

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

No. 1,563.—VOL. XXX. [Registered as] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1910.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

To all, a sweet and happy Christmas! with neighbourly friendliness, and brotherly love, and longings for the world's peace and goodwill. Let our main prayer be for the understanding and master-power of the Christ-spirit, in harmony with Althea A. Ogden's lovely Christmas Hymn:—

'Little Brother of the World,'
Sang a Pagan long ago—
Hearing first the wondrous tale
Of the child of birth so low,
Who had conquered multitudes
Without sword and without lance,
By the power of his words,
By the radiance of his glance;

'With the lance and with the sword
Many, many have I slain,
Fighting on the battlefield
Till the blood ran down like rain;
Little Brother of the World,
I am tired of lance and sword—
I would conquer like to thee,
Give to me thy Master-Word!'

We, too, Lord, are tired of war—
Tired of battling, anger-stirred—
'Little Brother of the World,'
Give to us thy Master-Word!
With thy Christ-Mass here at hand
Close the temple doors for aye
That of old oped only when
Man his brother man would slay;

Send the message to all men,
'Round the earth, a treasure-trove,
'Little Brother of the World,'
Teach us all to win through LOVE!

We have received a copy of a Sermon by the Rev. Joseph Ashby on the text, 'The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels.' It was preached a long time ago, but the beauty of it is that it is as fresh as ever, and that the lovely truth set forth in its conclusion will also be as fresh as ever in a thousand years.

The illustration suggested by the text was tenderly and carefully unfolded with reference to the decease of a member of the preacher's congregation. 'She has been reaped by the angels,' he said:—

When you take a kernel of wheat from the ear, separating it from the chaff, you do not thereby destroy the wheat. No! but you show the wheat in its perfection. Before it was encased in the straw, in the coverings of Nature, and you couldn't see it. When you strip it of all its clothing, then you see the living germ of pure grain. Now this illustrates exactly what is the process we call death. The reapers, that is, the angels, unclothe the person from the body of flesh, and receive him as a spiritual being, clothed in a spiritual body, in the spiritual world. And how tenderly do the angels perform this work! You remember how they took poor, sick,

and distressed Lazarus—carrying him to Abraham's bosom—into the midst of the abodes of heavenly love. This is only a representative case; all who depart out of this world are taken care of by the angels. 'For the reapers are the angels.' And what they reap and take care of is the very essential person. Not merely a vital spark, or a living germ, but the individual himself, who possesses, after being separated from the material body, all he possessed before, viz., his affections, loves, hopes, aspirations, and noble charities—his will and understanding.

Hence, although the angel reapers have gathered in our friend, it would be unchristian not to believe that she is still living; still a feeling, sentient, active being—indeed, in every respect a woman as she was before. Nothing is separated, except the mere husk and shell—the house in which she tabernacled for a time.

'The Lancet,' in a recent number, discussed the fusty and eccentric notion of a bone in the human body whose province it is 'to serve as a basis for the future edifice at the resurrection.' With sly humour, 'The Lancet' says that the most careful search for mention of this precious bone, in the latest book on osteology, yields no result. The latest 'authority' on the subject is a book by Caspar Bauhinus, published at Frankfort in 1621. The bone is called 'Luz' and is said to be absolutely indestructible and unbreakable. The record stands that a certain Rabbi (Joshua, the son of Chaussi) actually produced it before the Emperor Hadrian, but it has never been clear where the wonderful bone is. It has been variously placed in the spine, near the base of the skull, among the Wormian skull bones, and in the great toe, and numberless wise men have clung to it—in imagination.

Why? For precisely the same reason that modern Churchmen cling to 'The resurrection of the body,' in spite of their senses and their sense: anything will do, even a bone the size of a pea—just for a beginning round which to build a body. It is very pathetic, very amazing, very amusing, and all for want of just the smallest elementary acquaintance with our beautiful science—the science of spirit-substance and spirit-life. When any one awakes to that, all this old fusty nonsense about indestructible bones and resurrection bodies will disappear like a bad and silly dream when the sleeper awakens to see the July sunlight pouring in.

Frances Power Cobbe once startled her readers with a Discourse entitled 'Doomed to be Saved.' It was an arresting title and a convincing discourse designed to show that if there is a God He could not do otherwise than save the creatures for whom He is responsible.

The same thought has been lately expressed by one George A. Gordon, who uses pretty strong language when arguing for the responsibility of God. He asks, with a certain amount of daring, almost amounting to defiance:—

Is there no obligation resting upon the Being who has put man under moral bonds? Has He no sense of fairness who calls upon men for that supreme quality? Is God justified in throwing man into the boiling stream of time, in calling upon him to learn to swim, or to rescue those who have not yet learned, and finally in drowning this valiant swimmer as the best way of getting rid of him? According to what conception of justice is man under duty to surrender his soul in

service while God stands absolved? I can imagine duty from man to man to stand fast, were there no God; but I cannot imagine a moral Deity absolved from accountability to the conscience which is His sovereign gift to man. On this ground Jesus would not be the apostle of God, but His immeasurable moral superior. If we hold our moral world and all its precious treasures without the concern of the Eternal, by all means let us hold and increase it, but let us cease to worship God or to pay Him the compliment of the homage that He does not deserve.

There is an increasing number of thoughtful persons who escape these somewhat painful questions by contenting themselves with belief in a moral order which is a part of the Evolutionary Law of life, which acts as a kind of self-regulating Force or Mechanism, and which, by some inscrutable law, works for universal improvement, or what, if we please, may be called 'salvation'; and, given the acceptance of continuity of life beyond this mundane experiment of living, there is here a working theory that may serve.

The 'R. P. A. Annual,' 1911 (London: Watts and Co.) contains the usual amount of militant matter, contributed by well-trying fighters like F. I. Gould, Dr. F. C. Conybeare, J. M. Robertson, M.P., and Joseph McCabe. All that they write is competent and often clever, but they continually suggest the thought of men with brains but without souls. We know that is not so—that it is only seeming, but the suggestion is there: and yet they may be where they are and what they are because their ardent souls have driven them out of church.

'The Mystery of Ashton Hall,' by Benjamin Nitsua (really our friend the Rev. B. F. Austin), published in Rochester (N.Y., U.S.A.) by the Austin Publishing Co., is a well-thought-out and well-written story of the sensational detective kind, turning upon a mysterious murder; but the murder does not unpleasantly dominate the story, which is rather a strong study of strikingly defined characters than a piling up of the agony. In fact, the inner story of character controls the book, which is made doubly interesting because of its suggestions of spirit-interventions.

'The Message from the Gods: a Mystery Play,' by Melchior Macbride (London: Hunter and Longhurst) is a serious and well-written work, very speculative of course, as the scene of the Play is 'laid in the seaport capital of the land of Aztlan in the year 50,000 B.C.: Aztlan being a part of the great lost continent of Atlantis. The writer hints at the possession of faculties which give him perfect control of Imagination under the command of the Spiritual Reason and Will; such control of Imagination resulting in Truth. That is a matter of opinion or feeling; but the lesson he sets out to teach is far-reaching.

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Meetings will be held in the SALON OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, (near the National Gallery), on the following Thursdays:—

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- Feb. 2.—Rev. J. Tyssul Davis, B.A.: 'The Creative Power of Thought.'
- Feb. 16.—Mr. James I. Wedgwood: 'The Spiritual Progress of Man.'
- Mar. 2.—Mr. Angus McArthur: 'Psychic Phenomena in England, 600 A.D. to 1200 A.D.; the Remarkable Experiences of Forgotten Pioneers.'
- Mar. 16.—Mr. Ernest W. Beard: 'Our Spirit Friends and the Evidence of their Identity.'
- Mar. 30.—To be arranged.
- April 27.—Rev. Arthur Chambers (Vicar of Brockenhurst, and Author of 'Our Life After Death,' 'Man and the Spiritual World,' &c.): 'Spiritualism and the Light it Casts on Christian Truth.'
- May 11.—Mr. E. E. Fournier d'Albe, B.Sc. (Lond.): 'Essential Conditions of Life in this and other Worlds.'

THE TWO NEWMANS.

BY JAMES ROBERTSON.

There are books and books. Some are nectar and ambrosia, others are but sand and dust. Some stir our souls and awake lofty ideals, making us strive to live the higher life, while others leave us depressed and disappointed with the world. What a chill we receive when the life story of some noble man is dealt with by one who has not the grasp to read correctly the character he attempts to portray. When Carlyle read Archdeacon Hare's 'Life of John Sterling,' he was indignant at such a colourless representation of a noble and truth-loving man, and, setting to work, produced the finest bit of biography in our language.

I have recently been reading a work entitled a 'Memoir of Francis William Newman,' by J. Giberne Sieveking. Although the author fills up over four hundred large pages, the true Newman—saint, scholar, reformer—is not pictured in them. The writer is pained because his subject was not a creedal Christian like his brother the Cardinal, and seeks to tone down his Theism, reiterating that at the last he came back to his old faith—a story quite as mythical as similar ones related of Thomas Paine and other religious free thinkers. A man such as Francis William Newman deserved another type of biographer, one able to read the inner soul and all its strivings after the noblest in human character. Had the author been anxious to get at some genuine facts of Newman's life, he might have read his 'Phases of Faith,' which the genial Professor Blackie called 'the most notable book that has been published in this age.' Blackie further said that 'theologians would have enough to do to prop up the crumbling fabric of orthodoxy against the assaults of so thoroughly honest, so thoroughly learned, and so thoroughly subtle a writer.' Newman tells more of his spiritual and mundane life in his 'Phases of Faith' than is given in this large memoir. True, the book is mentioned, but its contents are not used, though it is largely autobiographical.

There was much of the heroic in Newman. Reason and conscience were Divine oracles to him. He listened to their voices, and so could not honestly sign the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church. He sighed for a more primitive Christianity, and withdrew from Oxford, attaching himself to some evangelical minds, who, he felt, had some of the fire and fervour of true religion. With these companions he went out to teach his simpler gospel amongst the Mahomedans, but he soon found that the world was too vast to be compassed by any creed, and too complex to be squared by the theology he had imbibed. He relates how he got into a religious discourse with a Mahomedan carpenter, to whom he poured out the Christian scheme of salvation. The man listened with such marked attention that Newman was encouraged to go on, but at the close he said: 'I will tell you, sir, how the case stands: God has given you English a great many good gifts; you make fine ships and sharp penknives and good cloth and cottons, but there is one thing which God has withheld from you and revealed to us, and that is the knowledge of the true religion by which one may be saved.' Newman saw how vain was the argument he had presented, and though he still held to his Christianity for a season, the lesson rested in his memory.

