

# Light:

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

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

Writing of the 'First Universal Races Congress,' which has since concluded its work, 'L. J. D.', in 'The Co-Mason' for July, says:—

If this conference of men from East and West could do a little, not only to increase mutual comprehension, but to make each race aspire to possess something of the virtues of others, it would not be long before a new era dawned on the world. We might then see the smug self-complacency of the untravelled Briton leavened by the unselfish patriotism of the Japanese; the inertness of the Hindu stimulated by the restless energy of the American; or the cold-hearted Teutonic races might try to emulate the strong family affection of the Celt, while the materialism of some of the Latin races might be tempered by the unfeigned religious fervour of the followers of Mahomet.

We quite agree with 'L. J. D.' that such a blending of racial traits would greatly assist the evolution of humanity. And we doubt not that such a synthesis is going on all the time in the general interaction of races due to modern facilities of travel. The very restlessness of the age, and the constant agitation of the thought of the time show that a process of assimilation is at work. The introduction into the Western world of Oriental systems of religion and psychology is significant of much. Undoubtedly the trend of human progress is in the direction of unity. But the operation necessarily involves friction and antagonism before certain conflicting elements can be made to assimilate. So we must be patient as well as hopeful.

It seems that we owe an apology, or at least an explanation, to 'The Humanitarian' in regard to our 'Note by the Way' in 'LIGHT' of the 29th ult. (page 349). The editor of our contemporary points out that the 'Note' in question is liable to convey the impression that 'The Humanitarian' was relying for its own argument in regard to flogging in this instance on an appeal to the Scriptures. The fact is that the 'Note' to which exception is taken was written as an addendum to one on the same subject which appeared in our issue of the 15th ult. (page 325), and we certainly inferred (wrongly, as it appears) that the argument revolved around the authenticity or otherwise of one of Solomon's precepts. 'The Humanitarian,' however, was reflecting in a satiric vein on the folly of appeals to Scriptural authority regarding the use of the birch, the editor being of our own opinion in the matter. While we regret the little misunderstanding, we are glad that it has made clear the real attitude of our contemporary on this subject.

From Mr. C. T. Colyer, of Asheville, North Carolina, we have received a pamphlet entitled 'A Revelation,' the general purport of which is an attempt to establish the theory that the human race are the 'fallen angels' who were 'hurled from the Paradise of God.' It is an odd production, with strange alternations of clear ideas, ably and even eloquently expressed, and confused and rhapsodical phrases. Here and there, too, we meet with some very eccentric spelling and punctuation. The author's thought ranges over a wide area; but although we do not accept its conclusions, we are bound to say the little book contains some suggestive ideas.

'The Stellar Ray' (Detroit) for July contains an article on 'The Astral World,' by Henry Clay Hodges, who explains that—

The astral world is a definite region of the universe surrounding and interpenetrating the physical; it is composed of an extremely subtle form of matter invisible to the physical sight. . . Astral matter serves as a vehicle for the one life animating all.

We should say that this was a very good description of what plain persons like ourselves would call the spiritual or psychological world. We are not enamoured of these fanciful terms, but as the Divine William remarked, 'What's in a name?' One may call fair water 'aqua pura,' or 'H<sub>2</sub>O,' but it is water none the less.

New thought (as we have read somewhere) is as intoxicating as new wine. And the saying occurs to us at times when we light upon some of the extravagant and fantastic statements made by enthusiastic adherents of 'New Thought' philosophies. Thus we read in a contemporary that, by the practice of what is called 'Newlife Science,' a man 'may live one hundred, five hundred, or a thousand years.' (There is a large and sweeping generosity about the figures which we find extremely stimulating.) Those who aspire to physical longevity may, however, find two of the rules somewhat disconcerting. In the first place, the male aspirant must keep his face shaved clean, and he must always wear white clothing. These are quoted (rather vaguely) as reasons why women live longer than men. We doubt the accuracy of this; for while it is true that women have less hair on their faces than men, it certainly is not true that they are always arrayed in white. And it is generally supposed that their longevity is mainly due to their lives being passed under more sheltered and regular conditions than those of men.

It is thought that the oldest form of a well-known verse made popular by George Macdonald is traceable to a tombstone of the 16th century and in the following form:—

Here lig I, Van der Hildenbrod.  
Have mercy on my soul, Lord God,  
As I would, were I Lord God,  
And thou wert Van der Hildenbrod.

But one may go much farther back for a similar senti-

ment; as far back, in fact, as the oldest book in the world, the Rig-Veda of India, in which there is a poet's song, part of which Max Müller thus translates:—

If I were lord of as much as thou, I should support the sacred bard, thou scatterer of wealth, I should not abandon him to misery, I should award wealth day by day to him who magnifies, I should award it to whosoever it be.

Another passage has been translated:—

If, Agni, thou wert a mortal, and I were an immortal, I should not abandon thee to malediction or to wretchedness; my worshippers should not be miserable or distressed.

A translation of the Sama Veda contains the following explicit reminder to the god:—

When I, O Indra, shall become a possessor of wealth like thee, then assuredly my singer of sacred hymns shall possess abundance of cows.

Human nature is much the same all the world over, and throughout all the ages.

We are often asked how it is that if spirit-communion is true so few accept it. How do we know that only a few accept it? There is a story told of a rustic who was taken by a friend to see the ocean. After gazing at it for a few moments, his friend said, 'Well, what do you think of it?' He thought a little longer, and then said, 'There is a lot of water there, but I thought there would be more.' 'Ah, yes,' replied his guide, 'but remember you see only what is on the top.'

This is pretty much our position. St. Martin's Lane exhibits only the top, and not all that. Beneath the surface there is an enormous depth of curiosity or belief, anxiety or wonder, hope or fear. It is our business to reach as much of this as we can. Perhaps, unlike the ocean, we may be able to increase its volume at the top. In the meantime, it is good to remember that the sea is deep.

We are too apt to talk about freedom as though it were something which we had a right to claim, but very few think of it as something which claims them. We say, often enough, 'A man has a right to be free'; but we seldom hear it said that it is a man's *duty* to be free: and yet, if anything, that is the deeper truth. Only when a man is free can he really think, comprehend, choose and act, and the whole of a man's personal duty is comprehended in those four things. It ought never to be in question whether one should or should not feel free to investigate anything; for the supreme fact is, not that a man demands his freedom, but that *his freedom demands him*.

The wise Spiritualist does not vex his soul concerning the personality of God; nor is he worried with the huge problem of His omnipresence. He is already more than half way to content with the mystery of the Spirit-God by knowing something of the mystery of the spirit-man. Personality, in our crude sense, is a kind of limitation, after all: and, in a sense, the spirit-people seem to be nearly omnipresent. Scoffers go about and jerk out their little posers concerning immortal souls: 'What do they weigh?' 'Why not show us one?' 'Where are they?' Even so, agnostic arguers go about and ask, 'Where is your God?' But the soul that truly trusts Him can always answer, 'He is here.'

It is said that in Boston (U.S.) there is an old stone which declares it is 'To Boston, three miles.' The city has so grown that it has at last taken in that stone. So, in the world of thought and experience: One distant land-

mark after another gets included in the realm of acknowledged truth. The heresy of one age (three miles from hospitality!) is the cherished belief of another. The time will come when, even of Spiritualism, the world will say—'Why, of course!'

Are we quite as thankful as we ought to be for our earthly helpers? and why do we so often wait until they go before we appraise their value and feel their worth? Lucy Larcom said, with pathetic penetration, 'We speak with awed tenderness of our guardian angels; but have we not all had our guiding angels in visible form who kept beside us on our difficult path until they had done for us all they could?' It is a homely lesson, but it wants learning. Let us look around and see the truth before it is too late:—before the visible angel in the house becomes the guardian angel of our dream.

The churches of the United States are, it is reported, suffering greatly on the side of finance. Doleful accounts reach us as to the falling-off of contributions from all classes. A writer in 'The American Magazine' who has made a special study of the subject, describes it as a case, not so much of withholding, as of diversion. He says:—

Not only the dollars of the rich but the pennies of the poor have been diverted in large measure from the Church. No one can study even cursorily the Socialist movement, the trade-union movement, the spread of fraternal and mutual-benefit societies without being impressed with the great sums (in the aggregate) which are being given yearly to maintain these movements.

This writer, after giving his evidence in detail, says:—

These facts are of the profoundest significance. Whatever may be one's opinion of the tendencies shown, or of the new movements which are attracting such generous support, at least the activities outside of the Church must be well reckoned with. Do they mean that there is more of the light of faith and the heat of vital activity outside of the Church than inside? Are the new enthusiasms worthy? Are they religious or irreligious? In short, what do they all mean?

Two general lines of growth or experiment are clearly distinguishable. The first is toward new expressions of religious belief; the second is toward new forms of social and ethical activity. In other words, men are seeking, first, new definitions of their relationships toward God; second, new expressions of their duties toward their fellow men. . . . While the critics are at war over the formulation of belief, the practical man is seeking to express in tangible works that 'love of his brother whom he hath seen' without which, as the Book says, 'how can he love God whom he hath not seen?'

The churches at home, we understand, are in a similar condition, though we do not see clearly that diminished contributions to churches are diverted to 'good causes.' It looks more like a case of diversion to music halls, football matches and theatres on the one hand, and luxurious Savoy, Gaiety and Carlton banquets on the other.

There is a large and joyous exuberance about the advertisements in some of our American contemporaries. The advertisers are rarely hampered by modesty or self-distrust. 'Our office is in the sun' is the picturesque statement of a mental healer, who adds that 'the sun is the spirit of the universe,' and that 'light of the universe is the electric light.' After such preliminaries the reference to so many dollars per treatment brings us rather abruptly down from the sun to the earth.

#### LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

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## REMARKABLE 'DIRECT-VOICE' PHENOMENA.

