

# Light:

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

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

'The Daily News' stabs as 'ingenious nonsense' Mr. Kay Robinson's argument in 'The Countryside Monthly' concerning our waste of distressed emotion over death. But we rather like it. What Mr. Kay Robinson's argument amounts to is that we have mistaken or greatly exaggerated the seeming horror associated with death. The horror is almost entirely in the imagination of onlookers. The actually dying, as a rule, are largely quiescent or neutral. And, as for the 'awful catastrophes' in which multitudes are destroyed, is it not an obvious fact that, if killed, they know very little about the process? In war, the killing is so far accompanied by excitement or even by a sort of exhilaration, that the men who are killed are, in point of fact, unconscious of what is happening.

Loss of life is, of course, a serious matter, but, as with the horror so with the loss, both are far greater with the onlooker than with the victim. 'The Daily News,' in trying to convict Mr. Kay Robinson of 'nonsense,' goes off into an excursion in which it treats of 'the slow death of the sealed mine,' and 'the soldier left hideously wounded in the desert': but that is a bye-path and is not relevant. We hold with Mr. Kay Robinson that, as a rule, the dying are adjusted to their condition, and that 'the horrors of a disaster involving loss of life are horrors only in the minds of those who think of them as such. Those who perish do not think. The intensity of the excitement is too great.'

Dr. Orchard's Correspondence Column, in 'The Christian Commonwealth,' brings up the case of a preacher who has got into very hot water for saying that Crippen may possibly work out his salvation on 'the other side.' Dr. Orchard says:—

The result of this utterance might have been expected. A large deputation invaded the vestry to demand textual proof of what they regarded as an extravagant statement. Although the preacher was unable to provide what was asked, he feels, on further consideration, that he was right and he asks what opinion prevails on the matter 'in the higher circles of theological thought.' I am rather in doubt where to turn to discover these higher circles, but I feel fairly certain that this opinion would be condemned by reputable theologians as an unwarrantably dogmatic speculation, while most ecclesiastical authorities would say that this was not the kind of statement which should be made from the pulpit.

Dr. Orchard thinks that it was the reference to a known and odious character that caused the trouble. 'Our Church-going public believes in the Gospel only in theory and when working at a respectable distance. It is in a rage the moment that Gospel touches present conditions and actual persons.' Mary Magdalene is all very well and so is the thief on the cross, but—Crippen! Still, there is

the fact that the thief on the cross repented just in time, and of that Dr. Orchard makes much, rather satirically. 'It is generally held,' he says, 'that if penitence is delayed beyond this eleventh hour then the opportunity for mercy automatically ceases. At the moment of death, that is, at a moment which seems one of the most arbitrary which one could take, the disposition of God changes, and the tendency of His dealings reverses their effect.'

But Dr. Orchard himself goes on to talk of God like a man with 'his property' and his disinclination to lose it; and he suggests that He wants Crippen and would somehow suffer if He lost him. All that seems to us wrong. If there is a world beyond this, and a life beyond this; and if that world is a world of order and of continued evolution, and if that life is a life of fuller knowledge and improved education, Crippen will have his chances, and chances quite apart from an arbitrary decree or a personal will. A very elementary acquaintance with the simple and scientific philosophy of Spiritualism would do all these dogmatic theologians and bothered preachers a vast amount of good.

We have been lingering over a modest little booklet by W. B. Northrop, published at 6d. by Frank Palmer, Red Lion Court, London. It is entitled 'Contrasts: Poems of Poverty.' Not altogether a pleasant book but a very pathetic one, and one with many a swift, stern grip in it. Quite possibly, it is one-sided and therefore exaggerated. Probably, the writer is, like Christ, keenly 'touched with the feeling of our infirmities,' and very pitiful. But is his equation quite right? The misery is great, but where he sees misery there are often immense mercies of adjustments and simple joys.

Still, the work deserves attention if only for its power of expression. Many would think it overdone, but all ought to agree with this:—

The daily workers who to City wend  
In crowded trains, and over bridges haste  
To tasks distasteful. And all those who spend  
Their days in sweatshop foul—their life-blood waste  
In toil unceasing; those who never taste  
The sweets of pure existence; nor who see  
The world's enchanting beauty; but, debased,  
Exploited, sweated, preyed-on; such should be  
Honoured above crown'd kings, and from their chains  
set free.

We have received from Mr. Stanford, the well-known patron and protector of the medium, Bailey, a remarkable booklet by W. Britten Harvey, entitled 'Wonders Never Cease.' The printed matter consists of an unusually able account of a refined Symposium shared in by four devout men, who discussed spiritual matters and drifted finally into explanations of the wonderful thought or emotion photographs taken by Dr. Baraduc. The little book contains seven of these, including specially striking presentations of 'Angry thoughts'; 'A prayer; intense concentration'; a 'Cataract of curative force'; 'Healing magnetic globules,' and 'A Benediction.'

These are very wonderful, and doubtless everyone will agree with us that the greatest possible attention should be

paid to the subject, both to secure verifications and to push on inquiry and experiment. We cannot help thinking that photography is going to do us great service in relation to 'The Unseen.'

In the Memoirs of William Sharp, by his wife, we find the following thoughtful 'Credo,' said to have been written by him in a book given to her as 'A Christmas Card':—

The Universe is eternally, omnipresently, and continuously filled with the breath of God.

Every breath of God creates a new convulsion in the brain of Nature, and with every moment of change in the brain of Nature new loveliness is wrought upon the earth.

Every breath of God creates a new convulsion in the brain of the human spirit, and with every moment of change in the brain of the human spirit, new hopes, aspirations, dreams are wrought within the soul of the living.

And there is no evil anywhere in the light of this creative breath; but only, everywhere, a redeeming from evil, a winning towards good.

From a private letter to a friend, from our veteran, Dr. Peebles, we are glad to quote the following sunny passage:—

Forty years ago, last autumn, I reached London, on my way to fill a consular appointment in Asiatic Turkey, and James Burns gave me a reception in his Spiritual Institution. . . . What changes have been wrought in science, and art, and politics, discoveries and governments: and still the work goes on! My health is good. I lecture Sundays, am writing another book, and am cordially invited to return to Australia, New Zealand and India for a return voyage, making the sixth. In nine weeks I shall be eighty-nine years of age, and then commence the march towards the ninetieth milestone!

The receiver of the letter says: 'An example to other folks growing old.' Certainly!

We have received a long, discursive and clever letter from 'An American Citizen,' on all kinds of subjects: but we really cannot find room for it, though it would be both thought-stirring and entertaining. His conclusion, however, we are glad to give:—

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, what bereaved and anxious folks are crying for in their despair is facts—good, solid, hard-biting facts, ticketed with names, addresses and dates. . . . Let us hear more from the rugged Admiral Moore. Those experiences of his had the real salt of honesty about them, and straight they go and give comfort to the wounded heart. As for the generalities and deductions of the self-elected philosophical scientists, I for one wish only for the facts. I feel strong enough and intelligent enough to draw my own deduction, and I will bet my last dollar bill that I voice the opinion of the great majority of your open-minded readers.

In our invitation to inquirers we did not ask for conundrums; but a correspondent sends us two. He says he knows the answers and wants to know whether we know. We do not wish to compete, but it may be of interest to state what his conundrums are:—

Why are there no female angels in the Bible, and why no marriages in heaven?

Where in the Bible is the true answer given to the foolish statement: 'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap'?

#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

In our next issue 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. We shall also give, as a supplement, a fine portrait of Mr. Hopps, printed on plate paper.

LEST WE FORGET.—Notable Anniversaries: February 16th, Mrs. Newton Crosland, *trs.* 1895; 17th, Mrs. A. Cooper Butler, *trs.* 1909; 17th, Colonel Olcott, *trs.* 1907.

TRANSITION.—Promoted to the higher life: At Saureterre-de-Béarn, France, Monsieur Jacques Moulié (father of Madame Florence Montague), on January 3rd of this year. Loved and sadly missed.

#### LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

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

THURSDAY EVENING NEXT, 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 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. On the 21st, Mr. Ronald Brailey.

MEDIUMISTIC DEVELOPMENT.—On Thursday next, February 16th, at 4.50 p.m., Mr. George Spriggs will conduct a Class for the Development of Mediumship, for Members and Associates.

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 17th, 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.

WRITING in the 'Baltimore American,' W. D. North says, 'Mr. Dwight L. Moody, that wonderful man, endowed with such magnetic power over men, who was instrumental in leading so many to better lives, on his dying bed declared that he saw two of his grandchildren beckoning him, and called them by their names, Dwight and Irene. Horace Greeley, Abraham Lincoln, Napoleon Bonaparte, Rev. Lorenzo Dow, that strong, unique Methodist character to whom the spirit of John Wesley materialised and appeared upon numerous occasions, and whose spirit Dow recognised, for he was a medium and had been since fifteen years of age, and a multitude too numerous to mention accepted and believed in Spiritualism. Our spirit friends and loved ones tell us that to live below our highest privilege is unfair to ourselves, our family and our community, and our nation; therefore, we should conform to the purest and highest ideals and lead a deeply spiritual life.'

## PROFESSOR BARRETT ON POLTERGEIST PHENOMENA.

A largely-attended meeting of the Psychical Research Society was held at Morley Hall, Hanover-square, W.C., on Tuesday evening, January 31st, to hear Professor Barrett lecture on 'Poltergeists, Old and New.' The president having informed the company of the election of Mr. Andrew Lang as his successor, Professor Barrett expressed his gratification at the news and said that it was a pleasant coincidence that such an announcement should synchronise with the giving of a paper on a subject to which Mr. Lang had devoted much skill and attention.