On his return to England Newman still preached what he thought was a pure Christianity, something capable of redeeming mankind from sin. His brother, John Henry, was at this time deep in the Tractarian movement at Oxford, deifying the past and depreciating the present, giving himself up more and more to the ancient standards. The authority of the Fathers was his pilot, and this devotion to the dead hand of the past seems to have dried up any affection in his being. His dogmatic religion, instead of sweetening, made him stern, stiff, rigid and unsympathetic. Over Francis William the dogma and authority of the Church held no sway. He saw a religion which would move forward with man's advance in knowledge—and this to him was of deep import. He had been speaking

to some small bodies of people at religious meetings, a proceeding which, when it came to the ears of his brother the Cardinal, excited the latter's strong disapproval. That one who had not been ordained as a priest should take upon himself the priest's office, was not to be endured. Accordingly the Cardinal separated himself from all friendship and acquaintance with his brother, whose soul was aflame with spiritual life—signs and symbols were more to the former than a truly pious heart. Love was sacrificed to ecclesiastical dogma. It was a harsh blow to one who was seeking to serve God in what he felt was the noblest way. This rupture estranged Francis William from other members of his family who resided with the Cardinal, and who cared not to have contact with a heretic.

Could anyone imagine that a biographer would leave out such facts as these, facts which could have been obtained without difficulty? Yet Mr. Sieveking has omitted them. It is to be hoped that another Carlyle who feels that Newman has not been honestly treated will tell the true story of his life and work for truth and mankind, if not with Carlyle's genius, at least with his noble spirit.

Professor Newman's 'The Soul, its Sorrows and Aspirations,' is amongst the richest religious books ever penned. It rises above all the petty things in theology, and shows us that devotion and reverence for God exist quite apart from 'anities' and 'isms.' Beautiful as are some of the sermons of Cardinal Newman, they are thin and weak compared with this pious setting forth of the truth regarding the soul. There is more of real religion in Professor Newman's books on 'The Soul' and 'Theism' than in anything ever penned by the Cardinal. A spirit of love is of more importance than conformity to Church standards and doctrines, and the solution of the mysteries of the Trinity. In Francis Newman's own words—

Bigotry and superstition cleave even to the pious,
Eating out the heart of religion, and marring its loveliness.

These evils must be cast away, that religion may be glorified,

That God may be fully worshipped, and man may be blessed.

TRANSITION.—Just as we go to press we learn that Mr. V. I. Pribitkoff, the first Editor of the Russian Spiritualist journal, 'Rebus,' passed to spirit life on November 20th.

MR. W. J. COLVILLE sends kindly greetings to his English friends. He trusts that 'the present festive season may be a joyous occasion for all, and that 1911 may be a year of unprecedented prosperity for "LIGHT" and all associated with it.' He hopes to be in London in May next. His present address is, 49, John-street, New York City, U.S.A.

AN interesting account is given by the Hon. Mrs. Hanbury-Tracy, in 'The Onlooker' for December 10th, of 'How a Faith Cure Founded a Village Industry.' Twelve years ago Adela, a little servant girl, slipped and fell, injuring her spine so severely that after being treated at two hospitals she was sent home as 'incurable.' About eighteen months ago a friend heard of a 'healer,' and Adela was told of his power and encouraged to expect to be cured. The healer, invited from London to her Warwickshire village home, went through a short service and placed his hands on the girl's spine where she felt her greatest weakness. Describing her sensations afterwards she said: 'It was like as if something warm was poured into me, warm and prickly, and seemed to make me tingle.' That night she was able to draw up her wasted legs, and on the eleventh day she was sitting on a chair by the bedside. Improvement was steady and continuous. A lady who lived near, and who had a love of making things, realising that Adela must have something to interest and rouse her, began to teach her to cut and glue and fold and match the glowing patterns of some reproductions of old Italian hand-printed papers to cover blotters, boxes, and book-racks, &c. The girl's long-hampered fingers soon became wonderfully deft, the things she made sold, and now three girls are busy at a long bench-table, earning good wages. Adela, happy and active, is the head of the three, and the Wilmcote Village Industry is bringing colour and happiness into some rather grey lives. This case is a splendid illustration of the fact not only of the healing of the body, but of the necessity for the beneficial influence of congenial and stimulating work in order to keep the mind, as well as the body, strong, bright, and sound.

CRYPTONS.

(Continued from page 601.)

Adopting such traditions and statements as would be accepted in regard to other historical facts, or to any newly discovered race of human creatures, it would appear that the Cryptons are essentially spiritual, combining great intellectual ability, force of will, and absolute confidence, with knowledge, acquired by observation and experience. To a great extent they are localised in communities: they have much personal freedom, but some appear to occupy superior positions and to exercise a control over others. Of its nature, and of the sanctions by which it is enforced, we have no knowledge. They are not ubiquitous, but are able to pass rapidly from place to place, without substantial impediment, unaffected by heat, cold, light, or darkness; unconscious, or only vaguely conscious, of surrounding material objects, and generally invisible, impalpable, and inaudible. They have, however, the power of materialising themselves in any form they think fit. When, and only when, so materialised they have the means of acting on material objects, and of exercising all the functions of material beings. By giving themselves a surface reflecting light, they become visible; by adopting organs of voice, vision, and hearing, they become able to hear, to see, and to speak as much of the language of the country as they may have learned. Between themselves they seem to converse by simple transfers of thought.

The denial of materialisation, and assertion of illusion, is the substitution of a greater difficulty for a less; for it is more conceivable that inorganic materials may be, at will, combined and separated, than that the senses, and minds, of intelligent beings can be arbitrarily disposed of.

The wills and contrivances of men, acting through long and complex processes, can convert rough mineral ores into a locomotive engine, working in absolute obedience to its driver.

The materialisation theory is that the Crypton may do the same thing instantaneously; it is only a difference of time and method. But men have first to collect the essential materials; how does the Crypton get his? There are indications that the answer is coming. There is now, among the most advanced students of physical science, a consensus of opinion that throughout the world and its surroundings there is an entity (to which, provisionally, the name of 'ether' has been given) pervading, and pervaded by, everything solid, liquid, and gaseous. That, in this, all visible, palpable, or otherwise discernible things are formed, of one and the same essential elementary substance, in the form of 'ions,' each ion joined to, and actuating, or being actuated by, a charge of what, provisionally, is called 'electricity': that all ions are in rapid motion, and that the natures of the charges and the speed and direction of the movements determine the natures of all the infinite forms of matter, in all the infinite gradations of density, from the most attenuated gas to the densest and hardest solid, and with all their various qualities and characteristics, physical, chemical, electrical, and radial.

The next step should be to identify the so-called 'ether,' not as containing, or contained by, but as being, the essence, the prime sole element, of all matter: always to be considered as affected by force—the primary sole essence of all force, of which electricity is only one form or manifestation.

The completing step would be the recognition that essential force, and matter, may be controlled by will; and there is the highest authority for believing that pure, single-minded will, exercised in absolute unhesitating faith, can produce results which may be miraculous. The will of the Crypton, exercised in the unhesitating confidence begotten of intuition and experience, may, therefore, produce instantly results which the wills of men, believing only from bit by bit experiences, and operating through tediously developed steps, take long periods to arrive at.

To those who object that such miracles, being subversions of immutable laws of Nature, are impossible, the reply is—miracles are not subversions of natural laws, they are the bringing certain of those laws into co-operative action, in an

unusual time, place, and manner, in order to fulfil a determined purpose. The argument that the standing still of the sun over a certain place on the earth's surface could only have been attained by stopping the earth's rotation, and so producing a universal catastrophe and, therefore, that there never was such a miracle, is a dishonest argument, for there are several modes by which the result may have been attained without violating any law or producing any chaos. To mention one. If over the indicated area, and between it and the sun, layers of vapours of different densities were disposed at the right elevation in the atmosphere, and caused to move in harmony with the earth's revolution, the sunshine could be retained on that area long after the normal sunset, and to a spectator in that area the sun would remain apparent high in the heavens. This miracle is, to a small extent, repeated every morning and evening when the sun is visible. It may be shown by placing a candle on the floor hidden by a screen, and then holding a glass prism high enough to catch the light. By turning the prism the candle may be seen through it against the ceiling of the room. A shilling and a basin of water gives another form of the same experiment of artificial mirage; and Dover Castle has been seen on the east side of the hill which rises between it and Ramsgate. Be it noted that it is not an apparition or reflection, which is seen, but the real, actual sun, candle, shilling and castle.

The exceeding rapidity of Crypton construction is followed by similarly rapid evanishment. The materialised object remains in existence only so long as sustained by the will of the Crypton—that sustenance ceasing, it disappears. This, however, does not apply to the results of the operation of such objects. If a Crypton axe be used to fell a tree and chop it into firewood, the axe will vanish, but the chopped wood remains. Similarly, all other results of Crypton action on normal materials remain exactly as if produced by men using normal tools. The Crypton will would appear, however, to be constructive only, and not to have effect in destroying or altering any natural object, or any work of man, or even anything of Crypton construction, if of natural materials, manipulated in the ordinary way. Demolition can only be effected by materialisation into workman shape and the use in ordinary methods of effective tools.

The materialised Crypton body is, for the time being, a substantial, living, breathing body of flesh and blood, not capable of being killed, but quite capable of being bruised or wounded, of feeling pain, and even of being temporarily maimed. Its clothing is equally real. It may only have substance enough to be visible, or it may be stout enough to resist attrition and tearing. (This theory of materialisation disposes of the favourite objection to the 'ghosts of clothes'.)

The fairy banqueting halls, with their rich hangings, splendid table equipage, and delicious viands are real enough while they last. Their purposes answered, gloomy cobwebbed caverns, rough stones, sand, and rubbish only remain. Why not? All the intended and expected gratification has been enjoyed. If the Cryptons want another banquet the next night, they can call into existence everything anew, and perhaps improved. Why should they be cumbered with the remnants of spent festivities?

As another limitation, the Crypton appears to be incapable of creating life of any kind—the fairy horse, dog, cat, bird, bat, or insect is a Crypton, who has, as it were, clothed himself with the form and substance of the animal, and for the time being is its life, and exercises its functions. The fairy flowers are of rare beauty and fragrance, but they do not grow, they come in their fullest and richest bloom, and, when done with, fade into the air from which they came.

A debtor was supplied by a Crypton with the money required to meet an urgent demand. The creditor received it and put it into his safe; a few days later he found only some dead leaves, and there was trouble. The Crypton's defence was, 'Our gifts remain as long as they are in use, when put away idle they go, because they are not wanted.' Cryptons understand barter, but not the law of commercial finance.

The guidwife at a farm, many miles from the doctor, was seized with alarming illness, and the Tatieh Bodach promptly

became a good horse, saddled and bridled. The farmer did his journey in record time, and, on his return, the steed sank into dust, from which the bodach reappeared. Unfortunately a neighbour had seen the farmer on his way, and it was a subject for heckling him for the rest of his life, and 'where did Rob Morrison get his horse?' became proverbial in the district.

