

# Light:

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

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—*Goethe*,

'WHATSOEVER DOTHTH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT.'—*Paul*.

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

There really was no need to make the appearance of Hereward Carrington and J. R. Meader's book on 'Death' so repulsive. It is bound in strictly funereal black cloth, with 'DEATH' in huge letters on the top lid of cover; and, opposite the title page, there is a startlingly hideous photograph of Richelieu's 'Head' 'two hundred and seventy-three years after his death.' The book, published by Wm. Rider and Son, is a large one of over six hundred and sixty pages, and its full title is 'Death: its Causes and Phenomena, with special reference to Immortality.'

It would be difficult to think of any subject connected with death that is not here discussed or referred to. The work is, in fact, a kind of Encyclopædia on the subject, but, whether it helps to bear out the opinion expressed by its authors, that death may be 'as fascinating a study as any other,' the reader can only decide for himself. All, however, will agree that 'the most vital and interesting of all' the questions considered is 'what becomes of the mental life at death; whether consciousness persists or is extinguished—like the flame of the candle.' As to this, the happy conclusion is arrived at that 'consciousness *does* persist, and that personal identity is assured to us.'

The writers have worked at their task diligently, intelligently and with befitting gravity, and the most exacting critic will readily admit the correctness of their own modest claim, that they have 'collated a quantity of interesting material.' They have really done more, in so far as they have brought into a centre many facts, elusive glimpses and speculations which, separately, appear to be of but little value, but which, combined, greatly help us towards fuller light.

'The Methodist Times' is encouraging research and testimony respecting the spiritual truth at the heart of so-called 'Christian Science.' One Wesleyan minister of good standing writes fully and appreciatively on the subject, and backs up his testimony as to the value of Faith-healing by citing the honest testimony of many physicians. He says:—

For a long time medical science has been frankly materialistic, but a great change is taking place in the attitude of the profession. Perhaps some day there will be discovered the principle which underlies healing at Bethshan, at St. Winifred's, at Lourdes, at heathen shrines in Africa and India, as well as healing 'by suggestion,' 'mind-healing' and 'spiritual-healing.' Medical men have hitherto been too much absorbed in the material to search for that principle, and the various 'healers' have, like all sectarians, been anxious rather to assert their differences.

He cites the President of the British Medical Association, who even suggests that cancer may be arrested by

faith 'producing that change in the body of the patient which our cancer investigators are trying to discover'; and Dr. Osler, of Oxford, who says, 'The angel of Bethesda is at the pool. It behoves us to jump in.'

This minister, the Rev. J. S. Corlett, thinks that the Christian Church has neglected or lost a mighty power, and that 'Christian Science' may be rescuing it, or providing the means for rescuing it, from its lapse into materialism. This, he holds, may account for its success in what the world calls 'the higher circles.' 'There is probably as much real heartache in Belgravia as there is in the slums, though there is not the same external misery, and Society, in its weariness and dejection, is in the mood to listen to a teacher who offers something which pleasures and Churches alike have failed to provide.'

'The Methodist Times,' stirred also by Sir Oliver Lodge's National Free Church Council Address, is rather excited about it and makes a dash for something behind all mere dogmas, and deeper than all so-called 'Gospel truths' which, as crude opinions, divide one chapel from another. Its concluding sentence is splendid: 'Meanwhile let us learn the lessons that are borne in upon us from every side that both Christ and his universe are more wonderful in their nature and possibilities than our stupidity has hitherto enabled us to perceive.' It is always a very special sign of grace when anybody boxes his own ears like that.

'Abnormal Psychology,' by Isador H. Coriat, M.D., (London: W. Rider and Son) is seriously what it professes to be, and contains two Parts, on 'The Exploration of the Subconscious' and 'The Diseases of the Subconscious,' divided into sixteen chapters, on Automatic Writing, Crystal Gazing, Sleep, Dreams, Hypnosis, Loss of Memory, Illusions of Memory, The Splitting of Personality, Hysteria, Psycho-Epileptic Attacks, and cognate subjects. The writer is Assistant Physician for diseases of the nervous system, at Boston City Hospital (U.S.) and Neurologist to the Mount Sinai Hospital.

As becomes so responsible a person, the book is written with obvious care, and with citations of many cases in point. Also, as becomes such a person, the bias of the book is to account for 'abnormal' happenings by some form of disease, and to refer everything to the (usually) sleeping partner, the 'Subconscious.' Still, it is a valuable book at the present stage of psychical inquiries, and gathers up into a focus rays of light from many sources.

Professor J. H. Muirhead, writing in the 'Moral Education League Quarterly,' gently takes Professor Jacks to task for his attack upon the proposal to teach virtue 'by set lessons'—'morality by the card' as he also puts it. The gentle Professor bids us learn something from Professor Jacks' attack, but grieves a little over it. It is quite right, for instance, to remind us that the vital matter is to create a sentiment for right action and to develop a love of goodness, and that these cannot be taught as lessons, just as geography can be: but, though goodness cannot be

imparted as 'lesson-mongering,' the intellectual and ethical bases of it can be, though we should not call it 'lesson-mongering': we should prefer to call it enlarging the boundaries of knowledge, unveiling the foundations, and broadening the view. Thus Professor Muirhead thoughtfully says:—

The question at issue is whether moral impulses, habits, sentiments are weakened or strengthened by being raised to the rank of conscious principles of character and action. What I believe modern psychology puts beyond a doubt is that consciousness of the meaning of a motive adds to it a purity and power which nothing else can give. Moral instruction stands for the attempt to bring home to children the meaning of conduct through such knowledge as may be conveyed to them of the social whole which is the medium in which it takes effect. Taking Professor Jacks' contention that the main thing is to interest a child in a definite purpose, one of the chief means lying to the teacher's hand is the enlistment of the child's affections on behalf of the life that is served by it. It is from the desire to serve in some form that the desire for a particular service is likely to spring.

As in good art-teaching, so in the teaching of ethics, much can be taught 'to widen the pupil's horizon and to bring home to him the significance and the place of his looking and his doing in the life of the community.'

We have received from Mr. Will Phillips, a good Town Councillor as well as a good Spiritualist in Manchester, an exceedingly useful pamphlet on the question, 'Shall we Municipalise the Coal Supply?' It is packed full of facts and ideas, excellently set forth, is offered for a nominal penny, and may be had from 8, Crescent-road, Crumpsall, Manchester.

The April number of the ever-fresh and ever-readable 'Vineyard' is a beauty, with its quaint stories, its delicate poetry, and its pictures, one of them a beautiful presentation of Blake's 'Death's Door' and one of a Crucifixion by Arthur Hughes. Mr. Fifield, Clifford's Inn, is the publisher.

'The Progressive Thinker' tells a very interesting story of how a person, wrongly charged with theft, was released as the result of information given through a clairvoyant. The incident, related by the 'Boston Journal,' was as follows:—

Some weeks ago, a man named Curtin missed some money, quite a large sum, and suspicion pointed to a man named Conant, who lived in the same house with him, and the man accordingly was arrested, and has been in jail ever since. A few days ago, Curtin, not having heard anything further about the money, which was not found on Conant, went to a clairvoyant, as a last resort, and the clairvoyant told him it was safe in an out-of-the-way corner of a bureau drawer, on which he returned home, and found it as stated. He accordingly communicated with the authorities, and the man unjustly accused was released.

'The Progressive Thinker' says:—

We have not heard that any attempt to explain all this on the score of telepathy, subconsciousness, or subliminal stuff of a similar character, has yet been made.

TRANSITION.—Mr. Jas. Coates, writing from Rothesay, says: 'Mr. E. Wyllie [the spirit photographer] passed away in Hampstead Hospital, on April 10th, in the presence of his brother, Col. Wyllie. Full particulars next week.'

THE discussion on Spiritualism in the Dundee 'People's Journal,' as the result of the attack by the Rev. J. Weatherhead, is still going on, and in the issue for April 8th there are several useful letters in defence. Mr. J. M. Stevenson, president of the local society of Spiritualists, in a temperately-worded letter, asks for investigation and makes good use of Dr. A. R. Wallace's statement that Spiritualism 'furnishes the proof of a future life for which so many crave, and for want of which so many live and die in anxious doubt, so many in positive disbelief.'

## 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, APRIL 27TH,  
WHEN AN ADDRESS WILL BE GIVEN

BY THE

REV. ARTHUR CHAMBERS

(Vicar of Brockenhurst, and Author of 'Our Life After Death,' 'Man and the Spiritual World,' &c.),

ON

'SPIRITUALISM AND THE LIGHT IT CASTS ON  
CHRISTIAN TRUTH.'

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 Thursday evening, May 11th—Mr. E. E. Fournier d'Albe, B.Sc. (Lond.): 'Essential Conditions of Life in this and other Worlds'; and on May 25th—Mrs. Mary Seaton, of Washington, U.S.A.: 'Spiritualism and Theosophy: their Similarities and Dissimilarities—from an Onlooker's Viewpoint.'

MEETINGS AT 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.  
FOR THE STUDY OF PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—On Tuesday next, April 25th, Miss McCreadie 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.

DRAWINGS OF THE PSYCHIC AURA AND DIAGNOSIS OF DISEASE.—On Wednesday next, April 26th, and succeeding Wednesdays, from 12 noon to 5 p.m., Mr. Percy R. Street will give personal delineations by means of the colours of the psychic aura of sitters, and will diagnose disease under spirit control. Fee 5s. to a guinea. Appointments desirable. See advertisement supplement.

MEDIUMISTIC DEVELOPMENT.—On Thursday next, April 27th, 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, April 28th, 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 NOTICES.

On Wednesday, May 3rd, at 11 a.m., Vice-Admiral W. Osborne Moore will be pleased to meet inquirers at the Rooms of the Alliance and to answer their questions respecting the 'precipitated' picture which is on view there.

