

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

'An Adventure' (London: Macmillan and Co.) is attracting a great deal of attention, and in a way which is altogether to the good, as the publishers prominently guarantee the truth of the narrative told by the two ladies who have written it: and the narrative is one which the veriest sceptic must treat with respect in the presence of that guarantee. These ladies were at Versailles in 1901, and, when there, thought they would like to visit the Petit Trianon. In doing so, they appeared to be the subjects of an 'enchantment.' Gardens, trees, buildings, persons, were all different from what they were as they saw them afterwards, but as they were (so later researches revealed) in the time of Marie Antoinette. They saw and were spoken to by individuals, and amid scenes quite strange to them. These persons were dressed in peculiar costumes whose style and colours they noted.

These ladies were not specially interested in French history, and had no particular object in going to the Petit Trianon. 'Both of us thought it (the going to Versailles) might prove to be a dull expedition. . . we constantly regretted our inability through ignorance to feel properly the charm of the place.'

Their experiences were so astonishing that they repeated their visit, and found nothing as they had seen it, and were so intensely interested that they started a series of historical investigations, the end of which was that everything they had seen suggested the Marie Antoinette days.

The ladies were anti-Spiritualists, and struggled against an occult explanation of their experiences, but their investigations were too much for them, and they now decide that 'from the moment of our leaving the lane until we emerged into the avenue we were on enchanted ground.'

The narrative is written with extreme deliberateness and simplicity, and the story of the historical investigations that followed is not the least interesting part of it.

Canon Scott Holland writes, in 'The Commonwealth,' a fiery fighting Article on 'The Laggard Church.' It is a blazing attack upon the careless unsocial Church, and a justification of 'The Christian Social Union' which is trying to wake it up and make it true to its great profession, and help it to understand and use its spiritual treasures. The Canon's description of 'Church people,' as the Union found them, accounts for much. He says:—

They were hopelessly behind in all the movements for Social Reform. They did not count, practically, in the cause. They held coldly aloof from the struggle. They bore no part of the burden. They, more than any, refused to bring their faith

to bear upon the actual facts of commerce and industry. They shut it up within the closed doors of sacred churches, and left the outer world of temporal affairs to go its own bad way, as if it could never be expected to conform to Christian ethical standards, or to glorify God in Christ Jesus our Lord. They were comfortable: timid: suspicious: acquiescent. They continually formed a block of solid and stolid obstruction against every movement of the Spirit, as it strove to transfigure society into something that would reflect the City of God. There was no recalcitrance so hard to overcome as that of Churchmen. They despaired of seeing trade become moral; or human society sacrificial. They resigned all national interests to the dominion of individual greed and selfish competition. They had given up hoping that any other rule could prevail in the market, than that of 'Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.'

The promoters of 'The Christian Social Union,' he tells us, are tired of this state of things. They cannot endure that 'their Holy Mother Church' should be found so far to the rear:—

They cannot endure that she should despair of winning the seething secular world of modern civilisation to the rule of Jesus Christ, and should hand it over to the devil of blind, unmitigated competition. They cannot endure that she should shut her congregations up inside the closed doors of her churches, while, outside, the flaring cities roar out their denial of the brotherhood that is in Christ Jesus, and of the kingdom of righteousness, joy, and love, which God seeks to establish here on earth.

The good Canon has found the true and only path to God.

A 'Ladies' Home Journal' recently made the following announcement:—

Dead and death, and the harsher ones, die, dying, and died. Aside from the harshness of the words themselves, they are harsh and cruel in their sound, the words no longer express our belief. We are all fast reaching the belief that we do not die; we are not dead. We pass from one stage to another, and so why should we not say what we believe of ourselves and of those dear to us—that we simply pass away? Any usage, any contributing element, no matter how seemingly small, that will help even in the slightest degree to remove the old-fashioned gruesomeness that has so long associated itself with the completion of our work here and the beginning of our work in another stage, is worth adoption. This magazine will adopt the rule for itself; hereafter the words, as applied to human life, will become obsolete, so far as our own expression in its pages is concerned, in the acceptance and usage of the more truthful and less jarring reference of the passing away of a human life.

We quite agree, but is 'pass away' much nearer the truth? We are in a real difficulty and sadly need a word; but a created one, even if we could invent one, would probably be misunderstood. There is already a word which is in use and which is quite unobjectionable: or, at any rate, its element of inaccuracy is sufficiently disguised by its Latinity. Let us try *Decease*. It will help us at least part of the way.

'The After Life,' by Henry Buckle (London: Elliot Stock) is a second edition of a merciful book, a good deal prompted by the shrinking of 'orthodoxy' from what this writer calls 'the monstrous doctrine' of 'everlasting "torments" in "hell."' But, as his book is entirely based upon a Bible basis, as a final authority, it is of course more curious than convincing.

Mr. Buckle believes in the old-fashioned 'Last Day' and 'The Resurrection': in 'An Intermediate State,' or 'Hades,' and in the final 'blotting out of existence' of the hopelessly 'unrepentant.' Short of that, there will be, he says, opportunities for repentance under the influence of 'angels and spirits who will visit them from the higher spheres.'

It is, as we say, a merciful book, but the Spiritualist has no use for it. Compared with what he knows, it is like 'Jack the Giant Killer' to Oliver Lodge.

'The Brahman's Wisdom': Translated from the German of Friedrich Rückert: by Eva M. Martin (London: W. Rider and Son), is unfortunately in English rhyme; and we hold that nothing German or French can be satisfactorily decanted in English rhyme. Perhaps 'nothing' is too inclusive, but it seems clear that the English rhymers would at least have to be a wonderful translator and poet who could do it. A modest prose translation that attempted above all things to give the sense and retain the foreign flavour would be the ideal, even though the translation were crabbed English.

Still, these rhymes are not without merit and meaning, but who can believe that the following rhymes breathe the German atmosphere or reflect the German style?—

There lived, deep in a lonely wood,
A man unloved, unmiss'd
By any of his kind. Man called
Him a misanthropist.

A wanderer asked him once, 'What made
Thee leave the world, and hate
Mankind?' He answered, 'Twas through love
I sought this lonely fate.'

Anyway, it hardly seemed worth while to cut up this bit of obvious prose into such queer lines: and the translator might have done better, with a quaint conceit, by being untrammelled.

We have gone through 'Recollections of a Society Clairvoyant' (London: Eveleigh Nash) with some pain, a great deal of surprise, and a little disgust, and also with a lingering doubt whether this anonymous work is not a romance; and not 'Recollections' at all. It contains nothing worthy of serious attention: a collection of little wonder-stories, a few shockers, and a steady trickle of unpleasant suggestions, not at all nice either in substance or tone. It is a disappointing book and we fail to see why it was published.

A pretty little book is 'Rosalea: Poems in Prose,' by C. A. Webster (London: Elliot Stock)—filled with scraps of sentiment, emotion, imagery, allegory—what you will: all daintily enough sketched, but not exactly 'poems,' and not artistically satisfying: only pleasant or passionate and with a vivid reaching out after a beautiful thought. Here is a good specimen:—

I suffered sore. My heart cried out in agony. My soul felt it must be that 'His will be done.' The human I, with chattering teeth, gasped out 'I cannot utter it.' The soul whispered 'You must—it must be that His will be done.' In desperate bitterness I tore the branches from the hedge, prickling with spikes. Madly I bound them round my head. What matter the thorns, what matter the fiery drops of blood. 'Oh my Father, hear me!' I say, with faltering voice, 'Not my will but Thine be done.' My hands were clenched. I bowed my head. It seemed as if the night had come and with it the perils of the precipice, the terror of the unknown. I sank down just gasping out 'My Father, Thy will be done.' As I sank I touched my head. No crown of thorns was on it, but in its place roses, tender roses. Long, long I lay as one in dream. Over me climbed the quickening dawn and at my feet the sparkling grass. Then carolled from my heart these words, 'Father, Father, I thank Thee. Thy will in very truth is love.'

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

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

THURSDAY EVENING NEXT, MARCH 2ND,
WHEN AN ADDRESS WILL BE GIVEN

BY

MR. ANGUS MCARTHUR,

ON

'Psychic Phenomena in England, 600 A.D. to 1200 A.D.; the Remarkable Experiences of Forgotten Pioneers.'

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

Mar. 30.—Mr. Ernest W. Beard: 'Our Spirit Friends and the Evidence of their Identity.'

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 28th, Mrs. Place-Veary 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.

AURAL DRAWINGS.—On Wednesday next, March 1st, and succeeding Wednesdays, from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m., Mr. Percy R. Street will give personal delineations by means of the colours of the psychic aura of sitters. Fee 5s. to a guinea. For appointments write to the Honorary Secretary. See advertisement supplement.

MEDIUMISTIC DEVELOPMENT.—On Thursday next, March 2nd, 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, March 3rd, 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.

SPECIAL EVENING MEETINGS.

On Wednesday next, March 1st (and on the 8th), 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. Podmore for clairvoyant descriptions of spirit people. Admission: Members and Associates, 1s. each; visiting friends, 2s. No admission after seven o'clock.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENA AT MARSEILLES.

Comte G. Le Goarant de Tromelin reports to 'Le Messenger' for January and February various phenomena which have occurred in his house, the Villa 'My Home,' in Marseilles. He states that he asked whether the spirits of the Brothers Davenport could give their assistance in the production of important physical phenomena and received a reply in the affirmative. Mlle. Pauline Bernard, the first medium, was in poor health, but a table weighing more than two hundred pounds was moved, and the movements were continued after the medium had left the séance. In full light, boots were removed from the feet of the sitters both at once with a single movement and without being unbuttoned or unlaced. One sitter defied the unseen powers to move him, but in spite of his efforts, although he is a professional boxer, he was seized by the feet and the head and thrown as lightly as a feather on the middle of the table.

