. A few minutes after they began to appear, the psychics (apparently under impression) lowered the canvas toward me until it touched my breast. May Bangs then got a message by Morse alphabet on the table: 'Your wife is more accustomed to see me in the other aspect.' Up went the canvas again and I saw the profile and bust, but turned round in the opposite direction; instead of the face looking to the right, it was looking to the left. The portrait then proceeded apace until all the details were filled in, and in twenty-five minutes it was practically finished. Beyond a little deepening of the colour, and touches here and there by the invisible artist, the picture is the same now as when we arose from the table.

The precipitated portrait is very much like a photograph of the person taken thirty-five years ago (shortly before death) that I had in my pocket during the sitting, but which the Bangs, of course, had never seen. The expression of the face, however, is far more ethereal and satisfied than in the photo.

These instances are but two out of many manifestations I witnessed at the Bangs Sisters' house, and they do not form a hundredth part of the exhibitions of spirit power which I have been privileged to see—I may say, have been taken round to see—during the last two months. At Toledo there are two materialisation mediums, the Jonsons, who sit under conditions that render imposture out of the question; the medium and spirits appear together. I was attracted to them by hearing that they had been denounced by Mr. Hereward Carrington (the person who states as a *fact* that slate-writing can be done with a magnet), and I found, as I expected from the accounts of my American friends, that they were genuine mediums.

I could occupy the pages of a whole number of 'LIGHT' with the notes of my interviews with spirits through the mediumship of Mrs. Wriedt, of Detroit, Michigan: but I am afraid this letter is already too long.

W. USBORNE MOORE,
Vice-Admiral, R.N.

TRANSITION OF MR. E. D. GIRDLESTONE.

Our venerable friend Edward Girdlestone, of Sutton Coldfield, who has just passed away, has been a help and consolation to many in times of trouble and bereavement. He was a scholar of placid and singularly beautiful disposition, not orthodox in religious views, but profoundly religious, and with a deep insight into the things of the unseen world, such as is given to few.

In the passing of such a man:—

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair.

It was a pleasure to me to acknowledge the critical help which he gave me by correspondence over the proof-sheets of my last book; and it was by such means that I became acquainted with his mind and spirit—terms, by the way, which he himself wished to identify.

The funeral took place at Sutton on Monday, March 1st. I regret that an important engagement prevented me from being present.

OLIVER LODGE.

'WHEN a man dies after a life of self-indulgence, is there anything in him which lives on or can live on in the world unseen? It ill becomes anyone to dogmatise on such a subject, but I may frankly say that it seems to me impossible to believe that the purpose of God with any soul can ever be defeated. Here or elsewhere the word must sound forth, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." A selfish man may have many things to suffer in the vast unseen before he finds his true place in the unfolding divine purpose, but surely he must find it in the end or sin would have conquered God.'—REV. R. J. CAMPBELL.

EXPERIENCES WITH FAKIRS.

(Continued from page 100.)

In these articles we summarise the remarkable experiences with Hindu Fakirs, or mediums, of a Chief Justice in his study of the occult in India, which were printed in 'The Statesman,' a weekly newspaper published at Calcutta, for December 20th, 27th, and January 3rd, 10th, and 17th. Major H. W. Thatcher has kindly drawn our attention to the fact that 'The Statesman' articles are a reproduction of the main portion of the fourth part of a work entitled 'Occult Science in India, by Louis Jacolliot, Chief Justice of Chandernagur (French East Indies), and of Tahiti (Oceania).' This work was translated from the French by Willard L. Felt and published in New York in 1884, and a copy of it can be seen in the Library of the London Spiritualist Alliance. As, however, this book is probably unknown to a large number of our readers, we shall use in 'LIGHT' the summary which we had prepared from 'The Statesman,' especially as the phenomena recorded resemble, in so many respects, those which have been observed by Spiritualists in all parts of the world.

Having occasion to visit Benares, a Mahratta prince, with whom he had become acquainted in another part of India, hearing of the arrival of the writer, sent to offer him apartments in the magnificent seven-storied palace owned by him on the banks of the Ganges, and it was while staying there that the Chief Justice met with another Fakir who had taken charge of the remains of a rich Malabar merchant. This Fakir, named Covindasamy, was lodging in a small cottage on the banks of the Ganges, in which, for the next three weeks, he had to perform his ablutions in honour of the dead.

One day, about noon, he visited the Chief Justice, who received him in a room which looked out upon a terrace and was protected from the burning sun by a movable tent made from the woven fibres of vetiver. In the middle of the terrace there was a jet of water which fell in a fine shower into a marble basin.

FAKIRS, MEDIUMS FOR ANCESTRAL SPIRITS.

They went out on to the terrace, and in response to questions the Fakir said: 'It is not a natural force that acts. I am but an instrument. I evoke the ancestral spirits, and it is they who manifest their power.' Nearly all Fakirs make the same answer. They look upon themselves only as intermediaries between this world and the invisible spirits. The Fakir stood with both hands extended towards an immense bronze vase, full of water, which within five minutes commenced to rock to and fro upon its base, and approach the Fakir gently and with a regular motion. As the distance diminished, metallic sounds escaped from it, as if someone had struck it with a steel rod. At certain times the blows were so numerous and quick that they produced a sound similar to that made by a hail-storm upon a metal roof.

REMARKABLE RAPPINGS.

The vase advanced, receded, or stood still, according to the request of the Chief Justice. At one time, at his command, the blows changed into a continuous roll like that of a drum; at another, they succeeded each other with the slowness and regularity of the ticking of a clock. At his request the blows struck only every ten seconds. Then loud, sharp strokes were heard, for a minute and two-thirds.

Upon the table of the drawing-room attached to his apartments stood a music-box, which he had brought out upon the terrace and then asked to have the blows struck upon the vase so as to accompany any air which the instrument might perform. Having wound up the box, a regular whirlwind of notes was the result, and quick, sharp strokes on the vase accompanied the tune with the regularity of the bâton of an orchestra leader. Then the blows moderated their pace to keep time to the march from *Le Prophète*, which they accompanied exactly. All this was done without fuss, or parade, or mystery of any kind, upon a terrace of a few yards square. The vase, thus put in motion, could hardly, when empty, have been moved by two men. These various experiments were repeated with like order and regularity.

LEVITATION PHENOMENA.

The Fakir, who had neither changed position, nor left his place, then stood up, and rested the tips of his fingers, for a short time, upon the edge of the vase. It soon began to rock

to and fro in regular time from left to right, gradually accelerating its speed; its base, which rose and fell alternately on either side, made no sound upon the stuccoed pavement. The Chief Justice was most surprised by the fact that the water remained stationary in the vase, as if there were a strong pressure that prevented its regaining its equilibrium, which the motion of the vessel containing it had disturbed.

Three times during these oscillations the vase rose completely from the ground, a distance of seven to eight inches and, when it fell to the pavement again, it did so without any perceptible shock. The performance lasted several hours, during which the observer had taken copious and careful notes, and had also taken the precaution to have each phenomenon repeated in a different manner.

On the following day Covindasamy walked towards the bronze vase which he had used the day before and imposed his hands upon the surface of the water, which filled it to the very edge, but he did not touch it, and stood motionless in that position for upwards of an hour, then, the writer says:—

the water began to be gently agitated. It looked as though its surface were ruffled by a slight breeze. Placing my hands upon the edge of the vase I experienced a slight feeling of coolness which apparently arose from the same cause. A rose-leaf, thrown into the water, soon was blown or drifted against the other edge.

STIRRING THE WATER.

Meanwhile the Fakir stood motionless. His mouth was closed, and, strange to say, though it effectually disposed of any idea of trickery on his part, the waves were formed on the opposite side from that of the performer and gently broke against the edge of the vase on his side.

Gradually the motion of the waves became more violent. They made their appearance in every direction, as though the water were in a state of intense ebullition under the influence of a great heat. It soon rose higher than the Fakir's hands, and several waves rose to a height of one or two feet from the surface.

I asked Covindasamy to take his hands away. Upon their removal the motion of the water gradually abated, without ceasing altogether, as in the case of boiling water from which the fire has been removed. On the other hand, whenever he placed his hands in their former position, the motion of the water was as great as ever.