BY B. M. GODSAL.

[Many readers of 'LIGHT' will doubtless recollect that during 1910 we reproduced reports from other journals respecting wonderful phenomena said to have occurred at Costa Rica through the mediumship of Miss Ophelia Corralès, and that, in January of this year, we printed a letter from Professor Willy Reichel denying that he had witnessed and attested the phenomena, as reported by Mr. J. W. Graham ('LIGHT,' p. 587, 1910). In July of last year we mentioned that 'The Annals of Psychical Science' had given reproductions of four flashlight photographs of the materialised form and the medium at the same time. It is now admitted that a woman, a former domestic, has confessed that she was induced by the medium to dress up and impersonate the spirit, and we have received from Professor Reichel a translation of her confession. Mr. Godsall, the writer of the following interesting account of his subsequent experiences at Costa Rica, informs us that the photographs were taken during the absence from home of Mr. and Mrs. Corralès, that, in his opinion, it was a girlish prank on the part of the medium, who had no idea that so much importance would be attached to the photographs, and that the puzzle is how the photographers, who were investigators, could have failed to detect the fact that the supposed spirit was a living woman. Evidently, judging from the very careful experiments made by Mr. Godsall, and the extreme caution with which he sets them forth, Miss Corralès is a medium who possesses considerable power and who, if developed on right lines and judiciously guarded, may become a remarkable instrument for good. We trust that she will be well guided and protected.—ED. 'LIGHT.']

Before bearing witness to facts which, though not very startling, would by most men be labelled 'impossible,' it is well, perhaps, to state that during the last three or four of my fifty-five years I have made a study of things psychic, in so far as the reading of reports, articles and countless books on the subject is concerned, but that, in spite of a search extending to many cities in different foreign countries for a convincing medium, I have not until now found any—with very slight exception—but what was either incompetent or fraudulent. Thus it will be seen that an earnest desire for proof has not made me easy to be convinced; I believe it has had the opposite effect.

Those who know the alternating states of mental exhilaration, disgust, and bewilderment induced by psychic inquiry will not be surprised at a considerable sacrifice of time and money in hopes of at last meeting a true medium. By these it will be understood why, when intending a journey from California to England, and having heard that such a medium existed at San José de Costa Rica in the person of Ophelia Corralès, I, on April 25th last, took steamer from San Francisco, reaching San José on May 23rd, and there devoted four weeks to an investigation of the medium. Afterwards I proceeded by the steamer 'Heredia' from Port Limón, arriving twenty-three days later at Southampton.

It is to me, on the whole, a cause for congratulation that before starting for Costa Rica I was in ignorance of the fact that Professor W. Reichel had already investigated this medium and had made a strongly adverse report; otherwise I should surely have spared myself so long a journey, and thus have missed not only the most convincing phenomena I have yet received, but also what has turned out to be the pleasant experience of a long, slow voyage from San Francisco to Puntarenas, with stops at many interesting places along the coast-line of the different Spanish Republics—Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Nicaragua, followed by a visit to Costa Rica, the best of them all.

Anyone not liking Costa Rica at sight must be hard to please—or perhaps a person who failed to admire scenery of such rare beauty would be easy to please. The Costa Ricans, most of whom came originally from Galicia, in the north of Spain, differ from other Spanish-Republicans in that they have proved themselves to be lovers of peace and quiet and to be capable of wise and stable self-government. Moreover, they possess in an eminent degree the attractions which their neighbours may be said to share, such as good manners, good temper, and good looks.

San José, the capital, is situated high up on the Pacific side of the backbone of the country, about half-way between the oceans, and in this resembles the capitals of the other republics, all of which are placed well back from the sea, partly perhaps out of a regard for health, though it is said that the English buccaneers had much to do with determining the sites. It is a city of about thirty thousand people, and is well placed on a low, flat hill in a broad basin formed by mountains rich and green to their tops, with sides marked into irregular patches by hedges (like England), where wonderful lights shine under the clouds on the intensely green 'finkas' of coffee and bananas and sugar.

The climate at this elevation of three thousand five hundred feet is healthful and pleasant—in fact, seems to be all that can be desired. At its hottest it is cooler than a hot day in New York, or even in London, and at its coldest it is as warm as a cool summer's day in either place. During the wet season, which I experienced, the rain seems to be confined to the late afternoon and evening of each day, leaving the mornings entirely perfect, and so regular is the working of this arrangement that the clock is the only weather-glass needed. Mosquitos called for notice chiefly by their absence.

But without trouble of some kind no earthly paradise would be complete; and so it is with Costa Rica, where the lesser evils of life seem to be merged into the greater one of earthquakes. The shocks, however, are not so frequent but what a resident may reasonably hope that the penalty, great or small, will be met by a succeeding generation.

It was not until I had become familiar with these delights that I first heard of Professor Reichel's investigation of Ophelia Corralès, as described in the 'Psychische Studien' of March and April last, which I succeeded in borrowing and in getting translated; and while a condemnation so unsparing quickened my suspicion as an investigator, at the same time it could not but make me feel sorry for a young lady and her family thus severely dealt with, who had already during seven sésances given me every freedom of investigation, and by whom I had been treated with the utmost courtesy and kindness, in a manner that seems to be truly Spanish.

This account of spirit voices will seem very flat to all those who, having read the early stories of Miss Ophelia's mediumship, expect to hear of transportations, levitation, materialisations, &c., for I saw nothing of these greater phenomena. It is true that I received several messages in various languages, as well as spirit pictures, all under very fair conditions, yet the conditions were not so perfect as to confer upon these and other phenomena that degree of certainty which would entitle them to be included in this testimony; and with perfect conditions a repetition of the phenomena did not occur.\* But I think that this negative result should not be taken as proving too much against the greater powers claimed to be possessed by the medium. For such phenomena are rare under the most favourable

\* Since coming to London I have had an experience bearing on these writings which I think should be recorded here. On July 29th I put an envelope containing them into my pocket, intending to show them to the Editor of 'LIGHT.' Later in the day a series of circumstances drew me quite unexpectedly to have a private sitting with Mrs. Foster-Turner. When the 'reading,' a very good one, was over I pulled a bunch of letters out of my pocket to select one for her to pass judgment upon. As I was turning them over in my lap she exclaimed, 'You have spirit writing there.' I replied that I was not so sure of that. She then added, 'Yes, you certainly have. I saw an arm stretch down to your lap. Let me put them to my forehead.' I took out the papers (there were six of them) one by one, folded as they were with the blank side outwards. The first two or three she declared to be undoubtedly written by a spirit, but of the next one she said, 'This is different.' When I assured her that if some were genuine then, no doubt, they all were, she said, 'No, I can trace thought here, we will put this one aside. Hand me the rest.' These she likewise pronounced to be certainly the work of spirits. On examining the rejected paper at the window, for the room had been somewhat darkened, imagine my surprise at finding that it was a copy written by myself of a German communication, together with the translation underneath by the German to whom I had sent it. Since putting away these writings, more than a month ago, I had entirely forgotten the existence of this copy. Thus Mrs. Foster-Turner not only detected the spirit writings while in my lap, but also, and without the slightest hesitation, picked out from among six papers, looking just about alike, the only one that has no claim to be a spirit writing. Could there be a neater and completer test of clairvoyance? Telepathy will perhaps be called in to explain, but after my refusing to endorse these writings I can hardly think that my mind would supply Mrs. Foster-Turner with emphatic assurance upon a point on which it had yielded to its proper owner nothing but puzzlement.

conditions, whereas my sojourn in Costa Rica was during the rainy season, when conditions, it is claimed, have always been unfavourable. Besides, when the genuineness of mediumship is admitted to the extent that I am willing to concede, then the burden of proof or of disproof becomes shifted somewhat.

As regards the method used in this inquiry, up to a certain point the management of the séances has been left to the medium; that is to say, I have never demanded that any particular phenomenon should be exhibited then and there. It may be objected that this gives time for preparation. But this is the very thing that is demanded as a necessity, though the claim is made that all preparations are entirely on the other side of the veil. Of course it would be very convenient if at any instant one could procure desired phenomena—in other words, if psychic inquiry could be conducted on precisely the same lines as physical experiment. But the very theory to be investigated is that the phenomena are produced by beings in another sphere, after great labour and preparation on their part, and it is useless to begin an investigation by denying the thing to be investigated. At the same time, any phenomenon, however startling, produced under conditions not entirely satisfactory, has not been accepted by me as proving anything in particular.

On May 24th, having secured an introduction to Mr. Corralès, I took the Guadalupe tram, which, after running a mile or so, deposited me at the door of the Corralès' home, situated in perhaps the prettiest suburb of lovely San José.

Mr. Corralès received me with a cordiality which I have since found to be unailing. He was, and always is, very willing to expatiate upon the different phases of his daughter's mediumship, about which he is exceedingly enthusiastic, being obviously a convinced Spiritualist. At the same time he deploras the loss of friends and the estrangement of neighbours brought about by the pitfalls of mediumship, which is regarded by many in Costa Rica, as elsewhere, as trafficking with the devil, and by others as merely undetected fraud, while to all it remains an insoluble mystery.

I was then introduced to the medium, the Señorita Ophelia, a young lady of less than twenty summers, pretty and charming and ladylike, who invited me to a séance on the following evening. And here I must admit that my lack of Spanish has been a good deal of a hindrance, as the medium knows no other language; but as [Mr. Corralès knows French, which I understand indifferently well, and has some slight acquaintance with English, I believe that very little of any importance has been missed.