With another medium, M. Ch. Baume, the table was lifted horizontally with all four feet above the floor to the height of about eight inches, and remained up for about ten seconds in a brilliant light.

Mlle. Bernard passed to the beyond on January 9th of this year. On the 24th of last November, while she was in ill-health, her brother, aged twenty-five years, was brought from his home, about two and a half miles away, in a state of catalepsy, clothed in his nightgown and with bare feet, and placed on the floor of the dining-room of the villa, in the presence of ten sitters. He was transported through the walls of the room in which he slept. After the phenomenon was completed Mlle. Bernard became seriously ill and her brother remained two hours in the cataleptic state.

Within twenty-four hours of the lady's decease and while her body lay on the bed, four different people heard her voice call to them.

The brother manifested signs of mediumship immediately after his transportation, and under his mediumship, at a subsequent séance, a tooth-brush was brought in a few seconds to its owner who had left it in a tumbler in his hotel, and who asked at the séance for it to be brought. This occurred on the 17th of January.

A sitter asked that a guinea pig might be brought to the séance. Immediately a guinea pig from a closed pen at the bottom of the garden was placed on the middle of the table, having been brought from the pen into the closed room—an example of the transport of a living animal through matter.

Readers are referred to the original articles for fuller details and for the Comte de Tromelin's explanations of the phenomena.

B. C. W.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS IN ITALY.

With the exceedingly pleasant memories of a recent Italian tour comes also the thought of how much the harmonising influences of such a climate and scenery must conduce to the production of occult phenomena in that fertile land. This is borne out by the account given in 'Luce e Ombra' (Milan) for December of a successful séance with the promising medium, Signora Lucia, during which, under the control of 'Remigio,' moulds and casts of a human foot and two fingers were obtained. The sitting, which was held in Rome, in January of last year, was characterised by the usual touchings, snatchings, and knockings, the medium being securely enshrouded in the cabinet, with arms and hands made fast and kept under the close observation of Signor Enrico Carreras and his assistant. The usual red light was employed, and when at the request of 'Remigio' a candle was lit, the moulds of paraffin wax, still warm, were discovered floating on the surface of some cold water in a pan placed under a small table out of reach of medium and sitters. Photographic illustrations of the moulds and casts are given, and the facts are attested by a number of signatories, the striking point in connection with the mould of the foot being that no human foot could possibly have been withdrawn without breaking it! A similar account, but of a later sitting, with Signora Lucia is also given in the December number of 'Filosofia Della Scienza' (Palermo), at which the Editor of that

journal was present, when sea-shells and parts of human faces were obtained, likewise moulded in paraffin wax.

Occult science has a faithful and impartial exponent in 'Ultra' (Rome) which, although nominally a theosophical journal, devotes much of its space to the spiritualistic world. In the December issue a kindly notice of the passing of the late Mr. E. Dawson Rogers appears under a head-line which describes him as a *decano* (dean) of Spiritualism.

The Spanish-speaking Spiritualists of South America are well catered for in the 'Revista de Estudios Psiquicos,' of Valparaiso, which we note contains, amongst other good things, an account of the mysterious case of Ruth Parr, of Newmarket (England), whose body is said to emit musical sounds—like the rendering of set pieces of music—under certain conditions.

CHAS. WM. TURNER.

STRIKING PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

(Continued from page 77.)

It was in the autumn that we had the first experience, and in the following April a curious thing occurred. There was a barrel in the garden that received the rain water from the washhouse roof. It was an ordinary paraffin barrel with the head knocked out, and it was not covered. One morning as I passed through the long corridor from the house to the garden the whistling was incessant. I went into the washhouse for food for my fowls, the whistling continuing. (The place was in the garden, detached from the main house, and used as a store.) Presently I went to the barrel for some water. What was my surprise to find the water in the barrel the colour of blood! (Note.—The barrel was three parts full.) My first idea was that some cat had got impaled on some long nails in the rim of the barrel, and had bled to death, although it would have needed the blood of many cats to have dyed the water such a deep red. There was, however, no cat in the barrel or any sign of blood on the rim of the barrel, or on the gravel path. I next thought of some permanganate of potash that I had in solution on a shelf. I found the bottle on the shelf covered with dust, and it was evident that it had not been tampered with. I then took some of the water in a tumbler and exposed it to the full sunlight, and, as I expected, it gradually lost its colour, and the matter, a microscopic fungus I expect it was, subsided to the bottom. The same reaction occurred, but after several hours, in the barrel. Whatever the cause was, the whistling genius evidently claimed credit for it, for it continued to demonstrate its presence all the time I was investigating the matter.

Knowing the conditions, I am positive that it was not the result of any trick—the only question is, was the fungoid a spontaneous development, or not? I have read of a red fungus that appears at rare intervals in some parts of the Nile.

A few other strange incidents occurred—a grate that I had cleaned out before going out with my wife late in the evening, was found on our return heaped up with coal, which was blazing like a bonfire, although my daughter was in bed, and my wife's parents, the only other inmates, denied having entered the room.

An india-rubber ball that for weeks had been lodged in the shoot of the house roof suddenly, one absolutely still afternoon, bounced through the open sitting-room window to where I was seated. As there was a wide glass verandah extending the whole length of the house, this was by ordinary means a physical impossibility, and this recalls to my mind a case at the time of our first séances, in which my little girl's stocking, which was lying on the floor of our bedroom, was suddenly whisked away, and a moment later I heard her calling, 'Something has brought my stocking into my room.'

I have said that, except on its first introduction, no whistling ever occurred in my daughter's presence. As a rule, it would afford no manifestation before strangers, remaining quiescent in their vicinity, but being just as active in another part of the premises; but there were three exceptions.

First: With Dr. H., in whose presence alone with me it whistled the whole evening whilst my wife was at church.

Second: With the gentleman who had spoken about the devil in our earliest experiences, and who hurriedly took his departure the moment it commenced.

Third: With a Mr. B., who remained in our house several weeks, and with whom it would exchange salutation as freely as with myself.

Fourth: With Mr. S., but as he hardly ever came to the house I am not sure that he heard it in his normal state.

On one occasion when I went at 11 o'clock to fasten the large iron gate leading into the road it simulated perfectly a man moving in the garden.

I had been much annoyed by men leaving the neighbouring hotel coming into our garden and trampling down the flowers, and I spoke pretty strongly to this supposed individual. I could hear him moving in the evergreens close to me most distinctly.

Suddenly, when I thought I had got him in a corner, came a long loud whistle from the exact spot, and I could not help laughing to think how completely I had been done.

During a part of the time that the whistling phenomena continued we had a gentleman named L. staying with us as a paying guest. He was an intellectual and, very well read man, but of a decidedly phlegmatic temperament. It would never whistle in his presence, but one morning he came down to breakfast in a very nervous state, saying he had been awakened in the night to find an elderly man bending over and looking at him.

I remember him also rushing downstairs one afternoon half undressed and with his hair all a tumble. He was as excited as such a man could possibly become, and told me that whilst he was arranging his toilet someone had stepped close behind him and patted him on the head. He had previously affected to be incredulous, but after that he was anxious to hold séances, and we had two, in which he, Dr. V., and I sat round the dining-room table. Curiously both he and Dr. V. went off sound asleep, although the table was moving violently up and down and making a terrific noise. In the second séance a bright light like a small star shone upon Mr. L.'s hand, which he was holding up. The moment I touched his hand the light disappeared. There were no raps, nor was there any whistling.

Our whistling companion remained with us for quite two years. Toward the end of the time the sounds became fainter and less frequent, and at last ceased altogether. We remained in this house for about three years afterward, but had no further psychic experiences of the same sort, and little of any other. There were many minor incidents during 'its' stay with us that I have not mentioned, which could not be accounted for by any reasonable supposition other than that they were due to this intelligence. I must own that I missed it. It seemed like parting with an old acquaintance; not a friend, it was too reticent for that, but still it, or she, always avowed a strong liking for my wife and myself, and my wife had got over her first fear of it, although she would still have been very frightened had she been alone when it was whistling, but it always abstained from doing so or from frightening her in any way.

One night at this time I had a curious vision. I had just gone to bed, and was not asleep, when standing before me in the light from the window I saw my daughter. She was holding her hands before her eyes, as if in great trouble. It was as distinct as if she had really been in the room. She had arranged to go with others the following morning for a day trip to France, and I was very uneasy all day after they had left, and more so still when they did not return at the proper time. I had not told anyone what I had seen. Eventually we received a telegram stating that they had missed the home-coming boat. The next evening they returned, and our friends told us that when the steamer did not stop in answer to their signals from the pier, my daughter had put her hands up to her face and burst into tears. It was pouring with rain, and very windy, and they had taken little money with them.

My next experience of what I consider to have been spirit intervention occurred several years later, and in a different house. In the middle of the night I was startled out of my sleep by the electric bell ringing loudly. It was cold, and I felt unwilling to get up, but if I did not I knew that the Leclanché

battery would be 'done for.' When I opened the bedroom door I heard a faint moaning from my daughter's room. Going there, I found her in the same condition in which she had been at the other house, quite unable to move or even to call for help. We got hot water and restored the circulation, but I very much doubt if it had not been for the bell ringing if she would have been alive the next morning.

On examining the wires I found that a connection had been made underneath the bath in the bath room. It only needed a slight pressure on one wire to establish contact, but the fact remains that during many months that we had lived in the house it had never occurred, and there is no reason to suppose that it ever would have done so spontaneously.

(To be continued.)

PHILOSOPHY OF THE MAHABHARATA.*

By MRS. ALICIA SIMPSON, M.R.A.S.

(Author of *Bhakti Marga*.)