MRS. MARY SEATON will commence a series of special afternoon lectures on 'Spiritual Science and Healing' on May 11th; full particulars will be given next week.

## THE VOICES.

BY VICE-ADMIRAL W. USBORNE MOORE.

In the beautiful city of Detroit in the State of Michigan there are nearly half a million of inhabitants. Over one third of these are intelligent Roman Catholics conscientiously opposed to psychic phenomena. In a pretty villa, built to her own design, three miles from the city hall lives, unmolested, Mrs. Wriedt, a so-called trumpet medium who has done more good, probably, than any medium in the world, in giving consolation to the bereaved and bringing hundreds to the certain knowledge of the close proximity of the spirits of their deceased relations. For my part I can only say that, in her presence, I obtained evidence of the next state so clear and so pronounced that the slightest doubt was no longer possible. I left her house in the condition of mind of a man who no longer fosters 'belief' but 'knows' what is his destiny when worms destroy his body.

Mrs. Wriedt is forty-nine years of age, a slightly built, delicate woman, much subject to bronchitis and neuritis. Last year she had neuritis at the base of the brain and would have died had it not been for the benevolence of Mr. C. A. Newcomb, an investigator into psychic matters, who summoned a celebrated specialist and saved her life. Since her recovery her power has been more remarkable than before, and I was fortunate enough to sit with her when she was at her prime as a psychic.

When she heard that I was in the States she wrote asking me to become her guest. I accepted this kind invitation and spent twenty days in her house, where I occupied a room near the séance room. Incidentally I may mention that I was more comfortable in this house than I was on previous visits when I put up at the two best hotels in the city.

She keeps no servant. Assisted by her husband she does all the work of the house during intervals between her séances. She cannot see half the people who apply for sittings, but she does her best to give satisfaction to all. The poor are often admitted for nothing. Her usual fee is one dollar, and she has one public séance a week, when nobody is expected to pay more than half a dollar. It is on these occasions that the poor are often invited to come without payment.

Mrs. Wriedt can obtain no phenomena when sitting by herself. About twelve years ago she was asked, as an experiment, to sit with seven deaf mutes from Flint, Mich. No one in the room could speak an articulate word except herself. Two of the sitters were frightened because they were touched by the trumpet; no other results were obtained. Of course, it was not to be expected that the sitters would hear anything; but the point is that the psychic did not hear a word herself. If there is but one child in the room who can prattle, the manifestations take place.

I have mentioned Mrs. Wriedt before in your journal. My experiences with her in 1909 were insignificant compared with those on this, my third, visit to America. My relatives all spoke to me at some time or the other, touching upon all sorts of subjects of family interest, and 'Iola' spoke to me daily at considerable length, often standing before me—a radiant figure in white, but face invisible—and clearly enunciating her sentences in pure English. As I have said before, Mrs. Wriedt speaks Yankee, and English was not spoken by any spirit friends of American sitters. Most of my sittings were with Mrs. Wriedt alone, when 'Iola' would manifest and explain matters which happened fifty years ago. When I was a boy a family tangle took place that puzzled me very much; I did not even suspect the real truth. 'Iola,' in the course of two or three interviews, solved the enigma and brought three witnesses from spirit life who spoke at some length to prove that she was right. Dates were given and motives explained. I possessed just sufficient knowledge of what had taken place at that time to be able to assure myself that every word they said was true; no one living except myself knows anything about it, but I am now quite certain that the explanation, given with wealth of detail by these spirits, is the correct one.

If I had no other experience to relate in support of Spiritism, this story, as told in clear accents and exhibiting intimate knowledge of terrene life with all its mistakes and failures, would

have been sufficient to settle my belief for ever. It might form the subject for a novel with a good moral.

Before giving an account of my sittings with Mrs. Wriedt, I will endeavour to describe the routine of an average day in her house.

At 6 a.m. she and her husband rise, see to the work of the house and prepare breakfast. Breakfast about 8 or 8.30. Mrs. Wriedt clears away the table and proceeds to do the rooms. A telephone bell rings. Perhaps Mr. Wriedt is able to answer it; more likely he has gone out to do the shopping. 'Is that Mrs. Wriedt?' 'Yes.' 'Can you give me a sitting?' 'I am sorry to say I am not able to see anyone for ten days.' 'Can you not see me for half an hour?' 'No, madam.' 'What do you charge for a sitting?' 'One dollar.' 'Waal, I guess a really good sitting is worth one dollar!' Then Mrs. Wriedt goes upstairs to her rooms. Knock at the front door, 'Can I see Mrs. Wriedt?' 'No, sir, I am Mrs. Wriedt and I am full of engagements for ten days.' After some attempt at persuasion this visitor departs. The rooms being finished, say by 10.30, Mrs. Wriedt assures herself that her husband is in the house and then comes to me, 'Admiral, I think now we can have a sitting, and we will have another, if you wish, this evening.' We sit, say, for forty-five minutes. Then Mrs. Wriedt prepares the dinner, lays the table and answers, perhaps, two or three telephone calls; sometimes these calls are requests for sittings, but not infrequently chats with friends who are in trouble and sure of the immediate sympathy of the psychic. Dinner at twelve or soon after. At half-past one, after the table is cleared, Mrs. Wriedt attires herself for the afternoon. At a quarter to two or two o'clock a party is let in for a séance, promised days before, and remains an hour or an hour and a half. During this time two or three people are let in to the drawing-room by Mr. Wriedt to wait their turn. Telephone calls answered by Mr. Wriedt at the rate of about one every hour. The first sitters having departed the second group are taken upstairs (no interval between) and another séance takes place. Mr. Wriedt comes to have a chat, and we both hear distinctly the loud voice of 'Dr. Sharp,' the control (forty feet off) through the locked door of the séance room. Possibly Mrs. Wriedt is then able to give me a half-hour conversation with my friends in the next state; then she goes down and prepares the tea, her husband having reported to her the telephone calls that came through during the afternoon. Tea takes place about six or a quarter past six. At eight o'clock there is always a séance, arranged for long beforehand, which generally last two hours. And so the day's work ends and the psychic gets to bed about eleven o'clock.

One night I sat in a public circle when there were twelve persons present besides the psychic and myself. Two young people, brother and sister, sat on my left; they had been invited by Mrs. Wriedt, as they were too poor to give the ordinary fee. 'Black Hawk,' an Indian spirit, gave a warwhoop when phenomena were going very slow, which frightened one lady so much that the door had to be opened and water sent for to restore her. Another lady, on hearing the prattling voice of her little child, not long since dead, fell back in her chair, weeping for joy. Her neighbour tried to pull her round by saying, 'Try and compose yourself, madam, or you will destroy conditions for other sitters.' The sobbing then ceased. As the sitters filed out of the room, some of them paid the psychic, who never *asks* for her fee; the bereaved mother did not give anything. I took the liberty of asking Mrs. Wriedt how much she received that evening. She told me three and a half dollars. Three people had slunk out of the room without giving a cent; yet all had some friend from the 'other side' who came to talk to them, and the séance lasted two hours.

The failures to obtain phenomena when Mrs. Wriedt is present are about five per cent. If she does too much during the day, 'Dr. Sharp,' her control, does not speak in the evening, and no spirits manifest. Her average takings during a year *when she is not ill* are seven dollars a day. She has, however, some kind wealthy friends who would never allow her to be in want, so richly do they value the blessings she showers around her.

I generally sat alone with Mrs. Wriedt: the strain was great. My psychical system was much drawn upon, and I became ill.

This was the inevitable payment for extraordinary phenomena. 'Dr. Sharp' would not allow his medium to be depleted, and I, being the only sitter, had to suffer; I did not recover my full normal health till six weeks after I landed in England.

The usual order of proceedings was as follows: I brought bunches of narcissi or some other flowers into the room and placed them on a small table. Having ascertained that I could hear the voices in broad light through the trumpet (though with difficulty), we decided to sit in the dark—Mrs. Wriedt on a chair opposite me, and about four feet distant, the table with flowers on my left (generally), and opposite to it a vacant chair, completing a sort of circle, in the centre of which was placed a telescopic trumpet. After a few minutes phantoms could be seen about near us: they appeared first near the flowers and returned to them from time to time for strength. I did not once identify a face, though others did, but I knew who was before me by the height, build, and speech of the spirit, for they often spoke with the trumpet while standing.

Mrs. Wriedt will sit anywhere her sitters wish, but the above plan was found to answer best.

'Dr. Sharp,' the control, who speaks sometimes through the trumpet and sometimes without, usually manifests early in the séance in a loud, clear voice, and he often comes back at the end of the séance to say 'good-bye,' or to explain some doubt which has arisen from the ambiguous utterances of one of the spirits.

After the phantom phase is over, and 'Dr. Sharp' has finished talking, whispers are heard through the trumpet and conversation takes place. When I sat alone this used to go on from forty to fifty minutes. The good-bye of 'Dr. Sharp' was the signal for opening the door; if he did not return we waited five minutes after the last communication, then asked to be told by raps if the séance was over. In the case of no reply we assumed it was no use waiting longer.

My notes were made at once in the back drawing-room. I only once attended a public séance, but I often used to sit in my room in the evening, reading and writing, while large séances were going on between 8 and 10 p.m., and heard distinctly the voices, not only of 'Dr. Sharp,' but of other spirits. Curiously enough, no phantoms ever appeared to me in my room, and even my guide was only able to make herself known by knocks.

January 1st, 1911. Arrived at Detroit and took up my quarters with the Wriedts. There was a séance at 9 p.m. Sitters, Mr. and Mrs. Newton, Mr. H. C. Hodges, and myself. Atmospheric conditions bad.

Their two children in spirit life came to Mr. and Mrs. Newton. Mr. Hodges was visited by three spirits who talked in unmistakable Yankee, and I by 'Iola,' her brother, and the brother of a relative by marriage, who all spoke pure English. 'Iola' referred to the séance of the previous evening with Miss Ada Besinnet.

(To be continued.)