The last portion of the séance was still more extraordinary. The Hindu asked me to lend him a small stick. I handed him a wooden lead pencil that had never been sharpened. He placed it in the water, and in a few minutes, by the imposition of his hands, he made it move in every direction, like a magnet in contact with an iron bar.

Placing his forefinger gently upon the middle of the pencil, so as not to affect its position upon the water, in a few minutes I saw the small piece of wood slowly descend beneath the surface, until it had reached the bottom of the vase.

The Fakir's third visit to the Chief Justice was short, as he was to pass the night in prayer upon the banks of the sacred river, upon the occasion of a religious festival. However, he took an ironwood cane, leaned heavily upon it, resting his right hand upon the handle, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and, after uttering some incantations, he rose gradually about two feet from the ground. His legs were crossed beneath him and he made no change in his position for more than twenty minutes.

How Covindasamy could thus fly in the face of all known laws of gravity was entirely beyond the comprehension of the spectator, for the stick gave him no visible support and there was no apparent contact between it and his body, except through his right hand.

SPIRIT RAPS.

When leaving, the Fakir said that when the sacred elephants should strike the hour of midnight upon the copper gong in the pagoda of Siva, he would evoke the familiar spirits that protect the strangers, who would then manifest their presence in some manner in the Chief Justice's bedroom. In order to prevent collusion, the writer dismissed his two servants for the night, and prepared to throw every obstacle in the Fakir's way, so that if the fact occurred as predicted, although the idea of the supernatural was repugnant to him, he would not easily be duped. His rooms, which were on

the seventh storey, were inaccessible save by a movable stairway which could be raised by chains like a drawbridge. After carefully examining all the rooms to make sure that no one was concealed in them he raised the drawbridge, thus cutting off all communication from outside, yet, he says :—

At the hour named I thought I heard two blows distinctly struck against the wall of my room. I walked toward the spot from which the sound seemed to come, when my steps were suddenly arrested by a sharp blow, which appeared to proceed from the glass shade that protected the hanging lamp against gnats and night butterflies. A few more sounds were heard at unequal intervals in the cedar rafters of the ceiling, and that was all.

Walking towards the end of the terrace the Chief Justice looked out over the sleeping city, bathed in silvery light, and saw in the distance the outlines of a human form dimly profiled. It was the Fakir of Trivandrum, praying for the repose of his dead.

(To be continued.)

DARWINISM AND EVOLUTION.

It is generally known that Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace shares with Charles Darwin the honour of formulating the theory of Natural Selection, but it is not so well known that Darwin did not originate the doctrine of evolution. Professor Henry Edward Crampton, who occupies the chair of Zoology at Columbia University, says, in the 'New York Times': 'In the minds of most people who are not familiar with the history of biological knowledge Charles Darwin is regarded as the founder of the doctrine of evolution, but,' he adds, 'nothing could be further from the fact,' and one result of the celebrations of the centenary of Darwin's birth, which have just taken place, may be a livelier perception of the error of identifying Darwinism with evolution. Professor Crampton says :—

Everyone who is familiar with the history of science knows that the 'Doctrine of Descent' was firmly established before Darwin's time by the work of anatomists like Lamarck and Cuvier and St. Hilaire and their followers, by the studies of embryologists like von Baer. Darwin writes that when he was a student at Edinburgh in 1826 his professor, Dr. Grant, talked with him about Lamarck and his views on evolution, and about the famous 'Zoonomia' of Erasmus Darwin. The work of Charles Darwin dealt primarily with the natural method by which evolution took place; and had he never lived, evolution would still be taught to-day in very nearly its present form.

Herein lies the great service of Darwin—he presented for the first time an intelligible and consistent description of the way species differentiate. Darwin did not regard his explanation as final or even as complete, whatever his opponents and critics of then and now may contend.

The traditional view, that organisms were constructed by supernatural forces as machines are made by man, already designed and adjusted to meet the conditions under which they must carry on their vital operations, killed all inquiry, for it left no problem to be solved. But to Darwin, as to all believers in evolution, this answer was neither complete nor satisfactory. And so he marshalled in orderly array all the biological data obtainable which showed that organisms change; and by his analysis of natural processes and forces he found proximate causes, even though they may not be ultimate, for the universal conditions of organic adaptation.

The wonder is that the doctrine of Natural Selection was not formulated decades before. As a matter of fact, it was partly anticipated in the writings of Patrick Mathew and others, and as we have seen it was developed independently by two students of Nature, Darwin and Wallace. It has been said that the doctrine was, so to speak, 'in the air,' and while this may be so, it need not detract in the least from the honour that is due particularly to Darwin as the first to offer a satisfactory programme, even if it is a partial one, of Nature's method in accomplishing evolution. It was because the explanation was so 'natural' that students of Nature have been universally led to the present-time belief in the fact of the transmutation of species.

It is a remarkable fact that the bitter hostility towards Darwinism has died out almost entirely, and that the fears of its opponents have been proved to be baseless. Instead of evolution and Natural Selection destroying faith and driving God out of His world, as it was alleged they would do,

they are regarded as illuminating the great problems of life and revealing the methods whereby the Immanent Divinity guides the world process and progressively incarnates and expresses Himself, and reveals His wise purposes. The world in which we dwell is an infinitely more wonderful and beautiful realm to-day to the trained observer who builds his faith on the basis of science—of observed and understood fact: of ascertained truth—than ever it was to those whose minds were clouded by dread, and who clung superstitiously to the traditional view of dogmatic theology lest they should be cut adrift and swamped in the sea of their own ignorance and fear. The Rev. T. Rhondda Williams, writing in 'The Christian Commonwealth,' points out that in Darwinism there is no deep and profound study of the human soul: that no adequate attention is paid to the spiritual life, or to the spiritual history of man, and says :—

There is more significance for true religion in the simple piety of the most ignorant people than in the whole of Darwinian science. Again and again has it been true that the deepest things of God are revealed to simple souls. Learning need be no detriment; it should be a great help; but learning alone does not bring the light. That knowledge of God which is life eternal cannot be got through the scientific textbooks. It can be got without them. When the soul finds its own certainty it asks for no proof and it weighs no evidence. The more learning and the more science the better, but the greatest of all treasures is still within the reach of the unlearned and the simple.

FINGER PRINTS AND PALMISTRY.

The study of palmistry, or chiromancy, has always had a certain fascination. In 1448 it was studied as a science by some of the most eminent men of the day, but in the seventeenth century it became only a fashionable craze. In no two hands do the lines marked ever agree, and according to the calculations of Sir Francis Galton, the expert on finger-tip printing, the chances are four to one against the finger-prints of any one person being exactly like that of any one finger-print of any other person. What, then, concerning the markings of the palm? Since character can be read from the features and expression of the face, why not from the shape of and lines and marks upon the hand?

Of course it is against common-sense to attempt to foretell, from such markings, events which cannot possibly be known to any human being; but if character guides the life of each individual, that character is certainly impressed on the hand of each one of us in shape, size, and line.

It is curious that, while reading the palm is made an offence under the Vagrancy Act of 1824 (the punishment being imprisonment of not more than three months or a fine of not more than twenty-five pounds), the reading of the prints of the fingers is utilised by the police authorities to decide all questions of the identity of those persons who come within the grip of the law, and all individuals sentenced to not less than one month's imprisonment are 'finger-printed,' and the record is kept at New Scotland Yard, where the finger print system is reduced to a science. Photographs are classified and indexed so thoroughly that it is a matter of only five minutes to identify a man by his finger-prints. This method of identification is infallible, for no one can change the lines upon his finger tips, and no two men have the same markings. A finger mark upon a tumbler, table, or glass is quite sufficient. In one well-known case a newspaper found on the scene after a big jewel robbery was treated with chemicals and revealed the marking of fingers. These were compared with the records and proved to be the imprint of a well-known burglar, who was arrested and served his merited sentence.

The study of finger-prints originated in ancient India, where from time immemorial the print of the thumb was the Royal Sign Manual, and where the peculiarities of the print of the finger and thumb have been an accepted tradition for ages. Why, then, should it still be an offence at English law to read the palm of the hand, and at the same time legal to use the finger-prints for the purpose of detecting crime?