Turning to the title of his address, the Professor pointed out that the term 'Poltergeist,' usually translated 'hobgoblin,' had no true English equivalent. It was derived from 'polter'—to make a noise. 'Poltergeist' applied, therefore, to a 'noisy ghost.' It was a convenient term for a class of phenomena which had no assignable cause and were essentially sporadic, breaking out suddenly and ceasing suddenly. They differed from hauntings, as they appeared to be attached to a person more than to a place, or rather to a person in a place, and, with one or two exceptions, ghostly forms were not seen. The phenomena appeared to have some intelligence behind them, for they responded to the request for raps. Occasionally that intelligence appeared to be in telepathic rapport with one's own mind. In one case the lecturer had silently asked four times for a certain number of raps, and each time a correct response was given. The movements witnessed were unlike those caused by gravitation or any other attraction.

The phenomena, though more frequent at night, sometimes occurred in broad daylight with the eyes of the observers closely watching. Bells were rung, and continued ringing when all the bell-wires had been cut. Stones were thrown by no visible agency. He had seen a large stone drop in a room where he himself was the only occupant. Sometimes sounds like whispering and panting, or like footsteps, were heard. The manifestations frequently occurred in the presence of children or young people, ceased when these persons left, and were renewed when they returned. If, on their cessation, investigators appeared, seeking evidence in regard to their occurrence, they might witness some clumsy attempt to reproduce them and catch the child in the act. Then they would tell the world how credulous and stupid it was to suppose the occurrences were anything but a fraud. The fact was those occurrences were essentially fugitive in character and, if heard or seen, could only be satisfactorily tested while they were going on. Under such circumstances the Professor challenged the scornful to produce a single adverse witness during the three and a-half centuries in which the phenomena had been observed. It was simply waste of time to reply to the arguments of those who maintained that fraud and hallucination were an adequate explanation. Mr. Podmore, reporting in the 'Journal' of the Society the result of his inquiry into poltergeist phenomena at Worksop, came to the conclusion that the evidence of the witnesses he examined was incompatible with fraud, and added that to suppose the objects were moved by mechanical means argued incredible stupidity. But in 1896 he changed his views and in a lengthy report, printed in Vol. XII, affirmed his opinion that fraud and hallucination were the true explanation of such phenomena. More than two centuries ago Joseph Glanville demonstrated the contrary, and Professor Barrett recommended sympathisers with Mr. Podmore's later view to read Glanville's book 'On the Vanity of Dogmatism.'

Detailing some cases that he had investigated, the Professor mentioned that the editor of a local paper, who had witnessed some disturbances at Enniscorthy, said that, taking with him a skilled mechanic who, like himself, was extremely incredulous, he visited the house and was admitted to the bedroom where the occurrences took place. It was occupied by two youths, lodgers—one of whom, named Randall, was the centre for the demonstrations. During the night raps, increasing in rapidity, occurred midway between the beds, Randall's bedclothes were twitched off, threaded through the iron bars underneath, and replaced; and the lad himself was shot out onto the floor. No strings or other contrivances could be found. These annoyances subse-

quently continued until both the youths and the tenant of the house left. Professor Barrett visited the place later, examined the room, found that the bed, which was reported to have run across the room, was too heavy for one person to move, obtained an account of his experiences from Randall himself, and a high testimony to the young man's character from the local minister.

The scene of the next case was the home of a grey-headed farmer at Enniskillen, whose eldest daughter, Maggie, a girl of twenty, was the focus for the manifestations. Professor Barrett was fortunate enough to be present when they were in full force. As Maggie was lying on her bed, with the two younger children by her side, the Professor entered with a light; the noises which had been going on at once ceased, to be resumed when he retired. The Professor, however, jumped to no hasty conclusion; he tried the experiment of slipping into the room very quietly, and finally was able to bring the light in without affecting the continuance of the phenomena. The sounds came from all round, chairs, bedside, walls, and ceiling, and the closest scrutiny failed to furnish any hint of their cause. One sound was like a carpenter's hammer. Suddenly, though no one in the room had moved, a large pebble fell on the bed. A day or two later the Professor was joined by Mr. Maxwell Close, from Dublin, and neither of them could detect the cause of the sounds. The Professor, putting his hand in his pocket, asked the unseen power, four times in succession, to rap how many fingers he had open, and each time the correct number was given. Later, while the Professor held the candle, Mr. Close, who was a clergyman, read some passages of scripture and engaged in prayer. Tears of thankfulness ran down the old farmer's face as the sounds gradually died down. When the Lord's Prayer was uttered there was profound silence—the poltergeist had fled.

Professor Barrett said that he had come to the conclusion that the disturbances only took place when the living point, or nucleus, was in a particular place, and were most active, as a rule, when he or she was at rest. He quoted one rather tragic case, reported in the 'Atlantic Monthly' for 1838, in which the girl associated with the disturbances afterwards developed hysteria, and had to be taken to an asylum. In the 'American Journal for Psychical Research' for 1909, Dr. Hyslop reported an instance in which a boy had confessed to trickery, when, according to the deposition of witnesses, the incidents they had observed could not possibly be explained by trickery, some of them having taken place when the lad was not in the room. 'We find undoubtedly,' said the doctor, 'genuine phenomena passing into fraudulent imitations.'

Several instances of confessions were shown to be inconclusive, and Professor Barrett held that confessions by children were not to be depended upon. After repeating his conclusion as to the sporadic nature of the phenomena and their association with unseen intelligences, he suggested that as they usually occurred in remote places they might account for the beliefs in fetishism and in fairies. At present, however, it was the duty of students to collect, classify, and study.

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## TRANSITION OF BABU SHISHIR KUMAR GHOSE.

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On Tuesday, January 10th, Babu Shishir Kumar Ghose, founder and editor of 'The Hindu Spiritual Magazine,' left this for the other world at the age of seventy-one. He was the founder of the native journal, the 'Amrita Bazar Patrika,' and its chief editor for a quarter of a century. It is said of him that 'no Bengalee has done more for his country in an unostentatious way, but his chief merit lay in the high spiritual life that he led during his later years.' He was the author of at least a dozen books, most of them on religious subjects, and in March, 1906, commenced the 'Hindu Spiritual Magazine,' a thoroughly outspoken Spiritualist journal, which has gained a wide circle of readers. The late Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., in the introduction to 'Indian Sketches,' by Shishir Kumar Ghose, said of him that he was 'a potent force in Hindu society,' a man 'whose metaphysical acumen, versatile talents, pure patriotism, noble character, and earnest, consistent piety endeared him to all Bengal.' We tender our sincere sympathy to his relatives.

## LIFE AFTER DEATH.

Of all the different errors that have taken possession of the minds of men, surely none has been more baneful in its effects than the belief in annihilation after death, and it is indeed a matter for thankfulness that this belief is held by only a minority of mankind. In some quarters Spiritualism is regarded as 'the work of the devil.' If this statement is taken without any qualification, we shall have to confess that, after all, the devil has done some very good work; but it shows a complete ignorance of the fact that Spiritualism has undoubtedly demonstrated continued conscious human existence after death to very many persons who would never have learned this truth from the teachings of the Church or from the personal study of our own scriptures or those of other forms of faith.

In order to obtain a true and clear idea of the nature of life after death, it is necessary to have definite information as to the powers of that silent messenger at the touch of whose cold hand we shall each be changed, passing to just those conditions that we ourselves are determining. Among the ancient Egyptians the view that we do so determine our conditions hereafter was firmly held, for in their 'Book of the Dead' Osiris is represented in the judgment-hall as weighing in his scales the vices and virtues of the departed soul. How strangely history repeats itself! Many centuries later we find the same imagery used in the teachings of the great prophet Mahomet, but the scales are now in the hands of Gabriel, the good deeds still on one side, the bad on the other. In fact, it was an important article of faith among the followers of Islam, as well as those of Osiris, that the actions done in this life determined the condition in the next stage of existence.

What is death? We have all too often seen its work—in the cold, still form, the sealed eyelids, the silent lips, the rigid hands—and we are compelled to bow in awe, though, thank God, not in terror, in the presence of the King of Terrors. Is this all that is left to us of our beloved one, is his voice hushed for ever, is his love clean gone from us? No, a hundred times, no!

Death, though sure and mysterious, is not an impassable barrier to the life of the soul, nor has it power to quench desire, to stifle thought, to break the chain of memory, or to destroy love. Many there are who can bear testimony to the survival of the soul after death—than whom there is a greater, even love itself. Love is stronger than death, and we realise, if only in a dim and far-off way, that it is not only what Professor Drummond calls it, 'the greatest thing in the world,' but the greatest thing in the universe, the very life of the Eternal, the abiding joy of immortal souls.

Again, death is the only final means of exit to the next world, though sufficiently developed souls can, during this earth life, undoubtedly rise to higher planes. Death is therefore necessary to fuller development and wider scope.

How much sorrow might be saved if this were only believed! Happy indeed are those who, loving and beloved, can unclasp their hold of the familiar form and willingly and hopefully bid the departing soul God-speed.

True, the soul goes on a journey from which (except under extraordinary conditions) there is no physical return, and to desire such a return is practically to wish that the trials and sufferings of earth be again endured, that a retrograde step be taken, that the shadow be put back on the sun-dial of life. The so-called dead are gone from our physical sight, but to the inner sight of the soul they are visible; their voices are lost to our outward ears, but the soul can hear them speaking still. Their influence is still with us, their love still comforts and blesses, and, in the realisation of their spiritual presence, we are constrained to exclaim with the writer of old, 'O death, where is thy sting?' Death is indeed 'swallowed up in victory,' for—

There are eyes of tender pity  
Watching loved ones here below;  
There are ears for ever open  
To our cries of grief and woe.

There are voices, sweetly, gently  
Calling from across the tide—  
Like soft music, soul entrancing,  
Whispers from the Other Side.

There are hands stretched out and willing;  
Oft their ling'ring touch is nigh,  
Strong and ready still to help us  
As they were in days gone by.

No material sense is needed,  
Asks the soul no proof to see  
That the dearest, once beside us,  
May our guardian spirits be.