#### WHAT THE SPIRITS ARE TRYING TO DO.

In response to a question at a recent Friday afternoon meeting at the Rooms of the London Spiritualist Alliance, respecting the coming spiritual awakening and the efforts of spirit people to bring it about, the control of Mrs. M. H. Wallis said that it was quite true that a concerted effort was being made in the spirit world to influence humanity and bring about an awakening of spiritual consciousness and the realisation of higher duties and responsibilities, but it must not be supposed that this influence was being exerted solely through recognised mediums or that it was limited to the Spiritualist movement. It was a very much larger work than that. Enlightened men and women on the other side were endeavouring to promote a world-wide movement towards a higher plane of motive and action, both individually and collectively. Receptive and responsive minds were catching the inspiration, and the spiritual influx was likely to manifest itself in ethical, humanitarian, and religious movements for the realisation of the loftiest and noblest ideals and the development of human character on spiritual lines. That influx would inevitably tend to bring about a better civilisation. A purer social life and a closer union between all peoples of the earth in fraternal, spiritual relations would be the best preparation for the continued activities of the spirit in the spheres beyond the grave.

#### THOUGHTS ON PRESENT PROBLEMS.

BY HANSON G. HEY.

(Secretary of the Spiritualists' National Union.)

There seems to be a general feeling that we are on the eve of a fresh awakening of the spiritual faculties in man, a deepening of spiritual insight, and a quickening of spirit powers. I honestly believe that we are on the threshold of a new era. All things move in cycles, and the last cycle having expired, the swing of the pendulum is almost sure to carry us to the opposite extreme in spiritual fervour, to that which was reached in materialistic cynicism.

Each great outpouring of the spirit is preceded by a sojourn in the wilderness, and the darkest hour is indubitably the hour before the dawn. The question of supreme importance to us is, are we ready to avail ourselves of the flood-tide, or are we in the usual plight of the reformer, unprepared for the psychological moment?

I do not believe in the croakings of those who belaud the mediumship of the last generation and decry this day's mediumship. Possessing a fair knowledge of the mediumship of three decades, I candidly confess my optimism, and own that I regard the mediumship of to-day as being more full, more varied, and more abundant than any which preceded it. But the trouble is, we are not well enough organised to make the best of it, and sensitives resent the careless, offhand way in which they are too often treated. All through this country investigations are going on, by means of which men and women are daily receiving proofs of the continuity of life, neither mediums nor sitters being connected with organised Spiritualism.

If we are to make headway, all divisions should be sedulously avoided. We should be *one*. God only knows how many sections there are of us now—each section doing its own work in its own way, but each carefully keeping aloof from the others. All of them preach *unity*; is it too much to expect them to practise it? I look forward to a time when all people interested in psychical and occult matters will meet once a year in one large congress. Each section can have its own meeting under its own leaders, even as the sections of the British Association of Science have, but all will co-operate for the one common purpose.

Then again, I plead for more system in our research work. If every society kept a typed record of the happenings and the tests given at each of its circles, to be read as a lesson at the beginning of the next, and if these records were periodically bound, then every centre of the movement would have a permanent historical record of its own. We cannot depend for that record on word of mouth, for the ranks of the old workers grow thin and their memory fails; but the written records will remain. Study groups should be formed in every centre, to take up the philosophical side of our movement, and make themselves competent to meet any opponent. My opinion is, not that the phenomenal mediums are failing, but that we are leaning too much upon them; we are expecting too much from them, and doing too little ourselves. It becomes increasingly difficult to arouse interest in a philosophical treatise, and, as this is the case, the desire for the newest phenomenalist increases.

Equilibrium is what is needed, the giving to each his place and the exacting from each his quota. Our greatest difficulty is the apathy, the *dolce far niente*, which weakens us. The days when my old friend Armitage, in his enthusiasm, used to tramp miles with his three-legged table to give demonstrations have gone, and the zest with which he and his *confrères* threw themselves into the work is what is lacking, not mediumship. We are too comfortable, too satisfied; we have slumbered so long since the late Rev. Thos. Ashcroft ceased from troubling, that now, when the shepherds of Christian flocks begin to make their abominable charges and to tell lies about us, we are not ready to repel them. One pastor recently told his audience that Sir William Crookes had challenged the Spiritualists thirty years ago, and put words into Sir William's mouth which he never uttered, and as this 'reverend' goes on to describe our séance-rooms as 'dens of iniquity,' it is quite time that we were prepared to take action.

I would suggest that a fitting memorial to our arisen sister, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, would be the formation of a Britten League—organised, equipped, financed and run exactly on the lines of the Gladstone League, doing spiritually what the other does politically. This would be a far more effective memorial to the life work of Mrs. Britten than a hall or library can ever be, for a hall, however stately, or a library, however rich, must be in one place all the time, and to that place, as to a Mecca, all worthy souls must resort to partake of its good. But a militant league of young men and maidens, raised, trained, and fitted for action, to controvert these base charges and take the opportunity—a golden one—of getting home some of our truths in the process, would be available for any district, from Land's End to John o' Groat's.

As regards our Sunday services, to me Spiritualism is a religion, a worship which gives me that strength without which man ever fails; which reveals to me my at-one-ment with the Divine, and my kinship with all that is. I ask for a service where there shall be more of soul and less of intellect, however brilliant, in which the congregation shall take a larger part than at present and the speaker a smaller. This would be a gain all round, for devotional exercises always make the participant receptive, and infuse more soulfulness and helpfulness into the speaker. With such a service may we not hope for more veneration in our churches, and less irresponsibility? Then shall we climb on the dead ashes of the 'has been' to the Pisgah of the 'to be.' The outlook from that altitude will bring a softening, chastening influence to our souls, for we shall realise the necessity for the ebb and flow of the tide, the rise and fall of institutions, the coming and going of certain phases of phenomena—we shall see as in a flash the need for things seemingly inexplicable, the connection between objects seemingly diverse.

#### THE PROBLEM OF TEST-CONDITIONS.

In response to our invitation to readers of 'LIGHT' to send us letters dealing with the question, 'Should test-conditions be insisted on in physical and materialisation séances?' Miss H. A. Dallas writes:—

It seems to me that it is too soon to come to the conclusion that physical phenomena are sufficiently attested to dispense with strict test séances.

Whether this is so or not must be verified not by any individual opinion as to what *ought* to be sufficient evidence to convince the educated public mind, but by considering whether the work of convincing the educated is actually accomplished. There can be no doubt as to what the answer to this question must be. The reality of physical phenomena is not accepted as widely as telepathy yet; and even with regard to telepathy, we cannot say that it is accepted as universally as the law of gravitation.

Science works for future generations, not just for immediate results. If the genuineness of supernormal physical phenomena is to be placed beyond dispute for those who come after us, there remains very much still to be done in registering facts, and these facts must be made indisputable—or as much so as possible.

I regard the physical phenomena of Spiritualism as valuable mainly, perhaps entirely, because they meet the needs of a critical, scientific age and challenge sceptics and materialists *on their own ground*. I am disposed to doubt whether any other reason besides this will justify us in encouraging them. As merely a means of gratifying a desire to hold intercourse through sense perceptions with those who have passed on, I think they should not be encouraged.

From an *evidential* point of view, test-conditions are necessary. I have had experiences at séances which have been, as far as I can see, rendered useless because I was unable to secure any test-conditions. If I could have done so, as I desired, they might have been usefully cited and have helped to bring conviction to others. Every care should be taken not to worry or distress the medium; this can be done without neglecting the conditions which give evidential value to the phenomena.

Writing in the 'Hindu Spiritual Magazine' for February, Mr. James Coates says: 'Physical phenomena are becoming non-existent through the treatment of mediums by "Experts." It would be much wiser, in my opinion, to patiently study mediumship and co-operate with the Intelligences controlling

them, and in this way obtain the better results. *Then the phenomena presented would bring their own best evidences.* This has ever been the experience of those who have gone thoroughly into the matter. The "testing spirit," so sedulously applied to physical mediums, is wholly wrong.'

#### AN ANCIENT CURSE AND ITS FULFILMENT.

A correspondent has kindly drawn our attention to the remarkable account given by Sir Wm. Butler in his 'Autobiography,' on page 298, of the fate that overtook a well-known artist-journalist, who rifled an Egyptian tomb of its mummy. It runs as follows:—

On his way up the Nile he had indulged in the tourist pursuit of tomb-rifling and mummy-lifting, and he had become possessed of a really first-class mummy, which, still wrapped in its cerecloths, had been duly packed and sent to England.

When the Nile Expedition closed he went to Somaliland and was killed by an elephant and buried on a small island in a river flowing from Abyssinia southwards. The mummy, got at Luxor, finally reached London. His friends, anxious to get his remains to England, sent out a man with orders to proceed to the spot where he had been buried and bring the remains home. This man reached the river, but no trace could be found of the island on which the grave was made. A great flood had descended from the mountains and swept the island before it, leaving no trace of grave or island. Now comes the moral.

The mummy was in due time unwound and the experts in Egyptology set to work to decipher the writings on the wrappings. Truly these were spirit rappings. There, in characters about which there was no cavilling on the part of the experts, were written curses on the man who would disturb the repose of the mummified dead. 'May he,' ran the invocations, 'be abandoned by the gods. May wild beasts destroy his life on earth, and after his death may the floods of the avenging rivers root up his bones and scatter his dust to the winds of heaven.'

