

# Light:

*A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.*

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

No. 1,471.—VOL. XXIX. [Registered as]

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1909.

[a Newspaper.]

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

'Radium,' a bright little American monthly, quotes freely from the late Colonel Ingersoll (the brilliant atheistic lecturer) concerning Spiritualism. Coming from him the following has much significance: but we think his references to Christians and Christianity are, to say the least of them, exaggerations:—

There are several good things about the Spiritualists. First, they are not bigoted; second, they do not believe in salvation by faith; third, they don't expect to be happy in another world because Christ was good in this; fourth, they do not preach the consolation of hell; fifth, they do not believe in God as an infinite monster; sixth, the Spiritualists believe in intellectual hospitality. In these respects they differ from our Christian brethren, and in these respects they are far superior to the saints.

I think that the Spiritualists have done good. They believe in enjoying themselves—in having a little pleasure in this world. They are social, cheerful and good-natured. They are not the slaves of a book. Their hands and feet are not tied with passages of scripture. They are not troubling themselves about getting forgiveness and settling their heavenly debts for a cent on the dollar. Their belief does not make them mean or miserable.

They do not persecute their neighbours. They ask no one to have faith or to believe without evidence. They ask all to investigate, and then to make up their minds from the evidence. Hundreds of thousands of well-educated, intelligent people are satisfied with the evidence and firmly believe in the existence of spirits. For all I know, they may be right.

A belief in Spiritualism must be a consolation. You see, the Spiritualists do not believe in eternal pain, and consequently a belief in immortality does not fill their hearts with fear.

Christianity makes eternal life an infinite horror and casts the glare of hell on almost every grave.

The Spiritualists appear to be happy in their belief. I have never known a happy orthodox Christian.

It is natural to shun death, natural to desire eternal life. With all my heart I hope for everlasting life and joy—a life without failures, without crimes and tears.

If immortality could be established, the river of life would overflow with happiness. The faces of prisoners, of slaves, of the deserted, of the diseased and starving would be radiant with smiles, and the dull eyes of despair would glow with light.

If it could be established.

Let us hope.

Another effort is being made to build a barrier against the present-day rush for pleasure on Sunday, which only too obviously results in grievous neglect of what the old Puritans not inaptly called 'The means of grace.' Much can be said on both sides, but little can be said in favour of rushing the big steam-roller over all the comely graces associated with a good old English 'Sabbath.' Nothing can be gained by stiffly standing by the special divine sanctity

of the day, as a day, but much could be gained by a thoughtful calculation of the special uses of the day as a help to all other days. The ideal is a life of devotion to the highest interests of duty and character, and to the use of every day, whether by aspiration or action.

We have just overtaken the number of 'The Theosophist' which gives Mrs. Besant's account of her Australian tour as President of the Theosophical Society. Unfortunately it was undertaken in the winter, but the brave apostle carried it through triumphantly, and one can forgive her for the little snap of her fingers in the concluding lines of the following summary of her plucky performance:—

The tour has taken me over 17,630 miles of land and sea, during forty-four days and nights of travel; sixty-two days have been given to work, and the work has comprised forty-four public lectures and ninety meetings—at most of which an hour's address has been given, followed by the answering of questions—and a very large number of private interviews. It does not seem a bad record for a woman of over sixty, who, a year ago, was declared by some who wished to discredit her, as being in a state of 'senile decay,' and therefore incapable of filling the office of President of the Theosophical Society.

There is a grave crisis in Foreign Missions. On every hand there is a decline of interest and a drooping of funds: and, worst (or best?) of all, people are getting dubious as to the old plea that every day so many of 'the heathen' are going down to Hell, for want of some young man from England with its 'Saving Truth.' There is a broadening going on in many minds, and even good Baptists and Wesleyans are not as sure as their fathers and grandfathers were about 'the heathen' and 'Hell.'

'The Christian Commonwealth' has started a Symposium on this subject, and prints columns of replies. Here is one from a minister:—

Let me tell you of a few conversations I have recently had with friends from the Far East. One was a Japanese professor at Tokio, and in reply to a question with regard to the future of religion in Japan he said he thought it would be an amalgam of Buddhism and Christianity. This may not satisfy us all, but it was a very significant remark to make. The other day I had an hour's talk with two Indian gentlemen, one of whom was a Mohammedan, the other holding the ancient Hindu faith. In opening the conversation with the Mohammedan, I asked somewhat playfully if I was accounted to be an infidel by him—one whom he might slay! He burst into loud laughter, in which we all joined. He assured me that there was a modern broad-minded school growing among Mohammedans, and that they agreed to regard Christians as not to be included among the unbelievers. Christians were, in a sense, believers, and they would go to heaven! This was not only comforting to me, but it opened up a vista of thought. If there was a broad and tolerant school among the Mohammedans, and another amongst the Roman Catholics ('modernism'), and another amongst the Protestants—and so forth—we were all being moved by one 'Zeitgeist,' we are all seeking one universal religion of reasonable faith and unlimited love.

When I turned to the Hindu gentleman he boldly declared that his religion was all-embracing. That was why Hinduism tolerated Islam in India. His pantheism had room for all faiths. He, too, was eager for a universal religion, and believed his was that faith.



We who are Christians must enlarge our conception of religion, and see that all religions are feeling out after the one religion of the spirit of sonship to a God of love, which is the essence of Christianity.

There are half a dozen windows here through which the missionary societies might profitably look.

Spiritualists, inevitably and of deep necessity, abhor all cruelty and all flesh and blood grossness of every kind. They are therefore specially interested and, in fact, painfully concerned, in all that is done by those whose lofty position makes their example important. The following paragraph, which appeared lately in a London newspaper, will come home to them:—

A pretty little girl on a chestnut cob, with masses of fair curls falling over her navy-blue habit, was the chief centre of attraction at a meet of the West Norfolk Foxhounds at Necton on Wednesday. The pretty little girl was Princess Mary of Wales, and the day will be a memorable one in her life. She motored back to Sandringham carrying her first brush. . . Princess Mary was blooded by the huntsman, and was presented with the brush, which was hung on her saddle.

On December 28th, a letter was addressed by the hon. secretary of the Humanitarian League to the private secretary of the Prince of Wales, drawing attention to the report printed above, and expressing the hope that His Royal Highness would authorise his secretary to contradict it. From the fact that no reply has been received, except a brief acknowledgment of the letter, our readers will draw the obvious conclusion.

The Prince of Wales is President of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

'Blooding' is precisely what the word indicates—a bit of latent but expressive savagery. In 'Good Society' it is the custom to smear with fox's blood the face of the person who, for the first time, is 'in at the death,' *i.e.*, who sees a fox killed: a kind of sporting christening. A picture was lately published illustrating the nasty ceremony: but it was made as pretty as possible. A little baby in baby dress is being held up by a proud father in hunting uniform and glass in eye, the nurse looking on, while the huntsman, holding the dead fox's tail dipped in its blood, smears the baby's face: and the father smiles!

An original and animated thinker, E. P. Powell, author of the far-reaching work, 'Heredity from God,' has been seasonably discoursing on Darwin, of course in relation to the great doctrine of Evolution, from which he is led on to the supreme significance of human life and its relation to religion. He is not satisfied with attention to the soul only. Soul and body must evolve together. He says:—

Any religion that concerns itself with the salvation of a soul from the power of the body, and would store it away in some future retreat, will have no hold on the evolutions of the future, no permanent grip on human living. Such a religion would have no survival value. For this reason the great religions which have controlled mankind will be either transformed to higher views—that is, views more consonant with life—or they must pass out. They will probably affiliate much more closely in this process of development. Nature's consistent desire for fulness, and ever greater fulness of life, and her consequent demand of every character of living things, and every product of their minds, that it possess 'survival value,' constitutes our guide in forecasting the religion of the future. It must value life, strong, pure, true life, and concern itself less and less with the salvation of a body of saints in some future existence. This is the testimony of biology to religion. It has lifted us from a muck-rake effort to save a few from the wrath of God to a struggle for the survival of righteousness in all human life. Henceforth the word is, 'Overcome evil with good,' establish a survival value.

Quoting from the work we have mentioned, he says:—

'According to evolution that is right which enlarges and ennobles living, that is sin which defaces or kills. Intemperance, unchastity, injustice, cruelty, are in the new code of sins

because they act counter to the ethical tendency of evolution. Salvation is to depart from self-destructive courses of thought and action. Degeneration is the doom of all those who refuse to obey the light that is in them, and love the darkness in preference. Morality is man, of his own moving, on the lines of evolution, taking conscious charge of his future character.' What else is religion? According to evolution the breach is closed up, and religion and morality are identified. The moral code of evolution is not weighted down by obligations, involving an intricate knowledge of a divine plan, or the incomprehensible purpose of God, to rescue a few by blind faith in a Saviour of whom the majority have never heard; but it is the joyous acceptance of the obligations of life, and the cheerful doing, each day, of those duties which the heart and the hand find to do.

#### LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

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

THURSDAY EVENING NEXT, MARCH 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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PSYCHICAL SELF-CULTURE.—On *Thursday next*, March 25th, at 4.45 for 5 p.m. *prompt*, Mr. E. W. Wallis will conduct a class for psychical self-culture. No admission after 5 o'clock. Members and Associates only.

