

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

No. 1,470.—VOL. XXIX. [Registered as]

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1909.

[a Newspaper.]

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way.....	121
L. S. A. Notices.....	122
A New Book on Joan of Arc.....	123
Experiences with Fakirs.....	123
Spiritual Aspirations by Inspira- tion.....	124
Abraham Lincoln and Spiritualism.....	125
A Warning.....	126

Joan of Arc: The Great Spirit- ualist Martyr. An Address by Mr. J. W. Boulding.....	127
Plotinus and his Philosophy.....	130
In Quest of the Graal.....	131
Sir Richard Burton and Professor Palmer.....	132

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Mr. Birrell does not shine as a critic of Psychical Research. Speaking to a union of Bible Classes at Bristol, he declined to believe that the spirit-people had been communicating. What was given as from them was too 'petty' for him. He wanted something 'stupendous.' It is the old mistake. What the world needs is the complete realisation of the cardinal fact that no great change occurs at death, but that everyone begins there as he ends here. Spirits are not all ghostly, solemn beings on stilts, bound to behave with stupendous gravity, and utter oracles if they utter anything at all. Besides, even the most stupendously solemn and exalted being might find it difficult to get anything through that was very much above his medium. The pettiness may be what a London fog is—our own fault.

The third edition of 'The Cloud upon the Sanctuary,' by Karl von Eckartshausen, is now ready (London: Wm. Rider and Son). Our readers will probably remember that it is translated and annotated by Isabelle de Steiger, and it is now announced as 'revised and enlarged.' A thirty-page Introduction by Arthur Edward Waite is, in our judgment, the most readable part of the book. It certainly helps us to understand the rest of the work which, it must be confessed, often constrains the sigh, 'It is high; I cannot attain unto it!'—and this notwithstanding the seeming simplicity of the style.

But it is not always 'high.' Our difficulty is that writers in this region indulge in flights of fancy and play with phrases. Here, for instance (just the first that we notice), in Note to Letter VI., discussing a subtle point of body and spirit, 'the body of sin' and 'a body co-ordinate with the measure of the Divine Image,' the writer says, 'Thus Dante, amongst others, in the *Paradiso*, speaks of the double garment, the spiritual body and the glorified earthly body; and Isaiah, also, lxi. 7, "Therefore their Lord shall possess the double and everlasting joy shall be unto them." But Isaiah's prediction is only a promise of joy after sorrow—double joy after all their suffering. Ewald translates the passage, 'Instead of disgrace they shall exult over their lot; therefore in their land twofold they shall inherit, everlasting joy will be unto them.'

These mystics say many beautiful things, and things which, one way or another, are spiritually precious and true; but they are apt to levy illegitimate contributions upon lower-placed things and carry them away in their flights.

It is curious to watch the movements of such a mind as Mr. Charles Voysey's;—a solitary rebel and an intense conservative; a blazing heretic and a docile child in his humanising of God; a spiritual teacher but a hater of Spiritualism; a practical man of affairs, and yet able to say this:—

The poor man is free from a hundred wants and cares which torment the rich. So long as he is good at heart and contented and not poisoned by the lust for gain, he is rather to be envied for the simplicity of his life and the fewness of his wants and comparative freedom from anxiety. He is not the slave of luxury—nor the tormented watchman of treasures which often rob the rich man of his sleep. He is in various ways less exposed to the inroads of domestic turmoil, and enjoys more serenely the happiness of a loving home. Again the Proverbs supply us with a motto: 'Better a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.' The mass of the poor are happy in the conditions of life to which they are accustomed and while they are not yet corrupted by discontent and the lust for 'property.' Take, e.g., this congregation. In it at this moment are people in various degrees of condition as regards 'property.' Sometimes we have present very wealthy men, even millionaires, and at the same time there are people who are poor and even paupers out of the workhouse. I venture to say that each one is absolutely contented with his lot; under the influences of a rational religion, regarding himself as a child of God and thinking of his own lot in life as one assigned to him by God, he would look upon it as a sin to be envious of those richer than himself, if he gave the subject a thought. But he does not think about it at all.

This suggests several questions; such as: Has not the poor man his 'hundred wants and cares'? Does his poverty tend to give him 'comparative freedom from anxiety'? Is not he also a 'tormented watchman,' not indeed of 'treasures,' but of an empty pocket that quite as easily prevents sleep? Does his poverty help to free him from 'domestic turmoil,' and help him to 'enjoy more serenely the happiness of a loving home'? Why should we assume that the poor man has a better chance of love than the rich? Can it be true that in a company of millionaires and paupers 'each one is absolutely contented with his lot'? Does God 'assign' to each one his 'lot'—Joseph to be a millionaire and Samuel to be a pauper? And does the pauper 'not think about it at all'?

What is the good of spinning such frail cobwebs in a comfortable study, and calling them pictures of life?

Is not one of our greatest needs the possession of a gaily heroic spirit—the happy resolve to go down handsomely if one has to go down? Here is a lovely story, told by a blithe American writer:—

A certain woman had got into the habit of easily being cowed, and too readily allowing herself to be made disreputably miserable. But one day she happened to read of a naval disaster: the ship was doomed, but the officers set the band playing, the flags flying, and, dressed in full uniform with their white gloves on, waited for the ship to go down.

She thought of herself, and was ashamed. Never had she met disaster, except with tears and complaints. 'I won't be as I have been any more,' she said to herself. 'When troubles come to me, though I perish as those officers did, I will meet them as they did, with flags flying, the band playing, and my white gloves on.' And new troubles came; but with

each one she said to herself, 'The flags must fly to-day, the band play, and I must have my white gloves on.' And if the trial were very severe she would actually put on her best clothes, and, with smiling face, go out to perform some act of cheerful kindness.

It is quite possible. 'I am the captain of my soul,' said one of our virile English poets: and it is always splendid for the captain to be calm, heroic, and serene.

The Rev. T. Rhondda Williams, writing in 'The Christian Commonwealth,' gives us an admirable lesson on 'Idle words in Religion,' in the course of which he shows that probably the majority of our theological controversies are simply verbal, and verbal in the sense of being words in a fog. He gives us an excellent illustration, and expounds it thus:—

Another idle word, one of the idlest in the vocabulary of the Church, is the word 'supernatural.' Most of the controversy about it is false controversy, controversy raging round an undefined term. Whether we need a 'supernatural' depends upon how much we include in 'natural.' If natural means material, then spiritual is supernatural. If 'nature' stands for all below the human, then man is a supernatural being. If by 'natural' we mean that which comes within the realm of organised knowledge, the unknown is the 'supernatural.' If by 'natural' we mean mechanical, then to most of us Will is 'supernatural.' There are many other meanings and shades of meanings that attach to these words, and controversy without definition is idle and barren as regards good, and very prolific as regards harm. If we choose to include in 'natural' the divine and the human, and say that God is as natural as man, no 'supernatural' is either necessary or possible. If, then, a man asks me whether I believe in the supernatural I must ask him what he means by that term, and we must agree as to the meaning before we can profitably proceed further.

A DEATH PREDICTION FULFILLED.

A young actress, Mlle. Irène Muza, was recently burned to death in Paris. A hairdresser, who was washing her hair with an antiseptic lotion containing a mineral essence, let a few drops fall upon a hot stove, when a flame shot up setting fire to her hair and dressing gown. In a moment she was enveloped in flame and was so badly burned that she died in hospital a few hours afterwards. 'The Morning Leader' Paris Correspondent, reporting this sad occurrence, states that Mlle. Dudlay, of the Comédie Française, tells how the young actress herself predicted her terrible end, and says:—

She was a convinced Spiritualist, and at a séance a few months ago, while in a hypnotic trance, was asked to say what the future had in store for her. She wrote on a paper the following words: 'My career will be short, and I dare not write what my end will be. It will be terrible.' Her friends, deeply moved, erased these words before she awoke, so that, apparently, she never knew what a terrible fate she had predicted for herself.

THE 'MILLER QUESTION,' as it is called, continues to be warmly discussed in the French occult and Spiritualist journals. In the 'Revue Scientifique et Morale du Spiritisme' M. Gabriel Delanne shows how many mediums have produced unsatisfactory phenomena without being necessarily guilty of deliberate fraud; and says that materialisation phenomena are so important as proofs of survival that no pains should be spared to render the conditions unimpeachable. M. and Mme. Letort analyse the recent articles in which suspicion was thrown on Miller, and against M. de Vesme's statements they quote what he himself said or wrote immediately after the séance referred to, stating that no precaution had been omitted, nothing left unexamined. M. and Mme Letort state that though there were 'phenomena which appeared doubtful,' they saw nothing which, in their opinion, would warrant an accusation of conscious fraud. They give instances in which forms have been seen to move about, and heard to speak, six feet away from the medium, who was still outside the cabinet. Hands were also felt touching the sitters at least seven feet from the medium.

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, MARCH 25TH,
WHEN AN ADDRESS WILL BE GIVEN

BY
MR. W. J. COLVILLE,

ON

'Spiritualism and the Deepening of Spiritual 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:—

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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MEETINGS ARE HELD WEEKLY AT 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—On *Tuesday next*, March 16th, Miss Chapin, the blind medium, 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.

TRANCE ADDRESSES.—On *Wednesday next*, 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 18th, at 4.45 for 5 p.m. prompt, Mr. Biden Steele 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 19th, 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.

ADDRESSING THE Psycho-Therapeutic Society at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, on the 8th inst., Dr. Forbes Winslow drew attention to the fact that crime, like insanity, is often hereditary. He argued that sensational accounts of crimes of a revolting and repugnant nature, indiscreet sermons in the pulpit, and impassioned speeches by advocates attempting to obtain the acquittal of criminals, acted suggestively, especially on those who were weak-minded or pre-disposed to crime, and he urged that for the prevention of crime these things should cease, and parental responsibility for the right training of the young should be enforced.

