

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

No. 1,569.—VOL. XXXI. [Registered as] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1911. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

All statistics concerning Lunacy are misleading. Dr. Forbes Winslow predicts that we are steadily increasing the number of lunatics, and he even tells us that we can now calculate the time when the lunatics will be in the majority, and also, of course, when we shall all be mad. It all depends upon what our standard is. It is perfectly easy to imagine the advent of a person from some unseen plane of being who would judge that we are all mad now.

In past days, the standard was different, and tolerance and reticence were more common, and terror of the cruel restraints of 'madhouses' induced many to bear with relatives and friends, and statistics were not in vogue. But to-day, we are blest or cursed with every variety of scientific and tempting retreats, and there is every inducement to put the eccentrics away. Fancy doctors and keen experts keep statistics as a science, and it seems to be a part of the highly elaborate business of lunatic-mongering to make it out that the net must be thrown wider and that the store-houses must be increased. Oh, yes, the apparent increase of Lunacy is fairly easy to understand: and yet we are quite prepared to admit that, in proportion to the population, there are more lunatics than ever; but we would add that many of these are at large and quite elaborately esteemed.

A writer in 'The Occult Review' throws light upon the somewhat cryptic saying of Christ that we cannot enter the kingdom of God except we become as little children. It is customary to interpret this as referring to the innocence and docility of children; but the majority of children are apt to be naughty and disobedient, not to say downright rebellious.

The writer we refer to finds the explanation in another direction—in children's freedom from worldly interests, the affairs of business, and the bonds of mere intellect and lust. He refers to an opinion 'that children are nearer to the "unseen" than those who have attained maturity,' and says:—

If we assume that the personality of each one of us is spiritual and our human personality no more than a manifestation in our universe of this spiritual self, I think we may account for children, especially, manifesting this power of communication.

We are, all of us, timelessly in communication with the unseen. But to know that this communication takes place it must be manifest to us in our universe. Now, as time passes and we grow older, it is generally (not always) the case that we become more absorbed in sublunary matters. What must be the result of this absorption? It must not only divert our attention from the spiritual, but must, in itself, constitute a barrier against our awareness of the spiritual.

From time immemorial all those who have striven after

closer communion with the unseen have deliberately entered on a period of preparation during which they have educated themselves to attain a position of aloofness from human passions, human interests, human affairs. They have tried to free themselves from the bonds of intellect and earthly lust—to become as little children.

We hardly know what to do with 'The Apocalypse Unsealed: being an esoteric interpretation of The Initiation of Iōannēs (Ἀποκάλυψις Ἰωάννου) commonly called the Revelation of [St.] John,' with a New Translation; by James M. Pryse (London: J. M. Watkins). The book runs to two hundred and twenty-four excellently printed pages and is written with great seriousness and with scholarship of an unfamiliar kind: but we are quite unable to grapple with the author's treatment of the Book of The Revelation, which is taken altogether out of the region of events and is dealt with as a purely symbolic study of Man. The author himself describes this book as 'a manual of spiritual development and not, as conventionally interpreted, a cryptic history of prophecy.'

We are bound to say that the writer lays before us several curious 'riddles' or interpretations, and offers several extremely ingenious translations to support them; his study of the numbers and names that have long puzzled commentators being singularly piquant. Students who are fond of symbolism and who have a turn for symbolic interpretations of Scripture might find the book entertaining or even important.

The current number of 'The Quest' keeps well within its defined lines, and yet is generally attractive. 'The Negative Evidence for Survival,' by Mr. Fournier d'Albe, is rather novel, but we expect the conclusion of it in the next number will add to its special value. 'The Way of the Spirit in Ancient China,' by Mr. G. R. S. Mead, is chiefly notable for its lively little study of the gay philosopher, Chwang Tze, and an exposition of the significance of 'Tao,' puzzling enough but always tempting one on to inquire and find a solid affirmative on which to alight. Other articles have titles that are themselves provocative of appetite, such as 'A Great Anarchist' (Rousseau), 'Sin a Racial Experiment,' and 'The Two Spirits within me.' Quite a feast for sober and thinking souls.

We welcome Miss E. Katharine Bates' new book, 'The Psychic Realm' (London: Greening and Co.). It contains one hundred and twenty cleverly written pages of entertaining chat about a hundred things and thoughts in and concerning 'The Psychic Realm.' Miss Bates is a familiar dweller, a semi-detached observer and a sharp critic in that realm, and all she has to say is worth hearing or reading. She is sometimes just a trifle too censorious for some people's taste, but salt is good in its way, and certainly tends to preservation.

There is considerable confusion just now among our critics and condemners. Some say we are only telling lies

(though this is daily damping down); some cry 'Devil!' some keep on mumbling 'Telepathy'; some insist that our spirits are only the intrusion, or, rather, extrusion, of the internal lodger or part tenant, or sleeping partner of the selfhood. It would simplify matters if these people would agree upon something—whether, for instance, they want to put us down, or help us up, or let us alone. Perhaps one of them will imitate Lord Melbourne who, after a majority of his Cabinet had agreed to an eight shilling duty on corn, said, 'Now what are we to say about it? Is it intended to raise the price of corn, or to lower the price, or to keep it steady? I don't care what we say it is, only we had better all have the same story.'

It is generally supposed that John Stuart Mill was a non-believer in persistent life beyond bodily death; and so he was, in a degree: but a careful perusal of his writings, when he touched upon the subject, shows that if he was an agnostic he was an anxious one. Much could be said on this point. The following, from a letter of his to John Sterling, suggests what research would reveal:—

I have never so much wished for another life as I do for the sake of meeting you in it. The chief reason for desiring it has always seemed to me to be that the curtain may not drop altogether on those one loves and honours. Every analogy which favours the idea of a future life leads one to expect that if such a life there be, death will no further change our character than as it is liable to be changed by any other important event in our existence—and I feel most acutely what it would be to have a firm faith that the world to which one is in progress was enriching itself with those by the loss of whom this world is impoverished.

We have received from 'The Sanum Institute' (Edgware-road, London) a book by Mr. R. J. Ebbard, entitled, 'The Schroth-Ebbard Treatment: a modified form of the Schroth Treatment demonstrating how to eradicate Uric Acid and other blood poisons by self-treatment without medicine.' Of course we cannot discuss the book *pro* or *con* from the medical point of view, but we can safely say that it is very seriously and intelligently written, and that it is packed with practical suggestions which deserve consideration. We might go farther and say that many of its suggestions are valuable, and that the whole scheme suggests health.

SPIRITUAL PRAYERS.

(From many shrines).

Father, lead us! it is not the glorious end that affrights us, but the hazards that lie between, and the cares that beset us now. We are like children in the dark; and, like children, we are frightened by the dark. We know not what awaits us. Dangers and troubles lurk—just ahead, or a little farther on: at least, we imagine so. Father, take us by the hand. Lead us. Walk with us. Dwell with us and within us. We feel like strangers in a foreign land. We are strangers and we are in a foreign land. Heaven is our home. We are not afraid of Thee, Father. It is because of the way that we tremble. Be thou our Companion. 'Lead us gently home'! Amen.

A NEW and welcome step is being taken by Mr. T. O. Todd in connection with some of the London Spiritualist societies. In place of the constant change of speakers and mediums which has been customary, Mr. Todd's aim is to give, on successive Sunday evenings, consecutive teaching. In a series of four special addresses on 'Nature's Divine Revelation of the Pathway to Immortality,' he seeks to show that, in the light of a spiritual interpretation of the facts of life, religion and science are in accord. During February Mr. Todd will deliver his lectures at 8, Mayall-road, Brixton, each Sunday evening at seven o'clock. This is a move in the right direction.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

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

THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 16TH,

WHEN AN ADDRESS WILL BE GIVEN

BY

MR. JAMES I. WEDGWOOD,

ON

'THE SPIRITUAL PROGRESS OF MAN.'

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

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

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

- 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.—Madame d'Espérance (health permitting).
- 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.'

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

FOR THE STUDY OF PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—On Tuesday next, February 7th, and on the 14th, Mrs. Praed will give clairvoyant descriptions, at 3 p.m., and no one will be admitted after that hour. Fee 1s. each to Members and Associates; for friends introduced by them, 2s. each.

PSYCHICAL SELF-CULTURE.—On Thursday next, February 9th, at 5 p.m., at the Psychic Class, for Members and Associates only, Mr. E. W. Wallis on 'Psychometry and how to Practise It.' Discussion.

FRIENDLY INTERCOURSE.—Members and Associates are invited to attend the rooms at 110, St. Martin's-lane, on Friday afternoons, from 3 to 4, and to introduce friends interested in Spiritualism, for informal conversation, the exchange of experiences, and mutual helpfulness.

TALKS WITH A SPIRIT CONTROL.—On Friday next, February 10th, at 4 p.m., Mrs. M. H. Wallis, under spirit control, will reply to questions relating to life here and on 'the other side,' mediumship, and the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism generally. Admission 1s.; Members and Associates free. MEMBERS have the privilege of introducing one friend to this meeting without payment. Visitors should be prepared with written inquiries of general interest to submit to the control. Students and inquirers alike will find these meetings especially useful in helping them to solve perplexing problems and to realise the actuality of spirit personality.

'LEST WE FORGET': NOTABLE ANNIVERSARIES.

- February 5.—Robert Hannah, trs. 1909.
- " 7.—Sir Charles Isham, trs. 1903.
- " 7.—Robert Young (Sturminster Newton), trs. 1908.
- " 8.—Mrs. Catherine Withall, trs. 1893.
- " 10.—Pierre Gaston Leymarie, trs. 1901.
- " 10.—Peter Lee (Rochdale), trs. 1908.

'THE DANGERS OF SPIRITUALISM' have again been proclaimed by Father Benson, this time in a lecture at Bourne-mouth. In the local 'Visitors' Directory' of January 28th Mr. Vincent N. Turvey has a long, strong letter in reply, after reading which one feels that Father Benson, if he has perused it, realises by this time the truth of the adage that 'those who live in glass houses should not throw stones.'

WATCH TOWER PAPERS.

CONCERNING SEPTICS.