A. M.

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THE COMMON MAN'S RELIGION.

According to Sir Henry Wrixon, K.C., 'The Common Man' with a religion is a modest, reverent, spiritual rationalist, with a faith that is more like an aspiration than a creed, and a hope that is more like a childlike inference than a theologian's assurance. His new book, 'The Religion of the Common Man' (London: Macmillan and Co.) puts into plain and simple language thoughts which, indeed, anyone, common or uncommon, might well regard as the Religion which remains when all the excesses and excrescences are ignored.

There is no attack upon the excesses and excrescences. There is no theological controversy. Nothing is assailed, unless it be the really impossible old theory that the Bible is sufficient as 'The rule of faith.' Very quietly, this writer, starting out with his 'common man,' to explain him and speak for him, quite decisively tells us that no thinking person now holds that the Bible is literally inspired, or believes in the truth of all its narratives. He even ventures to say that 'no Church now demands such a belief.' The old stories are mostly legends, he says, and yet we go on solemnly teaching them to the young, and thus prepare for their dangerous disillusioning when they discover that the old stories are not true, and that perhaps all the old creeds are also untrue. Then, 'a chilling, dubious feeling of the unreality of religion sets in, a feeling that it is not meant seriously for grown-up people, but is only a make-believe for children.'

Thus far the writer permits himself to go, and we can see why. He wants to get his client past the antiquated theological lions, that he may bring him to the meadows and the mountains, the seasons and the stars. He wants him to face the actual realities, the living facts, and the inferences that are inevitable from what he sees. He wants to float him on the 'raft' of a solid personal conviction and experience: for this 'common man' is unequipped with the critical methods of the philosophers, and the lofty arguments of the theologians. All he has are the 'sincere musings of a human soul faced by the problems of existence, and struggling to discover some principle of belief on which to rest, which will respond to the instincts of his heart and, at the same time, satisfy the reasonable claims of his understanding.' 'On this raft, a frail one though it be, he hopes to be borne over the "waves of this troublesome life," to the end of his

voyage': and truly, beyond all the philosophy, the science and the metaphysics, 'there is nothing more wonderful to contemplate than the soul of man brought to bay by the facts of existence which stand imminent before it, and casting about within itself to satisfy its inherent craving for some answer to the problem of the ages—whence its source, and what its destiny?'

This, according to Sir Henry Wrixon, is the quest of 'The Common Man' looking out upon the common world, and, beyond, to the worlds upon worlds about him: and the quest is mainly the quest for God. Upon that all turns. But The Common Man is not anxious about getting to the bottom of the mystery: he does not expect to understand it to the end: he is modest, as one who knows his limitations. He is content to look out and up, and to draw inevitable inferences: and he does draw the inference that there is some great Intelligence above him, shaping human destiny by methods known to Him, if not to us: and, if that is so, most of the postulates of religion naturally follow. 'What he claims is, that when he discovers intelligence, not blind movement, behind the screen of Creation, he lays one part of the foundation on which afterwards is raised the superstructure of his faith.' He is struck with the enormous number, variety and majesty of the indications of intention in the natural world: and he feels it necessary to infer an adequate cause. He feels the presence and pressure of a mighty moral law, working for righteousness, and slowly crushing out falsity and wrong; and again he infers the existence of a law-giver and law-sustainer; and, because he does this, he infers that the moral law applies everywhere, and applies to God as well as to Man;—a tremendous and pregnant conclusion to come to!

Then there dawns upon him the thought of a possible connection between himself and God. He comes to feel that he too may be spirit. He learns to appreciate the difference between what we know as matter and what we are conscious of as mind. It is a fact of experience that 'mind communicates with mind, owing to some mysterious influence, when two minds are apart from one another, and notwithstanding any material obstacles which may intervene. So it seems to him that his mind and his body are two distinct things, and his moral sense different from both.' When he converses with a friend, he feels he is communing with, not a body, but a mind; and, when his friend dies, he knows that what he sees are only his 'remains.' He then calls to mind the fact that he has here the belief of practically all mankind, and he concludes that 'a belief which mankind has agreed in holding in all ages of the world, and among all peoples, the most learned and intelligent included, and which has produced such practical results among men, cannot be a mere figment of the imagination—cannot be a mere fancy come some way among men, only to mislead them.'

In this fashion, 'The Common Man' feels his way amid the huge and obvious facts, and he quietly gives them their value, without fretting or worrying or overstraining. He does not expect to solve the problems that press upon him, but is content to recognise them and profit by them, and to steer his little barque by such inferences and intimations as they suggest to him, until the fuller light arrives.

The wholesome, reverent, thoughtful and modest picture of The Common Man and his faith here presented deserves attention. It is, on the one hand, a good corrective to Agnosticism; and is, on the other hand, a useful refuge from the terrorisms and extravagances of the old creeds; and may safely be commended as a Lesson for the Day.

JOAN OF ARC : THE GREAT SPIRITUALIST MARTYR.

By MR. J. W. BOULDING.

An Address delivered to the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, on Thursday evening, February 25th, in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall, Mr. Henry Withall, vice-president, in the chair.

MR. BOULDING said : If you should be in Orleans on May 8th you would witness a public festival in that city which, for sacredness of ceremonial and heartiness of celebration, would be paralleled by no other festival in the world. And if you should ask what it meant, you would be told that it was the anniversary of a great deliverance five centuries ago, when the siege of Orleans was raised and the English power broken in France by the wonderful exploits of Joan the Maid.

The character of that maid and those wonderful exploits have given her a place in the history of the world which is shared by no other human being, so far as I am acquainted with universal biography. This distinction arises not only from what she was and what she accomplished, but from the fact that she was little more than a child in years, and that, being so young, without knowledge, power, position, or experience, she professed to be guided by supernatural voices and moved by forces invisible and divine, thus confirming a truth which has often been illustrated in the lives of men, but never before or since so marvellously in the life of a girl, that while there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy, there are also persons who are incarnations of invisible forces which science cannot analyse nor history explain.

Of course, it is not possible in this matter to come before you as a patriot : the part that England played was totally unworthy ; but I think you will agree with me when I say that it is our duty to be men first and Englishmen afterwards, and not Englishmen at all if we find that allegiance to our nation involves denial of the great claims of humanity. Besides, if we took upon ourselves to vindicate all the actions of our forefathers we should have a list of crimes to justify or extenuate which would baffle our wit if it did not involve us in complicity with their guilt.

It is with Joan of Arc, therefore, as a person that we have to deal—a noble, brave, and beautiful soul : one of those rare and radiant creatures whom God occasionally sends into our world just to show us what beings He can make without any hereditary materials to work with. We shall not love or honour her the less because she was not made of English stuff, but was French alike in sympathy and blood—our enemy withal, and our conqueress to boot—and by our admiration we will atone for the sins of our fathers, who, blinded by their prejudices and maddened by their hate, saw in this true daughter of God an agent of the evil one and an enemy to her kind. We should have no insular prejudices that blind us to God's great ones wherever they may appear. If they have on their brows the seal of the angel ; if the light of genius shines in their faces and marks them out as the gifts of the Almighty to mankind, we lose sight of all national differences in the splendour of their distinction ; and realising that in their brilliant individualities a million common-place existences have been compensated for and crowned, we receive them as the lights and liberators of the race.

Before we enter upon the life and character of this extraordinary girl it will be necessary to take a superficial view of the condition of her country at the time of her appearance and the circumstances that rendered her exploits so important in its history and have made her memory so dear to her countrymen. That condition was a most deplorable one. Civil war had almost extinguished the national unity of France, and foreign invasion had well-nigh quenched its national life.