To describe the different séances, of which I took notes, would lead to repetition: the first on May 25th will be sufficient. Besides myself there was no one present but the Corralès family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Corralès, Ophelia, her younger sisters, Bertha and little Flora, and a nine-year-old boy, Miguel. We sat in a large room, about twenty-one feet by fifteen feet, having three windows and two doors, one of which opened into the garden, the other into the house. The walls of the room consisted of what is known as 'bahareque,' that is, a hollow space filled in with mortar and broken tiles, making a compact mass very impervious to sound. The floor was of tiles resting on the solid ground. There was no other room above, but the ceiling consisted of cloth, a corner of which Mr. Corralès was anxious that I should tear down as answer to my questions—a permission of which I did not avail myself, seeing that the sounds about to be described in no case appeared to come from so high up. The windows were guarded by shutters, very convenient for sealing, and I may say that no séance began until I had sealed the windows and doors by sticking adhesive paper across the cracks and drawing pencil lines across the paper and on to the woodwork. Excepting a piano across one corner of the room and a sofa on which we sat there was no furniture that could possibly conceal anything. After I had searched the piano, the triangular space behind it, and underneath the sofa, we sat in a semi-circle in the corner most remote from the piano, at which Mrs. Corralès seated herself. On the first occasion I sat between the medium and her father, but on other occasions have sat next all the members of the family in turn. Having reduced the light to one candle, Mrs. Corralès began to play, while we waited with our

palms extended towards the piano, for it is a belief held by this circle that thus one throws magnetism to aid the spirits. Within five minutes a man's tenor voice began accompanying the piano, the singer being effusively greeted as 'Don Constantino.' The candle was then extinguished, when the voice gained in strength, and was shortly joined by other voices of men and women singing and whistling enthusiastically, but not very musically, in notes shrill and strident, while the family, who were sitting around me, kept up a constant applause and chattering, perhaps to show that it was not they who were singing. When the hubbub was at its height Mr. Corralès struck a match, and, behold, there was nothing to see. But, strange to relate, the singing continued, in spite of the lighted candle, with unabated vigour. I then approached the piano, and stood in the middle of the room, with the family at one end of it and the voices and Mrs. Corralès at the other; but on further nearing the piano the voices sank or changed into whistling, which seems to persist longer than the singing, so that on reaching the piano all was silent. The light was not again extinguished. On my return to my seat, Miss Ophelia exchanged places with her mother, when to her accompaniment a man's voice sang a song in Spanish. Later, when the boy played, a girl's voice joined in. And even when I struck octaves there was a sound as of someone very faintly sounding the note. In my notes of this first séance I read, 'Singing might just possibly have been produced by fraud on part of each player, and in my case by someone faintly sounding the note.' But, of course, I would not have given all this were there not better evidence to follow.

On first hearing the singing, the thought suggested itself that I should like to see the effect if Mrs. Corralès would keep her mouth full of water while she played, but not forgetting that I was an invited guest in a private house, where no pay was taken nor even a present of any value accepted, I thought it better to wait until I could find someone speaking Spanish who would be able to put the request into polite language. This opportunity occurred at the very next séance, on May 27th, to which I was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Titche, of New Orleans,

Mr. Titche, who occasionally visits Costa Rica on business, and had already attended several séances at the wish of his wife, readily agreed to translate my request. The séance opened with very loud singing as of several voices, which continued with unabated shrillness, and in the light, while the medium and I walked outside on the verandah. When Mr. Titche preferred my request Mr. Corralès jumped at the idea. Two glasses were quickly brought, one with water and one empty, both of which remained in my possession throughout the experiment. Mrs. Corralès having filled her mouth, and the light being extinguished at my request, the voices burst forth with a vigour that seemed intended to show that not thus could their ardour be dampened. Immediately I called for a light, and while the voices continued in full force I carefully watched the family, who certainly were not singing, and surely were not ventriloquising: after which Mrs. Corralès discharged a full mouthful of water into the empty glass. This experiment was repeated without the light being extinguished, and with complete success.

It was at the next séance, when Don Philippe Alvarado, Minister of Finance, was also present, that Mrs. Titche herself, when playing the piano, was accompanied by the voices, somewhat subdued but unmistakable, while we all sat together fully fifteen feet away in the remotest corner of the lighted room. Moreover, it was at this séance, held at 1.30 in the afternoon of May 28th, that the big outside door was thrown wide open, and in the flood of daylight the voices maintained their full strength for, perhaps, three minutes. And, to add my one and only piece of hearsay evidence, at noon of the next day, the 29th, when the medium was calling at the Imperial Hotel to bid good-bye to Mrs. Titche, they sat in the public parlour and played, when 'Don Constantino' and 'Mary Brown' began to sing, but were stopped by the entrance of strangers. This is vouched for by Mr. and Mrs. Titche.

But even a better test of the voices was secured at the sixth séance, on June 1st, when the Corralès family withdrew, leaving me in a sealed room alone with the medium, who, having filled her mouth with water, played the piano while I sat back with

the glasses and the candle. Almost immediately upon extinguishing the light a voice spoke out clearly with the usual precise enunciation of 'Don Constantino,' who, after speaking for about a minute, was followed by the shrill tones that betokened the entity 'Mary Brown,' who likewise spoke with distinctness. After striking a light the medium discharged the mouthful of water into the empty glass. Thus it will be seen that on this occasion a better test was given than was demanded, because with the mouth full of water it is even less possible to speak clearly than to sing.

(To be continued.)

BY LIEUT.-GENERAL A. PHELPS.

The following brief account of two sésances which I was privileged to attend with Mrs. Wriedt may be of interest to your readers. Though I have seen many curious phenomena, I have never hitherto had any direct message from friends in the next state.

On the 20th July, 1911, I was one of twelve sitters who met at 7 p.m., at Wimbledon, in 'Julia's Bureau'; Admiral Moore was present, but did not sit next me. When the lights were put out he at once exclaimed, 'Something has been put into my hands.' When the lights were turned on the *apport* proved to be 'Iola's' portrait, which I had seen on the bookcase about four feet from Admiral Moore's seat. I was astonished when the name of a relative of mine was spoken and some family information was given, of no interest to the public. His voice went on to say that I should have a surprise soon.

On the 21st, a little before 10.30 a.m., Admiral Moore and I had a sitting with Mrs. Wriedt in the same place. The lights were turned out. The Admiral and the medium saw and described floating luminous clouds and phantoms; but I only once saw a floating white cloud. The voices were most distinct, not muffled as on the day before. The speakers were 'John King,' 'Iola,' my wife and her father, Dr. Compton Burnett, and Mrs. Sinnett. As no stenographer was present, I had to make notes directly after the sitting, which Admiral Moore kindly checked, so that they may be looked upon as accurate as far as they go. 'John King's' voice was unmistakable: once heard, the solemn, sad, steadfast bass voice cannot be forgotten. Referring to a curious incident at the previous séance, he said, 'You ask why those books were put on the tall dark man's knee. I looked round the shelves, and found the words "Law and Majesty" on the sides of these books, and I put them on his knee that he might know that he was known for what he was.' I suppose that he was present under a fictitious name. To me 'John King' said, 'Yes, I remember you at Husk's. He, I am sorry to say, is poorly. Age is telling upon him.'

'Iola' was present throughout the séance. Her refined voice, expressive of sincere courtesy, was heard from time to time. She spoke to me, recognising me as having looked at her precipitated likeness in Admiral Moore's room. She, at my request, described the method of the precipitation of the pigments in painting her portrait, and the other pictures, by the aura of the spirit band. She explained the Chinese look of the pictures by the fact that one of the band—I understood her to say the chief of the band—was a Chinese.

My wife and her father spoke to me; but what they said would be of no interest to the public. They referred to family matters in a way which was sufficient to convince me of their identity.

Then, in loud, clear tones came the name 'Compton Burnett.' He was my wife's doctor, and I have the deepest respect for his memory as the most brilliant physician I ever met. Much astonished, I asked if he was 'the Magician,' and if he practised medicine over there? He replied, 'I am Compton Burnett. No, we don't want doctors over here, we've no broken legs or fevers to trouble us.'

Admiral Moore here saying that he could see a phantom between me and the medium on my right, moving towards a cabinet at the end of the room, I remarked that I could see nothing. Dr. Burnett said, 'You don't see the white clouds or the phantom, because of a small trouble in your eyes. The pupil is back on the lens.' He then went on to describe the symptoms further, referring to 'the state of the iris,' &c., but I have forgotten the

details. He went on to say, 'Your chief trouble is in the lower spinal nerves, at the base of the spine, and the kidneys. The tear ducts are dry, and the tears don't run freely. The eye trouble will be eased by applying soft water—hard water won't do—half a glassful, in which half a teaspoonful of salt has been dissolved, say twice a day, externally.' On my asking a question he replied, 'No, sulphur 500 is no use at your age. Yes, rumex is some good.' I apologise for giving these personal details, but they illustrate the nature of the intelligence manifesting.

I then asked how he came to attend the sitting. He said, 'How came I here? Why, your wife asked me to come. This is the first Spiritualist sitting I have been to. On that side I thought it all poppycock and nonsense. Now I see it is scientific and important. I hope you will go on for some years yet, and see your grandchildren grow up around you.'

On my asking him if he could describe how the phenomena were produced, he replied, 'No, I don't know a blooming thing about it, nor how Mrs. Wriedt brings it about.'

He then spoke as follows to Mrs. Wriedt: 'I give you a testimonial as a wonderful woman, the most wonderful woman I ever met, the best psychic in the world. And my testimonial is worth something: is worth having. Good-bye.'

A private message was then given for Mr. Sinnett, and a marvellous sitting came to an end.

A curious misconception occurred about this interview. Mrs. Wriedt, hearing me use the name by which we used to speak of Dr. Burnett, namely 'the Magician,' because of the wonderful cures which he used to effect, thought he was a conjurer in earth life, and I had to explain that he was the greatest physician I had ever met, a name which all homœopaths will venerate. This was after the sitting; all the time he was speaking she thought he was a conjurer. Admiral Moore had never heard his name. I was not thinking about him.