TALKS WITH A SPIRIT CONTROL.—On *Friday next*, March 26th, 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 *Friday* meeting without payment.

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- 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 GLIMPSE OF DR. A. R. WALLACE.

The 'Pall Mall Magazine' for March contains a brightly written and well illustrated sketch of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace in his Dorsetshire home, planned and built by the Doctor himself after he had passed his eightieth birthday. The writer, Mr. Ernest H. Rann, says that Dr. Wallace's appearance, in its spring-like vigour and abounding vitality, came as a complete surprise. He still has a commanding presence, and his tall, spare figure is bowed, 'not from physical weakness, but rather from long stooping over the desk from which he still sends forth his message to the world. The head, poised with strength and dignity, bears the heavy snows of winter, and from beneath the bushy brows kindly blue eyes look out with alternate flashings of criticism and humour.'

Expressions of opinion by Dr. Wallace on various subjects are quoted; he thinks that economically we are not sufficiently self-contained, 'importing hundreds of things which we could very well do without, and exporting such valuable assets as coal and iron,' which he considers to be a crime against posterity. The writer says:—

From Socialism we passed to Spiritualism, which Dr. Wallace holds as firmly as ever he did. He admitted that scientific men were, perhaps, not quite so materialistic as they were half a century ago, and that there was a marked change of attitude towards psychical questions, owing to the views of Sir Oliver Lodge and others. 'But then,' he said, with the air of one who has long settled the question for himself, 'they are only coming round to accept the possibility of *what we know*.'

Dr. Wallace believes that in matters of reform, where old-standing habits of thought and life need to be changed, we should make haste slowly. Thus with regard to vegetarianism, in which he thoroughly believes, he is afraid that he is still misunderstood. He says:—

Although it may appear inconsistent, I am a meat-eater myself, as I have found that meat-eating, in the way I eat it, is, with a diet regulated in other ways, a remedy for a troublesome complaint from which I suffered for many years, and might be suffering from now if I had not changed my mode of

living. You cannot alter the habits of mankind in a single generation. Vegetarianism is a reform which will come, but it must come gradually, when people have learned that there are other foods than those to which they have been accustomed. You cannot force the pace; it you try to do so, it simply gives a set-back to the movement.

The topic on which Dr. Wallace is most intent at present is 'the vindication of the position of himself and his great co-worker Darwin in regard to modern views on evolution'; the true faith of fifty years ago has become befogged and the real issue obscured. He desires 'to state once more the essential truth of Darwinism, and its relation to the world of life,' for these fundamental truths have been forgotten, and he is assured that Darwin, in the coming ages, will stand secure against all criticism. Dr. Wallace's recent lecture on Darwinism, delivered before the Royal Institution, is printed in the current number of the 'Fortnightly Review.'

## MIND AND SPIRIT.

Sir Oliver Lodge's remark, in the obituary notice on p. 111 of 'LIGHT,' that Mr. Girdlestone wished to identify the terms mind and spirit, reopens a question which has frequently been discussed, and yet remains as a source of perplexity to many. When we consider the limitations of mind, and the freedom which is regarded as characteristic of the conditions of spirit, we are fain to regard the one as at best but an imperfect manifestation of the other. That mind is spiritual in its nature, that its promptings, tendencies and illuminations are of spiritual origin, can scarcely be gainsaid, even by the case-hardened materialist who holds that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile. For even if the brain be regarded merely as performing the office of a gland, it must be remembered that the work of a gland is to extract or elaborate its characteristic secretion from raw material supplied to it, and not to produce anything out of its own substance.

We cannot regard thought as being of a material nature; it is not a substance that can be weighed, it is essentially spiritual; even if we call it mental rather than spiritual (which is the question we are now discussing), we still mean that it is something that is only manifested on the material plane by its results when converted into action. Thought, then, could only be 'secreted' by the brain from something equally non-material, and on attempting to compare the brain to a secretory gland we are met by the difficulty of assuming that the physical matter of which the brain is composed can so act upon one form of spiritual essence as to convert it into another. The more we think of it, the more clear it becomes that thought-processes must be performed by some other machinery than the physical brain—let us say, if we like, a spiritual brain; that, in short, the brain is but a sort of sense-organ whereby the real self, the spiritual personality, becomes aware of the conditions on the material plane, and through which also it acts on that plane and plays its part in the affairs of outward life.

Spiritual philosophy lays down almost as a fundamental axiom the teaching that 'we are spirits here and now.' If we are spirits, then as spirits we must have a share in the life of the spirit world; we must have our spirit activities, and our intercourse with other spirits. But, it will be said, we are not aware of this, it is no part of our conscious experience. That may be: but still there is enough in the occasional feelings of foreboding, and in little circumstances such as 'taking the words out of another person's mouth,' or speaking of an absent friend just before he makes his appearance, to indicate to us that we really have 'spiritual' perceptions of which we are normally unaware; in other words, that we perceive more as spirits than we know with our conscious minds. The same transference of perception, when extended and more completely manifested, may give rise to crystal-gazing and certain forms of clairvoyance, and may constitute the inspirations of genius.

Sir Oliver Lodge, we believe, holds that we are not completely incarnated in our bodies; and this view probably rests on much the same evidence as the foregoing, being another



way of denoting the belief that our conscious mind is only so much of our spirit consciousness as can be impressed upon the brain and find expression through it. But the conscious mind is what is usually denoted by the expression 'mind'; and in this case we may fairly hold that the mind is not the same as the spirit, and may be considered as being the effect of contact between spirit and brain; the mind being as much of spirit as can manifest outwardly, or even be apprehended by the self-conscious personality on the plane of everyday life. How far the larger self-consciousness of the spirit extends on its own plane, we can at present form no idea; but the point here suggested is that the limited self-consciousness which we call mind is probably but a fraction of the complete consciousness of the spirit. After we have left the body, we begin to come into that wider consciousness, and by the free exercise of the extended perceptive powers of the spiritual senses, of which we for the first time become fully aware, we grow in knowledge of that infinitely vaster domain of reality of which while in the body we have had but dim and distant glimmerings. S. F.

#### THE ETERNAL AND INFINITE.

The spiritual alone is eternal, as all material forms are in a constant state of flux—of change and decay—therefore in speaking of the eternal we necessarily imply the spiritual. On looking up into the starry skies on a calm fine night we feel instinctively that we are in the presence of the eternal, and are moving in the midst of infinite space. What a glorious spectacle we have above in the purple vault of immensity! Myriads of stars, all worlds similar to our own, probably inhabited by sentient creatures like ourselves, all revolving on their endless way in perfect rhythm and order. And what of the Great Intelligence who set the wonderful forces of the Universe in motion? We know intuitively that He exists, but of His nature we know nothing. We are told that He is Love, so let us hope and believe that it is so, and that eventually all will be well with the beings whom He has endowed with capacity for suffering and enjoyment.

We begin to realise that the spiritual realm is all around us, that we are in and of it. Occasionally we are able to pierce the material veil which hides its transcendental splendours and obtain brief visions of its never-dying loveliness. Angel faces, which we 'loved long since and lost awhile,' shine out upon us through the gloom. The 'light that never was on land or sea,' streaming through the chinks in the dividing barrier, reminds us of the realms of never-fading day.

'The touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still' come often when least expected and thrill us with the glad consciousness of the proximity of those whom we call dead. More and more is the veil being rent and the voices of the day are heard across the chasm of the dark, and they 'call through a dawn stranger than this earth has ever seen.'

Friendly reader, however dark and hard the way may be, however difficult your pilgrimage, do not despair! Remember you are not alone—you are not forgotten. On all sides are the Angels of Light, with everyone there are unseen friends; have faith and patience and all will be well. You are working out your salvation in the arena of the gods, with the hosts of heaven for spectators. Have courage! Look up and behold the glory of God, send out your prayers freely, and His ministering spirits shall wait upon you. 'More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of,' and :—

Never a prayer is uttered  
Which the angels do not hear,  
Though earth be full of sorrow  
Yet heaven is very near.

We are 'heirs of all the ages': to us belong the Infinite and eternal; for us are reserved the spiritual spheres. We are sons of the Living God, created in His image, and temples of His eternal spirit. Let us not despair or abase ourselves, but, conscious of our heritage from God and of our divine privileges, let us climb to the heights of wisdom. Keeping in tune with the infinite, let us live now as for the eternal life, and the blessing of the Most High will go with us and keep us ever.

REGINALD B. SPAN.

#### MAN'S SPIRITUAL AWAKENING.

'Man's spiritual nature is the form of an infinite content, and morality and religion are the practical, as philosophy is the speculative effort to realise it,' says Principal Caird, and, he continues, 'It is the very essence of man, as a spiritual self-conscious being, to transcend the finite, to rise above the world of inner and outer experience, seeing that neither would have any meaning or reality if they did not rest on and imply a consciousness deeper than the consciousness of the individual self, deeper than the consciousness of Nature, a Universal Mind or Intelligence which is the *prius* and the unity of both.'

Slowly but surely this truth is being apprehended, and truth seekers are realising more of the fulness of the inspiration of God within man, urging him onwards, lifting and loving him into conscious unity with the universal process and purpose. Emerson says :—

I conceive a man as always spoken to from behind, and unable to turn his head and see the speaker. In all the millions who have heard the voice none ever saw the face. That well-known voice speaks in all languages, governs all men, and none ever caught a glimpse of its form. If the man will exactly obey it, it will adopt him, so that he shall not any longer separate it from himself in his thoughts.

