

# Light:

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

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

The newspapers recently gave an account of the public examination of a solicitor who, as they put it, was 'Ruined by Ghosts!' He declared that his bankruptcy was largely due to his having lost money through investments made on the faith of mediumistic communications. So runs the story, so far as it can be understood from the published report. We are reminded of Mark Twain's conclusions after studying some statistics relating to the death rate. He found that a certain number of people died from street or railway accidents, and so many by drowning, but that the great majority died in their beds. And the moral was that we should shun 'those deadly beds!' Similarly for every person 'ruined by ghosts,' there must be many hundreds who are reduced to poverty by fellow creatures. Are we to shun those deadly fellow creatures?

In the course of some remarks on the late Florence Marryat, a writer in 'T.P.'s Weekly,' of the 1st inst., makes, incidentally, the following allusion to Spiritualists:—

... contrary, perhaps, to general opinion, the Spiritualists are, as a rule, highly critical and strongly biased in favour of exactitude and care in the investigation of their phenomena.

That is because earnest students and adherents of the movement have learned by experience the harm which is wrought by emotional zeal and laxity of method, whether in the observation of phenomena or the recording of them. As a faith, Spiritualism welcomes warm hearts, but as a science it calls for cool heads and precise minds.

We trust that the experiments with the Italian medium, Signora Lucia Sordi, will be continued until sufficient evidence is accumulated to invalidate the theory put forward by Dr. von Schrenck-Notzing, who suggests the possibility of the medium escaping from the cage in which she is confined by the prosaic method of pushing apart the wooden bars of the structure. He asserts that by experiment he proved the possibility of forcing the bars apart sufficiently to admit the passage of a wooden object as large as the medium's head. By a somewhat laboured argument he endeavours to show that this would imply the possibility of the medium squeezing her body through also. Anticipating the retort that this would prove her to be a remarkably clever gymnast, he alludes to the supernormal powers frequently found in conjunction with the somnambulistic state. Even an admission of the fact of her mediumship (says Dr. von Schrenck-Notzing, in effect), would not invalidate his theory regarding the method in which the escape from the cage might be accomplished,

We are certainly progressing. Of old it was the custom to deny mediumship altogether, and to attribute all physical phenomena to conscious and wilful trickery. We have ourselves witnessed many genuine physical manifestations which *could* have been produced by mundane methods, only we know that they were *not* so produced. But we would never attempt to convince any sceptical friend (who was not a witness of the occurrences) that such phenomena were of psychical origin. And that is the great difficulty in connection with these matters. If the manifestations could not have been produced by normal methods, then—they did not happen! If they could have been produced by such means, then—that is the explanation. While we quite agree with Dr. von Schrenck-Notzing's claim that all psychic phenomena should be subjected to the severest test and criticism, we feel with M. Marzorati that the publication of the article was premature—further investigation might have negatived Dr. von Schrenck-Notzing's conclusions. And then there is always the danger—we have seen it too frequently—of the effect of the attack on the medium. Genuine mediums are not so numerous that their services to psychic research can be lightly lost.

Readers of 'LIGHT' will doubtless remember a remarkable little book entitled, 'An Adventure,' issued some months ago. The authors, Elizabeth Morison and Frances Lamont (the names are admittedly pseudonyms) relate that while visiting Versailles, they explored the Petit Trianon and there saw various scenes, objects and people of the past—the period, in fact, being that of the French Revolution. Not until long afterwards did they ascertain this by inspecting pictures and records of the time. In the July number of 'The Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research,' Dr. Hyslop reviews the story, which he describes as being as 'romantic and incredible as any ever told in the annals of psychic research.' He is puzzled by one aspect of it. What were the figures—Marie Antoinette, the Comte de Vaudreuil and the rest—seen by the two ladies? 'Is the after-life but a dream of the past?' asks Dr. Hyslop, dealing with the matter from the standpoint of 'the average layman and Philistine.'