Edgbaston.

#### MUSIC AS A HEALING AGENT.

'Reason,' Dr. B. F. Austin's little monthly (Rochester, New York), states that Dr. Russell H. Conwell, pastor of Temple Baptist Church, Philadelphia, has for a long time been greatly interested in the subject of the employment of music in healing diseases. Recently, together with Dr. William Hachnlen and members of the staff of the Samaritan Hospital, which is supported by Temple Church, he conducted a series of experiments, the results of which have astonished the medical world. One of Dr. Conwell's experiments was to bring nineteen patients into one ward of the hospital, all kinds of diseases being represented. We read that:—

A young woman with a rich contralto voice was stationed near the ward where all could hear her but none could see her. As the strains of the beautiful hymn, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' left her lips, the doctors noticed a change in every patient. Those under the influence of morphine regained consciousness, with a total absence of the usual nervousness that follows the use of the drug. Others downcast and despondent brightened perceptibly. The playing of a dead march caused a rise in temperature in every patient in the ward, and the effects of the 'Old Folks at Home' was distinctly soothing. Several of the sick persons went to sleep. One person who was very dyspeptic because of nervous prostration, was found to be so influenced by the playing of the 'Old Oaken Bucket' on a violin that she enjoyed hearty meals while the tune was being played in the next room. Another half insane because of an accident, became rational during the playing of 'Dixie.' Typhoid patients were found to be greatly benefited by the playing of Strauss's 'Blue Danube,' and two little children, one afflicted with partial paralysis, the other with St. Vitus dance, were so improved during the playing of 'Auld Lang Syne' that they controlled themselves and were able to walk.

So certain is Dr. Conwell that music is curative, that plans are being completed to institute a system of music which is helpful and inspiring. In some of the prisons of England it has been found that certain chords of music are very helpful in influencing criminals towards reform, and that there are other compositions that increase their passion for crime. In France they have made many interesting experiments along this line, and a musical programme for the reforming of the inmates of French prisons is in use. Dr. Conwell has given the subject so much thought that he has compiled two lists which it is planned will be sent broadcast to medical men and hospitals. One is a list of compositions, the playing or singing of which helps the sick to get well. The other is a list of harmful tunes.

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### THE FLYING MAN.

A good many years ago, when aeronautic science was still in the balloon and parachute stage, a dear old lady of our acquaintance shook her head gloomily over the proceedings of aerial navigators. They were, she said, 'flying in the face of Providence.' The unconscious humour of the remark produced a smile; but a fatal accident to a would-be flying man about that time seemed to point the moral of her comment—it was so clearly a 'judgment' on the rash experimenter!

Since then the skies have witnessed many strange and almost undreamed-of marvels in aerial travel—journeys of many hundreds of miles on the wings of the wind, accomplished at a pace at least equivalent to that of the fastest of our railway trains. And the feats thus achieved are prophetic of even greater marvels in the future. Yet the aviator of to-day carries on his work on closer terms with death than would be the case in any other pursuit in which man can be engaged. As a recent writer remarked, the greatest naval and military heroes in history have braved no such dangers as the airman calmly faces. The airman has 'deliberately and serenely adopted death as a profession.' Never was there a more remarkable evidence of the power and persistence of the human spirit in the mechanical world. We see man urged forward by the invisible potencies that impel and guide him (almost always unconsciously to himself) to ever higher planes of action. It is as though material progress had, in a measure, to keep pace with the constant advance made in the realms of mind and spirit. It is perhaps not without significance that in recent aviation contests the French have been in the forefront. Now, it has been a source of wonder and delight to sympathetic observers of French philosophy to notice how closely it is coming into touch with the highest spiritual teachings. The best French thought of to-day wholly transcends the limitations of even the most refined materialism. There is a soaring, intuitive quality about it that has carried it fairly into the regions of the spirit. Students of the contemporary literature of France will, we think, endorse our conclusions in this respect. It may be a fanciful theory, but we are inclined to trace an intimate parallel between the triumph of the French genius in philosophy and its achievements in the conquest of the air. Certainly the power of the aspiring mind is behind each attainment.

We may deplore, but we are in no way surprised at,

the disposition to impress the newly-harnessed powers of the air into the service of war, money-getting and pastime. We can conceive of no scientific discoveries and achievements which at the present stage would not be degraded to such ends were it possible. If by some strange happening the denizens of the unseen realms were brought visibly into our midst, we can imagine the eagerness with which they would be canvassed to aid the purposes of war, commerce, and pleasure. With what enthusiasm their highly-evolved powers would be enlisted for the construction of more deadly guns, more effective financial manoeuvres, more sensational entertainments! But the world is regulated by Divine intelligence, and its powers of perverting its best gifts to low uses are severely limited. This latest and most wondrous attainment of mechanical science, aviation, as we have seen, is hedged round with difficulties and dangers. Slowly and painfully it is perfected as a practical science, and all the time human intelligence is growing. Indeed, we have a comforting conviction that by the time modern science has been evolved to the point of ability to produce the most perfect engines for human destruction, the lust of war and conquest will have died out and the powers of science will be wholly devoted to human welfare.

From our standpoint, then, the flying man is a parable and a presage. He symbolises the career of the human spirit advancing ever to more refined spheres of activity, and his triumph is prophetic of the greater achievements in the conquest of matter that lie before mankind. Even in his defiance of death we see a significance. With the progress of science towards the higher realms of being, death is being shorn of many of its terrors. The active, alert minds, the aspiring souls, of experimenters in the higher fields of action in the physical world are outgrowing the influence of the old haunting doubt and terror.

We have heard thoughtful observers, jealous for the progress and supremacy of the spiritual life in mankind, express regret that the activities of the world are so closely concentrated on planes of purely physical achievement. To these watchers of the times such things seemed to indicate decadence, a submergence of the spirit in material things. But if 'all roads lead to Rome,' it is even more a fact that all paths lead to the Spirit. Some of them, it is true, are roundabout ways, tortuous and difficult. At times they seem actually to lead away from the goal—but only in appearance. Much of the modern advance in the conquest of matter, we should remember, is impersonal. It is achieved with no purely selfish motives, but is carried out under the impulse of the great evolutionary forces. And to that extent it follows out the way of Nature.

The materialism which we have the greatest cause to fear and detest is that servitude to the body which comes of the gross appetites for pleasure and possession and power. And that, we hope and believe, is passing away. Its devotees are finding themselves in a minority and beginning to realise that their devotion to the grosser life of matter numbs and dwarfs and deadens their faculties for real happiness and progress. Who could picture a bloated sensualist, fearful of death and constantly anxious concerning his bodily comfort and the safety of his possessions, mounting the airman's car? Not to such is given the rôle of the aviator, for the triumph of the flying man is, in a sense, a triumph of the soul.

GERALD MASSEY says that any dead fish can drift on with the stream: but it takes a live one to swim against the current. That is why a company of Spiritualists is so singularly lively and alert.

FURTHER COMMUNICATIONS FROM  
F. W. H. MYERS.

By H. A. DALLAS.

V.

THE WONDER OF IT !

We have been considering a few communications which contain indications of the survival of Frederic Myers. The whole of the evidence for his survival is, of course, but a fragment of the total evidence for the survival of man. It is wise to pause after considering fresh instalments of facts which point to this great conclusion, and take breath, as it were, and remind ourselves of what it all means.

The weighing of facts and the analysis of arguments, sifting the true from false, are only valuable as means to an end ; that end is that each one of us may enter into our inheritance—the Truth : God's Truth, Reality. This is often very different from human opinion and speculation, and it costs an effort to relinquish our presuppositions and illusions, and to accept instead the conclusion to which facts of experience lead. However difficult, it is nevertheless not only necessary but desirable. To exchange our fictions for God's facts is to exchange poverty for wealth, the limited for the infinite, the temporary for the eternal, the unsatisfying and partial for the satisfying and complete.

The glimpse given to us by the evidence which comes from the Beyond may at first bewilder, because it comes into conflict with our preconceptions, and also because we see only as in a mirror dimly. But as we ponder it we gradually realise something of the fulness of the life of which a glimpse has been granted to us. We are reminded of the Logia discovered in Egypt by Dr. B. P. Grenfell :—

Let not him that seeketh cease from his search until he find, and when he finds he shall wonder ; wondering he shall reach the kingdom of heaven, and when he reaches the kingdom he shall have rest.

As yet we may have only reached the first stage in finding, the stage at which we 'wonder' ; the further stage at which we shall 'reach' our inheritance and 'rest' in our joy, lies still before us.

We wonder ! It comes to us with a great and beautiful sense of surprise. This apprehension of the truth that the principle on which humanity has been evolved, and towards the fuller realisation of which it has been growing, namely, the principle of fellowship, remains unaltered by the event of death ; that death is not really a break, as we supposed, in the reciprocity, the interaction, the exchange of thought, and the deeper communion of love. The greatest souls have instinctively felt at moments of insight that this break could not be real or permanent. And now we find that their instinctive belief was, like other instincts, co-relative with truth. The apparent break made by death is one of the many illusions to which our incarnation subjects us.

There they are, the great company who have thronged this material earth through countless generations. We saw a small moment in their experience and imagined it to be the whole, or at least it figured so large in our imagination that we could not find room for the vast continuity of which it was but an episode, an important, and probably in some degree a determining episode, developing character, and fixing it, but not a beginning and end by itself.

There they are ; and here they are. Probably the latter fact is conditioned by their capacity for apprehending possibilities and exerting faculty, just as ours is. For them, as for us, distance is bridged by the exercise of inherent powers, and by the discovery of how to apply the forces of the Universe.