Physicians, metaphysicians, pathologists throughout the centuries have striven to compass the mysteries that enwrap our sleeping moments. Each has put forth his particular theory, coloured by his special temperament, to explain the mimic death that at night enfolds all earthly creatures, and without whose comfort the poor human brain is plunged in unimaginable torture.

What is the cause of those dreams that flit across the background of our slumbers? Are they connected with our waking moments, or merely with physical conditions of the body? Or have they an independent, wholly spiritual origin? Is the will free to act during the suspension of the bodily senses? These and many other queries have been since days of old the subject of earnest investigation. And yet with all his introspection and his marvellous scientific research, we can hardly say that the modern inquirer is much nearer the fundamental solution of this daily phenomenon.

Let us examine the theory of the Mahabharata sages and notice how far the opinion of those psychic experts squares with the conclusions of more modern science.

A philosophy delighting in abstractions, like that of the Hindus, naturally turned with avidity to such a pursuit as the study of the working of the soul in dreams. We find that the sages accounted this psychic subject one of the most important that could engage a man's attention: 'He who is ignorant of the four themes, dreams, dreamless sleep, Brahma accompanied by attributes, and Brahma transcending all attributes, cannot be deemed to know Brahma.' Sleep, indeed, was despised by the Yogi and held to be a harmful state—one which by dint of patient effort he should strive to abandon. There were five hindrances to perfection, he said, in the human body—desire, wrath, fear, sleep, and breath. In sleep the soul appeared as if inhabiting another body, and was, therefore, still influenced by desire, which clogged the spiritual part of man, hindering the great aim of being, the achievement of pure knowledge. Hence sleep must be eschewed by him who would attain the supreme stages of Yoga. By constant reflection, with mind firmly concentrated on the acquisition of the highest knowledge—i.e., knowledge of the soul—the true Yogi could achieve a state of permanent wakefulness.

When the senses of the body are suspended in sleep, says Bhishma in the Mahabharata, the human mind, still working, feels that it possesses a body with all its accustomed faculties. Dreams come in consequence of this suspension of the senses, for the mind acts unceasingly, though the body is inert. Those images that occur to men in dreams are the product only of the mind, just as the imaginings of men's waking moments are likewise the creation of the mind. Here let us note that in this last phrase we have a theory similar to that of Aristotle, Plato, Cicero, and modern psychologists, who hold that there is nothing supernatural in the nature of dreams, but connect them with the normal processes of the waking mind. Savages in a primitive

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state of culture believe that the soul leaves the body in dreams to wander through familiar or unfamiliar places, or in dreams they see the forms of absent friends and so conclude these spirits have abandoned the body and come to visit them. Such action of the soul in sleep they do not seem to connect with their waking moments. But the contrary is the case with the Hindu Yogi, and here is his great explanation of the mystery of dreams. He takes his stand upon the doctrine of the migration of soul, which is the fundamental idea pervading all Indian religious philosophy—that innumerable lives through which the soul, embodied in varying forms, has passed, have each left traces upon the thinking, the unchanging portion of man. The soul is therefore like a sensitive plate, which retains the image of everything that has come before it. Nothing that has ever impressed the mind perishes, says the Yogi. The human memory may fail to recall past apprehensions, but they are all present to the soul, which in dreams summons them up as images. Thus the past is ever influencing the present; it may be merely the events of the last few hours which affect the soul in dreams, or it may be actions done under far different circumstances in ages long gone by; but however this be, the mind, while waking, has at some time or other, through the senses, perceived the objects apprehended subsequently in sleep. Mind is present in all things. Therefore he who understands the nature of the soul comprehends all things.

(To be continued.)

WATCH TOWER PAPERS.

ON THE FITNESS OF THINGS.

A well-known newspaper committed to a certain doctrine has for a long time emphasised its convictions by explaining daily in large type what this particular doctrine means. It is such a ticklish subject that, to avoid any suspicion of bias, one must allude to it guardedly. The meaning changes almost daily, and the topic is so well known that doubtless every reader of 'LIGHT' will recognise the allusion.

Let us try and suppose that 'LIGHT,' adopting a similar device, appeared each week with such announcements as that 'Spiritualism means Vegetarianism,' 'Spiritualism means Social Reform,' 'Spiritualism means Votes for Women.' In point of fact, it is impossible to think seriously of this journal doing anything of the kind, although many well-meaning people appear anxious to attach their own favourite doctrines to the particular subject which 'LIGHT' represents. Broadly and generally, Spiritualism may be said to include sympathetically every other movement that aims at the welfare and uplifting of man as a spiritual being—broadly and generally, yes—particularly and specifically, no. Consequently the best statement of its position would be contained in the assertion that 'Spiritualism means—Spiritualism.'

I was led into these reflections by reading some time ago a work by a great scientific and humanitarian writer. The book purported to deal with a certain deeply interesting branch of physical science, but ever and again the author 'lugged in'—to use a familiar phrase—allusions to the subject of social reform of which he is a recognised exponent. Although strongly sympathising with his views, I was conscious of a sense of irritation. My author—great man as he is—was evidently deficient in a sense of artistic unity. When a writer sets out to give the world his thoughts on astronomy or botany he should stick to his text. To wander off at intervals into digressions on Socinianism, Home Rule, or even Spiritualism, is apt to perplex the gentle reader—even to enrage him, if he is of a critical mind. I recall certain meetings of Spiritualists at which the orator of the occasion has held forth lovingly on some pet subject of his own, quite alien to the purposes of the meeting. And afterwards the good man has complained that his hearers were unsympathetic, and that he had preached his gospel in vain. It has seldom, I imagine, occurred to the speaker that what his audience resented was not his particular doctrine, but its irrelevance to their particular doctrine. And this sense of the fitness of things is so strong in the general mind that it is vain to attempt to establish links by such transparent devices as the

argument that all good Spiritualists, being progressive and humane people, should be deeply interested in Brownism, Smithism or Robinsonism, as being all progressive and humane doctrines. But they are slow to learn, these apostles of the Irrelevant. Like Mr. Dick, they cannot keep King Charles's head out of the Memorial.

In this connection I recall the case of a well-known lady medium—a brilliant speaker, who has now passed from us—who once told me with amusement that she occasionally lectured on psychical subjects to the Balloon Society. But that, although it had its humorous side, was a quite reasonable proposition. The members of the Balloon Society ardently desired to hear something about psychic phenomena, and assembled for that purpose. It was not as though a member of the Balloon Society had undertaken to deliver a lecture at a meeting of Spiritualists, and when the unsuspecting brethren were assembled had treated them to a discourse on aeroplanes, with a few laboured references to the possible connection between aeroplanes and the phenomenon of levitation.

In one of his amusing essays Mr. G. K. Chesterton remarks on the much deeper impression made on the popular mind by the man of one idea than by the man of many ideas, and instanced the case of some person whose special subject is Stonehenge, and who discourses of Stonehenge at all times and in all places. In time such a man would achieve notoriety, if not fame, as the Stonehenge expert. But the versatile man who could discuss stocks and shares with stockbrokers, theology with parsons and sparking plugs with motorists, would make no particular impression. His conversational talent would be distributed over too many channels to produce any special effect. That, of course, is no argument in favour of the man of one idea, but rather a reflection on the want of discernment on the part of the populace at large. An assembly of antiquaries might conceivably welcome the Stonehenge expert and hear him gladly, but his discourse would be out of place at, say, a meeting of Suffragettes. Even if allied with a consideration of female legislators amongst the ancient Britons, it might fail to awaken more than a languid interest.

In short, Spiritualism derives no special advantage from the ministrations of the man with one idea, even (it may be) though that idea be Spiritualism itself. Catholic as it is in range, embracing the followers of many religions and the devotees of numerous cults, Spiritualism is mainly enriched by the presence of normal minds, with a range of healthy human interests. But although Spiritualists may and do—for the most part—maintain open platforms, it is a little cruel of certain speakers to abuse their tolerance by trying 'to change the subject.' 'You have had a good education and pious parents, instead of which you go about the country stealing ducks,' said the rural magistrate to the thief in the story. Similarly (if one were flippant enough) one might say to a given lecturer: 'You are a fluent speaker, and you have intelligence, instead of which you go to meetings of Spiritualists and persist in addressing them on the fruit and nut diet.'

D. G.

A FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath unto the London Spiritualist Alliance, Limited, the sum of £....., to be applied to the purposes of that society; and I direct that the said sum shall be paid free from Legacy Duty out of such part of my personal estate as may legally be devoted by will to charitable purposes, and in preference to other legacies and bequests thereout;

Or,

I give the residue of my estate to the London Spiritualist Alliance, Limited, absolutely.

[We print the above 'Form of Bequest' at the request of several friends, one of whom says: 'Probably, if it were printed in "LIGHT," many guineas might be saved to the movement.'—ED. 'LIGHT.']

'LEST WE FORGET.'—Notable Anniversaries: February 26th, Frederick Tennyson, *trs.* 1898; March 2nd, John R. Francis, Editor of 'Progressive Thinker,' *trs.* 1910; 3rd, Rev. J. G. Wood, *trs.* 1889.

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A WELCOME TO THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

The Bishop of London's Glasgow Cathedral Sermon on 'Death, and Life Beyond,' which we quoted last week, is in every way admirable. No Spiritualist could have done it better. In fact, it was in every respect a good Spiritualist's sermon; and, whether his lordship cares to send us his subscription or not, we offer him congratulations and a hearty welcome.

We rather think we have seen before a portion of this sermon, and we have recollections of having drawn attention to it; but that does not matter. It is practically new, and will be as good as new for many a year to come.