MR. W. J. COLVILLE'S LECTURES.

A Series of Lectures will be delivered by Mr. W. J. Colville at the Rooms of the London Spiritualist Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., on the following *Monday and Wednesday* afternoons, commencing at *three o'clock*. Admission 1s.

SYLLABUS.

- Monday, March 29—'Thought-Forms; How Produced and Projected: A Study of Spirit Phenomena.'
 Wednesday, March 31—'The Basis of all Psychic and Spiritual Experiences.'
 Monday, April 5—'How Best to Unfold Latent Powers.'
 Wednesday, April 7—'The Law of Rhythmic Breath.'
No meeting on April 12th.
 Wednesday, April 14—'The Way of Initiation.'
 Monday, April 19—'Occult Science: Natural Magic and the Source of Magical Ability.'
 Wednesday, April 21—'Explanation of Psychometry, Hypnotism, and Crystal Gazing.'
 Monday, April 26—'A Study of "Light on the Path": An Introduction to Esoteric Knowledge.'
 Wednesday, April 28—'The Law of Karma in Individual Life: Experiences as Educators.'
 Monday, May 3—'How to Apply the Law of Success, Physically, Mentally, and Morally.'
 Wednesday, May 5—'The Astral Plane: What and Where is it?'
 Monday, May 10—'Psychic Gifts: How to Attain and Use them in Healing and Soul Development.'
 Wednesday, May 12—'How to Master Fate and Fulfil Destiny.'

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The Council of the London Spiritualist Alliance and Mr. W. J. Colville jointly invite MEMBERS of the Alliance to attend these meetings free of charge.

A NEW BOOK ON JOAN OF ARC.

Now that interest in Joan of Arc has been aroused among our readers by Mr. Boulding's lecture, which is being published in 'LIGHT,' it is gratifying to be able to announce the publication of a charming little book entitled 'Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid of France,' by Miss C. M. Antony, with a preface by Father Robert Hugh Benson. The book, brought out under Catholic auspices and included in a series edited by a Benedictine, is apparently based on authentic sources, and it presents the facts in a graphic manner, which brings plainly before our minds the moving incidents of Joan's life, her fearless confidence in her spiritual guides, and the persistent and insensate opposition which she met with at every turn, until finally she was delivered into the hands of her enemies. It is also plainly shown that among her bitterest opponents were prelates of the Church, including the Archbishop of Rheims and the Bishop of Beauvais. The almost incredibly base machinations by which the latter secured her condemnation could hardly have been described in more forcible language had the book been the production of ultra-Protestants, and this circumstance alone speaks highly for the impartial accuracy of the whole narrative.

With Mr. Boulding's address before us, it would be superfluous to go into the narrative at length: as pitiable a tale of men's weakness and jealousy, prompted by mortified vanity, as could well be told. Here and there it is relieved by touches of chivalrous recognition, of generous enthusiasm, of whole-hearted reverence to the divinely guided Maid. But for the most part it is a record of selfish indolence, of idle opposition, of wanton waste of opportunities through purposeless delays, in short, of everything that could wreck a noble cause and an inspired mission. Yet all this dark background only serves to throw out into brighter relief the simple, ardent, unquestioning faith of the heroine, who saw so clearly that to which everyone else was blind—the true course of action for the salvation of her country.

To those who desire to possess, in compact form and without wearisome citations of documents, a brightly drawn picture of Joan and summary of her life-work, we can fully recommend the volume to which we refer, which has, moreover, six coloured reproductions of paintings by A. Chevallier Taylor, R.B.A., representing scenes in the life of the Maid, and a sketch map showing the various localities. The book can be obtained from the office of 'LIGHT,' price 2s. 3d. post free.

EXPERIENCES WITH FAKIRS.

(Continued from page 113.)

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, and reproduced from a work entitled 'Occult Science in India,' by Louis Jacolliot, Chief Justice of Chandernagur (French East Indies), and of Tahiti (Oceania).

The next night, when the Fakir arrived the Chief Justice said:—

'Well, the sounds were heard as you predicted; the Fakir is very skilful.'

'The Fakir is nothing,' he answered with the utmost coolness. 'He utters the proper *mantras* and the spirits hear them. It was the ancestral shades of the stranger who paid him a visit.'

'Have you power over the spirits of foreigners?'

'No one has power over the spirits.'

'I did not express myself properly. How does it happen that the souls of the strangers should grant the requests of a Hindu? They do not belong to your caste.'

'There are no castes in the superior world.'

'Then it was my ancestors who appeared last night?'

'You have said it.'

Such was the Fakir's invariable answer, and he seemed to be sincere.

A PERAMBULATING STOOL.

Continuing his performance he sat down on a small bamboo stool, with his legs crossed beneath him and his arms folded across his chest. He appeared to concentrate his attention upon the stool upon which he was sitting, and in a few minutes it began to move noiselessly along the floor, by short jerks which made it advance about three or four inches every time. It took about ten minutes to traverse the terrace, which was about seven yards long and as many wide, and when the stool had arrived at the end it began to move backward until it returned to its starting-place. This was repeated three times, and always successfully, unless the conditions were changed. The Fakir's legs, which were crossed beneath him, were distant from the ground the whole height of the stool, and he was as still and motionless as a statue.

Taking from the hand of a coolie the rope by which he was moving an enormous punkah, hanging from iron rods in the middle of the terrace, the Fakir pressed it against his forehead with both hands, and sat down in a squatting position beneath the punkah, which soon began to move slowly overhead, though Covindasamy had not made the slightest motion. It gradually increased its speed until it moved at a very rapid rate, as though it were driven by some invisible hand. When the Fakir let go of the rope it continued to move, though at a gradually diminishing rate, and finally stopped altogether.

AN IMMOVABLE STAND.

The writer had an interesting experience with a small stand of teak wood which he could lift, without any effort, with his thumb and forefinger. Placing it in the centre of the terrace he asked that it might be fixed so that it could not be moved. The Fakir, smiling, laid his hands upon the top of the table and held them there for nearly a quarter of an hour and then said:

'The spirits have come and nobody can remove the table without their permission.'

Feeling incredulous, the Chief Justice approached the table and tried to lift it, but it would not stir from the ground any more than if it had been sealed. He struggled so hard that the fragile top came off in his hands. He then took hold of the legs, which were united by a cross brace and which remained standing, but the result was the same. However, having requested the Fakir to go to the other end of the terrace, which he good-humouredly did, the writer was able to handle the stand without any trouble, and he says:—

It was evident, therefore, that there was a force of some kind or other: there was no other alternative unless I was willing to admit that I had been egregiously imposed upon, which would have been impossible, under the circumstances.

'The Pitris (ancestral spirits) have departed,' said the Hindu, in explanation, 'because their means of terrestrial

communication was broken. Listen! they are coming back again.' As he uttered these words, he imposed his hands above an immense copper platter inlaid with silver, such as are used by wealthy natives for dice playing, and almost immediately there ensued such a rapid and violent succession of blows or knocks that it might have been taken for a hail-shower upon a metal roof.

MOVEMENTS AND MUSIC WITHOUT CONTACT.

A toy mechanical mill was caused to revolve rapidly, the Fakir merely holding his hands over it, the rate of movement diminishing when he moved away from it.

The next experiment reminds us of Sir Wm. Crookes' experience with D. D. Home, when an accordion, inside a cage, was first made to sound and then a tune, 'The Last Rose of Summer' was played upon it, when no visible hand was touching the keys.

The Chief Justice says :—

Among the objects that composed the Raja's museum was a harmoniflute. By the aid of a small cord tied around the wooden square forming a portion of the bellows (a part of the instrument which, as everybody knows, is on the side opposite to that of the keys) I hung it from one of the iron bars of the terrace, in such a way that it swung in the air at about two feet from the ground, and I asked the Fakir if he could make it play without touching it.

Complying unhesitatingly with my request, he seized the cord, by which the harmoniflute was suspended, between the thumb and forefinger of each hand and stood perfectly motionless and still. The harmoniflute soon began to be gently stirred, the bellows underwent an alternate movement of contraction and inflation as though proceeding from some invisible hand, and the instrument emitted sounds which were perfectly plain and distinct, though of unusual length and not very harmonious, it is true.

A TUNE PLAYED.

'Cannot you get a tune?' said I to Covindasamy.

'I will evoke the spirit of one of the old pagoda musicians,' he answered with the greatest gravity.

I waited patiently.

The instrument had been silent a long while, not having made a sound since my request. It now began to move anew and first played a series of notes or chords like a prelude; it then bravely attacked one of the most popular airs on the Malabar coast.

*Taito unoucouity conda
Aroune cany pomele, etc.*

(Bring jewels for the young maiden of Aroune, &c.)

As long as the piece lasted the Fakir stood perfectly still. He merely had hold, as I have already described, of the cord by which he was in communication with the harmoniflute. Wishing to apply every test in my power, I kneeled down in order to observe the various movements of the instruments, and I saw, so that I am positively sure of what I say unless I was misled by an illusion of the senses, the upward and downward motion of the keys, according to the requirements of the tune.

As before, I merely state the fact, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusion.

FEATHERS FLOAT UPWARDS.

As he was about stepping across the threshold of the terrace door the Fakir noticed some feathers in a vase. He took up a handful and threw them above his head high in the air. The Fakir made passes beneath them as they fell, and whenever one came near him it turned around quickly and ascended again with a spiral movement, until stopped by the vetivert carpet, which answered the purpose of a movable roof. They all went in the same direction, but after a moment, in obedience to the laws of gravity, they dropped again, but before they had travelled half the distance to the ground they resumed their ascending movement and were stopped as before by the matting, where they remained.