Many a simple, kindly investigator, having gained conviction of the reality of a future life, has incontinently rushed off to proclaim the fact to his fellows with effects that a more sophisticated person would have easily foreseen. Unless he chanced to be a veritable 'hot gospeller' of Spiritualism, the 'first fine careless rapture' of the new missionary has been speedily cooled by the indifference, cynicism, or good-natured raillery of his hearers. But even those with sufficient worldly wisdom to have anticipated such results must have found cause of perplexity in a certain class which positively loathes the idea of a life beyond. Sensitive, highly-wrought natures, in many cases, life has been a bitter draught to these persons, and their ideals mocked, their aims misunderstood and thwarted, the mind, as it were, has recoiled upon itself, and by an unnatural perversion has found comfort in the idea of ultimate extinction. What can one do with such people? The honest unbeliever may be answered, the bigot forced to think, the reviler silenced, but the man who fears and shuns the idea of immortality is a difficult proposition, and stands in a special category. He is a modern product, the outcome of the unnatural conditions of the world of to-day working upon a temperament too weak to make a healthy reaction. But mental conditions being fluid, such cases are by no means hopeless. In time Nature re-adjusts the distorted elements of the life, and the subject comes ultimately to regard the prospect of a future existence in an entirely different light. In the meantime, however, he remains a baffling problem to the spiritual missionary. Fortunately the type is rare, but the present writer has a poignant recollection of a man of high mental attainments—poet and musician—who confessed that he dreaded the idea of a continued existence to such an extent that a demonstration of its reality would infallibly drive him insane. 'One life is more than enough,' he said bitterly. The irony of it all was that the man was a psychic, with susceptibilities so delicate that (as he admitted) he felt interiorly that a spiritual life might be a fact—an awful fact! To such a degree of inversion may the life of the artist and thinker grow under the pressure of an inharmonious civilisation.

From such abnormalities our spiritual missionary turns with something like relief to the great thoughtless crowd, with its cheap witticisms and its few trite, superficial arguments. It presents a far more promising field in which to labour, being more natural, less prone to strong misdirections, and generally with a deep saving gift of common-sense. With their strong homely affections these folk have, as a rule, no academic prejudices against a *natural* life after death. A well-known literary critic in a recent conversation questioned the idea of the childless women in the next life cherishing and training up the infant waifs which this harsh world expels in such abundance through its ignorance and neglect. Although his mind was quite hospitable to spiritual thought, yet, to him, the future life was a kind of abstract region given up to angelic beings who had outgrown these earthborn occupations. That is not a mistake which the man in the street would make. Why should not some of the women 'over yonder' find their happiness in looking after neglected 'kiddies'? would express his point of view, founded on concrete experience, and that juster perception that comes of close contact with realities.

A third type is found in the materialistic sceptic, but he is rapidly becoming almost as rare as the psychically inverted class already dealt with. His old scientific dogmas are exploding and falling in fragments about him. Radium, electrons, and telepathy sound in his ears like 'ancestral voices prophesying war.' His skies are full of portents. He feels the pillars of his house quaking and is beginning to experience strange qualms. If he is a reasonable man—and he is generally a reasoner—he is tempted to wonder whether that lack of progression of which he so often accuses theology may not begin to apply to himself. He talks vaguely of the value of 'an open mind,' or of the necessity of cherishing 'the larger hope.' Unlike the pious sceptic, he has no Devil upon whom he can in the last resort father any inconvenient phenomenon. To him such a device would represent the acme of mental decrepitude. He would rather embrace the

'spiritual hypothesis.' I have, indeed, a shrewd suspicion that many intellectual men have already quietly given in to that same hypothesis, or at least retain it as a mental reservation. They are frightened, not of the thing, but of the name—Spiritualism. When, as in course of time is inevitable, that dreadful word becomes depolarised and consecrated to new and larger meanings, we shall undoubtedly see many notable accessions to our ranks. For the present we can only say, in the language of our 'Pleasant Sunday Afternoon' friends, 'Come early; all are welcome.'

D. G.

STRIKING PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

(Continued from page 39.)

It was whilst we were having this series of séances that a strange experience of dreamland occurred to me. I must first remark that Mr. S. was extremely jealous of his wife, without any reason, so far as I am aware.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening of a very dull day in late autumn that my wife surprised me by saying, 'What's the use of stopping up any longer? Let's go to bed.' I did not feel inclined to turn in so early, but she persuaded me to do so.

This was on a Friday. On the afternoon of the Monday following I called at Mr. S.'s shop and took a seat, as I often did, near the counter.

He did not as usual ask me into the sitting-room, and when I spoke to him he seemed glum and morose, returning very ungracious answers to a few remarks I made.

After a short time he said, 'I should like to speak to you about something.' 'All right,' I replied; 'what is it?'

'Were you here on Friday evening?' he asked me very pointedly. 'Yes,' I replied, 'I called in about eight or nine o'clock and spoke to Mrs. S. She told me that you had gone to the theatre.' I checked myself, for at that moment I remembered clearly that I had walked into the shop, and that Mrs. S. had said to me, 'John has gone to the theatre, but never mind, come inside,' i.e., into the sitting-room.

I remembered staying and talking to her, until looking at my watch I found it to be 10.30. 'I had better go,' I thought; 'if S. returns and finds me alone with his wife so late he may be annoyed about it.' I remembered wishing her good-night, and hoping, as I passed out, that the people in the opposite shop (relatives of hers) would make no comment on the matter.

'Then you were here?' he said angrily. 'Oh yes,' I replied, 'but no, *what am I talking about?* I could not have called, for I have not been to town for several days, and, now I think of it, I went to bed on Friday at about eight o'clock, but all the same I remember being here. What a remarkable thing—I must have *dreamt* it, but if you entertain any doubt, ask my wife if we did not go to bed at an unearthly time on Friday.'

'Well,' he said, 'just as I was coming into my place after leaving the theatre on Friday, I saw you come out of the shop. I was very much annoyed, and walked fast to catch you up, but you turned up the blind alley on the right, as if to avoid me. When I reached the end of the alley I tried to catch hold of you, but you disappeared. My wife and I had a quarrel about it, and we have not spoken for three days.'

I then went with him into the sitting-room and spoke to Mrs. S. 'No one came into this room the whole evening,' she said, 'except an old woman,' mentioning her name.

The most remarkable thing about this is that Mr. S. realised my presence so vividly that, although he witnessed my disappearance at the end of the blind alley, he could not bring himself to believe that it was not myself in reality, at least not my physical being, and after over two days' reflection he had still not abandoned the belief. He was an habitually sober man, and had taken nothing after leaving the theatre.

Before this occurred we were living in a house two miles from town, owned by a Colonel B. He was a strong believer in Spiritualism, and we soon became intimate. He was a distinguished-looking man. Although A.D.C. to the Queen, he had made a good deal of money in business. His son, Captain B., was also very interested in the subject and a firm believer, but his other three children were, I believe, not favourably inclined toward it.

At this time also we became acquainted with the medium Hopcroft. My wife and I were introduced to him at a séance in the house of the Jewish Rabbi. There were a large number present, and after sitting for two hours without results it was decided to give it up, and most of the people left the room. I was getting up to do so, when the Rabbi said to me, 'Mr. Hopcroft wishes you to stay a little longer.' I sat down with the Rabbi, Mr. Hopcroft, and one other gentleman.

Hopcroft went off immediately into a trance and began describing several *living* people whom I knew, but of whom I am certain he, as a complete stranger, had never heard. He described them accurately, even to their Christian names, ages, and the illnesses that some of them suffered from.

Presently he said to me, 'There is a spirit standing close beside you : he is about five feet ten inches in height : he has a very long nose : his age would be about fifty-six, his name is William.' Hopcroft then stretched his arms out across the table, and passed the edge of his hand across my throat. This gave me a rather unpleasant feeling, and I said, almost angrily, 'Why does he come here like that?' 'He comes to you for sympathy,' he replied.

My godfather, the Reverend William Smith, had died some years previously in the manner indicated, in Birmingham. I was the first to reach the house after his suicide.

After that the medium described other people who had no connection with myself.

During the few weeks that Mr. Hopcroft remained we used to see him frequently. He was an extremely nice little fellow, full of jokes and fun—in fact, the very last man I should have supposed to possess marked mediumistic qualities. Though not a gentleman there was nothing vulgar about him, and he seemed to possess an abnormal sensitiveness. By making passes along his arms, legs and body I could render him perfectly rigid. The blood left the hands and feet, leaving them white and corpse-like.

We accompanied him one afternoon to the Colonel's house, and after a rest, sat down around a large mahogany table. The sun was shining brightly through the windows. Mr. Hopcroft was soon under the influence of one of his controls. It represented an old woman, with a squeaky voice, and I used to laugh until my sides ached at the droll remarks made through her medium.

Presently Hopcroft's voice changed to a deep bass, 'I am "John King,"' he said. I was rather sceptical about this 'John King,' because a spirit or control giving that name used to be in almost universal evidence. Scarcely had the thought crossed my mind than I received a stinging slap in the face. It was just as if I had been lashed with a knotted bag net. I could not help exclaiming 'Oh !' as it startled me, beside being a bit painful.

About a minute later the medium, speaking in 'John King's' bass voice, said, 'It was I who struck the gentleman seated,' &c. None of those present had been made aware of the cause of my exclamation.

Directly after this, Mr. Hopcroft got up from his seat and lay down full length across one of the bay windows. There he went through the most pitiful exhibition I have ever witnessed. It was a representation of a death scene, which the B.'s recognised as that of a farm labourer (a Frenchman) who had died about a week before in their neighbourhood.

His speech was incoherent but undoubtedly in French, a language Hopcroft stated he was ignorant of. He gasped and choked, and a series of convulsions ended in apparent death. Captain B. leaned over him and spoke to him, and he gave him a short message, which Captain B. delivered to his widow.

After that Hopcroft recovered consciousness, but before he had been long seated at the table he went 'off' again. I was afraid he would be seriously ill, and, in fact, he was ill for two days after this séance.