#### 'THE CULT OF THE OCCULT.'

In an interesting article on 'The Cult of the Occult,' in 'The Globe' of April 12th, the writer says:—

Scientific discovery, which challenges the supernatural in the realms of faith, claims to have dealt a death-blow to the merely occult; yet both survive. The exact sciences have but served to stimulate inquiry. With the diffusion of knowledge, and increased means of communication, have come still clearer glimpses into that world which is, as a rule, unseen. Its manifestations have seemed more certain and less rare. Drifting tokens of its existence, from the ocean of the illimitable, have been piled still higher on the shores of Time. Men whose honour and high culture one may not question have given testimony. Bulwer Lytton, in his bath, in England, sees a simulacrum of his friend that smiles and vanishes. He notes the date and time. It is the exact time of his friend's death, by drowning, in the Seine. Dr. Adam Clarke, the learned commentator, is accosted in his host's library by one who appears to be a Roman Catholic priest. He is urged to take down a book from the shelf, open it at a certain page, and destroy the paper he will find therein. The paper contains a written confession of grave sin, by one about to die, and is dated more than a century past. As the scholar, greatly wondering, commits the paper to the flames, the form of the priest dematerialises before his astonished eyes, and only the smouldering paper ashes in the grate remain.

TRANSITION.—We hear with regret of the death of Miss Isabel Perston Whitefield, who was well known in London theosophical circles and in Croydon, where the lectures given by Mrs. Besant and other leaders of the Theosophical Society at the pleasant weekly meetings at her house will be long remembered. Miss Whitefield was an excellent Greek scholar, and was also deeply read in occult and mystical subjects generally. She possessed a remarkable personality which never failed to impress itself upon her surroundings, and showed itself also in her bold and independent handling of astrological and other subjects. She did a good deal of literary work, both prose and verse, and was engaged upon the 'Supplement' volumes of 'The Encyclopædia Britannica,' in which work she was able to use her wide knowledge. Some months ago she was attacked by epistaxis, and, though she recovered bodily, never regained the uncommon clearness of brain which had been so characteristic of her; a renewal of the old attack brought the end with great suddenness. Miss Whitefield was a daughter of the late William Whitefield, of Kilcreggan, Dumbartonshire.



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### 'HE DESCENDED INTO HELL.'

The so-called 'Apostles' Creed' asserts as bluntly as possible the truth of the ancient legend that Jesus, after his crucifixion, 'descended into Hell'; and it is well worth remembering that, in the early days of the Established Church, one of the 'Articles' in the Prayer Book of King Edward VI. time was headed 'Of the going down of Christ into Hell.' The Article which follows runs thus: 'As Christ died, and was buried, for us; so also it is to be believed that he went down into Hell. For the body lay in the sepulchre until the resurrection, but his ghost, departing from him, was with the ghosts that were in prison, or in Hell, and did preach to the same, as the place of St. Peter doth testify.'

This 'place of St. Peter' is, of course, a reference to his first Epistle in which he says quite plainly: 'Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened in the spirit: in which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison, who sometime were disobedient, when once the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls, were saved by water.'

This strange saying has greatly puzzled the commentators whose notions of Hell made it difficult for them to adjust their minds to the idea of Christ enduring its torments. The puzzle about the reference to Noah has also been a long continued source of trouble to these same commentators. What on earth had Noah and his ark to do with the spirits in prison? The probability is that Peter had in his mind some sort of analogy between the preaching of Noah to the ungodly who were to be destroyed and the preaching of Christ to the ungodly who were in the way of being possibly destroyed; and some sort of analogy, too, between the ark of Noah and the salvation won by Christ. But we are often thankful it is not our business to make the writings of the Apostles clear.

What seems pretty clear is that the sense intended was that Christ went to the rescue of these imprisoned spirits. Thus, a little further on in this Epistle, Peter says: 'For this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit.' That suggests the giving the imprisoned spirits a chance to hear

the gospel, and find hope and deliverance through faith in it; though, alas! one learned divine, quite frightened at this idea, says that whatever Christ went to preach he did not go to preach repentance or faith, 'for the preaching of either comes too late for the departed soul.' What then did he preach? and was his preaching sheer mockery?

But who were these spirits in prison? That opens up a huge subject. A certain apocryphal Gospel tells at length the story of Christ's descent into the underworld; and a principal part of the story is that everybody appears to be there, and not only what we call 'the lost.' Adam is mentioned as there, and Seth, and Abraham, Isaiah, the patriarchs and prophets, and even John the Baptist. The real truth is that the 'prison' is the Greek Hades, or the Hebrew Sheol, often quite misleadingly translated 'Hell.' The Greek 'Hades'—probably meaning the invisible—was one of the names of Pluto, who had the underworld for his inheritance.

Both the Greek 'Hades' and the Hebrew 'Sheol' were at first regarded as only vast receptacles for the still conscious dead—not at all our 'Hell'; that came later. In that dim region there was life but no activity, no improvement, no light, and, of course, no joy: simply a huge cavernous receptacle for wailing or wandering ghosts.

Later on, came Sheol and Paradise; Hades and Hell; or Purgatory and vague merciful gradations of possibility and hope. Pluto, the Pagan ruler, became Satan, the Christian tormentor. But, at the time of Christ, the old heathen or Jewish notions prevailed. Hence the story of the apocryphal Gospels. But Peter evidently shared those old notions. In addition to the passages cited, there is a saying imputed to him, in the Acts of the Apostles, which very strongly associates him with the apocryphal story. 'David,' said he, 'is not yet ascended into the heavens.' It was an old Jewish belief that when the Messiah came one of his great works would be the liberation of the languishing spirits there.

But Paul himself seems to agree with Peter, for, in the Epistle to the Ephesians, he says: 'When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men. (Now that he ascended, what is it but that he also descended first into the lower parts of the earth? He that descended is the same also that ascended up far above all heavens, that he might fill all things).'

As usual the commentators simply smother the meaning with their ingenuities: one 'potent, grave and reverend signior' extracting from it the truth of Christ's descent into matter at the incarnation; 'the lower parts of the earth' meaning his material body. Somehow they always seem to fight shy of Christ's actual presence in Hell. Why they did so it is easy to understand; but what glorious chances they missed!—first the animating thought that this splendid champion—crushed, murdered and flung from earth—at once began again on the other side, and in prison. Actually went there from choice! Absolutely true for him was Tennyson's exultant cry in that great contrast of glories:—

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,

Paid with a voice flying by, to be lost on an endless sea:—

Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—

Nay, but he aimed not at glory; no lover of glory he,

Give him the glory of going on, and still to be!

There is the true note of the heroic, of the divine. No self-regarding yearning for the bliss of heaven:—

To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky,  
Give him the wages of going on, and not to die!

Ay, and if possible, to go on in prison, to save lost souls.

Contrast that with Matthew Arnold's disgusted re-

former who retires, and throws up the fight, and looks to another world to retrieve the ignominy of this:—

Foiled by our fellow-men, depress'd, outworn,  
We leave the brutal world to take its way,  
And, *Patience*. In another life, we say,  
*The world shall be thrust down, and we up-borne.*

And will not then the immortal armies scorn  
The world's poor, routed leavings? or will they,  
Who fail'd under the heat of this life's day,  
Support the fervours of the heavenly morn?

No, no! the energy of life may be  
Kept on after the grave, but not begun;  
And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,  
From strength to strength advancing—only he,  
His soul well-knit, and all his battles won  
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

But something else follows. The so-called 'lost' are findable, and the transition from Hell to Heaven is possible. He who 'came to seek and to save that which is lost,' and who once did it there, may do it again—may be at this moment doing it; and so continuing his glorious redeeming work. And, further, what Jesus as our brother did, we, in our degree, may do. Who knows? Why, even some of the old Jews, so the Talmud says, held that the great and good patriarchs did what Christ is said to have done.

It is a great faith, none greater, that the light and helpfulness of God and God's children will never desert us. Into every 'prison,' here and hereafter, that, of which Christ is the symbol, will penetrate—the uplifting, enlightening, 'conquering power of good.

#### A WORTHY TRIBUTE TO J. PAGE HOPPS.

The mortal form of the Rev. J. Page Hopps was cremated at Woking on Tuesday, the 11th inst., in the presence of members of his family, personal friends, and representatives of various societies, among whom were Mr. H. Withall (vice-president of the London Spiritualist Alliance), Mr. E. W. Wallis (editor of 'LIGHT'), Mr. B. D. Godfrey, and Mr. F. W. South. The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Henry Gow, of Hampstead, to whom and to 'The Inquirer' we are indebted for a full report of his appreciative tribute to our friend. Mr. Gow said:—

We would bring to-day not so much the tribute of praise as the tribute of affection and gratitude. This man, this rugged warrior for truth and strenuousness, whose body lies here, would not have wished many words of praise. His thoughts were turned ever towards the work he felt called upon to do, and not upon himself. But it is right and fitting that some expression should be given to what is in many hearts to-day—sorrow for the loss of a friend, admiration for his talents, gratitude for his help, and reverence for the transparent sincerity, and the high indomitable courage which shone through all his life. In that long, strenuous, honourable life, no one can recount all the good that he has done, all the influence he has exerted over other lives, all the respect and affection that he has aroused. He was a man who never shrank from controversy on behalf of what he held to be the truth. He left others in no doubt of what he believed. His thoughts were incisive, clear, and firm. He never hesitated to say what he thought, however unpopular. He was a man who did not know the name of fear. But he was a man also, as those who knew him best most fully realised, of a deep, underlying tenderness, of fine poetic feeling, with a passionate sympathy for the weak and the oppressed, and with a faith in God simple and pure as that of a little child. He had a power of direct and forceful appeal which enabled him at some periods in his ministry to gather round him multitudes of men and women, who listened thoughtfully and gladly to his words. His writings have gone out widely into the world, and have been read with eagerness by very many outside the circle of the churches of which he was an honoured, faithful minister. In every town where he laboured his personality was felt and recognised. His was a power that could not be ignored. Most of all, perhaps, in Leicester, where his largest work was done. He roused opposition, as a man so uncompromising, so determined, so firm in his convictions, so courageous in expressing them, must always do. But he never lost the respect of those who disagreed

with him, and he had a wonderful, far-reaching power to touch the hearts and inspire the lives and deepen the faith of those who were able to receive his message. There are very many over whom the breath of his influence came as a wakening to new life, a call to fuller consecration, a light in dark places, a revelation of the sternness and the beauty of a Christian life. He was, in some ways, a lonely man, as the mystic and idealist must often be, daring to stand by himself, unable easily to work with others, possessed by his message, giving himself with continuous and never-flagging energy to the work he had to do. There was a vivid force and reality about all his words and life. No one could doubt for a moment his sincerity, his earnestness, his devotion. He fought with all his strength, from youth to old age, for what he believed to be the truth, and there are many to-day who will look back with gratitude and affection to what he did and what he was.