We have discovered by the application of electricity many methods of communication, but there are yet more subtle ways in which space can be practically annihilated. They, too, are doubtless discoverers, and as they explore the Unseen realm and we the Seen, great developments beyond our wildest dreams may be realised, and we and they may be able to act increasingly in two worlds at the same time. Meanwhile let us treasure the knowledge already gained.

It is minorities that lead the van and do the pioneer work of the Universe. Possibly only a minority of those who have passed over have as yet discovered how to exert their telepathic powers of communication and direct them with full control to those on earth. This controlled exercise of faculty differs somewhat from the unconscious and unintentional telepathy, which may be incessant. It differs also from communion, which involves a deeper and more spiritual interblending of spirit with spirit. What these unseen workers, Myers and others, appear to have been attempting is to direct and control the universal current of influence passing from the liberated to us who are still flesh-bound, much as an electrician avails himself of the universal influence of electricity and directs it to a particular apparatus which can register its effects in words.

The message thus brought to us out of the Unseen is essentially a message of joy.

In the July number of 'The Hibbert Journal' there is an inspiring article on 'The Kingdom of the Child,' in which we are reminded that growing-up has produced in too many minds a sense of *ennui* and lack of wonder. 'They have lost the childlike and Godlike sense of elemental joy.' It is precisely this sense of 'elemental joy' which the Myers messages convey. This impression is produced, not so much by any particular statement as by the tone, the emotion, the character which pervades the messages to which his name is attached.

There are some who say that this research leaves in their minds a sense of dreariness, a feeling of loss. They say, 'We can no longer look forward to the thought that at death we shall find ourselves in quiet resting-places, undisturbed by earth-sorrow, with all its problems solved and all effort needless.' So be it : but is it nothing to have exchanged this prospect for a glimpse of a life in which there is close continuity with the past, in which all efforts made here, all knowledge acquired, all faculty developed find their fruition, and are the very materials out of which fresh effort and knowledge and faculty are developed ?

Is it no gain to find that the friends whose depth of character and richness of faculty were rendered more delightful by the play of genial humour, and the spontaneous sympathy with us in all the lesser as well as the greater interests of life—is it nothing to have learned that these friends retain all their former charm, and that their playful humour is as fitting there as it was here, and can be exercised as opportunely and as well ?

To be 'refreshed in the multitude of peace' does not necessitate the loss of any right faculty, it rather implies orderly development and adjustment of values among all our faculties. When we enter into that kingdom of order and adjustment we shall again be able to laugh as the little child laughs, and to wonder as it wonders.

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MISS LILIAN WHITING informs us that she will be in London within the next few days. We shall hope to see her at the Alliance meetings this autumn.

THE friends of Mrs. Effie de Bathe will regret to learn that owing to ill-health she will leave London in September for New Zealand, and may settle permanently at Sydney, Australia.

MISS L. LOAT, secretary of the National Anti-Vaccination League, sends us a detailed criticism of the report issued by the Metropolitan Asylums Board relating to the recent outbreak of small-pox in London. That report lays great stress on the fact that out of twenty-two unvaccinated cases, nine died ; whereas out of forty-six vaccinated cases one died. Miss Loat points out that pro-vaccinists have surrendered the old contention that vaccination protects from small-pox, and now only hold that it mitigates the disease. London, however, has not been alone this year. Outbreaks occurred at Bury, Stalybridge, and Wallasey, but whereas in London we get a fatality rate in the unvaccinated of 40.91 per cent., the rate in these three places was 0 per cent. Miss Loat examines the London cases in detail, and comes to the conclusion that this astonishing difference is not a question of vaccination or non-vaccination, but of the condition of each patient. Those who died in London were either very young, or ill with some other complaint, or more delicate than the other patients, and these facts would account for their being unvaccinated. Further, in two instances the unvaccinated were 'successfully' vaccinated after infection, but still they died.

## THE PRACTICE OF SPIRITUALISM.

The following paper was read before the members and friends of the Lyceum Club, Paris, by one of the members:—

I am asked if I think the practice of Spiritualism should be encouraged. My reply is 'Yes,' and for two reasons—first, because it is a cure for materialism, and, secondly, because it gives conclusive proof of the continuation of life beyond the grave. You may reply: 'The Christian already believes in the immortality of the soul; why, therefore, wish to do more than to get all the world to believe in the teachings of the Saviour?' Unfortunately all are not constituted alike, and there are many who cannot accept the dogmas and creeds of the different churches which profess to expound the truths of Christianity. The simple teachings of Jesus have, in many cases, been superseded by forms and ceremonies until there is little left but a sea of doubt for seekers after truth to wade in. Many are fast losing whatever faith they may once have had in supernatural religion, and are drifting into a mere unintelligent unbelief, which finds its expression in apathy and indifference as regards spiritual principles. Out of this state, seemingly, nothing but Spiritualism, with its vital evidences and personal appeals to the reason, can, or will, arouse them. We may, therefore, confidently believe that it will yet be the saving of true religion. The materialist, living in a world of selfish comfort, and interested only in what appeals to his intellect, becomes painfully conscious as time goes on of the incompleteness of the evidence of his senses. Spiritualism, with its direct and soul-stirring message, comes with healing to his withered soul. The dogmatic utterances of a Church for ever divided against itself have long ceased to attract him. But his intellect, ever responsive to what is reasonable, is now aroused to interest in the unseen world. From intellect to spirit is but a short cut, once you have conquered the former. Thus Spiritualism with its rationalism succeeds in reaching his soul, while dogma fails.

Now let us consider those around us, the sum total of whose lives, in their search after truth, seems to be made up of doubts, fears, struggles and sorrows. Given the ordinary religious training in childhood, and starting out in life with a conscientious desire to do right, how often are they hurt and disappointed at the seeming failure of all their hopes! They are contented to remain here only because they look forward to an eternity of bliss hereafter. Now while ultimately they will arrive at their goal, how much more cheerful and bright might their earth lives be did they but know how to walk by sight as well as by faith!

Spiritualism, appealing by its evidences to the reason as well as to the spiritual side of their natures, would help them to live much more happily. They would understand the meaning of their present existence, instead of passing so many years of their life in hopeless theorising about the future.

We learn by the aid of Spiritualism that we are *now* living in eternity, and not going to it. We are already building our future, not going elsewhere to *commence* it. This knowledge helps us to control our environment to a large extent, and to forbid evil to harm us. We are surrounded by myriads of spiritual beings ready to give us that which we seek from them. If we desire only what is good, we attract only what is good to us. Should evil attempt unbidden to approach us, we can chase it away by the power of the spirit of virtue which is given us. Thoughts of benevolence, purity, love, truth, gentleness and beauty attract only spirits who have these qualities. Thoughts of evil—such as cruelty, hate, revenge, lying, greed, &c.—attract their affinities also. All life sets up vibrations both in the seen and unseen worlds. It is therefore better to understand what is around us, for then we the better know what to attract and what to shun. But no one should idly or lightly try to pry into the secrets of the unseen world, nor should even serious seekers after truth believe all that they are told even when the statements come—or purport to come—from the other side.

An eminent writer on Spiritualism has told us that we should keep our heads level and our judgments clear when dealing with the unseen world. He counsels us to remember that although that great universe contains many wise and dis-

cerning spirits, it also has in it the accumulation of human folly, vanity, and error, and that this lies nearer to the surface than that which is wise and good. We should, therefore, not enter into a very solemn investigation in a spirit of idle curiosity or frivolity. On the contrary, we should cultivate a reverent desire for what is pure, good, and true. We shall have our reward if we gain only a well-grounded conviction that there is a life after death for which we can prepare ourselves by wisely leading a pure and good life on earth. Dogmas will then cease to trouble us, for we shall be able to walk by sight as well as by faith.

Spiritualism enables us to receive inspiration direct from the Infinite, and clears the soul of doubts and fears. It irradiates the mind with such brightness that we no longer walk in darkness but in light. The death of the body has no further terror for us, and the cares and depressions of this life no longer assume gigantic proportions. We learn that to overcome here is to earn an asset which we can carry over with us into our next stage of progression. Spiritualism enables us to realise that only the *present* is ours—the *now*—in which to live and achieve. With Miss Lizzie Doten we say:—

'Oh! weary and long seems the time to them  
Who under Life's burdens bow,  
For while they wait for that time to come  
They forget 'tis a good time now!'

We learn from Spiritualism that there is no such thing as permanent failure. What we have struggled to achieve here and have failed to accomplish successfully, will be found not to have been wasted effort. As the athlete is strengthened by training, so we shall find we have been strengthening ourselves for our next environment by the use we have made of our faculties here, although the result may have been seeming failure.

If we fail—no matter! We know we shall go on progressing, and the pain of failure will only serve to stimulate us to further effort. As that eminent scientist, Mr. Fournier d'Albe, observed in a lecture delivered before the London Spiritualist Alliance, 'There can be no life without effort, no effort without success which spells happiness, or failure which spells pain.' So we see that pain is only another angel working in disguise for our good.

If we study history, sacred or otherwise, we shall find that from the beginning of the world God has communicated His will to man by the aid of His messenger spirits. A few instances will suffice.

When the angel of God spoke to Moses in the fiery bush, and told him he should lead the people of Israel out of bondage, Moses knew by his spiritual sight the meaning of the vision. We have also direct evidence of communication from the spirit world in the story of Jacob's ladder. Again, we read of the angel who gave Abraham the foreknowledge of the son who should be born to him and Sarah; of the voice which called Samuel in the night to the service of the Lord; of the angel who came to Elijah and fed him when, wearied and longing for death, he had cast himself under a juniper tree; and of the 'fourth form' seen walking in the furnace into which Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were cast.