The death of the second son of Colonel B. I have always heard was accelerated by intemperate habits. It had occurred quite recently. The Colonel asked Hopcroft about another son who, I believe, had died as a boy, and the answer seemed to satisfy him. He then inquired about the one recently dead. 'I cannot see him,' replied the medium, but a moment later he

said, 'I can see him now, but not so clearly as I could his brother. He is on a *different plane*, and I cannot get close to him.'

(To be continued.)

PHILOSOPHY OF THE MAHABHARATA.*

By MRS. ALICIA SIMPSON, M.R.A.S.
(Author of *Bhakti Marga*.)

In my previous articles I have shown the immense age of the philosophy of the Mahabharata, and have given some preliminary idea of its nature. Having gone thus far, it will not be out of place this week to inquire into some of the causes that have made India pre-eminently a nation of philosophers. For there is no doubt that philosophy enters more into the daily life of the Hindu than it has ever done, or is ever likely to do, into that of the European. Western nations study philosophy as a speciality ; the Hindu imbibes it with his nursery tales. He has no need to wait for 'the years that bring the philosophic mind,' since that is his possession in youth both by inheritance and by education. Philosophy forms an integral part of his early training ; it is inextricably interwoven with his religion ; it is embedded in his science. We have already seen how the Mahabharata, his greatest epic, and the oldest known to the world, is steeped in philosophic lore. From the most remote ages his mind has been imbued with this cult, and the unchanging East still preserves the philosophic habit in face of the growing tide of Occidental influence now rising in Hindustan.

It has been said that most nations require a considerable degree of civilisation and prosperity before they can develop a philosophic system, but these conditions were present in early India. The warmth of the tropical sun, the luxuriant growth of fruits and plants for food, made life an easy thing for those primitive dwellers in the forests. There was no struggle to earn the daily bread, such as is found in harsher northern climes, for Nature poured her gifts freely into their hands. Therefore, in their abundant leisure they had time for meditation, and it is due to this cultivation of the thinking faculty through many thousands of years, that the Hindu is renowned for his subtlety throughout the world.

We have noticed in a previous number how the whole of Hindu teaching is leavened by the doctrine of self-restraint, and as a practical example of how this control is brought to bear even upon intellectual exercises, I may mention one of the countless methods by which it is inculcated. There is a practice, handed down from the ancient sages of India, and taught at the present day in centres like Kashi and Navadwipa. This particular method is entirely novel to Europe, as it is imparted only by the select *tols* (the orthodox Sanskrit seminaries). In America also it is quite unknown, for although for many years past much has been written and said there concerning Hindu methods of thought concentration, this instance has never been made public either in the Press or on the lecture platform. It is, therefore, unique, and can only be familiar to those who, like myself, have had the good fortune to study under an able Hindu teacher. It is known as *Akshara Varjana*, or the avoidance of a particular letter, and may be executed either in speech or in writing. For instance, one may attempt to speak, or write, on a given subject without employing a certain letter in any word used. Let anyone try this for a few minutes, and he will be convinced that it is at first no easy task, but one which requires constant alertness of the mind for its accomplishment.

As an example of this form of mental training I may quote the following essay written by me for my Hindu teacher, in which the letter C does not appear. I have chosen C as the character to be banished, because the hard C (as in English cat) is the first consonant of the Sanskrit alphabet.

ODE TO VISHNU.

Walking one day on the sea-shore near a smooth and tranquil sea with a friend whose sympathy I value, we both suddenly espied amidst the grey pebbles on the strand a small dazzling white egg. It was about the size of a plover's egg and very hard. Time and the never-ending rolling of the salt sea

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waves had transformed it into marble. I held it in my hands, and my friend said to me: 'Examine it well, it is an emblem of something higher.'

Now this friend was also my Guru, so I obeyed his order. The sun shone down with a brilliant, dazzling light upon us. There was, however, no heat, only light, for it was mid-day in winter in our northern English island. The sky was azure blue, and not one sound disturbed the stillness of the air. Truly a day fit for meditation!

(To be continued.)

OUR FOREIGN CONTEMPORARIES.

'Le Messenger' for January 1st contains an article, with photograph, on Jesse Shepard, the musical medium, which gives short notices from many European journals relating to Mr. Shepard's pianoforte recitals, especially his performance of a piece known as 'The Crossing of the Red Sea.' All the accounts agree in testifying to the great excellence of these recitals, and the profound depth to which the members of the audience are moved by the music.

'La Progres,' in common with other journals, announces the award to Dr. Ochorowicz of a prize of 1,000 fr. by the 'Comité d'Etudes de Photographie transcendente,' for his experiments in connection with psychic photography, with especial reference to his photographs taken in the presence of a medium, of objects suspended in the air without contact.

The December number of the 'Bulletin Mensuel' of the Antwerp Bureau for the study of spirit phenomena contains a report, as usual, of one of the regular discussions, the subject being 'The God of Science.' It also gives accounts of experimental séances. One case in particular illustrates the difficulty attendant upon researches into identity; the name and address had been recorded and additional particulars were being given when the séance was abruptly terminated, the communicant having apparently become tired. Continuous reports of the exact happenings at these experimental séances make one hope that many circles are sitting in the same way and keeping accurate records of the results obtained; only in this way, by patient investigation, will it be possible to accumulate such a mass of evidence as can be sifted and verified by the 'Identity Bureau' established at the office of 'LIGHT.' In time, certain experimental séances would probably come to be regarded as the regular channel for communications of this type.

'L'Echo du Merveilleux' contains an account of a visit to the Belgian healer, Louis Antoine. The healer works by laying on of hands; he cured a cripple and a sick old man in the presence of the writer, who is perfectly convinced of Antoine's simplicity and sincerity. This conviction is shared by the populace of the district, in whom it has induced a positive certainty as to the healer's powers.

The 'Annales des Sciences Psychiques' gives particulars in its November number of séances held with the Costa-Rican medium, Mlle. Ofélia Corrales, for the purpose of obtaining phonographic records of the singing of the control 'Mary Brown.' The same issue contains a reproduction of a speech delivered by Dr. J. Maxwell before the Société Universelle d'Etudes Psychiques in Paris, which deals with raps, premonitions, and the use of scientific apparatus. It contains an account of a case at Bordeaux in which a girl of about fifteen years of age has been shown to have produced raps by fraud, thus demonstrating the need for a cautious and inquiring attitude in the observation of phenomena of this type. To the December number Dr. M. Fanton contributes an interesting instance of vision at a distance experienced by one of his patients while in the cataleptic state. In both issues is continued the account by Dr. Ochorowicz of his investigations in regard to the photography of various rays of psychic origin.

The 'Revue Spirite Belge,' for January prints a letter from a correspondent who states that her daughter materialised and promised to give three raps during the night on the door of the mother's bedroom. The raps were duly given, and, although the mother doubted whether she had not been dreaming, a second appointment was made and kept.

Many foreign journals quote from 'La Suisse' the announcement that the painting medium, Hélène Smith, is engaged upon a fifth picture, to be called 'The Transfiguration,' in connection with which the medium has already had three visions.

The January number of the 'Journal d'Etudes Psychologiques' contains an account of a remarkable communication given through the mediumship of Mme. Bardélia in St. Petersburg. The sitter, who expected a communication from his father, recently deceased, received instead a message from his closest friend, which stated that this friend was lying in a state of coma in a hospital in Moscow, but was not dead. The sitter, at the conclusion of the séance, telephoned immediately to the hotel in which his friend was employed in Moscow, to find that his friend

was in the hospital in a state of coma, and was expected to pass away during the night, which expectation was fulfilled.

The 'Revue Scientifique et Morale du Spiritisme,' for December and January, quotes appreciatively from our columns some of the experiences of Mr. Dawson Rogers. We find in the December issue a case of direct writing, taken from the columns of the 'Tribune Psychique,' in which the characteristic caligraphy of a communication left the sitter in no doubt as to the correctness of the identity claimed by the communicant; while the January number quotes from 'L'Evolution,' of Bordeaux, a case of identity established at a séance in that town.

In republishing from 'Le Journal' an account of the dream of a mother, which resulted in the finding of the corpse of her daughter who had disappeared, 'Le Fraterniste' adds: 'Were we to collect all the cases of this type which appear in the newspapers of the world, we could find hundreds annually. In face of so many accumulated proofs, can one still deny the existence of occult powers and mock at those who conduct investigations in a domain where research is difficult, but not impossible?' We welcome 'Le Fraterniste,' which is an addition to the journals devoted to our subject and has now reached its eighth number.

B. C. W.

MODERN MIRACLES OF HEALING.

The 'Advocate of India' for December 23rd gives a vivid description of the 'Exposition of St. Francis Xavier,' at Old Goa, and of the crowds of pilgrims who have assembled there, no less than twelve thousand of whom, it is said, 'kissed the holy remains of the saint in a day.' It is curious how East and West, past and present, jostle each other in these proceedings, for we read that 'the local steam launch service and motor-cars were constantly plying between Panjim and Old Goa, transporting the pilgrims, their faith being kindled by the miracles that have taken place at the feet of the saint.' And that 'by the side of the great outburst of religious fervour and piety, seen in Old Goa, humanity exhibits also its sordid side. Christian thieves and pickpockets have been busy carrying on their operations amongst the visitors.' They even relieved the Bishop of Dacca of his pastoral ring and pectoral cross. The police, however, arrested the 'Christian thieves,' as the reporter styles them, and recovered the stolen property.

The report continues: 'Several miracles, duly investigated and verified, are reported in the press, as having taken place in Old Goa.'

A retired postman, it is said, regained his sight. 'A girl of two years of age, blind from birth, from the complete occlusion of the eyelids, was led to the Saint by the medical officer in charge of the ambulance service, and, as soon as she kissed the holy relics, the eyelids of one eye and then gradually of the other opened, and the child was dazzled with the light.' The most remarkable case reported is that of Mr. C. U. E. Aldridge, an English Protestant, thirty-five years of age, a fireman in the G.I.P. Railway, who, about seven months ago, was seized with hemiplegia of the right side from head to foot. The reporter says:—

He could neither open nor close his eyes, nor could he move his fingers freely. His speech was indistinct, as he could scarcely articulate the words. He was unable to walk and had to be carried about from one place to another. He was taken to the shrine on the 16th inst. No sooner had the paralysed man kissed the holy remains, and suffered the Saint's veil to be drawn across his eyes, than he was able to open and close both eyes and to see perfectly. He spoke distinctly, was able to bend his fingers with ease, and amidst the tears of his wife and to the wonder of all that were present, he descended the steps without any aid, except that of a stick. In this manner he walked away from the presence of the great Saint. For three hours husband and wife, on their knees, poured forth their thanks for this cure, which has produced the greatest sensation amongst the foreign visitors and the inhabitants of the country.