Benevolent help, volunteered by the Crypton, is less liable to disagreeable consequences than when it is sought.

From a certain (well-known) shepherd a large flock of lambs broke away one stormy evening, scattering in three different directions into the waste of hills, with the one dog in hopeless chase. Night came on, and the shepherd went home in despair. At next daybreak he found the whole flock, not a lamb missing or hurt, safely collected in a small corrie; the exit from which the dog was watching. With strangers, of course, that dog gets all the credit, only the shepherd and his friends believe in the 'coin sithe.'

Cryptons seem to have many human festive tastes, cavalcades, music, and dances, as well as banquets, and to assume human forms and appliances, to get human enjoyments from them. In their visible appearances for these, they put on the forms which they know will most impress their human neighbours. Consequently those who have seen Teutonic or Celtic fairy gatherings describe the Cryptons as small, but very handsome and graceful, people, the females being of surpassing loveliness, the costumes rich and becoming, the music soft and melodious, and all the accessories brilliantly effective. To Orientals the Djins and Afrits afford apparitions of colossal size and power.

Except for these occasions, the Cryptons' ideals of beauty are not ours, though they show a certain sense of fitness; and it is evident that the Crypton sees no degradation in anything he may do when disposed to help people whom he thinks deserving. The traditions, confirmed by strong evidence, 'the responsible voice of the whole country side,' of such instances as those of Gilpin Horner, Eachan Druem, and other domestic Goblins, show the visibly unattractive Bochad, Uruisg, Lubberfey, Hauskobold-Hausknecht at his best. As a farm hand, appearing, usually uninvited, at a time of dearth of labour in the short harvest time, he appears as constructed on the most strictly utilitarian lines—a big head, crowned with a penthouse of matted hair; low, shaggy brows shading grey green eyes, wide apart, and moving independently; broad nostrils, wide mouth, short, thick neck, very broad shoulders and back (Eachan Druem means 'Hector big back'), long and enormously powerful arms, great hands, a squat body, thick short legs, long feet and toe nails like claws, and his hairy body and limbs very scantily clothed. With these a strength and skill always more than equal to any usefully productive task; untiring, unrelenting, if time should press, uncomplaining, knowing neither fear, fatigue, hunger, nor thirst; unrivalled in care and control of domestic animals, on excellent terms with children, a faithful watcher, and tender nurse; he was a hideous angel in house and field. He seemed to gain, in the hardest peasant labour, an agreeable change from the monotony of spirit life, and, though needing no sustenance, to find pleasure in satisfying an appetite proper to his condition, cream being his favourite refreshment. His term of helpfulness ended either with some, perhaps unintentional, offence given him, or from the pressure on his hosts of some scandalised pious neighbours (who had not had help), or by a sudden call from his Crypton chief. His help was always given in the time of the greatest need of it, and to honest, good people of kindly dispositions and habits. No one who was guilty of ill-usage or neglect of domestic beasts, or of offensive conduct to neighbours was ever assisted.

All the poetic versions of these stories are founded on widely-known and accepted local traditions.

Cryptons are often charged with being jealous, vindictive, and easily offended. Jealous they may be of the special privileges given to the new beings put into what they deemed to be their world, jealous of man's immortality, of the divine revelations and favours which he, for a long time, enjoyed, and of his continued hopes of Paradise; but not, as a race,

vindictive. For all the insults heaped upon them, in the sustained fury of hatred and fear during the Christian Middle Ages, for the wholesale and indiscriminate imputations to them of every imaginable form of iniquity, and for the appallingly persistent wholesale tortures and murders of those supposed to be friendly to them, they never, of their own motion, used, in acts of revenge, the effective and varied means of mischief within their powers. The individual cases of penalties inflicted, and for some generations continued, upon the successors in position of those who first incurred them, are few; and, if there be any truth in the legends relating to them, were more than excusable.

Can we not accept the belief that there are among them, as among men, infinite varieties of intelligence, character, temper, and disposition; from angelic goodness and wisdom to elfish pettiness, irritability and mischievousness? The great majority are probably utterly unconscious of, and indifferent to, most of the incidents of human life.

(To be continued.)

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

In 'La Photographie Transcendentale,' 5 francs (Paris: Librairie Nationale, 10, Rue de l'Université), we have a résumé of much recent work in photography of a more or less occult character. There are reproductions of many photographs, with brief accounts of the circumstances in which they were taken; some of these reproductions are not very successful, as they do not show clearly the marks which are stated to have appeared on the photographic plate. The preface contains this paragraph:—

In front of a photographic plate, what objections are possible? It is no longer possible to suggest illusion, hallucination, suggestion, auto-suggestion, &c. The camera is an impartial witness, on account of its purely mechanical processes. The plates which it supplies are especially precious, as they give the faithful image, the exact reproduction, of real 'things' which are imprinted on the sensitive plate.

But the very sensitiveness of the camera, the nice precision of the processes of development, the queer results which every amateur photographer obtains, demonstrate conclusively that as a witness the camera requires extremely careful treatment, and the photographic plate does not necessarily provide true and exact images of real 'things' in the sense implied in this paragraph. It may be assumed, indeed, that unless rigid precautions are taken, it is not worth while to place any reliance upon photography as a means of investigation of Spiritualistic phenomena. As Mr. Orr recently suggested when addressing the London Spiritualist Alliance ('LIGHT,' November 12th), it seems possible that even if a photographic plate reproduces the lineaments of a deceased person, it does not follow, as the only possible explanation, that the deceased actually revealed himself to the camera; in other words, it seems possible that the deceased may not have been there at all. Certain photographs in this book give colour to this hypothesis, as, for example, when a face appears on a sensitive plate which has not been in a camera, but has been held between the hands of two sitters. Should this book stimulate scientific investigation of the conditions required for successful photographic work of this description, should it become a *sine quâ non* that in every experiment there be at least two cameras, that the exposed plates are developed independently, then it will have served a useful purpose.

B. C. W.

THE only real evil in the universe originates in attempted infringement or disregard by man of God's immutable laws. Whether this be done consciously—'of malice aforethought,' so to speak—or in ignorance, the inevitable results, though punitive in character so long as infringement is persisted in, are still educational, and afford a continual incentive to mankind to strive after that purity of life and purpose and immunity from evil which can only result from yielding an intelligent obedience to these laws.

'THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS WITHIN YOU.'

More and more definitely thoughtful minds are coming to the conclusion that *directed* energies are responsible for all the forms of life developed on this earth, and that these energies work from within outwards. This conclusion is a confirmation of the belief so long entertained by spiritual thinkers, that the realities of existence are unseen: that a spiritual purpose is being outwrought and achieved, not merely universally, but individually: that in, by and through every living manifestation of the One Life that purpose is being fulfilled, and that in human beings the full glory of existence can never be realised until the inner self awakes to the realisation of its innate divinity, and is consciously aware of its infinite possibilities.

Whether we regard ourselves as parts of a living whole, 'whose body Nature is and God the soul,' or whether we feel that as we ourselves are self-conscious, therefore the living fountain of Being must be self-conscious and intelligent, our thoughts can make little or no difference to the facts, although they may affect our own conscious attitude. In many of us the thought of relationship, the emotion of filial affection, is so strong that we delight to speak of the Supreme Being as 'Our Father,' and picture ourselves as His children. This idea seems to bring us into close, personal contact with the All-Good, and give us encouragement in all the troubles and cares of life. As Miss Belle V. Cushman says:—

As children of God, we lay hold on the force
That created the worlds, and receive from that source
The strength for all need, the wisdom to guide,
The comfort and peace that forever abide.

The voice of the world may arise to our ear,
And the cry of the senseless, Lo there! and Lo here!
But to him who is seeking for truth, it is given
To know that within is the Kingdom of Heaven.

When the knowledge of this truth dawns upon us, we experience the 'uprush' of spiritual awareness and comprehension, and then it is we feel that the law of the spirit is our law—we hear the voice within calling to us and admonishing us—

Oh! be strong then, and brave—pure, patient, and true—
The work that is yours let no other hand do;
For the strength for all need is faithfully given
From the fountain within you—the Kingdom of Heaven.

VERAX.

A PRACTICAL ADDRESS.

Lecturing before the Psycho-Therapeutic Society on the 12th inst., Dr. J. Stenson Hooker dealt with 'feeding and fasting,' and advocated the two meals a day plan as a preventive of catarrh, influenza, dyspepsia, liver affections, &c. The longer interval between meals is, he claimed, 'one of the cardinal secrets of a perfect digestion.' Besides physical fitness, mental clarity is also gained. The time for these two meals must largely depend on circumstances, but Dr. Hooker thought that about eleven a.m. or twelve noon and about six or seven p.m. would be the best in most cases. He said that he believed 'in the ultimate spiritualisation and higher organisation of the race,' and that in this process flesh-eating must go. He fasted for fourteen days with much benefit. 'It is,' he said, 'essentially a cleansing process, and is especially good for such diseases as gout, rheumatism, dyspepsia, internal troubles and growths, diabetes, gravel, obesity, paralysis, blood diseases and skin affections.' 'Suggestion' treatment should be added. A bright, hopeful attitude of mind and faith in the process as a renovator of health should be maintained. Mr. George Spriggs ably presided.

THE J. J. VANGO FUND.—Since our issue of December 10th, we have received from Mrs. H. P., £2 2s.; and from Mr. H. L. J., £1 1s. for the fund for Mr. J. J. Vango.

SIGNOR SABATINI informs us that he has received applications for permission to make reproductions of his picture, 'There is no Death,' similar to that which accompanied 'LIGHT' of November 12th, from Paris, Denmark, Holland, and Berlin, and that a considerable number of persons continue to visit the Mendoza Gallery, in New Bond-street, to inspect the original. We are pleased to know that this effort to arouse public interest in Spiritualism is meeting with success.

OFFICE OF 'LIGHT,' 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
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Christmas and the New Year.

With this issue of 'Light' we send hearty Christmas Greetings and Good Thoughts to all our Friends—and, if we have any, to our Foes as well, with the strong wish that they too may become friends. In the coming year may they all be abundantly blessed, in all ways, always!

NO ROOM IN THE INN.

That is a wonderfully beautiful Story of the birth of the little Jesus: so beautiful that it ought to repress a great deal of anyone's desire to cross-examine it. What does it really matter if it is a blend of legend, astrology, poetry, adoration, folk-lore, mysticism, love? Anyway, at Christmas, we are quite ready to take it as it is—Herald angels, shepherds, stable, manger, the star of wonder, wise men from the East, and their treasures of gold and frankincense and myrrh. If it did not all happen so in history, it happened in the world of inspired imagination: and, if there is any truth at all in 'thought-forms,' thought-forms might just as well come to us from the unseen as go from us into the unseen; and, in some golden wonder-sense, it may all have happened in its own way beyond our poverty-stricken commonplaces, in some enchanting world whose commonplaces are not poverty-stricken but magical beyond our comprehension, and creative beyond our ken.

