

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

No. 1,488.—VOL. XXIX. [Registered as]

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1909.

[a Newspaper.]

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[A Newspaper.]

PRICE TWOPENCE.

CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way.....	337	Automatic Writing—Its Use and Abuse. Address by Miss E. K. Bates.....	343
Automatic Writing: Instructive Experiences.....	338	Treatment of the Mentally Afflicted.....	345
Levitations and Apports at a Private Séance.....	340	Jottings.....	346
A Striking Symbolical Vision.....	340	Trenchant Testimonies.....	346
Experiences with Bailey at Melbourne.....	341	Hampton Court Ghosts.....	347
The Unseen Healer.....	342	Clairvoyant Experiences.....	347
		Vivid Impression of a Presence.....	348

NOTES BY THE WAY.

A recent number of 'Current Literature' (New York) gives us a queer Paper on 'The Chemistry of Hell,' in which it coolly (or hotly) remarks that the discovery of the radio-active elements 'lends itself to the belief in an eternal hell of fire and brimstone.' Such a hell was fast beginning to be regarded as an impossibility, but it may now be treated as 'a physical and chemical fact,' though it does not follow that this demonstrates 'the habitability of hell by the souls of the damned.' It is odd, though, that 'the place exists precisely where the scholastic theology places it, namely, in the centre of the earth.' As to hell being habitable, 'Current Literature' says, in conclusion:—

As the London 'Lancet' has pointed out, and as has been affirmed by some experts before the British Association, life may be a chemical process. The perdurance of a vitality for indefinite aeons in an environment such as that provided by the earth's heated interior would become a matter of chemical combination only. That is, the eternal torment of the damned in a hell of fire and brimstone would be expressible in terms of chemical formulæ—a workable hypothesis. 'The revolution of scientific opinion, or, rather, perhaps,' to quote the London 'Lancet,' 'it should be said, the alteration of view in regard to the nature of life that results from larger knowledge is not destitute of its humorous aspect.'

As speculation it is all quite curious, but we do not see where the humour comes in.

In this same number we note a keen little Article on the question, 'Are the Clergy big enough for their task?' 'Current Literature' doubts it, and says:—

Fully one-half of the problems the modern minister has to meet are absolutely new. The whole temper of man's thinking has changed. Our intellectual horizons have been enlarged. The study of comparative religion has altered previous conceptions of the Orient. A new social conscience and a new ethics have come into being. The emphasis in religion has changed from the metaphysical and doctrinal to the ethical and practical. But many theological seminaries remain indifferent to all this. They offer the same courses to-day that they offered thirty or forty years ago.

It quotes, on the other hand, 'The Christian World and Evangelist,' which thinks it is not the theological seminaries that are to blame but the congregations which no longer want prophets but church-fillers and money-makers:—

The kind of men being called to many of our prominent churches is very discouraging to the men who have great messages to deliver in great prophetic ardour. We are inclined to think that what deterioration there is in the ministry is due largely to deterioration in the congregations. Congregations

with minds eager to grapple with the great problems of the day and enjoying the masterly unfolding of great thought and ready to follow the prophet in new ventures and untried ways will soon produce a harvest of great preachers. But congregations that want sweet fifteen-minute sermonettes will never produce prophets.

Our good friend, Mr. Tyssul Davis, writing from his present home, Colombo, writes, at times, very tenderly of the people he lives with. In a recent number of 'The Inquirer' he says:—

Buddhists do not recognise Christ as a brother-lord, and not without reason. Christ, through centuries of weary Sinhalese history at least, has meant torture and persecution, the detachment of their children, the fouling of their women, the desecration of their temples, the destruction of home, country, race and religion. So the present belief is that five thousand years after Gautama the new Buddha will appear. By many lives of merit, Buddhists hope to be reborn in his day. So far in the future, he is already an influence upon human thought. Already around this expected presence imagination has woven tender dreams. His name is reverently spoken. He is to be called Maitreya Buddha—the Buddha of Kindness. In what cruel days did fond desire give birth to this gentle name? What reign of blood and terror baptised this offspring of man's yearning will? Some unknown Isaiah amid the wreck of his country's peace saw a golden head for a moment burst through the clouds, and at once anointed it Messiah, and crowned it Christ: Maitreya Buddha—the Buddha of Kindness.

It is curious that Buchanan, in his poem on 'The Christ that is to be,' should also sing of one who embodied the rising humanitarian instincts of our time and fulfilled them: 'Where'er great pity is and righteousness, there dwells the Christ that is to be.' . . . There is no dearer chapter in the story of human thought than the witness to that ineradicable passion in the heart which builds a fair edifice of hope amid the ruins of despair, the hope that creates out of its own wreck the thing it contemplates. Over all defeat rises the unquenchable star, and it is in the nature of man to refuse, in the teeth of the triumph of evil, to believe in the eclipse of good. The right, the true, carries with it its own assurance of final victory. Thus faith ever makes challenge to the supremacy of fact and the God of things as they should be ever rebels against the Titan-god of things as they are.

In his suggestive reply to a question concerning the evidence for a future life, Mr. R. J. Campbell said, 'I confess to an instinctive repugnance to the idea of holding converse with our loved ones who have passed hence, by table-rapping and similar methods.' Why? Have we a repugnance to the click of the telegraphic needle? Had the passengers on board the 'Slavonia' a repugnance to the tiny movements which told them that help was coming? It is really high time for stalwarts like Mr. Campbell to get rid of these 'instinctive repugnances.' Indeed, it is high time for all of us to get rid of them. They are always standing in the way of personal freedom and wholesome truth.

Mary Russell Mills, writing in 'Fellowship,' modestly offers some thoughts which, if not convincing arguments in favour of continuity of life, may 'bring comfort to some soul.' She begins with what is really a thought of 'great pith and moment,' and a thought that will

assuredly gather force as the sanity and orderliness of the universe are more fully recognised and relied upon. It is simplicity itself, as thus stated by Mrs. Mills, but it has vast possibilities in it. She says:—

We may safely confide that whatever is so universal as death must be natural and of good significance. If we have any trust in the intelligence and providential order of the universe—if we accept the scientific statement that there is intelligence in every atom, or the comprehensive philosophy of life that sees all of the manifested universe as an expression of Divine Thought and Power, we must consider that a fact which has thus far been universal and inevitable in the observation and experience of man, must be elemental in his nature, and essentially good and beneficial.

If we really accepted this thought, confided in it, relied on it, we should thus put away once and forever the sort of enmity we have felt, and have felt we ought to feel, toward death.

We would no longer say, 'The last enemy to be destroyed is death.' We would rather say, 'A friend to become acquainted with, and to learn from, is death.' And in this hospitable, unafraid, unantagonistic attitude, we would surely be able to look with somewhat clearer eyes at the whole matter, and to come into a position where we could not only think, but act more truly concerning it.

A writer in 'The Open Road' recently gave us a quaint page or two of 'Contrasts,' some of them painfully pointed, and some of them wholesomely pungent. His ideals are all as beautiful as they are really elementary, from a truly human point of view: these, for instance:—

To believe only in that empire in which man rules himself and his passions, and restrains himself from evil deeds.

To be a man, a man who can think, a man who can see something of cause and effect, a man who is satisfied to live a simple quiet life, to follow truth in brotherhood, in love and honesty, to do what is possible to reverse the great wrongs of the past, to follow truth and justice, and to build on these everlasting foundations an empire which shall have no end.

Live for others in brotherhood and love.

Live a life which is sane and sober and healthy and strong, too strong to be led into the hideous worship of Mammon and lies.

The writer adds:—

Let no man deceive you, all these beautiful things are yours if you will have them. All the hideous things you have now are yours only because you have wished for them, have loved darkness rather than light, hatred, injustice and falsehood, rather than truth and love.

You have but to renounce and alter your course and all will change, you will love your brothers in place of hating them, your elder Brother will come and live in your heart, and the God of Truth and Justice and Love will be your Father for ever.

All this, as we have said, is 'elementary,' but O, how much we need it!

Colonel Roosevelt, being a fighting man and an animal slaughterer for amusement, has been flaring up with the customary cant that the way to get peace is to prepare for war; but the civilised 'Christian Register' truly says:—

The increase of the navies of Germany and England, instead of making peace more stable, has made war more imminent. The two nations that have the strongest fleets stand before the world in the attitude of two prize fighters in the ring, watchful, alert, waiting to ward off blows or to strike. The other nations of Europe are peaceful and safe almost exactly in proportion to their lack of naval preparations.

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AUTOMATIC WRITING: INSTRUCTIVE EXPERIENCES.

Although I have known of Spiritualism nearly all my life the subject never really attracted my attention until about twelve years ago. My first decided interest was awakened when, reading the Greek Testament, I came to the words, 'When the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying *ὅτι φάντασμα ἐστίν*.* I paused and thought, 'What! our Lord's disciples believed in ghosts!' Although the passage was quite familiar to me it appeared in a new light. The next thought was, how different our Lord's answer was from what we should probably have given. He did not say there were no such things as ghosts, nor did he say that those in heaven had no wish to return and those in hell could not if they wished; he knew better than that, and so his reply is recorded as *Θαποῖρε ἐγὼ εἶμι μὴ φοβεῖσθε*—a beautiful and touching answer.† This passage, together with others that rose to my memory, turned my thoughts into new channels, while some remarks by Sir W. Crookes, quoted in a newspaper, led me to turn up some of his works to see what he had to say on the subject.