What particularly strikes us is the bishop's reproof of the still common emphasis of horror and terror concerning death. The majority of Christians might never have come into contact with the hope of a spirit-world and might never have heard of Christ. Quite bluntly he said, 'There is no subject on which Christians are more mistaken than on that of death.' We speak, he said, of its horrors, of the sleep of death, of its darkness, and even repeat the doleful aphorism of the old philosopher, 'Death, the end.' And yet, when we look at death in the light of the Epiphany, we find that not one of these phrases is appropriate or true.

The bishop almost treated with scorn the usual association of terror and misery with death; and hinted that the act of death may be attended with the rapture of a wonderful surprise. Our readers will remember his two touching instances of apparent spiritual insight on approaching the borderland. We are quite used to hearing of such cases, and perfectly agree with the bishop that they cannot be dismissed as 'mere delusions.' Why should they be?

With regard to the phrase 'the sleep of death,' the good bishop was quite explicit. He does not like the phrase. 'We are,' he says, 'the victims of a metaphor.' The spirit does not sleep. It passes into fuller wakefulness. We should like to know how he has ascertained this fact. Has he been holding intercourse with the departed? And, as for 'the darkness of death,' 'perhaps it would be no exaggeration to say that we would not know what light really was until we died. If the light of day as it faded away revealed the wonders of the sky, was it not reasonable to expect that the light of the life we knew as it faded away would also reveal wonders unknown?' That was well said.

Death, the bishop described as the beginning of the permanent life, and a life of complete activity, a fuller life than this. It is true, he said, that we none of us knew all about it, but there were some things which we might be rightly said to know: and these he proceeded to set forth. Upon these we have something to say.

First, we may postulate personal identity. In so far as science is coming to our aid, it is doing so as inferring the persistence of personality. It is that or nothing. There is really no science and very little sense in the sentimental talk about immortality in the survival of our influence. That is an immortality which we would only share with a potato or a glass of beer, for these influence, and their continuity of influence is as capable of being traced as that of multitudes of those who eat the one and drink the other. The bishop did not put it in this way, but we hope he will develop, encourage and push home this rock-thought of personality as belonging to the very essence of survival of death.

His second inference was 'growth.' He does not seem to have applied this to the case of the unworthy. He is only reported as referring to 'the best men and women,' and the 'need to grow in grace and character,' and to children. But we doubt not that he is prepared to follow his inference wherever it leads. 'Growth' is a wide and deep and comprehensive word. It surely must involve education, experience, effective penitence, the reception of light, the power to march on. If so, all the old savage nonsense about this being the 'only scene of probation,' and 'a fixed fate after death,' is as blasphemous as it is nonsensical.

The third inference is the possession of memory. This is involved in the idea of personality, for personality without continuity of memory is unthinkable unless we infer lunacy. This is, in reality, the answer to the queer notion of reincarnation: and the consciousness of that is probably the reason why some Theosophists snatch at imaginary memories of previous existences—anything to retain the link with personality and the survival of the self—a really pathetic indication of the underlying logic that personality means memory, come what may.

The fourth inference is that 'if we died as Christians we should be with Christ.' We do not care to contest that, for, to tell the truth, we hardly know what it means. The good bishop quotes, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise,' but this promise was made to a thief. Are we to assume that he was a 'Christian'? We do not dispute it: we only want to know. It may turn out that a man may be a Christian without any of the doctrinal or ceremonial conditions usually deemed essential. We should be grateful to the bishop if he would enlighten us as to what a Christian is; and, at the same time, it would help us if he would say if Christ is still engaged in seeking and saving that which is lost. In consequence of what we suppose is our ignorance, we are tempted to imagine that 'if we died as Christians we should be with Christ' might be supplemented by, 'If we died as malefactors Christ would be with us.'

The fifth inference is, we shall recognise one another after death. That certainly seems reasonable. If we shall be persons, and if we shall retain memory, mutual recognition seems certain, but always supposing the possibility of approach, of which the bishop seems to have said nothing.

The last inference is that 'we shall look back with love and interest upon the world we had left.' But 'look back' and 'left' are hardly the right words; and yet in a sense they may serve, for it may be that 'look back' and 'left' and 'still work in' may all be true; but the latter needs

emphasis. The bishop said, 'Do you mean to say that the parish priest who had toiled and prayed for his people for fifty years would cease after death to pray and care for them, or that the mother who prayed for her boys ever since their birth would cease to pray for them five minutes after her death?' There is great force in that, but it is hardly compatible with literal 'look back' and 'left.' It far more suggests, 'Lo! I am with you to the end.'

THE SPIRITUAL PROGRESS OF MAN.

ADDRESS BY MR. JAMES I. WEDGWOOD.

On Thursday evening, 16th inst., at the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Mr. James I. Wedgwood delivered an Address under the above title to the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, Mr. H. Withall, the vice-president, occupying the chair.

In the course of some introductory remarks, the chairman said that Mr. Wedgwood, although a Theosophist, gave his services to Spiritualists and Theosophists alike. The Alliance, indeed, was greatly indebted to the Theosophical movement for the ready help its speakers were always willing to give. Spiritualists and Theosophists had very much in common, and if they could by joining forces prove to the world that man is a spirit deriving his being from the great macrocosm we called God; if they could show men their duty to that Higher Power and to each other, life on earth would be infinitely happier.

MR. WEDGWOOD said: One of the great cosmic symbols which seems to run through most of the ancient mythology is the tree. It figures in the traditional Norse mythology as Yggdrasil—the world ash—one of the most familiar figures to us of Wagner's great music drama, 'The Ring of the Nibelung.' In Hinduism it is the Asvattha, familiar again in the fifteenth discourse of the great Hindu Scripture, the Bhagavat-Gita. In the book of Genesis it is 'the Tree of Life,' or, rather, 'the Tree of Lives,' for the Hebrew word, I believe, is plural. In Kabbalistic science it is the Sephorothal Tree. And it is found in many another tradition.

The outstanding characteristic of this tree, in some symbolisms, is that it is inverted. Its roots are in heaven and its branches spread over the whole earth. It is a telling symbol of the immanence of God in His Universe. The roots of the tree are the Godhead, the leaves are the children of men emanated from Him, and in whose breasts, divinely implanted, there lies the Divine seed.

I want you to take this idea as underlying all that I have to say this evening—that man is a Spiritual Intelligence—that he is potentially divine—that the purpose of life is to afford him experience after experience—that by means of these experiences he grows, and the divine capacity latent in him becomes manifested power, till the human spirit, as the fruitage of evolution, is self-consciously divine, the beauty and splendour of the divine plan having been achieved. This belief in the unfoldment of divinity in man is logical, whether you accept the doctrine of reincarnation or not. It matters not for our purpose this evening, whether you believe that after this life the human spirit leaves the earth and progresses into other and higher spheres of evolution, or whether you accept reincarnation, that is, the idea that the human spirit, which is the real man, passes through successive earth lives, each time rising a little higher in the scale of progress and bringing back to each fresh body it inhabits the fruitage of its past experience as conscience and innate faculty—and, then only, passes on to higher planets when it has learned all the lessons this earth has to teach it. It matters not for our present purpose which idea you hold, and I do not desire to enter into the question. It is sufficient that you acknowledge that the spirit unfolds as the result of earth experiences. Just as the wind will fan a spark into flame so will the experiences of life fan the smouldering spark of divinity in the breast of every human being. It is thus that man's powers unfold.

Human life, then, is a picture of progress at all levels. The savage who spends much of his time knocking his fellow-men on the head is building up for himself a strong individuality—force, courage, fearlessness, independence—none of which qualities will ever be lost to him in the course of his future evolution. So is the selfish man. I have heard him described as 'only an anachronism.' It is true: selfishness is necessary at an early stage of evolution to build up a strong centre of individuality. When the selfish man finds some other being—a woman, perhaps—whom he cares for more than for himself, then he enters on a higher phase of evolution through the redeeming power of love; and a still higher stage is entered upon when he comes to care for humanity as a whole more than for himself. Every stage of life, then, has its lesson to teach, and every experience of human life leaves its impression on the spirit. To have realised this is to have found the philosopher's stone. It is so important that I do not consider there is any realisation in the region of the mind comparable to it in importance. And for this reason: it gives a purpose to life. Man is drifting about, for the most part quite aimlessly, tossed to and fro amidst the alternating pleasures and sorrows of existence. But when once he realises this great truth, that life is intended to promote the unfoldment of the spirit, then it explains to him what is the purpose of existence, why he is here, what he is intended to do. It lets in a flood of light on the perplexities and riddles of existence which have harassed the mind and wrung the heart. It alters the whole complexion of life and banishes the false distinction between sacred and secular.

The old idea of fleeing from the world to find the life of the spirit in the solitude of jungle, desert, cave, or *monastery*, has only a partial truth behind it. (Hear, hear.) The world is the chief training ground of the spirit; the difficulties of the daily life are the resistance against which the spirit grows strong, just as muscular development is promoted by working against the resistance of dumb-bells.

There is no higher step towards the realisation of the spiritual life than for a man to learn to look on the activities of the daily life from the higher standpoint of their effect on the spirit and the soul. He sees in the daily life the opportunities and means of progress, and deliberately takes advantage of them to use them, seeing that his progress will be rapid if he will but co-operate with the Divine Will in evolution.

Now I want to be thoroughly practical in our talk together this evening. It is so often urged against those who accept the spiritual philosophy of life that they are unpractical and visionary, and I think, therefore, that we cannot do better than consider some of the more ordinary daily activities and see how they can be turned to our advantage, and how the spiritual philosophy of life bears on the performance of those daily duties. Let us go roughly through the day of one who is endeavouring to develop a spiritual character and to gain that control of his bodies needed by the student of occultism, and see how, in the words of Keble, the poet of 'The Christian Year':—

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask.