He was no unhappy warrior. Many as were the conflicts in which he was engaged there was an inward happiness and strength about him which kept him full of peace and confidence. This man meant what he said with all his heart and mind when he spoke of God and of the soul. His religion was absolutely real. He lived by it and trusted in it to the last. He had no dread of death. He looked forward with eager joy to what God had in store for man beyond the gates of death. He was certain, beyond all other certainties, that death was only the beginning of a new and higher life. We may be glad and thankful that God spared him long suffering and weariness and weakness. For his energetic spirit it would have been the hardest and sorest of trials.

He has been called in the fulness of his activity into the higher life. Old age had not dimmed his insight or weakened his powers. Indeed, we cannot think of him as old. He had all the enthusiasm and ideals of youth ripened by experience, deepened through suffering. He has passed as he would have wished at a bound into the unseen world, that world of whose existence he was so certain, to which he looked forward with such confidence and joy; that world, in which he helped others by word and life more fully to believe. Our hearts are full of gratitude and of affection towards him as we say now for a little time farewell.

#### 'HE IS RISEN.'

As I sit by the window and watch the hurrying crowd go by, each one interested in his or her own plans and projects, animated by hope or depressed by fear, my heart is heavy within me and I am troubled. Not that I am afraid or in bodily pain—but a keen sense of loss oppresses me. Only a few hours ago I had a friend: bright, kindly, earnest, optimistic and wise, he was one of the salt of the earth—a man of men. To-day he is—what? Yesterday he lived, moved and had his being; now all that remains is a lifeless machine, which in a few hours will be but a thing of dust. I think of it—realise it I cannot. My mind refuses to admit that *he* is dead—and yet I know that I shall never again look into his eyes, touch his hand, hear his voice, or read his newly penned thought. What a change! Yesterday all these things were possible; but now I shall see his kindly face no more.

The other day he wrote hopefully—he would do a certain thing in spite of weakness. His motto was, 'Pluck pays,' and he fought to the end. He was alert, capable and wise until almost the last. Now his books are forsaken, his pen has fallen and he lies mute and still. It seems incredible. Yesterday he had his place; he was a force in the world; he talked of the great problems, and reverently anticipated the coming of Nature's resurrection—now the place that knew him will know him no more forever, and, save for the influence that he exerted, the things he accomplished, he might never have been. The world moves on—the chatter and laughter, the passion and the pain, the sin and the shame, the love and learning go on—but he is not in the procession, nor will he ever again be able, as formerly, to give direction to the stream of tendency, turn men to righteousness, and lift them to life's larger issues—for he is 'dead'!

Can it be? The idea is intolerable, the heart breaks under its weight! The thought of it is like shutting light and beauty and life and joy out of existence forever.

But a few hours ago everything was possible for him, everything existed for him. His mind was ripe, rich, full, and active. His words were wise and weighty. Full of sympathy

ardent with hope, with supreme confidence in truth and mankind, he believed in progress, was glad to be alive because things were improving, took the keenest interest in all public affairs, and laboured strenuously for betterment, for education and emancipation.

But now his force is spent, his bow is slack, his arm is palsied, and the fire and light have gone out from his body and brain for ever. Surely this *cannot* be the end! He is not destroyed! The thinking, throbbing mind and heart cannot have been wiped out of existence! Yet, admitting, as he gladly admitted, that man *must* go on—that for it to be otherwise would involve an utterly unthinkable waste, and make of life a meaningless mirage—one is staggered when one contemplates and realises the magnitude and full significance of the change that is wrought by death. The promoted one need pass to a *better* world than this, for he is shut out of this realm of being and cut off from all his accustomed interests, duties, associates and anticipations. Even if he 'can look in' occasionally, he is but a looker-on. It is possible that he will see more of 'the game' than formerly, but he cannot participate in it, except so far as he may be able to impel others; and nothing short of new, larger, more varied and more potent interests and occupations can satisfy a mind such as his, that regarded life as a challenge and the world as an arena in which to work and win.

Thus far I had written when I was interrupted and could not continue. Night fell and I retired, but not to sleep. Restless, depressed and sad, I lay and pondered over many things, until at last, wearied out, I fell into a quiescent state, and in that calm my inner senses awoke and I heard the familiar tones of the voice of my friend. At first they were like whispers from afar, but as I listened they became more distinct and I heard him say, 'I am all right, my boy.' Then, after a pause, 'We will help you,' and, with emphasis, 'It is better.' Then again I lost his words and could only catch an indistinct murmur. But I had heard enough. Inexpressibly comforted and soothed and gladdened, I mentally repeated his words, determined that I would not forget them, and straightway fell asleep, from which refreshing slumber I awoke imbued with new hope and trust—ready to go forward, knowing that 'he is risen,' and confident that his assurances were not made in vain.

E. W. W.

## OUR SPIRIT FRIENDS: EVIDENCE OF THEIR IDENTITY.

AN ADDRESS BY MR. ERNEST W. BEARD.

On Thursday evening, March 30th, at the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Mr. Ernest W. Beard delivered an Address on 'Our Spirit Friends and the Evidence of their Identity' to the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, Mr. H. Withall, the vice-president, occupying the chair.

(Continued from page 177.)

After the tests already described had been given to her husband, my hostess said, 'You might get *me* something, Mr. Beard.' We were now sitting in the drawing-room. I saw a little lady about four feet two inches high, so tiny that I felt I could have lifted her like a child. She said, 'I am her mother.' The statement struck me as so odd that I could not help laughing, for my hostess was a very big woman; but the latter at once owned that my description exactly fitted her mother, who was a very diminutive person.

I said, 'She is going to point out on your fingers the rings that belonged to her.' This was done correctly. I continued: 'She shows me also a ring with a whitish stone and in the stone a forget-me-not inset, except that the flower should have five petals and there are only four. Have you that ring?' 'No,' said the lady. 'Are you sure? She tells me you used to wear it.' With difficulty I got the daughter to bring me the jewel case, and there was the ring with the stone, and inset was the four-petalled forget-me-not.

Following this I had an unpleasant experience. I was con-

trolled by a girl. I had such a sensation of weakness that I did not want to move hand or foot. I felt unable to breathe, and as if one of my lungs would burst. When I opened my eyes my friends were weeping. The father said, 'I could see my daughter in your face. She passed away of consumption.'

These three tests were, as I say, given under very bad conditions. That man has been to our mission several times since.

Some three years ago I had a cottage on the north coast of Kent. On one occasion a young fellow whose mother was a friend of my wife came down to spend the week-end with me. On the Sunday night we had both to return to London. Mr. and Mrs. Fairclough Smith were stopping with a younger brother of mine. We got a card from them saying they had to go to town, and asking us to look out for them at the station. We accordingly met them and travelled together. Before we got to Faversham Mrs. Smith was entranced in the railway carriage. My young friend's father took control and caused the medium to kneel at the knees of his boy and weep bitterly. 'You have never forgiven me,' he cried—'nor have any of the family. It was I who took the trust money!' Mrs. Smith was then entranced by a beautiful spirit—the boy's sister—who pleaded that the family would send out kind thoughts to the father and help him. She also begged the boy to go and see a brother of his who, she said, was giving way to drink. At that time the young man was not aware of this fact, but he discovered that the spirit's statement was true. That spirit was able to tell her brother's condition, to say where he was, and give other evidence that she really was his sister.

The spirits of my mother and father, my clerk, my wife and child have not only come to me through Mrs. Fairclough Smith, but the same spirits have manifested through Mrs. Ridley and Madame Hope. Four of them have materialised. One sang to me in the 'direct voice.' I got, too, what some of you call a cross-correspondence. I was asked to a materialisation séance with Mr. Craddock, at St. John's Wood. I sat next to a member of the Royal Society. One of the finest materialised forms I have ever seen built itself up for that man—a tall figure with a white beard. I ventured to say, 'Do you know that spirit?' 'Yes,' he answered. 'Then,' I exclaimed, 'why don't you speak?' He has taken the trouble to materialise for you. 'I am not here to speak,' he replied, 'but to investigate.' I heard clearly a voice ask that someone would play 'Lead, Kindly Light,' but on my expressing the request I was told that no singing took place there. That evening nineteen materialised forms appeared. Mr. Davis was given some flowers. Just at the end, when we were told there would be no more materialisations, I again heard the voice ask for 'Lead, Kindly Light.' This time a lady volunteered to oblige. As she played a spirit voice sang through the whole of the hymn. That voice was the voice of my wife. The next morning she controlled Mrs. Fairclough Smith, who was not present at the séance, and said, 'I know what you came for. It was I who sang. I am so pleased that you recognised my voice.'

At a materialisation séance with Mr. Eldred we sat three times. The first time we got only one form that we could conscientiously recognise. One spirit came to me and said he was my father. I replied 'I don't think so,' and put a question to him which he could not answer. The second night I looked into the face of a girl. She said: 'Do you recollect the first time we met? Only your father was with you.' 'Recollect!' I said. 'Of course I do.' She then asked me to write to her sister. I promised I would do so if she would give me her sister's address, and she said she would tell it me through Mrs. Fairclough Smith. The next time I went to Mrs. Smith I had quite a long chat with the spirit. She told me I should find the address written on the back of a Christmas card at the house of a sister of mine. I went to my sister's, found the card with the address on it, and wrote in accordance with my promise.