Matters here rested for about three years, when my interest was reawakened by a conversation with a friend who lent me all the leading works, English and American, bearing upon the subject, and after a further period my first real personal experience began in the winter of 1902. I was invited to a small private circle that I might make special observations for myself, with a view to convincing me that there was 'something in it.' I witnessed the usual table movements and easily saw that they were genuine; a Ouija was produced which told lies by the sackful; an inspirational speaker was controlled, and I listened to some of the finest and most uplifting utterances I have ever heard. Some weeks later on I thought I would try on my own account. No table, however, would move for me, but if I held a pen in position my hand was at once controlled for writing, and if I restrained the writing the thoughts which would have been written were impressed upon my passive mind clearly and distinctly. From that time onwards I followed up the writing, and acquired a considerable amount during the succeeding four years, when, taking a more important appointment, I had not the time to devote to it. The power, however, still remains unimpaired.

My experience of automatic writing falls into three periods. The first extended over some weeks and was a

* It is a phantasm (or ghost).

† See, it is I, be not afraid.

period of development not always on even lines. The second extended over a few years during which the writing proceeded almost entirely from the same influence. The third period comprised writings from various personalities dealing with one topic.

The first sentence written automatically by my hand was, 'Mr. S—— makes his hasty walerlaslerstests lerslaslerlers enquiries how...' and ended in a scrawl. The next attempt was better. 'Mr. S—— would like to let you know that you are now in the way of the truth, in the right way of knowing what is right and wrong in the Christian religion and sends his love and blessing goodbye goodbye goodbye.' The repetition of the last word completed the page, no punctuation was used. At that time I only used a reporter's notebook and the writing was in large round hand, and so a page was soon filled. The day following, in a similar manner, was written, 'Mr. S—— sends his love, to love the Lord of heaven and earth everlasting, make the time oftener tomorrow.' The last word was repeated four times, that is, to the bottom of the page. In reply to a question there was written: 'To-morrow is the state of the spirit life which is to be lived in eternity,' and the last two words were repeated as before to the bottom of the page in large round hand. On inquiring why the word goodbye was repeated three times, it was written, 'The words are repeated three times because there are three Persons in the Blessed Trinity,' and the last two words were repeated three times to fill the page as before. I expressed some surprise at the mention of the Blessed Trinity, and alluded to a remark in 'Spirit Teachings.' The reply was, 'Stainton Moses is now here, he wishes to say that he would like to speak through you if you would let him do so, and he will explain.' Knowing the danger, and being very sceptical, I declined. Some while later on I returned to the question of the repetition of the concluding words, and it was explained as the result of the power not being checked at the end of the sentence, and that the last impression was repeated until the bottom of the page was reached. I replied that this differed from the Trinity explanation, and Mr. S—— wrote, 'I did not give the reason then stated, it was done by some deceiving spirit, I do not know who.'

Some days later I asked if I had a special guardian angel, and if so could his name be given to me? The name J—— S—— was given, and my confidence in the whole matter was well-nigh shattered at a stroke. The J had a peculiar turn in it such as I have never seen in any other handwriting, and as such was peculiarly characteristic of one man, and I naturally expected his surname to follow, and nothing could have been greater than my astonishment at the surname which did follow. It was one of the boldest and most wicked instances of impersonation I have ever heard of, but was betrayed by that one personal peculiarity in the first letter of the Christian name which was common to both men. Both were very well known to me in their earth life; the one was worthy of the very highest confidence and esteem, the other was *not*. This one caused a good deal of annoyance, his great desire being to pervert, and to instigate others to pervert, messages on religious subjects which other spirits were anxious to give. Eventually his power, which was very great at first, declined, and I heard no more of him.

For several weeks I asked questions, which were answered by automatic writing. The questions, which required a good knowledge of New Testament Greek, were such as J—— S—— would be quite capable of dealing with, but which the other J—— would know nothing about. The results were only fairly satisfactory, the writing was hindered, perverted, and sometimes absolutely stopped as though by a greater but not agreeable force. The following passage forms part of one of the replies I received:—

Worship is a higher exercise than prayer. Prayer is looking to God for our wants whether bodily or spiritual, worship is the giving to God of the abundance of our spiritual life in the form of self-sacrifice and whole-hearted devotion such as He delights in and such as we see in the life of our Lord. We worship God when we bow before Him in lowly submission and in direct obedience to His will, knowing that He knows

best at all times. We pray to God when we ask Him to help us to do this.

This first period of the writing of which I have given a brief account lasted about six months, and I kept a careful record of all that took place, a record that reaches nearly eighty pages of closely written matter. As my motive all through was to personally test the truth or falsity of one department of what is called Spiritualism, I was careful to note every detail of statement or phenomenon and to weigh thoroughly its value as evidence for or against.

Whatever the sub-conscious mind may be, or whatever it may do in other cases, I was soon convinced that it was not the responsible agent so far as I was concerned. Nothing could be clearer to me than that while my hand held the pen the actual thinking and the directing of the pen were done by someone else. The statements made, the method of expressing them, the form of the letters were often absolutely different from anything to which I was accustomed. The physical sensations also which I experienced as a result of the psychic power which was exerted upon me were very noticeable, and varied considerably according to the different writers. The influences of those from a higher plane were gentle, agreeable, and not exhausting, but those from a lower plane were just the opposite. It would sometimes happen in the earlier days, that is during the first six months or so, that when one of the former was writing one of the latter would come along, seize the pen as it were with rude force, and endeavour to write something with a view of perverting the message. After a few experiences of this kind I would intervene and of myself stop the proceeding. Then a new tactic was adopted, the undesirables grew more wary and tried to be gentle, but their real nature would soon show itself, and in the course of a few lines the force would be gradually increasing and increasing until its real nature would become apparent and I would stop it. In some cases I had to throw down the pen and pace the room to get rid of the influence. But whatever the moral quality, the power itself, the driving power, seemed to be of the same essential nature and concentrated upon the lower portion of the brain, being felt slightly in the front just above the eyebrows, but more especially along the side of the head just over the ears and from thence to the right hand. I have often noticed that the writing is much easier when the fingers of the left hand rest upon the paper as though to steady it, and if I should by chance raise the left arm and lean upon the left hand the power seemed almost to go, as though the current was broken or diverted. When the power of writing was fully acquired it was regularly continued for months for one hour every day, and when the hour was up would stop of itself. The topics embraced a variety of subjects, and were for the most part the work of the same influence, reaching as much as twenty-eight pages (sermon paper size) of written matter. The writing was not large but neat and correct, and the matter was well expressed; no punctuation was used, but no ambiguity existed—the meaning was always plain. The subjects of the writings were, 'The Atonement,' 'The Resurrection,' 'The Relations of the Mind and Soul,' 'The Inspiration of the Bible,' 'The Power of Spirits over Mind and Matter,' 'Man in Relation to the Spirit World,' 'The Value of a well-balanced Mind,' 'Mind and Matter,' and a host of others, sometimes chosen by myself, oftener chosen by the writer. The writers as a rule were scholarly men, several of them being clergy of good standing, but the chief place was always held by J—— S——, who for years had been a college tutor, then was on the staff of one of our cathedrals, and later on retired to a country rectory. Other writers were from time to time introduced by him, and I was always perfectly conscious of the variation of the influences exerted.

So far I have simply stated facts as they are. Many problems have presented themselves from time to time which I have not been able to solve satisfactorily, but these I have passed over. I close with one brief quotation which shows the general moral tone in the writing:—

We in relation to the higher states are in much the same position as you are in reference to our present state, the

higher we rise the greater the heights that seem to rise beyond us, still inviting our efforts and aspirations. We know not what the final consummation will be, but it can only be obtained by true and faithful service of the great Creator, and in this faithful service lie the joy and happiness of all His creatures.

C. A.

LEVITATION AND APPORTS AT A PRIVATE SEANCE.

It may interest your readers to learn of a private seance which I attended while touring in India in February last. At a garden party in Bombay I met a lady whom I had known at home. She said that she had just been induced by another lady to go on to her house to try and hold a private seance with a third friend who thought that she possessed psychic powers. My travelling companion and myself were invited to accompany them, which invitation we accepted.

On arrival at the bungalow, we found another lady, Lady W., visiting, who begged to be allowed to join the circle, as she had never attended one before. Not being authorised to publish the ladies' names, I send them for the editor's satisfaction, employing initials only.

We inspected the house and selected a small verandah room about twelve feet square, opening only into a boudoir where we had taken tea. This room being empty, we placed a five-foot square table and six chairs in it, and sat round the table, four ladies and two gentlemen, holding hands. In a few minutes the table rapped a request to remove the light, which was complied with; the lamp being put in the boudoir and the door closed. There was then sufficient light to recognise that there were figures in the room but not to know them. Had the door been reopened the light would have flared in. In a very few minutes the table became active, rocking about. We turned the backs of our hands on the table top and the table rose about one foot off the ground—as nearly as we could judge. It rose sufficiently to cause all at the four sides to rise with it to retain their touch. We then all stood up about two feet from the table—no one touching it. It again rose some eighteen inches off the ground, swayed about in the air, pushing us all at a height of about the chest, and finally it came from the side opposite to me and pushed me on a level with my chest—I, as well as the others, standing and away from the table, pushed me back into my chair and rested across my lap. When replaced, it rapped out that it was influenced by my spirit brother.