Taking the day's work we shall see how methodical and purposive everything will have to be.

Let us take, first, the question of rising in the morning. That may seem to you a quite trivial matter from the standpoint of the spiritual life. It is an idea that comes home to all of us, and it is not without its importance. People vary as to the precise degree of difficulty they find in quitting their beds in the morning! If a person finds it difficult it is one of the very finest practices for the strengthening and development of the will imaginable. And I will tell you why. It is because when the body awakes in the morning it is largely dominated and governed by the instinctive consciousness—what we should call, perhaps, the subliminal mind—the sub-consciousness. The higher consciousness of the soul has not yet got complete mastery of the body, which is more or less in the grip of its own physical instinctive consciousness. Now, it is precisely when the higher spiritual consciousness is temporarily disconnected, as it were, that man is most at the mercy of his lower self. If he gives way to the tendencies of the lower self, to the promptings of the

sub-consciousness which represents his past history in evolution, that which he has left behind, he will not be living up to his proper standard of development. Therefore, when we find this sub-consciousness in possession of the body in the morning, it is an opportunity to bring the power of the will to bear on the body. There is a great deal more to be said about this question from the standpoint of psychology, but I do not think we need discuss it further this evening.

Then, there is another important point to be remembered. I suppose we most of us believe that the human soul leaves the body during the hours of sleep and occupies itself on the subtler planes of Nature—on the super-physical planes. The hour of return to the casement of flesh, then, is one which should be taken advantage of, to try and link up the super-physical knowledge gained out of the body to the ordinary brain consciousness, the waking consciousness of the body. That really is what constitutes clairvoyance, namely, the power to bring the knowledge gained on the higher planes of Nature down into the physical brain. It is important, therefore, to remain as quiet as one can for the first few moments after waking and endeavour to recall any experiences which have taken place out of the body, to tune the brain up, as it were, by lofty thoughts to a higher rate of vibration, which will enable the higher consciousness to work down into it.

This is also an exceedingly favourable time in which to practise the great spiritual exercise of meditation. After the body has been bathed and dressed, it is well to set aside a certain period of time to meditation. I shall be able, perhaps, later in the evening to deal with this point more fully by suggesting a type of meditation which it might be profitable for beginners to practise. One thing should never be omitted, and that is to pass over the events of the day lying before you, so that you may turn them over in the mind and review them from the standpoint of the higher self. For the man is now about to enter into the life of the world with the idea of being 'in the world but not of it.' He is to be the 'actionless spectator' as the Bhagavat Gita says, to look down on the activities of the daily life from the citadel of the spirit, of the higher mind, and to take care that he is not swept away in the surges of emotion or the whirl of mental currents with which he will be surrounded in the course of the day, but remain above them, the general reviewing the army which is to fulfil the daily activities of the body, the feelings, and the concrete mind.

Let us pass on to the next point. The question arises, Is our hypothetical friend punctual at breakfast? It may again seem a trifling point in relation to the life of the spirit, but punctuality is an important virtue for the student of occultism to put into practice. In the ordinary man of the world unpunctuality is nothing more, perhaps, than an unpleasant trait of character, based on selfishness. Because lack of punctuality is, of course, thinking of oneself rather than of the convenience of others, or, at any rate, carelessness of the convenience of others. But for the occult student it is something more than that—it is comparable to the telling of an untruth. The one is untruth in speech, the other untruth in action.

It is a lack of accuracy—which is truth—and truth is one of the great virtues to be aimed at by anyone who sets before himself the ideal of leading the spiritual life and cultivating the higher faculties of the soul. For unless the higher bodies are trained to truth, unless truth be ingrained in the consciousness of the man, it is likely that any observations which he makes through the psychic faculties will be distorted and coloured by the lack of truth and accuracy which he has allowed to become habitual and instinctive with him. So these small points have to be considered. They are vitally important. It is the ideal of occult training that the man—the spiritual intelligence—shall have complete mastery over the vehicles through which he has to express himself. He must be master in the small things as well as in the great, and it is often more difficult to attend to all the trivial little details of life than to set oneself some gigantic task to be carried out before the admiring gaze of hundreds of spectators.

One of the great Fathers of the Christian Church said words to this effect: 'Many there be that would die for Christ, but few there be that will live for him.' It is difficult to live the

spiritual life through all the trivial daily incidents—more difficult, perhaps, than to go through the horrible death of the martyr, in which the physical consciousness is probably transcended.

(To be continued.)

LOVE SPIRITUALLY CONSIDERED.

And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

My contemplations and meditations have, amongst other things, brought me to the subject of love, the divine passion, and I certainly think that of all the mysteries that we come against in our journey through life, the greatest mystery is love. Separate it from what is known as passion, cause it to be a pure, ethereal, spiritual flame, and it is hard to define what this mysterious, undying element is.

What is called 'love,' among men and women in the ordinary way, is too frequently nothing more nor less than domesticity. It is quite possible for people possessing various ordinary gifts, the result of good training, good character, simple tastes, good temper, and no very objectionable faults, to live together without dispute or variance, amicable and docile, without any inordinate selfishness; giving and taking; developing many endearing traits of character—in a word, to live together in a most ordinary condition of domesticity. Love, such as it is (often of a very shallow, though unselfish, character) is developed just sufficiently for them to jog along; but I contend that love, in its purest and spiritual sense, is of a higher order than this domesticity. Like attracts like, and I cannot but think that in the other life—a limitless and more perfect life—in spheres (the kingdom of heaven) where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, love will not be confined to one fellow-spirit, but will run through, as a spiritual flame, many souls of one mind and spirit, giving to each the power, influence, and joy which, in ever so small a degree, is felt among us during the earth life. Here, in this life, love, even spiritual love, must be controlled and limited, but in the spiritual world it will be uncontrolled and unlimited. We are taught that God (who is spirit) is love; we are taught that in His presence is the fulness of joy, and the fulness of joy must be unlimited love.

There are in the soul of man two strong characteristic desires. One is to aspire, to seek, to worship, to realise something or some mind, spirit, or ideal above himself. All humanity craves for something above itself, which really is the created desire in the human mind (although humanity does not always recognise it) for union and at-one-ment with the Divine Essence. The kingdom of heaven is within. 'Know Thyself,' said the Delphic oracle, and to know ourselves is to know the Divine seed, likeness, personality, buried, entombed and encased in the human heart, or soul.

The other desire is to love and be loved—without stint or limit. According to modern worldly ideas and laws, a man is to confine his love to one person, which is quite right and proper; but speaking and arguing from a spiritual point of view, man's soul—not his body—seems to seek a more extended field; something, a feeling, an aspiration, a hope, for a greater fulness of love than can ever be experienced in the earth sphere. *Here spirit and matter unite; there spirit reigns supreme, and is all in all.* Heaven, a condition of heaven, will, I think, be a condition of love, of which in this life we experience only the faintest glimmerings. St. Paul tells us that charity (love) is the greatest virtue. Without charity (love) there is no salvation. Salvation means the love of God, the love of humanity—the love of individual souls.

I have completed what the Psalmist describes as the (working) 'days of man,' and after all these years, souls—beautiful, refined, spiritual souls—haunt my memory and possibly obsess my personality. My soul seeks them; they are about my path, and spy out all my ways. A mystic bond, a 'communion of spirits,' which, as death draws nearer, seems to grow in power and intensity, environs me. I look to see all these souls when I reach the other side. Death (of the body) has no dominion over my aspiring spirit, but appears to me to open the door to a wider, more glorious life, a fulness of joy which is, indeed, a fulness of love.

STANLEY CHURTON.

SPIRIT WORLD A REPLICA OF THIS.

'Reason' for January contains a report, taken from 'The Democrat and Chronicle,' of a sermon by Dr. B. F. Austin on 'The Spirit World,' in which he claimed that the consensus of testimony from a large number of spiritually endowed witnesses regarding the after-death realm is to the following effect :—

Not only is the spirit world as real to its inhabitants as our world is to us, but, compared with it, our world is shadowy and fluctuating while the spirit realm is substantial and permanent. The material is the covering; the spiritual is the substantial reality. In its configuration, according to Swedenborg, Davis and others, it has mountains, valleys, lakes, rivers, forests, plants, flowers and infinitely greater variety of scenery and richer beauty than our realm.

Its inhabitants are human in form, speech, manner and dress, disposition, aims, character. Their conduct is as untrammelled as here and in no sense restrained by personal manifestations of the Divine presence or authority. The codes of conduct governing spirits are as varied as here, but the foundations of spirit morality seem to rest on knowledge of and obedience to the laws of one's own being and of the universe.

All the seers assert that the spirit body is clothed, as is the mortal, by suitable dress, and that these garments vary in style according to nationality and sect, and, in ethereal quality, according to moral and spiritual unfoldment. Advanced spirits, angels, have garments resplendent with light, according to the teachings of Scripture and of modern seers. Dress seems generally to be a natural emanation of the thought and will forces of spiritual beings, and sometimes a distinct and separable product of spirit art.

As to occupation—and those of spirits are as varied as the occupations of mortals—the prevailing rule is that the same or some analogous employment to that of the earth life, is pursued in spirit life. Musicians, orators, reformers, teachers, artists, statesmen, find the same callings in spirit life, the force of habit and the demands of the spirit realm inclining them to the same work.

Homes substantial, comfortable, and beautiful, with all the varieties of taste in architecture, with courts, gardens, flower-beds, with chambers and magnificent furnishings, have been seen and described by multitudes blest with seership as well as by spirits speaking through the lips of mortals or writing through mortal hands.