MR. J. J. VANGO.—The many friends of Mr. J. J. Vango will be pleased to know that he is now sufficiently recovered to resume his public work. We understand that he was successful on Tuesday, January 24th, at the rooms of the London Spiritualist Alliance.

ARCHDEACON COLLEY, we are informed, has obtained a psychic photograph which, on developing, disclosed writing—five lines in oblong form and three in a circle with a spirit face in the centre. Some of the script was very small, and contained Latin and French, all correctly expressed.

OFFICE OF 'LIGHT,' 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON, W.C.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4th, 1911.

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.
PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, Office of 'LIGHT,' 110, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to MR. F. W. SOUTH, Office of 'LIGHT,' to whom Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable.

Subscription Rates.—'LIGHT' may be had free by post on the following terms:—Twelve months, 10s. 10d.; six months, 5s. 5d. Payments to be made in advance. To United States, 2dol. 70c. To France, Italy, &c., 13 francs 86 centimes. To Germany, 11 marks 25pf.

Wholesale Agents: MESSRS. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT AND CO., LTD., 23, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON, E.C., and 'LIGHT' can be ordered through all Newsagents and Booksellers.

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THE LAUGHTER OF GOD.

[The current number of 'The Hibbert Journal' gives us a Paper by the Bishop of Tasmania on 'The Theology of Laughter' based on the daring saying of one of the Hebrew poets, 'He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh. The Lord shall have them in derision.' When we saw it we had our regrets, for we had already prepared a Leader on 'The Laughter of God' the opening words of which were also that very saying of the old poet; and that Leader would have appeared a month ago but for the fact that it had to be held over in order to make way for our notices of Dr. Wallace's book. Here it is; but, after all, the honour of being the first in the field belongs to an American, as our readers will see.]

'He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh' said one of the old Hebrew poets (Psalm II.). The daring saying is fairly familiar, but we never heard or saw it as a text until we came across a sermon on 'Religion and Humour' by an American who got a great deal out of it. As a text it may sound all right because it is in the Bible, but, turned into a present-day subject, how does it appeal to the reader? But, if we can say that God laughs, we have every right to discuss 'The laughter of God.' In either case, it is an audacity within the pale of 'Holy Writ.'

It is often said that audacities in matters of Religion belong to this modern world, and that the reverence and awe of the old time are disappearing before a certain over-familiarity which is akin to scorn. We very much doubt that. What is probably meant is that the modern world is apt to be very critical concerning old 'views' of the mysteries beyond the range of the senses, and especially critical of old conceptions of God. But that does not necessarily imply a lack of reverence and awe. It may, indeed, imply the reverse, as every seasoned Spiritualist knows.

Was it not Thackeray who said that scepticism implied modesty? So it does: and denial of certain old assertions concerning God and the spirit-world may imply a great deal of reverence. Modern agnosticism has at least as much of modesty and reverence in it as of the rebel's mood. Tens of thousands have taken refuge in it to save their self-respect, and other tens of thousands have done so in order to retain such reverence for God as remained to them.

The real test of reverence is, not belief, but tone; not

prostration, but sincerity; not words, but deeds. It is quite arguable that Colonel Ingersoll, or Charles Bradlaugh, was more reverential than Mr. Moody, or that the spiritual tone of Thomas Paine was more religious than that of Mr. Roosevelt who viciously and ignorantly called him 'a dirty little atheist.' We all have much to learn concerning these matters, in relation to the soul's attitude of man before God.

Here is this old Hebrew poet with his splendid audacity which, from some pens, might easily be an unseemly irreverence; God in the heavens laughs! It is a brilliant example of the old anthropomorphism which controlled the whole of Hebrew Theology and which led the Hebrew poets into audacities that would surprise or even shock modern Theists but for old associations. The Jehovah of the Old Testament is simply an exaggerated man, and the references to Him would be often hard to bear if we were not so used to them, and if we were not so accustomed to the prepossession that a thing must somehow be right if it is in 'The Word of God.' And yet there is a sense in which those old audacities had more real reverence in them than some of our decorous half pretences and formal insipidities.

God laughs! That at all events has something actual in it. He is real; He is interested: He is actually looking on; He sees the drama going on—and laughs:—laughs to see how things will turn out—so differently from what some of the players expect!

The Psalm is magnificent. The poet is riding on the full tide of his fervour. 'Why do the heathen rage?' he cries. 'Why do the people imagine a vain thing?' 'A vain thing,' mind you. The poor creatures, blundering and blind, are devising evil against God's Zion, and the kings of the earth are plotting against 'the Lord's anointed.' Fools! 'He that sitteth in the heavens laughs. The Lord shall have them in derision.' In His wrath, He will speak to them: in His displeasure He will 'vex' them; and in His triumphing He will say, 'Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill': and the adversaries shall be 'broken as with a rod of iron, and dashed in pieces like a potter's vessel.' All of which may be heathenishly anthropomorphical, but it is all on fire with faith.

But, after all, taken as a symbol, is it not absolutely true? The great human drama is being played, and poor little man, learning his part as he goes on, fusses about, with his egotisms, his tempers, his self-regardings, and his puny little conceit that he can do as he likes and make the play turn out as he pleases. And God laughs! Thus our American preacher says:—

Our wise old Bible is rich in humour. Repartee, ridicule, irony, invective and joyous laughter are sanctified by its master purpose of serving the eternal verities. It has the wittiest logic, the most stinging retort, and the most unexpected and startling paradoxes. It reports the laughter of God at the immemorial folly of human sin. That man, in face of the age-long defeat of evil, should fancy himself wise enough to outwit the moral law and make sin a success, may well excite Divine derision. His stupidity were enough to make angels laugh. Again and again in the Bible one hears the note of the sarcasm of Providence. This note was a lost chord until Carlyle—a great, grim humourist with the soul of a prophet—brought it once more into the music of the world.

Carlyle was an historian, and he knew that time is the master comedian whose delight it is to make sport of the owl-like wisdom of man. The incongruity between the sage predictions of man and the deeds of God done in time is indeed amazing. Those who stood by the cross of Jesus felt that a poor, unfrocked, Radical Rabbi had been hushed, and that his puny movement would cease to be. But the irony of history has shown not only their crime, but their ox-eyed blindness. They who boasted of building the tombs of the prophets had put to death him of whom those prophets dreamed! When Plato died, the Academy elected a popular nobody to his high station, but it is not easy to learn his name now. God had

elected Aristotle to that office, and history in serene scorn of the Academy installed him in it. So are the records of all time.

It is a lesson which the world is slow to learn because the race lacks the precious sense of continuity. Men and women come and go, and, but for some of the gifts of heredity and some of the teachings of history, they arrive with the same ignorance and depart after the same brief stay, and so, from age to age, there are the same arrogances, the same self-assertions, the same illusions; and, all the time, the mighty drama develops in the unseen Author's way, and not in theirs.

It is a lesson which ought to make us humble and teachable, gentle and observant; but, above all, strong in faith and hope. Not in the old crude sense, but in a sense more awe-inspiring and reliable, there is One Mysterious All Aware and All Determining Power that is moving all things on, without chance of failure, without risk of loss. That Power is inexorable but reliable; stern but mindful; exact but pitiful; and, best of all, it loves and laughs.

THE SPIRITUAL MESSAGE OF G. F. WATTS.

An Address delivered by the Rev. Lucking Tavenor on Thursday, January 19th, to the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, Mr. H. Withall, vice-president, in the chair. The Address was illustrated with some sixty lantern slides of special photographs, taken by Mr. Tavenor himself, of many of the artist's most famous pictures.

(Continued from page 45.)

If to be brought face to face with the spirit of Christ becomes the great test, then in the presence of death that test is confirmed. In the picture called 'Sic Transit' we have represented the material remains of an earthly life. The body is stretched upon a bier, by the side of which rest the laurel wreath of fame, together with the instruments that brought that fame, and all the emblems of the person's interests during his earthly life. For how much do these things count in the presence of death? That is the question we are asked in this picture—a question accentuated by the words painted on the curtain: 'What I spent, I had; what I saved, I lost; what I gave, I have.' Here then is the revelation. All that we can secure for our own purely personal gratification is lost at death, while all that we can give to the world is our own in that crisis. The material ceases to count; the spiritual is all that does count. Our genuine gifts constitute our only riches. True riches are not those things which we secure for ourselves, but those things we give of ourselves; not accumulation but character. 'What I saved, I lost; what I gave, I have.'

But surely this is the most difficult thing for a human being to realise. For the majority the evidence of the senses is paramount. Even when spiritual truths are first accepted, it is usually through an appeal to the senses. Doubtless that is the reason for the majority being so backward in accepting spiritual light; and those of us who feel that the spiritual is the *all* must guard against thinking poorly or evilly of those who are still in the domain of the senses. I believe that all would live the spiritual life if they could. But how can they trust the spiritual side of life if they do not know it exists? Material things hide the spiritual. As we think of how much there is about us that seems animal and material, we are apt to despair of the progress of spiritual truth. When we see that so much needs to be done, and that so little progress seems to be made, we become despondent. Now Mr. Watts realised this difficulty, and painted his message in his picture called 'Hope.' I have heard several people say that the picture should rather be called 'Hopeless.' I mentioned this verdict to Mr. Watts, and he was pleased; because that is the impression he wished to suggest. Here is a melancholy girl seated on a globe representing the earth as she knows it. It floats on the ocean of time. To her vision there is no one else in the world—that is,

so far as she is concerned. No one sympathises with her, no one cares for her, she is alone—and one can be alone even in a London crowd! She tries to get harmony from her harp—most of us have something which gives pleasure—but it has broken strings. Only one string is taut and in position. Her head droops and her eyes are bandaged; so she cannot see the one star which shines brightly above her. For a picture of desolation and hopelessness, I know of nothing to equal this, and yet our artist-teacher calls it 'Hope,' and not 'Hopeless.' The bandage over the eyes may be caused by many things: custom, for instance, which insists on hiding certain things from us. By this picture, then, Mr. Watts insisted that there is no life possible so bereft of joy, so low in the scale of blessing, so lacking in power, so apparently incapable of doing the necessary work, that there cannot be found in it, somewhere, ample reason for hope. There is at least *one* string or *one* bright star. When we are desponding we are mostly doing as this girl is: turning our back upon the star; and looking downward to earth, rather than upward to heaven; but

Despair was never yet so deep
In sinking as in seeming;
Despair is Hope just dropped asleep
For better chance of dreaming.