Then there was the incident at King Belshazzar's banquet, when the fingers of a man's hand appeared and wrote on the wall, although no body was visible. We are told that the King's loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against the other as he watched the fingers writing. We read of how Daniel came alive and whole out of the lions' den because God had sent His guardian angel to protect him. In the New Testament we have the vision of Zacharias prophesying the birth of John the Baptist, and the visit of the angel Gabriel to Mary foretelling the birth of Jesus. We see our Lord in the transfiguration on the Mount talking with Moses and Elias. We see in the Philippian prison Paul and Silas released from their chains in the middle of the night by unseen visitants. In more modern times we see a Joan of Arc sitting in mountain solitudes, and inspired by spirit voices to go forth and lead her countrymen to victory. I could quote numberless other instances familiar to you all, of how God has ever used spirit guides to reveal Himself to man, but I have said enough, I think, to show

you why I believe Spiritualism, practised rightly, should be encouraged. I believe the time to be not far distant when religion and science will walk hand in hand to explore the invisible worlds.

Death and the unseen are ready to yield up their secrets as soon as we have sufficient courage to demand them. One by one our great men of science are agreeing on this point, and their scouts are already on the frontiers of the next world. So the practice of Spiritualism for all true and divine purposes is good. But for the idle seeker after mere amusement it is bad. If people of ruthless selfishness seek to drag spirits from their seclusion, there is great danger in the practice. 'That birds of a feather flock together' is a truism of the spirit world as of this. Unless we are seeking for what is good, we should not attempt to practise Spiritualism.

I think I cannot do better than close my argument for the encouragement of Spiritualism by quoting St. Paul (himself a great Spiritualist) on the subject. In 1 Cor. xii., he says:—

But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal.

For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom, to another the word of knowledge, by the same Spirit. To another, faith by the same Spirit. To another, the working of miracles, to another, prophecy, to another, discerning of spirits, to another, divers kinds of tongues, to another, the interpretation of tongues. But all these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man generally as he will.

And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all.

SENGA VELYNE.

### THE HYPOTHESES OF 'BILOCATION' CONSIDERED.

By ERNESTO BOZZANO. Translated from 'Annales des Sciences Psychiques.'

(Continued from page 363.)

Amongst the most famous of those who have seen visions was Andrew Jackson Davis, who states that he had witnessed the departure of the spirit from the body about thirty times ('Penetralia,' page 196), one occasion being at the hanging of a well-known criminal. His descriptions are always interesting, but as the best of them are far too long for our space, they should be read in Mr. Davis's own works. I shall quote other short examples of this class, beginning with cases in which the visualisations appeared in an elementary form.

Case 6. Mrs. De Morgan, in her book, 'From Matter to Spirit' (page 127), speaks of a woman, J. D., without education, 'and who certainly had never heard of the varied gradations in which spiritual visions manifest themselves to sensitives,' who, having been present during the last moments of a child, relates the following:—

I was watching the sick child in company with his mother; he was two years and a half old, and was in convulsions, which had kept him in bed for three or four days. The mother held one hand under the child's head, and I was helping at the other side of the bed. In the fireplace, sitting in front of me and on the side where the mother was, was a brilliant flame. Suddenly I saw this flame grow dark, because some opaque body had come between me and the light, and something indefinite floated continually backwards and forwards. I called the mother's attention to this strange fact, but she replied that she could see nothing. During this time the convulsions of the child had ceased; he lay back inert on his bed, and remained in this state until about ten o'clock, when he died. I began to notice the opaque body an hour before the child died, and the phenomenon persisted until he breathed his last, then I saw the flame again, clear and brilliant.

Case 7. Mrs. De Morgan gives in the same book (page 128) another incident, when she was a percipient at the same time as a friend more sensitive than she. She writes:—

Once I was at the bedside of a dying person in company with a friend who I knew was sensitive to spiritual visions. Just as the breathing of the invalid was about to cease I saw a white cloud rise from the body and remain two or three inches away. I noticed that my companion was looking at it attentively. Her look, which

always took a strange luminosity when she saw something invisible to others, was drawn for a moment from the contemplation of the sick person to fix itself higher up towards the head of the bed; then dropping a little, she looked at the void with a close attention which lasted more than a minute. I looked at her interrogatively, but she was silent; she explained to me later: 'I saw a white cloud rise from the bedclothes—a thing which I had already seen in other circumstances—when my attention was drawn to the head of the bed to a little naked form three to four feet high; from it came whiteness between daylight and moonlight. Inside this form there was a still brighter luminosity, which became more and more brilliant in the middle, whilst from the centre to the outside everything appeared in a state of rapid movement. I saw the phenomenon again at the moment when the sick person breathed his last, then it rose and disappeared.'

Case 8. Sarah Underwood, in the book 'Automatic or Spirit Writing' (page 302), refers to a lady doctor who related to her, as follows, a similar experience:—

There was brought to my sanitarium for treatment some time ago a man who was a stranger to me, and so far gone in disease that I had no hope of curing him from the first. He lingered a day or two, and then died while I stood close by his bedside, worried mainly by my inability to help him. As I saw the breath depart, and stood thinking about sending word to his people, I was all at once conscious of a presence by my side, and looking up, I was thunderstruck to see the dead man's counterpart standing close by me, but apparently oblivious to my presence. He was looking down at the body with the utmost worried, mystified, and wondering expression on his face. I, too, turned to glance at the stiff, expressionless face of the corpse, and when I turned again to look the spirit was gone. But I knew then that I had seen the soul of a man.

Case 9. Florence Marryat, in her book, 'Spirit World' (page 124), tells the following story:—

I have a young lady friend, the daughter of a family moving in the highest society, who is a wonderful medium, though the fact is known to no one but her intimate friends. . . . Some few years since she had the misfortune to lose her eldest sister, a beautiful girl of twenty, who died after a few days' illness of pleurisy. Edith (as I will call the young medium) told me that she was with her sister during the course of her illness, and that she witnessed clairvoyantly the whole process of the spirit leaving the body. She said that on the last day of her earthly life her sister was flushed, excited, and slightly delirious, tossing about on her pillows and talking incoherently. About this time Edith observed a film, like a cloud of smoke, gathering above her head, where it gradually spread out until it had acquired the shape, lengthways, of her sister's body, a facsimile, as it were, of the dying girl, only without colouring, and suspended in the air, face downwards, about two or three feet above her. As the day wore on, and the delirious restlessness gave way to the weakness of approaching death, Edith could see her sister's feverish colour fade and her eyes grow dimmer, whilst simultaneously the vapoury form suspended in the air above her began to be tinted, first very faintly, then by degrees more and more, until it glowed with the life that was rapidly departing from the body. The dying girl grew weaker and weaker, until she lay back on her pillows speechless and unconscious. As she did so the spirit above her, which was still bound to her brain, heart, and vitals by cords of light like electricity, became, as it were, a living soul. As her sister breathed her last earthly breath Edith saw the spirit sway from side to side until it stood upright by the side of the bed, very weak apparently, and scarcely able to stand, but still the living presentment of the corpse which now was stretched in death before her eyes. As Edith was watching this wonderful sight she saw the spirits of her father and grandmother, who had also died in their house, appear and support the new-born spirit between them, passing their arms between hers, whilst her head rested like that of a fainting person on her father's shoulder. After they had held her thus for a short time she seemed to revive somewhat, at which they ruptured with their hands the cords which bound her to her body, and rising with her between them, passed through the window . . .

Case 10. William Stainton Moses relates the following personal experience. ('LIGHT,' July 9th, 1887):—

I have lately had opportunity—the first that has come to me—of studying the transition of the spirit. I have learned so much that I may perhaps be pardoned if I think that I can usefully place on record what I have gathered. . . . It was the deathbed of one very near to me. The threescore years and ten were passed and another ten had been added to them. No actual disease intervened to complicate the departure of the

spirit. . . I was warned that certain symptoms, insignificant in themselves, precluded the end, and I came to discharge the last sad duty. My spiritual sense could discern around and over him the luminous aura or atmosphere that was gathering for the spirit to mould its body of the future life. By slow degrees this increased, and grew more and more defined, varying from hour to hour as the vitality was more or less strong. One could see how even a little nourishment, or the magnetic support that a near presence gave, would feed the body and draw back the spirit. It seemed to be in a state of constant flux. For twelve days and nights of weary watching this process of elimination was carried on. After the sixth day the body showed plain signs of imminent dissolution. Yet the marvellous ebbing and flowing of spiritual life went on, the aura changing its hue, and growing more and more defined as the spirit prepared for departure. At length, twenty-three hours before death, the last noticeable change occurred. All restlessness of the body ceased, the hands were folded over the chest, and from that moment the work of dissolution progressed without a check. The guardians withdrew the spirit without any interference. The body was lying peacefully, the eyes were closed, and only long, regular breathing showed that life was still there. With the regularity of some exquisite piece of mechanism the deep inspirations were drawn; but gradually they became less deep and less frequent, till I could detect them no more. The spirit had left its shell, and friendly helpers had borne it to its rest, new-born into a new state.

The body was pronounced to be dead. It may be so. The pulse did not beat, nor the heart, nor could the mirror detect the breathing. But the magnetic cord was yet unbroken, and remained so for yet eight-and-thirty hours. During that time I believe it would have been possible, under favouring conditions, to bring back the spirit had anyone so willed, and had his will been powerful enough. Was it by some such means, in some such conditions, that Lazarus was recalled? . . . When the spiritual connection—the cord of life—was severed . . . the features, which had shown lingering traces of the prolonged struggle, lost all look of pain, and there stole over them an expression of repose very beautiful and very touching to behold.

(To be continued.)

#### TOLSTOY ON THE ETERNAL TRUTHS OF RELIGION,

In his new edition of the 'Life of Tolstoy,' Mr. Aylmer Maude gives a translation of a letter, written by Tolstoy to a Japanese, in which he gives what were practically his final religious beliefs. He says:—

My supposition that you are acquainted with many religions makes it possible for me to answer your doubts in the most definite manner. My answer will consist in referring you to the eternal truths of religion: not of this or that religion, but of the one appropriate to all mankind, based—not on the authority of this or that founder: Buddha, Confucius, Lao-Tsze, Christ, or Mohammed—but on the indubitable nature of the truth that has been preached by all the great thinkers of the world, and that is now felt in the heart and accepted by the reason of every man who is not confused by false, perverted teachings.