As to travel, it is said that spirits find in their realm great currents of magnetic forces (as we find prevailing winds, flowing rivers, or ocean currents) and utilise these for moving from place to place; that they propel themselves by what is called the propulsion of desire and will; that they have vehicles of travel propelled by the finer forces and moving with incredible swiftness; that they have beaten highways of travel and regions of interstellar space as new and unexplored as our polar seas. That the spirit, even while in the body, can in dreams and visions of the night soar away to great distances and become conversant with the conditions of persons and places far from the sleeping body (holding, however, some slight magnetic relationship therewith meanwhile) has long been a recognised fact among Spiritualists and psychic researchers.

If spirit testimony be accepted, the spirit world has its schools, churches, conservatoires of music and art, theatres, lecture halls, prisons and penitentiaries (in the lower realms), all under wise and more benign management than here. According to the unanimous testimony of communicating intelligences and of the seers, death makes great changes in our outward conditions, relieving us from physical suffering, poverty, care, and pain, but none at all in our characters. So, bitter disappointment awaits the soul that expects to be freed from all trouble at the hour of death—for as nine-tenths of our troubles originate here through wrong thinking, wrong affections, and wrong volition, being the natural and inevitable consequence of violated law, so there, as here, the same causes will produce like effects.

We must find out and remove the errors of the mind; set our affections on the spiritual and eternal, rather than the material and temporary; train the will to follow truth and right, and then we need not fear the journey, the gods, or the judgment, as we shall carry our own heaven within us.

It should, of course, be borne in mind that 'spiritual things must be spiritually interpreted' and not materialised, and that when Dr. Austin speaks of clothing, houses, schools, &c., he is referring to things that exist on the spirit plane which correspond to, but are not identical with, what we are familiar with here.

OFFERINGS TO THE DEPARTED.

Western civilisation is too apt to regard Eastern customs which it does not understand as silly and meaningless. To us the Hindu system of making small presents to departed ancestors and relatives may seem childish, but the idea underlying the practice seems to be that such expressions of affection help to attract the presence of loved ones on the other side; and if we regard thought as spiritual presence, we may conclude that so far as the affection expressed is genuine, these little ceremonies may well have the effect intended. In the December number of 'The Hindu Spiritual Magazine,' Kishori Lal Sarkar explains the origin and practice of this custom, and suggests incidentally a possible reason for the phenomena of hauntings, which may be new to many of our readers. He states that the Hindu belief is that the discarnate spirits of human beings, while anxious to keep in touch with the world they have left, regard the possibility of being drawn back to earthly conditions by way of rebirth as a dire evil. To save them from this dilemma the Hindu *Shastras* instituted the system of 'Sradhs' and 'Tarpanas,' by which all Hindus are bound periodically and on occasions to invoke their ancestors and relatives who have 'gone before' to be present with them and to receive, as humble tokens of their continued love, little offerings of cakes and water. He is no true Hindu, we are told, who does not perform 'Sradh' and 'Tarpana' to his ancestors. 'When he goes to a sacred place of pilgrimage, next to worshipping God—indeed, in many cases before such worshipping—he must do his "Sradh" to his ancestors. He must bring them in his company in worshipping the Deity. He must bring them in his company on all occasions of joy in this life, such as marriage, the ceremony of giving name, and the like.' Mr. Sarkar goes on to refer to one particular form of 'Sradha'—that performed at Gaya for the good of some departed soul that left this world through some sad accident or under unnatural circumstances. He proposes to ask his Bengalee brethren to collect instances where, after sad and unexpected tragedies, the inmates of the houses to which the unfortunate persons belonged have experienced all kinds of mysterious troubles and annoyances, which have ceased on the offering of *pindas* at Gaya for the benefit of the deceased. He is convinced that if such cases are sought, no seeker will come back empty-handed. Mr. Sarkar then relates the following striking case that occurred in his own experience (it should be premised that, just before the commencement of the phenomena described, Mr. Sarkar heard that shelter had been given in the house to a helpless, suffering woman and that she had died there uncared for and unseen by anyone):—

I have a bungalow at Deoghur. One year when, during the Christmas holidays, I went to live in the house, every night all of us heard trampling and rolling noises on the roof, as if someone were furiously jumping on it or rolling some heavy stones or throwing brickbats on it. This was usually at midnight. One evening I thought within myself when I was alone in the house with a Behari friend, that at such an early hour the weird sounds would not occur. But immediately the sounds began so as to frighten my friend. On various occasions when the sounds occurred a servant was at once sent upon the roof with a lantern, but nothing whatsoever could be found. . . . Various theories were started, but found inadequate to explain the phenomena. During my absence the house was rented out to a gentleman for three months or so, but he left after a stay of a few days. . . . The next year I happened to visit Nabhi Gaya at Jajpur, and shortly after, Gaya proper itself. At both these places, after offering *pindas* to my ancestors, I made a special point of offering a *pinda* with reference to the woman who had died in my house. What was the result? The next time I went to occupy the house there was no noise and no disturbance, and there has been no recurrence of the phenomena since.

Two questions naturally occur—one as to the reason for the phenomena, the other as to their strange cure. Mr. Sarkar answers them thus :—

As in the case of a birth of a child, accoucheurs are necessary in the absence of whom there is a chance of abortion, so in the case of the departure of a soul into the next world, the presence of some congenial spirits to assist at the transition is usually necessary. In cases of natural death such spirits are attracted by telepathic laws. But when one comes by his or her end unnaturally and by some sudden acci-

dent, there is a chance of an absolute absence of genial spirits to assist at the transition. The result is the departed soul finds itself in an abortive sort of existence with the bodily desires rampant and with no proper introduction to the higher world. These half fleshly spirits become restless and mischievous and seek to be relieved from their unfortunate position.

Now as to how the *Gaya pinda* relieves them. *Gaya* has been from time immemorial the place where the invocation of spirits in the purest form has been carried on. It is the spirit Bureau far more firmly established than the Julia bureau. Thus when one offers a *pinda* for the relief of a particular soul sadly situated as described above, it means the invocation of all good souls present there to help the former out of its morbid consciousness. And facts show that they do render such help and success follows.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The 'Review of Reviews' celebrates this month its twenty-first birthday, and the February number contains a host of congratulatory messages from eminent persons, first and foremost being a kindly telegram from her Majesty Queen Alexandra to Mr. W. T. Stead, expressing her 'heartiest congratulations' and 'best wishes' for 'continued success.' Mr. Stead may well feel proud of the long and honourable record of his Review and of the many appreciative tributes that he has received from leading men in almost all realms of public life. We should like to add our congratulations and best wishes to those already received by him.

Lady Lawson, in her recently published work on 'Highways and Homes of Japan,' when speaking of the 'Festival of the Dead,' says: 'To the Japanese the immortality of the soul is a real fact; they believe absolutely that during the three days of this festival the spirits of the departed are actually present with them. Hence there is no occasion for grief or mourning, but rather for rejoicing; and they do all in their power to extend a hearty welcome to their honoured guests. . . Never have I seen the joyous city more gay and bright. The streets were crowded by a merry throng, each one carrying a lantern; and the whole city was brilliantly illuminated, bridges, hillside, dwellings, and temples alike, in order to do honour to their departing guests, and to light them back to their tombs.'

Mr. Edwin Bevan, writing in the 'Contemporary' for February, suggests that the reason why we object to dirt is that 'deep at the bottom of all our sense of uncleanness, of dirt, is the feeling, primitive, irresolvable, universal, of the sanctity of the body. Nothing in the material sphere can properly be dirty except the body. We speak of a "dirty road," but in an uninhabited world moist clay would be no more dirty than hard rock; it is the possibility of the clay adhering to a foot which constitutes it mire. A dwelling-place is dirty when it can communicate defilement to the bodies moving about in it; a plate is dirty when it may attach unworthy matter to that which, as food, is to enter the holy place. To discover this law written in the hearts of all men is to enter the region of a sane and strong mysticism.'

In our issue of October 22nd last we called attention to Mr. Stead's challenge to the recognised chiefs of the medical profession to constitute a committee of surgeons to investigate the methods of manipulative surgery practised by Mr. H. A. Barker, the famous bone-setter. Mr. Stead now states that, although in personal letters he called the attention of the leading medical authorities to this challenge, he has received only one communication questioning the value of Mr. Barker's treatment, and not one which ventures to deny the justice of his claim for an authoritative examination. 'The Lancet' and 'The British Medical Journal,' he says, have admitted, half unconsciously, the absurdity of the position still maintained by the profession, and Mr. Stead, after asking whether the attitude of the doctors in refusing even to make inquiry into the facts, is reasonable or is fair to their patients, appeals 'to the Press, as the representatives of the great public, to say with authority that it is time this fooling came to an end.'

A correspondent, who writes from 'ayont the Tweed,' says: 'Your last two issues of "LIGHT" must have been attractive, for the unusual event happened that both were taken from the Free Library table within three days of being laid down. Such a thing has not happened for years. I hope the thief will become a regular subscriber in another way.' So do we! Another north country friend says: 'I am constantly endeavouring to bring your excellent paper to the notice of my

friends, with, I am pleased to say, considerable success, as just lately five of them have commenced to take "LIGHT" regularly, and express their thanks to me for introducing them to "so intelligent and sane" a paper. I know you are always glad to have these little testimonies, as we all like to be encouraged in our efforts to uplift and bless our fellows.'

As an illustration of the fact that new knowledge is constantly compelling revision of what were once regarded as scientific truths, the article by Mr. H. S. Shelton in the February 'Contemporary' dealing with the problem of the age of the earth is well worth reading. Ten years ago the age of our habitable globe would have been estimated at about a hundred million years, but to-day a thousand million years is considered to be nearer the truth. Mr. Shelton says: 'We know that some time in the remote past a crust first formed on our incandescent globe, that water condensed, and earthly time began. But whether this event occurred one hundred million years ago or one thousand million years, or a time still longer ago, we are as yet ignorant. The balance of present evidence points to some time greatly exceeding the one hundred million years, but such knowledge as we have does not amount to certainty. This great cosmic problem is still unsolved.' And it is only one out of many. The more we know the less we seem to know.