Mr. Watts could find material for his message in all phases of thought. In the picture of Endymion and Selene he has gone to the beautiful Greek myth. I prefer the poem of Stephen Phillips to that of Keats, although I imagine Watts worked on his picture with thoughts of Keats. 'Endymion' the shepherd, content with the simple delights of Nature, has penned his sheep in their fold for the night, and rests gently and peacefully on the brown earth. With that wonderful rapture that comes on giving oneself up contentedly to the inspiration of Nature, with the material life nearly hushed to rest in sleep, he watches the shadow and blueness of night steal softly over the earth and notices the eyes of heaven in the stars looking down upon him. Selene, the spirit of the moon, the queen of night, appears to him, growing out of, and approaching him from, the crescent-shaped moon. Nothing disturbs his vision, for he has silenced for awhile his earthly life and the voices of his senses. With the spiritual sight he sees Selene come nearer and bend over his prostrate form. He hears her voice as she says, 'O human face, so far beneath my pain, suffer me to touch thy lips; for though I rule the night, yet still am I a woman—without love I cannot live. . . . Cold is my life; but thou art warm and glad.' She calls him by name, and he replies:—

O mystic Brilliance, why hast thou disturbed
Thy simple youth that was so pleased to breathe?
Till now I was content 'twixt grass and cloud;
To be alive I deemed a lavish gift,
And ripen slowly under falling beams.
To me it was enough to hear the shower,
And the low laughter blown from the bright sea.
To me till now it hath sufficed to watch
The summer quivering over holy bloom.

This was my world
To me; but now what melancholy sweet
Steals over me, what magical distress,
Distant delicious trouble and new pain!
Ah! Ah! What hast thou done? for I begin
To grieve for ancient wars, and at the thought
Of women that have died long, long ago,
For sea-tossed heroes yearning towards the West.

Yet have I deeper pleasure than ever yet:
What now I feel, I would not now forego;
This folding closer, and this drawing up
To the still soul which hath imagined us.
Listen! the sea is on the verge of speech,
The breeze has something private for me—Night
Would lead me, like a creature dumb, with signs.
And though I grieve with all, with all I live:
I am a sitter by the cottage fire;
. . . . I pace the deck superb of ships,
I sing at eve to aged silent men.
O I must vent this ecstasy, this woe,
Or I shall die of joy and pity—now
Sweet words are fluttering at my mouth, and sounds
Which it were death to leave upon the tongue!
I must make music of my brother's pain.
Give me thy lips again, transcendent Grief!

And so the developing animal-man has his higher nature awakened within him, by the coming to him of the Nature-spirit. Henceforth it is not Nature only that suffices for him. He is disturbed from his content with sight and sound and eating and working; his soul finds response in other joys and sorrows; and though the widened horizon brings pain, it is the glorious pain of spiritual love.

Love leads upward always. Mr. Watts painted his picture called 'Love and Life' to show this. The scene is upon a mountain pathway. It is the road of experience—narrow, stony and difficult to climb. There are one or two violets and heartsease blossoms among the stones. A chasm deep and dark yawns on each side. In front there is so much haze that the traveller cannot easily see where the road is leading. The feeble, delicate girl is the symbol that Mr. Watts has adopted for 'Life,' as the majority of people view it. She is not equal to the task. Her steps are uncertain, and the impress of fear is on every line and curve of the figure. She dare not go backward; but to go forward is to enter into uncertain mist. Her feet are hurt by the rough, sharp-edged stones and rocks, and she is afraid that she will fall. Such is one aspect of life; but there is another. Life would be incomplete thus. So painted we should say the artist was a pessimist; but he was far from that. He has painted another figure—the complement to the first. Just in front of the pale, timid girl there steps a strong, manly form, full of power and confidence. His wings tell us that he belongs to the spirit world. His bearing seems to say that he is sufficient for all the difficulties Life has to meet in her upward climb. He is Love; and he is strong to support, tender to sympathise with weakness, and confident enough to stand secure even upon the giddy spiritual heights. How often the human part of us cries out, almost in despair, for such a companion, when the very being is by our side, though our eyes are so dim that we do not see him! His voice is always urging us to leave the lower and seek the higher, though the higher leads us we know not whither. It is the voice of God, for God is Love.

In fairy lore we have the spirit of love represented as Cupid. A whole series of Mr. Watts's pictures illustrate the popular Cupid idea. But on looking at any of them you at once come to the conclusion that the painter would not allow that the Cupid conception can in any way be understood to be the true spirit of Love. His figure of Love is, as we have just seen, a full-grown, manly youth of vigorous, steadfast sympathy, with abundant wisdom, and power of leading in difficult paths. His 'Cupid' is a cheeky, playful, winsome, but irresponsible boy. No one would think of taking him for guide. Perhaps, however, Love is Cupid older grown. As Cupid, however, you do not feel he is to be trusted. In the picture called 'The Habit does not make the Monk,' we have Cupid knocking at a neighbour's door. He has put on a monk's cloak which does not suit or fit him well. Still he has managed to arrange it so that when the neighbour opens the door he will be mistaken for a pious monk. We who are on the other side can see that it is no monk at all, pious or otherwise, but cheeky Cupid, with his merry face and roguish eyes. It is surely the artist's object to say that the outside is not the important thing. Dress is not everything. A parson's white tie does not make the saint. 'The Habit does not make the Monk.'

I think the lesson Watts seemed to teach in the whole series of Cupid pictures is a necessary one; for there is an emotion very common which is misnamed love. It is essentially selfish, seeking to get the best it knows, entirely to itself. This is not love; it may be represented by Cupid, but it is not that love which, beyond all things else, is sacrificing, not selfishly grasping. It is born not of roguery, but of heaven and God.

There is one picture in which a figure is represented that is more like Cupid than Love, and yet is called by Mr. Watts, 'Love.' The artist has painted many pictures showing the kindly side of that crisis in life which we call death. In 'Love and Death' it is a boy—not Love full-grown—whom he represents as opposing the progress of Death. He seems to suggest that if we knew the full truth of death we would not sorrow and agonise so much when it entered our door. Mr. Watts has painted the door of home-life as the background for his picture. The beautifully majestic figure of Death is about to enter. The winged boy Love, repre-

senting family affection, in agony tries violently to keep the visitor out; but he soon finds his endeavour useless, and his wings are broken against the door he is trying to guard. The flowers of family happiness droop as the solemn figure enters. We do not see Death's face, but a silvery light is falling from heaven upon the back of the figure. The face is in dark shadow, for when we are in the midst of the natural sorrow there seems no light, but the light shines for us when the experience of parting is past; then the light from heaven reveals that that experience is best for the one who is passing on to freer and higher life; and best for us, also, for though our companion will be no longer with us on our earthly journey, he will be able to exert more influence for our good and the world's good on the less encumbered spiritual plane than on this.

In 'The Messenger' we see a worker, too tired to work any longer in his out-worn body. Tools, books, scientific and musical instruments are put away. He is resting from these things which interested and fascinated him for so many years. The Messenger comes gently up to him with a present in his hand, and calls the weary one away. The present that he has brought is in the form of a little child—emblem of the new life to be bestowed in exchange for the mortal frame now weak and useless. So life is found in the lap of death.

In the far distance of the picture the misty forms of an Egyptian pyramid, a Grecian temple, and a Latin dome hint to the spectator that the world's progress has been made through submission to the process of death. Empires and civilisations, like individuals, have lived their lives; each, when it has done its work, has passed away, to give place to an era of better things, founded on the work of the era that has closed. So our life, with its cares, thoughts, and works, is shown to be paying its contribution to the great world-movement upwards. Every act, however small; every life, however insignificant; as well as every nation, however great, contributes its quota of influence to the making of perfect humanity.

The 'Nursing Mother' is a very tender picture. A winged womanly figure, with all the characteristics of a loving mother, is bending over a little child, gently soothing its pale forehead, hushing it to sleep. This is Death as a nursing mother lulling earthly life to rest.

A large canvas called 'The Court of Death' is full of suggestiveness. Seated upon a throne, a stately figure, clad in heavy robes and holding a little babe on its knees, presides over the Court of Death. Two angels draw back the curtains of the grave, and reveal a beautiful light beyond. The babe is again the emblem of the new life to be bestowed upon all who enter this chamber. These comprise all sorts and conditions of men and women. Here the king willingly lays down his crown, the soldier unhesitatingly gives up his sword, the cripple brings his crutch, the scholar his books, the tired mother her care, and the strong man his strength. All are surrendered in the Court of Death, and the bringers of them receive in return the gift of new and fuller life.

In 'Time, Death and Judgment,' we have the picture which has been made more public than any other of Watts's designs, though most of them are to be seen in the Tate Gallery. It hangs in St. Paul's Cathedral, and has been worked into mosaic for the street wall of Toynbee Hall. Time is young, with head erect, and is marching firmly forward, throwing all things over that would impede his progress, for time waits for no man or thing. The figure of sad Death is very lovely, but very pale. No bearer of poisoned arrows, no skeleton to frighten, but with a lap full of sweet flowers, she accompanies inexorable Time, as if to soften and sweeten the apparent cruelty of her companion. Judgment, with hidden face and scales uplifted, floats immediately over their pathway. She does not wait for the final sessions, but follows close on the footsteps of Time, and is not, at any time, very far from any one of us.