A final tremor was followed by a slight manifestation of downward tendency, but the feathers soon remained stationary. As soon as the Fakir had disappeared they fell flat to the ground, and the Chief Justice left them a long while as they lay strewn upon the floor, as a proof that he had not been misled by some mental hallucination.

(To be continued).

SPIRITUAL ASPIRATIONS BY INSPIRATION.

A valued correspondent writes :—

I want to ask your opinion on the two Invocations enclosed. If they came through a man who prayed I should not send them to you, for they may, or may not, be below the average; but the extraordinary thing about them is that they came to me, a man who cannot pray and a man who certainly never reads psalms. It is like Greek coming through a coal-heaver. I got one clairaudiently, and the Hindu one inspirationally; the latter was written in eight minutes, in pencil, while I was smoking before going to bed. It came all in a lump at once, not word by word as did the other. Of course as it would look in a book it is just *what it is*. My point is that as I am *unable* to pray, it is a proof of an outside intelligence just as if I wrote in Hebrew.

We do not venture an opinion on the 'Invocations,' which we give below, but think that, coming as they do from, or through, a man who does not pray, they are sufficiently interesting to students of psychical science to find a place in our columns.

INVOCATION.

Oh thou Great Over Soul in whom we live and move and have our being, we come this night before Thee in all humility to crave thy benediction. Condescend, oh Great Spirit, omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent, to give ear unto our lowly praise; hearken thou, oh God, unto our supplications. Breathe Thou, oh First Great Cause, on our spirits that they may be quickened into fuller, higher, purer activities. Blow Thou, oh Creator of humanity, on the lambent flame of Deity within each one of us Thy children, that it may burst forth into a golden flood of light and love to illumine the path for our brothers and sisters. Pour out this night in our midst Thy spiritual emanations, that we may be made purer in Thy sight, more acceptable to Thy use and more serviceable to humanity. Help us, oh Lord, to attain those virtues that are beneficial to our fellow man: charity for the poor and needy; kindness for the widow, the orphan, the sick and suffering; forgiveness for those that injure us, hate us, or despise us; humility and mildness, justice and mercy for our dealings with all men; wisdom and knowledge for the help of our more ignorant brother; love and purity that we may become sons worthy of our Father, and a light and beacon on the road of humanity. Admonish us not in Thy wrath lest we perish, but chide us as a loving father. Give us that understanding that will enable us to realise that Thy chastisements are of love.

Teach us, oh Great Spirit Creator, to lessen our desires for earthly pleasures; teach us to increase our longing for spiritual understanding. Let us learn to forego our own amusements until we have given our brother his necessities; before we bedeck ourselves in gorgeous raiment, let us learn to clothe our sister; before we judge our brother's faults, let us atone for our own failings; before we would ourselves enter heaven, let us first help our brother out of hell. Great Spirit, pure and undefiled, teach us to be noble for nobility's sake, truthful for truth's sake, pure for purity's sake, kind for kindness' sake. Let us learn to do right for righteousness' sake, and let us scorn all idea of doing that which is right for the sake of reward, here or hereafter.

INVOCATION; OR, HINDU SONG OF PRAISE.

Floating on the bosom of Thy eternal river, my soul looks up to Thee, oh Great Creator, even as the lotus on the waters of the Ganges, floating in serenity, gazes upon the face of the mid-day sun, her benefactor. My soul is as the flower floating on the river, moved by forces, tides, and currents of which she knows naught. Her destiny is in the hand of the great God of the waters, her fate is in the hand of the Lord of the air, her future in the keeping of the Maker of Universes. Trouble shall not approach my soul, it shall rest content, oh my Maker; basking in the light of Thy countenance I can fear no evil. The banks on which the wild beasts roam are far away, and in the mid-stream of Thy love I am guarded. Temptation, when she comes to bathe, cannot touch me, for I float away from shallow waters on Thy deep bosom. Fear, as he drinks upon the shore, cannot harm me, for Thy mighty depths protect me.

Very peaceful is my soul, oh my God, for Thou supportest me. Thy hand guidest me past stagnant pools, and in the fierce cataract Thou art my safety. Thy waters compass me, and on Thy breast I am secure. Thy sun warms me with his breath, Thy trees shade me with their foliage. At night, when all is still, Thy pale moon shall light my pathway, Thy twinkling stars shall be my guides, Thy great silence my instructor. What care I though tigers roar and wild-cats snarl? Am I not safe, oh my Father, safe for eternity on Thy loving breast?

Shall not my happiness entice the young men and maidens? Will not the matrons and old men follow as, moved by Thee, I float past their habitations? Surely, did men know how good it is to lie in Thine eternal arms, they would fly to Thee as ewe to its dam: yea, even like the hunted deer seeketh the water. But it was not always so, oh my Father; I did not always love Thee, oh my Maker. Wilful as a child, wayward as a fickle woman, ignorant as a vain man, I chose other ways than Thine.

'In Thy goodness, oh my Father, Thou hast sought me;
Thou hast saved me; Thou hast placed me on Thy river;
Thou hast loved me; Thou hast taught me;
Man accepts from God the Giver.'

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

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

By H. BLACKWELL.

(Continued from page 118.)

Some ten years ago a capital spirit portrait was taken of Lincoln by Dr. Theodore Hansmann, one of the oldest physicians in Washington, and on the same plate there appears the doctor's own son, who passed on in 1862. Dr. Hansmann has a wonderful collection of spirit photographs, direct writings, and drawings, and it would be deplorable indeed if they were scattered or destroyed. There are at least five other Lincoln spirit pictures, several of which were obtained through the mediumship of Mr. S. W. Fallis, late of Chicago, one with a lady sitter, and, in another case, with seventeen other spirit faces. This plate was not exposed in a camera, but, suitably protected from the light, was held between the hands during ten consecutive sittings. It is a remarkable production and the finest specimen of this class I have seen.

During my stay in Washington, at a materialisation séance through Mrs. Keeler, at which my own mother came to me and two spirit helpers who had been photographed several times with me in London, a form also appeared, purporting to be and looking exactly like Lincoln. He gave me a kindly and characteristic message and also wrote a few lines on paper. Subsequently as a complete stranger, and without giving my name, I called upon Mr. Pierre Keeler, the well-known slate-writing medium. Having carefully selected and then washed half-a-dozen slates, I tied a couple of them together with my handkerchief and, holding them in my hands, the medium being on the other side of the table, the sound of writing inside the slates was soon heard. A rap being given, I undid the handkerchief and found that, in sixteen seconds from the starting signal having been given, one of the slates had been covered with writing. One of the several messages was signed, 'A. Lincoln,' and, *inter alia*, reference was made to his having that week given me his photograph. This slate I afterwards took to the Lincoln Museum, and with the Curator carefully compared the writing with a number of original letters written by Lincoln. We both came to the conclusion that the writing on the slate was by the same hand.

In a message given to me in Nova Scotia through Mrs. K. de Wolfe in 1905, Lincoln again alluded to his interest in photography, and referring to the Washington portrait, said:—

It was a very fair presentment, and the result of my persistent will. It is exceedingly pleasant for us to help the cause in this way. I am not an excitable man, yet I do get excited when I contemplate the uses which photography may yet be to us, flashing from our side on to the plate that which will in time to come conquer materialism and be a great factor in establishing the fact of our living on. You and we will have a part in getting this made known more publicly in future. We are expecting to be able to come in groups. My dear old mother wants to be taken, and she and I will be taken together—Mary* is here.

At a subsequent sitting Mrs. K. de Wolfe, one of the finest

of sensitives, through whom sixteen of my relatives and friends have given unmistakable and repeated evidence of their presence, was transfigured so perfectly that I at once recognised the President, who spoke through her for nearly an hour. In the course of his address he said:—

I feel as if I could once more lift up my voice, so that all the world might know there is communication with the world of spirit. As you know, I was somewhat influenced when here, and I may say I received communications that guided me more than once or twice, and I owe it to the cause, if for no other reason, to be a partner in this work. If ever a mortal strove with heart and head to decide upon a right course with anxious heart-searching, that one was myself. Ah! my friend, no one knows the terrible strain when such momentous questions have to be decided. To feel that millions of human beings would be made either better or worse by the particular decision of a few men seemed to me too great a responsibility to be laid upon a mere mortal, and my soul was weighed down. God knows what those communications were worth to me at that time. If ever a man had cause to be thankful that the two worlds had been bridged, that man was Abraham Lincoln.

You will believe me when I say I could not bear to hurt even a sparrow, and you can then understand the terrible burden I bore when I felt that so many lives were depending on my decisions, and if it had not been for God's messengers sent to me I could not have stood the strain. I therefore feel such a debt of gratitude for that help that I will gladly do all in my power to propagate the truth of spirit communion. . . . It is very well to talk about the higher inspiration, but in order to appeal to everyday people you want something more personal, so we will have all the different phases on the program. . . . Development is sure, providing conditions are complied with, and when the aspiring mind reaches out all the tendrils of the spirit to receive from the fountain of life, the answer always comes. You have heard that no good thought is ever lost: not only that, but every good thought brings its proper answer. This carries a little further, but is a beautiful fact. You may not hear the answer as it falls, you may not grasp the import, but rest assured that the answer has come in one form or another. The result you may not know till later, but we may then find that even our mistakes were victories in the light of Heaven. . . .

That the kind and generous Lincoln is still working for the world's good is certain. Through various suitable mediums he has given us, as proofs of this, his portraits in London, Boston, Washington, and Chicago, he has written on slates and on paper, he has materialised in full form, he has transfigured three mediums to the knowledge of the writer, he has been seen by numbers of clairvoyants, and he has given through many mediums messages as to his passing on, his present work and future hopes.