For our own part, we are disposed to accept the interpretation frequently given from spiritual sources regarding these visions of people long dead, who are seen to be pursuing the avocations they followed in earth-life, viz., that for the most part they are thought-forms projected on the consciousness of the seer. After all, we have many illustrations of the matter in clairvoyant descriptions. The carpenter appears in his working clothes, brings his saw and plane and sets to work on a plank; the artist comes with his easel and palette and appears to be engaged on a painting. The thing is just a mental picture, designed to establish the identity of the spirit by reproducing the conditions of his life on earth. Special cases may, of course, require special explanations, but the interpretation we have recorded above is, we think, the most usual and natural,

We are struck with the number of movements which are projected nowadays to cope with what are described as 'national evils,' or 'gigantic vices,' while in the majority of cases the mischief lies not in the things denounced but merely in their excess or perversion. Even the murderer is exercising a faculty—destructiveness—which if turned in the right direction, viz., the breaking down of barriers to progress or the conquering of difficulties, would be of immense advantage to the race. Here we have, for example, Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert, in a religious paper, denouncing Spiritualism as a 'gigantic evil,' which he describes as 'ruining countless souls.' His letter, with its lurid language and reckless mis-statements, is an example of the violent exaggeration which defeats its own ends, so that we are not greatly concerned to controvert it. There are evils of misdirection and excess in all phases of human life, and it is a wise and useful work to correct these faults. Wholesale and indiscriminate abuse is the mark of the feeble and immature critic. Besides, there is a pithy proverb about 'glass houses' which Mr. Raupert would do well to remember.

We take the following suggestive passage from an article, 'A Study in Karma' by Mrs. Besant, in the August number of 'The Theosophist':—

Even in the lower worlds where the measures of time are so different from each other, we catch a glimpse of the increasing limitations of denser matter. Mozart tells us of a state of consciousness in which he received a musical composition as a single impression, although in his waking consciousness he could only produce that single impression in a succession of notes. Or again, we may look at a picture, and receive a single mental impression—a landscape, a battle; but an ant crawling over that picture would see no whole, only successive impressions from the parts travelled over.

The quotation reminds us indirectly of the many instances of 'direct writing' in which whole pages of closely-written script were produced in a few seconds (Mrs. Everitt's mediumship afforded notable examples of this). Such things suggest something akin to the reception of a musical composition as a single impression, although occurring as a physical instead of a mental phenomenon.

We cull the following from a leading article in 'The Times.' It is a sharp rebuke to those who, for example, value a beautiful work of art either because it is antique or because it is worth so much money. But it has an all-round application. After saying that 'a man whose main object is worldly success has all his experience coloured and perverted by that object,' the writer utters the following momentous piece of wisdom:—

It is one of the chief symptoms of feebleness and bewilderment and a faint experience of life to value everything in terms of something else. To great artists, as to all great men, there are absolute values, and their art itself has absolute value because it expresses and communicates these.

In a recent issue of 'The Progressive Thinker' an observant writer offers a theory to explain the conflicting and inconclusive statements so frequently received from spirits communicating through a medium. In his view a communicating spirit controlling a medium is 'in the same state that it was before it left its physical body in the earth life.' As a result, the spirit is subject to all the limitations of the earth condition, and, when describing scenes in the spirit world, describes them just as his fancy had pictured them while yet in the physical body. There is certainly a great deal that lends support to the idea, but unfortunately (or fortunately) it does not cover the whole ground. What of those cases in which the returning spirit

expresses surprise (sometimes, it may be, disappointment) at finding the life beyond so different from what he had imagined it before passing over?

Our own view of the matter is that while the theory referred to may account, in part, for the defects of communication, they are due quite as much to the mental conditions of the medium and sitters. How often it has been observed that a communicator from beyond echoes obediently the prepossessions and opinions of the persons present, or endorses some pet notion of the medium! Yet, as we know by long experience, given favourable conditions, a highly trained medium and a powerful control, the communications take an independent form, often running counter to the views of both mediums and sitters. Nevertheless, even in these cases we have the limitations imposed by a physical environment. However graphic the language employed by the spirit operator, he must perforce describe the spirit world in terms of matter. At the best it is a case of seeing 'through a glass darkly.'

In 'Science and the Key of Life' (Vol. II.) we read:—

Physiological science reveals that for weakness or defect in one organ, Nature provides abnormal development of others which fortifies against loss of vitality. Also that some of the most powerful human frames are not symmetrical in form.

This is a principle that applies also to the mental region where a deficiency of resolution may be counterbalanced by a full development of 'continuity,' or a lack of self-esteem by strong 'approbateness.' But even more remarkable, to our thinking, is the way in which Nature sometimes imparts to a delicate, sensitive frame a degree of vitality and endurance for which many an athlete would barter half his strength.