I asked if any *apport* could be brought from the boudoir without opening the door, and in a minute Lady W. said that something had fallen into her lap under the table which, when a match was struck, was found to be a large ball of damp moss containing a soapstone joss, or Buddha, about eight inches high. The light being extinguished, I felt something fall on my head and then into my lap, which we found, with light, to be a large bouquet of fresh roses, with dew upon them. The light being again extinguished, Lady M. said that someone was playing with her wrist and had left something there, which turned out to be a bracelet of jade, or of some similar substance. When the light was again extinguished Mrs. W., our hostess, complained that she had received nothing, and immediately a parcel fell into her lap, which proved to be composed of violets and pansies which concealed another similar joss to that given to Lady W. Our hostess said that none of these articles came from any room in the house and that she had no roses in her garden, and in fact neither moss nor violets are to be found in Bombay. Several times my hand and head were caressed, as also were those of my travelling companion (my nephew) by his spirit father.

Mrs. M., who acted as our amateur medium, was a delicate lady and suffered so much from the oppressive heat that we had to stop on several occasions, and eventually she became so exhausted that we had to close the seance.

KENDAL COGHILL.

READING.—Mr. W. J. Colville will conduct services in the Unitarian Church, London-road, on Sunday next at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., and will lecture on 'The New Age and Coming Race' at 3 p.m.

A STRIKING SYMBOLICAL VISION.

It is near the end of August and I watch the first faint ray of dawn, breaking over the heavens. Even as I watch a beautifully shaped hand is before my eyes, all else is suddenly shrouded in a sort of dense blackness. Out of the blackness shines the beautiful white hand, holding a nest of eggs. I notice some are quite fresh, some are broken, some seem addled. I exclaim, 'How strange, what does it mean?' but there is no reply. The dense blackness passes away and again I watch the dawn. A sudden cold draught blows over me and a woman stands before me. She smiles and immediately I seem to rise and follow her: I am quite awake, I know that. Walls seem to make no difference, we pass through them as though they do not exist, then we travel rapidly. Suddenly we stand quite still before a sort of bay where there is a large white ship at anchor, the water being perfectly calm and still. The woman watches me intently, then smiles and points behind us. I turn, and see the country apparently enshrouded in night. On a sanded road-way stands a horse and a cart with a load of half hay, half manure. I notice the horse is perfectly white, a splendid creature, then I look at the load behind it. I smile at the woman, saying, 'What does it mean?' She takes my hand, and turning to the bay, says, 'The ship is at anchor, rest.' Then turning again to the horse and the loaded cart she looks at me sadly, and, pointing to the long road-way in front of us, she tells me, 'You have a long, lonely journey before you, but see the horse and the load it carries. It is a load of luck on your dark, lonely journey, and see,' taking a small object from somewhere about her person, and holding it out in her beautiful white hand, I notice that it is a small rough nugget of gold. She smiles and says, 'See, I will place this nugget of gold on the top of your load of luck': then, shaking her forefinger at me warningly, she exclaims, 'See that you take great, great care of that nugget of gold.' I reply 'Yes,' and turn to watch the ship. How still and peaceful it all seems, not a ripple on the water. I turn again to the woman, but she only repeats her warning, 'Take great care of your nugget of gold, you will want it for your long, dark, lonely journey.' Then the whole scene vanishes. Again I hear the rushing wind, and feel the giddy sensation in the head. 'Have I been asleep?' I ask my husband. 'Sleep is not the word,' he tells me, 'you sleep like the dead, I have been trying to awaken you but there was no life in you.' I tell him of my strange experience. Looking troubled and anxious he says very quietly, 'Well, promise me that you will take care of your nugget of gold, for I think you *will* have the long, dark, lonely journey.' I laugh, saying, 'It was a very strange dream but it was so real.'

The white ship at anchor on the still water was the ship of death, for my husband passed away quite suddenly two weeks later and my journey alone began. As to the nugget of gold, I did not take enough care, I suppose, for a fraudulent solicitor robbed me of the whole. However, although the journey has been dark and lonely, there has always been the load of luck.

M. E. E.

OUR venerable philosopher, Dr. J. M. Peebles, who is usually optimistic, seems to be somewhat disturbed. In a communication to 'The Progressive Thinker' he says: 'I am half discouraged about making many Spiritualists understand the proper distinction between the words Jehovah and God. Jehovah was a Jewish tutelary divinity, as Zeus was also a divinity of the Greeks. Some are continually confounding the two words, facts and truths. Further, I am half discouraged about living to see Spiritualists make the proper distinctions between theology and religion—between Spiritism and Spiritualism—between Socialism and Anarchism—between heaven and the Summerland. The spirit land is as objectively real to spirits as is our earthland to us, but heaven is a condition. Heaven means harmony—spiritual love and a sweet, peaceful blending of soul to soul.' We pass the good doctor's words on, as perhaps our so doing may tend to minimise his discouragement and restore his philosophic calm.

EXPERIENCES WITH BAILEY AT MELBOURNE.

By PROFESSOR WILLY REICHEL.

After returning in the summer, 1907, from Japan and China and from the tropical Philippines and Sandwich Islands, as related in my last book,* I passed the winter in the wonderfully beautiful Bermudas, then visited Jamaica and the West Indies, and spent the following summer in the country in New York State. Then, as autumn approached, the old taste for travel led me back to Southern California, with its semi-tropical climate and wealth of flowers. In Los Angeles I met some good psychometrists, such as Mrs. N. Cobb, Mrs. Bryan Cook, and Mrs. Fennie Diamond. These sensitives, on touching any object belonging to any person, can reveal that person's whole life. I had already been informed that I should undertake a long and important journey, and I heard the same thing from the three sensitives above mentioned; but I was comfortable in Southern California, and had no desire to leave the beautiful flowers and the snow-clad Sierra Nevada. However, an advertisement of the Oceanic Steamship Company, recommending tours to New Zealand and Australia, calling at Tahiti and Cook Island, aroused in me the wish to visit again the lands from which the Southern Cross is to be seen, and in May last I started from San Francisco, crossed the Equator, and reached Tahiti on the twelfth day, a distance of upwards of three thousand miles from San Francisco.

Another sail of eleven days, with a visit to the not less beautiful Cook Island, brought us to Wellington, New Zealand, where Mr. William McLean, president of the Wellington Association of Spiritualists, gave me a hearty welcome, and at the festivities in their own New Century Hall and in the Opera House, where the association were celebrating the sixty-first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism in the presence of perhaps fifteen hundred persons, with the full orchestra of the Opera, such a reception was given to me and my work as brought the blushes to my face. The English editions of my books were well enough known here, and the prophet is not without honour save in his own country. Mr. William McLean, president of this association for twenty-five years, is an Englishman by birth, and is as lovable a man as he is distinguished in appearance. The leading newspaper of Wellington sent a reporter to see me, and published the whole interview next day.

I had the pleasure of meeting again Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley, one of the best American mediums, whom I had known at Lily Dale, New York, and whom the Wellington Association had brought to New Zealand; both she and Mrs. M. E. Morrison, of Melbourne, made the anniversary celebrations extremely interesting with their trance-speaking and psychometric delineations and messages.

From Wellington I went northwards in order to get to Auckland. The journey through the interior is very beautiful, across the Wanganui river through the wooded and fern-covered country. Here I saw for the first time the gigantic tree-ferns, which, I believe, only grow here. I stopped at Rotorua, where, among the steaming, boiling hot springs in the sulphur-fields, the Maoris have their huts, and made the acquaintance of Maggie, the Maori Queen, perhaps the best-known personage in New Zealand. When she knew who I was, she besought me earnestly to give her people instruction as to how they might get into communication with their departed. As is well known, the Maoris are very spiritually inclined, and Maggie told me that their forefathers had been familiar with spirit intercourse, but although this knowledge had gradually died out since the foreigners had come into the country with their new religion, her people had the greatest longing to resume this intercourse, but they have no guides. In her house, on the edge of the boiling sulphur pools, I showed her people how sittings were to be held, and was unwilling to leave Maggie and the geysers of Rotorua, but moved on, as I was

anxious to see Charles Bailey in Melbourne, of whom I had read accounts in the Spiritualist press all over the world.

I took ship at Auckland, and in four days reached Sydney, which has one of the most beautiful harbours in the world. Here also there are numerous Spiritualist societies, all of which own their own halls with organ and piano. Mr. Henry Cardew, editor of 'Progressive Thought,' gave me a hearty reception, and the Spiritualists' Church and the Church of Seers welcomed me on my arrival.

On April 28th I went on to Melbourne, where the 'Harbinger of Light' is ably edited by Mrs. Annie Bright, a highly talented lady of the utmost amiability. She showed me the greatest attention, and made arrangements for me in a way that no one could have surpassed. I also made the acquaintance of the excellent mediums, Mrs. W. F. McLennan and Mrs. H. A. Rising.

And now to Mr. Bailey. Mr. Stanford, brother of the founder of the Leland Stanford University in California, a very rich man who enjoys the highest reputation, does not allow anyone to pay Mr. Bailey anything, but maintains him and pays for everything himself. He received me very amiably, arranged séances especially for me, and showed me all the *apports* which have been brought through Bailey's mediumship, and which he has arranged in the most perfect order in glass cases in his office.