This deepening sense of identity, of one-ness, of unity, is the most hopeful sign of the times, because it is being realised and is finding expression on all sides.

In a thoughtful article in 'East and West' for January last Sir Richard Stapley says :—

I cannot, if I would, separate myself from the rest of humanity. We are all parts of one another, of one great whole, and consciously or unconsciously we suffer and rejoice together. There is no sin, no wrong-doing, however gross and debasing, in which, in my outer self, I am not a sharer; and at the same time there is no good, no right-doing, however pure and uplifting, with which, in my inner self, I am not a co-worker.

Advanced thinkers are apt at times to grow discouraged and pessimistic—there is so much to be done, but so few to do it, and their efforts seem to be so weak and fruitless that they lose heart and hope. As Sir Richard Stapley says :—

We realise how difficult it is to live up to our ideals of what, in our deepest depths, we know to be the best; and when we set out to work for its expression in social, communal, religious or political spheres, we are at once confronted with obstacles that seem too great to be overcome. To transform carnal man into super-man—transform Babylon, with its chaos and discord, into the order and harmony of the New Jerusalem, is no easy task, nor do I think it was ever intended to be easy. Activity is good both for body and soul; by it alone is progression assured—but the regenerative or reformative process is always from the inner to the outer.

That seems to be the law of the spirit. Men cannot be made good, wise, healthy and happy *en bloc*—not by some fiat of God, nor by the decree of Pope or Premier. The force which is gradually transforming man, individually and collectively, and lifting him into higher experiences of life is resident within him, is a divine force, it is the 'voice' of Emerson, which has aroused him, from which he cannot be divorced, but which at the last will prevail in, with, and by him, for the fulfilment and revelation of the Divine Idea. 'The groundwork of all our endeavours should be faith in ourselves and in humanity,' because there is in us a power of recognition and response. The appeal will not be in vain: the call of the Spirit to 'come up higher' does not always fall on deaf ears and, because, as Sir Richard Stapley says: 'There is, at the present time, a general awakening of the spirit life in man to the material conditions of his environment, there is occasion for renewed hope and enthusiasm on the part of those who have been on the watch-towers looking anxiously for the signs of the coming dawn.' Sir Richard is a consistent optimist and rightly so. He says :—

If we have eyes to see through the mists and struggles of life a better day is looming up, a new era is dawning. In saying this I am not ignoring or under-estimating the crying evils that still afflict us, but the mists obscuring our true life are not so dense as they were. . . . There is constant



conflict, we know, between the flesh and the spirit, between the outer and the inner, yet if both are from one source and if one spirit is working in both, then the struggles of life have a deeper meaning than they would have if they sprang from dual sources. The purpose of the outer is better understood when we get a clear conception of the Divinity that shapes our ends—ever working, slowly but surely, towards the goal that we see but very dimly as yet. Personal illumination, the transformation of the lower to the higher, seems to be the way of life—the slow process of growth, of evolution, which cannot be forced.

It is in occasional momentary flashes that we get hints of our real spirit selves, and visions of what is to be, for we are what we are at our highest. The hopeful aspect of life is this: the greater of the two forces is the inner force; for at the root of things there can only be one force, and that is Love. It is this spiritual dynamic which, when liberated, will regenerate humanity. Out of the inner deeper self of man has come the light that shineth through the darkness, and which will shine more and more unto perfect day. . . . Progress is being made, and it is right and necessary that we should busy ourselves with thinking out the best schemes for the solution of the problems of our times, and take care to provide the best machinery for working them, but the problem of problems is the making of man—the living force is there within the individual, there is our hope. The transformation that is going on in individuals, in communities, and in the race, is the shining forth of the inner light.

The spirit within responds to the call from without—it is life answering to life, deep answering to deep—for morality and religion are the practical efforts of man's spiritual nature to realise itself; to rise above the world of experience, to obey the 'voice,' and become as one, consciously, with the Universal Intelligence—the All-Father.

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#### SPIRIT DRAWINGS.

The March number of the 'Strand Magazine' contains an article by Mr. Beckles Willson on 'Spirit Drawings,' illustrated by reproductions of some striking and remarkable drawings executed by a policeman, whose *bona fides* the writer says can be sufficiently vouched for, and who in his normal moments was destitute of any artistic talent whatever. They exhibit what Mr. Myers called 'a fusion of arabesque with idiography,' the lines proceeding from a well-marked central detail, usually a face, wandering away and terminating in some quite unexpected accessory. The first drawing exhibits a face, as of some Oriental potentate, furnished with a profusion of antennæ and horns, and connected with two bodies like those of an insect, say, a dragon fly. Mr. Willson calls attention to the technique—the 'perfection of stippling and shading, and a freedom and delicacy of treatment usually only to be found in one who has studied carefully the art of drawing.'

Other specimens represent a combination of a snail and a sea-anemone, with wings or sea-weed branching fanwise in the rear; a face with daisy-like eyes overhung by feathery prominences, an indescribable mouth, and details fading off into filmy impressionism; a pathetic tadpole, with his tail between his bird-claw legs, and a tuft of hair engagingly rising from between his large languishing Gazeka eyes; and, lastly, a long face of remarkable power and sternness, with sloping almond eyes of intense fixity and brilliance, the suggestion of a headdress recalling 'something archaic and Egyptian,' Sphinx and Phoenix combined.

As to the means by which these and other typical spirit drawings are produced, Mr. Willson merely gives the experience of an automatic draughtsman to show that they are made without the conscious will of the medium, in fact as though his natural or earthly mind was for the time being set aside by an unknown power or volition, which is then the dominant one. Such drawings as are here referred to probably took some time to execute, in proportion to the fineness of the detail; but there is another class of drawings, not specifically alluded to by Mr. Willson, which were executed in so marvellously short a time that they must be referred rather to direct spirit action than to automatism on the part of the

medium. Some of these latter are on view in the rooms of the London Spiritualist Alliance, at 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.; and Mr. Willson, in referring to these specimens, suggests that they might well form the nucleus for a complete collection of spirit drawings.

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#### A VISION OF THE LIVING.

BY AUDREY FOSTER.

An interesting and absolutely authentic instance of a vision of the living occurred a few years ago in one of our largest manufacturing cities of the North.

A clergyman, vicar of a church in the midst of a crowded population, lived among his people. The vicarage stood in a small garden, having a path that led from the gate to the front door. On one side of the door was a drawing room. The vicar, Mr. H., was returning home from a round of visiting. It was about 5 p.m., but still broad daylight. He was, apparently, in the best of health, and his vigour seemed unabated. As he walked up the short path just mentioned, he saw through the glass of the drawing-room window a man waiting within.

Hurrying to enter the door and remove his hat and coat before going in to see the visitor, who evidently awaited his coming, Mr. H. almost immediately went into the room. To his utter amazement it was empty! There was no trace whatever of its having been occupied the moment before. Looking rather white, the clergyman walked into the adjoining apartment, where his wife and family were preparing for tea. 'Who was it that called?' he asked, 'and what has become of him?'

Those present utterly denied having seen or heard of any visitor, and rallied the vicar upon what they imagined to be a rather ludicrous mistake. 'You saw your own reflection,' they urged, and the whole party went outside to see whether they could not in some way account for the illusion, but all in vain.

Mr. H. proceeded minutely to describe the appearance of the man, whom he emphatically asserted that he had just seen, and could not be shaken out of his firm belief that the vision was a reality.

One daughter present, who was married to a neighbouring clergyman, but happened to be with her family on that occasion, alone shared her father's weird uneasiness; and when a few days later he became ill with what was considered to be merely a common cold, she was the only relative who evinced anxiety. Indeed, with her the anxious feeling became an intuitive conviction that her father would not recover. She was his favourite daughter, and more *en rapport* with him than the rest.

In about a week from the day of the vision Mr. H. passed over, his illness having developed into acute inflammatory disorder not long before.

His successor was appointed to the living in due course, and he exactly answered to the description of the man whom the deceased clergyman had so strangely seen through the window. He was a complete stranger to all concerned.

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

On Thursday evening, the 11th inst., the Rev. John Page Hopps delivered a valuable address on 'A Scientific Basis of Belief in a Future Life' to the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, and at the close, on the motion of Dr. Abraham Wallace, seconded by Mr. J. A. Wilkins, a hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Hopps for his helpful and stimulating address, which will be printed in full in 'LIGHT' for March 27th and April 3rd.

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'CURRENT LITERATURE,' published at 41-43, West 25th Street, New York, gives the substance of Mr. E. E. Fournier d'Albe's theory of future life, as reported in 'LIGHT' last December, and says that it aroused considerable comment in America.



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### THE ALL-PERVADING GOD.

THEISM: EXTRA-COSMIC AND INTRA-COSMIC.