In communion pure and holy  
We their presence realise.  
They are near us, with us ever,  
Though unseen by mortal eyes.

Ah, the gladness; ah, the rapture,  
Silenced be each sobbing breath;  
Souls that love can know no parting,  
Love doth triumph over death.

Death is the great liberator. It frees the soul from the restraints and limitations of the physical body, as well as from the fetters of time and space. Just as, for its further development, the butterfly bursts from its chrysalis bonds, so the soul quits its tenement, which has become too narrow, that it may soar forth into clearer light and purer atmosphere. There is, therefore, no death for our self, our immortal essence.

On one occasion a poor storm-tossed woman told me that she could endure her life no longer. 'I have made up my mind to destroy myself,' she said despondingly. We stood face to face with her cottage gate between us, and she raised her sorrowful eyes to mine as I answered her, 'You *cannot* do that, for you will still be alive on the other side of death.' She took a step backwards and in a smothered voice replied, 'I never thought of that.' If there is one class above another to which our sympathies should go forth, surely it is those who, overwhelmed by the burden and heat of the day, have laid down their arms in the midst of the battle, and have passed *unbidden* to the other side. A word, a look, a touch of sympathy might have been enough to hold them back from such an awful step, had such ministries of comfort been nigh.

Again, death does not wholly, perhaps not at all, disorganise or destroy memory. The first two words spoken to Dives in the parable recorded in Luke xvi. were, 'Son, *remember*.' But some may object that the story is but a parable and the language figurative. Be it so; yet all figurative language must have reality beneath it. Many there are amongst us who can bear testimony to the fact that the departed undoubtedly do remember their earth life. And this is a matter of *knowledge* rather than *belief*, and knowledge is surer than feeling, more certain than belief. Therefore, in the light of this knowledge we hold that it is impossible for death to destroy the soul as it does the physical body. Life flows on from its divine Source, and easier were it to arrest the march of time, easier to catch the lightning flash, than to break its continuity. On it flows, ever increasing and expanding, ever widening and deepening, until (it may be through various stages of existence) it at length finds its home, its *self*, in God.

Thus we believe that in every soul there is the breath of life linking it with the Eternal; a spark of divinity which, having been kindled by the Source of Life, is inextinguishable by death. Oftentimes, it is true, it flickers low amid the noxious fumes of evil; yet the winds of the tempest serve but to fan it to a clearer flame, ever tending upward, ever, in spite of all, growing stronger. Thus will it increase yet more and more, till at length the once feeble spark shines forth with a steady, unfailing brightness, a beacon light to guide struggling and weary souls along the path of life.

If the departed still live, why speak of them as *dead*? Surely it is time that this ugly mode of expression were dropped, for it belies the faith that is in us, it is an insult to life itself. The phrase 'Prayers for the dead,' still to be heard among us, is even more unfortunate and misleading. To pray for the dead involves an absurdity, for the dead physical body is utterly out of correspondence with its previous environment—it has done its work and is laid to rest.

As in the vision of old, a ladder 'twixt earth and heaven is oftentimes set up that soul may hold communion with soul. As with the patriarch, so with us, earth-sounds must be left behind,

for it is in seasons of solitude and silent worship that glimpses of glory are vouchsafed and words of power spoken. These no eye may see nor voice declare, for poor indeed must be the faith which can hold nothing in reserve. Then it is that the search-light of truth—the light of His presence ‘in whom is no darkness at all’—shines forth in sudden brightness, revivifying, uplifting, illuminating. Enshrined and treasured in memory’s innermost recesses, such experiences abide as angels of comfort, as well as pledges and proofs of life after death.

SALOME ISABEL LAKEMAN.

## STRIKING PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

(Continued from page 52.)

During the height of the first Spiritualistic movement, a Mr. W. came over to the island and held religio-spiritistic meetings, which were fairly well attended. We used to attend them on Sundays, although I did not think our knowledge on either subject sufficient to justify discussion on the lines indicated. If the lame starts to lead the blind, they will probably fall into the same ditch, I thought. I considered that investigation should be conducted upon strictly scientific lines, looking neither to the right hand nor the left. Still, the spirit of the thing was good. There used to be an ordinary religious service, and after that, those of the congregation who chose could join in a kind of séance, with prayer and singing. I am not aware that they ever got any enlightenment from these public sittings, but I attended one or two religious séances at private houses in company with Mr. W. that were utterly sterile of result. Although some of those present appeared satisfied, I could see no evidence of exterior influence, and one or two incidents were most ridiculous. For instance, a gentleman present rose and exclaimed in a loud voice, ‘I’m Napoleon Bonaparte.’ He took an armchair outside the circle, and after a few minutes’ silence called out ‘I’m the Duke of Wellington.’ This same man, a highly respectable and intelligent tradesman, frightened a very strong-minded young lady into violent hysterics at our house some time afterwards, by the hideous noises he made.

Poor W., I believe, came to grief. He had been a very popular ‘Bible Christian’ minister, but his late flock showed the usual virulent denominational spirit in their persecution of him. He was a thoroughly honest but weak man, accustomed to run in harness, and totally unfitted to grapple with the vast problem of psychology.

After this we went to Canada, and whilst there I had little experience in psychic phenomena beyond a most remarkable sitting with a man named Renehan, an extremely religious fellow, and a devout Catholic. I shall never forget the terror that he evinced when a small three-legged table rose continually to meet our hands, held some eighteen inches above it.

Each time it rose there was a sharp report similar to a pistol shot. Nothing would induce him to continue, although I was certain a materialisation was going to take place, but he rushed into the adjoining room, his face perfectly white, and the perspiration streaming from him. This young man was leader of the choir in the Catholic cathedral at Hamilton, and one of the finest characters I have ever known.

Strange it is that the strongly mediumistic people I have met have been, without exception, far above their fellows in moral attributes.

At Wilmington, Delaware, to which we removed after leaving Canada, I had no personal experiences of importance, except in connection with the family of our landlord. His mother, a most extraordinary woman, spent nearly her whole time in writing, but neither her husband nor any of the family had ever been allowed to read one word of her literary productions, with which the sides of one room were packed from floor to ceiling, and the key of which room she kept on her person.

She was a very large woman, and used every week or two, whilst we were living in the house, of which we rented the upper portion, spontaneously to go into the trance state, and in that condition would make passes in the air and over the surface of the table if she happened to be seated near one. I

have seen many mediums at séances do the same thing ‘to gather power’—whatever that means. As soon as she had got herself thoroughly off she would commence to chant in a low, monotonous tone. One had to bend close beside her to catch the words.

On one occasion, when this occurred in our room, she chanted a kind of prophecy of what would occur to ourselves, and in all that I remember of it she was correct. She seemed a perfect reproduction of an old Norse Vala.

It was during these trances that her children, as they assured us, had on several occasions seen her carried in the air around the room. I questioned and cross-questioned them (they were grown up, highly intelligent and well-educated), and there was never the slightest deviation in the account they gave. She never seemed to suffer in health from these trances. She was a Baptist or Wesleyan, and professed a great antipathy to Spiritualism.

A strange thing occurred directly after our return to England. I was sleeping alone in an upper room at my father-in-law’s house, and in the middle of the night I awoke to find that the room was brightly lighted. I could see the *light itself*, and it appeared very much like a candle flame, only much brighter than that of an ordinary candle. After a minute or so it went out. There was no candle in the room, only a small paraffin lamp which I had extinguished before getting into bed. The only window of this room was a skylight.

I had hardly finished speaking about this occurrence at breakfast the next morning, when my wife’s aunt, who lived in a house at some thirty yards distance, came in in great excitement. She said she had been startled in the middle of the night by a bright light in her bedroom.

About eighteen months after this we went to live in an old family mansion that had been to let for some time. It contained eighteen rooms, three of them very large ones, and there were two large gardens attached to it, one of which contained a good sized greenhouse. I was not aware that the house had any evil reputation, but attributed its not being let to the fact that it was considerably out of repair, and of very old-fashioned design.

I heard afterward that the last tenant, a Dr. M., had told our friend, Dr. H., that the noises at night in the house affected his wife’s nerves, and were the cause of his leaving. As I had always longed to visit a real haunted house, if such a thing existed, it would not, on personal grounds, have deterred me from taking it even if I had heard any rumour. We sublet half of it to an elderly couple (great personal friends), but the lady died during the second year, and from that period only half the rooms were as a rule occupied.

For two years we lived there without noticing anything peculiar. The ‘Spiritualistic movement’ had died down, and even I had become lukewarm.

The seed had been sown, but the harvest was not, *is not*, yet. In the first excitement produced by the discovery of a previously unknown realm of forces, established fact had been *too largely* made responsible for a vast superstructure of conjecture, and reefs, shoals and currents were becoming visible where the first explorers saw only a bright and untroubled ocean.

(To be continued.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—‘American Citizen.’—Our correspondent ‘R.’ who is narrating his psychical experiences in ‘LIGHT,’ is unable to publish the particulars you ask for, but we shall be happy to forward to him a letter of inquiry, and we have no doubt that he will do his utmost to satisfy you regarding the accuracy of his statements.

LORD LINDSAY, writing on July 14th, 1871, said: ‘I was sitting with Mr. Home and Lord Adare and a cousin of his. During the sitting Mr. Home went into a trance, and in that state was carried out of the window in the room next to where we were, and was brought in at our window. The distance between the windows was about 7ft. 6in., and there was not the slightest foothold between them. . . . We heard the window in the next room lifted up, and almost immediately after we saw Home floating in the air outside our window. . . . The window is about 70ft. from the ground.’—‘Spiritual Magazine,’ page 380, 1871.

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
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### 'ARE YOU SAVED?'