On April 30th, at my first sitting with Bailey, there were twenty-four sitters, including journalists, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, &c. In the centre of the room stood a wooden cabinet, with sides of mosquito-netting and a strong lock, and inside this was a wooden birdcage with glass sides. After I and others present had made a thorough search of all parts of Mr. Bailey's body, and even struck hard blows all over him, so that I might be convinced that there was nothing living concealed on his person, I led him into the cabinet, shut him in, and sealed the door and the lock. All present could see him plainly, for there was sufficient light. He went into trance, and his controls, Dr. Whitcomb (physician) and Dr. Robinson (archæologist), discoursed about medicine and antiquities, after which Professor Denton spoke on geology. All three speeches were in excellent English and thoroughly scientific, though Mr. Bailey is without special education, and was formerly employed in a shoemaking establishment. Suddenly, however, Abdul and Selim, his Indian controls, announced themselves, and asked for complete darkness. After about three minutes we heard Abdul say, in broken English: 'Me have 'em! Turn um light up,' and we then saw in Mr. Bailey's hand a tappa cloth about ten feet long, which Abdul said he had brought from Samoa. After another couple of minutes of darkness we heard a fluttering, and a pretty little bird, which fluttered about restlessly, was found to be in the birdcage; it was said to be from Mexico. Another short address from Dr. Whitcomb closed the sitting. I opened the cabinet with the key, which I had put into my pocket, removed the paper with which the lock and door were sealed, and let out Bailey, who was still in trance.

Science has explained to us that what we call matter is only an aggregation of atoms, held together by the law of affinity. Matter, therefore, when reduced to its ultimate elements, is nothing but electricity and ether, and these Hindu controls declared that this passage of matter through matter is nothing supernatural, but is based on a higher law of Nature, which is unknown to mankind at the present day.

(To be continued.)

We are informed that the English translation of Princess Karadja's poem, 'Towards the Light,' which we noticed on p. 581 of 'LIGHT' for 1908, has met with a gratifying success, the third thousand being nearly sold out. A new edition is to appear in the autumn, and the poem will be given as a supplement to the 'Harbinger of Light,' in Australia; it has already been similarly published in America. Her Majesty Queen Alexandra has graciously intimated her pleasure in accepting a copy handsomely bound in mauve leather, and with the royal arms in gold on the cover. As Princess Karadja remarks, 'it must be gratifying for Spiritualists to know that a mediumistic work has met with appreciation from Royalty,' as well as from less exalted circles of readers.

* 'An Occultist's Travels.' Fenno: New York, 1908. See also 'Occult Experiences,' London, office of 'LIGHT.'

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THE UNSEEN HEALER.

One of the noticeable signs of the times is the reappearance of what we may call Psychic Healing—a phrase elastic enough to cover the vast variety of methods of occult healing, from bare suggestion to the supposed communicated power of Christ. Our own opinion is that all these methods meet and blend in the spirit-world, and that in all cases—call the causes what we please—the power is spirit-power, and the power is from God, define 'God' as we will.

The ancient Hebrew prophet, Hosea, writing, as for God, after the manner of the time, said, 'When Israel was a child, I loved him. I healed them and they did not know it': and here we are to-day passing through the same experience! By fifty names we indicate as best we can these healing powers of suggestion, will, or touch, but the Unseen Healer is behind them all, and the vital stream flows through all as His instruments: and again the old touching cry may be imagined, 'They know not that I healed them!'

The Unseen Healer! How the thought clings to us! However we think of God, this is what He is to us. Call Him 'Nature,' 'The Time-Spirit,' 'Providence' or 'Father,' we inevitably feel that He is behind, above and within all things—the Unseen Orderer, Harmoniser, Healer; 'the Power not ourselves that makes for' advancement. All our knowledge of the planet itself leads to the profound inference that some Unseen Wisdom and Power presided over its first chaotic stages of storm and fire, to bring out of it a beautiful world, to turn a seeming tragedy into a lovely pastoral, and a horrid swirl of fire into hills and valleys, pasture lands and wholesome seas:—some one who could foresee and purpose and achieve.

So with the race of Man upon it. Its history is like the book of Ezekiel's vision, 'written within and without, and full of lamentations and mourning and woe'—and yet, how the glory breaks upon its blood-stained pages! 'God in History' is not a mere phrase. There are two makers of History, God and Man; and God uses Man. Man only thinks he knows what he is doing, and what the end will be. It is the Unseen Healer who works through the sorrowful object-lessons of man's waywardness and folly, and causes all things to 'work together for good.' It is He who orders and guides the inevitable march from darkness to light, from folly to wisdom, from struggle to peace: and He knows, and Man will one day know, that there is no

other way; that God Himself could not give man the glorious result without the painful process. Hamlet well said:—

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us—
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

And Horatio's wise answer must be ours:—

That is most certain.

Even if we can get no farther than Matthew Arnold's 'stream of tendency,' there is at all events the stream, and, to the existence of it, innumerable prophets and seers have borne witness. This must have been in the mind of the old Jewish poet when he flung out that brilliant and exultant psalm:—

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble: therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the most high. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

Here is the pure and perennial fount of all true Religion—the consciousness of God as the refreshing, purifying and saving life of Man. From that all forms and expressions of Religion have flowed, and back to that, after innumerable wanderings in the desert of speculative creeds, they must ultimately all return. Of God Himself we can know nothing—nothing of the secret of His Eternal Being, nothing of His mode of existence, nothing of His omniscience, nothing of the working of His will and the harmony of that will with the unswerving of established order and the inflexibility of natural law. But there stands the tremendous fact of 'The Power, not ourselves,' and the inexorable outflowing of it, determining all destinies, not by arbitrary will, but by stern necessity which is stern for man's good and for the ultimate achievement of that

one far-off, divine event

To which the whole creation moves.

The best proof of the working of divine power in human affairs is that no age can ever forecast the future. Did any age ever know its own real place in History? Is History ever possible with only the help of memory? And, when memory fails, is it ever accurately possible at all? Not one of the great creators of History ever quite understood himself. Perhaps not one ever did precisely what he intended. The Unseen Guide was always there to direct the stream of action; and the Unseen Healer was always there to cause the wrath of man to praise Him. It is doubtful whether Jesus was an exception. He himself attributed all knowledge to God; and, in the end, there was at once the awful revelation of his heartbreak in the cry, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' and the childlike revelation of his complete surrender in the whisper, 'Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit!'

The vast human mob pushes on, often unquestioning, always unknowing, usually blundering; and yet the line of march is kept, and the Unseen Healer follows hard upon the battling hordes, the tired and wounded stragglers, the trampled battlefields, and turns tears and blood to meadow lands and harvest fields. And, all along, how pathetically true it is, 'They knew not that I healed them!'

It is highly probable that, as time goes on, the deep truth herein set forth may become, in the hands of Spiritualists, their most precious possession, not for their own retaining, but for helping on the emancipation of mankind. All life is beset with hurts and wounding, with its

depressing cares, its disappointing delights, its poisoning sin, and its haunting dread of death and fear of God. What is wanted to end it all, but the knowledge that the Eternal Power around, above, beneath and within us is a Healing Power; that the last event of life is healing, not disease; that the final fate is rescue, not ruin; and that we shall all end, not in a grave, but in the hands of pitiful angels, skilled in the cure of souls?

They talk of 'belief in God,' but all so-called 'belief in God' that does not lead to this and end in this is a wandering in the wilderness—a delusion, a phantom and a sham.

AUTOMATIC WRITING—ITS USE AND ABUSE.

By MISS E. KATHARINE BATES.

On Thursday evening May 20th, Miss E. Katharine Bates delivered an Address on 'Automatic Writing—Its Use and Abuse' to the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, S.W., Mr. H. Withall presiding.

(Continued from page 332.)

In connection with all automatic messages, Sir Oliver Lodge and many others have raised the very pertinent question of 'stained glass,' by which, of course, I mean the possible intrusion of the scribe's personal knowledge or prejudices and preconceptions upon the supposed communicating intelligence.

No doubt we must always allow, not only for the possibility, but for the certain fact of such intrusion in greater or less degree; the amount, of course, varying in different writers and at different stages of their development in this branch of psychic knowledge. Some colouring matter, no doubt, is bound to come in, where the brain of the agent is used and where the control of him or her is not absolute. The highest spirits object strongly to gaining this entire control of their medium (except under very special circumstances), thinking that it weakens the individuality and tends to loss of self-reliance. Invading the personality to this extent is not generally considered desirable. We may get entirely false messages, of course, even where the complete control exists which renders the medium absolutely ignorant of the message conveyed; but where the control is only partial—given through the conscious brain and not through the submerged part of the personality—it seems impossible that some colouring matter from the medium should not be assimilated.

Sir Oliver Lodge raised another point in saying of some automatic script of mine that 'the ideas were not beyond my own range of thought.' We must, of course be careful not to jump to the conclusion that what is not *beyond* the range of a certain brain must therefore of necessity have emanated from that brain alone. Where philosophical and theological subjects are in question, the only evidence worth anything would be, where statements are made or ideas propounded, which are, both directly contrary to the views, and also, out of the intellectual range of the writing medium; but where other matters are concerned, the question of range must be dropped in favour of corroboration of the evidence.

For example, if an automatic script tells me that a friend of mine, greatly perplexed about her future plans, will quite unexpectedly have an opportunity of going to India; that she will make the voyage within eighteen months at the latest and will marry a man whom she will meet at Simla during the following hot season, and if all this comes to pass within a reasonable period, this automatic script is certainly not beyond the range of my intellectual capacity. It is equally certain that it is beyond the range of my normal powers as a prophet. Therefore it points to an intelligence guiding my pen, which is not normal to my ordinary personality, although of course here, as elsewhere, the theoretically omniscient subliminal may be trotted out, and harnessed up, and we may pre-

fer a gallop round on this over-ridden steed, to the more simple but less popular idea of communication from the ex-carnate.

Direct writing is rather wide of my present subject. As most of you will know, the term refers to those instances where a blank sheet of paper is locked up, either with or without pen or pencil, and kept carefully under one person's strict guardianship, and yet when opened is found to have been written upon. The paper may be locked away for several days and writing may yet be found upon it when opened after such an interval.