In Swami Abhedananda's Lecture, lately noted by us, there is a passage which, though conveying no new thought, puts a now familiar thought in an animated way. It brings into a clear light the difference between what he calls the 'Extra-Cosmic' and the 'Intra-Cosmic' thoughts of God. At first, we inevitably think of God as Extra-Cosmic, far away in some place called Paradise or Heaven, and perhaps intervening now and then to bless or curse His subject creatures. 'We cannot reach Him,' says Abhedananda. We cannot perceive Him. We cannot realise Him. That phase we find both in Judaism and Mohammedanism. It is—

The first step in the realisation of the Infinite Being, in the realisation of the infinite ocean of wisdom, the foundation of the universe. In that stage God appears to be extra-cosmic, *i.e.*, outside of Nature. Then gradually, as we understand the true nature of the divinity and our relation with that divinity, we find that He is not very far away from us. He is here, He is there, He is everywhere, He is within us. He pervades this universe. In fact, He is immanent in Nature. He is intra-cosmic. He rules not from outside, but from within. As the soul is the ruler of the body, and at the same time rules over the body, so the Lord of the Universe has entered into the phenomenal world: He is ruling over every particle of this phenomenal world from within, and not from outside. All the individual souls form parts of the Deity.

The time will undoubtedly come when this thought of God will be the very life and soul of a rational and Spiritual Theism, but a troubled road and a dangerous must be travelled first. There will assuredly come a loosening of the grip of the God-idea, on the part of what the New Testament calls 'the common people.' Human nature, at its present stage of average development, needs everything in concrete, as in the Roman Catholic Church—something to see, something to touch, some similitude, or, at any rate, something to imagine—like 'An Ancient of Days' on 'a great white throne.' Such a Being will have to be spoken of, Bible fashion, as though He had eyes and arms and ears, with affections and passions, decisions and judgments, after the manner of a Czar: and all that is ingrained in the ordinary religionists; and so ingrained that any attempt to spirit away that great white throne and the God upon it must result in the loss, possibly at first an enormous loss, of faith: and, in the early stages of the transition from Extra-Cosmic to Intra-Cosmic, it will not be surprising if those who aid it are charged with a subtle form of Atheism. But we must risk it.

On the other hand, the relief will be signal and swift. Tens of thousands of bewildered seekers after God will rejoice in that which will emancipate them from the grotesquenesses of Jewish anthropomorphism, and bring them to something nearer the lofty saying of Jesus, 'God is Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.' Then, speedily, will come the great compensations. For a local God in Heaven, we shall be aware of an ever-present God upon the earth: and the believer will have no more need to cry to Him and entreat Him to attend. He will say, 'I am everywhere in contact with God: and everywhere is He in contact with me. The secret of a grain of sand, or of a precious seed, is His secret. Every relationship expresses a divine intention and is working out a heavenly sanctity through earthly ties and needs. "Enoch," it is said, "walked with God" in the Eden land and so may I in England.'

What enormous encouragement will there be for such a believer, in fighting the battle of life! 'In my struggle,' he will say, 'I am never unaided, never isolated. The infinite resources are my resources, and, by invisible but indestructible means of sustenance, I am made fast to them, so that the very "stars fight against" the forces of evil for me.' It is arguable that believers in the old Extra-Cosmic God, in their intense personification of Him, arrive at the same result; and happily that may be admitted, but it will surely be a help to understand in what way He is 'a God nigh at hand and not afar off,' working directly through laws which bind together effect and cause.

What a Religion is possible here—based, not on external sacrament and verbal creed, but upon all the sacred facts of daily life where all the true sacraments are to be found! When God is seen to be in all things, and all things are seen to be in God, early morning divine service will be the early morning work of the thoughtful mother, that the husband may go off to work in good heart, and the children be wholesomely prepared for school. The shop counter, the office desk, the newspaper editor's room, the politician's study, will be as possibly sacred as the cathedral altar or the function of the priest; for it will be known that God is actually a co-operator in all the transactions of business and policy; and that as He is the central force of grain of sand and seed, so He is the central significance of every dealing of man with man—even on the commonplace planes of buying and selling, and adjusting the relationships of class and class. In fine, Religion will be obedience to natural law, helping in the central harmony active and happy service in the God's-army of doers of His will, and co-working with His angels in making the great prayer true—'Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.'

We need hardly say that all this is pure Spiritualism, whose deepest teaching is that the only reality is Spirit, and that it is Spirit which is God. The mystery of God is only the mystery of the ever-present life-secret. If we could understand that, we should understand God: but we shall never understand it here. All we can do is to observe the ways of Spirit and fall in with the law of it. Beyond that, there is no need to understand it. What is needed is not complete understanding but obedience—obedience to the law of life in everything, whether in the world of matter or of mind: knowing this—that to understand and fall in with a law of life is to understand and fall in with God.

'LIFE is a matter of consciousness; your power of self-mastery rests on this mental foundation. You need not be dominated by outside conditions, or by other people, your happiness rests with yourself.'—F. B.



## 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 130.)

After the Coronation at Rheims the world began to darken round Joan's path. She had fulfilled her mission: there was no more to be done. The first step in her downward course—downward so far as this world was concerned, but upward if regarded in the light of that world where human failure becomes divine success—the first in her culminating series of misfortunes was the check she received before the city of Paris.

Although she had cleared the country round Orleans, the city of Paris was still in the hands of the English troops, and she resolved on an immediate march to deliver it. But now, as before, the indecision of Charles and the timidity of his commanders interposed to hinder the execution of her plans, and for the first time she yielded to their advice and surrendered the movements of the army to their control. It was the divine voice in her giving way to the human, and the result was failure, as all such giving way must inevitably be. The voices of the angels became less distinct as the voices of men grew louder in her ears. The fact is, the military magnates were jealous of her fame, and would sacrifice even a victory if they could only break the magic of her spell; for they could not endure the tarnished reputation that must inevitably be theirs so long as a fair-haired peasant girl could surpass, in their own great game of war, the greybeards who commanded the forces of France and had been soldiers of the Lilies since they were boys. Defeat after defeat followed their counsels, which were in each case opposite to her positive advice, and the third was fatal so far as Joan was concerned, for she was captured by Burgundians, who were in alliance with the English, and was finally surrendered to the enemies she had subdued.

Although these successes of the English were only temporary, and did not annul the final result of her wonderful exploits by bringing France again under the English power, yet they had the effect in the meantime of giving her work the semblance of failure and putting her into the power of her foes. The truth is that Joan had done her work, done it more completely even than she knew, as the history of her country would gradually reveal, and as the natural result her path had become less clear and her steps less confident. She had raised the siege and crowned the King: all that her voices had told her to do. What remained? Nothing that she could see with the distinctness with which she had seen those two events; everything beyond looked dim and confused, and she felt at times, amidst the vagueness and obscurity, a strange longing for Domremy and home. When on her way to Paris, she said: 'I should be glad, if it pleased God, that I might now lay down my arms and return home to serve my father and my mother.' She would have liked to lead the sheep again to their quiet pastures and sew and knit by the cottage door. She longed for the peace and calm of the home of her childhood; but it could not be. Even when she asked for it she felt it could not be. There was a voice in her heart that told her Domremy was gone for ever: a voice that called her mysteriously on, though she knew not whither: a voice which told her as by a strange premonition that she would not live to see the end of what she had begun. Did you not know the voice, Joan? Could you not recognise its familiar accents? Was its tone disguised and altered for the nonce lest it should startle you with its suddenness, or appal you with a sense of some unutterable pain? It was the old voice, Joan, which you had heard so often when your heart

was beating with heroic ardour, only now it was softened to the pathos of sorrow and ended in a mysterious and inarticulate sigh. It was calling you away from the battle, away from the world, to where the voices were singing your welcome, away to where the angels were weaving your crown!

The story of the sufferings of this martyred girl is the most pathetic in human history. Not alone the most pathetic, but the most saintly and divine; and while we cannot but brand with eternal infamy the men who laid upon her such unutterable wrongs, we cannot but be thankful that she was permitted to end her heroic life in such grander heroism, and to show by the saintliness of her sorrow and the sublimity of her death, how divine a thing a woman might become.

Of course it was hard to her at first. The heroes of the battlefield cannot always be heroes in the prison. Souls of action and sublime enthusiasm do not always prove sublime in chains. A Napoleon crossing the Alps and subduing kingdoms is very different from a Napoleon exiled to an ocean solitude. And Joan of Arc, when first she felt the iron fetters gall her noble limbs, was overcome by the passion of a wild despair. She had been accustomed to the freedom of her native forests and the grander freedom of her fields of battle, and she chafed against the bars of her ignominious prison as an eagle of the mountains against its iron cage. But after a few days she rose into a heroine of suffering, as formerly she had been a heroine of action, and triumphing over herself conquered in pain and patience, as she had already conquered in strategy and war. Her conduct during her trial was one of the finest exhibitions of heroic endurance that was ever presented to the eyes of men: and her defence one of the bravest that a pure soul ever made against adversaries who were thirsting for innocent blood.

Every device that the subtlety of bad lawyers and the malice of worse Churchmen could invent was employed to entrap the simple-hearted girl. Defeated, however, by her natural sagacity and shrewd mother-wit, they at length fell back on a stratagem which they hoped would take her in its coils. She was asked whether she would submit all her words and deeds to Holy Mother Church, to determine for her whether they were good or whether they were evil; her enemies hoping to snare her by means of her reverence for religion and its ministers into a surrender of her conscience to the authority of the Church and a confession of its just condemnation of her soul; a condemnation which, of course, was a foregone conclusion, a condemnation which they had already determined to pronounce. And now mark with what strong sagacity she penetrated their devices, and with what bold independence she asserted the supremacy of her conscience, and her right to be judged by God alone. 'I submit myself to God who sent me,' she said, 'to God, and none else.' A Protestant before the time! A girl-Luther, an unconscious forerunner of that dauntless monk, and the invincible host that would follow in his train, before whose advance ignorance and priestcraft would slink away, and light and liberty become the heritage of mankind. I do not hesitate to say that the figure of Luther himself was not half so grand as that of this simple girl proclaiming the independence of the individual conscience, and appealing from her chains to the judge of all.