Anyway, here is the Story, and we are not going to be hustled out of it to-day by any Higher Criticism or New Theology or Old Astrology. We want every bit of it for Christmas. If the clever people who seem to know all about it will call again,—say next August,—we will listen to them in a gossip under the apple trees, or strolling in the green pastures and by the still waters, but, while the weather is what it is, we cannot afford to do without the shepherds and the angels, the stable and the manger, the magic star and the seers, and their gold and spices mixing with the hay.

Then, when you come to think of it, one can imagine a good Spiritualist indulging in the idea that the Story has been believed in long enough and passionately enough to actually make it true, and in quite a splendidly transcendent sense. Talk about 'thought-forms'! Why, for something like eighteen hundred years, millions of happy little artists of imagination—to say nothing of their fathers and mothers—have been at work, drawing it, painting it, describing it, singing about it, covering it all over with little magic stars. Why, there have been carols enough piped and sung to make it all true in a world more real than London: and it is quite conceivable that troops of little children who go to Heaven this Christmas will see it all—angels and shepherds, and stars and seers, and the stable and the frankincense and myrrh and gold. Why

not? 'We are such stuff as dreams are made of'; and the realities of Paradise are made of immortal dreams.

But now, apart from all this, there is just one touch in the Story which, though so singularly simple, goes far to suggest its spiritual significance. In its pretty artless way, it says: 'And Mary brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.' No room for Jesus Christ in the inn! Whatever could have possessed the writer, to put it so calmly? He had set himself to tell the story of the Saviour of the world; and here he is coolly beginning, by saying, in an off-hand way, that when he came the inn was full, and the landlord engaged, and the people in possession unconcerned.

If he knew what he was doing, he was one of the supreme writers of the world. We can quite well imagine him penning this satiric touch, and just letting it stand without a remark, but with a grand smile on his lips, as though he were thinking: 'Here came the King of the world, heralded by angels, and there was no room for him in the inn!' But he did not write his thought. Another word would have spoilt the colossal record, 'there was no room for them in the inn.'

It is a symbol. Either it is inevitable or it is God's way of working—that the creative powers, the mighty messengers, come from below, from the caves, the stables, the mangers, not from the familiar resorts, the vulgar commonplaces, the inn. There is no room there, certainly no welcome there, for the spiritual kings. In the inns, money is the standard, and values are determined by fashion, and welcomes are measured by rank, and the conventional standards and opinion and talk are the standards of the generally accepted. There is no room for the rebel or the heretic there; or, if there ever is, he has to go outside of his own accord for self-possession and freedom.

Wagner understood it when he pictured his Christ, his Parsifal, as an utterly unconventional child of Nature for whom, at the beginning, there was no room in the Hall of the Holy Grail. It was necessary that he should be a simple child of Nature, unacquainted with the ways of the world and even with the ways of the organised Holy Brotherhood, that he might develop solely on the lines of his own guileless nature, and begin with the cave as Christ began with the stable.

Paul understood it too when he said, with such keen insight, 'Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty: and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are.' A profound and wondrous saying!

All history manifests its truth, and in all the arenas of life. Reformers, heretics, rebels, askers for credentials from possessors of power, strong strikers-out for big thoughts, heaven-sent visionaries, saints and saviours, nearly always answer to Paul's description of the instruments of God. And it is all true to-day; every bit as true as ever it was, for new Christs are coming continually, and it is Advent time all the year with God. There are amongst us to-day Christs in such humble guise, and so poorly regarded, with such utter ignoring by the tenants of the inn, that men would only laugh if the angels could make themselves heard to herald them. And perhaps that is the reason why the angels are not heard. The shepherds naturally lived nearer to the angels, with their

fields and sky and stars, than London clerks with their stuffy offices and music halls and 'Evening News.' How can the angels get through all that?

And then there is Spiritualism itself. A little while ago it was also true of it that there was no room for it in the inn: and God seemed once more to be choosing the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty. But it is altering. The inn is open to us, and we need not nestle in the stable unless we prefer it: and yet, to tell the truth, it is not yet quite clear whether the old manger was not somehow nearer to the angels than the commercial travellers' room.

DR. A. R. WALLACE'S GOSPEL.

Dr. Alfred R. Wallace, according to Mr. Harold Begbie in 'The Daily Chronicle,' recently said: 'There seems to me unmistakable evidence of guidance and control in the physical apparatus of every living creature. . . it may not be possible for us to say how the guidance is exercised and by exactly what powers; but for those who have eyes to see and minds accustomed to reflect, in the minutest cells, in the blood, in the whole earth, and throughout the stellar universe—our own little universe, as one may call it—there is intelligence and conscious direction; in a word, there is mind! . . . I think that we have got to recognise that between man and the ultimate God there is an almost infinite multitude of beings working at tasks as definite and important as any we have to perform on earth. I imagine that the universe is peopled with spirits—that is to say, with intelligent beings, with powers and duties akin to our own, but vaster, infinitely vaster. . . I do not mean that the control is absolute, or that it is of the nature of interference. The control is evidently bound by laws as absolute and irrefragable as those which govern man and his universe. It is certainly dependent on us in a very large measure for its success. I believe we are influenced, not interfered with. . .

'I cannot examine the smallest or the commonest living thing without finding my reason uplifted and amazed by the miracle, by the beauty, the power, and the wisdom of its creation. Have you ever examined the feather of a bird? I almost think a feather is the masterpiece of creation. No man in the world could make such a thing. Someone has said that a single feather from a heron's wing is composed of over a million parts! . . . Watch a bird sailing high above the earth in a gale of wind, and then remind yourself of the lightness of its feathers. And those feathers are airtight and waterproof, the perfectest vesture imaginable.

'Evolution can explain a great deal: but the origin of a feather, and its growth, this is beyond our comprehension, certainly beyond the power of accident to achieve. The scales on the wing of a moth have no explanation in evolution. They belong to Beauty, and Beauty is a spiritual mystery. Even Huxley was puzzled by the beauty of his environment. . . For my own part, I am convinced that at one period of the earth's history there was a definite act of creation, that from that moment evolution has been at work, guidance has been exercised. . . Materialism is as dead as priestcraft for all intelligent minds. There are laws of Nature, but they are purposeful. Everywhere we look we are confronted by power and intelligence. The future will be full of wonder, reverence, and a calm faith worthy of our place in the scheme of things.'

Dr. Wallace recognises the power and inspiration of the prophet teacher, the man who 'speaks forth' for righteousness and love, and he is as firm a believer in moral education as a means of human progress as were Dr. A. J. Davis, Dr. Rodes Buchanan, and other Spiritualist pioneers. He says:—

Why don't we try to make the national life more beautiful and elevated? This is our aim with our families. Why not extend the aim to our nation? Life is such a grand thing. Its opportunities are so splendid. Let us give up quarrelling, and take seriously to helping one another.

EXPERIMENTS WITH MEDIUMS.

ADDRESS BY VICE-ADMIRAL W. USBORNE MOORE.

On Thursday evening, December 8th, Vice-Admiral W. Usborne Moore delivered an Address entitled, 'Phenomenal Spiritism: My Experiments with Mediums,' to a meeting of Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, held at the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, Mr. H. Withall, vice-president, in the chair.

(Continued from page 605.)

The next case is not so clearly cut. I asked Mrs. Georgia, by letter, to sit at 10 a.m., February 4th, 1909, in Rochester, and said that I would ask Dr. Hudson to carry a message for me. Purposely I concealed from her what city I should be in; indeed, I did not know myself. This was the message:—

Will you please tell 'your girl,' Mrs. Georgia, at Rochester, that I will see her on Monday next; that I have talked with you here; and that you think her play will be a success, and be appreciated by the public. Tell her I now understand why you have been able to do so much for us both.

This was projected from Detroit, Michigan. Hudson wrote through the hand of Mrs. Georgia at Rochester:—

The Admiral is in a hotel opposite Old City Building on the fourth floor, in a city on a lake. Day is cold and dreary; he is rather tired and exhausted; tell him rushing about too much, he should restrain his forces. I can't just get the message, so I will say there is an attractive dining room which is a feature of the hotel. He has had breakfast. His message is telling me he expects to have splendid results from the Hudson sitting. He tells me he is convinced of the immortality of the soul.

He has not found out about the Hudsons; he must speak of 'Hudson,' that's me, in your address; many people have accepted my hypothesis of the subconscious. I want him to say that he has heard from me. He must be very quiet and not over-exert himself. My girl will sit for him here, and in N.Y. for James and Hyslop in concert. I shall bring F. W. H. Myers and Dr. Hodgson if I can. T. J. H.

Two hours after this Hudson came to me at the house of a trumpet medium called 'Kaiser' in Detroit, and spoke to me in the direct voice in the dark. He said he had done his best to impress 'the light' but thought that he had only partially succeeded. I wish to point out that, although my message was not accurately carried, Hudson had transferred my thoughts. I was just then feeling unwell; I was looking for the Hudsons in Detroit (the author died there); I was writing a lecture, and I was expecting great results during the following week from sittings for Hudson script through the hand of Mrs. Georgia. As for his prophecy that the lady would sit with me and James and Hyslop in concert, it happened that she paid a visit to New York a month later, and she did sit in my room, not for Professor James, but for me, Dr. Funk and Professor Hyslop. This séance no human being could foresee; it was quite unexpected on February 4th.

There is one feature of Hudson's script of February 4th which deserves strict attention. I should be glad if any investigator can throw a light upon the subject. The hotel that he describes is not the one I was in at the time, but the one I had lodged in three weeks before—the 'Pontchartrain'—opened during the previous year. It is opposite the City Hall; it has a magnificent dining-room; and my room was on the fourth floor. When I sat with Mrs. Georgia, at Rochester, a few days later, I asked the spirit why he had described a hotel I was not in when he took the message. His reply was, 'When I came to you at K.'s [meaning Kaiser] I did not wait to go home with you, as another spirit wanted to come in; therefore I did not see the Cadillac Hotel.' He went on to describe a friend of his at Detroit with whom he had seen me talking, gave his Christian name and surname, and added a very unflattering account of this gentleman, down to his weight in pounds avoirdupois, that I cannot give here, but every word of which I believe to be true.

Mrs. Georgia knew nothing of my movements at the time of this experiment; she had been to Detroit with her parents, as a little girl, in 1889, but knew nothing of its new hotel nor of the 'Cadillac'; and she was an absolute stranger to Dr. Funk and Dr. Hyslop.