This has been considered in times past the most absolute proof we can ever have of direct spirit presence—granted the *bona fides* of the investigator who locks up the paper and carries the key day and night upon his person.

But now that we are daily finding out more of the wonders of our own living personalities—their enormous range of being—their unlimited powers, comparatively speaking; as witnessed by clairvoyance, hypnotic experiments, and abnormal powers of action, perception and endurance; it becomes more and more difficult to draw any definite line between the capacities of those emancipated from the outer body and of those still imprisoned, but daily emerging from the prison house, even now and here, through the cultivation of hitherto undreamed of powers of will and concentration.

How do we know that it is impossible for a highly evolved incarnate spirit to produce 'direct writing' through those finer forces which must be implicit in the evolutionary being but not as yet brought forth into normal manifestation?

But this way madness lies!

Again, we may develop one part of our entire consciousness abnormally but at the expense of other and perhaps more immediately important parts of it: hence the danger of books and pamphlets exhorting to this kind of self culture. Many things are possible which are not expedient: these may be amongst them.

As a wise old ancestress of mine said to me once in automatic script, 'You are here to learn *balance*, and that will not come through any abnormal development at the cost of atrophy of other, equally and often more valuable, qualities.' Even messages from the discarnate may be paid for too heavily if discretion does not go hand in hand with development.

This may be an appropriate moment to mention a difficulty in automatic writing which I would not speak of earlier as it cannot come under the heading of either a danger or an abuse of our subject. I can best illustrate it by an example.

Some months ago Mr. Stead received some automatic script from an unknown correspondent—a lady—who said it purported to come from Mr. Frederic Myers. There was nothing very startling in the communications, which were very sane and sensible, but in a style markedly differing from that of Mr. Myers. This, however, need not have presented any insurmountable difficulty as regards evidence, had not the substance of the messages been so accurately and obviously in line, not only with theosophical conceptions in general, but with the modern Western theosophical framing of these conceptions and even dogmas. It seemed extremely unlikely that if Mr. Myers had become a convert to Theosophy on the other side of the veil, that it should be this special blend: of course, it turned out that the lady scribe was herself a convinced modern Western Theosophist, and Mr. Myers' supposed statements as regards reincarnation were doubtless the colouring matter supplied by this fact. But an interesting message with regard to this script came through another and quite independent source. I give it for what it may be worth evidentially, but the idea conveyed is in any case suggestive. Another lady, also in supposed communication with Mr. Myers, gave the following message as to the former communication:—

Yes, I did certainly try with Miss W., but the trouble is that I can set the current going with her but cannot sufficiently direct and control it. I know nothing about reincarnation but often discuss it here with those who do hold the belief firmly. It is quite possible Miss W. took from my

mentality some of the remnants of these discussions still present with me.

Probably Miss W.'s own preconceptions would involuntarily affect the question of which part of his latent mentality she pitched upon. This would then come through as if it were a direct communication from F. W. H. Myers himself. So we see that the more we learn of these subjects the less we seem to know, and the more perplexing and therefore the more challenging they become!

And now after some hesitation, and with a good deal of natural repugnance to the idea, I have resolved to finish my paper by quoting a very intimate personal experience of the use and enormous possible influence for good of automatic writing. I do this for two reasons; first because it seems almost unfair to withhold it after speaking so long and so freely on the dangers of the subject; secondly, because I think it may be helpful to others.

Some years ago, *à propos* of quite a different subject, Sir Oliver Lodge said to me in a letter, 'I would suggest to you that I think we have no right to withhold information that may help our fellow creatures scientifically or in other ways, when personal considerations alone deter us.' I have not his letter at hand, but this was the gist of the sentence—a very simple and perhaps obvious remark, but somehow it has remained in my memory for years, and it emerges now to clinch my resolution.

My little story may also serve to show how spiritual guidance is sometimes given—through the line of least resistance, I suppose. It will certainly help to explain to some of my friends and relations, who occasionally express surprise at the fact—my deep gratitude as well as unswerving friendship for Mr. Stead, although I condemn *in toto* most of his politics and nearly all his methods!

At a time when I had known Mr. Stead for some years as an esteemed acquaintance rather than an intimate friend, I was spending some months with a lady in the Eastern counties. It happened to be an extremely cold winter, and I was naturally averse from the idea of any sort of travelling or leaving my comfortable quarters even for a few nights at such an inclement season. Yet one day a sudden impulse came to me to go up to town in order to attend a meeting of the Society for Psychical Research, to which at that time I belonged. The meeting was not one of any special interest to me, and I was rather surprised, and in fact annoyed, by the persistent idea that it would be well to go up to London for it. In fact, I tore up the first letter I wrote to a hospitable friend in Ashley Gardens, who has often saved me from a dreary London hotel, by 'putting me up' when in town only for a few days. But I felt constrained to write the letter again—to tell the honest truth I was rather hoping she might not have a spare room at the time and that would settle things.

It seems absurd, speaking of it in cold blood, that one should propose to one's self to do what one did not entirely wish to do, for no particular reason! But this was how the seed was sown. My friend wrote a kindly cordial letter, and on the Thursday, the day before the S.P.R. meeting, I went up to London accordingly. When my little visit to her was finally settled I wrote to Mr. Stead and asked if there would be any chance of seeing him in town on the Saturday. Occasionally I had lunched with him, so there was nothing abnormal about this suggestion. He wrote saying how sorry he was not to see me, but that a previous engagement with Mrs. Besant would probably prevent it, as she was lunching with him on that Saturday. I was returning to the country by morning train on the following Monday. At the end of this letter came a P.S., 'If anything at the last should prevent Mrs. Besant keeping her appointment I will send a wire to Ashley Gardens before twelve o'clock on Saturday.'

On the Friday I attended my meeting, and on Saturday drove with my friend in the park, and we made an agreement to attend a concert at Queen's Hall that afternoon at 3 o'clock. She was lunching out, knowing that my movements were uncertain, and as I parted with her, she said, 'If you find

Mr. Stead's telegram and do lunch out, would you kindly send a message to my cook before you leave the house?'

On arrival (at quite twenty minutes past twelve) there was no telegram, so my message to the cook was to the effect that I should lunch at home. Scarcely had the words been uttered to the parlourmaid when there was a loud ring at the door of the flat and a 'wire' was handed in. I glanced at it, countermanded my instructions, and set off at once for Mowbray House. We lunched at a restaurant in the Strand and had, as might be expected with such a host, a most enjoyable time. No doubt we talked on some psychic matters, but I am quite sure automatic writing was not one of them, for I remember my surprise when Mr. Stead said quietly, as if straight 'out of the blue': 'You see, the reason I don't like to start any automatic writing with you is ———.'

Now, I must confess I have entirely forgotten his reason, so it was probably not very important, but what surprised me so much was his speaking suddenly in this way as though the question had been mooted between us. I concluded that he had been carrying on some train of thought of his own and had forgotten that he had not spoken of it to me; a fact of frequent occurrence with many of us. I made no remark, therefore, on that part of the subject, but felt at once that it would be an interesting experiment to see if Mr. Stead could get in touch with any of my unseen friends, some of whom he knew by reputation. He seemed, however, rather averse from the idea, and finally it was decided that I should get an independent message on the question from a lady whom he had never seen, and with whom I was lunching next day.

She at once tried to dissuade me from the attempt and seemed to think it would be very inadvisable. However, she consented at last to take a message for me from the dear old relative who has been for years my guide and friend, and in whose wise counsels I have so much confidence.

To our joint surprise, permission was not only given but almost enforced: 'Certainly, make the experiment: it is most expedient you should do so,' or words to that effect.

I am obliged to give all these small details to show how I was guided from one step to another.

The following day I returned to the country, having sent a card meanwhile as arranged, to tell Mr. Stead of the approval of our scheme. On the Tuesday morning there came to me the most crushing blow of my whole life—a catastrophe, as it then appeared to me, so overwhelming, so unnecessary, so absolutely and ingeniously cruel, that the future appeared a hopeless shipwreck in which faith and courage were alike engulfed.

It was not only faith in my guides, but far, far more: faith in the providence of the Father God whom I had never absolutely and wholly doubted before; in spite of many trials and troubles. This, then, was the end of it all—of my struggles and hopes and fears and loyal attempts to live up to the level of my spiritual possibilities! There was no loving Father—only, as it seemed to me then, a cruel, relentless Devil, who had persecuted me year after year, not for discipline, but just to bring about this very culmination and to leave me for the rest of this, and probably any other, life—if such there were—a miserable, despairing woman, who had been put to hopeless spiritual and intellectual confusion through her blind and foolish faith.

Such was the position, and even now, as I speak, the old terror and horror of that awful day and its probable consequences overwhelm me.

Next morning, by the first post, came a cheerful little note from Mr. Stead enclosing his first attempt at automatic writing for me.

I must here say at once that Mr. Stead had not at that time the slightest knowledge of any circumstances in my life that could possibly have brought about the disaster to which I have referred. I opened his message mechanically—nothing seemed of any importance then—and mechanically I read it. It was very short, but it changed my life and gave me back my faith, which had seemed submerged for ever—for there were two or three sentences in it, which to him could have meant nothing, but which showed me beyond the slightest chance of coincidence

or guessing, that the whole terrible trial of my faith had been foreseen and provided for, and that this means had been found to let me *know* that there *was* direction and guidance in my life, and not the malignant, blind chance which seemed alone to be credited under the circumstances. I saw, too, that every incident had been planned—the sudden impulse to go to London—my friend's hospitable answer to my letter—Mrs. Besant's sudden change of plans—Mr. Stead's apparently irrelevant remark about automatic writing with my unseen friends—my other friend being impelled, against her own wish and judgment, to convey the counsel and permission given to me so promptly for the experiments, and finally the fact that Mr. Stead should have found opportunity to take the message for me, so that it should arrive in the very nick of time to save me from the consequences of reckless despair.