The last one I have been privileged to hear was a few months since through a private sensitive, and with a quotation from that it will be well to conclude:—

. . . But the world is awaiting a greater freedom, not from bondage of the body but of the soul. Once the soul is free from the fetters which at present bind it to the dark dogmas of the time, when once the soul is free from the binding shackles of narrow creeds, then will dawn the time when humanity will enjoy the heritage which the great Nazarene gave to the world. . . . It is our purpose during the coming years to demonstrate not merely our existence, our personality, but to demonstrate what splendid service we can yet render to your world in the cause of peace. We desire that the human race shall become as one family, and it is our intention to combine your forces and ours to promote and keep peace.

TRANSITION.—The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. Cooper Butler in this country will learn with deep regret of the sad bereavement of Mr. Cooper Butler, by the 'passing' of his wife on February 17th last, at Ontario, California, U.S.A., after a brief and painful illness. Mr. and Mrs. Butler went to California about two years ago, and 'The Ontario Record' says: 'They have resided in Ontario during the past eighteen months. Mrs. Butler was a modest, retiring woman of a lovable character; she formed few friendships, but they were of a lasting nature. Her intimate friends will miss her sadly.' We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Butler in his loss of the outward companionship of his loved partner.

* Presumably his wife, though neither the medium nor I then knew her Christian name.—H. B.

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A WARNING.

Many of us have long felt that, if spirit-communion became common and a commonplace, uses might be made of it which would introduce a new terror into public life and a painful element of confusion and clash into more private affairs. Spiritualists ought to face everything and shirk nothing, even though fresh dangers loomed ahead and fresh problems presented themselves. Only by frank and open dealing with these dangers and problems shall we prepare for trial and escape disaster. We are not only in pursuit of pleasure: we are seekers after truth.

A very short time ago, one of these dangers sharply confronted us. In the very midst of a keen controversy, a message was triumphantly produced from 'the unseen' by one of the combatants, as vindicating him; and the vindication took the form of the ordinary newspaper controversialist's half a brick, thrown at an opponent. It must have made tens of thousands of people ask themselves some such question as this: Do spirits read the daily papers, and do the better sort among them desire to rush into print, and take part in a scrimmage of small recriminations?

That opens up a large question which, for some time, we have been moved to ask: What will be the general effect upon Society, public and private, of bringing into close, effective and practical rapport, the myriad hosts of the spirit-people;—and into such rapport that questions and answers could readily and constantly pass, and that testimony could be given? Already there have been suggestions that, in the settlement of disputed cases, appeals might be made to people behind the veil; and, long ago, in private life, great numbers of Spiritualists have been inclined to ask advice and be guided by what has been forthcoming—not always with satisfactory results.

We are fully alive to the fact that, in very many cases, good and only good has come of being guided by the counsel of the spirit-people, but the danger signals are never far away, and the neglect of them has frequently meant disaster. We admit, too, that on the face of it, and apart from experience, it does seem a reasonable thing to seek to profit by what we may assume is the larger knowledge, the deeper insight, and the brighter light of those who have been promoted to 'the all-revealing world': and, if we could only be always sure that the

adviser were really the father, the mother, the teacher, the lover it professed to be, all hesitation might well be dismissed; but are we, can we be, always sure? That doubt alone should suffice to erect and maintain a barrier against allowing spirit-communications to enter too largely into the conduct of our mundane affairs. In the general work of life, one of our first necessities is continuity; and continuity of a kind is secured by the application to our affairs of one policy, one memory and one mind; and a man or woman had better take the chance of erring under home rule than run the risk of despotic government by an unseen ruler, or the greater risk of being controlled by different and possibly clashing counsellors.

It is a fact which we cannot gainsay, that the hardest thing to prove from 'the other side' is identity: and we know of no test that can determine it. A display of knowledge will not do it, for the displayer may only be a shrewd and industrious observer or picker up of information; and a display of ignorance will not do it, for the seeming impostor may only be forgetful or in a fog: but this is no reason why even the most intimate communion should be foregone. It is no reason why we should communicate on terms of suspicion. Quite frankly, the terms might be simple-hearted confidence, though not necessarily extending to the question, 'Will it be a good thing to buy Erie Bonds?' or 'Ought Edward to marry Jane?' still less extending to the production of a message with half a brick in it for a brother, and using it with the gleam of triumph in the eyes.

As Browning has it, 'There is a decency required.' We do not believe in death: indeed, there is, in reality, no such thing: and yet those whom we call dead have undergone some tremendous change. What that change is we do not know, but we do know that it is very vital, and that it has removed them from our common arena on our common plane and as sharers in our common modes. We need not exaggerate, or think of them as grimly solemn, or statuesquely proper, or call them 'the sainted dead.' We may even think of them as gay on their plane and interested in ours: but still there is a difference, and that difference we ought to recognise to the extent of leaving them alone so far as our dusty arena is concerned. It may be a wrong opinion that our longing for communion and our attempts at intercourse keep them back, and prevent their development: that, however, we may quite properly leave to them; but it is manifestly improper, to say the least of it, to seek to mix them up with our little dingy commonplaces, and to put them back again on the old, old road. They who do that need not be surprised if they get into trouble for their pains.

But now let us not be misunderstood. We have written only of the world as it is, of the dusty arena as it is, of man as he is,—undeveloped, crude and only imperfectly sane. We also 'dream dreams';—dreams of 'a world wherein dwelleth righteousness,' and of a humanity 'clothed and in its right mind,'—of Eden days when God and the angels will indeed consort with men, and with no restriction as to the 'tree of knowledge,' and no peril from plausible devil or subtle serpent. Then the 'New Jerusalem' will 'descend from God out of heaven,' with the promise, 'Nothing shall hurt or destroy in all my holy mountain.' It will all come: but it is as yet far away.

'EVERY statement from the spirit realm should be thoroughly tested, as we test and verify the statements of mortals. Especially should all advice bearing on our moral conduct be subject to rigid comparison with the well-established principles of truth, justice, fraternity and charity, which we are supposed to follow irrespective of advice from any quarter.'—REV. B. F. AUSTIN.

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.

(Continued from page 116.)

Those persons who believe in the Bible will admit that there is such a person in the heavenly hierarchy as the Archangel St. Michael, the warrior angel, or messenger, who in the Book of Daniel is said 'to stand up for the children of Israel.' He was evidently connected in some way, probably as spiritual guide and director, with Moses; after whose mysterious death on the mountain of Nebo he is represented as disputing with some evil spirit (called in the translation 'the Devil') about the body of Moses. Granting the existence of the great warrior spirit, Michael, was not France persecuted sufficiently to move his sympathies and bring him from his sphere in the heavens to deliver the country that was groaning under oppression, and to smite the oppressor? It is a happy thing that we no longer envy our neighbour France her prosperity or covet her dominions, and that our King Edward, whom God preserve, being not a warrior but a peacemaker, has used his powerful influence and example to establish our relations with our neighbour across the Channel on an enduring basis, and we trust that whatever may happen in the collisions of races, France and England may stand side by side to keep the peace of Europe unbroken, and hand down the bond of a lasting friendship to our children's children.

We have now to observe that there were other voices sounding in the ears of Joan than those spiritual beings who spoke to her of her work of destiny. One was the voice of an infatuated lover, and arising out of that the more alarming voice of the Ecclesiastical Court. It was a summons to appear in the very modern-sounding case of a 'Breach of Promise of Marriage,' in which Joan figured as defendant.

Anyone who has seen her portrait—her finely posed head, with its rich masses of luxuriant hair flowing over her shoulders in glossy streams: her sweet, though saintly, face, in whose simple yet refined features a noble sadness sits kin to joy; and a form and figure in which gentleness and vigour, grace and strength seem to strive for supremacy, and in their equal dominion make the perfection of beauty—anyone who has seen this portrait will not marvel that an enamoured youth should have broken his heart for the beautiful Joan, and rushed off to the court to get it repaired—if he could—but he had no case. She had given him no promise. She had other things to do.

Her friends and parents had promised for her, but she denied their right, and asserted that her heart was no one's but her own. Fortunately the judge took the same view, sent her parents and her lover alike about their business, and left Joan to follow hers: to give herself away to her country, to lead it to the altar of a recovered freedom, and to celebrate the nuptials between itself and its King. Her parents, who had all along been vexed by her martial enthusiasm, had hoped that marriage would stop the 'voices,' subdue her ardour, and that she would settle down to the quiet work and felicity of life like any other ordinary woman—but people must be ordinary to do as ordinary people do. If Nature has made them extraordinary it is of no use to try to clip their wings: and what a misfortune it would have been to France if Joan's father had succeeded in clipping his daughter's wings! Little did he think that it was France herself that was struggling in the yearnings of his child; that it was her wings that were fluttering and striving to soar, and that to have subdued the aspirations and efforts of his child would have been to chain the wings of the fallen eagle and doom it still to lay its plumage in the dust! 'Joan,' said her mother

to her one morning, 'thy father dreamt last night that thou wert leaving us to go away with the men-at-arms. I heard him tell thy brothers if he believed that could happen to thee he would rather see thee drowned: nay, that he would rather drown thee with his own hands.' Ignorance always acts like this when it comes into contact with God's light. The ignorant have ever exclaimed: 'He hath a devil and is mad! Seize him! burn him! drown him! in any case get rid of him.'