#### SPIRITUAL PRAYERS.

(From many Shrines.)

Our Father, we thank Thee for all the simple happinesses and everyday blessings of life, and for all the riches we enjoy day by day—the things which no money can buy. We thank Thee for all the true friendship that has come into our life, for the sweet communion of human heart with human heart. We thank Thee, those of us who have them, for the blessing of home and all the spiritual uplift and fellowship there. We thank Thee for such influences in our life as help to make us better men and better women, and for the example and influence of good lives which are an inspiration and an incentive to high endeavour. And though we have not always been faithful to the heavenly vision we rejoice that it has never been entirely removed. Forgive, we beseech Thee, all our worldliness, hardness of heart, our running after the things of the flesh, forgetfulness of higher revelations, disloyalty to the best we have seen. Forgive the selfishness of our joys as well as the selfishness of our sorrows, and forbid that we should utter these words lightly and carelessly. Take from our hearts all that hinders the coming of Thy spirit within us revealing Thy love. Grant that everyone of us may now put himself into Thy hands and rise as Thou wouldst have us rise into higher service, and enter into nobler regions of thought and feeling and achievement. Amen.

#### LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

We have pleasure in announcing that arrangements have been made with Mr. Percy R. Street to attend the rooms at 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m., for diagnosis by a spirit control, magnetic healing, and delineations from the personal aura. For full particulars see the advertisement supplement.

## TEST SEANCES WITH MR. CHARLES BAILEY, OF AUSTRALIA.

BY A. WALLACE, M.D.

In 'LIGHT' of June 3rd last (p. 263), I made a short statement regarding the first séance given by Mr. Charles Bailey after his arrival in England. On that occasion there was an entire absence of test conditions, and therefore the result was quite inconclusive so far as forming an opinion in regard to his alleged powers as an 'apport' medium.

A test meeting was arranged, and Mrs. Foster-Turner, under whose auspices Mr. Bailey came to London, kindly instructed me to form a committee of responsible individuals to investigate under conditions to be mutually arranged. On the evening of July 6th I invited a selected circle, the majority being medical men who were in sympathy with spiritual science. There were also present two well-known members of the Society for Psychical Research, a friend of mine who is a distinguished conjurer, another friend who is a professor of Oriental languages, the editor of a psychical magazine and my son. There was also present, by invitation of Mrs. Foster-Turner, a well-known occult student, with whom I have formerly had psychic experiments. I was thoroughly satisfied with the *bona-fides* of the entire circle. Mrs. Foster-Turner and Mr. Abbott were also members of the circle; as, however, the meeting took place in their rooms, to avoid any question of confederacy, they were so placed as to be under complete control. A cage cabinet, somewhat resembling the one in the office of 'LIGHT,' was used, after it had been critically examined by members of the committee. Three members of the circle, including myself, and also Mr. Abbott, took Mr. Bailey to another room, and there he divested himself of all his clothing. Outwardly there was not any indication of any article—certainly no living creature—being secreted in his clothes or on his person in skin-coloured plastrons or sheaths. He replaced his clothing, including his boots, and was led back to the séance room and securely locked in the cabinet.

After several 'controls' had spoken, sometimes with a slight slip in grammar, one, purporting to be a Hindu, 'took possession,' who made a salaam, but when addressed in Hindustani by the professor, he immediately subsided into broken English, and seemed not to understand his native language, which was rather strange. The room was dimly lighted by an electric lamp covered with red material. When the light was extinguished, and after an interval of complete darkness, during which singing took place, what was stated to be a bird's nest was seen in the medium's hand. He was said to be under control of 'Dr. Whitcombe,' who, unfortunately, tore the nest asunder, so that it had little resemblance to a perfectly formed nest when afterwards examined outside of the cabinet. It consists of a strand of palm fibres measuring about twelve inches long, apparently doubled on itself with a few small pieces of what appear to be fine cotton fibres. Two small eggs were also produced, one resembling a blackbird's, and a much smaller one somewhat like a sparrow's, but these were broken by the control when placing them in the palm of the hand of one of the committee. These two eggs, when placed together, would occupy a cubic space of about an inch and an eighth. Thereafter the medium was said to be much exhausted. While the members of the circle were discussing the results obtained, with the possible explanation, and wishing to put one or two questions to the medium, as well as to examine his boots more thoroughly, we found that he had quickly left the house, thus seeming not to enter into the scientific spirit of our investigations—to 'prove all things.' As a consequence, the general opinion of the committee was unfavourable. Of course, in such investigations the conclusion arrived at must always bear a relation to the completeness of the examination of the medium and the precautions taken; and before believing that such productions are true 'apports,' conveyed by supernormal means, all normal methods must be excluded. After such an examination as we made, had a small bird or live fish been produced, as related in 'Rigid Tests of the Occult,' Melbourne, 1904, the verdict might have been different.