Luther could sense the new era that was breathing through the air and palpitating in the breast of the awakening nations, and perhaps could even hear with prophetic instinct the tramp of the conquering hosts of freedom who were marching up the silent ages to the battle; but Joan had no such consciousness to sustain her courage, no multitudes rallying to her side in the Valley of Decision with the forces of their moral sympathy and strength, no feeling that the world was watching her heroism, listening for her answer with bated breath, and waiting to chronicle and applaud her victory; no intellectual insight like Luther's, no prevision of approaching change, no idea of the fallibility of the Church that was her judge, no glimpse of the tottering of its rotten pillars, no suspicion that it was other than it declared itself to be—the representative of Heaven, and the rock of security amidst the changes and



chances of an unstable world. She stood alone and helpless, unbenefited and forlorn, with not even an advocate to watch her cause or arrest its course as it plunged from one depth of infamy to another. Row after row of priests and lawyers, cold, cruel, resolute on her doom, and the Bishop President high over all, snarling like a wolf in sheep's clothing that he was, and flashing malignant glances from his wolfish eyes—yet standing at that bar with nothing but her 'voices' to direct and comfort her, Joan dared in a passion of heroic triumph to assert the supremacy of her single conscience over priest and president, Church and Pope, and claim her dependence upon God alone.

'Very tender God,' said she 'in honour of your holy Passion I pray you if you love me that you will reveal to me how I ought to answer these Churchmen.' Was not that enough to touch the heart of any human being that had a drop of Christian kindness left in it?—especially the hearts of those whom she called 'Churchmen.' Churchmen, indeed! Whose Churchmen, I ask you? Certainly not God's; there was nothing of His Church in them; they were not even men, much less Churchmen. If they had ever been men they were dead men now. Hard-faced wretches from the Bishop downwards, with hearts of granite and eyes of glass, to whom beauty could not appeal, nor saintliness nor helplessness; they were incapable of shedding a tear of pity, or even simulating the virtue of a blush of shame. One of the assessors, however, touched by her simplicity and sorrow, summoned up courage to shout to the prisoner, 'Appeal, Joan! Appeal to the Council of Bâle.' 'Who speaks there? Hold your peace in the Devil's name!' thundered out the extremely pious Bishop President—unconsciously betraying by his very language whose Churchman he was, and in whose name he wore his mitre and exercised his power. The only thing to be said for him is that he did not blaspheme God's name in the rebuke, but administered it honestly in the Devil's name. 'What is the Council of Bâle?' asked the innocent child. 'It is a congregation of the Universal Christian Church, where there are as many clergy of your party as of the English; appeal to be brought before it,' cried the monk, altogether indifferent both to the Bishop and the Devil, in whose name he had been commanded to hold his peace.

'If there are any of my party there I will refer myself to it,' said the trembling maiden. Then, in a loud voice, she exclaimed: 'I will appeal to the Council of Bâle.' The notary was about to record the appeal, as he was bound by law to do, but the Bishop stopped him, and by mere power of bluster crushed the appeal, intimidated the Court, and forced the proceedings on their illegal way. The courage of the good monk was like to have proved fatal to him, for as he left the court the Earl of Warwick, who met him in the castle yard, asked him how he dared to suggest that appeal, and threatened to have him tossed into the Seine.

There is no need that I should weary you with further extracts from this unjust trial. Had Joan been a thief or a murderess, instead of a prisoner of war, she could not have been treated worse. She was shut up like a beast in an iron cage, amidst every mark of humiliation and disgrace; chains were riveted on her limbs as if she had been a tigress instead of the gentle creature that she was. Pinched with hunger, tormented with thirst, she was guarded by base fellows who now teased her and now terrified her, and made themselves merry with her terrors and her tears; now rousing her out of her sleep with the announcement of her executioner, and then bursting into fiendish laughter at her consternation and alarm; and, worst trial of all to a modest girl, never leaving her night or day, and paying no regard to the delicacy due to a woman's life; acts of inhumanity almost incredible to us who live in this gentler age, when even criminals are treated with civility and respect.

Even the King, whom she had lifted out of beggary and conducted to his crown, forgot the gentle girl who had befriended him, and left her in loneliness to die. Years after, for selfish purposes, he sought to vindicate her dishonoured memory and pay her the tribute of gratitude that was her due; he ennobled her family, glorified her birth-

place, and proclaimed her virtue to assembled Christendom; but in the hour when she needed his helping hand he was thinking only of his pleasure, forgetful of her pain. What though he owed her the palace in which he revelled, the luxury he enjoyed, the crown he wore, and the kingdom he ruled? He had an easy conscience, a self-indulgent mind, a soul that must be merry, let who might be sad; and with a heartlessness that has no parallel in history, not even in the history of kings where heartlessness is a proverb, he shut his door against her lonely cry, shut the thought and the remembrance of her from his heedless mind, and left her in the dungeon to shiver and starve, left her in the market-place to burn. *To burn!*

The cruellest feature in this cruel doom was that she who was so pure should be executed as a witch, as a heretic; that her body should not rest in Christian ground, but its ashes be scattered on the winds or flung into the river like a polluted thing. 'Alas!' she cried, casting up her hands in a frenzy of despair, 'how can they treat me so horribly, so cruelly? I had rather be beheaded seven times than burnt!' If ever a poor lost lamb, cast out by the hirelings who were not the shepherd, was taken to the breast of the Shepherd of souls, and comforted and caressed by His tender care, it was this pure, sweet girl. Well might she say when her enemies asked her what reward her voices promised her for her toils, hoping they might find some pretence to impugn her motives, 'I have never asked for any reward except the salvation of my soul.' No, she was to learn what all the saviours of the world have learnt, that 'in saving others herself she could not save.' It was a noble prayer—a prayer that God would answer, and that abundantly, for it is not every day that God has such a soul in His Universe to save. The road to that recompense, however, was a rough one. To be burnt was her doom, and there was no escape.

High and dreadful was the fatal pile. It struck terror, says the historian, by its awful height. A tremendous edifice, constructed of wood, with walls of lath, and openings left on every side that the currents of air might have unobstructed course, and the fire roll up and roar like a furnace. Eight hundred soldiers conducted her to the spot, and ten thousand people gathered to see her die. And it was worth the seeing. The passing of a saint, the ascension of a martyr. A spectacle worth more than the coronation of the paltry King, whom she saved and crowned—for this was *her* coronation: and the bannered hosts of God's innumerable company of angels were gathering to the scene!

For half an hour she stood in prayer—was there silence in Heaven, I wonder, for that space of half an hour—the silence of a sympathy too intense for utterance, the silence of a pity too deep for tears!

I marvel that the silence of a paralysing awe did not steal over that crowd of listening sight-seers while they heard the prayer of the virgin-martyr as she stood on that high and awful pile, which to her was the stepping-stone to God and Heaven. If they were not awed they were at least moved. The Bishop of Théroutenne sobbed aloud: even the Bishop President, rock though he was, felt the drops splash down his cheeks of stone; while my Lord of Winchester, the Cardinal of England, forgot his manhood, or rather remembered it, and strove in vain against the bubbling tears.

Joan's simple prayer on the altar of her doom was the best refutation of the evil names which had been bound around her forehead for the world to read—*Heretic! Apostate! Idolater*. She was no heretic who could pray like that; no apostate and no idolater who could stand on the faggots with such holy confidence and commit her soul so resignedly to God. 'Ten thousand men,' says an eye-witness, 'wept when they saw her'—that is, the whole assembly wept. How could they help it when they gazed on one so young, so brave, and withal, so full of faith in Heaven?

At length the fatal order came. Ten thousand streams of pitying tears were not enough to quench the flame of bitter hate. The torch was applied to the wood below. Up rolled the billowing smoke and flame: Joan standing on the top calm and beautiful, the cross to her lips and her eyes towards



Heaven. The good old monk who had risked his life already to save her, and had failed, stood by her to the last directing her soul to Christ and peace. Absorbed in his blessed, holy work he did not see the advancing flames. It was she who saw them with quick, sympathetic, saviour-like eyes, and, forgetting herself in his great peril, kind and thoughtful for others to the end, she bade him go down and save himself, and leave her alone up there to die.

And he left her alone! But she was not alone! 'Jesus! Jesus!' said her quivering lips, as the flames rose up and blistered them with the heat; and then, as they enveloped her in their lurid winding sheet, before the tongue was quite baked and blackened in the fire-blast, she sobbed out the triumph of her life and its mission, 'My visions were true! My voices have not deceived me.' In the midst of the furnace they had spoken to her again! She saw the visions her enemies could not see: she heard the voices they could not hear; the beautiful angels waiting for her soul, their sweet voices soothing her to rest.

'My voices have not deceived me!' This was Joan's final testimony to the great fact by which she had led the army to the field and crowned the King—the fact that she was guided by spiritual voices, sustained by spiritual visions, and rendered invincible by spiritual powers—the fact which justifies me in calling her the great Spiritualist martyr!