Though Mr. Watts continually painted his thoughts of the spiritual life, he rarely attempted to portray life after death. In the case, however, of his beautiful picture of 'Paolo and Francesca,' we have the exception. I think I am correct in saying that this is the only work in which he used another's idea. He here follows most closely the words of Dante. Beautiful though the picture is, I think it is the saddest of all

his works. How the sin of the two lovers is made to linger upon them as they sweep through the dark realms of another life, which is yet a continuation of the present! Remembering the circumstances, we seem to realise that what we call punishment is but part of that which we call sin. The sorrow and weariness which are the consequence of the wrong-doing are shown in every mark of the brush.

What if this passion fleeting hence,
Be fixed and frozen in permanence?

The love remains, but its romance is gone. As we look at the closed eyelids, the shrunken cheeks, the listless hands, the emaciated body of Paolo, and notice the inevitable moving onward, we seem to see that the very fire of the love is purifying the carnal element away, destroying the flesh and leaving purified spirit. We look and lose all thought of evil association, for we seem to be lifted far above that, and are stirred by sorrow and pity similar to that which Dante tells us he himself felt when, in his vision, he saw the two, locked in each other's embrace, pass before him. Dante felt such unutterable suffering that he swooned and fell as a dead body falls. We seem to look on the very act of purification. The wind of the sifter's fan seems to be at work blowing the evil away. Flesh is departing, the eyes of sense, in weariness, lose their desire to see; but their refined spirits cling still together; for together they go through the purifier's fire and refiner's wind.

What ecstasy
Together to be blown about the globe!
What rapture in perpetual fire to burn
Together.

What can we fear, we two?
O God, Thou see'st us Thy creatures bound
Together by that law which holds the stars
In palpitating cosmic passion bright.

And so it seems to me that, in this saddest of all his pictures, Watts has illustrated his own symbol of Hope. Surely those that are being purified must become pure! Paolo's appeal to the God of love saves the thought from its hopelessness and gives us hope.

Beyond all struggles and hopes there is that great power we call God, overruling all things for good. Who dare paint such a subject? The old masters attempted to portray God as an aged man, but never successfully. Mr. Watts has not attempted to paint a portrait of God; but he has thought it wise that in his collection of spiritual pictures there should be one which would declare that he believed in the great Power, so mysterious, which most of us recognise as being behind, around and in all Nature. It is difficult to speak about it, and to comprehend it, but how much more difficult to paint what we conceive of it? He has given us a deep blue background which wonderfully indicates immense space, and in its midst there is a strange, solemn and mighty figure, winged and attentive. In its hands it turns a sphere containing vast systems of worlds which astronomers tell us are regularly moving in prescribed order in space. The great Spirit watches and carefully governs all these suns and worlds. It is one mind that conceived them, and the same mind that governs them and still guides them. It is the great Spirit that pervades immeasurable space. Mr. Watts calls it 'The All Pervading.' He has a companion picture called 'The Dweller in the Innermost.' This is really a picture of 'Conscience,' and for many reasons I regard it as the most wonderful of all his conceptions, for, in it, he has, as it were, given material form to a soul and made the voice which speaks within each one of us almost visible. In the midst of mingled cloud and light, which seems to have great depth, is seated a patient, kind, yet firm figure. She has arrows and a trumpet on her lap. A small ruby heart hangs from her neck upon her bosom; a bright star is upon her forehead. Her eyes are of green light, and seem to pierce you through and through. Her lips are slightly open, as though speaking, with a still small voice. But the gentle voice of conscience is not always heeded. It is then that the trumpet is used; and if its louder sounds are unheeded, then there are the arrows which wound in arousing to a sense of danger. But the ruby heart of love suggests that, even if these severer means should have to be employed, everything is done in the spirit of love. Then the star on the forehead gives the light of truth, so that there is no mistake in

the observations conscience makes upon our doings. The wings at either side of the head are suggestions of the Pagan god 'Mercury'—the messenger of the highest gods. Even so, there is within us, says Mr. Watts, a messenger from the highest, who sees truthfully, warns us of danger according to our needs, and indicates the right paths along which we should tread.

(To be continued.)

SOME PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES AT BRUGES.

III.

Yet another strange story from Bruges. In the Rue Espagnole is a large house which has the reputation of being haunted. One summer it was let to an English family, who were keen to see and hear the happenings, but nothing occurred, and this was strange, as they were members of the Society for Psychical Research and had taken the house with the intention of investigating the phenomena.

There were two sisters who slept in the same room. One was an ardent Spiritualist, ready to see and believe everything, the other very practical, who absolutely denied the possibility of anything she could not account for. The believing sister slept in a bed near the window, the other in one further away. It was a summer night, the windows were wide open, and it was quite light when the sceptical sister awoke and saw before the window, near the bed in which her sister was lying fast asleep, a silvery cloud, which condensed and took the form of a nun who stooped over her sister. She watched it for some minutes, when it faded away. She was the only one of the family who had an abnormal experience in that house.

Some time after, the owner, an English lady well known to me, let the house again, and, before leaving, gave the key to some friends living opposite. On her return, and when restoring the key, they said: 'Of course, Mrs. T., as you gave another key to the priest we sometimes saw entering your house, we cannot guarantee its never having been occupied in your absence.'

'What priest?' said Mrs. T., very surprised. 'I have only one key!' And when she examined the house there was no sign of its having been entered. So it remained a mystery.

But one day these friends, looking over an old illustrated work when she was with them, called to her, 'Here, Mrs. T., is the exact picture of the priest we saw going into your house.' It was of a priest in a dress no longer worn, but dating back some hundred years, and coinciding with the time when the house was a convent.

I heard this story from Mrs. T. herself, who lived for seven years in the house, and who told me that in one room and along one passage there were constantly noises of heavy footsteps to which she became quite accustomed. O'S. B.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In 'LIGHT,' of February 18th, we shall print an extremely interesting sketch of the life and work of the Rev. John Page Hopps, written by Mr. James Robertson, of Glasgow. In the same number we shall give, as a supplement, a fine portrait of Mr. Hopps, printed on plate paper.

TRANSITION.—On Sunday last Madame Greck passed to spirit life, in her seventieth year. She was a well-known trance, test, and healing medium some thirty or forty years ago, and continued her work until quite recently. Under the control of 'Dr. Forbes' she was very successful in diagnosing the ailments of those persons who sought the advice of her spirit guides.

A PROTEST.—In a letter which is too long for the space at our disposal, Mr. H. Blackwell refers to the fact that Vice-Admiral Moore, in the course of his address to the London Spiritualist Alliance (see 'LIGHT' of January 7th, p. 7), after having admitted that he had received 'good evidences of spirit return' from a number of mediums, including Mr. Bournsnel and Mr. Craddock, added, 'the last two mentioned I have also detected cheating.' Mr. Blackwell vigorously protests against this latter statement, and after quoting the adage 'Speak no ill of the dead,' says: 'It would have been kinder, as most certainly it would have been more just, to have left out the depreciatory reference to such a medium as Mr. Bournsnel. I knew the good old man well, having had many sittings with him extending over a period of a dozen years, and feel absolutely assured that he entertained too great a reverence for his exceptional gift to ever think of attempting to "cheat" anyone.'

THOUGHTS ON MEDIUMSHIP.

We cannot gather the fruit until after the seed has been sown and the soil made fertile for producing it; therefore, to receive the best help from the spirit-world, we must adopt the most spiritual methods of obtaining and exercising mediumship. Many spiritually-hungry inquirers desire the helpful service of kind, sympathetic mediums, who, in love for their fellow-creatures, and, by the subjugation of self, will acquire and exercise the power of establishing direct contact with the loving ones on the 'spirit side' of life.

A great responsibility rests upon us when we are aware that it is necessary for our evolution that we endeavour to advance spiritually, morally, and mentally. To put all things on a proper basis, we must secure a firm foundation. It is wise, therefore, not to fix our thoughts upon psychic matters before we are prepared gradually to unfold our gifts. Every sensitive must make up his mind to go through a certain amount of drudgery and self-sacrifice, as too rapid a development will be attended by spurious elements which must be overcome, and the spirit communications be more or less tainted with his own thoughts. The imperfections of spirit intercourse are mainly due to the fact that the message has to filter through another brain; therefore it is generally the medium of slow growth who finally finds himself at the top of the psychic ladder. The sensitive who rushes into mediumship without due thought, and with only the desire to make himself prominent, will not be the right person in the long run to convert people to the truth of Spiritualism.

While some men and women are not only ignorant of their psychic gifts, but perfectly indifferent to them, others are difficult to convince of the fact that they are already spirits, in the process of growth; these latter imagine that they must pass out of the physical to become spirits, whereas we are all spirits at the present time, making our own heaven and hell, and working out our salvation while in the flesh. We shall never attain to the highest altitude of thought until our higher nature, aided by influences from the 'other side,' rules the lower. Complete mastery of ourselves is required before we venture upon the training of others.

Whether a medium will succeed as a master in psychic matters depends upon his attitude and his efforts at self-development. Anyone who feels that he is incompetent to give the best conditions to secure good results should wait and open his soul by aspiration until he can receive revelation and be developed into a better instrument for spirit manifestations. The life-giving forces which emanate from the Divine will enable him to throw off all that appertains to the material, to replace earthly idols with something grander and nobler, and to receive satisfactory results from his investigation into the philosophy and religion of Modern Spiritualism.

It is not very surprising that the inspiration does not always emanate from the right source, when so few people observe proper conditions in connection with the exercise of mediumship.

We have the opportunity to make mediumship pure and useful, yet many sensitives put obstacles in the way, and fail to see that mediumship should be employed for the highest and most spiritual ends. We do not want only *one* plane people, but we want them to reach up to *every* plane. Anyone may sense that God intended men to desire and receive the *best* counsel from the spirit world, not the lowest and worst; consequently we must make an effort to direct mediumship into the cleanest and purest channels. Unless we have good and truthful guides we had better be without them altogether; and it would be safer for some individuals not to know that spirits *can* communicate. It is also appallingly true that if a man does not possess the capability of understanding the delicate vibrations of spirit, it is useless to attempt to reveal anything to him. One may say a thing is true, but until it has been realised by experience, it is the most difficult thing in the world to comprehend. We should never be satisfied with phenomena until proper proof is obtained. If only *one* test be given it is of value; be contented with the result, and leave the seed to germinate. Phenomena are mainly required to make our sceptical brethren aware of the truth, and to help them reach up to the wisdom of eternal consciousness.