Nor was the character of Charles, who had not yet been crowned, such as could aid him in this hour of danger. He had neither the courage of a soldier, the wisdom of a politician, nor the gravity of a man. He resigned himself to his fate with a patience that was weakness, and a submission that was cowardice : living first in one castle and then in another, passing his time in indolence and frivolity ; listening to the strains of wandering minstrels, and gazing into the eyes of lovely ladies : while his kingdom was groaning beneath the heel of the invader and his adherents were exerting themselves with an energy that was worthy of a nobler Prince and a better man. Just at this moment, when great men seemed impotent and wise men fools, when counsellors were baffled and armies paralysed, when France was ready to perish from the map of Europe, and to add its name to the vanished empires of the past, there arose—who ? A great statesman ? A mighty warrior ? No ! A little girl from the marches of Lorraine, a child of scarcely seventeen summers, who had seldom heard the blast of a trumpet, or seen a war horse pawing in its strength : who, like the little stripling of the House of Jesse, had kept her father's sheep, and followed them in their grazing from field to field. This gentle girl of sweet seventeen, hearing, with an ear which God had opened, the wail of her dying country, and swearing with a vow which God had inspired to rejuvenate and save it, though its shrunken veins should be filled from her own—this peasant maiden, with a courage that men called presumption, but which the angels knew to be the power of God, came forth from the fields and pastures where she wandered, and with nothing in her hand, not even a sling and a stone from the brook, nothing but the love of country in her heart, and God's lightning in her eye, smote down the foemen with the sword of her mouth, till none remained of their conquering armies but the beaten that were flying and the fallen that were dead.

Joan of Arc was the second daughter and fifth child of a peasant who lived at Domremy, a village on the borders of Lorraine. Of her childhood we know little. What could there be to know of a peasant's child ? There was nothing to distinguish her from the children with whom she danced round the village tree or went to prayers at the village church. Yes, I beg her pardon, there was something, without which she could not have become what she did ; without which the voice from heaven would have spoken to her in vain ; that something which the little Samuel had who heard the whisper of heaven, in the silence and darkness, while Eli, the anointed priest, who should have heard it first, heard nothing at all ; that something which is peculiar to all God's heroes ; the spirit that is kin with the Great Spirit, that knows the voice and sees the vision, and follows them with a fixedness that men call blindness, but which is only its steadfast gazing into heaven.

It must not be supposed, however, from anything I have said that Joan of Arc was a precocious saint. Precocious saints do not come under God's order : ' First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear ' is God's law in the natural world, and in the spiritual world also. That which is precocious is not only unnatural but unbeautiful, and often downright odious. There is a vast difference between goodness and ' goody-goody-ness ' : between a child's unconscious and simple beauty and a child's theatrical posing for effect. Joan's piety was of this natural and simple order : she was not a saint, but only a child—a simple, truthful, loving child, a child such as God's great saints must grow down to if they would rise to a saintly greatness, a child like Samuel, who ministered before the Lord in his little ephod yet knew not the Lord nor the word of the Lord, and, when the voice spoke to him out of the silence, in his beautiful ignorance ran to the priest and attributed to earth the call from heaven.

Of this type was Joan ; no pale, puritanical precocity, but a strong, vigorous, healthy girl, with nothing mystical or morbid in her nature. While Joan's mind was ingenious and simple, innocent and joyous, underneath this superficial gaiety and buoyancy there was a stratum of seriousness and sobriety of soul, and her daily occupation was eminently adapted, and, no doubt, specially designed, to nourish and develop these

important qualities. Far away into the forests she wandered with her charge; far into their dim and mysterious depths—her young imagination finding food and companionship in the weird solitudes of their shadowy gloom; and her serious nature rejoicing in the loneliness which was only another name for the presence of God. She would be taught self-reliance by her perpetual loneliness, and her character would be impressed with a striking originality whatever accident might determine the form of its manifestation.

In addition to the power which such a place must have had over such a receptive and imaginative mind, I bid you remember the strange legends and supernatural traditions that always linger in forest solitudes, and which in her day had not begun to pale before the light, or, I might say, the 'darkness visible' of a materialistic and unspiritual age. What some in their so-called knowledge brand as superstition, to her was religion: and the visions of saints and angels which a later time has interpreted as the illusions of an overwrought and disordered imagination, presented themselves to her senses with all the certainty of objective realities, and appealed to her heart with all the sanctity of a call from heaven. Men smile at what they call the credulity of this village girl. When they hear that she saw visions of saints and angels and heard their voices whispering amongst the trees, they toss their heads with laughter, or pout their lips with scorn. But it is so easy to do this. The attitude of the scorner is the most comfortable one that ignorant human nature can indulge in. It requires no effort to sit in an arm-chair in an elegant drawing-room, and between the puffs of a cigarette, or the sipping of one's coffee, to say: 'Oh yes, we know!' But the heroes of the fireside are often cowards in the woods. The sceptics of the drawing-room are the superstitious of the solitudes. And I will venture to say that Joan would have the best of it, wise and brave though they think they are: for she talked with the voices alone in the silence, and rejoiced in the visions alone in the gloom; while if they thought they heard a voice, or imagined that they saw a spirit, no hare would run faster from the hounds than they would fly from the haunted place, and no power on earth would persuade them to go into those solitudes again.

We claim, however, for Joan something more than fancy, something higher than imagination. Every word she uttered and every tone of the utterance convey to us the unmistakable sound of sanity and truth. The simplicity with which she told her marvellous tale; the readiness with which she obeyed the heavenly voices; the courage she displayed in carrying out the mission with which the voices entrusted her; the unworldliness she preserved amidst scenes of glory that would have intoxicated minds uninspired by truth and unsustained by devotion, all combine to prove that what she saw and heard were not mere hallucinations of a disordered brain, but actualities presented to her heightened senses, and appealing through them to the mind and soul. To the sceptic who laughs at Joan's 'superstitious fancies' we say: Your want of faith does not in the least discredit the reality of her revelations. It only proves that she lived on a higher plane, and was capable of seeing what you are not. It only proves that her simplicity was wiser than your science, and that an ignorant child who has the spiritual gift is nearer heaven than an educated man who has it not. And so this brave, good girl, whose purity of soul gave her the necessary fitness for the reception of heavenly visions, tarried in the company of the saints and angels like some grand old prophet of the ancient time; like Moses at the bush, or Elijah in the cave, till the forest glowed with visions of her destiny, and its solitudes teemed with a multitudinous cry—the cry of down-trodden and dejected France, and the destiny of raising her from her weakness and shame to sit down once more in the assembly of the nations, and shine as of old in the constellation of their crowns.

Let us hear what account Joan gives of herself in relation to these visions and voices. She has surely a right to an impartial hearing, and certainly there was nothing in her life, either before or after, that would lead us to discredit her

statements or question her sanity. If her statements were untrue, then for once in the world a life of distinguished virtue was based upon a lie. If she was insane, then the grandest heroine in all history achieved her victories by a disordered brain. But insane people do not usually rout armies, save kingdoms, crown kings, and perform deeds of prowess at which even heroes are amazed; retaining at the same time the simplicity and sweetness of a child, and moving amidst scenes of triumph and splendour with the dignity of an angel that no worldliness can corrupt and no selfishness impair. If you do not believe in the sanity of her mind you have this contradiction, which to me seems an absurdity, that insanity is mightier than reason and greater than knowledge, and that madness has blossomed in a moral miracle which all the combined forces of the world's education have hitherto been impotent to excel or parallel.

If this were true, since it is apparent that we who are sane are so terribly common-place, trivial and undistinguished, leading lives that began in nothing, are nothing, and will in nothing end, it might be desirable for us to pray that instead of having our reason preserved to us, we might lose our reason, and be seized by some celestial madness, so that we might escape from the hum-drum routine of a paltry existence, and turn the world upside down, as some other divine madmen were declared to have done of old, which might even be a good thing for the world not less than for ourselves, since I have a suspicion that the world has long been wrong side up, and turning it upside down might perchance turn it the right way and prove that our 'madness had a method' in it after all.

Joan relates that she was about thirteen years of age when the visions first came to her. She was sitting spinning one beautiful summer afternoon in the shade at her cottage door, when all at once a bright light shone beside her, and out of it came a voice which startled her with its strangeness, though it consoled her with its message. That message was one of the simplest character, suited to the faculties of a little child; it merely said, 'Joan, be good.' Though at first she was frightened, reflection convinced her that whoever might be the speaker he could not be other than one of the blessed, for no spirit of evil would give such advice to a little girl who was thinking no evil, but only spinning in the summer day.