The office of 'friendly' critic is always a thankless one, but it is possible, sometimes, to benefit by the comments of one who, as an on-looker, may see more than those who are actually engaged in the work of a society or a movement. If we may judge by his recent contributions to the 'Bournemouth Daily Echo,' Mr. T. May is aiming to fill the office of friendly critic as regards Spiritualism, although some of his remarks strike us as being not only less than friendly, but lacking in accuracy. He who would correct the fault of his neighbour should at least be scrupulously exact and fair. This Mr. May is not. In support of the charge that 'orthodox Spiritualists' rarely quote the Bible correctly, he cites, as an instance, a statement to the effect that 'Spiritualism added knowledge to faith' and says: 'Of course, there is no such text in the Bible; the words of St. Paul are "To your faith add virtue."' But Mr. May is himself inaccurate, for these words occur in the Second Epistle of St. Peter (i. 5), and the complete quotation is: 'Add to your faith virtue; and to your virtue knowledge.' Surely Mr. May is 'straining out a gnat!' as the Revised Version has it!

Mr. May deals with another subject—viz., the present practice of devoting the time of the Sunday services of Spiritualist societies to the giving of clairvoyant descriptions from the platform. Mr. May exaggerates what he regards as an evil, and makes sweeping assertions which are manifestly unfair, as, for instance, when he declares that not more than 'five in a hundred' of the clairvoyant descriptions are correct, and that 'the exhibition is most painful, professing, as it does, to be a religious function, and most repugnant to the sacred feelings of all right-thinking people who have lost relatives and friends.' Mr. May goes further, and says he believes that these exhibitions form the 'greatest obstacle to the acceptance of the tenets or teachings of Spiritualism proper by the people generally,' and concludes his letter with the statement that he has been told by several persons prominent in the cause that 'clairvoyants are the curse and bane of the movement.' After making ample allowance for preconception and over-statement, Mr. May's indictment is one that contains a certain measure of truth, and emphasises a point that is, we know, engaging the serious thought of the leaders of societies all over the country, and we invite short letters from responsible officials dealing with the important question: Should the time of the Sunday services of Spiritualist societies be taken up, in whole or in part, with the giving of clairvoyant descriptions?

'CREATIVE THOUGHT.'—The interesting address on 'The Creative Power of Thought,' by the Rev. J. Tyssul Davis, recently published in 'LIGHT,' recalls the article on 'Creative Thought' by Professor W. F. Barrett, which appeared in 'The Quest' of July last. But although the titles are similar, the likeness ends there. Each author treats the subject on independent lines and in his own distinctive fashion.

THE address on 'The Aura in Man and Animals,' which was recently delivered by Mr. Percy R. Street at the Rooms of the London Spiritualist Alliance, aroused so much interest that, to meet the wishes of many friends, arrangements have been made with Mr. Street to attend at 110, St. Martin's-lane on Wednesdays for sittings, by appointment, for 'aural readings.' For full particulars see the London Spiritualist Alliance notices on page 86.

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.

'Is Nature Cruel?'

SIR,—The poet who makes equal the suffering of the beetle and the giant lacks, to my thinking, a knowledge of biological science. The physiologist would surely teach that an animal's sensations are dependent upon its sensory nervous system; the more complex that is, the greater the sentient capacity. The polyp, crab, ant, the vertebrate animals, and man must feel in proportion to their supply of nerve ganglia and nerve fibres. Thus I am compelled to believe that the simian family is far in advance of 'the poor beetle' as regards the capacity for feeling pain. And when one considers the mental equipment of man, and the influence which it exerts, through the nervous and muscular systems, over the physical body, it seems like ignoring realities to bracket together in this connection man and the much less highly organised evolutionary products, as Shakespeare does in the passage cited in your issue of January 28th.—Yours, &c., J. SAXON LOCK.

'The Laughter of God.'

SIR,—Your most interesting leader on 'The Laughter of God,' which gave me much pleasure, reminds me of some lines of mine, written as far back as 1895, and that have been published in the 'Almanacco del Cornobium,' of Milan and Lugano.

I enclose a copy—not that I am claiming to be first in the field with the idea, but in case they might interest you or your readers.

THE HUMOUR OF JEHOVAH.

Most men the sense of humour have, I trow;
And even were it proved possessed by few,
The sense exists. Therefore, Jehovah, Thou,
As its *evolver*, sure hast humour, too!
Thou art a jester, e'en as some of us;
The well-turned pun can be traced back to Thee;
Where man is merry, Thou art humorous;
And Thine is every mirthful melody;
While e'en in things not human, fun doth lurk,
Painted, or planted, by Thy hand divine—
And we rejoice to see Thy handiwork,
Or meant for our amusement, or for Thine.
But if one high hope, one unselfish vow,
Be jest of Thine, a sorry jester Thou!

—Yours, &c.,

J. DENHAM PARSONS.

58, Ongar-road, West Brompton, S.W.

Mrs. E. A. Cannock: An Appeal.

SIR,—I would ask the favour of space in 'LIGHT' for the insertion of an appeal on behalf of Mrs. E. A. Cannock, the well-known public medium. Many of your readers will be grieved to learn that she is in such a critical state of health that it is imperative she should at once undergo a course of 'radiant heat' treatment for her knees, if she is to be able to continue her work. Without this treatment, which can only be obtained in a private hospital, the doctor says Mrs. Cannock will soon be unable either to stand or move; but it will mean an outlay of at least £20, and it is a well-known fact that mediums are poor. I would therefore appeal to the many private and professional friends of Mrs. Cannock to help in this matter, not only for her own sake, but also for the sake of the faithful service rendered by her to the cause. I shall be glad to receive any contributions, however small, on her behalf, and to acknowledge the same in 'LIGHT.'—Yours, &c.,

(MRS.) HELEN FROST.

'Ventnor,' Orlando-drive, Carlton, Notts.

[We have also received an appeal from Mr. G. F. Tilby, Honorary Secretary of the Union of London Spiritualists, of 79, Carnarvon-road, Stratford, E., on behalf of a working member of the old Manor Park Spiritualist Society, who has met with many reverses. Mr. Tilby says: 'A "Friend" has paid £8 towards his passage to Australia, the National Fund of Benevolence has also contributed £4, but he needs £4 more to complete the £16 required. He will get work immediately he lands, and promises to repay. His good faith is assured. If the payment of the balance is not completed the deposit is forfeit. Any contributions will be thankfully received and acknowledged by me.'—ED. 'LIGHT.')

A Golden Opportunity.

SIR,—Humanity to-day cries out in despair, 'Give us proof of life hereafter.' Here, then, is our opportunity. Let us spread our religion; for Spiritualism is a religion, not merely a creed. Let us prove to all men the glories that are yet to be theirs, through and by the help of those who have already crossed over 'the border.' Let us spare no effort to spread this knowledge, and let it be done in all humility of love—that golden thread that links the 'here' with the great hereafter. Do I ask in vain? It was Spiritualism that led me from 'darkness to light.' Hence the reason for my plea.—Yours, &c.,

W. HARRADENCE.

Home and Browning.

SIR,—Referring to the Browning correspondence recently published in the 'Times,' permit me to say that I was well acquainted with a lady who knew Home intimately, not only as a medium but socially as a friend, and he often visited at her home when she lived on Fifth-avenue, New York. She has often described him to me as the most spiritually-minded and gentlemanly man she ever met; and I may mention that she had travelled and lived some time in Europe. Unfortunately she has lately fared forth into 'the great beyond.'

Home moved almost exclusively among the highest society while in Europe, and married a Russian countess, and after her passing, her sister, which is hardly consistent with the character given him in the Browning insults. In any case, Browning's opinion on the subject is worthless, as his mind was a slave to a bitter, unreasoning prejudice.

'A plague of opinion! A man may wear it on both sides like a leather jerkin.' 'Troilus and Cressida,' III., 3.—Yours, &c.,

Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

A. K. VENNING.

P.S.—I would thank any of your readers who can inform me where the following lines are to be found: 'No accent of the Holy Ghost, the heedless world has ever lost.'

Mr. Shipley Manifests again.

SIR,—One night recently Mr. J. B. Shipley came 'en ghost'—as we used in fun to call such visits when he was in the body—to fetch me as usual for the work on which he and I are engaged together during earth's night.

It was necessary for me to be up and dressed punctually by 5.30 next day, so just before leaving my body to its night's rest I asked him to be sure to bring me back in good time, and to see that my body was awake at five sharp next morning. On the stroke of five I shot up in a sitting position, being aroused, though not startled, by what sounded like a large lump of coal slipping down into the fender. There stood Mr. Shipley manipulating the coal in the fireplace so as to make a sound that would waken me naturally without causing palpitation of the heart, to which I am subject if suddenly alarmed.

I always have a bottle of hot water in my room at night, the stopper of which bottle fits so tightly that it cannot be unscrewed without the help of an iron wrench to turn it.

Knowing that I should require the hot water immediately, Mr. Shipley then proceeded to loosen the screw for me, so that I was able to unscrew it quickly, and without the iron wrench, the screw being left in only just fast enough to prevent the water spilling out. He did this, as well as the manipulation of the coal, entirely with his own hands, not using mine as the 'medium's'; but another time, when he was with me, as I had broken a gold chain that he sent me last year, he controlled my hands and mended it through them himself, as, even with my glasses on, I was quite unable to see to fit in the tiny ring with which the broken end had to be secured.