Dr. Phillips Brooks once preached a beautiful sermon in Trinity Church, Boston, on the strong and enduring link between the helper and the helped. Is it any wonder that such a link should have been forged between Mr. Stead and myself? a link which I trust and believe will never be broken, in spite of our many points of disagreement. He has helped hundreds of grateful men and women in like case, I am sure, but perhaps he never gave a more helping hand to any fellow creature than on this occasion, when he was unconsciously used to rescue me from the castle of Giant Despair.

It is such cases as these which are the true answer to the *cui bono* sneer of the 'superior person' who says, 'Convince me of any single instance in which good has been done by Spiritualism and then, perhaps, I may look into it,' or the strictly orthodox person who says, 'All these things are works of the Devil.' If so, then certainly the Devil was doing God's work of redemption on this particular occasion.

But how can one expect people, as a rule, to tear aside the veil which hides the tragedy of any life?

And so we are constrained to silence, and the case goes against us by default—of testimony! (Loud applause.)

After a few appropriate remarks from the chairman, Dr. Abraham Wallace and Mr. W. T. Stead addressed the meeting, and the proceedings terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Bates for her practical, interesting and instructive Address.

TREATMENT OF THE MENTALLY AFFLICTED.

It is a matter for grave regret that so many persons who, through a premature opening of the door to the psychic side of life, are harassed by the unprogressed people on the other side, should be consigned to asylums, and for this reason it would be well that the following facts should be made widely known so that, as far as possible, mistakes of this nature may be prevented in future.

While it is undoubtedly true that insanity is not the outcome of the séance chamber, as some anti-Spiritualists would have one believe, it is, nevertheless, a fact that many forms of mental aberration are brought about by similar conditions (*i.e.*, extreme passivity and receptivity, akin to the state of a hypnotised person), which result in a premature florescence of the psychic powers, before spirit friends have completed the cordon of guardianship which they always endeavour to throw round mediumistic persons, and the unfortunate man or woman may be a victim to undesirable experiences, and, in some extreme cases, lose the mental balance entirely.

The best way to deal with such cases is to remove the patient from present environment and surround him with an entirely different set of objects and persons and, if possible, interest him in some physical work. Cause him to be more material in his outlook on life. That is to say, let him read books dealing specially with the field of action and adventure and the purely human side of earthly experiences.

The diet should be entirely changed. If the subject be vegetarian, let him make meat his staple food, or *vice-versâ*. Some cases will be greatly benefited by a fruitarian scheme

of food. The object is to change the physical conditions so completely that the entities will be unable to manifest their presence disagreeably. Cause him to exercise his will as strongly as possible, and at frequent intervals to assert, audibly or mentally:—

My mentality is my own absolutely. No one can possibly cause me to lose poise. I am the child of God. He will throw a fence about me. I close every avenue of my being to all that is not pure and good.

If voices are heard he must refuse to listen—to pay attention to them.

Meanwhile, a few trusted friends should meet constantly and send out long, strong thoughts of sympathy, as a cordon of protection.

The 'colour-treatment' may be very usefully employed. There should be prevailing tones of yellow in the furnishings around him, and at night the head should be swathed in yellow silk. A yellow glass window through which the patient could absorb the sunlight would be very beneficial. Other modes will probably suggest themselves by which the patient may receive the yellow vibrations.

Every night he should write down suggestive and helpful thoughts before retiring, such as:—

I entreat assistance from the powers of good against all that is evil. I call on the spirits of healing to manifest their presence by soothing the troubled brain. I demand a healthful night's rest, and to awake refreshed in the morning, that I may fulfil the duties my Father has entrusted to me. I cling to the promise, knowing that it will be redeemed: 'My God shall supply all your need.' 'He shall give his angels charge over thee.'

The friends of the patient should constantly visualise him in a silvery white aura, and surrounded by guardian spirits in white robes, as, by so doing, they will concentrate thought forces round him which healing spirits will utilise and employ to guard him from harm. He should be constantly assured that his sufferings will soon terminate and that he will emerge stronger than ever, mentally and physically, if he but close every avenue now and assert his innate force.

If necessary, a sympathetic friend should be in constant attendance, providing amusement and employment, that no hour be empty and unoccupied. Music has a wonderful effect, and if practicable good concerts and cathedral services should be attended at every opportunity.

The study of good pictures or even pleasing colour harmonies will help greatly to restore order and harmony in mind and body.

Had these or similar directions been carried out as soon as the trouble manifested, many fine brains and spiritual personalities would be blessing their *entourage* and the world who are now hidden away in asylums, where, however well and humanely conducted they may be, there is always a psychic atmosphere hanging round them, from the very nature of the disease, which renders it almost impossible for the higher spirits to approach, although they long to bring comfort and health to the sufferers.

A. C.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several communications intended for this issue of 'LIGHT' are unavoidably held over until next week.

THE HANDSWORTH SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS issues a useful monthly syllabus. The July number contains some interesting quotations from the works of well-known authors.

GERALD MASSEY'S POEMS.—A selection of the sweetest and most elegant poems from Gerald Massey's 'Lyrical Life' is being issued by The Cedar Press, Enfield; it is edited by Alfred H. Hyatt, and consists of fifty pages, tastefully bound in cloth, with decorations by Dudley Heath. This charming volume, executed by hand, should make a direct appeal to those who do not possess a copy of this author's poems. We learn, in fact, that the remaining copies of the 'Lyrical Life,' in two volumes, are obtainable only from Miss Massey, 'Redcot,' South Norwood-hill, S.E., and as the book may soon become unobtainable, every earnest Spiritualist should write to Miss Massey and secure a copy of this earnest and intense outpouring of a great and true sympathiser with the struggles of human life on earth.

JOTTINGS.

Spiritualism seems to be spreading in South Africa, for at the recently held sixth annual general meeting of the Durban Spiritualist Society very satisfactory reports were presented by the president and treasurer. Nearly forty members and associates were added to the roll, and in spite of many difficulties, the capital of the society increased by £13 14s. 10d., and now stands at £114 7s. 10d. Several societies have been started in important centres, and a fund has been initiated for mission work.

The Rev. T. Rhondda Williams is an advanced and outspoken thinker of whom more will doubtless be heard in the near future. In one of his recent sermons he said: 'It is the catholic aspects of religion that appeal to me, those deeper truths which lie beneath all our paltry barriers and divisions, in the possession of which alone we can get to the calm centre of the divine life. Our emancipation can only come through the vision of a truth which is too large for any of our formulas, and whose possession would carry us clean over the separating barriers which our dogmatic and sectarian spirit has erected.'

We are informed that 'The Annals of Psychical Science,' founded in January, 1905, has changed hands. Mr. Dudley Wright, formerly the assistant editor, succeeds Mrs. Laura I. Finch as editor, the last named joining the editorial board, which already includes such well-known names in the world of psychical research as Sir William Crookes, Camille Flammarion, Prof. Lombroso, Prof. Charles Richet, and Col. Albert de Rochas. Premises have also been secured in the West End of London for the proposed Psychical Research Club, which will be opened shortly. Mr. Wynton Hope has been appointed secretary, and all communications respecting the club should for the present be addressed to him, care of 'The Annals of Psychical Science,' 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C.

The success of the great meeting of the delegates to the International Anti-Vivisection and Animal Protection Congress at the Queen's Hall on Thursday, the 8th inst., will rejoice the hearts of all lovers of animals and those who oppose cruelty in all forms. While Anti-vivisection, Anti-vaccination, and other reformatory, progressive, and humanitarian movements are not of necessity a part of Spiritualism or within the scope of 'LIGHT,' yet many Spiritualists are ardent supporters of all these efforts for human betterment and are strenuously opposed to cruelty and injustice. 'LIGHT,' as is well known, strongly sympathises with the work of reformers of all kinds, and we regard the growing and deepening spirit of protest against cruelty to helpless animals as one of the hopeful signs of the times.

The suggestion made by Sir Oliver Lodge, and quoted by Miss Bates (see p. 344), that 'we have no right to withhold information that may help our fellow creatures scientifically, or in other ways, when personal considerations alone deter us,' has borne splendid fruit in the case of Miss Bates herself, as she gives her readers the benefit of an experience which, if she had consulted her personal feelings, would have been withheld from publication. It is quite impossible to estimate how much is lost to the public, which would be of immense value if everyone was outspoken enough to act upon Sir Oliver Lodge's suggestion, but we are quite sure that if every convinced Spiritualist (scientific, clerical, professional, commercial and literary) were to support those who have 'borne the heat and burden of the day' by frankly and fearlessly avowing his or her conviction, and giving his reasons for the faith that is in him, the rest of the world would be surprised beyond measure and the battle for the recognition of the truth of spirit intercourse would speedily be won. However, we congratulate the courageous ones and pray that others may gain strength!

In 'The Humane Review' for July, Carl Heath has a fine article on Thomas Paine, whose mortal form was interred a hundred years ago. Paine penned the famous sentences: 'I believe in one God, and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe in the equality of man, and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavouring to make our fellow-creatures happy. My country is the world, and my religion is to do good,' and right nobly did he strive to help the poor, the oppressed and the helpless. Mr. Heath says: 'To his everlasting honour he was one of the first to advocate the abolition of negro slavery, of capital and other brutal punishments, to urge and demand the substitution of arbitration for war, the reduction of armaments by an alliance of the Liberal Powers—England, France, Holland, and America—the emancipation of women, the education of the children of the people, the creation of national pensions for the aged, the building up of a pure

democratic State and a religion as broad as humanity'—and yet this man, who is still in the front rank of reformers, has been labelled Atheist and, for a hundred years, denounced and vilified by so-called 'Christian advocates'!