After that, at intervals more or less frequent, the wonderful light shone about her again, and out of the light there gradually shaped before her various figures, one of which, clearer than the rest, and evidently the leader of the glorious band, was that of a noble, warlike man, with a crown on his head, who called himself Michael, the Archangel of God. She trembled at first before the awful Being. Who would not tremble at the vision of such spiritual mystery and might? But he soon consoled her and gained her confidence, and then proceeded to unfold to her the destiny to which God had called her, the deliverance of her country and the coronation of her king. There were also other forms that came out of the radiance, beings more fair and comfortable to look upon, gentle women in shining garments, with golden circlets on their beautiful heads, with voices not like a warrior-angel's, but soft and sweet with sisterly sympathy and toned with the tenderness of love and home. They called themselves saints—Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret; but their burden was the same as the angel-warrior's, the deliverance of her country and the coronation of her king.

To those visions Joan responded—how? By an intoxication of vanity? By an assumption that she was better and worthier than her companions? No such thing, but by a vow of perpetual chastity—which, in her simple mind, was synonymous with perpetual dedication to God—and by a deep and earnest longing that her visitants would not leave her in this world of tears, but take her with them to their bright abode. As like attracts like, the warrior angel would take the warrior maiden; the martyred Catherine and the martyred Margaret would take the martyred Joan to their strong city and their beautiful embrace; but not yet. Not till her work was over; not till the maiden heroine had fought her fight; not till the martyred saint had won her crown!

(To be continued.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

BORN FEBRUARY 12TH, 1809; PASSED ON APRIL 15TH, 1865.

By H. BLACKWELL.

(Continued from page 106.)

President Roosevelt, in the course of his eloquent Centenary address, used these weighty words:—

Lincoln saw into the future with the prophetic imagination usually vouchsafed only to the poet and the seer. He had in him all the lift towards greatness of the visionary without any of the visionary's fanaticism. . . . The goal was never dim before his vision; but he picked his way cautiously without either halt or hurry as he strode toward it, through such a morass of difficulty, that no man of less courage would have attempted it, while it would surely have overwhelmed any man of judgment less serene.

This is indeed an acknowledgment that Lincoln was somewhat of a mystic, but that he received warnings and premonitions in dreams was well known to his associates.

We must now deal with events subsequent to the terrible tragedy. Some three months later, Judge Edmonds, of the Supreme Court of Appeal, who will always be honoured by Spiritualists as a fearless advocate of the truth at a time when to 'dare to be a Daniel' meant social martyrdom, describes how, while sitting quietly under his verandah, Abraham Lincoln appeared to him. The interview lasted some time, and a vivid description was given as to the reception accorded to Lincoln on 'the other side.' Judge Edmonds says:—

When he awoke to consciousness in the spirit world he was surprised and somewhat confused, for he had no idea that he was dead. The shot that slew him instantly suspended all sensation and consciousness, and he was not aware of what had happened. This condition of bewilderment, however, did not last long, as he was familiar enough with Spiritualism to understand what death is. He found himself surrounded, and most cordially welcomed, by many, very many, for whom he had ever entertained a high regard.

Then is described* how Lincoln awaited the coming of Booth and how, when they met, the sadly misguided man was treated with kindness and compassion.

Judge Edmonds, in February, 1874, in a private letter to Mr. Benjamin Coleman acknowledging the receipt of an illuminated address and an album of spirit photographs from the English Spiritualists, narrates how Lincoln came to him, on subsequent occasions, and desired his aid, as he wished to address the people of the United States on the 'Reconstruction of the Union.' The Judge proceeds:—

This took place in November and the notes lay by me till February, when Lincoln came again and said Congress would soon adjourn, and he wanted the matter written out and published before that happened. So I sat down at once to the work, but I declined to publish until I had verified the names, places and statements, many of which were unknown to me. I accordingly searched the matters out in various libraries and found that many of them were true. I then sent to Washington and obtained some Congressional documents which showed me the truth of the rest.

The pamphlet was then published, and no doubt carried out the wishes of its spirit author.

Within two months from the writing of this letter Judge Edmonds joined his illustrious visitor in the brighter world, and four days after his decease, through the lips of Mrs. Conant at the 'Banner of Light' rooms, he described his own entrance into spirit land. The following month, through Mrs. Cora Tappan, on a London platform, he gave a beautiful address telling of the joys of those higher regions, of his greeting from Lincoln, who occupied a lofty position in the shining and radiant throng, also of the many groups of various nationalities, who were considering the best means of influencing and improving the condition of humanity in general. 'I now feel that my work is just about to commence,' he said, and soon he was busy in superintending as

spirit editor a book entitled 'Strange Visitors,' through the remarkable mediumship of Mrs. Susan G. Horn. This was followed by another volume, 'The Next World,' which gives a series of valuable addresses from many of the great and notable ones of the past. In the present connection, the one which surpasses in interest all the others is 'My Passage to Spirit Life,' by Abraham Lincoln, which was given in December, 1876. It should be quoted in full, but a paragraph or two must suffice:—

I was prepared, inasmuch as I believed that every public officer should hold his life in his hand, ready to lay it down in the nation's service; and from the moment when it was revealed to me that I was chosen to release the slave from bondage, from that moment I felt that I was foredoomed, and I was willing that my life should be sacrificed for that necessary accomplishment. . . . Spirits of the next world are intimately connected with mortals, how intimately I never realised until I became a denizen of the Summerland. Then I found that the inhabitants of that realm were perfectly familiar with my life, and under the direction of a wise Power they had raised me from obscurity and had elected me to be the liberator of the Southern slaves. They had foreseen the dangers that encompassed me, and had used every effort to notify me of the plot in preparation to take my life—they had warned me again and again through mediums and my own clairvoyance. They knew the danger but failed to avert it. . . . Some people thought I was not altogether right, because I had peculiar dreams and visions and sometimes consulted mediums; but I must inform them that those who scoff at these things are more insane than they who believe in them.

Then follows a touching reference to his wife. 'If any cause could render a woman insane, the distressing events which attended and followed my sudden departure were sufficient to have made my wife so, but her belief in spirit communion upheld and sustained her.'

One of the most valued spirit photographs in my possession is that of a lady who, on arriving by railway in Boston, proceeded at once to the studio of Mr. Mumler, the well-known spirit photographer of forty years ago. She was a stranger to him and wore a thick veil, which she did not remove until the exposure was about to be made for her portrait. On the plate being developed, standing at the back of the lady, who was Mrs. Lincoln, was the form of the martyred President, with his hands resting on his wife's shoulders.

In the year 1900 I had the privilege of taking notes of an address which Lincoln gave through Mrs. K. de Wolfe, the Nova Scotian medium, now of Boston, U.S.A. It was spoken with great earnestness and evidently was the outcome of deep feeling and sympathy. He said:—

The United States, as well as other countries, is suffering from the want of men with backbone who cannot be pulled hither and thither by the power of gold. The only thing that can do any good is to teach the consequences of the course they are pursuing; 'as they sow so shall they reap.' The time is coming when the country shall be rent in twain by a war of words. There is to be fairer play in Wall-street. We are going to abolish the attic where the poor woman is wearing out her life for a mere pittance. We are going to abolish the sweating shop. It is killing the poor, it is producing criminals and filling the prisons so that the millionaire monopolist may live in luxury and ease. We are going to alter this. . . . I am thankful to say that I am able to influence some of the leaders indirectly. They have not realised that behind them stood a tall, angular figure, and by the help of Him whose name we love I have been able to help them. We see things as they are but we do not despair. The change is coming, is going on and on, but we want a man at the helm who will do right for right's sake, who will work for the interest of the poor as well as for the rich, who will say 'a man is a man for all that,' and will remember that there is an All-seeing Eye looking down upon him. There will be a great change in the years to come.

At another time, speaking through Mrs. de Wolfe, alluding to my interest in spirit photography, Lincoln said that he would be taken in London, and, the following year, he said that he would come again at the first favourable opportunity and give a portrait that would be a surprise. The first promise was redeemed through Mr. Boursnell in 1901; the second through Dr. W. M. Keeler in Washington in 1902, neither of the mediums being aware

* 'Letters on Spiritualism.' By JUDGE EDMONDS. All the books mentioned in this article are in the library of the London Spiritualist Alliance.

of the promise. The later portrait is, according to the opinion of experts, unique, as it is unlike any other and shows the firm strong face of a younger man with clean-shaven face and before the cares of his office had made such furrows in his brow.