I once tried this experiment of message-carrying with Mrs. Endicott, of Brixham. Her control 'Violet' came to my room and informed her medium, not what I was doing at the preconcerted minute, but what I was employed about in the course of that morning. I think it will be found that the engrossing occupation of the time can be transferred by a spirit from one person to another, but *not* the transitory action of any particular minute or five minutes. It is the *mind*, or, perhaps, the *aura*, that is read.

Hudson was as good as his word and did bring F. W. H. Myers and Richard Hodgson to Mrs. Georgia. The former I did not know at all in life; the psychic had never heard of him. On 11th February, 1909, Hudson wrote as follows:—

I will bring Dick Hodgson the next Tuesday, and Mr. Myers tells me he will try and tell what message he sealed to his friends in England that no medium has ever read. It is in a dark walnut desk and is in three envelopes; he tells me he has quite forgotten what he wrote, but that it was a silly jingle that no medium could ever guess, as it is a little jingle; it has been forgotten, as Myers has been dead almost ten years. The Society has it, I don't know but it is a member of R.S. [Royal Society]. I can't see who has it, but you will find out it is a very trivial little jingle. You would expect some esoteric thought, would you not? Myers says he is too old to get here before Tuesday. He would be tired. Hodgson is younger; he wants me to say he has disappointed all his old friends, and he is sorry. . .

On February 15th the handwriting was strangely altered from former records; the script ran: 'I am very weak to-day. Myers drags on. This is Richard Hodgson. I want you to talk to my girl. We can hear your voice, no more.'

Q.: Who is writing now?

A.: I saw him at Piper's sitting. Myers.

Q.: Will you give us something as a test. As I did not know you when you were in earth life it would be the more valuable.

A.: I will tell you when I am stronger. If you will put your hand upon the pencil, I might gather strength. [I put my hand upon the pencil.] You are a very strong force. You can write. You will write.

On February 19th Mrs. Georgia wrote: 'I am the founder of the Psychical Society. I was the first President of that Society.'

Q.: Are you Professor Sidgwick?

A.: I died in Rome. No, I am Frederick William Henry Myers. I was at Trinity and (sic) Cambridge.

Q.: Delighted to hear of you, Mr. Myers. Please give me some test.

A.: I promised I would come back if it were possible, and left a jingle, but I can't remember it. I wrote a great many verses in my time as well as my prose work. I wrote the Scientific Future Life, prose; and St. Paul, poetry. I wrote seven books in all. I died in Rome. I was born 40's. I can't stay, but February 6th is the date. Tell L. and C. you saw me. . . 43 was the year of birth. [All correct.]

On February 25th Myers came again, but did not give anything more to prove his identity except the following: 'Here is my signature—F. W. H. Myers. I never used anything but initials.'

It would be interesting to know if it is true that Mr. Myers never signed with anything but initials. Miss Johnson tells me that what he left behind was not a 'silly little jingle.' It is, of course, possible that what Miss Johnson thinks serious, Myers might recall vaguely as just the opposite. The psychic never heard of Myers before February 4th, 1909, and I knew very little about him.

Nearly half of Mrs. Georgia's script was of a private character and about matters of which she could not have known anything normally. One day in February she wrote that a certain person was coming to see my wife. The name was an uncommon one. On my arrival at home six weeks later I found that, on the date she wrote, the man in question had just arrived.

After my departure for England, Mrs. Georgia took in one or two messages from my guide, and then all writing ceased. Dr. Hudson never returned. She tells me that my presence is essential to successful sittings. I have actually no receptive mediumistic gift whatever, but I have been assured by many psychics that I give out some sort of strength which enables them to be more effective in transmitting messages. They call it 'the healing gift.'

While I was at Rochester, owing to the great kindness of some friends, I had two or three sittings with the aged Mrs. French; a full account of this psychic is given in 'The Psychic Riddle.' How any sane person can imagine that the sounds which issue from 'Red Jacket' or 'The Laughing Spirit' are projected in a normal manner by this deaf and very frail old lady I cannot conceive.

I pass on now to Ben Jonson and his wife in Toledo, Ohio. I described their séances in 'LIGHT,' 1909, page 254. Two years have elapsed; I have gone over and over again in my mind what I saw; I have discussed various points with others; I am absolutely without any explanation to offer except that of Spiritism. The psychics were (for, at any rate, half the séance) both in full view and never near one another; the woman always in view; the light was generally good enough to read a watch with a white face; there was no possibility of confederates, and the séances were held between 2 and 4 p.m., when the presence of anyone outside the house would be detected by their footprints in the snow. One feature in the Jonsons' séances impressed me much. The forms were not the same height on different afternoons; it seemed as if the climatic and other conditions affected the power to make up well or indifferently. I have seen the form that claimed to be Cleopatra sometimes 5ft. 10in. or 5ft. 11in. in height and at others 5ft. 3in. or 5ft. 4in., and so with others. Every kind of dematerialisation took place in my presence; the forms fell over suddenly to the right or to the left; they doubled up, facing me; they sank into the floor sometimes slowly, at others quickly; I have seen them dematerialise from feet upwards; and, occasionally, they faded away as they stood. Many figures formed outside the cabinet.

The first séance I had with the Jonsons was on January 4th, 1909. There were three other sitters. The light was sufficient for us to recognise each other at a distance of eight or ten feet. The proceedings were somewhat unusual; the cabinet curtains were drawn back and a screen 3ft. 6in. high drawn across the lower half of it. The medium and two of my friends sat touching this screen with their backs to it; Mrs. Jonson, a third friend and I sat facing them, the two rows of chairs being four feet apart. Jonson and his wife were opposite to one another at the end of the rows. I was in the centre of one row, holding Mrs. Jonson's left hand; one of my friends opposite to me holding Jonson's right.

The light was far too strong for any full-form manifestations, and they were not expected. First a pair of delicate hands showed above the screen; then at various times single hands appeared of different sizes, one with a ring on one of the fingers. The right side of the face of the sitter furthest from the Jonsons was stroked by a hand plainly visible to me and my left-hand neighbour. I rose from my chair and took both of Jonson's hands in my right hand; stretching out my left over the head of his neighbour, I was touched by a visible hand in the cabinet. Two hands appeared simultaneously four or five times. A graphophone, the mouth of which showed beyond the right side of the cabinet, played several times; the starting lever was out of reach of Jonson.

Two notes to sitters were thrown out of the cabinet. I threw my handkerchief over the screen; in a few seconds it was thrown back to me with hard knots in three of the corners. Jonson was all the time in partial trance.

One of the *habitués* of Jonson's cabinet is a girl with long streaming hair, called 'Viola.' One Saturday afternoon I was sitting with Mrs. Jonson alone in the cabinet when this spirit spoke in the dark, and said she knew I was coming to a séance on Monday afternoon with my friends, and added, 'You see I scare Ande Z.' (mentioning one of the ladies of the

party). I replied that I hoped she would not frighten the lady. She said, 'I not hurt her but I make her jump.' I said nothing to my friends. When Monday came, and we were half way through a very interesting séance, I heard an exclamation of startled surprise from Mrs. Z., who was four feet distant on my left, and there was 'Viola,' who had suddenly appeared in front of her. On another occasion, I saw 'Viola' appear suddenly four feet outside the cabinet and some eleven feet away from the medium.

Jonson is the only medium I have heard of in the present day who is in full view the same time as the forms. He is controlled all the time by an Indian called 'Grayfeather.' I have seen him, clearly, standing up beside two forms nearly as tall as himself, and I have held him while forms were about and talking to the sitters. Séances in the house of one of my friends were as successful as those in his own house.

Mrs. Alexander, of the same city, is a medium for 'etherialisations' and the 'direct voice' in the dark. The interest of the séance I had with her lay in a remarkable incident that happened, showing how easy it is for a phenomenon to fail when there is too much anxiety. On the way to the house my friend, Mr. Z., and I picked up a mutual friend, a Mr. Y., and, after some difficulty, persuaded him to accompany us. Shortly after the séance began the phantasm of a man approached him. He had a strong feeling of intuition as to the identity, but demanded his name. No answer! Again the question was asked, 'What is your name?' I heard a gasp, 'Can't give it now.' Our attention was diverted to other phantasms and my friend's anxiety to learn the name was in abeyance. Nearly half an hour elapsed, when suddenly there was a hoarse shout from the ceiling of the room, 'I'm Lea.' This was the name of Mr. Y.'s deceased brother whose form he thought he had seen.

Many curious things happened at this séance, but time does not permit of a full description.

As regards Miss Ada Besinnet, I have little to add to what I wrote in 'LIGHT' last year (p. 279). We shall hear a great deal more of this young lady; Dr. Hyslop studies her attentively every year. I was much impressed with the fact that when I sat with her in a friend's house, and controlled her right hand with my left, lights issued not only from her body, but from mine; her face also was illuminated. The last time I sat with her, her mother was the only other person present; there was not a complete circle. A table weighing over a hundredweight moved laterally many feet and was levitated; it swayed backwards and forwards in silence, showing conclusively that it was entirely free from the floor. On this occasion an event occurred of a private character showing that a near relative of my own was present, and making herself known in a totally unexpected fashion. A few days later I was sitting with Mrs. Georgia, and a communication was made through her automatic mirror-script proving conclusively that the same relative (who had passed away over a quarter of a century) was influencing the psychic, and that her desire was to refer directly to the event which had happened at Toledo. The distance between the two psychics is one hundred and fifty miles. They do not know one another even by name; Mrs. Georgia was not aware that I had sat with Miss Besinnet; nor did Miss Besinnet know that I was going to Rochester.

It is this correlation of experiences with different mediums that strikes one so much in the United States. You sit with one psychic in, say, Iowa, and you find that the events of the séance are alluded to through another in Michigan or New York. I have known the same thing occur in England, but it is very rare. I have sat in a private house with Mr. Williams one afternoon, and the next evening with Mr. Husk. On the latter occasion 'Uncle' has spontaneously informed me that on the previous afternoon he had seen me sitting between two friends, whom he named accurately. Mr. Williams had no knowledge of what I intended doing the following day.

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING EXPERIENCES: PSYCHICAL AND OTHERWISE.

The following experiences during the years that I was a private writing medium may be of interest to the readers of 'LIGHT':—

While residing in South America we were visited by a terrible epidemic of yellow fever. It raged that year all through the tropical parts of the great continent. To enter into details of such outbreaks, when the thermometer stands at nearly 100 in the shade, would be too harassing. I will, therefore, only mention the loss of a valued friend, a loss which seems almost as great now as it did twenty-four years ago. He was then only twenty-six years of age, and had before him a brilliant career. No wonder it was agony to him to leave this world, apart from his physical sufferings.

He always felt the presentiment that he would never get away alive from that 'plague-stricken spot,' and I often begged him to go home as his constitution was not fit for a tropical climate. Everybody saw this, and he could easily have got his employer's permission, but he always got irritable when I mooted the subject, and told me he would 'stick to his post,' come what might. He lived quite close to us (the bungalows being divided by a tallish wooden fence separating the 'yards,' which were only the seashore) and was our almost daily visitor. Sometimes when he found me silent and thoughtful, a mood I often indulged in, he would touch my arm and ask: 'Well, what are you thinking about?'