A very small tract has been brought to our notice, entitled, 'Are You Saved?' It is published by the highly respectable house of S. W. Partridge and Co., and on the title-page we read '300th thousand,' so, evidently, there are plenty of people who think it is important. We think so too, but probably for a different reason. We think it important as showing how much we are needed to save people from notions about God which, though put forth in His name, are, in our judgment, rank blasphemy. That is a hard saying, but we are going to prove it; and we think it is a Spiritualist's business to prove it.

It might be supposed that the person addressed is some vile profligate; but that is not the case. The question is put to anyone who has not discovered that he deserves hell, and who does not yet understand or believe that Jesus 'shed his blood' for him. The burden of the tract is—Believe in the blood or be damned! and believe now, at four o'clock. At five it may be too late, and you will be 'turned into hell.'

'Every moment you are hanging over the abyss of hell,' says the writer of this tract: and only God's hand holds you. But that is precarious. He may lose 'patience' any moment, and drop you in. But, even as it is, He is letting you slide down. You are sliding down 'to the gates of death and hell. You are going down now. While you read this you are going down.' Now here, at this point, 'I meet you,' he cries: and 'I call on you to stop.' 'Hell is ahead; hell is ahead. Stop then, I beseech you. A little while, and to stop will be impossible. A little further on, you may be damned. O, then  STOP.' That ' STOP' very well represents the sensational and selling-off character of the whole thing which we rather laugh at because it is so manifestly a piece of cheap theatricalism, with, probably, a thin hysterical note of sincerity behind it, but still essentially cheap theatricalism. At the end of his appeal, the writer cries out 'Look, and be SAVED!' Then comes a space and a line, as though for a pause; and then this:—

 HAVE YOU LOOKED? If you have not, you are still under wrath—still on your way to hell!

Possibly, the reader of the tract may have his doubts; may not see the sense of all this, may even quite honestly

think that the God here pictured is hardly respectable. Ah, beware! cries the writer. That is 'the infidel suggestion of the father of lies. He is a deceiver, a liar, a murderer. He would ensnare you. He wants you to be damned!'

So then, a man's respect and reverence for a just and good God may be, after all, a devilish suggestion! If that is so, what is a man to do? Perhaps the safest thing to do is to dismiss the whole subject, and take refuge in a clean and bare agnosticism: and neither deny nor affirm. But that is worse than ever, according to this writer, for that is to neglect and despise and reject God; and, even though you decline to believe these things because you respect Him, He will drop you into hell all the same. Was there ever a more monstrous mush of blended blasphemy and imbecility? We cannot help wondering what Messrs. Partridge and Co. were about when they accepted and published it.

The most curious thing about it all is that in the midst of the mush there continually rises up the assurance that God would very much prefer to save the victim and not to drop him. 'God wants you to be saved' says this writer. Why then does He not save him? Why does He hang him over hell, and leave it for a little tract writer to inform him? Why so hang him over at four o'clock, and drop him in at five, unless he does something, or says something, or believes something, during the hour? And why is that something the secret of this little tract writer? It is really all so terribly and wickedly unjust.

Then, when we ask what it is that has to be done, said or believed between four and five, we find that it is something which has no visible connection with salvation, and has no more relation to saving a man from hell than looking at a dog-fight has to do with dining. Here is the full explanation of what has to be done, said or believed, in order to induce God not to drop His child into hell:—

Now, God is seated on His throne of *mercy*—the sceptre of life is extended towards you—the words of salvation are on His lips—and He *wants* to be gracious! Oh sinner! if thou seest thy guilty, thy lost condition; and, through grace, are ready to cry out, 'What must I do to be saved?' thou art within a step of the Father's feet—of the Father's arms! Just one earnest cry: 'Father, I have sinned';—just one heart-look to Calvary—to Jesus; just one realising act of true faith, 'He died for me!' and the words of love are spoken, 'Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee!' It is done! 'Thy faith hath saved thee!' Thou hast 'passed from death unto life!'

Mark: I cannot say this of to-morrow, or of an hour hence; nay, nor of one instant beyond the present.

God's word is 'Now,' and you know this word means 'the present moment' and that only.

So then, God promises not to drop you into hell if you confess you have sinned, if you just look at Calvary, and if you believe Jesus died for you (whatever that may mean). Of course, confession of sin is good and right, but what is the real practical meaning of the rest? The writer goes on to say it means: 'Lord Jesus; thou hast redeemed me to God by thy blood!' But what does *that* mean? And if a man does not see the sense of it, or the rectitude of it, why should he be dropped into hell for his want of understanding, or, perchance, for his respect for justice and his reverence for God? No: it will not do: the whole thing is wrong and bad, as irrational as it is wrong, and as irreligious as it is bad.

Contrast all this with the clean and sane faith of the Spiritualist in the inflexible justice of the universe—the justice that is based on the great ethical and spiritual laws of cause and effect, and, over all, the heavenly law of progress for all; nothing arbitrary, nothing cruel, nothing artificial—nothing but the laws which bind us to our



actions, our motives and our affections; which protest that 'whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap'; and, thank God, the laws which determine, here or hereafter, that each one's own actions, motives and affections make his heaven or hell.

## CREATIVE POWER OF THOUGHT.

By REV. J. TYSSUL DAVIS, B.A.

An Address delivered on Thursday, February 2nd, 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 REV. TYSSUL DAVIS said: It gives me great pleasure, after four years, to stand again on this platform. You have courteously allowed me to say many things here with which you were not in agreement. But to-night I am not going to take you into any subtle and difficult realm.

As you open the Pali version of the Buddhist scripture, the *Dhammapada*, this strange message confronts you: 'All that we are is the result of what we have thought. It is founded upon our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speak or act from an evil thought, pain will surely follow him as the wheel follows the foot of the ox drawing the cart. If a man speak or act from a pure thought, happiness follows like his shadow that never leaves him.' The message is strange because it stands directly opposed to the doctrine of Western materialism, 'that all we are is the result of our inherited physical organism and the action of our environment.'

It is of the utmost importance for us to know which of these two standpoints is true. It is of the most serious consequence to the art of right living, whether we accept responsibility for what we are, or shift it upon some force acting upon us from the outside. Are we victims of an irresistible fate, or are we creators of our destiny? Are we pawns in the hands of inscrutable players, or are we the players of the game of life? Is the ship of the soul a rudderless vessel, carried whither the unheeding wind blows it, and the relentless tides carry it; or have we a motive power, and a chart and guiding rudder to take us to the haven of our longing?

In response to this inquiry, confession might be made to moments when we have such depression that we would fain believe the worse; we are so beaten, so over-ridden, so crushed, that we offer no resistance to the fell clutch of circumstance. We accept our slavery. But in our healthier, saner, steadfaster moments, we feel the exultation derived from conviction of being an unconquerable soul; and erect and unafraid we face the heavens declaring:—

I am the master of my fate;  
I am the captain of my soul.

To this faculty the strong affirmation of the Buddhist verses commends itself. The same teaching in another form is found in the Christian scriptures.

### THE WITNESS OF SCRIPTURE.

One of the commandments in the Hebrew decalogue deals with a mere wish—coveting the things belonging to a neighbour. 'Where is the harm,' one may ask, 'in wishing to have what my neighbour possesses? How can my wish affect him?' And yet there it is, condemned and abhorred in the company of murder, adultery and bearing false witness! Surely not without good reason.

What does the Apostle mean by designating a man who merely hated his brother as a murderer? Why does Jesus place anger in the same category as killing, declare that mere lust was the committing of adultery, and trace everything that defiles and degrades to the inner disposition, to a man's heart? And then, to cite the teachings of another great religion, why does Zoroastrianism lay such insistent emphasis on purity of thought, on forgiving thoughts, upon loving thoughts? The ancient philosopher Confucius said: 'In the Book of Poetry are three hundred

precepts, but the sum of all is embraced in that one sentence: "Have no impure thoughts." Why this wonderful unanimity in the great religions of the world? Their founders, one must suppose, being as familiar with the facts of the worlds unseen, as the trained scientist is familiar with his department of facts in the world of visible phenomena, had immediate and first-hand knowledge of the potency and reality of thought. They saw its origin and its operation. They saw its power—a power much greater than any physical force. They saw how events which work out their effects on the material plane are first enacted, in a causal way, in a realm of ideas. And if it is this they saw, and if it is to this they testified, their testimony must receive as much respect and credence as that of other experts in other branches of knowledge.

### THE WITNESS OF SEERS AND OF EXPERIENCE.

That testimony is not confined to the great teachers. It has received confirmation from the experience of many seers and sages. Swedenborg, to cite one instance, could see how the deviating quality of a man's thought changed the action of the lungs, of the heart, of the digestive and assimilating organs, with kaleidoscopic quickness and in exact correspondence.

Lastly, we have our own daily experience how mental conditions affect our bodily conditions. We have practical acquaintance with the fact that worry takes away appetite; that grief induces indigestion. We have also observed that those people who are most afraid of a disease are prone to it. Anticipating it, is a step to catching it. Dread seems to act as a predisposing condition bringing about the thing that is feared. The passions and affections prove themselves to be causative psychic forces. The body—especially the face—exhibits the variations in the mental and psychic nature, as it now darkens under the flash of anger, or is suffused with the blush of shame and the glow of pride, or turns livid under the impress of fear or softens beneath a wave of tenderness.

### THE SCIENCE OF PHYSIOGNOMY.

Everybody admits this momentary or temporary influence of the mind on the body. Many would go further and say that the habitual emotion determines the set of the features, within the restrictions of the law of heredity. I believe Lavater founded his system of physiognomy on the principle that when certain feelings or thoughts are much indulged in, the positions of the muscles associated with their expression are apt to become permanent. Thus a person in the frequent habit of sneering contemptuously, acquires at last a slight curve in his upper lip by the disproportionate size and power of its elevator muscle. Even the dog is sufficient of a physiognomist to look up to a man's face in order to discover whether he is a zoophilist or not, whether he is to expect kicks or kindness from him. So men announce themselves. The man of wrath, the man of greed, the glutton, and the voluptuary publish their character to all the world. Another has the Commandments engraven on his countenance; he cannot hide the fact that, from his youth up, he has kept them. Lady Disdain calls her name aloud in the public streets; and Lady Bountiful, under her humble mien, her modest behaviour, cannot conceal the tokens that she is one of 'the gentle souls who guide the great wine-press of love.' The sagging eye and drooping mouth of one proclaim their owner's pessimism; while the optimist, in alert look and rotund feature, if not in voice, is ever singing:—

God's in his heaven,  
All's right with the world!