(To be continued.)

THE LOGIC OF EXISTENCE AND PERSISTENCE.

'Whence, Why and Whither' is the title of a new book* by Frederick Francis Cook, setting forth 'the logic of existence and persistence' and 'the rationale of Spiritualism.' The author's summary of contents is in some ways more connected reading than the book itself, and sets forth the 'logic of existence' in a more easily intelligible form. We gather that Mr. Cook believes in pre-existence, as well as re-embodiments, or a form of reincarnation, not as commonly understood, but as we believe Theosophists really teach; that is, not that the personality as known to us reincarnates, but that the soul, in returning to earth, clothes itself with a new personality. Thus the soul 'inherits from itself,' while expressing itself through a personality and physical form which are inherited from ancestors. In any case, the following passage expresses the philosophy of Spiritualism, however the ascension be accomplished:—

Involution is a process of celestial stair-building from soul down to man. Evolution is a corresponding mode of ascension from man to angel; while upon each successive stage or landing, in an illimitable series of spirals, a higher type, a loftier or more abstract presentation of 'ideas,' a more extended view of the Vision Splendid, of the Inmost Truth, of Soul or Being, is vouchsafed.

In the second portion of the book, on 'The Rationale of Spiritualism,' the author takes up his previous contention that if there be immortality for man, there is no *a priori* reason 'for excluding him, as spirit, from participation in this world's affairs'; in fact, that man 'has all along had a partner, more or less silent, in this business of world-moving; that there is an illumined and most intimate inner side to the plane on which humanity so grossly exploits itself'; and that this activity beyond the threshold of the mortal prison-house is not to be ignored or relegated to the Unknowable. The author 'began his investigations from a position of uncompromising materialism,' and therefore cannot be charged with a bias in favour of the spiritual origin of the phenomena; even when he was convinced, he was 'unable for a long time to construct for himself a "belief" in them, there being in his mental make-up no concepts with which these so alien facts could integrate.' Even now he lashes out with a fine impartiality, and his book will provoke thought—if even that thought be antagonistic to his main contention. He warns 'our dearest foe, the physio-psychologist,' that the cherished 'subliminal' may turn out to be an elusive adversary who lays traps for the scientific man's undoing, and may undermine the very citadel of the materialistic or 'mechanistic' position. He recognises that research and guarded intercourse are two distinct modes of progression, and cannot be harnessed abreast. Both dogmatic religion and material science, instead of sitting in judgment on Spiritualism, may themselves be judged by it and found wanting.

X.

A FEW days ago, at St. Petersburg, Mr. Calvini, of the Italian Court, who lost in the Messina earthquake many near relatives, gave an interview to the 'Russkoje Slovo.' He said: 'You wish to hear about Messina. I must say there were many strange warnings. Two months before the earthquake, Messina was plunged in a thick fog, perfectly unknown to that town before. In the sky, over the cathedral, a fiery cross appeared several times. Twice in the neighbourhood there came down a bloody rain. The talk about these phenomena was ascribed to superstition and ignorance. Only after the catastrophe all these things came to memory, and one cannot help thinking of their origin. My home, once full of laughter and merriment, became a grave to my mother, wife and brother.'

JOTTINGS.

The lecture by Mr. Boulding on Joan of Arc, the opening portion of which will be found on p. 115, reminds us of a fact which we are apt to forget, viz., that the command in the Bible, 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,' has been more or less responsible for a vast amount of human suffering. 'The Progressive Thinker' states that 'Dr. Sprenger, a well-known author and biologist, computed the entire number of persons who have been burned at the stake as witches during the Christian era at nine millions! Among that number were many highly cultured women, who animadverted against the vices of their times, and paid the penalty with their lives, and the infamy of being in league with the Devil.'

Continuing, 'The Progressive Thinker' says: 'Joan of Arc, no doubt inspired by patriotic spirits who loved France, was burned at the stake for a witch. Upon a throne, placed on a high scaffold to ensure a better view, sat Cardinal Winchester, with prelates, judges, and priests, while before them was the brave maid chained to a stake, the fagots piled high around, the torches ready to light the flame; the Cardinal commanded the victim to recant all she had said concerning the spirits and their voices, but her answer was: "Though you should tear off my limbs and pluck my soul from my body I will say nothing but the truth." And she went up in flame!'

Telegrams from Berlin to the London newspapers report that the German Emperor recently listened to a lecture on 'the divining rod,' by Herr von Uslar, who stated that during his visit to South-West Africa, with the assistance of his 'Rod,' he had indicated eight hundred spots. Borings had been made in one hundred and sixty-three of these, and water was obtained in one hundred and seventeen, or seventy-nine per cent. The lecturer said that he could not explain the facts; the ability to locate water he regarded as a gift from God, and he felt himself under obligation to utilise it among men. Herr Dernburg said that 'the Imperial Government associated itself with its whole heart with the thanks that had reached Herr von Uslar in many letters. There was no doubt he had done much useful work. It could not find words to express its acknowledgment of his action in going out at his advanced age and taking many hardships upon himself over a long course of years.' We cannot imagine the British Government publicly thanking a 'dowser'—but it may come.

The Waihi correspondent of an Auckland paper, New Zealand, of November 27th last, reported that eight months previously a Waihi resident, a member of the local Association of Spiritualists, had a vision, a description of which was written down at the time and certified to by an officer of the Magistrate's Court on April 8th. The vision consisted of three scenes. In the first the seer described a large town. On the front of a large building the word 'Arnst' was fixed in an iron frame, and the people rushed about exclaiming 'Arnst! Arnst!' as though something unexpected had happened. In the next scene only the water and the bank of a river could be seen, but the seer was impressed that Arnst had the advantage in a race and was the winner. The final scene showed in white outline the shorthand tracing of the name 'Arnst.' At that time no race had been definitely arranged, nor had the seer been thinking of such a contest. However, a sculling match took place in November last between Webb and Arnst, the result of which fully verified the vision, the signed and certified description of which is now in the hands of the Clerk of the Court.

'Spiritual communion is a fact independent of place and circumstance. . . The action and reaction of preacher and people in this church of prayer and sermon is often impressive and sometimes even startling in the evidence it affords that we are being watched over and guided from the world unseen.' So said the Rev. R. J. Campbell in a recent sermon, and, further, he said: 'Again and again people have come into this place, hopeless and despairing, and have been arrested by something in the very atmosphere, something which finds its way into the prayer offered in your name to God. . . Many a time I have come here not feeling physically very fit to preach, though I say nothing about it; but I never mind much, for I know what you are doing; it does not all depend upon me.' Sensitives who perform public service know how true this is: how the atmosphere of a place, of the people, affects them. If the audience, or congregation, gives the right mental, moral, and spiritual conditions—of desire for spiritual

* 'Whence, Why and Whither. The Logic of Existence and Persistence, and the Rationale of Spiritualism.' By FREDERICK FRANCIS COOK. New York: The Author, United Charities'-building. Price 3s. post free.

good and sympathetic aspiration and expectation—then high and helpful aspirations will be realised by, or poured through, the speaker. The spiritual atmosphere (bright, serene, loving, aspirational, and receptive) opens the way for ministering angels to render heavenly service.

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 which may elicit discussion.

Buddhism and Spiritualism.

SIR,—I have to thank you for your kindly reference to my recent lecture at Reading in your current issue, but as the comment thereon may, perhaps, lead some of your readers to infer that I exalted Buddhism over Spiritualism, perhaps you will permit me to add that in the discussion after the lecture I pointed out that not only were the principles for which Spiritualism stands characteristic of Buddhism, as indeed they are of every creed the world has yet known, but that there is no true living without their recognition. As you will doubtless remember, in the interview I had with Bhikku Ananda Metteya, reported in 'LIGHT' of May 9th, 1908, it was there stated by the Bhikku himself that there is nothing contrary to Spiritualism in Buddhism. I am sure every Buddhist would endorse your opinions expressed in 'Jottings' column this week.—Yours, &c.,
DUDLEY WRIGHT.
Authors' Club, S.W.