But let me say to you by way of counsel, father or guardian, or whatever you be, should you find some little boy or girl developing some quality that to you looks singular, and that you cannot comprehend, don't crush it, don't wither it, don't storm at it, don't frown on it; it may be something finer than your faculties can sense, something grander than your powers can measure; it may be, in a word, an original ray from the Father of spirits coming through a human spirit into this world of night; and the more likely to be so if it comes into a miner's shed like Luther, or a woolstapler's shop like Shakespeare, or a tinker's cot like Bunyan, or a ploughman's hut like Burns, or a carpenter's workshop like Jesus Christ, or a peasant's cottage like Joan of Arc.

It is a comfort to reflect that there is a preventive Providence, as well as a directive one, that shapes the ends of its own elect; that opposition usually braces up the energies and sharpens the resolves of the God-gifted mind which pursues its purposes because it cannot help it: the purpose and it are inseparable as the fuel and the flame, or the flame and the air in which it lives and ascends to heaven; and it is as impossible to put out the light of inspiration when God has kindled it in a human soul as it is to put out the eyes of the morning when God has commanded, '*Let there be light!*'

It is a singular fact, and one which seems designed to prove the supremacy of genius, that many of the great and gifted of our race were thrown in their youth among persons incapable of appreciating them, or discerning their inspiration, and suffered all kinds of persecution on account of it; and only when they had wheeled up in their starry grandeur into the infinite field of universal observation did the scales fall from the blinded eyes and the splendour reach them of that world-wide fame. There is a proverb amongst us 'that no one is a hero to his own valet,' though, as Carlyle says, 'That may be the valet's fault more than the hero's,' and we know who it was that said, 'A prophet is not without honour save in his own country,' a truth which he had learnt in his own experience in his rejection by his little village of Nazareth. You may be certain that that person has become very distinguished if the wise little village where he was born consents to say so. It never does see the full magnitude of the man, and if it is compelled to chant his praises, or be left out in the universal concert, it only does so grudgingly, and admits half-heartedly that 'he has done pretty well.' And I dare say when Joan of Arc had crushed the power of England, delivered her country, and crowned her King, the villagers in Domremy scratched their sleepy heads and stroked their sheepish chins, and said 'she had got on with her business pretty well.'

I shall not weary you by enumerating all the difficulties that beset our heroine, but you can easily imagine how many they were—difficulties of getting away from her father; difficulties in getting audiences with governors and officials (whose 'officialism' was not the least difficulty she met with); difficulties with priests, who were worse than officials, pronouncing her at once to be possessed of the devil (that being the usual conclusion of the clerical mind regarding spirit-phenomena), and resorting to methods of curing her which were more superstitious than the superstition itself: displaying before her the priestly stole (as if the devil would be frightened by a piece of drapery, even if there had been any devil in the case); difficulties that were only overcome, as they usually are, by earnest effort, persistent purpose, and a determination to conquer, come what might. Joan had a resolute mind that, unwearied itself, wearied the official and broke down his officialdom, until at last, like the unjust judge in the Gospel story, troubled by her importunity, he gave her an introduction to the King and, glad to be rid of her, sent her on her way.

To reach the King had been no easy matter, and to convince him was more difficult still. Being made acquainted with her mission and the supernatural powers she professed as her credentials, he determined to put them to a severe test. Like one of the scientists of our modern days he felt, if he did not say, 'Spirits are the last things I will give in to.' Having dressed himself as a courtier, and dressed a courtier as himself he commanded Joan to be introduced into the exalted assembly to see if she would detect the imposture he had devised. The true King was standing amongst the crowd of courtiers, the pretended King was seated in the chair of state; but there is little chance of deceiving a person who is guided by spirit direction, and no sooner had she entered than, calmly and collectedly surveying the assembly, Joan went without hesitation straight to the King and singled him out from the promiscuous crowd. 'Nay,' he exclaimed with well-feigned surprise, which was, of course, really an absolute lie, 'you have made a mistake: yonder is the King seated in the chair.' 'Nay,' she replied, 'you are the King: you and none other'; saying which she knelt before him and saluted him as the monarch whom she had come to crown.

She had never seen him before: she had never seen his picture: for the age of photography was, as yet, far away, and pictures of people, even Royal people, were rarely to be seen. He was disguised, moreover, on purpose to deceive her; but the 'voices' which had brought her from the fields of Domremy whispered in her ear at this critical moment and guided her feet to the heir to the throne.

Notwithstanding this proof of her sagacity, Charles was unwilling to commit his fortunes to her hands, although it could not much matter to whom he committed them, for he had little left to commit to anyone. But indecision had always been the weak point in his character, and, on this occasion, it almost cost him his kingdom. He did not reject her, neither would he accept her. He believed her and he did not believe her. He could not make up his mind: he wanted someone else to make it up for him: and so, after repeated audiences and inquiries, examinations and cross-examinations, sufficient to worry the girl out of her wits and put out the last spark of her enthusiasm, he resolved to take her to the Parliament which was then sitting, and have her solemnly examined by the learned men of the Church and University—men who could tell about as much of her fitness for her mission as she could have told about theirs—and a little less, for her answers prove that she knew a great deal about theirs, and could use her knowledge to their cost. To the Parliament, therefore, she went, and for three long weeks she was subjected to an examination by a number of priests, presided over by the Archbishop of Rheims.

Conclave of owls sitting upon an eagle! Council of bats contemplating a comet! What did blind old abbots and fat old friars know about a soul which had been trained in the seminary of Nature and had drawn inspiration from the fountains of the dawn? The owls to their barns and the bats to their holes and Joan to her battlefields and glory and heaven! Priests have always known too much and too little—too much about those mysteries of which no man knows anything: too little about those subjects which all men might investigate—and if the world had been left to them there would have been plenty of dogma and plenty of dogmatism, but no science and no discovery, no free Bible, free Press, free Parliament, free speech, or free anything. The secrets of the heavens would have perished with Galileo in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and the spiritual words and wonders of the Bible would have been locked and fettered in an unknown tongue. But happily there have been men as well as abbots and friars: men who could investigate and think as well as priests who could only dogmatise and repeat: men who were not afraid of any truth, come whence it might, for they knew that all truth was one because it came from God, and God was One; and so there have been conquests as well as councils; feats of heroism as well as hair-splittings of doctrine; fields of glory where kingdoms have been ransomed as well as conclaves of cardinals where kingdoms have been cursed; conclusions of scientists which have helped the world

onwards, as well as pronouncements of Popes which have commanded it to stand still!

I think that those doctors of divinity found their match in Joan of Arc. She knew little of their divinity but a great deal of the divinity that Nature had taught her in the forests of Domremy. She had no book-learning, but she had what they had not, a great fund of natural sense and the wit to use it; and, as Robert Burns says, who was also one of Nature's divines:—

What's all the logic of your schools,
Your Latin names for horns and stools
If honest Nature made you fools?

I fancy that before they had done with Joan they learnt something which was of some importance to them to learn, that God could educate a soul as well as a priest, and that His education was at least perfect in respect to the particular calling which it was intended to serve, however deficient in other learning His pupil might be. For you must remember that education does not mean cramming in but drawing out—developing the original faculty, and directing it to a particular and determinate end: but if there is no faculty to be drawn out, all the education in the world will be in vain: it will be like letting down a bucket into a well that is dry; the born fool will be a fool in spite of your pains; the light that you have tried to put in him will stupefy the little intellect he has; make a pedant of him, perhaps, but not less a fool; and I do not know a more tedious, tiresome, irritating fool in the whole species than the pedantic fool, who carries about the dark lantern of a dead knowledge and flashes it in the eyes of a living man.

It was, in fact, Joan's ignorance of school-learning that proved her salvation. If she had known ever so little she would have been entangled by the questions of those subtle examiners. As it was, she knew nothing—had never been taught either to read or write—and kept resolutely to the point in hand. 'I know neither A nor B,' she said; 'but this I know, that I am sent on the part of the King of Heaven to raise the siege of Orleans and to crown the King.' On every other point she was profoundly ignorant, but on this point she was clear as daylight and firm as a rock.

Pope says: 'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing'; and though I think, Pope notwithstanding, a little knowledge is better than none at all, yet in Joan's case it was undoubtedly true, a little knowledge would have been a very dangerous thing. Had she known more she would have been more timid, less unsuspecting, more sensitive to criticism, more alive to ridicule, more tempted to argue, less ready to act; in a word, she would have had less faith in herself, and therefore less of that magnificent frenzy, that God-intoxicated mind, by which she inspired all who came into contact with her, and sent them to battle and victory as under a spell.

'Show us a sign,' said a sour old Carmelite, whose Bible had done him no more good than to make him like that evil generation which was always seeking after a sign, 'we cannot believe such assertions as yours without a sign.'

'Send me to Orleans and I will show you a sign,' said the eminently sensible and practical girl. 'Give me soldiers, and be they many or few I will raise the siege, and that shall be my sign.'

'Ah!' cried a long-faced Dominican, whose theological knowledge had only made him a fatalist, 'if God were willing to deliver His people He could do it without the help of men-at-arms.'

'Yes,' rejoined the sagacious girl; 'but the men-at-arms must fight. It is God who gives the victory.'

A third quoted numerous texts from the Bible to show that no one ought to believe in her. She let him finish, and then replied, with a spice of impudence that no one could have resented, and which I am sure he deserved, 'There's more in my Lord's book than in yours.' And a fourth, improving on the last, did not improve her temper with his shallow wit. 'In what language,' asked he, speaking with a strong provincial accent himself, 'do your voices speak?' Swift to turn the tables on her questioner, she replied: 'Well, they spoke in better French than you.' Who would not have clapped on

the shoulders this fair young girl of sweet seventeen and cried, 'Well done!' For men who were not seeking the truth, but only to entrap her with their scholastic quips and verbal quiddities, were deserving of no reverence or compassion at her hands.