Help should be given to those who are struggling in the maze of unbelief, and pity shown for the sorrowing searchers after truth. Inquirers should be encouraged to undertake their investigations with level-headedness, not as fanatics or unreasonable, doubting Thomases. Those who seek development should earnestly desire to emulate the mediumship of Jesus, and imitate his method of taking up psychic matters in the spirit of love, sympathy, and self-sacrifice; seeking true fellowship with God, the Father. We should let the world know that God has bestowed spiritual gifts upon each one of us, irrespective of race or position, and that man, being a great part of the cosmic principle, should employ his mental powers in the service of his fellow men. We should realise that we constantly influence others, and are influenced by them, and that loving thoughts thrown into their minds will bear fruit in the future.

If we take up mediumship in the proper spirit, with due respect to all the laws emanating from the spiritual world, and prove all things to our satisfaction in our communion with our spirit guides, we shall realise that it can contribute to our well-being and happiness, both here and hereafter.

The psychic senses were given us to use, not to be let lie dormant. Naturally the more time and thought we give to the world, the less we have to spare for the angels, who cannot pierce through our dense auras. How can the spirit world manifest to us properly when the whole mind is absorbed with worldly cares and pleasures? We all have material things to attend to, and recreation is also necessary, but when we revel in things that will keep us in the downward path, it is we who create the darkness around ourselves. Can a man give his best lecture when the audience is against him, showing him no sympathy? Does he not feel that he is in an uncongenial atmosphere. It is not surprising, then, that those who have thrown off their fleshly covering should feel intensely and acutely any want of sympathy from our side of life.

Some persons will not take interest in psychic matters, saying that 'God never intended men to know everything, or meddle with such uncanny things,' or that 'mediums are peculiar people, who disturb the dead!' What a mistake, to be sure, for God requires each of us to open his soul to all knowledge and wisdom. Those seekers after happiness who only embrace the things of this life, thinking it does not matter, as the after-life will prove all things, will indeed find that the world is 'rotten at the core,' for such limitation is wrong, and they should have a higher ideal than this. Each one of us must remember that God has placed us here for a definite purpose, and that we are instruments of His gigantic plan. He wisely and lovingly sends for our guidance and help those beautiful angel messengers who can see clearly into the Beyond, and who daily and hourly watch over our lives. Our thoughts, desires and actions are being incorporated into the spirit homes which we are now building—'houses not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,'—and when we pass over to the 'new country of life,' we shall find ourselves in those abodes that we have made when we were spirits in this 'shadowland.'

ELLEN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several communications intended for this issue are unavoidably held over for want of space. We would impress upon correspondents the necessity for brevity in their letters.

THE Spiritualists at Kingston-on-Thames seem to be alert and progressive. Services are held on Sundays, at 7 p.m.; in the large hall of the Assembly Rooms, Park-road, Hampton Wick, near Kingston Bridge, and an attractive four-page leaflet, announcing the arrangements, gives 'a few good reasons why' the reader 'should investigate Spiritualism,' together with some apt quotations from Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor Henry Sidgwick, and Mr. F. W. H. Myers. Every effort is made to render the services 'attractive, instructive and helpful,' and, we are pleased to learn, with increasing success. Upwards of forty years ago a small band of devoted Spiritualists, which included Mr. W. J. Champnowne, Mr. Pilborough, and Mr. Smith, a local manufacturer, held séances and kept the light burning until Mr. and Mrs. Bullock commenced public services in the Temperance Hall, at one of which, early in 1872, Mr. E. W. Wallis was present and obtained his first insight into Spiritualism, Mrs. Bullock and Mr. William Wallace, the pioneer missionary medium, being the speakers on that occasion.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON ON 'DEATH AND AFTER.'

In a sermon recently preached at a service in connection with the Commercial Travellers' Christian Association, the Bishop of London is reported to have said that

there was no subject on which Christians were so much mistaken as that of death. Death was mistaken for the pain which sometimes preceded it. Being born into another world was probably like being born into this. The supposed horror of death was founded on nothing more than a delusion. Death was an incident that took place in a continuous life, and the idea that the spirit slept after death was a complete delusion.

There were six things revealed to us about the life after death—that the man was the same man five minutes after death as five minutes before it except that he had passed through one more experience in life, that his character would grow, that he had memory, that he would be a Christ in paradise, that there would be mutual recognition, and that he would still have a great interest in the world he had left.

Such thoughts ought to make one careful not to do something on earth which he would be ashamed to remember five minutes after death.

This is all very good Spiritualism, but only a few years ago the good Bishop would have been regarded as a heretic for expressing such sentiments. Truly 'the world does move.'

THE DEVIL AT WORK.

A telegram from Christchurch, New Zealand, in 'The Dominion' of December 7th last, states that Bishop Wilson believes that the devil is at work in the Melanesian Islands. In his address at the Melanesian garden party he is reported to have said that

the natives are firm believers in witchcraft, and in many mysterious happenings of which one could give no explanation. For instance, an Islander would become possessed, which possession, after causing him pains in various parts of his body, would end in a heavy weight pressing on his head, and he would lay himself down and die. 'I asked one of my "boys" who had been thus possessed,' added the Bishop, 'why he did not summon his faith in God to his aid, and he replied that he had, and, but for this, he would have died.' One old woman whom the Bishop had seen, sang a song, and, immediately, native money dropped from nowhere on to the ground all round her. She then scratched her head and money came from her hair. Then she drank milk from a coconut, and money was found in the husk. She then danced, and money rolled on the ground. He had thought it clever conjuring, but, the other day, the old woman's husband had come up for confirmation, and had confessed that for three years he and his wife had had nothing to do with the making of the money, and then, at last, three or four little spirits in the woman had said to him: 'We want food.' He had refused, and they had asked why, adding, 'We give you money.' He had then fed his wife with the particular food which the spirits wanted, and next morning she had produced great masses of money. 'I believe the devil has to do with all this, and with the witchcraft and magic,' concluded his Lordship. 'You may not think so' (as a dubious smile appeared on the faces of some of his listeners), 'but I do, and in Melanesia we have to fight against him.'

The New Zealand correspondent who sends us the above cutting says: 'This is doubtless a trustworthy account of what appears to be obsession or trance, and of materialisation of objects. The good Bishop puts it all down to the agency of the devil, of whose existence he seems to be very sure!'

TRANSITION OF MR. HARRISON D. BARRETT.—For thirteen years Mr. Harrison D. Barrett was president of the American National Spiritualist Association, and editor of 'The Banner of Light,' of Boston, Mass. He was a tireless traveller, writer, organiser and worker, and spent himself on behalf of the cause until his strength gave way, and after a long and painful illness he has passed to the spirit side of life at the age of forty-seven. Writing in 'The Banner of Light,' Susie C. Clark speaks of him truly as 'Our Standard Bearer,' and says: 'The long story of his self-sacrifice for Truth and Duty can never be written save by the Recording Angel. The old adage that "Death loves a shining mark" has received abundant illustrations in recent months, in the ranks of Spiritualism. The rôle of our necrology has been long and notable, but that, within a fortnight, such prominent pioneers as Hudson Tattle, Lyman C. Howe and Harrison D. Barrett should be called home, is quite remarkable, and their transition leaves us bereft indeed.'

PSYCHIC CLASS DINNER.

A large number of the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, connected with the Thursday afternoon psychic culture classes, and of their friends, assembled on Thursday, January 26th, at dinner at Pinoli's Restaurant, War-dour-street, W., under the able chairmanship of Mr. J. A. Wilkins. After dinner a long and interesting programme of songs, recitations, and speeches was gone through. Mr. F. Thurstan spoke enthusiastically of the progress and usefulness of the psychic-culture class, as also did Mr. George Spriggs and Mr. Wilkins. Mr. W. R. Moores bore testimony to the good which the Alliance was doing, and trusted that it would be increasingly successful. Mr. H. Withall gave an interesting sketch of the early days of the Alliance, and the growth of its work and influence since 1884, and paid a high tribute to the long and valued services of Mr. B. D. Godfrey in connection with the library. Other speeches were made by Mrs. Gresswell, and Messrs. E. W. Wallis, Wesley Adams, H. Biden Steele, and G. T. Brown. Miss F. M. Geere gave two clever recitations, and solos were well rendered by Mrs. de Beaupaire, Madame Evans-Warwick, Mrs. Clarke, Mr. H. J. Taylor, Mr. E. W. Wallis, and Mr. W. E. Royle. The proceedings, which passed off very happily, concluded with the singing of 'Auld Lang Syne.'

SPIRITUALISM IN SCOTLAND.

At the annual general meeting of the Scottish Spiritualists' Alliance, held on January 21st in the Kingston Society's Hall, Paisley-road, Glasgow, delegates were present from Glasgow (Association), Edinburgh, Dundee (Forrester's Hall), Motherwell, Falkirk (Psychic Research), and Kingston. During the past year a large number of tours with well-known English workers were carried through successfully, and a very well-attended propaganda meeting was held at Perth. On the Alliance list there are the names of twenty-seven local workers, available for platform supply. The treasurer reported a credit balance of £5 19s. The following office bearers were appointed for the ensuing year: Hon. presidents, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, Mr. James Robertson, Mr. E. W. Wallis, Mr. J. J. Morse, Mr. G. P. Young; president, Mr. W. R. Rankin, Edinburgh; treasurer, Mr. Win. Guild; secretary, Mr. J. M. Stewart; assistant secretary, Mr. John Winning, Motherwell. After the business has been transacted, the delegates were entertained to tea by the Kingston society, and an enjoyable social evening was spent.—J. M. STEWART, Secretary.

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.

Dream and Telepathic Experiences.