### THE SPIRIT DOETH THE BODY MAKE.

But while admitting these facts, it may be questioned whether it does not all depend upon an inherited disposition. It is true that we are very largely determined by our temperaments, and our politics and theology are mainly constitutional. As the operative humorist puts it:—

Every boy and every girl, that's born into the world alive,  
Is either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative.

And it may be objected that though what we are is the outcome of our thought, inasmuch as our thought is the outcome of our inherited nature, we cannot be called our own masters. We did not choose our parents and the long line of evolution behind them.

## HEREDITY OR KARMA?

The reply of the East is that we ourselves built up the inheritance we received. We gradually acquired the temperament which limits our scope. Bit by bit we set up the House Beautiful or Castle Perilous of the character bequeathed to us. Our inherited disposition is our wages, not a gift. And the creative energy expended in this work was thought. In an endless series of recurrent phases of existence, in life after life we have added strength to strength, faculty to faculty, power to power; and we are fairly and fully responsible for what we are. Praise or blame cannot be shifted. Salvation does not go by proxy. Each man can win liberation for himself.

## THE DIVINITY OF MAN.

For to each man is attributed the possession of a portion of the Divine Nature. Everyone is a manifestation of the Deity; is a word of His language; a god, though in the germ. Man is man by reason of the Godhead expressing itself in a human way. Each man is therefore a necessary part of God. Without him the universe could not be complete. As Ishwara dwells in the heart of all beings, the energies inherent in the Divine life reside in man. Potentially, the omniscience and omnipotence of the Eternal lie there.

(To be continued.)

## THE SPIRITUAL MESSAGE OF G. F. WATTS.

BY THE REV. LUCKING TAVENER.

(Continued from page 57.)

A design which Mr. Watts called 'Peace and Goodwill,' strangely enough, he classed with the evils and difficulties—not that he considered peace an evil, of course, but that he wisely thought our common attitude to peace is evil. He has painted Peace as a Royal lady, and Goodwill as a little outcast Prince. Peace has been dethroned and driven out of the cities of men. Christ was said to bring peace and goodwill to men; but though we profess to have received Christ himself, we have not received those whom he has sent. Peace is footsore and weary; she has wandered over the world, seeking in vain for a home, and rests at last, sorrowfully, in a little natural nook away from the haunts of men. Her feet are swollen and bandaged; her spray of olive is withering and drooping in her hand. Her eyes wander back along the path she has come, and she sees in the distance the cities still smoking because of the strife, hatred and cruelty which reign there in her stead. It just means that we have no faith in the message of Christ, or we should be subjects of Peace and Goodwill. The same message is conveyed in his picture called 'Faith.' I remember standing in the studio in front of the canvas early one morning, puzzling over the idea of the picture, when the artist came quietly in and said, 'Now, Mr. Taverer, I think I have got a modern idea there.' From his talk I soon saw the purport of the message. The figure is that of a woman who has hurried away from a burning city, where she has evidently been engaged in some exciting doings, and has now found refuge in a little rocky, solitary nook. Unbuckling her sword to throw it away, as being, after all, a poor argument, she is washing her blood-stained feet in a pool of cool, clear water, listening meanwhile to the birds singing in the heavens and enjoying the fragrance of the sweet flowers that lie upon her lap. The ancient faith is indicated in the burning and smoking city in the background. Nations thought they were successful when they overthrew their neighbours by desolating their country and putting them to death at the edge of the sword. Such was the ancient faith. But Mr. Watts thought that there were signs that we were learning differently now. Our faith is not in the argument which consists of the wail of ruined villagers and the roar of cannon. We use such argument when our faith is lacking. The growing faith is towards peace and goodwill.

This same feeling of peace and goodwill should actuate the members of the denominations of Christendom. In 'The Spirit of Christianity,' a picture which Mr. Watts dedicated to 'all the Churches,' that Spirit is represented as a motherly figure with a group of little cherubs playing happily in the folds of her robes.

Those contented, loving little figures are the different sects, denominations and churches. They are shown as being of one family. But the artist has painted them not on the earth, but away up in the clouds. The real earth, with its cities and churches, is a long, long way below this fine ideal spirit. Even churches have not yet learnt the true life of the spirit, or the New Jerusalem would not be so far from us. We have yet to bring it from the clouds of heaven, where John saw it, to our homely earth. (Applause).

In 'Aspiration' Mr. Watts has depicted his type of the true worker. Here is a youth of noble bearing, with eyes keen and feet firm, clad in the whole armour of God, holding aloft the standard. He has just begun to learn that life is not all play. The evil things have appeared to him, and he is ready to fight the good fight of faith. Mrs. Watts, in a letter to me about this picture, used these words: 'In the dawn of life's battle, he who is to be the standard-bearer looks across the plains. He sees into the great possibilities of human life, and the ardent spirit of youth is subdued by the burden of its responsibilities.' But often the warrior seems to be beaten, and we say he dies in the battle. Nay, nay, 'there is no death, what seems so is transition.' The artist, in his picture called 'The Happy Warrior,' represents the good soldier as slain. He closes his eyes on things of time, but his spiritual eyes are opened to see the life and love for which he has been yearning. He finishes earth's struggles and battles for the ideal, by having that ideal revealed to him. The old mediæval idea of the knight fighting for the beautiful lady of his choice is used by Mr. Watts in this picture. He has given us its spiritual interpretation.

In 'Sir Galahad' also he has used the old romantic story. The knightly Sir Galahad was ready to encounter all evil which would hinder his quest of the perfect life. He was the knight of King Arthur who saw the Holy Grail; whose sword was as the sword of ten because his heart was pure. The vision of the Grail, which was the proof of his attaining the ideal, came to him on a luminous cloud. In the picture he is just entering the dark wood of life's difficulties to save those who may be imprisoned there. He will find many who are the victims of cruel oppression; some hiding away by stupid self-deception, some left in the pool there, the slough of despond, and some perhaps wandering, lost in the tangle of doubt. The true knight enters with his pure white steed to rescue any such. Yes, the true man—call him Sir Galahad, the 'Good Samaritan,' or what you will—feels that all are brethren. It is suggested by the parable of Jesus. A poor fellow is found hard pressed in the way of life—wounded, robbed, hurt, or acting foolishly. He is a Jew, perhaps, and we Samaritans; and the world thinks the Samaritans have no dealings with the Jews. But the spiritual man knows no such distinguishing signs. It is enough that the man is down. It may be through some hereditary taint, or through his own foolish habits. It matters not, he needs help, and if we can give it, the truth of the spiritual life will suggest that help. Thus shall we be Good Samaritans or true knights of the Holy Grail. (Applause).

We have seen that love and the spiritual life were the dominant features of the work of Mr. Watts. I close my address with a thought of the last two pictures that he painted. 'Love Steering the Boat of Humanity' shows us a small boat tossed about on a rough tempestuous sea. This is the boat of humanity on the sea of life. Having left one coast of mysterious eternity, it is making for the other—the coast of an equally strange, unknown land. What is there in that dark troubled sea to guide? What lights along the shore? What chart to show the mariners their course? Looked at in this way, the hopelessness of the task seems the one note prominent. But the title of the picture furnishes its key. It is 'Love Steering the Boat of Humanity.' Now it is hopeful, yea, sure; for 'God is Love.'

I mentioned early in my address that Mr. Watts once said to me: 'I shall be eighty in February next, but I mean to do my best work yet.' As I left the aged painter that day I wondered whether he had in his mind a subject which he thought would crown his life's work. I looked eagerly for the next picture he would paint. It was 'Love Triumphant.' The design, let us remember, was conceived and painted after his eightieth birthday. It represents three of his well-known symbols: Time



with his scythe is prostrate on the ground, and Death is there by his side, while Love stands erect. The three have been running a race across the plains of life. The goal has at last been reached—with what result? Time is dead, and Death is dead also. Over their prostrate forms Love reaches still upward, and, with face transfigured with joy and arms outstretched, sends forth his song of praise to heaven.

Time and Death : will there come an experience when these two are no more? 'There shall be no more death.' Oh, if we could but believe it, there is no death even now. But what we call death alarms so many. You will remember that in the picture 'Love and Death,' death seemed to be the victor, but it was not really so. That was only a transitory event; here is the conclusion. Here we look into the future, which then will be the present, and we see that Time has finished his work and Death is powerless, but Love lives. Love can never die. Should we not join in Love's song even now? Why wait till some unknown future dawns? The spiritual eternal world is ever about us; even now, in the highest realm of existence, Time has little power over us, and Death has none. Love is triumphant—not will be, but is *now*! (Applause.)

I hope you have gathered something of the drift of the life work of Mr. George Frederick Watts, and his message to our time. We look in vain for humour in his work, though I think it lurks not far below the surface in some of his pictures; but you find an earnest religious purpose in everything which has come from his brush. Considering it vanity to paint merely to exhibit cleverness, he persisted for more than sixty years in picturing his highest conceptions of life and duty. Though he had marvellous power as a painter, his utmost ability was devoted to the highest; and to that highest he would do his best to lift the very lowest.