Standing there on the top of the burning pile, with nothing more to hope for in the world she was leaving, and nothing to fear from it since it had done its worst; with everything to fear from the world to which she was going if she was false, and everything to hope for in that world if she was true, the devoted girl could still assert that the voices she had heard, and the visions she had seen in the fields of Domremy and the battlefields of France, were with her still on the faggots of Rouen—visions so bright and voices so clear that death could not dim the one nor dull the other. 'My visions were of God, my voices have not deceived me':—

No, thou brave and blessed soul  
High upon the martyrs' roll,  
Those sweet voices ne'er deceive,  
Though of all they may bereave:  
'Tis the world's voice that deceives,  
But he who in the truth believes,  
And to himself is true,  
Although he fall on battle plain,  
Or walk the fires of martyr's pain,  
Still hath the goal in view.  
And when his dust is 'neath the clod,  
His spirit from the breast of God  
Holds out the crown in yonder blue  
And cries 'My voices all were true!'

The voices from Heaven which Joan had heard soon found their echoes upon earth. They began to whisper even at the stake. In accusation and secret self-reproach they spoke out of the fire to the murderers' hearts. Like the murmur of a distant gathering storm they sighed round the market-place and struck every heart-string with a shiver and a sigh. The soldier who had sworn to throw a faggot on the pile declared he saw a dove arise from the ashes; the executioner who applied the fatal torch implored for pardon at a hundred shrines: one of the executioners who had exulted at her death fled from the scene with these words upon his lips, 'We are all lost men, for we have destroyed a saint!' and at last the swelling tempest broke. A multitudinous cry of pain and penitence, amidst wild outbursts of wrath and scorn, swept over the land from palace to cottage, from peer to peasant, from the kingdom she had saved, from the Church that had condemned her, a cry for reparation of the cruel wrong, a cry for vengeance on the memory of its doers.

Her trial was inquired into and its injustice exposed; every one of her enemies was convicted of malice and put to an open and lasting shame; her deeds were pronounced to have been a heroine's, her life a saint's, and her death a martyr's. On the sacred spot whence she rose to God another fire was kindled in which the articles of her accusation were publicly burnt, and a cross was erected to her perpetual honour. It stands there to-day for her witness and memorial, while

the voices of universal Christendom and universal man roll and surge like 'the voice of many waters, and the voice of a great thunder and the voice of harpers harping with their harps,' round that sacred monument which is the centre alike of their sorrow and their joy—the echoes on earth of those voices from Heaven which once witnessed to her listening heart and now proclaim to the applauding world that her life was true and her end was peace: the life and end of the bravest heroine and the noblest martyr that ever suffered in the cause of freedom or perished in the name of God. (Loud and continued applause.)

The proceedings terminated with a unanimous vote of thanks to Mr. Boulding for his able and lucid Address.

## EXPERIENCES WITH FAKIRS.

(Continued from page 124.)

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

### DIRECT WRITING IN THE LIGHT.

On the day before his return to his home, the Fakir, when he visited the Chief Justice, took with him a small bag of the finest sand, and emptied its contents upon the floor. Having levelled the sand so as to form a surface about half a square yard, he requested the onlooker to sit at a table opposite him with a sheet of paper and a pencil, and asked for a piece of wood. After he had received the handle of a pen-holder, which he laid gently upon the sand, he said: 'I am about to evoke the Pitris. When you see the article which you have just given me stand upright, one end only being in contact with the ground, you are at liberty to trace upon the paper any figures you please, and you will see an exact copy of them drawn in the sand.'

Extending both hands before him horizontally, he proceeded to repeat the sacred formulas of evocation, and in a few minutes the wooden rod gradually rose as he had said. At the same moment the Chief Justice moved his pencil over the paper before him, tracing strange figures entirely at random, and the piece of wood at once imitated every motion, and the whimsical figures that he had been tracing appeared concurrently in the sand. When he stopped the improvised pencil stopped—when he went on it followed him. The Fakir had not changed his position, and there was no apparent contact between him and the piece of wood.

Having satisfied himself that Covindasamy could not possibly have seen his movements when drawing the pencil over the sheet of paper, the writer compared the figures with each other, and found that they were exactly alike.

### SPIRIT THOUGHT READING.

Levelling the sand again, the Fakir asked that his witness would think of a word in Sanscrit, because, he explained, 'the Pitris use that immortal medium of speech more easily than any other: the impure are not allowed to use it.' Having extended his hands as before, the pencil began to move and, gradually rising, wrote unhesitatingly *Pouroucha!* (the celestial generator). That was actually the word that had been thought of. 'Think of a whole phrase,' said the Fakir. 'I have done so,' answered his hearer. The pencil then wrote upon the sand, *Adicete Veikountam Haris!* (Vischnou sleeps upon Mount Eikouta).

'Can the spirit by whom you are inspired give me the 243rd Sloca of the fourth book of Manu?' inquired the Chief Justice; and he had hardly expressed the wish when the pencil proceeded to gratify it, and wrote the following words one after the other, letter by letter, before his eyes:—

*Darmapradanan pouroucham tapasa hatakiviliam paralokam nayaty acoubasouantam Kacaririnan.* 'The man, the

\* An edition of this book is now published by Messrs. William Rider and Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate-street, E.C., price 8s. 6d. net.



end of all whose actions is virtue, and all whose sins are wiped out by acts of piety and sacrifices, reaches the celestial mansions, radiant with light and clothed with a spiritual form.

This remarkable stanza was correctly given as indicated.

Finally, as a last experiment, placing his hands on a closed book containing extracts from hymns in the Rigveda, the writer asked for the first word of the fifth line of the twenty-first page, and received the following answer:—

*Devadatta.* (Given by a god.)

Upon comparison I found it to be perfectly correct.

'Will you now put a mental question?' said the Fakir. I acquiesced by a simple movement of the head, and the following word was written upon the sand:

*Vasundara.* (The Earth.)

I had asked, 'Who is our common mother?'

I have no explanation or statement to make with regard to these facts. I only describe what I have seen, and assert that the circumstances under which the facts occurred are accurately related. *Materially speaking*, I do not think it possible that any fraud could have been committed.

Continuing, the writer relates how, when they walked along the terrace, at about 10 a.m., Covindasamy, seeing a *bhistie* drawing water from a well in a large garden, held out his hands in the direction of the well, and then, although the man pulled upon the rope with all his might it would no longer slip through the pulley. The bewildered *bhistie* began to chant a magical incantation, but had only uttered a few words when his voice died away in his throat and he found it impossible, though he made the strangest contortions, to articulate a single word. When the Fakir dropped his hands the poor fellow recovered the use of his speech and the rope performed its office as before.

Returning to the scene of their former experiments, the Chief Justice remarked upon the great heat, but the Fakir seemed too self-absorbed to notice his words; however, shortly afterwards, a palm leaf fan flew up from the table on which it had been lying, and gently fanned his face.

#### LEVITATION.

As the Fakir was about to take his leave to get some breakfast and a few hours' sleep (having had neither food nor rest for twenty-four hours), he stopped in the doorway, and, 'crossing his arms upon his chest, lifted himself up gradually, without any apparent support or assistance, to the height of about ten to twelve inches.' The observer was able to determine the distance by noticing that the Fakir's feet were on a level with the sixth horizontal band on a silken hanging which was used as a portiere; and, further, he noticed that the time from the moment the Fakir commenced to rise until he touched the ground again was more than eight minutes, and that he remained at the highest point of elevation for nearly five minutes. In answer to a question the Fakir said, emphatically, that he could lift himself up as high as the clouds. The writer says:—

I do not know why I asked him the question, 'What is the source of the power?' as he had already told me, more than twenty times, that he did not regard himself as anything more than an instrument in the hands of the Pitris.

He answered me with the following lines:

*Swadyaye nityayoukta syat,  
Ambarat avatarati deva.*

'He should be in constant communication with heaven, and a superior spirit should descend therefrom.'

(To be continued.)

DR. EGBERT MULLER, of Berlin, whose death occurred recently, is described by the 'Dresdner Nachrichten' as 'a spirit-seer and spirit investigator,' whose strong personal faith, founded on experience, could not be shaken either by ridicule or by the 'exposures' of mediums. He was 'one of the best known personalities in Berlin,' and being a doctor of philosophy as well as of laws, he was regarded as an authority in all legal matters relating to literature and to Spiritualism. He was formerly connected with Government and administrative departments, but gave up these offices to devote himself, for the last thirty years of his life, to the investigation of psychical phenomena. He published a pamphlet in defence of a boy who was sent to prison as the alleged perpetrator of some 'poltergeist' disturbances, and took a prominent part in the trials of Anna Rothe, the 'flower medium,' and of Valeska Töpfer, medium for materialisations.

#### JOTTINGS.

Mr. D. J. Davis, councillor and 'energetic whip of the local Labour party,' according to a report in the 'Stratford Express,' addressing a spiritualistic association at Stratford recently, related the following interesting occurrence: One Sunday evening after he had spoken at Hackney, a man who was a stranger to him said, 'Someone has been with me all this evening,' and he described to him his (Councillor Davis's) son, who was 'out of the body,' and added that his son said, 'Thank you for the flowers.' After he got home that night he found his daughter had been to the cemetery that day and had placed some flowers on her brother's grave.