A Vision Experience.

SIR,—Some years ago, in the month of June, I occupied a bedroom in a new house, of which I was the first tenant. There were two windows—a large and a small one—opposite each other. The large window faced north, and the blind was always drawn; the small one, being in shadow from a wing, which projected beyond it a considerable distance, was always left open, and the blind drawn up. My bedstead was placed with the head to the east, consequently the southern window was on my left, and the northern on my right. The room was a good size, nearly square, and there was a space of about two yards between my bedstead and each window, the small window being clear of the foot of my bedstead.

One summer morning I was aroused from a deep slumber, so suddenly that in a second I was wide awake. I was lying on my back, and my glance was directed to the left side of the room, where, blocking out the window, stood a lovely woman, looking with her liquid, dark, beautiful eyes into mine, with such a heavenly smile and expression on her gentle face, that I felt not the least shock, or fear.

She was not in her first youth but fully matured; she was about medium height, fairly plump and very dark; her features were beautiful, her skin a deep olive, and her expression and exquisite smile were the most enchanting that I ever saw on any human face. She wore some richly coloured Eastern dress reaching to her feet, which I distinctly saw were encased in shoes unlike our own or anything I had seen before. From her head, which it covered, fell in graceful voluminous folds to her shoulders, some rich, yet soft, diaphanous, many coloured material of a creamy ground. Her sleeves and bodice seemed to be full, but a black tight-fitting vest clearly defined her waist. The skirt of the dress was also full, and of a soft, many-coloured material. I could see abundant dusky tresses under the head dress. The appearance lasted only a few seconds. As I gazed the figure became transparent, and I saw the window through it, then the outlines speedily vanished, and I was alone. If this was a ghost I shall be pleased to see such a visitor at any time, but I have never been favoured with a reappearance of this, or any other vision.

I looked at my watch, the time was 3.35 a.m. Is it necessary to add that I am a life abstainer, a sound sleeper, and do not suffer from nightmare, or take heavy, late suppers? Indeed, in ten minutes from the time the apparition vanished, so little was I disturbed by it, that I had again fallen asleep.—Yours, &c.,
DORA DE BEKE.

The Etheric or Astral Double.

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent 'Radium' (see 'LIGHT,' p. 23), I should like to state that it is not unusual for the doubles of persons who are still in the flesh to be seen by clairvoyants, and it was somewhat amusing therefore to notice the newspaper excitement over the recent clerical incident.

In July last I received a letter from a friend who occupies an official position, and resides in Perth, West Australia, in which the following sentence occurs: 'You see by the above that you are fairly intimate with us in your astral state. Your visits have of late been too numerous to mention. We have had messages, discussions, and general conversation in which your normal characteristics are very evident.' Both my friend and his wife are clairvoyant and clairaudient. In a subsequent letter he writes: 'You ask me to narrate some of the communications we have had from your spirit self, apart from the conversation about the adjoining farm; as a rule you speak of what you are anxious to do in psychic work generally, such as your last experiments in photography and the results. . . . You will understand that your visits are sometimes very short, and often you have had to go away in the middle of your conversations, owing to a sudden call home.'

It is as well to mention that, unfortunately, I do not retain any recollection of these astral wanderings.

However, on one occasion, while visiting Canada, having made a previous appointment with our spirit photographer in London, and while in the conscious state, I caused my etheric double to appear in his studio. There the phantom form was duly photographed some 2,700 miles away from my more substantial self. The previous year I had carried out a similar experiment when residing in London, and my double was 'taken' in three different positions, corresponding to those I adopted some eight miles away.

When better understood, psychic and spirit photography will prove to be the keys to a vast treasure house of knowledge.—Yours, &c.,
H. BLACKWELL.

Cancer—A Spirit's Advice.

SIR,—Kindly give publicity to the following communication with reference to the cancer scourge, which I have received automatically from my dear mother. It may be of use to some of your readers troubled with this sad affliction:—

'We consider that surgical treatment of this disease is barbarous and unscientific because the growth is of a fungoid nature and owes its inception to the taking of such impure food as unripe or over-ripe fruit, stale vegetables, tinned foods, and food treated with preservatives. Under the most favourable circumstances any incision leads to more pronounced growth. The only method to keep the disease at bay is to cease feeding it.

1. 'By living a quiet, restful life; lying prone as much as possible and doing nothing of a violent nature which would tend to send a rush of blood to the part affected.

2. 'By eliminating meat, alcohol, fish, and all food of a stimulating nature from the dietary. Milk, eggs, cheese (sparingly) may be taken, but no fish, flesh or fowl.

3. 'As much ripe fruit as possible to be taken fasting. The juices are valuable in destroying bacilli inimical to the physical health.

4. 'Where pain is present use astringent fomentations (violet leaves, pine sawdust are good).

5. 'Keep serene and hopeful, remembering always that Nature will help you in the cure. Many persons die at an advanced age of this disease, totally unaware of its nature, until within some days of death.

'As preventive measures, it is wise to be extremely particular in the selection and preparation of food. Let nothing pass your lips which is not pure, clean and wholesome. Hot or cold water, internally and externally, should be used in abundance.'

—Yours, &c.,

A. C.

Cape Town, South Africa.

NUMERICAL EXERCISES.—So many systems have been proposed for dealing with the letters of a name as having numerical value, and an occult significance, that it is difficult to speak of any one of them as being superior to any other. Some are ascribed to Pythagoras, some are called Kabalistic, and so forth. The latest, put forward by Mr. Luo Clement in a little book entitled 'The Ancient Science of Numbers,' and published by L. N. Fowler and Co. (price 3s. 6d.), deals with the harmony or otherwise subsisting between the number derived from the name and that of the date of birth. Thus, Abraham Lincoln's name and birth numbers, 'while not in harmony, work in the same direction so far as the brotherhood of man is concerned.' If the results obtained do not seem to accord closely with the life, it is because we have not mastered the art of reading the soul, the tendencies of which are not always outwardly manifest. It is, at all events, a simple and easy method of deciding whether or not your name fits your date of birth.

SOCIETY WORK.

Notices of future events which *do not exceed* twenty-five words may be added to reports *if accompanied by six penny stamps*, but all such notices which exceed twenty-five words must be inserted in our advertising columns.

CLAPHAM INSTITUTE, 103, GAUDEN-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. H. Boddington replied instructively to questions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. E. Beard. Saturday, 13th, social meeting at Henley Hall in aid of Battersea Society.—H. B.

FULHAM.—COLVEY HALL, 25, FERNHURST-ROAD, MUNSTER-ROAD, S.W.—On Sunday last Mr. Abbott gave an illustrated lecture on 'The History of Spiritualism.' Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. E. W. Wallis, trance address.—W. T.

CROYDON.—PUBLIC HALL LECTURE ROOM, GEORGE-STREET.—On Sunday last Mrs. Cannock gave addresses on 'Development of Mediums' and 'Wanted, a New God,' and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Effie Bathe.—R.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—On Sunday last Miss Patey spoke on 'Spiritualism' and gave clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Wesley Adams, trance address. Monday, at 7, ladies' circle. No circle on Thursday. 19th, Lyceum anniversary at Raleigh Hall.—W. Y.

STRATFORD.—WORKMEN'S HALL, ROMFORD-ROAD, E.—On Sunday last Mr. W. F. Smith spoke interestingly on 'Reincarnation,' and Mrs. Smith gave clairvoyant delineations. Sunday next, Mr. D. J. Davis on 'The Purpose of Spirit Phenomena.'—W. H. S.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—73, BECKLOW-ROAD, ASKEW-ROAD, W.—On Sunday last Mrs. Atkins gave clairvoyant and psychometric delineations. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., public circle; at 6.45 p.m., Miss Violet Burton. Thursday, at 7.45, Mrs. Roberts, of Leicester. Thursday, 18th, at 7.45, social evening.