'The next world,' I mostly answered, for such was the case; and he would reply: 'Let us talk about other things—the weather, for instance,' he added jokingly.

The last evening he came up to us before his death he looked ill and shivered repeatedly. I noticed it, but did not say anything. He turned to me and said impatiently, 'Don't look at me.' Presently he rose and bade us good-night. This occurred on a Saturday evening; the following Thursday his body was buried.

The night he died many of the village natives gathered outside his bungalow, some of them were sobbing; they all loved him.

I sat on the stairs of our bungalow waiting for the dispenser; it was a dark, hot night—pitch dark, like only tropical darkness can be—the sea was covered with swarms of dead locusts which had passed over the village, savanna and bay towards the forest for several days, and dropped by millions in their flight. The thermometer stood at 99, and a heavy thunderstorm was raging across the sea over the Andes mountains. Presently I heard the man's step, and he came close up to me. I could see by the dull light of the hanging lamp that he looked white and careworn.

'Mr. — is gone?' I questioned quickly.

'Yes, Mrs. W., and this is an envelope containing a lock of his hair, which you asked me to cut off to send to his mother. You are not afraid of it?' he continued, looking hard at me.

'Afraid, no, of course not; thank you very much. Was his death, I mean his last hour, very painful?'

'It is always sad to see the young die: he fought against death, he was terribly cut up, painfully loth to go.'

'Thank you for what you have done,' I answered, feeling as if speaking in a dream—the surroundings seemed to me at that moment unreal. 'Go and have a rest, Mr. D.,' I said; 'you look ill and worn out.'

The dispenser bade me good-night, and I walked into the room where my husband sat on one of the large South American hammocks, moving it slowly.

'Is — dead?' he asked in a startled way.

'Yes.'

'My God!' he ejaculated. 'Who is to go next?'

Looking back on those days I sometimes wonder where I got my calmness from—perhaps I was sustained from 'over the border.'

Although I had always feared the inevitable, the shock to me, and, indeed, to all who knew him, was great, for he was beloved by English as well as natives. My husband was very

much upset, for he also had a great regard for the young C. E.

The Chief Agent requested that my sons (children) and I should be sent to the station and village of La Luz, higher up in the forest, and we went the very day after my friend passed away, so I did not witness his funeral, for which I was thankful, as the ordeal would have been severe.

After a little over a month's stay with my children and servants at the house of the stationmaster (a Scotsman), I returned again to the seacoast, low-lying by the tideless bay, close to mangrove swamps, swarming with cayman and anancondas, sandflies and malaria mosquitos. I shall never forget that return. All the bungalows of the English were closed, except our own and that of the chief engineer, where also the company's offices were situated. Most of the English mechanics were either dead or had fled in terror to England. It was like living in the 'City of the Dead.' The natives, ignorant and fearful of infection, had thrown most of the everyday belongings of my late friend into the sea, quite close to the bungalow—hats, coats, boots, &c., were constantly thrown up on the shore by the restless waves, and the sight of them struck agony to my soul.

One night, when I was quite alone with my sleeping boys (servants always sleep out of the dwellings), my husband being at the mines for a fortnight's business, I took up a pencil, but without expecting any good results, as I had not done any automatic writing for nearly two years. To my surprise my hand wrote: 'If it had not been for my terrible grief to leave the world I should have had a very pleasant journey to the spirit plane—two spirits with huge wings stood by my bedside when I was dying and brought me to the spirit land.' Then my pencil suddenly stopped. Of course, this was a great surprise to me. Again the pencil moved: 'Send the lock of my hair Mr. D. cut off to my brother, that he can give it to my mother. I came with you to my grave last night in the moonlight. I am so glad I can speak to you; you have taught me better things than anybody, the worth of pure affection.' After that evening I often wrote, but frequently the control became strange, disjointed—reiterations and foolish questions were written down; perhaps others who had passed over round us disturbed the influences, and I gradually gave up writing for the time.

One evening, when alone, my husband said to me: 'Take your pencil. I want you to ask the spirits who was the thief who robbed me of the £300.'

There had been a deficiency in the cashier department according to the books. It was shortly after he had made the mines pay—at the beginning of his term of office—before I had joined him out there, and he suspected one of his subordinates. The case was never cleared up; some said it must have been lost through wrong entries, opinions were divided, but, as chief, my husband was responsible and had to refund it. It preyed on his mind, and although his subordinate indignantly denied the suspicion, he was generally looked upon as somewhat of an 'undesirable,' and was not treated very cordially.

When Mr. W. told me to ask the question, I hesitated and said: 'You don't get the best influences if you ask about money matters,' but he persisted, and to avoid unpleasantness I got paper and pencil. The first control wrote: 'I am the captain of the A—,' one of the 'ocean tramps' which brought fuel to the company and took back copper ore to Swansea. He had died suddenly of heart disease while I was at La Luz. He had become a personal friend during our stay in South America, and was a very kind-hearted and excellent man. The control continued: 'I am not happy, I don't understand how I am here with you.'

Here I may mention that during the worst time of the epidemic I one day saw the captain walking along the 'compound,' and called to him: 'You have no business on shore. Stop on your vessel while here.' (I was leaning over the verandah, our bungalow being built on tall iron poles to avoid the terrible miasmas which hung over the unhealthy coast after sunset.) He came across to me, and said:—

'I have been to see poor Captain J.; he is dying.'

I replied: 'Think of your family at home; your visits can do him no good, however kind you are.'

He was very stout, and I knew that the heat tried him.

'What about you, ma'am, and your dear boys?' he answered.

'You are very kind,' I said. 'We must manage; but go you back to your vessel, and promise me not to return before this awful fever is over.'

That was the last time I saw him alive.

I was told that when my friend died, the captain had paced the deck in utter despair. 'To think he is gone!' he exclaimed, in great agitation. 'Such a splendid, handsome young man! Dear, dear!'

I heard of the captain's death while at La Luz. The last mail used to arrive by the midnight train, between one and two a.m., and the messenger came knocking at the door of my bungalow every night, waking me up.

Always an indifferent sleeper out yonder, I got up quickly, put on my dressing-gown, opened the door, and took the letters for me. They were mostly from my husband or the chief, telling me of the death of so-and-so, sometimes as many as half a dozen. Only my boys were sleeping in the bedroom.

The bungalow was built close to the forest. I heard the roaring of the pumas and jaguars in the 'monte,' as the outlying shrubberies are called; the continuous 'cracking' of the millions of fireflies while swarming; the incessant hum of many different insects flying through the glassless iron-barred 'windows' and round the hanging lamps, which are always kept burning at night to repel the attack of the huge centipedes, scorpions, and various other nocturnal visitors, rarely welcome. The tropical night is full of sounds; it is the festival of the animal and insect worlds. In the heat of the day most of them take their siestas.

When I live over—in thought—those long-ago times, I fancy I can feel my heart ache with the same dull pain as it ached then, when I lived daily face to face with the 'great terror,' as death of the body is looked upon by the greater part of humanity. However, familiarity, even then, bred a kind of stoic indifference. I used to watch the coffins come up or down the line containing the remains of the English mechanics—strong men, whose life had been blown out suddenly like the flame of a candle in a matter of two or three days—and the prolonged horrors seemed at last to be part of the daily events. 'Pobresitos!' said the natives, with a shoulder shrug, and the sight was forgotten.

But I have allowed my pen to meander, and must get back to my controls.

After the sea-captain another control, claiming to be my late father-in-law, used my hand and wrote: 'Tell Will not to take shares when he goes back to his old employers' company' (a warning which turned out absolutely necessary and correct, my husband actually getting an appointment immediately on his return to London, and being asked to buy in the company, which eventually went into liquidation). After this message another control guided the pencil and wrote: 'We cannot tell you about the money. Mrs. R. was talking to Mr. B., a little dog barked.' Then a description was written of a certain part of the mountain connected with one of the entrances to the 'copper levels.'

My husband interrupted it and said quite crossly: 'I know that is wrong, for when I saw the place it was not so, but so and so.'

'Well,' I answered, 'I write as it is given to me, that is all.' As no more words came to my hand I put the pencil away.

About a fortnight later Mr. W. went up to the mines to pay the men, and when he came back home the first words he uttered were: 'What do you think?'

'I am sure I don't know,' I said, rather indifferently.

'Well, what you wrote about the appearance of the mountain was right to the letter. The recent heavy rains have made the earth and stones come down and closed up the entrance to the mine.'

I made no answer, as I felt rather annoyed at his previous positive statements about things he had not actually proved. About two months later we left for England.

(Mrs.) M. WOODMAN.

Freemantle Croft, Four-Marks,
Alton, Hants.

JOTTINGS.

In response to many inquiries we are pleased to be able to state that the London Spiritualist Alliance will reproduce the experiences of Mr. E. Dawson Rogers in book form as early as possible in the new year as a memorial to the late president. An esteemed correspondent writes: 'I think "LIGHT" has been more interesting than ever of late, and I am glad that it is keeping up to its high standard. Those articles on Mr. Rogers are very fine. His reminiscences are intensely interesting, and the simple manner of their telling will, I should think, influence many who would remain untouched by the writers who try to explain the, as yet, at any rate, quite unexplainable.'

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has some lofty ideals, and he is privileged beyond most men in being able to set in motion agencies by which they may possibly be realised. His latest project will commend itself to all lovers of humanity, and if the trustees who have to administer his recent munificent gift of two million pounds 'for the promotion of perpetual peace and the abolition of war' succeed in their labours, he and they will earn the blessings of the world. There can be 'no such word as fail' when the object to be achieved is one that is in tune with the ideals and aspirations of the best and noblest minds in all lands—including spirit land! Surely this Christmas the angels' song of 'Peace on earth, goodwill to men,' will be sung with greater fervour and hope than ever before!

The fact that many absurd and fictitious statements find currency in reference to prominent persons of recent times is enough to make the thoughtful very sceptical with respect to allegations about the doings and misdoings of men and women of by-gone days. We refer to this because a correspondent draws our attention to an assertion which appears in 'Lucifer,' of July 15th, 1894, to the effect that the sign of the pentagram, traced with a pencil and hidden in the pocket of a visitor, sufficed to 'put a stop to all Home's (the American medium's) phenomena, making him tremble in every limb and entreat the people present to untie him and to show him the talisman which one of them must surely have.' Our only comment on that wholly uncorroborated assertion is this—the people who will believe such a yarn will believe anything that they wish to believe.