In spite of our disappointment Mr. 'Wortley,' one of the

members of the Society for Psychical Research, and I resolved to further investigate Mr. Bailey, without submitting him to any severe or objectionable examination. It was arranged to hold another meeting, at which the medium would be completely enveloped in a bag of mosquito-net material fixed over his head, and not at his neck, which is quite inefficient as a test condition. If any apport appeared outside of this and inside the locked cage, properly guarded, without any rupture of the net, then we would be satisfied. I am glad to say that Mr. Bailey willingly agreed to this arrangement.

On July 27th we sat under these conditions, my friend Mr. 'Wortley' guarding the door of the cage. Nothing happened of a physical description, the complaint being made by the control, 'Dr. Whitcombe,' that there was too much material close to the medium's head. We resolved to remedy this, and at a meeting which took place the next evening (July 28th) we fixed up the inner net at the four corners of the cabinet, so that the medium could stand erect. During a period of complete darkness two small birds appeared between the net and the cabinet. At a previous sitting the Hindu 'control' had asked for a pot of earth and a basin of water in the hope of producing a growing plant or a live fish. On this occasion we had provided these articles. The 'control,' seeing them within the cabinet, asked what they were, and when reminded of the request previously made a great altercation arose, as if the control was quarrelling with someone. We unfortunately had not with us the Oriental professor, so we could not understand the Hindustani supposed to be spoken. The medium was at this time standing, and suddenly toppled over, and in falling tore the inner network, although I had carefully warned 'Dr. Whitcombe' that if the inner net was not intact the result would be vitiated.

We observed a large rent forming in the anterior surface as he fell, but at the upper anterior right-hand corner there was a double imperfection, whether produced during the fall or not we could not say. The question whether the birds were true 'apports' or not is left unsolved. My verdict is the truly Scotch one of 'not proven'; others might give a more definite one.

To avoid being called upon to answer the question—'How were the birds produced if not by supernormal means?' let me say that I have seen a much larger bird concealed on the person of an imitator of supernormal phenomena who had been examined by several persons without detecting it. It depends on how the bird is treated and how it is held in its hiding-place with extended legs.

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THE letters on telepathy in the 'Daily News,' prior to the Blackburn-Smith episode, were more than usually interesting. While some narrated personal experiences, spontaneous or experimental, others gave explanations of the *modus operandi* for experimental investigation, while one at least propounded a theory purporting to account for the phenomena. A 'Manchester correspondent' related some successful experiments which were conducted at his own home by the late Mr. Edward Ward, one of the founders of the Manchester Microscopical Society, with Miss Lillian Bibby, then eleven years of age. Although her eyes were covered with small linen bags, containing damp tea leaves, which were held in position by a band round her forehead, over which a folded cloth or handkerchief was tied round her head, she was able to play whist, and at the end of the game it was found that the whole of her thirteen cards had been played without error. When one of the players won a trick by trumping it, she at once laughingly said, 'He has trumped it.' The child having been taken out of the room, Professor Balfour Stuart selected letters and arranged them so as to spell 'rose' on a board with two ledges. On being placed before the easel Lillian quickly picked out the required letters and placed them in fairly good order on the second ledge, and then arranged them until they were an exact copy, and immediately under the word above. Professor Stuart silently substituted a 'y' for the 'e,' and as soon as it was pointed out to her that a change had been made, Lillian took down the 'e,' searched for and found a 'y,' and completed her word. From the description given, it is difficult to tell whether this was a case of clairvoyance, or, if telepathy, who transmitted the thoughts. Other experiments, as described, seem to indicate clairvoyant power rather than thought-transference.