When I am feeling run down I generally visit Dover for a few days and spend my time in crossing the Channel as often as I can, which I find is an excellent tonic. On one of these occasions, after crossing the Channel twice, I was sitting in the lounge of the Lord Warden Hotel listening to some music, when I saw a spirit woman, dressed in Dutch clothes, build up at the



back of the violinist. She came to me and showed me a little shop in a street in Holland—one window filled with chocolate and the other with hams, &c. 'I did that business,' she said, 'as well as taking care of him'—and she touched the violinist. After the piece was ended I went up to the performer and said, 'That was well played. Were you taught the violin in Holland?' 'Yes,' he replied. I told him I was a Spiritualist, and described the experience I had just had. 'Why!' he exclaimed, 'that woman looked after me when I was a baby. My mother died, and she took care of me. I lived over that little shop. She was the first to have me taught the violin!' I took that man and his companions into a back room of the hotel and told them all I knew about Spiritualism.

The member of the Royal Society to whom I have alluded acknowledged that he *knew* the spirit who came to him through Craddock, and yet Craddock has been condemned as a fraud. Whatever Craddock may, or may not, have done on certain occasions, he was a genuine medium. We know many nice people who do not always do what is nice. Eldred also was a genuine medium. My father was able to tell me later how it was that at the first séance with Eldred another spirit was able to personify him. He said: 'The rascal ran away with my shell!'—meaning that my father had materialised a form, of which the other spirit took possession.

Once I took with me a medical man who said he did not believe in any life beyond the grave. The medium's control was able to describe to him the passing of his mother, father, and old nurse; the church, his parents' graves in the churchyard, and the man who took over his father's practice. The control also told him that he was suffering from a swollen liver, due to taking too much whisky. This he denied, but when by dint of cross-questioning I succeeded in learning what he took, I told him I thought the spirit people were perfectly right and that he ought to give it up.

May I relate an incident which will illustrate how necessary it is that we should tell children the exact truth? A little child of mine was brought up in the Roman Catholic belief. She had a great devotion for what she called her 'little Jesus.' She liked to have Jesus represented as a little boy. She was taught that angels had wings, and in her bedroom she had pictures of angels thus represented. We lost her from peritonitis. I saw in spirit round that child's bed some of the highest priests of the Roman Catholic Communion. Within a fortnight or three weeks of her passing she came to me through Mrs. Fairclough Smith, and the first thing she said was, 'Daddy, they haven't got wings!' 'Who haven't?' I asked. 'Why, the angels! And there is no little Jesus. He is bigger than you are. Why haven't the angels wings?' I said, 'No, dear, they haven't wings, but how do you think your daddy and mother could give you an idea of how quickly the angels get about if we did not represent them with wings?' Afterwards her guide said to me, 'You do not know how happy you made her by telling her that angels haven't wings. We had great trouble to convince her that we were her angel friends, because we had no wings.' Whenever there has been a young people's party at our house I have seen hosts of spirit children present, and this one among them. I have seen her climb into her mother's arms and embrace her many times, and she often sits on my knee when I am alone.

I know my guides better than I do my brothers, and they know me better than my brothers do—for my brothers cannot read my thoughts, and my guides can. I believe every one of you can get evidence of the spiritual kingdom as clear as I have had, if you care to investigate. There are thousands of living men and women who can tell you that there is nothing singular in what I have related—that it has been simply their own experience; but it is necessary for every one of you to investigate for yourselves till you are satisfied. When the phenomena have served their purpose, give them up, but see that you take some other person by the hand and tell him or her what you have learned.

I know something of the wonders of that spiritual kingdom of love that is behind the veil. I have had visions sometimes of what is going on there, and I am positive that, for one bit of good we do to another human being who is less fortunate than ourselves, the spirit people see that we are repaid over and over

again. I saw in the street one day a man give half-a-crown to a poor little ragged urchin and explain to him exactly how he could invest it in such a way as to make a profit and start a little business. I am perfectly sure that the spirit people went home with that man and saw that that half-crown was a very fine investment for him. (Loud applause.)

In expressing the indebtedness of the meeting to Mr. Beard, the Chairman demurred a little to his statement that every one of his hearers could get evidence like that with which he had been favoured. He (Mr. Withall) doubted whether such good fortune was for all. He was glad to hear Mr. Beard speak a good word for the materialisation mediums. Whether or not they had at any time helped the phenomena, he knew that nearly all our materialisation mediums had been genuine mediums. There was such a thing as fraud, but there was also such a thing as apparent fraud, and the greatest care and patience were required to ascertain the facts in each case. He wondered whether some of the troubles which met investigators might not be due to the presence of another medium in the circle besides the one through whom the manifestations were being given—whether this state of things, by causing the forces to get mixed, was not detrimental. He wished to ask whether Mr. Beard had had descriptions given him by other mediums since he developed clairvoyance.

Mr. Beard replied that he never went to a medium without getting some evidence. In sittings of one and a half or two hours' duration he frequently had not less than five or six controls talk to him. He did not say but what some of them were his guides. 'I went once,' he said, 'to ask Miss McCreadie whether she would speak to us at the Spiritualist Mission. While we were talking she spontaneously gave me an exact description of the little child I have told you of, and also described a man I thought might come.' When one of his guides first manifested he asked the spirit who he was. The reply was, 'You would not know if I told you.' He asked how long the spirit had known him. Answer: 'Since you were ten years of age.' 'Can you tell me three crises in my life?' was his next query. 'Yes,' came the reply, 'and I can tell you the part I played in them'—and he did! Nobody else, Mr. Beard declared, knew of these crises—not even his own father and mother. As to materialisation mediums, Mr. Beard thought we ought to be very careful how we pronounced judgment on them. During their séances they had no control over their bodies. His mother said to him, 'Do not ask me to materialise again. You would not if you knew the difficulties.' There were all sorts and conditions of spirits at such sittings. In bearing testimony to the mediumship of Mr. Husk, with whom he had sat on ten occasions, Mr. Beard stated that he once had a sitting with Husk when a doctor and two ladies who had come home from work in a leper colony were present. 'John King' told the doctor there was a big crowd to see him, and so it turned out. A great number of materialised forms appeared, and the doctor and the two ladies recognised them and spoke to them, and said afterwards that they had not the least doubt about their identity.

In reply to a questioner who raised the point of the time and cost involved in investigation, Mr. Beard said: 'Love is the golden key that opens the doorway into the kingdom. We spend much time on the business of this world. Is it not worth our while to spend a little time in finding out if there is another world than this?'

On the Chairman's proposal, seconded by Mr. S. Brown, and supported by Mr. George Spriggs (who described the address as 'a good tonic which Spiritualists needed'), a hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Beard for his exceedingly interesting lecture.

MR. EUSTACE MILES is making his restaurant in Chandos-street, Charing-cross, a centre for active propagandism of all kinds concerning the physical, mental and psychological development of men and women. The programme of the multifarious enterprises that are going on under his roof is rather appalling. In addition to his many other labours, Mr. Miles publishes 'Healthward Ho!' a monthly magazine (price 3d.), the title of which sufficiently indicates the character of its contents—if we include health of mind as well as body.

## NOTES FROM ABROAD.

The 'Bulletin Mensuel' of Antwerp, continues to report interesting experiences, especially that which took place on January 17th, when an attempt was made to establish communication by spirit aid between Antwerp and Brussels. The messages from Antwerp to Brussels were not carried through with scientific precision, but the result seemed promising. The March number reports the séance of February 14th, in which an attempt at communication between the two cities was again made. The result was indefinite. On February 21st a third attempt was made, but with such unsatisfactory results that for the present no further attempts of the same sort will be made. Efforts to communicate between the different parts of Antwerp will be substituted.

The 'Bulletin' further announces that the Belgian Confederation of Spiritualists has reconstituted, as far as possible, the exhibition of photographs, drawings and spirit apparatus destroyed in the fire at the Brussels Exhibition. These objects are at present on show in Antwerp, and will be sent to the Exhibition at Charleroi.

An International Bureau of Spiritualism has been established at Antwerp (39, De La Rue Petite Ourse), in order to bring about lasting relations between groups of Spiritualists in diverse nations, and to gather together information on spiritual topics throughout the whole world. It is proposed to hold periodic congresses, the next of which will be held at Geneva in 1913. The Bureau has published its first Bulletin, which contains a statement of its constitution, and particulars of a Congress to be held in Copenhagen in May of this year, and of another to be held in England in 1912, the latter to be for neighbouring countries only, and restricted to those who speak English. We are promised a quarterly report of the work of the Bureau. The next general Congress is to be held in Geneva in 1913.

'Le Messenger' for March 1st and 15th, and April 1st, continues the articles by General Fix on 'La Raison du Spiritisme,' and also the re-publication from our columns of the experiences of Mr. E. Dawson Rogers.

'L'Echo du Merveilleux' for February 15th quotes some curious superstitions. In Alsace a bee-keeper who had eighty hives had died. Immediately his widow went to the hives and, having struck each one lightly, she announced to the bees that the master was dead. Popular superstition has it that if this formality is neglected all the bees will perish within the year. Among many of the wine-growers of Alsace it is considered necessary when the head of the family dies to go into the wine cellars and strike each butt lightly three times or else the wine will become sour.

The 'Annales des Sciences Psychiques' for January contains a twelve-page account, illustrated by seven photographs and several plans, of four séances with the Roman medium, Lucia Sordi, which took place towards the end of last year, and one of which was reported in 'LIGHT' of January 7th by Sig. A. Tanfani. In the first of these the head of the medium, who was carefully tied, was passed between the bars of the cage in which she had been placed, and, after examination, was withdrawn. At the third séance greater precautions were taken to make a cage which would not yield to any force, but, notwithstanding these precautions, the same result was obtained. Photographs were taken of the medium with her head between the bars, and no trace could be found of any alteration in the arrangements of bolts and chains which had been used to prevent the opening or disturbance of the bars. The head was again removed without showing any trace. At the same séance the medium was brought outside the cage. The February number of the 'Annales' announces that M. Marzorati, in the name of the Société d'Etudes Psychiques of Milan, in order to prevent useless and dangerous controversy, has entrusted the medium, Madame Lucia Sordi, of Rome, to a competent local commission charged to study the phenomena and make a report on a suitable occasion—in any case, not before a year has elapsed. This commission, in order to proceed with its work calmly, desires to preserve at present its *incognito*.