Mr. Edward Clodd closes a review in the 'Daily Chronicle' of Dr. A. R. Wallace's new book with a reference to the author's Spiritualism, which he speaks of as a 'strange aberration,' and says that it is to this 'we owe the commendation of the writings of the conjuror-medium, Stainton Moses.' This gratuitous insult to the memory of our dead friend—who in no sense of the word was a 'conjuror' (we suppose conjurer is meant)—but was a genuine medium, a man of high attainments and sound principles—is in all probability one of the results of Podmore's slanderous insinuations respecting him. Stainton Moses shares with D. D. Home the dubious honour of being a target for the shafts of the falsifiers. Indirectly it is a testimonial—men do not trouble to malign others when they can cope with them by fair means. The facts of the mediumship of both Home and Moses are too well substantiated to be controverted: hence these attempts to defame them. The worst of it is, however, that when once a lie gets started it is impossible to overtake and kill it.

We regret to say that we have received from Italy an intimation that several gentlemen who have attended some of Lucia Sordi's séances, the medium mentioned in 'LIGHT' of December 3rd, have considerably modified their opinions as to the genuineness of the phenomena they have witnessed. An article has been published in the 'Corriere della Sera' in which the writer makes some serious charges against the medium—but concludes with the admission that 'all the tricks of the medium happen when she is in a magnetic sleep' and thinks her case is one that is worth studying. Signor Marzorati, the able Editor of 'Luce e Ombra,' however, holds that trickery was out of the question when, after the medium had been securely locked inside the wooden cage, she was shortly afterwards found outside. We await further information, and hope that the genuineness of the manifestations will be fully established.

A special Christmas number of 'Healthward Ho,' Mr. Eustace Miles's magazine (6d.), has been issued in which, among other interesting features, Mrs. Eustace Miles talks thoughtfully and sympathetically about 'The Memory of our Never-to-be-Forgotten Ones,' and says that the message which the Christmas bells will carry to them will be 'We are thinking of you! We are thinking of you.' Mrs. Miles also contributes

a poem, 'founded on facts,' entitled 'The Cry of the Desolate,' in which the sad and terrible aspects of our civilised inhumanity, as revealed in the misery of the unfortunates who haunt the Embankment, are forcibly portrayed, and a moving appeal is made for the 'Free Soup Fund.' The Editor has a sensible straight talk in his 'Foreword,' and there are a number of other 'good things' suitable for all seasons as well as for Christmas.

'The Path,' price 4d., 3, Amen-corner, E.C., is a theosophical monthly, edited by D. N. Dunlop and C. Lazenby, B.A., published by the Lipika Press, the Blavatsky Institute, Hale, Cheshire. The Christmas Number, the sixth of the first volume, is full of good thoughts. In the first article, on 'The Christ-Birth,' we read that 'the saviours in the Northern nations have sprung forth filled with love and sympathy for all; they have freely poured forth their life for the race among whom they appeared, and their lives have been written in the Scriptures and myths by the Masters of human destiny according to the incidents in the light of the sun, whose continual sacrifice they showed to man. And so, this Christmas season, we are reverently and lovingly commemorating the birth of every loving Saviour of men. It is the universal birthday of the solar gods. These saviours and lovers of our race are very many, and we may name Krishna, Gautama, Baldur, Python, Prometheus, Horus, Tammuz, Hercules, Bel Optis, Apollo, Dionysius, as well as our loved and beautiful comrade and lover Jesus, who have had their divine births into man's body celebrated on December 25th. . . . When one comes to study the solar, to enter into the allegory of the year and see the ever-recurring events of the seasons, the drama of Jesus becomes much more universal as a symbol from the mythical side, than as an historical life of a man only.' The whole article is illuminating. In a leader 'From the Editorial Chair' we read: 'We should try to humanise our mysticism.' We entirely agree.

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.

Auto-Hypnotic Suggestion.

SIR,—Dr. F. Gilbert Scott says that his point was 'that the different forms of suggestion and religio-medico therapeutics have done next to nothing in the way of preventive medicine,' and that 'as regards small-pox, "W. H. E." gives me no information as to what form of religio-medico therapeutics I am to use to prevent a threatened epidemic.' In my letter in 'LIGHT' of November 26th I distinctly stated that in the late Gloucester epidemic of small-pox two hundred cases were treated by laymen, other than qualified medical practitioners, without losing a single case, as compared with the death-rate of 75 per cent. of patients all compelled to be vaccinated as a part of the precious medical treatment. Here, then, is a striking example of the beneficent results of religio-medico treatment as compared with merely medical treatment. The suggestion plays its part, because until it was suggested that the people should ignore the doctors and take the matter into their own hands, the ghastly slaughter was still going on, and of these two hundred saved, according to the statistics, 75 per cent. would have been lost but for acting on the suggestion.

Now as to the prevention of epidemics by religious treatment. Before replying to this, I must first answer Dr. Scott's question as to my practical knowledge. After sarcastically referring to my remarks on the incompetence of the whole medical staff in the concentration camps in South Africa, he says: 'But may I ask if "W. H. E." has ever been in a responsible position, such as this? Does he speak from the theoretical or practical side? If from the latter, will he publish to the anxiously waiting medical profession his methods and statistics?'

To the first part I answer no! and, like him, sincerely regret I was not in charge with full authority in the concentration camps; because I could not have done worse, but should very probably have saved at least some hundreds of lives that were sacrificed. My reason for this regret is because I speak from the practical side, as for the past sixteen years I have been fully engaged in the practice of natural and magnetic healing, during which time I have dealt with many varieties of disease. I am what is called a spirit medium, and deal with disease from the religious standpoint.

Religio-medico treatment means medical treatment from the religious standpoint. The religious standpoint means

active intelligent work by the light of reason, backed up by faith in God to bless the labour. To keep this great principle of *faith in God* ever before the peoples of the earth, certain persons, by some virtues inherent within them, are taken up and their physical bodies controlled by disembodied spirits, so that they, in many cases, cure when all other means fail. A percentage of such mediums are in every grade of society, including doctors and clergy, and have always been so from time immemorial in all nations.

To prevent epidemics by religio-medico means, the nation must first learn why they are threatened with an epidemic and seek to remove the cause. In the case of small-pox it was discovered in the apathy and ignorance of the people in regard to sanitation. This being properly dealt with, small-pox vanished, and was only kept alive by such mad acts as at Gloucester and by vaccination.

True religion means 'doing unto others as you would have others do unto you.' Dismembering the organs by surgery is Satanic, and will react with terrible woe on all connected with that work.

In conclusion, I can only regret Dr. Scott's terrible statistics of 20 per cent. death-rate from injection by diphtheritic treatment, from the first to the fourth day, together with 46 per cent. of paralysis from the first to the third day (five on the first, sixteen on the second, and twenty-five on the third). It is quite time that these medical operations should be recognised as a criminal offence. Better the infection he so fears than such sentence of death.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. EDWARDS.

SIR.—The article and letter from Dr. Scott in 'LIGHT' of November 5th and December 10th on 'Auto-hypnotic Suggestion' are interesting, as showing that the author is an ardent investigator, and that he wishes, above all things, to be accurate in stating the facts which have led him to his conclusions. No one will be more concerned to find that the bases on which he has founded his conclusions are erroneous than he. He makes a statement to the effect 'that since the year 1874, when compulsory vaccination and re-vaccination were introduced into the Prussian Army, there has been no death from small-pox amongst those troops.' The real facts are: First, that the ordinance enforcing re-vaccination on all recruits in the Prussian Army came into force on June 16th, 1834, and provided for at least ten insertions in each arm; second, that between 1834 and 1887 there were 7,505 cases and 291 deaths from small-pox in that army. The reduction since 1874 has been due to improved sanitation chiefly. Leicester provides a control experiment proving this. By abandoning vaccination for sanitation she has reduced her general death-rate from twenty-seven per thousand to about thirteen per thousand, and, with over sixty thousand unvaccinated children in her midst, has got rid of the epidemics of small-pox which used to plague her when vaccination was universal. It is impossible to make true induction from false premisses; and this brings me to Dr. Scott's point, which is, that suggestion and religio-medico therapeutics are able to do next to nothing in the way of preventive medicine; which prevention, inoculations of vaccines and anti-toxins can, in Dr. Scott's hands, and in the hands of the medical staff of the Prussian Army, effectively bring about. I have shown the fallacy which has misled Dr. Scott in the case of the Prussian Army. The assumption that he could prevent other diseases of an epidemic by analogous inoculations is based on the *post hoc* inference only, and neglects the obvious fact that all epidemics have always ended. To assert that a discontinuous phenomenon intermits in consequence of some fortuitous happening is scarcely logical. Dr. Esdail's hospital in Calcutta, somewhere in the forties, proved conclusively the power of hypnosis in arresting disease and restoring health. Sanitation, in its widest sense, is the obvious means of preventing disease. The introduction of pustular matter, containing alien blood, into the life current of a patient seems more calculated to produce psychical and physical obsession than to obviate the inherent consequences of allowing insanitary conditions.—Yours, &c.,

A. PHELPS.

Edgbaston, December 12th, 1910.

Mr. A. J. Davis's Prophecies.

SIR.—Respecting the quotation from the 'Harbinger of Light' on page 605, permit me to point out that Mr. W. H. Terry is evidently in error. Mr. A. J. Davis may have 'propheesied in March, 1846, the discovery of two more planets belonging to our solar system,' but one of them could not have been Uranus, as it was discovered by Sir W. Herschel in 1781. In 1834 a suggestion was made that the disturbance in its orbit might be accounted for by a still more distant planet,

but the then Astronomer Royal, Mr. Airy, unfortunately pooch-pooched the idea.

In 1843 a young undergraduate, Mr. J. C. Adams, commenced a series of calculations to prove the position of the supposed planet, and in October, 1845, left the result of his labours with Mr. Airy who, instead of at once searching for the planet at the point indicated, again treated the suggestion with neglect. Thus the credit of the discovery of the new planet, now known as Neptune, was lost to this country, for in June, 1846, M. Le Verrier presented to the French Academy the result of his calculations, which was afterwards found to agree almost exactly with those given by Mr. Adams to our supine Astronomer Royal nine months previously. Thus directed to the precise part of the heavens, Dr. Galle, in Berlin, detected the planet in the latter part of September, 1846.—Yours, &c.,

H. BLACKWELL.

[In his manuscript, dated March, 1846, A. J. Davis described a planet that would be discovered, which description, in the main, tallied with Neptune. The discovery, as stated above, was made in September, 1846.—Ed. 'LIGHT'.]

An Appeal.

SIR,—Kindly permit me to appeal for help on behalf of the society meeting at Lausanne Hall, Peckham, S.E. We are offered the opportunity of purchasing for a few hundred pounds the freehold of the above premises. Our society consists entirely of working-class people, all good workers, but unable without assistance to buy the home they find so useful, and the loss of which, if another denomination buys it over their heads, will be a sore blow. Further particulars will be gladly furnished by the secretary on application.