When Charles and his Court at length gave in and permitted Joan to take command of the French army, it was a wonderful thing to see this young fair girl's influence over the rough unruly men under her command. Wherever she went she took with her the atmosphere of a diviner world—the world of St. Michael, St. Margaret, and St. Catherine—the spirits who had appeared to her and called her to her work: and while her presence was like a sun in the warmth of its love, it was equally a sun in the purity of its light and the consuming virtue of its God-like fire. Her white armour, inlaid with silver, shining amidst the blackness of her military surroundings and making her a vision of loveliness and light, contrasted strangely with the darker uniforms of her troops and captains, and was itself a symbol of her immaculate purity, her invulnerable virtue. A camp has never been a place distinguished for its morality: and the camps in the Middle Ages were inconceivably horrible. Not to mention worse forms of wickedness, the blasphemous use of the name of God was the most common. Now this Joan absolutely forbade; and such was the impression of her singularly pure and beautiful nature, that wherever she went a holy hush fell upon every rude and ribald lip. Like the lady in 'Comus' she moved amidst scenes of vice and blasphemy, purifying the air about her as she went, and holding every tongue a captive to the ravishment of her angelic smile. Angelic, I repeat: for never since Zephon walked the glades of Paradise in Milton's Epic has a girl moved amidst scenes of evil in such radiant purity, and chastity so divine; and never has been realised more perfectly in womanhood the great poet's sublime description of the power of virtue to awe into silence and submission the evil spirits that infest the earth:

Abashed the Devil stood
And felt how awful goodness was.

She was like the embodiment of the beauty and fragrance of uncorrupted Nature—the Nature with which she had walked in simple sweetness in the fields and forests of her childhood's home—a natural beauty to which heaven had added a completing touch, a diviner charm; a refinement refined by the society of the angels, a sweetness sweetened by the fellowship of God. The roughest men grew gentle in her gentleness; the rudest civil; the profanest dumb; not one but would have kissed the hem of her garment and felt he had borrowed a temporary sanctity; wickedness was paralysed with a sudden impotence; vice was surprised into a sympathy with virtue; and evil felt through its blind dark orbs the passing light of a being from the skies. In fact, I do not hesitate to say that she was a girl-Jesus; and there is no other character in history to whom we can apply more justly those beautiful words: 'holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners': a parallel which I am sure Jesus himself would allow if it were possible to bring him down from his celestial heights to walk and talk with us as in the days of old. The Church of Rome is at the present moment engaged in making her a Saint: surely a work of supererogation—for if she was a Saint, as she undoubtedly was, such a task is only painting the lily white; and if she was not, all the Popes in creation could not make her one. Her captains and soldiers knew her saintship well, and revered and obeyed her as if she had been a priest.

At length Joan's hour of action came. It was on a Wednesday afternoon that Sir John Falstaff arrived with reinforcements in the English camp. The Maid had been already apprised of his approach, but as he was some little distance when the information came, she lay down on a couch to recruit her strength, commanding that she should be roused as soon as he was near. Scarcely had she fallen asleep before the celestial voices whispered in her ear, and she sprang up crying aloud: 'My voices tell me to rise and go out against the English.' In a moment she was armed from head to heel,

in another moment she had mounted her charger, and then with the speed of the wind she was off, and quickly lost to the gazer's view.

The city bells meanwhile rang out their wild alarm, and soldiers poured from every street to join their comrades in the ranks of war. The fight was at the thickest when the maid rode up, with her white standard flying in the breeze, and her silver armour glittering in the sun. What was it the enemy saw as she galloped towards them—that slim, white figure on its snow-white steed? Was she transfigured to their sight—that vision of purity? That apparition like St. Michael in a woman's shape? Did they see not her but St. Michael himself controlling her, possessing her and irradiating her with his glory? Was it the vision that she had seen becoming visible to them, and blinding them with the splendour of archangelic wings? We cannot tell: but this we know; that no sooner did they catch a glimpse of the warrior-maid, these redoubtable English, children of the heroes of Cressy and Poitiers, warriors of the decisive battle of Agincourt, than a fear of the supernatural seized upon them and they fled pell-mell to their entrenchments in the plain. When I read of their terror, when I mark their wild and headlong flight, and when I recollect that it was not from the face of a conqueror that they fled, not from an Alexander or a Cæsar, a Hannibal or a Napoleon whose eagles had overshadowed the trembling world, but from a peasant girl, a girl who had never faced a culverin, or heard the roar of a battle storm—when I remember these things I can only think of that wonderful vision in the Book of Revelation, and imagine that some communicated splendour, some transmitted power must have fallen upon her from that warrior of warriors, who rode the white horse that never bowed his tameless neck to a mortal hand, nor felt upon his flank the defiling touch of a mortal heel, the faithful and true, who in righteousness makes war, who avenges the oppressed and breaks in pieces the oppressor, and hath on his vesture and his thigh a name written which none but he has the right to wear, 'King of Kings and Lord of Lords.'

Be that as it may, there is the fact, those warriors fled before this village girl, fled like the evil does before the good, the wrong before the right, the darkness before the day; and after three short hours the city bells rang out from every steeple that the English had been beaten and the first victory of the French had been won. The story of this first battle was the story of the next and every battle till the victory was complete. Manipulating her forces with the skill of a practised and experienced veteran, commanding her commanders with a will that brooked no interference with her plans, executing those plans with a rapidity of movement and a decision of purpose that swept all hesitation before their resistless torrent and drew into their vortex the energy that halted not less than the forces they attracted and absorbed, men knew not whether to admire more the military genius she displayed in her tactics or the military prowess she exhibited in the field. Where the dangers were thickest there was she, riding amidst storms of arrows and volleying cannon, calm and fearless as an angel of God, rushing up the ladders to the death-belching ramparts, and calling on her soldiers to follow in her steps; cheering them by her words and inspiring them with her spirit till cowards became heroes; and when at last, in response to her heroic cry, 'In, soldiers! In God's name, in!' the French in their thousands swarmed over the walls and won the ramparts, and scattered the English like sheep before the wolf; had a human eye been capable of discerning the soul of the movement, the Genius of the Triumph, it would have seen that Joan had transfused her spirit through the ranks, had multiplied herself into ten thousand Joans; that in all those multitudes her spirit was moving, her heart was beating, her life was pulsing as through one mighty body which had started into power and passion like the bones in the valley beneath the life-giving breath; that the might was hers, and the victory hers, as hers were the might and victory of Michael, and his the might and

victory of God. All the country round Orleans was swept of the English troops, every town in her march adding another laurel to Joan's victorious standard; armies melting before her like snow before the south wind, and fortresses sinking down as by an enchanter's wand, till at length in the great battle of Patay, which was more a rout than an encounter, she destroyed the flower of English chivalry and broke the spell of its dominion in France. From thence her march was a bloodless triumph—and it must have been a grand, exhilarating sight—the King riding by the side of his maiden-warrior, on her snow-white horse, in her silver armour, and with her snow-white banner floating from her shoulder, till at last, amidst shouts of welcome and peals of bells, he entered the royal city of Rheims. The Cathedral gates opened to receive him, priests and bishops in all the pomp of ecclesiastic ritual conducted him to the altar, anointed him with the holy oil, and set the crown of his fathers on his consecrated head; while she who had raised him to this pinnacle of glory, who had promised him the sign and fulfilled the promise, was kneeling at his feet and humbly kissing them with grateful tears, having alone for her reward the proud privilege of this simple utterance: 'Gentle King, now is done the good pleasure of God, whose will it was that I should bring you to your crown.'

Reviewing all the stages of this marvellous story, I ask you, is it feasible, is it probable, is it not, in fact, impossible that all this could have been done by a village girl—a girl of seventeen, without learning, knowledge, or experience, a girl who had never seen a field of battle, much less fought in one, or manipulated an army; a girl who knew nothing except to tend her father's sheep in the forests of Domremy or sew beside her mother at her cottage door—impossible, I say, that she could have done all this in her own wisdom or her own strength; and is it not probable, nay, is it not certain, that she did see those visions and hear those voices, and that it was in the strength of some supernatural power, of some princely Michael from the hosts of God, champion of down-trodden and oppressed nationalities, clothed in the thunder of an invincible might, that she went forth on her mission and smote the foe, delivered her country, and crowned her King?

(To be continued.)

PLOTINUS AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.

Blending into one harmonious system the most distinctive features of Greek, Egyptian, and Oriental philosophy, the teachings of Plotinus may be said to represent the ripened fruit of the many-branched tree of thought as it flourished in the ancient world. The philosophy of Plotinus is not presented to us in a systematic treatise; his only written exposition of it is contained in the six 'Enneads,' or collections of nine books each. These fifty-four treatises have the appearance of being summaries of lectures rather than consecutive chapters in a regularly planned work, and an able and well-ordered analysis of their contents, by Dr. Charles Whitby, has just been published,* which places before the student a much-needed clue to the systematic study of this important philosophical work.

The basis of the doctrine of Plotinus is essentially mystical, and he labours under the difficulty felt by all mystics in expressing in words the perceptions of the higher intelligence by which alone man can take cognisance of the One, and the inferences that flow from that basic conception. Chief among these is 'the existence of an ideal universe, at the same time to be regarded as an actuality, and as constituting the archetype or paradigm of the phenomenal order with which we are best acquainted.' The ideal or 'intelligible' world can be investigated by those 'who have sufficiently developed the latent, but normal, powers of their spiritual being.' There are, according to Plotinus, three 'divine hypostases' or forms of essential being (*sub-stance* in the literal meaning of

the word). The first is The One, or The Good, which transcends all attributes: of it Dr. Whitby says:—

The One is likened by Plotinus to the root of an immense tree, whose trunk is Reason. It is that principle to which all things, created and uncreated, aspire, and in virtue of their more or less perfect possession of which they aspire, and in virtue of which they are one. It is, therefore, the source and goal of all things, the principle of involution and evolution, the expulsive energy and the attractive force, the divine grace of Christian theology, the circle which closes with itself. In one word, it is Love.