Mr. A. V. Peters appears, by accounts that come to us, to be winning golden opinions in South Africa. 'He causes you to think,' says a report in the 'Pretoria News,' and sets you wondering 'if there is not something in it.' The same writer makes the point that it is difficult to see where telepathy and thought-reading come in, when Mr. Peters picks up an article out of a number lying before him, and does not know to which person that particular article belongs. The vividness and acknowledged correctness of Mr. Peters' delineations seem to have made a great impression at Pretoria as at other places visited during his extended tour in the 'sub-continent.'

Correspondents ask us for information regarding an alleged 'strange fatality attached to the wooden cover for a mummy of a lady of the college of the Amen-Ra, at Thebes, which stands in the corner of the First Egyptian Room at the British Museum. . . Mishap or disaster, incidents of ill-luck, mischance and even tragedy,' it is said, have occurred to everyone who has come into contact with it. But there is no official admission of these incidents. Perhaps some of our readers may know and be able to tell us something definite about this alleged mysterious mummy case.

Speaking at the Free Church Council recently, Dr. Horton said: 'All schools of thought were driven by science itself to an agreement that there was at the centre of the universe a president reason. If there were not, we should have, not a universe, but a multi-universe. That was the starting point of all modern thought—an immanent reason, a controlling and purposive will, that gave to a universe the character of a universe, that made science possible, that accounted for the mind, the intelligence, the purpose of all who were investigating and thinking. Kinship with the soul of the world impelled them to seek a communion with it which was conscious and mutual. That yearning for communion with the soul of the world was the inspiration and the justification of prayer.'

There are many more mediums in private life than is generally imagined and there are many to whom Spiritualism is of the greatest value. A correspondent recently said: 'I am probably the only one of my family who has studied the subject. I keep myself "read up" in it, and am a writing and drawing medium, sometimes clairvoyant and clairaudient, and have occasionally the "second sight" and premonitions. I never feel less alone than when "alone" as most people suppose (as you can understand), and am very thankful that a long course of seventeen years' obligatory living in London on small means led me to study Spiritualism. I have had numerous "tests" at the many seances I have attended at the London Spiritualist Alliance, chiefly from Mr. Peters and Mr. Vango, and could give many instances of evidence of spirit identity.'

Another correspondent, who resides in Co. Durham, sends us particulars of an incident in which he played the part of intermediary. Visiting a comrade, a spirit influenced him and claimed to be his friend's aunt. She caused him to indicate that she had suffered with pain in the leg, to mention that her son had passed away, and give particulars regarding his earth life and her own, which were quite unknown to him. The recipient of these manifestations admitted that, as far as he knew, the facts stated were correct, but he did not know that his aunt was dead. He wrote to his uncle, who lived near Leeds, and received a reply saying that both his aunt and her son had passed over, so that the spirit's message was fully confirmed.

Still another correspondent, who writes from Iceland, says: 'I never believed anything of the kind till I made some experiments with my own daughter and a simple servant girl, who proved to be a wonderfully gifted medium. Through my daughter's hand I got several messages of great significance, and through the girl, as trance medium, under her deceased mother's control, we had many manifestations. While she was at her best she succeeded in obtaining levitations, transference of solid bodies, direct script and partial materialisa-



tions. There is a well-established society at Reykjavik, and regular séances are held, but the members meet with rough treatment from their opponents (political rivalries playing no small part in the quarrel). The spirits are going to offer some test proofs, and two scientific men have been invited to witness them. This land of ours has always been one of wonders and mystical phenomena, like the northern parts of Norway.'

Some correspondents have asked our opinion as to the alleged mysterious rappings in a coffin at Leigh, Staffordshire, reported in various newspapers last week. We have before us two accounts of the occurrence, evidently from different sources, as they do not agree as to the name of the deceased. While the sexton was filling in the grave, he heard a continued 'distinct' or 'muffled' rapping on the coffin, and called his brother's attention to it. The coffin was dug up again and opened, and the doctor's assistant made a careful examination of the body, but could find no sign of life. The remarkable fact is, if the statements are correct, that the rappings were again heard while the grave was being filled up for the second time. We do not feel competent to express any opinion on this sensational report, which may or may not rest on fancy or suggestive hallucination, but it is, of course, possible that the spirit of the deceased man was able to rap on the coffin as being the easiest and most convenient way of making its survival known. Our readers will, no doubt, prefer to draw their own conclusions.

Another remarkable story comes from Staffordshire. It is alleged that at a house at Eccleshall for some weeks past when coal has been placed in the firegrate it has leaped out and smashed the windows, at right angles to the fire. In less than a week every window downstairs was broken, and as fast as new windows were put in they too were broken. The firegrate was taken out and the chimney was swept, but to no purpose. On one occasion all the earthenware in the crockery cupboard was smashed, no cause being discoverable. The affair has aroused much excitement. A minister, who visited the house, was greatly startled and made a hasty departure. A sceptic stood with his back to the fire, and immediately a piece of coal leaped out and struck his hat.

The 'Daily Mail' for Saturday last contained an amusing review of Professor Frazer's book, 'Psyche's Task,' which describes the influence of superstition on the growth of institutions, showing that it has been 'useful in buttressing up the institutions of monarchy, of private property, and of marriage, and has helped to make people respect human life by making them afraid of ghosts.' Church and State, as represented by the medicine-man and the chief, have been in alliance for mutual support since the most primitive times. The reviewer suggests that 'the appeal to reason has no greater effect in making men good citizens than superstition had, probably not so much,' and that really 'we are just as superstitious as ever, only our superstitions are not, as they used to be, turned to good account.' He gives as instances of modern superstitions 'the notion that a judge of the High Court cannot properly administer justice unless he wears a very uncomfortable wig and a voluminous gown; or that going to church on Sunday makes up for robbing one's fellow-creatures the rest of the week, or that any measure must be salutary if the majority approve it,' and considers that the new superstitions are quite as foolish as the old (we should say more so), and nothing like so useful in keeping people contented and respectful of life and property.

In the 'Review of Reviews' Mr. Stead concludes his article on 'Healing and Healers,' dealing with Christian Scientists, The Society of Emmanuel, and private magnetisers. As to Christian Science, Mr. Stead says that the testimonies given are 'enough to stagger the most credulous.' Mark Twain said he drew the line at horses, but 'Christian Scientists know no limit to the efficacy of their magical formulæ,' and a case is mentioned in which a horse, which had been given up by expert veterinary surgeons, was restored to health 'in a few days.' As for mere ordinary human patients, Christian Science can, it is alleged, restore them after they are believed to be actually dead. The Society of Emmanuel dissents from Christian Science and magnetic healers, but its list of cases runs on much the same surprising lines. It would appear that in all of these systems the cures depend on the calling into action of the healing power of Nature, and that it matters little by what method of suggestive impulse the process is started. As Dr. Schofield shows in the 'Contemporary Review,' 'faith can stimulate this latent power amazingly,' and 'it is difficult to set a limit to the power of cure.'

## 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.*

## Asserted Supernormal Photography.

SIR,—The Rector of Stockton, near Rugby, better known as Archdeacon Colley, has taken a good deal of trouble to try and convince me of the reality of supernormal photography to the extent of obtaining an impression on unwrapped and unexposed plates by the imposition of hands, without a camera.

I have accordingly had certain plates wrapped up in a carefully noted manner, and handed to him from time to time, to deal with, by deputy or otherwise, as he thought proper.

Most of the plates duly returned by him have been quite honestly dealt with, and have no impression upon them. But the plates last received back, which have been in the custody of some people at Crewe, have some faint writing showing upon them—the writing being such as would be produced by writing upon lamp-black glass, and then throwing the shadow of this writing, as by a printing process, upon the pair of sensitive plates still face to face, without separating their film-touching surfaces.

The envelopes, which were cut open in my laboratory in a responsible manner, were immediately removed by the person from Crewe who brought them; but Archdeacon Colley has now succeeded in getting them returned to me. I find that they show distinct and unmistakable signs of having been tampered with, carefully opened, and re-sealed; so that I am absolutely convinced, whatever may happen in other cases, that in this case the impression was produced by the most commonplace and normal means.

In order to prevent the good-nature of the Rector of Stockton and some of his friends from being imposed upon, I have therefore sent a certificate to him, of which the enclosed is a copy:—

## CERTIFICATE.

In the matter of the envelopes which enclosed a pair of plates which had been in the hands of certain people at Crewe, and which were returned with some obscure writing upon them—this is to testify that these envelopes, when returned to me, showed distinct signs of having been tampered with and opened, probably by steam.

The indelible pencil marks, which were scored over certain flaps, have lost their glaze locally, precisely as they do when slightly moistened; and moreover, certain gum streaks which had been originally on the envelope, and purposely left there, had been cleaned off.

Comparing this set of envelopes with another duplicate set, which had also at one time been in your hands for experimenting, but on which the plates had received no impression—the contrast was very marked. This duplicate set had not been tampered with. But I have not the smallest doubt that the envelopes enclosing the plates which had received an impression had been opened, in ways that can be assigned.

I daresay that Archdeacon Colley's other experiences may lead him to dispute, or at any rate to disbelieve, the above statement; but my position in the matter is clear and distinct, and to avoid any accidental misconception with regard to this particular incident, I think it well to send this communication to your columns.—Yours, &c.,

OLIVER LODGE.