He never descended to sectarianism, although for so many years he painted religion. No Calvary, no cross as a Christian symbol; no devil, no Christ. 'If I painted Christ, in the Christian acceptance of that term,' he once said to me, 'there would be many people, like Buddhists, who would not consider my work was for them. I have not painted Christ, but by my pictures I have tried to show the spirit of Christ.' The principles he has painted are universal; they cannot be bounded by local ideas, however sacred the locality may be. For his artistic models you must go to ancient Greece, but for the thought which his pictures express you must search in human hearts everywhere, in the best religious aspirations of all humanity; they point to the highest, broadest and most spiritual conceptions of life; they speak emphatically against all kinds of sin and oppression, and they chant the everlasting praises of love. (Loud and continued applause.)

On the motion of Mr. Ernest Meads, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Tavener for his spiritually stimulating Address.

#### SOME FACTS ABOUT EUSAPIA PALADINO.

We have received a reply by Mr. Hereward Carrington to an article by Mr. S. Kellogg, one of the critics of Eusapia Paladino, which appeared in the November issue of the 'Journal' of the S.P.R. Mr. Carrington's letter is too long for our columns, but we may mention that he says he has attended about forty of Eusapia's sésances, and, having seen her almost daily for a period of eight months, he claims to have had an unusual opportunity of making an extensive study of her phenomena. He complains that Mr. Kellogg, like most of the American investigators, formed a 'snap judgment' of the case instead of studying Eusapia carefully and psychologically, as he should have done, and that he assumed a great many things which he failed to prove. The fact is, says Mr. Carrington, the best and most remarkable phenomena occurred when Eusapia was most passive and inert, in the deep trance condition:—

When she was in strange surroundings and sitting with those who were unfamiliar with her phenomena, Eusapia would not permit herself to pass into deep trance, but forced herself to keep more or less awake and alert, and the character of the phenomena suffered in consequence—so much so, in fact, that next to nothing happened; and, that being so, Eusapia felt her-

self forced, by stress of circumstances, to produce something herself. This she accordingly did. The unfortunate thing about the case is that Eusapia cannot be persuaded to let things take their natural course—to let nothing happen. Her vanity—which plays so large a part in her life—cannot stand that, and rather than acknowledge that nothing takes place, Eusapia will invariably cheat if genuine phenomena do not occur.

Mr. Carrington says further: 'Let it be again emphasised that no new form of trickery was discovered by the American investigators, but only the forms of fraud known to exist.' Quite recently one of the sitters, a very careful observer, who has attended a number of sésances, said to Mr. Carrington: 'If anyone were to witness, say, a dozen good sésances with Eusapia, I am sure that the proportion of fraud would be found to be very small indeed—almost negligible, in fact.' With that estimate Mr. Carrington fully concurs. He sums up as follows:—

At one of our later sésances in America, the table rose to a height of more than two feet from the floor; Eusapia had to rise from her chair to keep her finger-tips on its surface. She stood, and the table continued to rise, until her arms were stretched as high as they could go over her head. In this condition, Eusapia walked six or eight feet along the floor before the table fell with a bang! If anyone can believe, in face of evidence of this character, that Eusapia's table-levitations are produced by means of one toe, placed under the table leg, I have nothing more to say. The only reply our critics can make to incidents of this character is that they did not see anything of the kind themselves; but that all *their* table-levitations were simple and explained by the theory they propose. If such is their defence (and it strikes me it is the only possible one), then I think my point is well made when I say that they did not see any of the more striking of Eusapia's phenomena, but only a very limited number of the more dubious of them, under peculiarly unfavourable conditions; and, that being the case, they are not entitled to pass judgment upon the *whole* case, or assert that all her phenomena are fraudulently produced—when, by their own showing, they have not seen any of the more striking and convincing of them. If they saw such facts, they must acknowledge how ridiculous their explanations are; if they did not, then they are totally unqualified to pass judgment upon them. They must choose either one horn of the dilemma or the other upon which to impale themselves.

#### WAS IT A 'WILL-O-THE-WISP'?

What is characterised as 'an uncanny manifestation' is reported in the 'Aberdeen Free Press' of the 3rd inst. as having occurred recently at Portree. On a lonely moor, to the north-west of the town, mysterious wandering lights have been seen for a week past by crowds of persons who have assembled to watch them. One witness says the light that he saw resembled a bright stable lantern. It travelled northwards, from three to four feet above the ground, like an express train for nearly half a mile. Then, suddenly stopping, it dashed at an ever-increasing rate westwards for about an equal distance, when, doubling on its tracks, it returned to the spot at which it had been originally seen, where it as suddenly disappeared. Another eye-witness describes the light as with 'a suggestion of a break, or a flutter in the middle of it.' A third man, travelling in his cart, saw it coming towards him on the public road and, thinking that a motor-car was approaching, he drew aside to let it pass, but there was no car, only 'a brightly burning light that rushed past with the swiftness of the wind.' A lady saw the light in the distance moving towards her, but she paid no attention to it 'until it hurled itself at her head. She felt no sensation of burning and the light was past her in a flash. She fled, terror-stricken, to her home near by and fell fainting at her husband's feet.' Some sceptics speak of it as an unusually bright 'Will-o-the-Wisp,' but men who have seen it discount that theory, because it is too bright, too methodical in its movements, and has been seen to travel in the teeth of a strong north wind, and confines itself to a definite period each evening. This should interest Professor Barrett.

'A PROTEST.'—Mr. E. Lucas writes: 'I am very glad to see the honour of Mr. Bournell vindicated by Mr. Blackwell. I desire emphatically to support the view that Mr. Bournell was an honourable man, a rare psychic, and a good Spiritualist.'

## PHILOSOPHY OF THE MAHABHARATA.\*

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

ODE TO VISHNU (*continued*).

Again my Guru said to me: 'Remember my order and let us sit down and rest, that you may the better observe our newly-found treasure.'

We seated ourselves and I shut my hand on the egg, turning my thoughts inwards, and said to myself: 'Guru tells me the egg is an emblem. Of what?' With half-shut eyes I looked at the little white thing in my hand. I gazed with that inward sight we all possess but do not always use. I turned my mind inwards and meditated.

Then the egg seemed to grow bigger, to expand, and alter to a golden hue, turning so heavy that I dared not hold it any longer. I released it, and it rolled and fell to the ground, growing ever more golden, more brilliant.

Guru said: 'This is "Hiranyagarbha," the Golden Egg of Brahma, of the universe, and dropped by Brahma into the bosom of Paramarthika, the Mother Earth, to lie hidden in the waters of the Vast Thought of the Universe, till he permitted it to inform all things with energy, and make the shapeless void of waters dry up and indwelling life enter all things on earth and sky and sea. To do this the Golden Egg burst, and from it issued thousands of smaller eggs, to give life to thousands of things in the universe and in the firmament, to Devas and Devis. For even these gods are offspring from the Great Thought of Brahma, and your little egg is its emblem.'

'Think deeply!' Guru said, and again I retreated inwards, and thought on what the egg meant as an emblem.

A gentle breeze sprang up from the sea, laden with the odour of brine from the deep Atlantean shores. Every song-bird was dumb. I felt the awe of some great spirit near; only the lapping of the little waves on the sea-shore held me in union with the mundane world; but as I tried to link the emblem of the past and present—lo! my Golden Egg seemed to shiver, a ripple ran through it, and it burst open, right down, and from its golden heart a blue spirit-form issued, keeping the golden hue-like rays around it to shroud and veil its form. The head was beautiful, the eyes large and luminous. It said in melodious tones: 'I am the slayer of Madhu, who have hastened hither to help mankind. Whosoever fixes his attention on me, indeed on any god, and in his soul worships that god, grows like him, and at death his soul grows part of that god himself. I am named Vishnu. I am Love. Everything thou knowest shall appear to thee by inward light. Rise, daughter of earth, take three white flowers, and under the blue dome of heaven make offerings to the great ones, and speak thy wish.'

I rose; in my hand were three white lilies. I took them, and for every one in turn, as I threw it on the bosom of the sea, I made a wish. Looking straight at Surya Deva, I made my wish, first to Brahma, then to Vishnu, then to Siva.

Guru said: 'Let us worship "Govinda." Repeat after me this prayer: "Thou art pure knowledge and resident beyond the darkness of doubt. I bow to thee, not in any of those forms in which thou art ordinarily adored, but in that form of pure light, which Yogins only are qualified to use to behold thee in, by spiritual sight."'

I looked up to Govinda.

Alas! Hiranyagarbha and the beautiful blue spirit had fled. Instead, I found in my hand the little white egg, and around me the grey pebbles of the shore. Guru and vision were gone. 'Twas but fleeting, a moment in the pulsation of time, but oh! how great to me was the revelation it gave of what an emblem is!

Exercises such as the above may be continued throughout the entire alphabet, till each consonant has been in turn excluded. This is but a solitary example drawn from the many curious modes, entirely foreign to Western students, by which the Hindu mind is trained to concentration.

(To be continued.)

## SPECIAL EVENING MEETING.

On Wednesday, February 22nd, at the Rooms of the London Spiritualist Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., at 7 p.m. prompt, a special meeting has been arranged with Mrs. Praed for clairvoyant descriptions of spirit people. Admission: Members and Associates, 1s. each; visiting friends, 2s. No admission after seven o'clock.

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## THE VALUE OF MEDIUMSHIP.

Professor Carlo Caccia has sent us a useful little brochure entitled 'La Morale nei Fenomeni Medianici,' in which he discusses the subject of Spiritualism and mediumship, particularly in relation to their spiritual effect on the race and their bearing on life and destiny. The reality of supernormal phenomena is, in his opinion, entirely established, and only disputed either from ignorance or prejudice. He is also convinced that these phenomena involve contact with a world of discarnate life. He believes that the movement called Spiritualism ought to liberate humanity from the thralldom of materialism and superstition.

Through these mediumistic faculties, he says, may be found an unforeseen and unexpected revelation of extra terrene existence; they hold out a light which illuminates the dark paths of life; they offer loving, true guidance to comfort the suffering and inspire hope, leading shipwrecked souls into a port of refuge where, to their joyful surprise, they learn that those whom they mourned are not dead, but alive and present. This revelation is so grand that perhaps for this very reason some prefer to shut their eyes to it.