SIR,—In 1879 I was in Calcutta and was very intimate with a family of O's. Mrs. O. left on February 21st for London on one of the P. and O. boats. She had been in poor health and intended to stay in England a year or eighteen months. About six weeks afterwards I dreamed one Sunday morning that she was back in Calcutta and I said: 'How is it you have come back so soon?' On the day before (Saturday) she had written from London to Mr. O. and myself saying that the doctors advised her immediate return, and she was back in Calcutta by the end of May or early in June. I am quite sure that no one expected her back before the twelve months at least were out.

Three years or so ago I wrote to my wife's sister, Mrs. A., who was then in London, asking her for her daughter's address in Calcutta. I had been thinking a good deal about her daughter, my niece, Mrs. M. Mrs. A. wrote back at once, gave me the address in Calcutta, and said, 'Oddly enough, in her last letter to me, Beatrice asked for your address.' There had been a long silence of some years between Mrs. M. and myself, and I wrote that week-end saying that I regretted the long cessation of correspondence but I had just the same kindly feelings towards her that I had years before when she was in England and we saw more of each other. I begged her to be assured of this, &c. A fortnight afterwards I had a letter from Mrs. M., from the Calcutta address, beginning, 'My dear Uncle, I have been thinking that old acquaintance should not be forgotten, and a letter followed written in just the same strain as mine. Mrs. M. died in Calcutta some six weeks later. I have not the least doubt that these statements could be corroborated by the letters, but to look them up amongst multitudes of papers would be a

task, and I content myself by saying that those two stories are substantially true.

When I was a good many years younger I heard the following of my sister and a dream of hers. As children we were all friendly with a family of W.'s, and when we grew older my elder sister, Mrs. M., corresponded irregularly with the W. girls. One night Mrs. M. dreamed that she and Marian W. were walking in the W.'s garden. Mrs. W. was coming along the path, when they saw her suddenly fall. Picking her up, they carried her into the house and laid her on a couch. While her form lay there Mrs. W. herself came in and said: 'When I kiss it you will know that I am gone.' She went to the form and kissed it. As a result of this dream my sister woke, feeling that something untoward had happened.

Some days after she heard that Mrs. W. was dead, but it was not for some weeks that she heard the manner of the lady's departure. The facts were thus: Marian heard a noise in one of the rooms, and, on entering, found her mother lying on the floor. She called one of her sisters, and together they carried Mrs. W. to another room and laid her on a couch. There Mrs. W. died, never having spoken a word. This always seems to me a rather striking experience, and I am sure that I have told it much as it was told me long ago.

I am far from thinking that these experiences are uncommon. I believe they are very common indeed—but the papers, if any, get lost sight of, and some recent event crowds out the older. I could give you other stories, but these may suffice for the present. May I add a word or two, the fruits of observation? I have never found it possible to dream to order. Ever since I was a child I have set myself to dream of certain people, without success. 'Peter Ibbetson' assumed dreams at will, and it is an interesting point others might say something about. *I hardly ever dream of people* I want to dream of; usually my dreams are of people I am not greatly interested in. I have often wondered what the explanation of this may be. I think some dreams are significant and *soot*, but that most are of no importance whatever, and are often clearly traceable to something said or read within the previous day or days.

My own experience would suggest that dreams of particular persons or animals may indicate certain sequels. When I dream of horses I almost invariably have money after them, and I am sorry to say that these dreams are not nearly so frequent as I could wish. I believe in dreams we are often clairvoyant and clairaudient, and that though there are dreams of forewarning and prediction, those which often pass as such are really glimpses by some mysterious part of ourselves of what is actually happening at the time. The whole subject is intensely interesting and has yet to be explored.—Yours, &c.,

FITZ-ADAM.

Symbols to be Explained.

SIR,—I should esteem it a great favour if one of your readers, who understands symbols, would kindly explain the following which have been seen with me many times by different clairvoyants, each of whom was unaware that others had witnessed the same appearances. A beautiful white horse is observed sometimes upon my lawn, when I am in my tent, sometimes in my dining room, and sometimes trotting along beside my carriage. As a rule the horse is riderless, but once he carried an Eastern potentate, once an Arab, and once a figure such as one sees on the Elgin Marbles. On one occasion the horse conducted a clairvoyant, who was coming to see me, all the way from the town to my house (three miles). Enormous wings like those of an albatross, but without a body between them, have been seen flying round my room. Other visions have been: a beautiful black ram of great size—in fact, it was described as 'a huge mountain sheep'; a very large brazen serpent; a sphinx, and a peacock. The most extraordinary thing, however, is this: I have been told by two persons that on my forehead there is a large 'V,' like two open fingers, and that in the angle thus formed there is an eye, not with a pupil such as our eyes have, but with a convex disc, silver in colour, and with ripples continually running over its surface. Perhaps it may be advisable to say that I am slightly clairvoyant and have been meditating in silence for many years.—Yours, &c.,

INQUIRER.

'A Plea for Classes for Sensitives.'

SIR,—I read with much interest Mr. Tetlow's letter in 'LIGHT' of January 14th, on 'Classes for Sensitives,' and consider that he dealt with a matter of vital importance to our movement. I am an active worker in both Society and Lyceum movements, and recognise that from our children's Lyceums should spring our future platform workers; but the difficulty we have to contend with is that in Lyceum circles, so far, we have not been able to develop a single medium. Unfortunately all societies are not so fortunate as to have a person with the

experience of Mr. Tetlow in their midst. We have at present too many persons calling themselves mediums who, when under supposed control, give utterance to such ignorant twaddle that strangers, hearing these expressions in public circles, may well look askance at us. Let us therefore have such knowledge given to us that we can develop and train up our mediums from our Lyceums. Mr. Tetlow also speaks of 'daily self-culture'—would he kindly explain?—Yours, &c.,

Halifax.

T. W. MARVELL.

[Why not invite Mr. Tetlow to hold a meeting at Halifax and explain his methods to all who are sufficiently interested to attend?—ED. 'LIGHT'.]

SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, JANUARY 29th, &c.

Prospective Notices, not exceeding twenty-four words, may be added to reports if accompanied by stamps to the value of sixpence.

| MARYLEBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—*Cavendish Rooms*.—Mrs. Place-Veary gave many fully recognised clairvoyant descriptions and helpful messages. Mr. W. T. Cooper presided.—*Percy Hall*.—On January 23rd Mrs. Imison gave remarkably successful clairvoyant descriptions. Mr. Leigh Hunt presided. Sunday next, see advt.—D. N.

SPIRITUAL MISSION: 22, *Prince's-street*.—Mr. E. W. Wallis delivered an excellent address on 'The Here and the Now,' and in the morning, at 67, *George-street, Baker-street*, on 'First Things.' On Wednesday, January 25th, Mr. Percy Beard gave clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, see advt.—J. H. C.

CROYDON.—ELMWOOD HALL, *ELMWOOD-ROAD, BROAD-GREEN*.—Mr. and Mrs. Roberts conducted the services. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Miss Florence Morse.

BRIXTON.—8, *MAYALL-ROAD*.—Mr. Sarfas gave an address on 'The Mysteries of Heaven.' Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. T. O. Todd, first of series of four lectures, 'The Temple not made with Hands.'—G. T. W.

STRATFORD.—IDMISTON-ROAD, *FOREST-LANE*.—Mr. Wrench spoke on 'Thought,' and gave clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, Mme. Hope, clairvoyance. Thursday, the 9th, Mrs. Mary Davies, address and clairvoyance.—H.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, *HAMPTON WICK*.—Mr. Sexton gave an interesting address on 'The Mediums of the Bible.' Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Imison (Nurse Graham) will give an address and clairvoyant descriptions.

BRIGHTON.—ROOM 'A,' *ATHENÆUM HALL, NORTH-STREET*.—Opening services, February 5th, at 11.15 a.m., Mrs. Curry; at 7 p.m., Mr. J. A. Wilkins, address; Mrs. Curry, clairvoyante. Mondays, at 8, clairvoyance. Thursdays, at 8, circle.

STRATFORD.—WORKMEN'S HALL, 27, *ROMFORD-ROAD, E*.—Mr. T. Olman Todd addressed a large audience on 'Foregleams of Immortality.' Solos were sung by Mr. and Mrs. Alcock-Rush. Mr. G. F. Tilby presided. Sunday next, address by Mr. W. R. Stebbens.—W. H. S.

HAMPSTEAD SUBURB.—LADIES' LIBRARY, *CLUB HOUSE*.—Mr. Gambriel Nicholson delivered a beautiful spiritual address Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Frederic Fletcher. 12th, Mrs. Mary Davies. We hope to have a good audience to meet Mr. Fletcher.—A. C.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—Miss F. Morse gave able addresses and good clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, Mrs. A. Boddington, addresses and clairvoyance; also on Monday, at 8; Wednesday, at 3, Mrs. Clarke, clairvoyance; Thursday, at 8, members' developing class.

BRIXTON.—KOSMON HOUSE, 73, *WILTSHIRE-ROAD*.—Mr. George Morley delivered a beautiful address on 'The Religion of Hope and Tolerance,' and, with others, gave clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., address by Mr. Alfred Bridger, followed by clairvoyant descriptions. Public services, Wednesdays, at 8.15.—K. S.

HACKNEY.—240A, *AMHURST-ROAD, N*.—Mrs. Mary Davies gave an earnest address on 'Spiritual Attainment' and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, Mrs. Podmore. Monday, members' circle. Tuesday, astrology class. Friday, 10th, 8 p.m., Mrs. Roberts (of Leicester). Saturday, 11th, 7 p.m., social evening.—N. R.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—SURREY MASONIC HALL.—Mr. W. E. Long gave spirit teachings and successful clairvoyant descriptions in the morning, and in the evening an uplifting address on 'The Work of the Spirit.' Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Mr. W. E. Long; 6.30 p.m., Mrs. Beaurepaire. February 11th, 18th, and 25th, at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., Mr. W. E. Long.—S.

FOREST GATE.—447, *KATHERINE-ROAD*.—Morning, Mr. Millard started a discussion on 'Phenomena'; evening, Mrs. A. Jamrach gave an address on 'The Spiritualist's Conception of God' and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.30 a.m., men's discussion class, Mr. Connor; at 6.45 p.m., Mr. and Mrs. Smith; 14th, Mr. Trinder; 19th, Mr. Tilby.—A. T.