## Swedenborg and Finger Prints.

SIR,—With respect to the article on 'Palmistry' in 'LIGHT' (p. 113), some remarks made by Swedenborg about one hundred and fifty years ago seem to be appropriate. He said: 'When a man's actions are discovered to him after death, the angels, whose duty it is to make the inquiry, look into his face and extend their examination through the whole body, beginning with the fingers of each hand. I was surprised at this, and the reason of it was therefore explained to me. Every particular of man's thought and will is inscribed on the brain, for their beginnings are there. They are also inscribed on the whole body, because all things derived from the thought and will proceed thither from their beginnings, and there terminate as in their ultimate basis. Hence it is that whatever is inscribed on the memory, from the will and its consequent thought, is not only inscribed on the brain, but also on the whole man, and there exists in order, according to the order of the parts of the body.'—Yours, &c.,

R. G. BENNETT.



## The Lost Third Eye.

SIR,—Your correspondent, 'Olive Gray,' asks ('LIGHT,' p. 107) about the pineal gland. It is of unknown function, although a body resembling an imperfect *third eye* is found in the brain of some of the lower vertebrate animals, as, for example, in the lizard *Hatteria*.

The pituitary body is a small structure about the size of a pea attached to the base of the brain, and lying in a depression of the sphenoid bone. Though its function is unknown it seems to be associated with the general disease called acromegaly; which might very well be called swelled head in my case, just now, if I did not immediately confess that what is written above was copied from 'Black's Medical Dictionary.'

Further, if 'Olive Gray' will refer to Madame Blavatsky's 'Secret Doctrine,' Vol. II., pp. 295-301, she will find much that is suggestive of the 'lost third eye' line of thought underlying her letter. I for one, during more than fifty years of study and observation, have had reason to think, I may say to know, that the so-called lower animals are sometimes so far clairvoyant that they feel, or discern, vibrations of the substantive world by which some few human beings are consciously affected. If dogs do not smell ghosts, they often perceive them, apparently see them, when invisible to ordinary human lookers-on: for most of us have lost faculties which humanity possessed ages ago. I am tempted to close this incubation by citing a remark made by an old French woman who said: 'The more I see of men the more I like dogs.'—Yours, &c.,

GILBERT ELLIOT.

[Madame Blavatsky quotes Quain's 'Anatomy' as stating that the pineal gland is connected by peduncles with the optic thalami, during the development of the brain, which appears to indicate that the gland was originally a seat of the visual sense; she adds: 'The two physical front eyes developed later on. . . While the "Cyclopean" eye was, and still is, in man, the organ of *spiritual* sight, in the animal it was that of objective vision, and this third eye, having performed its function, was replaced by two eyes, and thus was stored and laid aside by Nature for further use in æons to come.' But we think that all such statements should be taken as opinions merely.—ED. 'LIGHT.']

## A Spirit Doctor.

SIR,—As an illustration of the use of Spiritualism, the following experience may be of interest to some of your readers: Having lately been in a city where a bad type of influenza, coupled with high fever, was prevalent, I took it, and was very ill. Happily, our best spirit friend was a doctor in the earth-life, and he at once took charge of the case, gave my daughter directions as to medicines, diet, &c., entering into the most minute details; and giving his reasons for everything he ordered.

He came every night, telling her what to do for the next day, and answering all her questions; in fact she told me afterwards it was difficult to believe that she had not been talking to someone on this side, it was all so natural.

Thanks to 'Dr. Jack's' care, and to my daughter's intelligent carrying out of his directions, I have made a good recovery, and now am on my way, by easy stages, to England.—Yours, &c.,

GEM.

Paris.

## Help for a Worthy Couple.

SIR,—Kindly allow me to acknowledge with hearty thanks the receipt of 2s. from a friend, and 20s. from 'Emma,' which amounts have been forwarded by me to Mr. and Mrs. Emmis, who are very grateful to the kindly donors.—Yours, &c.,

(MRS.) M. H. WALLIS.

'Morveen,' Mountfield-road,  
Finchley, N.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- 'The Coming Science.' By HERWARD CARRINGTON. T. Werner Laurie, Clifford's Inn, E.C. Price 7s. 6d. net.  
'The Philosophy of Self-Help.' By STANTON DAVIS KIRKHAM. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 24, Bedford-street, W.C. Price 5s.  
'St. Christopher.' By the REV. CYRIL MARTINDALE, S.J. Macdonald & Evans, 4, Adam-street, Adelphi, W.C. Price 2s. net.  
'A New Light on the Renaissance.' By HAROLD BAYLEY. J. M. Dent & Co., Aldine House, Bedford-street, W.C. Price 12s. 6d. net.

## SOCIETY WORK.

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

CLAPHAM.—RICHMOND-PLACE, NEW-ROAD, WANDSWORTH-ROAD, S.W.—On Sunday last Mr. Medhurst spoke on 'Temptations of Mediumship.' Sunday next, at 11 a.m., circle; at 6.45 p.m., Mrs. Jamrach. Monday and Thursday, at 7.30, Friday, at 2.30, circles. Saturday, at 7.30, prayer.—C. C.

CROYDON.—PUBLIC HALL LECTURE ROOM, GEORGE-STREET.—On Sunday last Mr. Kelland spoke interestingly on 'Jesus, Master or Medium?' and Madame French gave excellent clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Boddington, address and clairvoyant descriptions.—W. G. R.

HOLLOWAY.—49, LORRAINE-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. Swift dealt with 'Conditions of Life in the Spirit World,' and replied to questions. Sunday next, at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mr. John Lobb on 'How the So-called Dead Manifest' and 'The Puzzled Dead.'—W. W. A.

FULHAM.—COLVEY HALL, 25, FERNHURST-ROAD, MUNSTER-ROAD, S.W.—On Sunday last Mrs. Effie Bathe gave an instructive address on 'The Saving Power of the Christ,' illustrated with painted diagrams. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Ord, address; Mrs. Neville, psychometry.—W. T.

ACTON AND EALING.—21, UXBRIDGE-ROAD, EALING, W.—On Sunday last Mrs. Hall conducted a meeting for testimony by members. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Miss Morris. Friday, 8.30, Mrs. Webb, clairvoyante. Saturday, 27th, 7 p.m., monthly social and musical evening and dancing. 6d. each.

CLAPHAM INSTITUTE, 103, GAUDEN-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mrs. A. Boddington gave an interesting address on 'What Spiritualism is,' and her clairvoyant descriptions were all recognised. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. H. Boddington, address.—W. R.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—On Sunday last Mr. E. W. Wallis gave excellent addresses. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., public circle; at 7 p.m., Mr. F. G. Clarke, address. Mondays, 8, and Wednesdays, 3, clairvoyant descriptions.—A. C.

HACKNEY.—SIGDON-ROAD SCHOOL, DALSTON-LANE, N.E.—On Sunday last Mr. W. S. Johnston gave an address on 'Spiritualism and its Aims,' and excellent clairvoyant descriptions. Mr. Robt. Wittey kindly sang two solos. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Wesley Adams, trance address and clairvoyant descriptions.—N. R.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—On Sunday afternoon last Mr. Medhurst opened a discussion on 'Spirits in Prison.' In the evening addresses were given by Messrs. Tayler Gwinn, Tilby, and Clegg. Sunday next, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mr. Percy Smyth. Monday, 7, ladies' circle. Thursday, 8.15, public circle.—W. Y.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday last Miss McCreadie gave sixteen clairvoyant descriptions, of which twelve were fully recognised, and helpful messages. Mr. W. Tregale ably rendered a solo. Mr. G. Spriggs presided. Sunday next, at 6.30 for 7 p.m., Mr. E. W. Wallis, on 'What and Where are the Dead?'—A. J. W.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—73, BECKLOW-ROAD, ASKEW-ROAD, W.—On Sunday morning last Mrs. Roberts conducted a public circle. In the evening Mr. A. Punter spoke on 'God is Love.' Sunday next, at 11 a.m., public circle; at 6.45, Mrs. Podmore. Thursday, at 7.45, Mrs. Atkins. Wednesday and Friday, at 8, members' circles.—J. J. L.

SPIRITUAL MISSION: 22, Prince's-street, Oxford-street, W.—On Sunday evening last Mrs. M. H. Wallis gave an inspiring address. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Fairclough Smith will answer written questions.—67, George-street, Baker-street, W.—On Sunday morning last Mrs. M. H. Wallis gave helpful replies to questions. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Mr. H. G. Beard. (See advt.)

CHISWICK.—56, HIGH-ROAD, W.—On Sunday morning last 'Spiritual Laws' were considered. In the evening Miss Patey's address on 'Spiritualism as a Light' was much enjoyed. On Monday Mrs. Atkins gave successful psychometric delineations. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., circle; at 2.45 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mrs. Clowes; admission 6d., reserved seats 1s.—H. S.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL.—On Sunday morning last Mr. Stebbens gave psychometric delineations. In the evening Mr. Jackson spoke on 'Is Spiritualism Demonism?' and answered questions; Miss Wenlock rendered a solo. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. J. Adams. Thursday, at 8, Mr. Frederic Fletcher, lantern lecture, 'Among the Mummies.' Tickets 6d. 29th, Mrs. Effie Bathe.—C. J. W.