'Le Fraterniste' for March 9th reprints an account, furnished by one of the sitters, of a séance with the medium Craddock in Paris. The writer had a manifestation of her mother, and a man's form, also materialised, was visible at the same time.

The 'Revue du Spiritisme' for March reprints an account of two séances held in Florence, in which were given details as to the name of the communicating intelligence, birthplace, date of death, age, and place of burial; also the names of the parents, brothers and sisters, and grandmother. These were investigated by a friend of the sitters in Milan, and found to be exactly true.

'Die Uebersinnliche Welt' for March contains an account of how the following message was sent, by what is called 'a telepathic experiment,' from Berlin to Buda Pest: 'Dearest,

there is no better or more delightful place than home. Everywhere is good, but home is best of all. The witchcraft due to loving hearts can never be equalled. This message I send to you. I beg you, my dear brother, to give my love to those at home, of whom we think very often. I and my husband embrace you. Willi and Janka.' This message was sent without error by the medium (Janka), who was in Berlin, to her brother in Buda Pest.

B. C. W.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The 'North American' of March 31st reports a murder trial at Mays Landing, New Jersey, in which a medium gave evidence that the prisoner, whose wife had been found strangled in a barn on his farm, went to her so that he could 'talk to his wife.' The medium became convinced that he had murdered her, and informed the police. At a second interview, with detectives hidden behind a screen, she accused the farmer of the crime, and he confessed. The prisoner was found guilty and sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment—virtually a life sentence, as he is sixty years of age. The judge overruled all the objections that were raised to the medium's evidence.

In its notice of the 'passing' of the Rev. John Page Hopps 'The Inquirer' says: 'The news came with a shock of surprise to his numerous friends, as he had preached on the previous Sunday, and it was only lately that anyone had come to regard him as in any sense an old man, so fresh was he in his interest and so eager in spirit. But this sudden and quiet passing into the unseen world, about which he always spoke with such a tender intimacy, seems peculiarly fitting in his case. He remained as he would have wished, a fighter to the end for the causes of truth and freedom, to which he had dedicated his life. . . . But behind the alert controversialist, making itself felt in all his intercourse with men, was the soul of goodness, rooted in deep convictions and overflowing in wide human sympathies.' At a Memorial Service at University Hall, the Rev. W. Copeland Bowie said that 'at heart he was tender as a child, lovable as a woman, kind and considerate to all; and with faith and hope unquenched and unquenchable. His religion was not kept in a sealed compartment; it permeated his daily thought and life. The consciousness of the unseen was present to him always—present in more concrete form than it is to most of us. The transition from life to death was to him only a semblance; there is no death; all is life as God is life and love.'

## 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.*

## The Gift of Prophecy.

SIR,—I have for some years been inquiring into the relations made through psychics, and have satisfied myself that records of the past and present, as written in our spirit bodies, can be correctly read. The power to forecast the future, however, is not so often found, and at one time I almost despaired of sufficient evidence to warrant a belief in prophecy as a modern gift. In this frame of mind I went, without previous notice, to a lady who has a high reputation as a psychic, and without offering to pay a fee for consultation, I virtually challenged her to prove that she could forecast the future. In spite of the fact that I was a complete stranger to her, her response was to tell me my past, my present position, and my future work. This was not an easy task, as the conditions were unusually complicated in almost every possible relationship of life.

Two events which she then foretold have since come about in a remarkable way; a third prediction, if realised, will be a splendid test, because, while it would form a climax to the other two, it might easily be an anti-climax. Later on I shall be able to give particulars of this unique case, but to-day I can give one of the most astounding proofs of the reality of the gift of prophecy.

Three days before Christmas (1910) the same psychic told me she could give me a clear test case, which was this: Some people who wished to attend the Coronation Durbar, proposed to be held at Delhi on or about January 20th, 1912, had been to consult her. She told them that the spirit of the late King Edward had come to her and had given December 12th, 1911, as the date. One lady said this date was most improbable, but the psychic replied that she could test it herself. To-day we know December 12th is the actual date fixed. I not only noted this prediction myself, but gave the particulars to several friends

who knew nothing of the psychic ; and they now are able to join me in attesting the correctness of the statement. At a moment when so many are in doubt concerning this wonderful gift, I think it only right to bear testimony to its existence.—  
Yours, &c.,  
COGNOSCO.

#### 'Spiritual Science': A Difficulty.

SIR,—I should be grateful if one among your readers would solve a difficulty for me. I have been reading Sir W. E. Cooper's 'Spiritual Science.' While grateful for the book, I think it a pity that some little inconsistencies in it make certain passages puzzling to the very readers he wishes to influence, *viz.*, commonplace, everyday folk. My difficulty is this. He speaks of bands of 'Shining Ones' deputed to teach him (see p. 172). He believes them to be exceedingly advanced guides, and, therefore, surely they should know what is exactly true—if sent, as he says, by the Supreme Wisdom. Yet I have the high privilege of knowing a few spirits still in earth-life who teach things *far more* advanced and beautiful than these shining ones from higher spheres. As a tiny instance of the kind of thing I mean—one spirit says (p. 173) 'Man gets what he asks for and *no more*' (italics his). Surely there is an infinitely higher Spirit who knoweth our frailty and 'remembereth that we are but dust' and 'know not what to pray for as we ought.' How does that Spirit's teaching look beside the ordinary mother, whose child if she gave him what he asked for and *no more* would simply die? And is not each one of us, after all, but

'An infant crying in the night,  
An infant crying for the light,  
And with no language but a cry'?

One cannot help thinking, while reading Sir W. E. Cooper's book, 'Give me the sweetest human mother—aye, even the ordinary good mother—rather than shining spirits with such hopeless messages to man. Then again, who among us would 'set down in a debtor and creditor account' with inexorable exactitude 'all the foolish or evil actions' (if we had the power) of our worst enemy, let alone of those we love? Are we to blame that we come into the world more or less as little savages, and that our joy consists in this very thing, *viz.*, that we are working our way up out of it all? What teaching are we to believe, the teaching of these shining ones who, one would think, *ought to know* if they come from much higher spheres, or the teaching that God gives to us, His little children here on earth? Here we see Him, every day of our lives, as grand and beautiful with love, so that if these guides of Sir W. Cooper's speak truly, a commonplace woman like myself might pray, 'Let me dwell on here, where God's love and beauty and goodness are so visible daily, where one can but instinctively worship and adore Him, rather than depart to the company of lofty spirits who teach what one's whole heart cries out against.' And if the teaching of such lofty ones is unreliable, may they not hinder rather than help? A friend of mine, a very sweet and good woman, said to me before I had discussed with her the question of the depressing nature of this teaching, that, if it were true, one would not wish for immortality.—  
Yours, &c.,

#### A COMMONPLACE WOMAN.

SIR,—If your correspondent 'A Commonplace Woman' will carefully re-read pages 172, 173 of my book 'Spiritual Science' and study the context, she will, I feel assured, understand that the 'Message from Spiritland' which these pages portray affords simply a single instance of the never-failing love of our Father God to His earth children rather than conveys celestial disparagement of the nature and quality of our own mundane love.

If the teaching of the 'Shining Ones' bore no other interpretation than that put on it by your correspondent, I, for one, would abandon spirit-people once and for aye, but their code of spiritual ethics is not austere, nor are their laws merciless nor is the quality of their love cold. Well do they know of that growing earth love which, spreading from man and woman to their fellows, is gradually enfolding the races of mankind in its wide embrace; well do they know of that widespread, unselfish love which, existing amid life's commonplaces, is ever at work helping, soothing, sweetening, comforting, giving encouragement and hope, and lighting up the darkened home.

Better still do they understand the unselfishly holy nature of that beautiful 'mother-love' of which 'A Commonplace Woman' so touchingly speaks; and if she will now re-peruse the passages referred to in the light of this interpretation—which I hope she will admit conveys their true meaning—she need have no further misgivings as to the nature of the love taught by the 'Shining Ones.'—Yours, &c.,

W. E. COOPER.

#### The Dream-Angel.

SIR,—The following is a description of a dream, exactly as I dreamed it. From the spiritual point of view it may mean that, as the world puts it, I am 'too much in the clouds.' I know I am a dreamer, both waking and sleeping. I feel that it *must* mean *something*.

The dream-angel, who stood by my pillow last night and took my spirit into the mystic glades of Morpheus, the minister of Somnus, showed me the difference between dreams and realities, between the past and present.

On many evenings before going to sleep I had hoped that the dream-angel might come to me, be kind, and take me over my child home on the island of Sjælland, Denmark, our oldest—the beautiful place by the lovely Esrom Lake; but not until last night was my long-wished wish granted me. I walked along the road again from Fredensborg, where across a field on the left lies the large, broad, picturesque expanse of water—Gribbs-wood, on the other side, casting shadows over its limpid surface—where the many different growths of rushes, green or feathery silver-grey, form large patches on the lake, while whole beds of various aquatic flora float on its bosom, making it a veritable paradise for the wild mallards and swans.

In my dream I saw my long-lost home, and hurried towards it. In the carriage-drive I stood still, afraid to approach; it was so changed. 'Where are the chestnut trees, the tall poplars with their ever-restless, trembling leaves, the pines and firs?' On both sides stretched the ripening cornfields, with the plain road between them; sheep were grazing on the banks, cattle browsing in the clover field at the other side of the highway. In bitter disappointment I cried: 'The lovely trees hewed down in place of this!'

A woman came towards me. 'You have come at last,' she said, in Danish. 'I have waited long for you, and now you are ready to see.'