We feel that it is only right that the truth regarding Thomas Paine should be made known and justice be done to a much wronged man even at this late day. Mr. Heath says: 'Temperate in his habits, as so philosophic a nature would be, he was roundly accused of the grossest drunkenness. Deist in his faith, he was denounced from every pulpit as the incarnation of the rankest atheism; hospitable for months to his friend Bonneville's wife and children in his American home, when Bonaparte ruined the latter by the suppression of the paper he edited, he was accused of the commonest immorality. Anything and everything was bad enough for this so-called "Enemy of Society": and the torrent of malignity which pursued him has actually been successful for a full century, so slow is history at times to right great wrongs. However, truth is great and prevails. If the mills of God or history grind slowly, they certainly grind exceeding small. Thomas Paine is coming into his own again, a heritage of fame as a profound lover of humanity; a just man and a true; a powerful writer, disinterested, honourable, temperate and humane; a man, like his friend the poet Blake, "without a mask, his aim single, his wants few," and so, too, like that other "madman," "free, noble, and happy."'

We do not know anything about Faraday's instrument 'to put an end to the supposed communications of thought and replies from the dead by knocks on a table,' to quote Lord Halsbury's speech at the Victoria Institute, but a number of devices have been employed for that purpose from time to time—notably by Professor Hare in the very early days of the movement—and such an instrument, a board on rollers, over the top of the table, is used by Continental Spiritists, and yet the tables move. As mentioned in this issue of 'LIGHT,' Colonel Coghill and his friends devised a very simple expedient—they turned the backs of their hands to the table and stood up, and yet the table rose in the air. Lord Halsbury should be more up-to-date. This may interest 'Doubting Thomas,' whose letter appeared on p. 323 of 'LIGHT.'

TRENCHANT TESTIMONIES.

Spirit manifestations constitute the basis upon which the whole fabric of Christianity has been built. Primitive Christianity, as taught by its founder, and pure Spiritualism are identical.—REV. SAMUEL WATSON.

Mr. Slade has presented to myself phenomena which are not susceptible of any explanation based on trickery or fraud. Being thoroughly convinced that the phenomena are genuine, I should be alike untrue to my own sense of independence, truth and honour, if I did not vindicate his honesty of purpose.—ROBERT H. COLLYER, M.D.

If I had to judge the case by my own experiments and record alone, I do not see how I could avoid the conclusion that a future life is absolutely demonstrated by them. . . . The evidence for personal identity in this record is so overwhelming.—DR. HYSLOP.

I can never forget the overwhelming sensations I experienced on first seeing and touching these hands—warm, sensitive, detached hands—which grasped my hand with the perfect reality of human hands, and yet dissolved from the grasp as no human hands could do.—DR. GEORGE WYLD.

I must again state my conclusion as a result of practical experience. . . . And having tried the hypothesis of telepathy from the living for several years, and the spirit hypothesis also for several years, I have no hesitation in affirming with the most absolute assurance that the 'spirit' hypothesis is justified by its fruits, and the other hypothesis is not.—DR. RICHARD HODGSON.

Regarding my experiences of the materialisations of the spirit form with Miss Cook's mediumship, I must reply, that after two years' examination of the fact and numerous séances I have not the smallest doubt, and have the strongest conviction, that such materialisation takes place, and that not the slightest attempt at trick or deception is fairly attributable to anyone who assisted at Miss Cook's séances.—DR. J. M. GULLY.

Under the strictest test conditions I have more than once had a solid, self-luminous, crystalline body placed in my hand by a hand which did not belong to any person in the room. In the light I have seen a luminous cloud hover over a heliotrope on a side-table, break a sprig off, and carry the sprig to a lady; and on some occasions I have seen a similar luminous cloud visibly condense to the form of a hand, and carry small objects about.—SIR WILLIAM CROOKES.

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.

To Get Rid of a 'Haunting Presence.'

SIR,—In the interesting lecture by Miss E. Katharine Bates on 'Automatic Writing,' which is now appearing in 'LIGHT,' that lady mentions how a haunting presence that troubled a little girl who had ignorantly 'opened the door' by writing with planchette, was entirely got rid of without holding a séance by simple instructions from Mrs. Manks.

Permit me to ask if those simple methods are of a private nature or are they well known? If the latter, will some Spiritualist kindly enlighten me, as I know a girl affected in a somewhat similar way?—Yours, &c.,

ELESTR.

National Fund of Benevolence.

SIR,—I regret to record the fact that the total contributions to the National Fund of Benevolence during June amounted only to the sum of 2s. It may be that owing to the unsettled weather many people are not taking their holidays and, therefore, have not contributed to the holiday fund. When I point out that the expenditure for the month was £6 6s. 3d., it is hardly necessary for me to urge the immediate claims of the Fund upon the generosity of Spiritualists.

I must express my thanks to 'A. S.' 1s., and Miss E. L. Boswell-Stone, 1s., for their support, and hope to report a great increase for the month of July.—Yours, &c.,

A. E. BUTTON,

9, High-street, Doncaster.

Hon. Sec.

Hampton Court Ghosts.

SIR,—Seeing a series of illustrated postcards representing scenes at Hampton Court, I was struck with one giving the Hampton Court Palace ghost, with this note: 'Queen Jane Seymour's ghost, as seen nightly near the private stairway leading to apartments formerly occupied by her.' The 'Popular Guide to the Palace and Gardens' does not give any particulars about this ghost, but on page eight, giving a description of the Outer Green Court and West Front, this statement is made: 'This corner (the south wing) of the building is said to be haunted by the ghost of Edward VI.'s nurse and foster-mother, Mrs. Penn, who lived at Hampton Court thirty years.'

Now it seems to me that when printings like these, bearing a somewhat official character, acknowledge the haunting of Hampton Court, it must be proven beyond doubt. Of course, I immediately supposed that in Ingram's 'Haunted Homes and Family Traditions of Great Britain' mention would be made of a so noteworthy haunting, but not a word can I find of it, nor is it mentioned in Stead's 'Real Ghost Stories.' Can any reader of 'LIGHT' inform me where particulars about this haunting of Hampton Court can be found?—Yours, &c.,

H. N. DE FREMERY.

Bussum, Holland.

Thoughts on Reincarnation.

SIR,—With reference to R. G. Bennett's letter on reincarnation, in 'LIGHT,' July 3rd, I cannot agree with the conclusion he draws: 'That there is no necessity for undergoing a long process of life on this earth under different and varying physical conditions.' It seems to me the necessity arises from the fact that it is impossible in one incarnation to receive and assimilate all the experience possible. For example, the experience of men and women depends very much on their sex, and it seems to me obligatory to undergo both male and female incarnations to receive the full experience of a dual sexed humanity. Besides, the economy of Nature is proverbial. We see around us, the criminal, the average good man, occasionally the saint. It is obvious that the criminal and the average good man might profit by repeated incarnations and reach the saintly level. Why, therefore, should other worlds be provided for their habitat when this can be utilised for the purpose? I believe that experience is the result of individual effort, though I realise to the full that the whole is composed of units. Mr. Bennett's ideas as to the community of experience seem to me to apply to the evolution of the kingdoms of Nature below the human kingdom. Our evolution, while affected by the thought and experience of others, is to me the result of long continued and individual effort and many incarnations on this globe.—Yours, &c.,

E. S.

'A Convincing Test.'

SIR,—It is not a mistake (see 'LIGHT,' pp. 291, 311) to call 'Milanovitch' the 'family name' of the late King Alexander of Servia, although 'Obrenovitch' was his dynastic name; because the Serbs, like the Russians, habitually address one another by the father's Christian name and suffix, as Ivan Ivanovitch, 'John, son of John'; Marie Alexandrovna, 'Mary, daughter of Alexander,' &c. (compare James Fitz-James, the Welsh Morgan ap Griffith, the Icelandic Jónsson and Jónsdóttir, the Jewish Moses ben Maimon, &c.). This patronymic a Slav might call in English the 'family name,' for it is much more frequently used, even among comparative strangers, than the real surname or title.—Yours, &c.,

C. JESSIE VESEL.

A Dream Vision.

SIR,—A few years ago I had a dream, or rather a vision, in which I saw written on a wall in large black letters, 'Tom is dead.' I had a brother named Thomas Edward, whom we called Tom, who was living in London, and feeling anxious about him I wrote, the next day, to my sister (who also resided in London), saying that I had had a dream, and asking her to go to see him as I feared that he was ill. She did as I suggested, and found him dying. She telegraphed to me to go to him immediately, but before I reached London he had passed away. This is only one of the things that happened to me before his death.—Yours, &c.,

M. A. E.

Staffordshire.

Spirit Photography.—The Wyllie Fund.

SIR,—In addition to £20 1s. 6d., reported in 'LIGHT,' p. 324, I beg to acknowledge the following contributions: Mr. John Auld, Rothesay, £2 2s.; Mr. James Robertson, Hon. President, Glasgow Association of Spiritualists, £2 2s.; Miss E. Fruth, Lynham, £1; the Misses Arroll, Rothesay, £1; Miss Sawyer, London, 10s.; 'To Help,' Miss P., 5s.; making in cash and promises to date, £27 0s. 6d. I trust, in addition to further subscriptions, that correspondents who have kindly promised to contribute will remit to me their cheques, crossed 'Royal Bank of Scotland, Rothesay.'