Professor Caccia has a lofty ideal of what mediumship should do for the race, and the object of his pamphlet is to awaken a deeper sense of the moral issues involved in its study and exercise. He reminds us that the discoveries and inventions which are considered of so great value to modern civilisation, aeroplanes, automobiles, telegraphy, telephones, &c., however interesting and useful for the present life, do not bring us any nearer to the solution of life's greatest problems—problems concerning man himself, his being, his consciousness, his inner spirit—but that in the study of mediumship we find mysterious forces which open up avenues of research into these essentially important matters; for mediumship deals with the forces which lie at the back of the physical and mental phenomena with which we are familiar. The pamphlet is published in the editorial office of 'Luce e Ombra,' Milan, Italy.

## 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.*

## A Premonition and its Fulfilment.

SIR,—When on a visit to an old friend, I there met another lady visitor, who related the following remarkable instance of prevision or unconscious telepathy, which may be of interest to your readers. 'I had been,' she said, 'on a long visit to my sister, the wife of a clergyman, in a country town; and was thinking about bringing it to a close, when a letter arrived from a friend of my youth whom I had not seen for a very long time, urgently inviting me to go and stay with her for an unlimited period. After this letter had been fully discussed, it was finally decided that I should accept the invitation. An uneventful railway journey followed, with a cordial welcome at its end. My hostess and I chatted over our reminiscences of old days, till eleven o'clock, when I retired to my room, and after spending some time in unpacking my boxes and placing their contents in drawers and cupboards, I went to bed very tired. After a dreamless sleep of a few hours, I started up suddenly, wide awake, and with a feeling of intense depression. It was clearly impressed on my mind that some grave peril menaced my sister, and the feeling became so intolerable that about four o'clock I rose, dressed, and repacked my boxes. In spite of my friend's consternation, I left by the first available train. On my arrival at the rectory I found my brother-in-law placidly smoking a cigar in the garden. His amazement on beholding me and my boxes deposited at his gate was quickly followed by an outburst of mingled wrath and ridicule at my "preposterous story." "What are we to say to Lucy?" he asked at length. "Isn't she very ill?" I inquired meekly. "Certainly not. Of course, I should have wired you instantly in that case. She is rather worried with a slight cold; but that is the extent of her "illness." Then he went off into a fit of laughter, and I escaped to my sister's room, where she too laughed at my nervous terrors, and then subsided into a pleasant chat in the old affectionate way.'

'One hour from the moment when I drove up to the rectory, my beloved sister was lying dead of heart-failure, and had I not taken the first train from — I should have been too late to see her alive.'—Yours, &c.,

I. F.

### A Useful Club Proposed.

SIR,—There are many strangers who come to London from time to time, especially those from the Near and Far East and from the Antipodes, to whom the great world-metropolis is, only too often, a vast and lonely wilderness. Many of these travellers are interested in the great reform movements of the day, but through lack of information and through the absence of any central meeting-place, they often leave London without having come into touch with much of vital importance that is going forward in our midst.

For the service of such wanderers, and also with the object of furthering the great ideals of world-wide Brotherhood and Universal Peace, a plan is on foot to form an International Strangers' Club in London, without distinction, so far as membership is concerned, of race, sex, or creed. An Information Bureau would be attached to the club, through which strangers could be directed to homely and comfortable quarters when desired, and brought into touch with congenial people. Information concerning the many meetings, conferences, and congresses that are constantly taking place in London would be tabulated for the use of members and their friends.

Great interest is being shown in the project, and I should be pleased to hear from any of your readers who could make suggestions, or who would be willing to co-operate in any practical way. If formed, the club would be constituted in such a manner as to be self-supporting.—Yours, &c.,

WELLESLEY TUDOR POLE.

16, Royal York Crescent,  
Clifton, Bristol.

### 'A Curious Experience.'

SIR,—In 'LIGHT' of January 28th, p. 48, Mrs. Peters gives details of the loss of an earring, and its eventual discovery five days later. She attributes the loss and the restoration to spirit agency. But what proof is there of this? Why should not the earring have fallen from her ear through improper fastening (as many personal ornaments do), get fixed in some portion of her attire, and then, owing to some action of hers in the kitchen, eventually be released and fall on the floor? Surely this theory is as plausible as, if not very much more so than, that adduced by Mrs. Peters.

What good have the spirits done by removing the ring from Mrs. Peters's ear, and then restoring it to her in a *damaged* condition?

She also states that on many occasions she has lost personal belongings, thereby suffering 'great inconvenience,' and she leads one to infer that the loss was caused through spirit agency. If so, what is the good of it? If spirits can do these inconvenient things, why not do, instead, things that would add to one's comfort and convenience?

I cannot see that the recital of such inconvenient experiences in any way aids Spiritualism. On the contrary, I should think it would put most reasoning people against it.—Yours, &c.,  
F. R. B.

### Comments on a Critic's Remarks.

SIR,—On page 47 Mr. T. May says that writers who quote the words, 'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap,' without also giving the context, 'outrage truth,' and then states that he has 'been all over the planes and spheres of heaven and can find no one who believes such nonsense'! Passing over this extraordinary claim, may I refer to his contention that it is 'impossible to reap what we sow'? Surely Mr. May, who is evidently gifted with imagination, can realise that the quotation is used in the sense that we inevitably reap the harvest that results from the seeds sown—or the crop of consequences that ensue from our motives and our deeds, as they affect us!

As to children in spirit life being interested in toys and accompanying their earth friends and relatives to places where such toys are sold—I may ask, 'Why not, if they are still only children?'

At a recent séance a clairvoyant informed a lady that a little spirit boy, giving his description and apparent age, was standing near to her, and had laid his head in her lap. The lady admitted having 'lost a little one,' but not a boy. 'But,' said the seer, 'this is a boy: he is one who passed away before birth.' The lady then said that she had had a little one such as the clairvoyant had mentioned, but was astounded to learn that he was alive as a spirit. Mr. May apparently does not approve of still-born infants living and growing and learning in the spirit-world, but if evidence is of any value there have been many proofs given that they do.

I endorse Mr. May's apostrophe to 'the angels and spirits of light,' and echo his desire for vision of 'the rapture of the saints,' &c., but let us deal with facts. I fail to see why Mr. May should speak of Mr. Campbell as being obsessed because he feels that Jesus inspires him. Why should not Mr. Campbell have his visions and rapture?—Yours, &c.,  
F. R.

### 'The Aura in Man and Animals.'

SIR,—The experiences related by Mr. Street in his address on 'The Aura in Man and Animals,' published in 'LIGHT' of January 21st, are very interesting, but as he states that his investigation is in the experimental stage you will, perhaps, permit me to mention that when he says that 'Disease in any part of the body shows itself in the auras by the presence of a grey cloudy condition which varies according to the intensity of the trouble,' his observations differ from mine. To me grey is indicative of mental states, varying in its density according to the condition of the mind, and in most cases independent of physical conditions. On the other hand, without exception, disease is always shown to me by murky green auras, varying in their dirtiness according to the intensity of the disease, and always surrounding the region of greatest morbidity. As a student in these matters I should be greatly indebted to Mr. Street if he could explain what appears to me, at present, to be a contradiction.—Yours, &c.,  
LEWIS FIRTH.

### Do We Reap What We Sow?

SIR,—Mr. T. May makes a bold assertion when he states that no 'real Spiritualist' would accept the teaching that we reap what we sow, teaching that the Rev. Stainton Moses and Mrs. Emma H. Britten both accepted, as also do the controls of Mrs. M. H. Wallis and many other mediums. I submit that the common experiences of life go to show the truth rather than the falsity of this teaching. Carelessness and general inattention to our bodily requirements result sooner or later in disaster and pain, and in the same way neglect of, and indifference to, mental and spiritual requirements end in the degeneracy of the individual. Mr. May claims to have traversed 'all the planes and spheres of heaven.' Does this imply that he has been able to bring himself into sympathetic and conscious touch with every condition of being in the inexhaustible realm of spiritual vibration; that his soul-consciousness has been so enriched and enhanced as to vibrate in affinity with the immeasurable ecstasy of that spiritual world, and that there is no condition, no state, no expression of being in that upper world unknown to him? O, happy soul, give to us, the children of darkness, the light we need, so that we may rise to thy estate and thou be left no more in splendid isolation!—Yours, &c.,  
Bournemouth.

FRANK T. BLAKE.

### 'Is Nature Cruel?'

SIR,—In 'LIGHT' of January 28th, under the heading 'Is Nature Cruel?' you allude to Dr. A. R. Wallace's views on the comparative insensibility of animals to pain as 'enlightening and consoling.' Possibly they may be so to the vivisector, but to the lover of animals they seem not only doubtful and conjectural, but highly dangerous.

'Our whole tendency to transfer our sensations of pain to all other animals is grossly misleading,' says Dr. Wallace, but one powerful reason for believing that the higher animals suffer much as we do is that the signs of their pain are identical with our own. The sharp cry of anguish, the moan of continued suffering, the drawn and haggard face, the wasted form, leave us little room for any comfortable hypothesis as to their lack of sensitiveness.

I can well understand that a humane man like Dr. Wallace is 'thankful' to be able to believe that animals suffer less atrociously than we imagine, but I regret that he and others should, with good intentions, prepare so handy a weapon for the cruel and callous. If the higher animals suffer in much less degree than man, they must be consummate actors.

Before concluding that even 'the poor beetle' feels no pain in dying, one would like to hear his side of the story. 'The poet' was not in the habit of writing nonsense.—Yours, &c.,  
LOUISA BIGG.