## PREMONITIONS AND TELEPATHY IN DREAMS.

A paper read by MISS GERALDINE DE ROBECK, on February 9th, 1911, at a Meeting of the Dublin Society for Psychical Research, PROFESSOR W. F. BARRETT in the chair.

(Continued from page 430.)

Neither my sister nor her husband had ever been to America, nor had I ever been interested in that continent, except as being the home of Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman. Of legends in connection with it I knew nothing, neither did my sister's family. They lived first in Montreal for a while, and then I heard of their having moved to a little place called Port Daniel, near Gaspé, on the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, a very rough spot, I was given to understand—a few houses of wood, newly built, nothing like ruins or old buildings suggesting ghosts, nothing at all to put bogey ideas into the heads of either grown-up people or children. At first my sister wrote in raptures about the wildness of the coast, the splendid sea, the Northern lights, the gorgeous effects of sunrise and sunset, moonlight nights and terrors of the storm. She was enchanted with the place, and said all were happy. Somewhere about December of last year—I write in 1910—I began to have most disturbed nights. I repeatedly dreamt about my sister's children—that they were having nightmares and were terrified, that the little boy (Hastings) had taken to walking in his sleep, and that they found their quiet little house was haunted. I suffered very much from these alarming dreams, and was also much bored; they seemed so stupid and meaningless. If I remember rightly, it was in January that I heard from my sister that they had discovered that the house was haunted, that the little boy—asleep, but with his eyes wide with terror—had frightened them all by flying downstairs at night, screaming out that he saw people. The little girl (Olivia) had seen faces of hungry starving people, my sister had seen lights and heard sounds, and her husband had also heard unaccountable sounds. There were old tales, folk-tales, my sister said, about the coast—tales of shipwrecked crews, of lights seen at sea, of phantom ships and wreckers. All the coast was haunted with horror.

On getting my sister's letter I was much interested, and sent to the London library for a book—now out of print—called 'Legends of the Sea,' by Basset, and looked up 'Legends of the St. Lawrence.' Here I found weird allusions to the lights seen on the rocks near Gaspé—strange tales of the sea, indeed, which I passed on to my sister. She then made further inquiries, and by good fortune happened upon a book called 'Legends of the St. Lawrence,' which contained many interesting notes in connection with old wrecks and stories of pirates and starving crews. I must tell you that Port Daniel is a mere village; it probably did not exist at all some years back—certainly did not do so in the days of the wreckers who robbed the bodies of the early settlers thrown up on that coast. This is what my sister, in answer to my questions, tells me about the hauntings at their house:—

Hauntings at Mr. Nadeau's house, Port Daniel East, Gaspé Peninsula, Canada.

Beneath the house was a sandy cellar, reached by a trap-door in kitchen floor.

The sounds—footsteps in kitchen and shed, in dining-room, &c., tappings at windows of bedrooms, attempts to open kitchen door (when shed-door had been closed), sound of men's and women's voices heard wailing, groaning and calling for help from the sea—heard most distinctly from little boy's room—have been heard by my sister, her two elder children in particular, and other members of the family repeatedly, and, as a rule, from 9 p.m. till 2 or 3 a.m.

The figure of a man in sea-boots and coat was seen by my sister from the window of the little girl's (Olivia) room on several occasions, and she went downstairs to look for him; he was lurking near the shed apparently. The green, swollen faces of men and women were seen at the window of the little boy's room both by Hastings himself and his sister Olivia. It was because of the faces seen at the window that Hastings so often rushed downstairs to his mother, crying. These figures and faces were always seen at the same hour—9.30 p.m.—and principally on dark, misty nights.

These are the stories about the house that my sister was

eventually told, but only towards the end of her stay at Port Daniel, long after my dreams and the experiences of the children and herself.