The teaching, expressed by all the great sages of the world, the authors of the Vedas, Confucius, Lao-Tsze, Buddha, Christ, and Mohammed, as well as by the Greek and Roman sages—Marcus Aurelius, Socrates, and Epictetus—amounts to this: that the essence of human life is not the body, but is that spiritual element which exists in our bodies, in conditions of time and space incomprehensible, but of which man is vividly conscious, and which—though the body to which it is bound is continually changing and disintegrates at death—remains independent of time and space, and is therefore unchangeable. So what we call our life (and this is particularly clearly expressed in the real, unperverted teaching of Sakya Muni) is nothing but the ever greater and greater liberation of that spiritual element from the physical conditions in which it is confined, and the ever-increasing union, by means of love, of this spiritual element in oneself with the like spiritual element in other beings, and with that same spiritual element itself—which men call God. . . . I am convinced that religion—the very thing that gives man true welfare—is, in its perverted form, the chief source of man's sufferings. . . . There is but one means of improving human life in general: the ever-increasing elucidation and realisation of the one religious truth common to all men.

THERE is truth as well as wit in the following saying: 'Never talk about your ailments. You are only advertising yourself as damaged goods.'

#### LIFE BEYOND DEATH.

BY HENRY LLEWELLYN.

Spiritualism, rightly understood, meets the materialist on his own grounds, and makes him realise at once that it is not a philosophical abstraction, but a mere matter of evidence for a concrete fact. This is the reason why a Spiritualist everywhere 'knows what he believes,' whereas the average victim of the obscurantist creeds does not know what he believes, and is not quite sure what he is expected to believe. Indeed, I cannot help thinking that the average religious person is hopelessly at sea regarding the life beyond, because he robs the idea of everything this life offers as significant of it. He is the victim of a pitiable know-nothingness, because he refuses to shape his vision of the future life out of the fabric of his earthly experience, and therefore it is the work of an enlightened, progressive Spiritualism to lift the veil of superstition and darkness, and give him to understand that the unknown is only the farther side of the known, and that the contents of his present consciousness are typical, yea, prophetic, of all that the future holds for us.

If the spider can weave its web out of the tissues of its own body, why not the spirits weave their robes out of a more ethereal and more evolved organism? It is not necessary for me to remind your readers that every claim of the spirit world can be confirmed by analogous facts in the realm of observed science here and now.

Spiritual things are true enough, spiritually discerned, but no one knows where the spiritual, or the material, ends. They do not merely correspond, they are identical, as sight, sound, &c., are one in essence but dual only in their recognition. What if the ultimate fact at the bottom is not obscurantism, mysticism, Spiritualism, or materialism, as we know them as limited definitions, but etherealism with no conceivable limits, as solid as the rock at one point, and perhaps infinitely more rarefied than the ether!

The idealistic and the materialistic theories of a spirit world end, it appears to me, in a negation of thought; but the psychical—that is, the extra physical or the ethereal—meets the demands of experience and clear thinking, harmonising with the recognised law of the correlation of forces emerging out of the physical into the psychical, alike in the objects themselves and in the subject of their perception.

The writings of Fournier d'Albe, H. Franks, Du Prel, and C. C. Massey have contributed to a Spiritualism which has been well defined in 'LIGHT' as 'the New Materialism,' which speaks well for its future.

We can give Haeckel and the materialists all they ask for, and, out of it all, build as they want us to build, on the same principles even (without their dogmatic limitations), a grand, an eternal scheme of things that time cannot destroy.

We can beat them on their own ground, and confidently declare that the future is ours, as the past has been, and that all roads lead to Spiritualism.

Whilst substance *per se* is the same (identical) in both the spiritual and the material worlds, the degree of density is graduated to the evolution of the personality cognising them—an evolution both in subject and object exactly corresponding from the physical into the psychical, just as the material world has evolved and the brute passed into the human by a law correlating it to the advancing cosmic conditions.

The scientific theory of the correlation of forces lends itself directly to a theory of progressive etherealisation, establishes a law of unbroken continuity between subject and object, and answers the empirical demands of the intellect for a graduated ascent from the material to the spiritual, or, as Paul says, 'first the natural, then the spiritual,' thus saving us from an illusive idealism or a gross materialism by making a *via media* between the two and answering the logical demands of the age.

How true does it then appear 'that the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen by the things that are made.' I used to be told that heaven was the opposite of everything on earth, depriving me of the only symbols by which the thought was at all conceivable. How much better to have said, with Milton—

'What if Heaven is likest earth, but vaster?'

We should tell the man in the street, with his bricks-and-mortar philosophy, not that he sees wrongly, but that he does not see far enough, and remind him of what Jevons said in his 'Principles of Science':—

There might be here and now passing through us and this world some planet invisible to us, with mountains and oceans and rivers, lakes, cities, and inhabitants, and we not know anything of it at all.

How luminous is the statement of Dr. Carl du Prel:—

The Beyond is only the Beyond of our senses, it is the unknown *Here*. The line of division is not drawn spatially, but by the threshold of sensibility. The two worlds are not adjacent, but within one another, and existence in the Beyond does not follow existence here, but is contemporaneous with it.

It may even be that the spirit world itself is not merely correspondent with this, but even identical with it—perhaps the fairer, if the farther, side of it—and our loved and lost are their very selves, just as we knew them here, not merely something that corresponds to them. Let us keep our visions, but let us also materialise them enough to know, like Jacob, that they are real enough to wrestle with.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It is one of the amenities of Spiritualists—we had almost written amusements—to watch the transformation scenes in the so-called 'religious world'; and it is equally entertaining to watch the efforts of some to prevent these transformations. They remind us of the old story of the rustic who, in his distress and anxiety about the weather, tied the hand of the barometer to 'Set Fair.' But the weather had its way all the same.

Our veteran friend, Dr. J. M. Peebles, whose letters are always welcome, sends us, all the way from Los Angeles, California, a communication dealing with reincarnation. As the discussion of that subject in 'LIGHT' has closed, we are unable to do more than mention that the good doctor recommends Spiritualists and Theosophists alike to cease debating reincarnation, and give their time and thought to the study and elucidation of that broad, liberal, religious, and all-inclusive Spiritualism which was in the past radiated to earth through that biblical "cloud of witnesses" and still is radiated through seers, sages, and mediumistic sensitives of the present from God, who, in our humble opinion, is pure, omniscient, immutable, and infinite Spirit.

Although he is over ninety years of age, Dr. Peebles has been lecturing at camp meetings and congresses, is writing up the history of Spiritualism, ancient and modern, and conducting an extensive correspondence. He concludes his letter with the kindly greeting, 'Success to you and your good and grand weekly, "LIGHT."'

We have grown exceedingly tired of hearing the word 'vibration,' and observe with pleasure that a reviewer, writing in 'The Occult Review' for August, of a certain book dealing with 'Immortality' says: 'Needless to say that blessed word "vibration" is greatly in evidence: all self-respecting mystics and occultists should really take a vow to abstain from the use of this word for at least ten years. To call an unknown and unmeasured force a "vibration" adds nothing to our knowledge; it is one of those mystical explanations which, so far from being really profound, "have not got the length of being superficial."'

Referring to the fact that some of his hearers often feel that 'life seems devoid of God or gracious meaning because of its burden of sorrow,' the Rev. R. J. Campbell is reported in 'The Christian Commonwealth,' of the 2nd inst., to have said: 'I want any such who are present to know that they are not listening merely to man's wisdom, but to something higher. I could have handled this theme ["The Source of Good"] in quite a different way; I daresay a different mode of presenting it has occurred to some of you while I have been speaking; but it was impressed upon me to show you, if I could, the inevitableness of love's triumph, love's deity and infinitude, if only because love has ever shown itself in the world at all. So, believe me, your own love, your own yearning after good, your own discontent with and protest against the evil and sorrow of earth, is the best evidence you could possibly have that all the love, and all the good, and all the life, and all the joy you could ever think of or desire, and infinitely more, are reigning eternally in heaven.'

### 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 Opened Door.'

SIR,—When writing my article on 'The Opened Door,' page 351, I failed to point out that the letters of the bass clef, G, B, D, F, A, written in Mrs. Holland's script, suggest a play upon the word *key*. This was pointed out to me by a reader of that article, and has doubtless occurred to many others.—Yours, &c.,

H. A. DALLAS.

#### Seven Years' Platform Work.

SIR,—It seems hardly possible that seven years have sped their flight since, in August, 1904, my first service on the Spiritualist platform was noticed in the London daily and weekly Press. During that period, in no instance have I been kept from the fulfilment of an appointment through a cold or otherwise, although I have sometimes travelled home all night to attend to urgent matters. The provincial Press has been more than kind in its reproductions of my addresses, and very many old subscribers to, and readers of, my various publications have, at the close of my public services, all over the country given me most cordial receptions. My varied experiences in the inner circle of Spiritualism may later on appear in book form, but I may here say that silently, but surely, a grand and really solid work has been accomplished for the philosophy of spirit return by the old guard, who have toiled long and have endured much for the cause. My forty-six years' intimate association with the various orthodox churches, in their pulpits, and through my old journal, 'The Christian Age,' which reached a sale of eighty thousand copies weekly, gave me the opportunity of proclaiming the philosophy of spirit return from Biblical records, and not a few have thereby become truth-seekers. The publication of my two books, 'Talks with the Dead' and 'The Busy Life Beyond Death,' has resulted in a sale of ten thousand copies. I look back on the past seven years of my busy life with much thankfulness, but, of course, with much regret over errors of judgment, &c. Having now attained my seventy-second year (August 7th), although I never felt better in health in my life, I feel that not much more will be heard of me on the public platform. I have another book ready for the press, and will now await the call from the other side.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN LOHR.