In exactly the same way, too, he mended my typewriter for me only a day or two after his so-called 'death,' as I understand nothing of machinery, and he did not want me to be hindered at that time, which would have been the case if the typewriter had been sent to London for repairs.

Unfortunately, no one else was present when these things took place, but what I relate is the simple truth.

I was particularly interested in Mrs. Peters' letter in 'LIGHT' on p. 48, as at one time I frequently had similar experiences. Amongst other things a brooch was taken away—rather to my wrath—but my spirit friends promised to bring it back again, and in a few days they rematerialised it in broad daylight, and I found that they had taken it away to mend, and had replaced a stone in it which had been lost out of doors some months earlier; this, in fact, was pointed out to me by my son, when I showed him that the brooch had been returned in the same way that it went.—Yours, &c.,

JOHANNA DE ZAB.

Transition of Mr. F. Berkeley.

SIR,—Mr. F. Berkeley, an old and true Spiritualist, a member of the London Spiritualist Alliance from the first, a subscriber to 'LIGHT,' and a staunch upholder of the cause, has passed over to his reward.

Mr. Berkeley was a grandson of the late Earl of Berkeley, a younger son of a younger son, and was a kind, courteous gentleman and faithful friend. He has known me not only in the sunshine of life, but when the skies were darkest grey, and his friendship and sympathy were still the same, full of comfort. I knew he was ill, very ill, his advanced age and the nature of his complaint precluding all hope of recovery. Even in his greatest discomfort he wrote to me periodically. The last letter was very sad, and I saw that the hand could hardly be controlled to write legibly. A few days passed before I had time to answer it, and his wife sent me a postcard saying he worried because he had not heard. I sat down and wrote what I knew was my farewell letter, but cheerfully expressed a hope for his recovery. That was on the 6th inst.; on the 11th he was gone. The night before this date I woke suddenly, as if someone had told me to wake. The light in my bedroom seemed unusually bright. Looking up at the white ceiling, I saw a big, golden star; the moon was setting, and shed but a very pale, dull light through the ventilator, not by any means sufficient to create any reflected light, like the golden luminous glimmer above me. I kept my eyes fixed on it until they grew tired, and I was obliged to close them. I opened them again after the lapse of several minutes—the star was still there. I said to myself, 'Mr. Berkeley is either gone or will pass to-morrow.' I still kept gazing on the light until I dropped asleep. This was, I feel, the last token of a friendship dating back to 1872.—Yours, &c.,

M. WOODMAN.

Treemantle Cross, Four Marks, Hants.

'A Curious Experience.'

SIR,—In answer to the letter by 'F. R. B.,' on page 71, in reference to the reappearance of my lost earring, permit me to say that I omitted to state (as was pointed out by a friend after 'LIGHT' had given the account) that on the day the earring was brought back I was wearing none of the garments that I wore on the day it was taken. As to the good done by removing and returning the earring, I believe that the object of those occurrences was to convince me of spirit presence and power, and that this applies equally to all the occasions on which I have been inconvenienced by similar happenings. The recital of my experiences was given to show the persistent desire of the spirit friends to aid me to grasp this truth, for I am ashamed to admit that after many tests of a really remarkable nature I am not always sure. But I hope the truth has now come into my heart to stay; if it has, I do not doubt that all these inconveniences will cease.—Yours, &c.,

FRANCES EAVERY PETERS.

Westgate-on-Sea.

[Mr. Peters, writing from Finland, says: 'When the earring was missed my wife removed and shook her clothing to see if by chance it was there, and when it was returned she was not wearing the same clothes.'—ED. 'LIGHT.']

Spiritualists' National Fund of Benevolence.

SIR,—Kindly permit me to acknowledge the following donations received during the month of January: Proceeds of séance given by Mrs. Cannock, per Mrs. S. B. Brown, 5s.; Mrs. Venables' Christmas Day table collection, 2s. 6d.; York Spiritual Temple, 5s.; Walsall Association circle, 6s.; A Member, Market Hall Society, Exeter, 3s.; Crewe Society, 10s.; proceeds of concert given by Hyde Society, per Mr. W. Johnson, £2; Widnes Society, 10s. Total, £4 1s. 6d.

The fund has had several heavy calls made upon it during the past month, and the scope of its operations is rapidly increasing. In addition to paying regular grants to the old workers who are pensioners, we have assisted, by paying part of the passage-money to New Zealand, a couple of old workers who have been promised a livelihood on their arrival; the widow of an earnest worker who has been left with five young children; another widow who has also a young family, the eldest of whom is an imbecile; an old worker who has been out of work for months, and was practically starving, and several other cases, equally deserving.

All donations will be gratefully acknowledged.—Yours, &c.,

9, High-street, Doncaster.

A. E. BUTTON,
Hon. Sec.

MADAME MIRIAM GODFREY desires to thank her friends for their kind inquiries during her recent severe illness, and to inform them that she is now quite able to resume her work.

SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 19th, &c.

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

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—*Cavendish Rooms*.—Mrs. Jessie Crompton delivered an interesting address on 'The Closing Age.' Mr. W. T. Cooper presided.—*Percy Hall*.—13th, Mrs. Imison gave successful clairvoyant descriptions. Mr. A. J. Watts presided. Sunday next, see advt.

SPIRITUAL MISSION: 22, Prince's-street.—Anniversary Service: Mr. E. W. Beard delivered an address on 'What are We?' Miss Jeannie Bateman contributed beautiful solos.—67, George-street, Baker-street.—Morning: Mr. Percy Beard gave an address on 'Yesterday, To-day, and Forever.' Mr. Basham kindly sang. On February 15th Mrs. Miles Ord gave an earnest address. Sunday next, see advt.—J. H. C.

STRATFORD.—IDMISTON-ROAD, FOREST-LANE.—Mr. Walker gave an address and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, Mr. G. Tayler Gwinn. Monday, concert at 8 p.m.—H.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—Mr. T. Olman Todd spoke on 'The Miracles of the Ages.' On Sunday next he will deliver his fourth and last lecture. Subject, 'Foregleams of Immortality.' The week evening meetings as usual.—G. T. W.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.—MILTON-STREET.—Mr. J. J. Nicholson spoke on 'Truth and Freedom,' and 'The Higher Planes.' Mrs. Barrell gave clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., Mr. E. W. Wallis.—A. I.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HAMPTON WICK.—Mr. Symons gave an address. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Horace Leaf will speak and give clairvoyant descriptions and Mme. Duvergé will recite.—T. B.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL, LAUSANNE-ROAD.—The Lyceum anniversary services were very helpful and stimulating. Sunday next, evening, Mrs. A. Boddington. Thursday, Mrs. Neville. March 5th, Mrs. M. Gordon. Healing circle on Tuesdays, at 8.15.

BRIGHTON.—ROOM 'A,' ATHENÆUM HALL, NORTH-STREET.—Mr. W. Courtney Torr gave a good address; Mrs. Curry gave clairvoyant descriptions, morning and evening. Sunday next, 11.15 a.m., public circle; 7 p.m., Mrs. Curry.—A. C.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—Mrs. Jamrach gave instructive addresses and good clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mr. D. J. Davis. Tuesday at 8 and Wednesday at 3, Mrs. Clarke, clairvoyante. Thursday, at 8, members' circle.—A. M. S.

STRATFORD.—WORKMEN'S HALL, 27, ROMFORD-ROAD, E.—Mrs. Webster gave an interesting address on 'Talks with Spirit Friends,' followed by psychometrical readings. Mr. E. P. Noall presided. Sunday next, address by Miss Florence Fogwill on 'Bible Phenomena and Modern Spiritualism.'—W. H. S.

BRIXTON.—73, WILTSHIRE-ROAD.—Mr. G. T. A. Davies gave a beautiful address on 'Birth, Death, and Life Eternal.' Mr. Slade and others gave clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., address and clairvoyant descriptions by Miss Lucy Thompson. Public services on Wednesdays at 8.15.—K. S.

EALING.—15, GREEN VIEW, HIGH-STREET.—Mr. Stebbens gave an address, followed by psychometric readings. Sunday next, Misses Ryder and Browne. On and after March 5th, meetings will be held at 95, Uxbridge-road (Ealing Technical College).

HAMPSTEAD SUBURB.—LADIES' LIBRARY, CLUB HOUSE.—Miss A. V. Earle gave a soul-inspiring address on 'Love for Humanity as Exemplified in the Character of Jesus of Nazareth.' Sunday next, Mr. Gaimbril Nicholson. March 5th, Mrs. M. H. Wallis. 12th, Miss Earle. 19th, Mr. Macbeth Bain. 26th, Mr. Frederick Fletcher.—A. C.

HIGHGATE.—GROVEDALE HALL, GROVEDALE-ROAD.—Morning, Mr. T. Abrahall spoke on the 'Law of Growth in the Spirit World' and gave psychometric readings. Evening, Madame Zaidia answered written questions and gave successful clairvoyant descriptions. Mr. and Mrs. Alcock Rush sang. 15th, Mrs. Mary Davies spoke on 'Mediumship' and gave clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mrs. Mary Davies. Wednesday, March 1st, Mrs. A. Jamrach.—J. F.

HACKNEY.—240A, AMHURST-ROAD, N.—Mr. D. J. Davis gave an earnest address on 'Spiritual Co-operation,' and answered questions. On Thursday, February 16th, the funeral service of the late Mr. C. Osborn, for many years the esteemed librarian of the Hackney Society, was impressively conducted at East Finchley by Messrs. G. T. Gwinn and G. F. Tilby. A number of relatives and friends attended, and heartfelt sympathy was expressed for Mrs. Osborn. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Miss Violet Burton. Monday, at 8 p.m., members' meeting. Tuesday, at 8 p.m., astrology class. Friday, 8 p.m., address by Mr. Scott-Moncrieff.—N. R.