[Everyone must judge for himself the soundness of the inference which Dr. Wallace drew from the evolutionary law which he stated and which we cited. We agree that the animals near to the human probably suffer as much as we do, and possibly more in some respects, as being incapable of the alleviations of our philosophy: but then they are probably exempt from the exaggerations which accompany our faculty of comparison and our excessive self-love. Dr. Wallace nobly guarded himself against the vivisector, as we showed.—ED. 'LIGHT'.]

### Some More 'Experiences.'

SIR,—An almost similar experience to that related by Mrs. Peters happened to me some time ago in France. I used to wear a little charm round my neck, and one day it was missing. I was distressed about it and offered a reward for its recovery. My daughter and I asked for the aid of the 'friends on the "other side,"' who told us it would come back. Two days later we both

heard something fall on the mat, and there was the charm. I may add that I had seen that mat shaken out of the window by the 'bonne' that morning.

Some queer little things have been happening lately. A friend consulted me as to a dress which she was going to London to buy. I saw, clairvoyantly, the dress she would get, and described it, mentioning also the price. A few days later she wrote to me, saying that she had seen the exact dress, at the price I had named, and had bought it. This same friend came to me again, about a coat she wanted. This was also described to her—style, colour and cut—with the assurance that it would fit her. The next day I got a jubilant letter from her telling me that she had seen it in a window, felt that it was the one described, and found that it fitted her exactly. I may add that I could not in either case tell the locality where the garment would be found, but advised my friend to act on her own impression.

And now to graver things. A short time ago my children and I were sitting together one Sunday evening, when a most strange feeling came over me, and I said to them, 'Something is happening to some member of our family.' 'Is it good?' asked they. 'No,' was the reply. The next day brought the news of the sudden death of a very near relative. A few weeks later the same feeling came over me again, the same question and answer occurred, and the next day brought the news of the sudden death of another relative.—Yours, &c.,

GEM.

Matlock.

### THE PSYCHICAL ELEMENT IN BLOOD.

Dr. H. Valentine Knaggs, in an address to the Psycho-Therapeutic Society on January 30th at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, showed that the microbe has been grossly maligned, as it is now known that 'most microbes are beneficial and life could not possibly go on without them.' He claimed that there is a psychic element in human blood. All that flows into the body in an unspoiled form—pure air, sunshine, pure water and fresh uncooked foods—swarms with minute organisms which are the seeds of larger, though still microscopically small, cells. The intricate processes of nutrition are carried on by Nature, or the psychic forces, by means of the blood, which is organised like a perfectly managed 'departmental store.' Thus the human body is really a vast commonwealth of minute cells run on communal lines, with all the work thoroughly specialised and organised. A recent improvement in microscopical methods, the lecturer explained, has led to a new study of living blood, and in consequence to the better understanding of disease and of its rational treatment.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- 'Occult Review' for February. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate-street, E.C. 7d. net.
- 'Modern Astrology' for February. Edited by ALAN LEO. Imperial-buildings, Ludgate-circus, E.C. 6d.
- 'The After Life: a Help to a Reasonable Belief in the Probation Life to Come.' By HENRY BUCKLE. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row, E.C. Cloth, gilt, 3s. net.
- 'Life Transfigured.' By LILIAN WHITING. Illustrated with eight photo reproductions from celebrated pictures. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Cloth, 1.25dol.
- 'Some Noble Souls.' By ELIZABETH SEYERS. London: Theosophical Publishing Company, 161, New Bond-street, W. 4s. 6d. net.
- 'Cagliostro & Co.' By FRANZ FUNCK-BRENTANO. Translated by George Maidment. Greening & Co., 91, St. Martin's-lane, W.C. Cloth, 1s. 6d. net.
- 'New Evidences in Psychical Research.' By J. ARTHUR HILL. With Introduction by SIR OLIVER LODGE. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate-street, E.C. 3s. 6d. net.
- MAGAZINES.—'The Vineyard' for February, A. C. Fifield, 13, Clifford's-inn, E.C., 6d. net; 'Psychische Studien' for February, Leipzig, Verlag von Oswald Mutze, Linderstr.; 'Mystic Light Library Bulletin' for December and January, edited by W. J. COLVILLE, 49, John-street, New York, 5 cents each; 'The Nautilus' for February, Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass, 10 cents; 'Healthward Ho!' for February, 40, Chandos-street, W.C., 3d.; 'Sunday School Quarterly,' Sunday School Association, Essex Hall, Essex-street, W.C., 3d.; 'The Dawn,' Vol. I., Nos. 1, 2 and 3, Dawn Publishing Co., 915, Van Ness-avenue, San Francisco, 10 cents each; 'The Open Road' for February, C. W. Daniel, 3, Amen-corner, E.C., 3d.; 'Die Uebersinnliche Welt' (Leipzig), London agents, Theosophical Publishing Society, 3, Langham-place, 1 mark; 'Revue Spirite Belge,' 89, Rue Solier, Jumez,

### SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 5th, &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*.—Mr. G. R. Symons delivered an interesting and illuminating address on 'White Robes.' Mrs. Leigh Hunt sang a solo. Mr. Leigh Hunt presided.—*Percy Hall*.—On January 30th Mrs. Place-Veary gave well-recognised clairvoyant descriptions to members and friends. Mr. Leigh Hunt presided. Sunday next, see advt.—D. N.

SPIRITUAL MISSION: 22, Prince's-street.—Mr. W. E. Long spoke on 'The Spiritualism of the Rev. R. J. Campbell,'—67, George-street, Baker-street.—In the morning Mr. Carpenter gave an address on 'Holy Communion.' On Wednesday, February 1st, Miss Burton dealt with 'Intellectual and Spiritual Development.' Sunday next, see advt.—J. H. C.

CROYDON.—ELMWOOD HALL, ELMWOOD-ROAD, BROAD-GREEN.—Miss Morse gave helpful addresses and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mr. G. R. Symons.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HAMPTON WICK.—Mrs. Imison (Nurse Graham) gave an address and convincing clairvoyant descriptions; hall crowded. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Jamrach will speak and give clairvoyant descriptions.—B.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—Mr. T. Olman Todd gave his first lecture to a good audience. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., he will deliver his second lecture, 'The Prophets in the Temple.' The usual evening meeting will be held.—G. T. W.

BRIXTON.—73, WILTSHIRE-ROAD.—Mr. Alfred Bridger's illuminating address on 'The Way of the Soul' was followed by clairvoyant descriptions from Mrs. Johnson and others. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Weiss will give an address and clairvoyance. Public services Wednesdays, at 8.15—K. S.

HACKNEY.—240A, AMHURST-ROAD, N.—Mrs. Podmore gave an address on 'Is there a Real Need for Spiritualism?' and clairvoyant descriptions and messages. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Robert King. Monday, at 8, members' circle, Mrs. J. Neal. Tuesday, at 8, astrology class.—N. R.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL, LAUSANNE-ROAD.—Mrs. Fanny Roberts gave addresses and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, morning, circle; evening, Mr. J. Huxley. Tuesday, at 8.15, healing circle. Thursday, 16th, Mrs. Webster. Saturday, 18th, social evening. Sunday, 19th, Lyceum anniversary.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—Mrs. A. Boddington gave helpful addresses and excellent clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15, Mr. E. W. Wallis, on 'The Spirit's Body'; at 7 p.m., 'The Coming Spiritual Religion.' Monday and Thursday, at 8; Wednesday, at 3, Mrs. Clarke, clairvoyante.—A. M. S.

BRIGHTON.—ROOM 'A,' ATHENÆUM HALL, NORTH-STREET.—Good addresses were given by Miss Rennie and Mr. J. A. Wilkins, and clairvoyant descriptions by Mrs. Curry. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., circle; at 7 p.m., address and exhibition of spirit drawings by Mr. W. C. Torr. Monday, at 8, Mrs. Curry. Thursday, at 8, circle.—A. C.

HIGHGATE.—GROVEDALE HALL, GROVEDALE-ROAD.—Morning, Mr. J. Abrahall spoke on 'Cosmic Life.' Evening, Mrs. A. Jamrach gave an uplifting address on 'Is Spiritualism a Religion?'; clairvoyant descriptions at both meetings. February 1st, Mrs. Podmore gave clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., Mr. A. Graham; at 7 p.m., Mr. W. R. Stebbens. Wednesday, Mrs. Mary Davies. February 18th, social. 19th, Madame Marie Zaidia.—J. F.

CLAPHAM.—HOWARD-STREET, NEW-ROAD.—Mr. Harold Carpenter gave an address on 'Spiritualism, the False and the True.'

SEVEN KINGS, ILFORD.—5, SPENCER-ROAD.—Mr. Thomas Brooks gave an interesting address on 'How to Live Long.'—W. J.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.—MILTON-STREET.—Mr. Horace Leaf gave an address, followed by clairvoyant descriptions.—A. I.

NOTTINGHAM.—MECHANICS' LECTURE HALL.—Mr. John Lobb delivered addresses on Sunday and Monday last.—H. E.

EXETER.—MARKET HALL.—Addresses were given by Mr. W. H. Evans and Mrs. Grainger, who also gave clairvoyant descriptions. 2nd inst., Mr. West.—W. H. E.

PLYMOUTH.—ODDFELLOWS' HALL, MORLEY-STREET.—Mr. Clavis gave addresses, and Mrs. Short and Mrs. Pollard clairvoyant descriptions.

WINCHESTER.—ODDFELLOWS' HALL.—Mrs. Watts Harris gave a good address and Mrs. Harvey gave clairvoyant descriptions.—R. E. F.

KENTISH TOWN.—17, PRINCE OF WALES-CRESCENT, N.W.—Mrs. Smith spoke on 'The Relation of the Spirit to the Body' to a good audience.—E. C.

SOUTHAMPTON.—VICTORIA ROOMS, PORTLAND-STREET.—Mr. Blake gave an address on 'Spiritualism, the Comforter' and clairvoyant descriptions.—M. L. C.