Donations may be sent to Mr. F. Ball, treasurer, 107, Penton-place, S.E., or to,—Yours, &c.,

W. R. STEBBENS, Hon. Sec.

Lausanne Hall, Peckham.

P.S.—Terms can be arranged with the landlord if action be taken promptly.

Children's Lyceum.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to appeal to your readers for their generous help towards our Lyceum Children's Christmas tea and tree. The children are drawn from a very poor neighbourhood, and they need all the brightness that can possibly be brought into their lives. We shall be most grateful for contributions, however small. They may be sent to our president, Mr. Thomas, 10, Trott-street, Battersea, and will be duly acknowledged in 'LIGHT'.—Yours, &c.,

A. GOODWIN,
Lyceum Conductor.

SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, DEC. 18th, &c.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Owing to the Christmas Holidays, 'Light' must be sent to press next week earlier than usual, and we shall therefore be unable to print reports of Society Work in our next issue.

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—*Cavendish Rooms*.—Miss McCreddie gave fully-recognised clairvoyant descriptions and spirit messages. Mr. W. T. Cooper presided.—*Percy Hall*.—December 12th, Mrs. Mary Davies gave psychometric descriptions with great success. Mr. W. T. Cooper presided. Sunday next, see advt.—D. N.

SPIRITUAL MISSION: 22, Prince's-street.—Mr. J. J. Morse delivered a trance address on 'The Banished Christ'.—67, George-street, Baker-street.—In the morning Mr. Morse answered interesting questions. December 14th, Mr. Percy Beard gave well-recognised descriptions and helpful messages. Sunday next, see advt.—J. H. C.

CROYDON.—ELMWOOD HALL, ELMWOOD-ROAD, BROAD-GREEN.—Mrs. Wallis' address on 'Spirit Teachings' and the questions subsequently answered were much appreciated. Sunday next, at 7 p.m. only, Mr. W. G. Ray.

STRATFORD.—WORKMEN'S HALL, 27, ROMFORD-ROAD, E.—Mrs. Jamrach gave an interesting address on 'The Humanity of Jesus' and much appreciated clairvoyant readings. Sunday next, address by Mr. G. Tayler Gwinn.—W. H. S.

HACKNEY.—240A, AMHURST-ROAD, N.—Mr. A. H. Sarfas gave an address and excellent clairvoyant descriptions. December 25th, no meeting. January 1st, at 7 p.m., Messrs. G. T. Brown, G. T. Gwinn, and G. F. Tilby. Saturday, January 8th, 7 to 11 p.m., New Year's party.—N. R.

BRIXTON.—KOSMON HOUSE, 73, WILTSHIRE-ROAD.—Mr. Wadsworth gave an excellent address on 'Eventide' and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., address by Mr. Collins. Public service on Wednesday, at 8.15.—K.S.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—Mr. Horace Leaf gave an address and clairvoyant descriptions. Solo by Mrs. Inch. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Maunders and Mr. Wooderson, clairvoyance by Mrs. A. Smith; at 3, Lyceum. Circles, Monday, 7.30, Tuesday and Thursday, at 8.15 p.m.—G. T. W.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—SURREY MASONIC HALL.—Morning, Mr. W. E. Long spoke well on 'God,' answered questions, and gave personal messages. Evening, 'Incarnation' was ably treated. December 25th, at 11 a.m., special service, Mr. W. E. Long. 31st, 7 p.m., Social Party; tickets 1s.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—Mrs. A. Boddington gave interesting addresses and good clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, local workers will give addresses and clairvoyance. Wednesday, at 3 p.m., Mrs. Curry. Thursday, at 8, public circle.—A. M. S.

BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD.—HENLEY-STREET.—Mrs. Gordon gave an address on 'Is Spiritualism a Religion?' and clairvoyant descriptions. December 25th, 11.30 a.m., public circle; 7 p.m., Mr. Mills Tanner. Boxing Day, 7.30, social gathering. December 28th, at 8.15, Madame Betty; silver collection.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HAMPTON WICK.—Miss Fogwill gave an address on 'Phenomena,' and answered questions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Messrs. Welbelove, Bance, and Sharp will relate 'Interesting Experiences.' Mr. Beresford will recite 'Belshazzar'; Lyceum children and Miss Welbelove will sing.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL, LAUSANNE-ROAD.—Mr. E. W. Wallis, morning and evening, spoke on 'The Spirit's Instrument' and 'What Spiritualism can do for You,' and answered questions. 14th, Mrs. Neville gave recognised psychometric descriptions. Thursday, 29th, at 5, Children's Social Meeting. January 1st, Mr. H. A. Terry. 8th, Mr. F. Fletcher.—W. R. S.

HIGHGATE.—GROVEDALE HALL, GROVEDALE-ROAD.—Morning, Mr. J. Abrahall gave psychometric readings. Evening, Mrs. Mary Davies, after an inspiring address on 'Spirit Communion,' gave good clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mr. J. Abrahall. Wednesday, Miss Nellie Brown. January 1st, Mr. G. R. Symons; 4th, annual general meeting (members only).—J. F.

THE UNION OF LONDON SPIRITUALISTS will hold their annual Conference with the Hackney Society at their hall, 240A, Amhurst-road, on Sunday, January 1st, 1911. Evening meeting at 7 o'clock prompt. Speakers, Messrs. G. Tayler Gwinn, G. Brown, and Geo. F. Tilby. Solos and duets will be rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Alcock Rush.

BRISTOL.—16, KING'S SQUARE.—Mr. Willis spoke on the 'Life and Work of St. Paul,' and answered questions.—N. B.

BRIXTON.—84, STOCKWELL PARK-ROAD.—Mr. W. Underwood gave a good address on 'Atonement.'—A. B.

SOUTHSEA.—LESSER VICTORIA HALL.—Mr. A. Punter gave eloquent addresses on 'Ye are the Lights' and 'Peace.'

WINCHESTER.—ODDFELLOWS' HALL.—Mr. Frank Pearce gave a splendid address.—R. E. F.

BIRMINGHAM.—30, JOHN-STREET, VILLA CROSS, HANDSWORTH.—Morning and evening, Miss A. E. Colebourne spoke on 'Earnestness' and 'Progress,' and gave psychic readings.

PLYMOUTH.—ODDFELLOWS' HALL, MORLEY-STREET.—Mr. Clavis gave the address and Mrs. Pollard clairvoyant descriptions.—N. F.

LITTLE ILFORD.—CORNER OF CHURCH-ROAD AND THIRD AVENUE, MANOR PARK, E.—Mr. G. Tayler Gwinn spoke well on 'Peace on Earth,' and answered questions.—M. C. A.

CLAPHAM.—HOWARD-STREET SPIRITUALIST MISSION, NEW-ROAD, WANDSWORTH-ROAD.—Mr. Symons gave an address on 'White Robes.'—C. C.

FOREST GATE.—447, KATHERINE-ROAD.—Mr. H. G. Swift delivered an interesting address on 'Commonsense Spiritualism.' Miss Rhoda Aaron sweetly rendered a solo.

EALING.—15, GREEN VIEW, HIGH-STREET.—Mr. D. J. Davis gave an able address on 'The Modern Value of Spiritualism.'

LINCOLN.—PROGRESSIVE HALL, COULTHAM-STREET.—Mrs. Crowder gave addresses on 'Who Shall Roll Away the Stone?' and 'Belshazzar,' also clairvoyant descriptions.—R.

EXETER.—MARLBOROUGH HALL.—An address by Miss E. Barrett was followed by clairvoyant descriptions by Miss Barrett and Mrs. Letheren.

SOUTHPORT.—HAWKSHEAD HALL.—Inspiring addresses were given by Miss Annis Hibbert on 'The Parable of the Ten Virgins' and 'God is Love,' followed by clairvoyant descriptions.—H. I.

SOUTHAMPTON.—VICTORIA ROOMS, PORTLAND-STREET.—Mr. J. Walker spoke on 'The Church of the Future' and gave clairvoyant descriptions.—M. L. C.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.—MILTON-STREET.—Morning and evening, Mrs. Podmore gave excellent clairvoyant descriptions. Reading at night by Mr. Dupré.—J. A. W.

PORTSMOUTH PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—ABINGDON HALL, ABINGDON-ROAD, SOUTHSEA.—Mr. H. J. Nicholls gave excellent addresses.—R. B. E.

SOUTHEND.—SEANCE HALL, BROADWAY.—Mrs. Neville gave addresses at both services, her evening subject being 'Ministering Angels'; psychometry followed. Mr. W. Rundle gave clairvoyant descriptions.—A. B.

FULHAM.—COLVEY HALL, 25, FERNHURST-ROAD, MUNSTER-ROAD.—Mr. Richard Boddington spoke on 'Spiritualism: What is it?' and 'The Relation of the Physical to the Spiritual Body.'—H. C.

EXETER.—MARKET HALL, FORE-STREET.—Morning: Address by Mr. H. Lockyear, duet by Misses Pye and Lockyear. Evening: Address by Mrs. M. A. Grainger and clairvoyant descriptions.—H. L.

SEVEN KINGS, ILFORD.—5, SPENCER-ROAD.—Mrs. J. Miles Ord gave an address. 13th inst., Mr. J. L. Macbeth Bain spoke on 'The Spirit of the Giver,' and Mrs. Hayward followed with excellent clairvoyant descriptions.—W. M. J.

MANOR PARK.—CORNER OF SHREWSBURY AND STRONE-ROADS.—Mr. J. L. Macbeth Bain's address on 'The Mystical Christ' was a spiritual feast. December 15th, Mr. J. Coote gave an address and psychometric delineations.—T. B.

READING.—NEW HALL, BLAGRAVE-STREET.—Morning and evening Mr. P. R. Street gave addresses on 'The Coming Kingdom' and 'Of what use is Spiritualism?' also auric drawing. On the 14th and 15th a successful bazaar was held. Usual meetings during the week.—A. H. C.

BOURNEMOUTH.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, TOWN HALL AVENUE.—Morning, address by Mr. J. Hiscock and clairvoyant descriptions by Mr. J. Walker. Evening, Mr. H. Mundy spoke on 'The Message of Christmas' and gave clairvoyant descriptions.

PORTSMOUTH.—VICTORIA-ROAD, SOUTH.—Mr. Hector Lacey replied to questions in the morning and gave an address on 'The Valley of the Shadow of Death' in the evening. On the 14th a successful social gathering and concert. Messrs. Farlam, Johnson, Hopkins, Sibson, McFarlane, Mesdames Woodstock and Sibson, the Misses Stewart, Box, McVeigh, Snelling, Baldry taking part, with Mrs. Fielder as accompanist. Messrs. Godfrey and Co. kindly supplied the pianoforte gratuitously.—J. G. McF.

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