The house at Port Daniel was built on the sand where some sixty or seventy bodies of men and women were buried after having been washed up by the tide. These people were drowned in the wreck of the steamer 'Coleburn,' which ill-fated ship was lured to destruction by wreckers on a misty night. Only one man was saved. It is supposed that the rest were either washed up as corpses or killed by the wreckers; all were robbed. Looking over some old letters of my sister's, I find that she had more to say about this haunted coast than I could at first recollect. I will quote from these letters fragments that may be of interest:—

Many thanks for the cuttings from the 'Sea Legends.' They refer to what I read in 'The Chronicles of the St. Lawrence,' by Lemoine. Did I ever tell you about the phantom sleigh-bells? One night I heard sleigh-bells passing the house, so fast that the horses must have been going at full gallop. There was a sound of voices, just the sound of these bells, as if a long string of sleighs were following each other as fast as the wind. It was bright moonlight, and winter. If Jackie (the baby) had not been cuddling in my arms, I should have jumped up and tried to see out of the window, but the windows were frozen so hard that it would have been impossible to see out of them. When I mentioned this afterwards to our servant-girl, she got very red, and said that these sleigh-bells have been heard by several people; but no one has ever been able to see anything, with the exception of one man, living in a house not far from ours, who declares that when he looked out he saw men in sleighs and on horseback, dressed in strange clothes, such as are not worn these days. Most of the men also had beards, whereas the average Canadian is clean-shaven. Most of them carried spears and M. [my sister's husband] told me that when he used to walk up to, and back from, the railway shed [the New Canadian Company were then constructing a branch railway to Gaspé from Port Daniel] at night, along that lonely road, with the sea on one side and trees on either side, and, also, when he took the short cut through the railway cutting a little further from the sea between high banks, he could swear that he had been followed by someone. Sometimes merely by a light, at others by a figure; he did not at all like it. [My brother-in-law maintains a sceptical attitude with regard to all abnormal phenomena, I must tell you.] He also admitted to Olivia [the eldest girl] that at the end he was not sleeping at all at Port Daniel, but used to sit up at night with a light watching, as he could not at all understand the sounds he heard. If ever you do carry out your intention of writing on the subject of the supernatural, why do you not suggest that it would be well worth while for the S.P.R. to investigate the subject of hauntings on this coast? It is a common report that, as soon as a house is built there, something comes into it. Also there is at a place further along the coast, called Perce, a tale of white spirits seen floating over the waters at night. The mountains of St. Anne, close to Gaspé, are also full of stories. M. told me that oddly there is one place, just where they are constructing the line now, where something always happens when they try to bring the trains over the line for trial trips, to see if it is safe. Two accidents happened while we were at Port Daniel, and always at the same spot. Some of the old inhabitants declare that no line will ever get through, as it is not intended to. To give the coast a fair trial, the searchers after experiences should go in the autumn and stay until the end of February. Port Daniel, or Perce, would make the best headquarters, and some of the party should be proficient in French, so as to be able to chatter to the French Canadians. I think if I had not been so tied by the family I should have had some more experiences.

I should here relate a strange experience which I once had in connection with thought-transference. I was staying in London at the time and my sister was also in town, but we were not living in the same house. I was in Trebovir-road and she was in Eardley-crescent, a few streets separating us. All our letters used to be forwarded to me, and I passed them on to her. She was particularly anxious to get a certain letter containing a draft for some moneys due to her, and we had been watching the posts eagerly. One night a large sealed envelope was handed to me just as she and I had parted for the night—we used to spend the evenings together, as a rule—and I was in despair because it was too late for me to run round to her with the precious document. I took it up to my room, and when I got into bed I did my best, mentally, to convey to her that the expected document had arrived. I imagined myself walking downstairs, along part

of Warwick-road, and up Eardley-crescent, until I found myself in her room, and there I fell asleep, my message on my phantom lips. The following morning I tore round as fast as I could to her lodgings, and bounced into her room, shouting out, 'It has come!' She cried out almost at the same moment, 'I knew it had come last night. Give me the letter, quick!' I cannot now quite recall whether it was in a dream or when still awake that the information was conveyed to her, but the fact remains that on that morning I brought her no news, having telepathically set her mind at rest the night before.

(To be continued.)

## SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OF AN AMATEUR HEALER.

By G. W. MAKIN.

The following account of some of my experiences as an amateur healer may be of interest to the readers of 'LIGHT' and be of service as a sequel to the incidents already related on pages 387 and 400.

Two ladies, Mrs. P., who suffered from goitre, and Mrs. K., who complained of difficulty in breathing, were repeatedly put into the mesmeric sleep by me and treated alternately while they were in that state. Mr. P., who was always present, had a lame ankle, the result of an accident. I could not put him to sleep in the ordinary way and had to act suddenly and unexpectedly before I succeeded. Both ladies were clairvoyant and clairaudient while in the magnetic sleep.