The second divine principle is the Intelligible World, created by the first for its own manifestation, and itself manifesting in the third, which is called the Universal Soul, which 'perpetually revolves about and within the sphere of intelligence, and aspires to the Supreme Good.' Matter in itself is formless but 'reflects the forms derived by the universal soul from the intelligible universe'; matter is thus like a mirror, and the images which it reflects are what we take for reality. While good is the aspiration towards the One, evil is due to a 'voluntary determination of the individual consciousness towards the material or sensuous plane.'

Individual souls are *atoms* or indivisible units of the Universal Soul, and are distinct without being separate from it and from one another. Though in its nature and essence belonging to the Reason-world or 'intelligible' order, and in this sense inhabiting it and sharing in the nature and powers of the Divine Being, yet when attached to a mortal body the soul manifests principally the lower faculty of 'discursive reason,' and acts on the body through a formative and regulative principle which is endowed with sensation and other faculties pertaining to animal life. It is through this principle (called by some the 'desire-body') that the soul becomes inclined to the plane of sensibility, and entangled by the snares of material life and enjoyment. But, as Dr. Whitby, summarising Plotinus, says:—

The individual soul, as being essentially reasonable, that is as being not only enlightened by the wisdom of an individual intelligence, but even through that related to the one celestial wisdom which is its ultimate source and goal, has an ineradicable tendency towards, and an inalienable privilege of returning in due time to, its original state of blessedness and repose. So it is that when we speak of a soul's conversion we simply imply that a fundamentally reasonable principle has begun to re-emancipate itself from the bonds of necessity and to re-enter its native sphere of liberty and reason.

'Reason' as distinguished from 'discursive reason' means the direct perception of truth in the supersensual or 'intelligible' world, as against the processes of deduction and inference by which the incarnate soul 'considers and combines the diversity presented by sensation and imagination, thus forming concepts or judgments.' We have choice and free-will in so far that we can devote ourselves to certain ends; the life of the true idealist is largely unconditioned, and 'our lives are under the sway of destiny in exact proportion to our surrender to the demands of appetite and the capricious guidance of the merely sensuous imagination.' Hence it is that, as every philosophy holds, 'the truth shall make you free.' Our progress is aided, according to Plotinus, by the influence of a 'daimon,' who is not a separate entity, but is the faculty or portion of our nature immediately superior to that which is habitually and consciously exercised. 'Presiding over our employment of such and all other faculties, this daimon refuses to allow us to sink much below that plane of action which we have chosen—to renounce the pursuit of our ideal.' If we live the sensuous life we have (discursive) reason for our daimon; if the rational life, an intelligence; if the intellectual, our daimon is divine, the God-portion of ourselves. Thus our higher nature is continually drawing us upwards by successive stages, until even in this life we may realise union with the Divine, as Plotinus is said to have done on four separate occasions.

In Plotinus, then, we find an epitome of all the highest mysticism, theosophy, and spiritual teaching of the ages. His philosophy is essentially hopeful; the motive power of the

* 'The Wisdom of Plotinus: a Metaphysical Study.' By CHARLES J. WHITBY, B.A., M.D. (Cantab.). Wm. Rider and Son, Limited, 164, Aldersgate-street, E.C. Price 2s. net.

universe attracts all irresistibly to itself, and to it all must in the end return: 'the love which impels the individual soul and intellect knows no rest until it has completed its circuit and returned to the source whence it was derived.' The last words of Plotinus on earth were: 'Strive to bring the God that is in us to the God that is in the All'; and such is the Great Work of all the mystic teachings. We consider that hearty thanks are due to Dr. Whitby for having so plainly and appreciatively set forth the main lines of the teaching of this great and illuminated philosopher.

IN QUEST OF THE GRAAL.

'The great clerks wrote the adventures of the Graal in great books,' says Mr. Waite on page 509 of his latest work,* in which he successfully carries on the tradition of the mediæval and other writers to whom he refers. The book is not only a comprehensive summary of the Holy Graal on its legendary or historical side, but also deals exhaustively with its mystical aspect. The author, from this standpoint, sees the Relic as Percivale and his companions saw it, 'all over covered with a luminous cloud'—that aura of mystery and symbol with which it has always been associated. But he contends for a deeper meaning than that of floating tradition. In its literature he finds implicit the existence of a 'concealed sanctuary,' a 'Hidden Church.' We are dealing not merely with legend and symbol but with a great mystery of illumination. Complete as is the historical analysis he has given, the author holds that it is only on the mystical side that the Graal literature can repay study. The statement must be accepted with some reservation when it is remembered to what fine issues Tennyson touched the subject in its poetical phases.

That, however, is a detail, and we may turn to the larger question concerning the relation of the Graal legends to that great body of mystical truth which, according to the transcendental school, has been borne down the ages like a new Ark of the Covenant, guarded from profanation by prophets, seers, and the whole body of the illuminati, to whom it is known variously as the Logos, the Gnosis, with other titles too well known to the mystical fraternity to need recital here.

The Holy Graal connects, of course, very directly with the Christian Church, and also with its esoteric truths, the general ignorance of which on the part of both worshippers and critics has so often exposed the Church itself to charges of crude materialism in doctrine and practice. In the light of Mr. Waite's researches, the Graal Legend had its origins—in human thought, at least—in folk-lore antecedent for the most part to Christianity in the West, and in the highest sense of its literature was 'one of supernatural life and a quest of high perfection.' The book gives us an extended view of the course of its subject down the ages, dealing first with certain root meanings, the earlier epochs of the tradition, its lesser and greater chronicles, down through its Teutonic and Celtic cycles, its mystical aspects and secret Christian traditions to its relations with modern Mysticism. So far as its transcendentalism is concerned, the work will have perforce but a limited appeal. As a comprehensive record of legend and tradition on the other hand, its claims are wider, as ministering to the needs of a larger class of readers with interests in folk-lore and symbology.

In its occult phase, and taking the quest of Galahad—familiar to those acquainted with the Arthurian romance—as that which has the greatest significance in the legend, Mr. Waite believes that Helayne (or Elaine, as the name appears in 'Idylls of the King') represents the soul, Galahad 'the highest spiritual desires passing into full consciousness and so into attainment,' and Lancelot the natural man. The Legend, in short, symbolises the exile of the soul (Helayne), its union with mortal life (Lancelot), whereby the soul out of earthly experience brings forth spiritual desire (Galahad). The lesser parallels of the story are worked out with no little ingenuity, although the author frankly admits

the difficulty of translating the fabric of the romance wholly in mystical symbolism.

Not the least notable feature of the work is the wide range of connections its author traces for the Graal romance in systems of thought apparently quite unrelated. He sees in it affinities to alchemy, to the Hermetic Doctrine, and even to Freemasonry. A remarkable point, too, is made in the chapter which relates to the identity of the Graal Hallows (the Cup, the Lance, the Sword, and the Dish or Paten) with the Talismans of the Tarot, those venerable ancestors of our modern playing cards. The four principal symbols of the Tarot are: (a) The cup which corresponds to 'Hearts'; (b) the Wand, corresponding to 'Diamonds'; (c) the Sword, 'Spades'; and (d) the Pentacle, 'Clubs.' The correspondence is, to say the least, curious, and it becomes the more striking when it is understood that the Wand is strictly a spear or lance (the modern form known as the 'Diamond' being really a spear-head), while the Pentacle answers to a dish or patella, its shape being that of a four-leaved shamrock, or, alternatively, a circle. In any case, however, 'Pentacle' is a misnomer, a pentacle being in reality a five-sided figure. Thus explained, the Tarot suits are seen to be actually the four Hallows of the Graal. The point will be of interest even to non-mystical readers, and illustrates the close connection that can exist between the highest poetry and the commonest things of life. One might carry the idea further by a consideration of the domestic table as an altar, and the homely tea-cup as a divining vessel. But the extent to which the mystical and the commonplace may walk hand in hand is known sufficiently well to most of us, although it is a fact to which many are still strangers.

In its larger aspects, as already indicated, the author sees the Graal Legend as one of a long succession of veils or guises designed at once to conceal and to carry on the teachings of what he describes as 'The Secret Church.' The Legend was adopted by the leaders of that Church as a convenient vehicle for the purpose. It was, in fact, 'taken over and connected with rumours of secret doctrine concerning the Eucharist and the priesthood.' The mystical school which thus incorporated its doctrines into the Legend developed at later periods the cults of spiritual alchemy, symbolical craft masonry, the Rosicrucian doctrines and Christian mysticism.

Remembering the great saying of Emerson that 'the whole world is an omen and a sign,' even the non-mystical may be willing to admit the claim that beneath this mysterious symbology may be hidden truths of a spiritual order, symbols being in fact the language of the soul, albeit the impartial critic may dispute their precise interpretation. There is, for example, a large and increasing school of thinkers which sees in the human pageant not the weary return to grace of fallen souls painfully regenerated by a term of servitude in the bonds of matter, but a mighty awakening of the universe into self-consciousness and self-realisation—in short, man in the process of making. Tennyson has finely expressed the idea. For those who—like the present writer—hold this belief, there will be great difficulties in the doctrines suggested by mystics of Mr. Waite's school. It may, of course, be objected by these latter that this vision of a wakening world, of a slow but triumphant progress from atom to angel, is not inconsistent with their root doctrine which relates to an antecedent condition. Man arises, it may be urged, because he, in some dim past, has fallen. He awakens after sleep, and his ascent into consciousness is but a re-emergence. After all, we are, as thinkers, everyone concerned in the Great Quest, whether we call the object of our search the Holy Graal or the Eternal Verities. And in this connection this notice may fitly close with a citation from the fine passage with which Mr. Waite concludes his volume:—

In the great desolation of Logres I hear also—I hear and I hear—the penitent knight Lancelot singing his twelve-month Mass. So also till he turns at the altar saying: *Ite, missa est*, because the King himself is coming in the morning tide, I will respect all the findings of scholarship concerning quests which are not of the Graal and Cups which contain no sacrament; but I am on the quest of the Graal and, Master of True Life, after all and all and all, it is not so far to Thee.