Arrangements for sittings are being made for Mr. Wyllie, in Rothesay for West of Scotland, &c., and at Bridge of Allan, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, and London.—Yours, &c.,

Glenbeg House, Ardbeg,
Rothesay, Scotland.

JAMES COATES.

July 8th, 1909.

Clairvoyant Experiences.

SIR,—Some years ago, while resting on a couch and perfectly quiescent in mind and body, a face and head formed within a few feet of me. This face, which was calm and thoughtful, faded away, and its place was taken by another of quite a different appearance, being sad and troubled looking. I gazed on this for a few seconds, but on its moving towards me I jumped up with the exclamation, 'That's enough.' My alarm was, perhaps, excusable, as at that time I knew nothing of Spiritualism. On another occasion, one brilliant afternoon in July, after a nap and while admiring a water-colour drawing on the wall, I was surprised to see the fully developed head and features of a young man, perfectly formed, and in full view. I was able to study every detail of the features, which formed a picture of power, knowledge, and repose, that even after the lapse of six years remains perfectly distinct in my mind. I have often seen faces in this way, most of them being pleasant in appearance, but a few have been of an ugly and malignant type. They appear, seemingly, without 'rhyme or reason,' but possibly some of your readers who may be interested will kindly give, through your columns, an explanation of the phenomena.—Yours, &c.,

J. H.

Direct Spirit Drawings.

SIR,—Of late a spirit friend, evidently much interested in my welfare, has been drawing sketches on a white enamelled water jug, blackened through being put too near the fire, in my room and elsewhere. Some of these sketches are real portraits, and one portrait was drawn in answer to a prayer, to show me the person who was going to be sent to me. To sceptics who would think or say, 'Oh! you have done these yourself,' I would add that some sketches have been done with soot in a place where a human hand could not get.

Further, when carrying the jug to some psychic friends to show it to them, I found on arrival, on uncovering the jug, that two more drawings had been done *en route*.

Again, after I left a lady's house a drawing was commenced of her husband's head, and the same was finished in a few minutes during the séance which followed at the club; the head, too, was in the position in which he has a habit of holding it.

If any mediumistic persons, who would like to see these drawings and compare notes with their own experiences, will send a stamped addressed envelope stating what psychic gifts they possess, and the most convenient hours, I shall be pleased to make an appointment for them to call.—Yours, &c.,

EMUE.

7, Roseford-gardens, W.

A Vivid Impression of a Presence.

SIR,—My brother having recently taken his own life while suffering from acute mental trouble, on the night after the funeral I awoke with a strange feeling of oppression. It was as though I had a wound in my throat—painless but stiff and uncomfortable—just as one feels when bandaged—and it seemed as if my brother was staring down at what presented itself to him as a horrible sight. I had gone to sleep feeling that as the funeral was over and I was very tired I should sleep soundly.

I knew that there were those with him who could help him far more than I could, and that I was to make him understand this, or he would be earth-bound, and I should not be free. I do not know what I did or said, though I was wide awake, except that I kept repeating:—

'Never the spirit was born, the spirit shall cease to be never:

Never was time it was not, end and beginning are dreams;

Birthless and deathless and changeless abideth the spirit for ever;

Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems.'

Then I got up and went down and lighted the gas and made some tea, and he had gone; I do not mean to say that I saw him, but that, in a sort of mental picture, I clearly saw the horrified look of his eyes and just a suggestion of a face. I feel that he is not left in that lowest sphere of spirit life, and I do not try in the least to have any communication from him, although I have tried to keep a receptive mind in case I could help him.—Yours, &c.,

SPERO.

Spirit Identity.

SIR,—You, sir, have already ably answered Mr. Leonard Bosman's letter on p. 276, for which I thank you, but I should like to add a few words.

The spirit friend referred to in my letter in 'LIGHT,' of May 15th, p. 239, was my soul-mate, or counterpart, who has repeatedly told me that when I pass over 'the divide' we shall be together for all eternity (another disproof of reincarnation, by the way), our love increasing in strength and purity as we rise to ever higher and higher conditions.

When I was investigating into psychic matters and doubted and criticised such statements with the prejudiced carnal mind, just as Mr. Bosman is doing, I suggested that it might be some evilly-disposed spirit personating her, and that it appeared impossible to detect such tricks. She replied that love, being the basic principle of all life and the most potent force in the universe, it was not reasonable to think that it could be played with and set at naught by undeveloped entities in such a manner. That the great divine principle of life and truth should be mocked by inferior beings was unthinkable, and she advised me to meditate on the subject and trust to the promptings of my own heart.

To all of which I had nothing to reply, but acted upon her advice, the more whole-heartedly as I had proved her reliability and trustworthiness on many previous occasions. I have never repented doing so, and it has brought me perfect peace, and confidence in the future, and sent all doubts and fears about their business. It is impossible that a lie should have this effect!

To suppose, as your correspondent evidently does, that only evil spirits can communicate is hopelessly unreasonable, and would turn the cosmos, governed by love and wisdom, into a lunatic asylum, in which such negative, fleeting conditions as are known as 'evil' and 'sin' would dominate the great, everlasting, positive realities.

Spiritualists as a body may not have evidence of identity that is valid for others, but as individuals most of us have it in abundance.

Mr. Bosman should read 'The Great Harmonia, The Reformer,' Vol. IV., more especially lectures XI. and XII., and note page 294.

I offer him an exchange of verses in a spirit of fraternity, and will leave it to your readers to say which, his or mine, appeals most forcibly to their innermost sense of truth:

'How sweet the words of truth,
Breathed from the lips of love.'—Beattie.

'Whoever lives true life will love true love.'—Browning.

'O, truth is easy, and the light shines clear
In hearts kept open, honest and sincere.'—Colles.

—Yours, &c.,

A. K. VENNING.

SOCIETY WORK.

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

HACKNEY.—240A, AMHURST-ROAD, N.—On Sunday last Mr. Imison gave a short address, and Mrs. Imison (Nurse Graham) clear and convincing clairvoyant descriptions and personal messages. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. J. Adams.

CLAPHAM.—RICHMOND-PLACE, NEW-ROAD, WANDSWORTH-ROAD, S.W.—On Sunday last Mr. Underwood gave an address on 'What is Spiritual?' Sunday next, at 11 a.m., circle; at 6.45 p.m., Mr. Blackman, address and psychometry.—C. C.

FULHAM.—COLVEY HALL, 25, FERNHURST-ROAD, MUNSTER-ROAD.—On Saturday, July 17th, outing to Wimbledon Common; meet at the Windmill at 2 p.m.; tea at 5.30 p.m., 6d. each. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Imison (Nurse Graham), clairvoyante.—W. T.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mrs. Neville spoke on 'Life in the Spirit Spheres,' and gave psychometrical delineations. Sunday next, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mr. W. Underwood, trance address. Monday, 7, ladies' circle. Thursday, 8.15, public circle.—W. Y.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—73, BECKLOW-ROAD, ASKEW-ROAD, W.—On Sunday last a good morning circle was held. In the evening Mrs. Webb gave good clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 10.45 a.m., circle; at 6.45 p.m., Mr. Burton. Thursday, 7.45, Mrs. Poldmore. Wednesdays and Fridays at 8, members' circles.—J. J. L.

NORTH LONDON.—GROVEDALE HALL, GROVEDALE-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. J. McBeth Bain delivered an appreciated address on 'The Spiritual Aspect of the Holy Grail.' Mr. A. Perryman gave an instrumental solo. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., Mr. Abrahall; at 7 p.m., Miss F. Sainsbury, substitute for Mr. Frederic Fletcher. July 25th, Dr. Stenson Hooker.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—On Sunday last, morning and evening, Mr. E. W. Wallis delivered excellent addresses. Saturday, 17th, at 3 p.m., Mr. W. J. Colville on 'Aspiration and Inspiration'; at 8 p.m., Mr. Hanson G. Hey on 'The Unitary Principle'; also on Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m.—A. C.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL.—On Sunday morning last Mr. J. Huxley gave a good address. In the evening Mr. G. Tayler Gwinn addressed a large audience on 'Developments.' Miss Smallwood rendered a solo. Sunday next, at 11.30 a.m., Mr. Stebbins; at 3 p.m., Lyceum, open session; at 7 p.m., Mr. P. Smyth. Thursday, Mrs. Wesley Adams. 25th, Mrs. A. Webb.—C. J. W.

SPIRITUAL MISSION: 22, Prince's-street, Oxford-street, W.—On Sunday evening last Mr. E. W. Beard's address on 'Spirit People and Life' was much enjoyed. Sunday next, Mrs. Fairclough Smith.—67, George-street, Baker-street, W.—On Sunday morning last Mrs. Fairclough Smith gave a powerfully uplifting address on 'The Disciples of Christ.' Sunday next, Mr. E. W. Beard.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday last Miss McCreddie gave well-recognised clairvoyant descriptions. A solo by Mr. Tregale was much enjoyed. Mr. George Spriggs presided. At Percy Hall, on July 5th, Mr. Beaurepaire gave an address and clairvoyant descriptions. On the 7th Mrs. M. H. Wallis held a deeply interesting and profitable meeting. On the 9th Mrs. Fred Spriggs gave lucid and convincing clairvoyant descriptions. Both ladies kindly gave their services for the benefit of the Association. Sunday next, see advt.—D. N.

BRISTOL.—28, BATH-BUILDINGS.—During the recent visit of Mrs. Powell Williams a large hall was hired for three weeks and well filled, the addresses being much enjoyed.