On many occasions Mrs. P. would enjoy the company of her arisen child. She would embrace and kiss him and ask her husband to do so also, saying that the little one had his arms round his father's neck, &c. Unfortunately, the father was not clairvoyant: nevertheless he would go down on his knees beside his wife and together they were happy with the boy. To the mother, the child seemed as real as though he was in a physical body, but, from her description, far more beautiful. Sometimes there would be described as with him a little dark-complexioned girl, named 'Violet,' who was said to be in the same group, or school, as the boy, whose teacher, 'Starlight' (the ethereal name of my arisen son, who was a minister in earth life) had sent them. Sometimes 'Starlight' was described as with them here. 'Violet' was fond of bringing flowers. One day I told Mrs. P. to ask for some to take home. She spread out her knees and had to say 'Stop!' as it seemed to her that the flowers were overflowing her lap on to the floor, even when she tried to prevent them by her bent arms. She dilated upon their fragrance. When she returned to her normal state, she was greatly disappointed at not finding an immense quantity of violets, but said, 'Never mind, I have seen "Sid,"' her boy.

Both patients being mesmerically asleep, one laid on a couch, the other seated in a chair, I often tested them, asking if both could see and hear alike. Sometimes they could not unless I took a hand of each; then they could. Mrs. P. often said, 'My grandmother is here' (she had passed on many years ago), and that she wanted to take Mrs. P. to see her spirit home. I often allowed her to go on condition that she would promise to come back immediately when I called her. I impressed on her to remember where she had been, what she had seen, and to whom she had spoken, and tell me all about it when she awoke. After the lapse of a minute or so I would speak to her, but obtained no answer. Her breathing was very meagre, her pulse slow, and her limbs apparently useless; her hands would remain hanging if taken off the lap, the head remaining wherever placed. Her husband was very nervous and fearful lest she should not return.

On one occasion, to verify her absence, I asked Mrs. K. where her friend was. She replied, 'I don't know.' This seemed strange, because she saw me put her to sleep; furthermore, she was lying alongside the chair on which her friend was sitting. I took Mrs. K.'s hand and placed it on her friend's knee, and again asked. She again said, 'I don't know.' I asked, 'Whose knee are you touching?' She replied, 'Mrs. P.'s dead body! She is not there.' Mr. P., in a moment, was on his knees by his wife's side, begging her to speak one word to him. I made him resume his seat, and commanded Mrs. K. to go and find her friend, and come back the moment I required her. Like her

friend, in a minute, she was 'non est,' limp, useless. Shortly she returned and said she had been to Seacombe, passed many people going over the bridges (at the docks), but had failed to locate her friend. I again commanded her to go and find the missing one. After a few minutes she returned, as though she had been hurrying, and said that Mrs. P. was sitting talking to some relations and past earth friends, but would take no notice of her. She reiterated the caution, 'If you do not fetch her back soon, you will never get her back.'

Another scene with the husband followed. However, I kept as cool as possible, and commanded Mrs. P. to return at once, but there was no response. I made several urgent demands, but without avail. Things were getting serious, so I took both her hands in mine, gripped my nails into her palms strongly, gave them a good shaking, and at the same time commanded, in a loud voice, 'Come back at once!' At this she did come back, but complained that I was most unkind to disturb her whilst she was so happy and comfortable. As she had not obeyed me nor kept her promise, I told her I was seriously thinking about not letting her go away again. She begged of me not to take that course, and declared that she would never disobey again. The husband rejoiced as though she had been raised from the dead. I was thankful on my own account, as I had had no experience to guide me. Mrs. K., when she returned, was indignant with Mrs. P. at the slight offered by her not speaking. On waking out of the mesmeric sleep, both ladies were unconscious of the difficulty experienced, except that Mrs. K. remonstrated about the slight. Mrs. P., however, was not aware of it. Both mentioned the same names of the persons to whom Mrs. P. was talking. The latter gave a delightful description of where she had been, and she expressed her pleasure at having seen her arisen relations and friends. When I told her that she had experienced 'dying,' she replied, 'What! Is dying like that?' I said 'Yes.' She remarked, 'Then I am ready any minute.'