DAVID GOW.

* 'The Hidden Church of the Holy Graal.' By ARTHUR E. WAITE. Rebus, 12s. 6d. net.

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.

Sir Richard Burton and Professor Palmer.

SIR,—Please let me tell your valuable correspondent, A. K. Venning (p. 84), whose letters published in 'LIGHT' are always instructive, that when I was a young man, more than fifty years ago, I lived with Dick Burton, and I knew him, and afterwards his wife, intimately. Dick, no doubt, picked out the pearls of religion; but as to his practice, well, ah me! what would priests say? As to Lady Burton, her affectionate devotion for him was as boundless as was her incessant care of him till he passed on. He used to say that he had no soul—no use for one—that was his way of talking. No one knew better than Dick that he was not altogether a perishable body. I never heard him call himself an 'ist'—he would not even say that he was a Mohammedan, though he thought very much as Islam does. He knew quite well that for his sins he would reap as he had sown, but that his higher self was the promoter of his chivalry.

Two men of these Western parts, and two men only have I known, who understood Eastern men and Eastern thoughts, Richard Burton was one and E. H. Palmer the other. Both these men were, as I think, born knowers of the Eastern lore. Dick spoke Eastern languages, several of them, as they are spoken by natives. When he spoke Arabic he was an Arab, when he spoke Persian he was a Persian, and so of Mahratti, Urdu, and Guzerati. As to Palmer, his knowledge of Arabic came to him while he was a student at Oxford. Before he had heard a word of it spoken by an Arab he spoke it as Arabs do. When he went away and was murdered in Arabia, he was to all intents and purposes an Arab. He was indeed a seer, aye, he saw and understood the substance of things Eastern, which is that of other worlds. He was in the habit of drawing faces, sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously; say in a state of trance. One day a man was putting skates on him, I think it was at the Serpentine; the man looked up at him, and Palmer said, 'Why, you are the murderer!' Forthwith that man took to his heels and bolted. Palmer had, before he went out to skate, drawn faces, and one of them was, as had been borne in upon him, the face of a murderer whose detection was puzzling Scotland Yard at the time.

This statement, though it may be sneered at here, would be listened to in the East. Such is the difference between Eastern and Western ways of thought.—Yours, &c.,

GILBERT ELLIOT,
Indian Civil Service (retired).

National Fund of Benevolence.

SIR,—The Spiritualist ranks contain many deserving cases requiring help, and there is only one national organisation—'The Spiritualists' National Fund of Benevolence'—to which they can appeal; whereas the ordinary indigent person has many sources of help. Should not, then, Spiritualists support their own Benevolent Fund, and help to relieve the urgent necessities of the sick and suffering workers?

There is one old lady who has been a medium for thirty-five years. She is too ill to work; has no means of support other than that derived from her two sons, who can hardly earn enough to keep their own families; she is not eligible for an old-age pension (aged sixty-one), and her only hope of keeping out of the workhouse is in the National Fund of Benevolence. I would express my gratitude to those friends who have supported the fund during the month of February, viz.: 'Emma,' £1; Miss A. S. Wormall, 5s.; Miss E. L. Boswell-Stone, 2s. 6d.; Mr. A. Glendinning, £1 10s.; Mrs. Vesel, 3s.; total, £3 0s. 6d.

The demand for the volumes of inspirational poems has been very disappointing. Will any friend help me to dispose of these beautiful works for the benefit of our poor?

I shall be pleased to send any volume for 2s. 6d., postage 6d., or the four volumes for 10s., post free.—Yours, &c.,

A. E. BUTTON, Hon. Sec.

9, High-street, Doncaster.

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.

HACKNEY.—SIGDON-ROAD SCHOOL, DALSTON-LANE, N.E.—On Sunday last Mr. Robt. King lectured on 'Astrology' and replied to questions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Place-Veary, address and clairvoyant descriptions.—N. R.

CLAPHAM INSTITUTE, 103, GAUDEN-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. E. W. Beard gave an address on 'Consider the Lilies.' Mr. Lunnon rendered two solos. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. A. Boddington, address and clairvoyance.—W. R.

CROYDON.—PUBLIC HALL LECTURE ROOM, GEORGE-STREET.—On Sunday last Mrs. Effie Bathe delivered an instructive lecture on 'How Clairvoyants see Spirits.' Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Kelland on 'Jesus, Master or Medium?' Madame French, clairvoyante.—W. G. R.

HOLLOWAY.—49, LORRAINE-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. Baxter gave a powerful address on 'The Beatific Vision,' and convincing clairvoyant descriptions. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. H. G. Swift on 'Conditions of Life in the Spirit World.'—W. W. A.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. Wesley Adams gave an address on 'The Way of the Cross.' Sunday next, at 3 and 7 p.m., London Union speakers. Monday, at 7, ladies' circle. Thursday, at 8.15, Mrs. Roberts, clairvoyante. 19th, Lyceum anniversary at Raleigh Hall.—W. Y.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday evening last Mrs. M. H. Wallis's able inspirational address on 'Spirit Life and Spirit People' was much appreciated. Mr. F. Spriggs officiated as chairman. Sunday next, at 6.30 for 7 p.m., Miss McCreadie, clairvoyant descriptions. Silver collection.—A. J. W.

FULHAM.—COLVEY HALL, 25, FERNHURST-ROAD, MUNSTER-ROAD, S.W.—On Sunday evening last Mr. Imison spoke earnestly on 'Spiritualism,' and Mr. Spencer gave clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Effie Bathe on 'The Saving Power of the Christ,' illustrated by paintings.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—73, BECKLOW-ROAD, ASKEW-ROAD, W.—On Sunday morning last a public circle was held. In the evening, Miss Violet Burton spoke on 'The Tasks of Earth.' Sunday next, at 11 a.m., circle; at 6.45 p.m., Mr. A. Punter. Thursday, 18th, at 8, social evening. Wednesdays and Fridays, at 8, members' circles.—J. J. L.

BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD.—HENLEY-STREET.—On Sunday last Mrs. F. Roberts gave an address on 'Am I a Spiritualist?' and well-recognised clairvoyant descriptions. Saturday, 13th, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Boddington's 'Social.' Sunday next, at 7 p.m., service and members' meeting. 20th, at 8, the Colvey Coon Cadets. Tickets 6d. each.—C. A. G.

CLAPHAM.—RICHMOND-PLACE, NEW-ROAD, WANDSWORTH-ROAD, S.W.—On Sunday last Mrs. Irwin gave an address on 'If a Man Die shall he Live Again?' and successful clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., circle; at 6.45 p.m., Mr. Medhurst. Monday and Thursday, at 7.30, Friday, at 2.30, circles. Saturday, at 7.30, prayer.—C. C.

CHISWICK.—56, HIGH-ROAD, W.—On Sunday morning last helpful spirit messages were received. In the evening Messrs. P. Smyth and H. Schrepfer gave well-appreciated addresses on 'Spiritualism.' Sunday next, at 11 a.m., public circle; at 2.45 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Miss Patey, on 'Spiritualism a Light.' Monday, 8.15, Mrs. Atkins, psychometry.—H. S.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL.—On Sunday evening last Mrs. Wesley Adams gave an address on 'The Awakening,' and good clairvoyant descriptions. Mrs. Yeo and Miss B. Edwards rendered solos. On the 4th Miss Maries gave a good address. Sunday next, at 11.30 a.m., Mr. Stebbens, psychometry; at 7 p.m., Mr. Jackson, address. 18th, Mrs. Irwin. 20th, Lyceum entertainment and dance. Tickets 6d. each.—C. J. W.

SPIRITUAL MISSION: 22, Prince's-street, Oxford-street, W.—On Sunday evening last Mr. W. E. Long spoke on 'Thou shalt not Suffer a Witch to Live.'—67, George-street, Baker-street, W.—On Sunday morning last Mrs. Fairclough Smith's impressive trance address on 'Death, the Gateway of Life' was much enjoyed. Sunday next, at 11 a.m. (George-street) and 7 p.m. (Prince's-street), Mrs. M. H. Wallis. (See advt.)

ACTON AND EALING.—21, UXBRIDGE-ROAD, EALING, W.—On Sunday evening last Mr. Frank Pearce gave a splendid address on 'Mind, Matter, and Spirit.' Mrs. Goodale rendered a solo. On Thursday, March 4th, Mrs. A. Boddington gave clairvoyant descriptions, all recognised. Saturday, March 6th, a pleasant social gathering was held. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. J. Jackson. 21st, Miss Morris. Friday, 26th, at 8.30, Mrs. Webb, clairvoyante.—S. R.

THE UNION OF LONDON SPIRITUALISTS will hold a Conference meeting at Brixton Spiritual Church, 8, Mayall-road, on Sunday next, March 14th. At 3 p.m., Mr. Medhurst, of Johannesburg, will open a discussion. Speakers at 7 p.m.: Messrs. J. Adams, G. T. Gwinn, and G. T. Brown. Tea at 5 p.m.