'My beloved home! Why have you spoilt it?' I cried, miserably. She looked at me with a pitying smile. She was tall and fair; her dress was of a shiny, opalescent, moonbeam colour, transparent, and yet enveloping her figure like a dense mist.

'Take me to the garden,' I implored her, 'where the sweet flowering shrubs grow—the lilacs, syringa and laburnum—and the roses—white, yellow, crimson and pink—moss roses and carnations—that my father loved.' She opened the garden gate and waved her hand with a lofty sweep towards the extensive grounds. Vegetables and fruit bushes grew everywhere—large beds of every kind; the apple and cherry trees were laden with their growing fruit. 'Oh my flowers!' I cried in despair; 'how cruel of you to destroy them.'

The dream-angel, a sad smile on her face, took me to the dwelling-house. I walked up the garden steps to the rooms; in every one stood sacks of grain and large stacks of turf and wood. I wrung my hands. 'My home, my lost home.' 'Not lost, come and see!' She took me round to the courtyard, where laid the ruins of marble and sand and granite stone in large heaps.

'Follow me up here,' she bade, stretching out her hand to raise me up. With much exertion I reached the top.

'Look at your native land, where you wandered about in a dream.' I looked. Down in a gently sloping valley lay the village of Pleil. I saw the old grey stone church with its square tower, the farms with their orchards and gardens, surrounded by our Danish stone fences. I saw the road to Elsinore through the beautiful beech forest, where we had so often driven in our carriage.

'I know—I recognise all,' I exclaimed, somewhat comforted. 'I see the village church, where we used to listen to our pastor and sing the old Scandinavian and Lutheran hymns. The old stone fence by the big farmhouse, where the apple trees stood so close to the road that the apples fell over and the children picked them up as they passed. The dear, dear old place, I am glad you brought me.'

'Look down,' bade the dream-angel.

Round me lay a building in ruins; lichen and moss grew on the stones; only the tower where I stood seemed firm. But suddenly it began to shake, and in my dream I rushed down, trying not to fall.

The dream-angel stood below but reached up her hand to help me.

'These are your dreams crumbling under you. The world and dreams do not agree—I have shown you the reality—go back and work.'

'Give me a piece of your moonlight dress,' I begged. 'One little shred!'

Smiling again almost pitifully, she tore a piece off her long sleeve. 'You may try to keep it, but when you wake up on the earth plane it will have vanished.'—Yours, &c.,

Freemantle Croft, Hants.

MATHILDE WOODMAN.

## 'Sudden Death.'

SIR,—May I point out to Mr. Guy Heaton, whose letter appears in your issue of the 15th, that the interpretation of the phrase 'sudden death' in the Litany is invariably taken by the 'teachers' in the Church of England to mean 'unprepared death,' and, therefore, by no means to be feared by those prepared to die at any time?—Yours, &c.,

E. YOUNG.

## Ten Thousand Shilling Fund.

SIR,—Permit me to appeal through 'LIGHT' to those friends and secretaries of societies who have cash in hand, collected on behalf of the above fund, to kindly remit it to me by April 28th at the latest, in order that the second and final list of donations may be published, and the auditors of the Spiritualists' National Union enabled to include all sums received in the year's accounts ending July. There is yet time for those who did not realise the importance of this fund last year to take part in it; and to such I shall be pleased to forward collecting sheets.—Yours, &c.,

R. BODDINGTON,  
Organiser to the Fund.

65, Holland-road, Brixton.

## 'The Problem of Pain.'

SIR,—In 'LIGHT' for April 8th you printed a letter from Mr. S. Paget, who questioned my statements in a previous letter. He says: 'Let me add that what he says of Professor Pembrey is false. He calmly describes Professor Pembrey making a statement before the Royal Commission. That statement was never made. I do wish that Mr. Hewes would try to be accurate, and to avoid the offence of bearing false witness against his neighbour.' In the same issue I asked Mr. Paget to tell us what was wrong with my statement; and, as I expected, he does not tell us, although he has had time to do so. He prefers to leave the impression that my statements on vivisection are altogether inaccurate and unreliable. I have since turned up Professor Pembrey's evidence before the Royal Commission, which was as follows:—

'I will be perfectly straightforward. I say that you should not inflict pain if you can obtain the knowledge in any other way; but I say that even where there is an operation, the pain there is of a protective nature; it may produce syncope [i.e., fainting] and, therefore, less sensation of pain.'

I am only too well acquainted with Mr. Paget's methods of controversy. When one knows that it would take the next twenty years' issues of 'LIGHT' to record the sufferings inflicted upon animals in vivisection laboratories it makes one's blood boil to hear, as I have done, Mr. Paget state publicly that the law of England does not permit cruelty. He knows as well as I do that English law does permit cruelty and protects the guilty if he is a vivisector!

Moreover, it is only a few days ago that, in a public lecture in Northampton, Mr. Paget discounted Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace as a scientist because he believes in Spiritualism. It is one of the easiest of tasks to show from Mr. S. Paget's lectures and writings that, in his capacity of official defender of vivisection, his statements need close scrutiny.—Yours, &c.,

Nottingham.

J. FRASER HEWES.

P.S.—I will send post free interesting literature containing a copy of the Vivisection Act to all applying to me.

SIR,—Mr. Stephen Paget (on p. 167) wishes Mr. Hewes would try to be accurate. This is precisely what anti-vivisectionists are always wishing about Mr. Paget.

Even the author of a research defence pamphlet may stray from the narrow path of accuracy. I wrote last November to Mr. Paget pointing out that a statistical statement in Pamphlet III. was in direct conflict with a statement in Pamphlet II. I have the letter in which he thanks me for drawing his attention to the 'discrepancy' between the two leaflets. But it was astonishing to me that such a serious inaccuracy could have crept into a leaflet published by a scientific society and intended for broadcast distribution. I cannot do better than quote a veteran anti-vivisectionist:—

'The statistics of vivisectionists are not as the statistics of other men. This is the more curious considering the infinite pains they have for years taken in training anti-vivisectionists into habits of splendid accuracy, pains for which indeed we have cause to be deeply grateful to them.'

—Yours, &c.,

15, Pembridge-mansions, W.

E. SAWERS,

## Thought Transference.

SIR,—The following narrative may interest your correspondent 'K' (p. 167). A lady, who was suffering from rheumatism so acutely as to prevent her from sleeping, thought she would try an experiment in telepathy, which at that time (1894 or '95) was not so generally recognised as it is to-day.

She therefore fixed her mind on a friend of whom she was very fond, who lived about seven miles from where she resided, and half articulated the words, 'Oh, Charlotte, Charlotte, I wish you could take this pain away!'

A couple of days later the lady received a letter from her friend, in the course of which she wrote that two nights previously she had been suddenly awakened by hearing her name called twice very clearly, and that feeling something was amiss she had got out of bed and looked through her window to see whether there was any light in her sister's house, which was not very far from her own, but not seeing any, she thought she must have been dreaming, so returned to bed and went to sleep. She noticed the time, which was between twelve and one a.m., which would be about the time (though this had not been noted) the lady had called her friend's name.

As will be gathered from what I have stated, the experiment was of a spontaneous character, and the lady who made it was greatly surprised at the result. Neither she nor her friend had had any previous experience in telepathy; indeed, I doubt if the friend had then heard of such a possibility.

As your correspondent says, 'Personal experience is everything,' and much valuable evidence on various psychic subjects might be available if people would be good enough to relate their experiences. Even those that may appear trivial at first sight may, in conjunction with other narratives, prove of great help.—Yours, &c.,

A. W. ORR.

Coombe Warren,  
Kingston-on-Thames.

## Spiritualism at Battersea.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow your paper to become the medium for an appeal for the work in Battersea? Fourteen years ago we started the society there and for five years had pleasure in working to establish the cause and furnish the hall with everything needed.

After continued service at Clapham and various other societies I returned to Battersea and accepted office, in February last, finding the financial state more than serious. Half a year's rent and gas owing for and still unpaid. Will some kind friends help us out of the difficulty?

Contributions will be gratefully acknowledged by—Yours, &c.,

17, Ashmere Grove,  
Acre-lane, Brixton, S.W.

ANNIE BODDINGTON,  
Financial Secretary.

## SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, APRIL 16th, &amp;c.

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

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—*Cavendish Rooms*.—Mr. Leigh Hunt gave fully recognised descriptions and spirit messages. Mrs. Leigh Hunt rendered a solo. Mr. W. T. Cooper presided.—*Percy Hall, 3, Percy-street, W.*—On Monday, the 10th inst., Mrs. Jamrach gave successful psychometric delineations to members and friends. Mr. Leigh Hunt presided. Sunday next, see advt.—D. N.

BRIXTON.—73, WILTSHIRE-ROAD.—'The Joys of Resurrection' was the subject of an inspiring address by Mr. George Morley, which was followed by clairvoyant descriptions by himself and others. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., address and clairvoyance by Miss Lucy Thompson. Public service Wednesday at 8.15.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—Mr. H. J. Lacey gave two interesting addresses, which were followed by excellent clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., addresses by Mrs. Clarke. Tuesday, at 8, and Wednesday, at 3, Mrs. Clarke, clairvoyance. Thursday, at 8, members' circle.—A. M. S.

BRIGHTON.—OLD TOWN HALL, HOVE, 1, BRUNSWICK-STREET, WEST.—Mrs. Curry gave good addresses and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mr. R. Boddington. Clairvoyant descriptions by Mrs. Curry on Mondays at 3 and 8, also on Wednesdays at 3 p.m. Public circle Thursdays, 8 p.m.—A.C.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL, LAUSANNE-ROAD.—Morning, the usual public circle. Evening, Mrs. C. Irwin gave an address and well-recognised clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, Mr. E. W. Wallis at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday, April 30th, Mrs. Effie de Bathe. May 7th, Mrs. Imison.—A. C. S.