August 7th, 1911.

#### The 'Newest' Science.

SIR,—It must be surprising to Spiritualists to be informed that Menticulture (Concentration of the Mind) is something new, as the public are being informed in this month's number of 'The London Magazine.'

As one who published a letter on the subject in 1906 (February 24th) in the 'Daily Mirror,' advocating it being taught in our public schools, I am amused at the impudence of those who call it 'New.' Why should Spiritualists, who have made use of this particular science for years, be denied the honour due to them? Apparently, being Spiritualists, anything they do *must* be wrong. Funny, isn't it?—Yours, &c.,

W. HARRADENCE.

[This subject has been dealt with more or less fully ever since the time of Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, and Epictetus. We have before us a work by Horace Fletcher, published in U.S.A. in 1898, copyrighted in 1897, entitled 'Menticulture: or the A-B-C of True Living.' In this country in 1895, Mr. Arthur Lovell published a work on mental and bodily vigour, entitled 'Ars Vivendi,' which was followed by one on 'Concentration.' Many other books of a similar character have appeared both in America and England. Very much of what is now called 'New' thought is, as a witty friend once said, 'only Emerson beaten out thin.' However, 'The Magic Staff,' given by the spirits to Andrew Jackson Davis, fully embodies the underlying principle of Menticulture, *viz*: 'Behold! Here is thy Magic Staff: Under all circumstances keep an even mind. Take it, try it, walk with it, talk with it, lean on it, believe in it forever.' So that if it became a question of 'honour where honour is due,' Mr. Harradence is not far wrong when he claims a share for Spiritualists.—ED. 'LIGHT.']

## Puzzling Experiences.

SIR,—I should be pleased if any reader of 'LIGHT' could give me an explanation of certain experiences for which I am quite unable to account. Repeatedly when I hear bells ringing I appear to be high above them, the sound coming up to me. I then seem, in a way, to communicate the sound to my physical self, or it travels like a triangle. Very often I soar right away in the spirit, or what appears to me my real self, quite easily and gracefully. I have a theory on this particular point that if we are our real selves it is easy to carry the physical body, but how far I do not know, nor what connection this may have with my experiences. Perhaps the body may have to be changed into a spiritual body.—Yours, &c.,

46, Hinckley-road, Leicester.

P. WAYS.

## Insanity and Obsession.

SIR,—In your 'Notes by the Way,' in issue of July 1st, you refer to Dr. Carl Wickland's theory that 'insanity in a majority of cases is obsession by malignant spirits of the dead.' The sainted Catherine of Siena (see Mrs. Josephine Butler's 'Life' of the Saint) on two or three authentic occasions was instrumental in healing insane persons. She had an intense horror of such unfortunates, believing that they were indeed the victims of obsession, and that the evil spirits could assail herself when exorcised. That she was clairvoyant and clairaudient one has no doubt on reading the various annals of her life. She proceeded to 'cast out devils' in the same way that Jesus did, praying first, and then, addressing them as personal entities, she bade them begone in the name of God. But to her it seemed a combat with the powers of darkness that left her physically spent and miserable. The cures, however, were absolute; the insanity never manifested again in the patient.

I firmly believe that Dr. Wickland is right, and that a great work of healing along these lines lies before Spiritualist healers, especially those with psychic gifts, who could see and recognise the obsessing spirits.

Your paper is a continual source of interest and profit to me, isolated as I am from all Spiritualistic sympathies.—Yours, &c.,

AN IRISH MANSE-LADY.

## Another Prophetic Vision Inexplicable by the Telepathic Hypothesis.

SIR,—Having just read in this issue of 'LIGHT,' in the present article on bilocation, the account of the prophetic visitation, or vision, recorded by Mr. Myers, I send you the following, which was told me a month or two ago by a friend who is Highland Scotch. For this, too, the telepathic hypothesis seems an impossible explanation.

The wife of the vicar whose church my friend with her husband attended, had been very ill for some considerable time and consequently, although there was a nurse to wait upon the invalid, the daughter had not felt able to leave her mother to go to the church services. But one Sunday morning, when my friend and her husband were in church, during the service she suddenly saw the vicar's daughter sitting in her accustomed place. Shortly afterwards she saw the nurse from the vicarage enter the church, go up to the vicar, and whisper to him. Then she heard the vicar announce that the service must be discontinued, as his wife was dying. My friend was sufficiently impressed by what she had thus seen and heard to suggest to her husband upon the conclusion of the service, that they should go round to the vicarage on their way home, to inquire for the invalid. She gave him no reason for this suggestion because of his disbelief in psychic experiences.

As he was willing to do so, they went to the vicarage. The daughter herself came to them to answer their inquiry, and told them that her mother was so much better that she quite hoped to be able to attend the service that evening.

My friend and her husband did not go to that service, but remained at home. In the course of the evening a near neighbour and friend called in to tell them—well, I need not repeat—just to give them an exact account of all the happenings of which my friend had had perception that morning.

I may mention that I know of other instances of my friend's participation in the gift of her race. Of one I gave an account in 'LIGHT' some years ago. Then she seemed to have impressed her power upon the clairvoyant medium, Mrs. Spring who, in consequence, was able to give her a wonderful sketch of some of the happenings of her life, beginning with her immediate future and continuing through several years. Most, if not all, of these prophecies have come true.—Yours, &c.,

August 5th.

MARY MACK WALL.

## Experiences with Mrs. Wriedt.

SIR,—By your courtesy I would like to pay a grateful tribute to Mr. W. T. Stead and Rear-Admiral Moore for the opportunity of making the acquaintance of this remarkable medium. All honour to them for their loyalty to the cause of truth, and for their courage in undertaking the financial responsibility of bringing her from America.

I attended two sances at Wimbledon, and was so impressed with the wonderful manifestations and the genuine sincerity of the medium that I invited her to my home, where for a week she has been a most interesting and welcome guest, and during which time I, along with several friends, have been privileged with six sittings. As a result, I must say that, although I am an old investigator, familiar with nearly every phase of mediumship, I never received such absolute satisfaction as these sances afforded me.

Some of my friends were simply dumbfounded. The evidence that the so-called dead had been holding intelligent converse with us, in clear audible voice, was so overwhelming that, as one of the sitters observed, 'it changed the whole aspect of his outlook.' I could well-nigh fill the columns of 'LIGHT' were I to relate all I have placed on record of these memorable sances, but I am debarred the pleasure of even an abbreviated account owing to the private nature of the communications. I will content myself with one significant remark addressed to me by my father: 'You have held the fort, you have kept the flag high and dry, go on!'

Our unseen visitors were very human, displaying a keen intellectual interest in material affairs. They inquired after friends by names known only to the recipient, sent loving messages, gave information of a personal character, reminded us of incidents that carried us back in memory to our earliest years, and revealed such an intimate knowledge of our private lives as to fill us with amazement.

I only wish that Mrs. Wriedt could be induced to prolong her stay in this country, for I am persuaded that thousands of earnest souls could obtain infinite consolation and be won over to the cause through her instrumentality.—Yours, &c.,

WALTER APLEYARD.

Endcliffe-crescent, Sheffield.

## SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, AUGUST 5th, &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. W. J. Colville gave an eloquent and instructive lecture on 'Clairvoyant Views of the Universal Races Congress and its Consequences.' Mrs. Leigh Hunt sang a solo. Mr. Leigh Hunt presided. Sunday next, see advt.—D. N.

SPIRITUAL MISSION: 67, George-street, W.—Mr. E. W. Beard gave addresses under control, in the morning on 'The Unfettering of Man,' and in the evening on 'A New Revelation.' Sunday next, see advt.—E. C. W.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—Mr. H. Boddington gave interesting and instructive addresses. Sunday next, addresses by Mr. E. W. Wallis: at 11.15 a.m., 'The Art of Living Well'; at 7 p.m., 'What Spirits Say about Themselves.' Tuesday at 8, and Wednesday at 3, Mrs. Clarke's open circle for clairvoyance. Thursday, at 8, members' circle.

ROYDON.—ELMWOOD HALL, ELMWOOD-ROAD, BROAD-GREEN.—Mr. T. Olman Todd's lectures were much appreciated. The concluding lectures will be delivered next Sunday at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m.

BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD.—HENLEY-STREET.—'A Practical and Spiritual Life' was portrayed by Mrs. A. Boddington. Sunday next, at 11.15, circle; 3, Lyceum; at 7, address by Mrs. Adams, clairvoyance by Mrs. Boddington. Thursday, August 17th, at 8.15, Mrs. Boddington.—N. S.

STRATFORD.—WORKMEN'S HALL, 27, ROMFORD-ROAD, E.—Mr. G. Tayer Gwinn gave an uplifting address on the 'Transfiguration of Jesus.' Solos were sweetly rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Alcock-Rush. Mr. E. P. Noall presided. Sunday next, Mr. H. J. Bowns, address.—W. H. S.

HIGHGATE.—GROVEDALE HALL, GROVEDALE-ROAD.—Morning, Mr. J. Abrahall spoke on 'Spiritual Origin and Spiritual Destiny'; Miss Jose gave convincing clairvoyant descriptions, Evening, Mrs. A. Beaurepaire gave an uplifting address on 'The Healing Power of the Living Christ,' followed by well-recognised clairvoyant descriptions. 2nd, Madam M. Scott gave good clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 and 7, Madam Scott, clairvoyance. Wednesday, Mr. W. R. Stebbens. 20th, at 11.15, Mrs. Mary Davies; at 7 p.m., Mrs. Podmore.—J. F.