CLAPHAM.—RICHMOND-PLACE, NEW-ROAD, WANDSWORTH-ROAD, S.W.—On Sunday last Mr. C. Cousins spoke on 'What Shall be the Sign?' Sunday next, at 6.45 p.m., Mrs. Irwin, address and clairvoyant descriptions. Monday and Thursday, at 7.30, Friday, at 2.30, circles. Saturday, at 7.30, prayer.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL.—On Sunday last Mr. H. Leaf spoke on 'Life' and gave clairvoyant descriptions. Solo by Miss B. Maries. Sunday next, at 11.30 a.m., Mr. Winbow; at 7 p.m., Mrs. Wesley Adams, address and clairvoyant descriptions. Thursday, no meeting. 14th, Mr. J. Jackson.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—On Sunday last Mr. Aaron Wilkinson gave excellent inspirational addresses and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mrs. A. Boddington; also on Monday, at 8, clairvoyant descriptions; 1s. each sitter.—A.C.

ACTON AND EALING.—21, UXBRIDGE-ROAD, EALING, W.—On Sunday last Mr. D. J. Davis spoke powerfully on 'The Utility of Spiritualism.' Mrs. Ensor rendered a solo. Saturday, March 6th, at 7 p.m., social gathering, palmistry and music, tickets 6d. each. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Frank Pearce.

HACKNEY.—SIGDON-ROAD SCHOOL, DALSTON-LANE, N.E.—On Sunday last Mrs. Effie Bathe gave an impressive address on 'Child Growth Beyond the Grave' and answered questions. Madame Leslie Dale, A.R.A.M., sang two solos. On Sunday next, Mr. Robt. King on 'Astrology.' Monday, at 50, Avenue-road, Mr. W. S. Johnston, clairvoyant descriptions.

UPPER HOLLOWAY.—GROVEDALE HALL, GROVEDALE-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. Cockren spoke on 'Man and the Universe,' and gave clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., public circle; at 7 p.m., Mr. Swift, address and clairvoyant descriptions; soloist, Miss Smith. Thursday, 8, Mr. Keyworth, address and clairvoyant descriptions.—W. F.

CHISWICK.—56, HIGH-ROAD, W.—On Sunday morning last, discussion on 'Spiritualism and the Bible.' In the evening Mr. G. Nicholson's address on 'Work and Prayer' was much enjoyed. On Monday Miss N. Patey gave successful psychometry. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., circle; at 2.45 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mr. S. Keyworth, address.—H. S.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday last Mr. W. J. Leeder, of Nottingham, gave clairvoyant descriptions to a large and appreciative audience. Mrs. Gershon sweetly rendered a solo. Mr. Geo. Spriggs presided. Sunday next, at 6.30 for 7 p.m., Mrs. M. H. Wallis will give an inspirational address on 'Spirit Life and Spirit People.'

HOLLOWAY.—49, LORRAINE-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. Walker gave a powerful address, replies to questions, and convincing clairvoyant descriptions, with messages. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mr. Baxter, address on 'The Beatific Vision,' and clairvoyant descriptions. Tuesday, healing circle.—W. W. A.

BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD.—HENLEY-STREET.—On Sunday last Mr. Imison gave an address on 'Mediumship,' and Mrs. Imison well-recognised clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7, and Monday, at 8, Mrs. F. Roberts, of Leicester. 13th, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Boddington's social, 6d. each. 14th, members' general meeting.—C. A. G.

READING.—NEW HALL, BLAGRAVE-STREET.—On Sunday last Mr. P. R. Street gave addresses and replied to questions.

PLYMOUTH.—ODDFELLOWS' HALL, MORLEY-STREET.—On Sunday last Mr. Wilkins spoke on 'Seek, Find,' Mrs. Roberts rendered a solo, and Mrs. Martin gave clairvoyant descriptions.

SOUTHPORT.—HAWKSHEAD HALL.—On Sunday and Monday last Miss L. Hilton spoke on 'How to Attain Eternal Life' and gave clairvoyant delineations.—E. B.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.—SEANCE HALL, BROADWAY.—On Sunday last Mr. W. Rundle gave an address on 'Psychic Phenomena' and psychometric readings.—A. D.

PLYMOUTH.—HOEGATE HALL.—On Sunday last Mr. J. Evans spoke on 'The Fall.' Mr. Eales gave clairvoyant descriptions.—T. L. P.

EXETER.—MARLBOROUGH HALL.—On Sunday last Mrs. Letheren spoke on 'The Various Kinds of Hell,' and gave clairvoyant descriptions.—E. F.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.—MILTON-STREET.—On Sunday last Mr. J. Blackburn spoke on 'The Spiritual Gifts of St. Paul' and 'Faith and Healing,' and gave demonstrations of healing.

SOUTHAMPTON.—WAVERLEY HALL, ST. MARY'S-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. F. T. Blake spoke on 'Spiritualism: What is it?' and gave clairvoyant descriptions.—W. J. H.

KENTISH TOWN.—17, PRINCE OF WALES'-CRESCENT, N.W.—On Sunday last Mr. J. A. Wilkins related how he found the truth. A lady visitor gave good psychometric delineations.

SOUTHSEA.—LESSER VICTORIA HALL.—On Sunday last Mr. H. Beard related interesting experiences, and Mr. Thomas spoke and gave clairvoyant descriptions.—J. W. M.

SOUTHSEA.—1A, WATERLOO-STREET.—On Sunday morning last Mrs. Wilson conducted a circle. In the evening Mr. Frank Pearce gave a powerful address and Mrs. Wilson clairvoyant descriptions.—W. H.

TOTTENHAM.—193, HIGH-ROAD.—On Sunday evening last Mr. H. G. Swift's address on 'Spiritualism, Its Advance and Recognition' was much appreciated. On the 25th, the third social gathering was very successful.—H. G. S.

LINCOLN.—ARCADE, UPPER ROOM.—On Sunday last Mrs. Spittlehouse spoke on 'If a Man Die?' and 'Know Thyself,' gave clairvoyant descriptions, and on Monday conducted a meeting.—C. R.

BOURNEMOUTH.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, TOWN HALL-AVENUE.—On Sunday morning last Mrs. A. Boddington answered questions, and in the evening spoke on 'The Claims of Spiritualism,' and gave clairvoyant descriptions.

BIRMINGHAM.—30, JOHN-STREET, VILLA CROSS, HANDSWORTH.—On Sunday last Mrs. Taylor gave an address on 'Man Became a Living Soul,' and recognised clairvoyant descriptions, also on Monday.—D. M. L.

EXETER.—MARKET HALL, FORE-STREET.—On Sunday last Mr. G. West spoke on 'Spiritualism,' and Mrs. Grainger on 'The Use of Spiritualism to Humanity,' with clairvoyant descriptions.—H. L.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—SURREY MASONIC HALL.—On Sunday morning last a profitable circle was held. In the evening Mr. W. E. Long delivered a stirring address on 'The Powers of Christ: Healing.'—E. S.

LITTLE ILFORD.—CORNER OF CHURCH-ROAD AND THIRD-AVENUE, MANOR PARK, E.—On Sunday last Mrs. John Gordon spoke on 'Daniel the Medium.' Mr. Abel conducted the after-circle. On February 27th, at the annual Lyceum social gathering, prizes were distributed.—M. C. A.

PORTSMOUTH.—VICTORIA-ROAD, SOUTH.—On Sunday last Mrs. Jessie Crompton delivered addresses on 'Personality' and 'Art thou a Christian?' and gave clairvoyant descriptions. On the 24th Mr. Aaron Wilkinson spoke on 'The Value of Mediumship,' and gave convincing clairvoyant descriptions.—G. M. F.

MANOR PARK AND EAST HAM.—OLD COUNCIL ROOMS, WAKEFIELD-STREET.—On Sunday last Mrs. Roberts gave an address on 'Purification of Spirit,' and Mr. Roberts clairvoyant descriptions. On February 25th, a fancy bazaar and sale of work was kindly opened by Mrs. Effie Bathe, on the 26th by Mrs. E. M. Walter; both ladies were presented with handsome bouquets. Vocal and instrumental performances, organised by Mr. A. H. Sarfas, added to the pleasure of the visitors, and the financial results were satisfactory.—C. W. T.