Whilst making full-length 'passes' over Mrs. K., she said, 'My aunt Bridget is here.' I asked, 'Is she bright (or good)?' She replied, 'Yes.' 'Then,' I said, 'give her my welcome, and ask if I am doing right.' She waited a short time and then said, 'My aunt says you are not doing the work correctly.' 'Oh!' I replied, 'ask her for instructions.' After a little delay I was told to make passes without contact, and in specified directions. I asked, 'Is there a reason for that?' and was told that there was a reason, but no further explanation was given. The course suggested was followed, and Mrs. K. got rapidly well. My wife ascertained, privately, from Mrs. K., the nature of her ailment; the passes suggested were quite adapted to the ailment. Mrs. K. had not cared to mention to me anything but her breathing. Both Mrs. P. and Mrs. K. said they could not sing (normally), but to break the monotony while they were in their sleep, I got them to sing 'The Holy City,' which they did very creditably. When they had finished they both asked if I could hear some beautiful music and singing from an arisen choir? I had to confess that I had eyes and saw not; ears, and heard not. Sometimes, other members of my family, besides friends, would come into the room, but the sleepers failed to see them, unless at my request each one in turn approached within a foot of me and placed a hand upon my shoulder. As they did so they were observed by the sleepers until the contact was broken. When this took place they were no longer seen, although still in the room. On another occasion when I had given Mrs. P. permission to travel, she returned, in a very short time, panting, as though she had been racing, and exclaimed, 'I have found it out.' In reply to my inquiry what it was that she had found out, she said, 'I have often wondered how I could leave my body and return to it.' She explained that, after leaving her body, she looked back to see where it was, and observed 'a white filmy cord attached to her.' The moment she saw it, she was back again in her body. Is this the meaning of the phrase in Ecclesiastes xii., 'Or ever the silver cord be loosed'?

(To be continued.)

NEXT WEEK we shall give Count Solovovo's reply to the article which appeared on page 415 with reference to Mr. Stainton Moses.



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### IN SEARCH OF THE SOUL.

We remember reading many years ago a thrilling story of a sailing ship that on a voyage to America was becalmed for so long that the supply of drinking water ran out, and by the time the wind enabled the vessel to resume its voyage all on board were suffering agonies of thirst. They were in the last extremities when another vessel was sighted. Seeing their signals of distress, the second ship approached and inquired how it could assist them.

'We are dying of thirst. Send us some water,' was the frantic appeal in reply. 'Dip it up,' came the answer from the other vessel, which then resumed its course in an apparently heartless fashion, leaving the distressed mariners bewildered and indignant. Finally a quick-witted sailor let down a bucket over the side and drew it up full of fresh water! They were near the mouth of one of the great American rivers which displace the salt water for many miles—and had drinking water all round them!

This pleasant and suggestive little anecdote recurred to us recently while listening to the argument of a materialistic thinker who expressed a willingness to receive evidence of a spiritual world—if it could be furnished. He did not want to be a materialist, he explained pathetically. He was so by necessity rather than choice. He was really anxious for more light on the mystery of existence. Let someone show him a phenomenon which he could not explain on a physical hypothesis, and he would be grateful. He had heard much from people who had seen marvels, but none ever came his way. So he had to be content with the normal world, which, after all, was governed by law and reason, and was an intelligible world where things proceeded on an orderly basis. That, he feared, was more than could be said of the fantastic regions into which Spiritualists and Theosophists had penetrated. Still, he was open to conviction. 'Dip it up!' we said laconically, and when he looked perplexed we narrated the little 'yarn' with which we commenced this article.

It is, indeed, wonderful how many otherwise acute intellects go through life without seeing how essentially spiritual this so-called material world really is. They talk of the reliability and invariableness of material laws, as something on which they can rest securely, and yet all the time their ideas on these questions are being rudely shocked. Even the most materialistic medical man, for instance, can tell of patients who do not die, when by all he knows of physical laws they ought to do so, and of people who persist in thinking and reasoning when their brains have been so injured or diseased as to render thinking impossible, if the 'laws of Nature' would only behave themselves! Many thoughtful Spiritualists could show our materialist friend hosts of spiritual marvels without once taking him to a spirit circle. They could prove to him that in many instances what he fondly calls the laws of Nature do not obey the rules of the game (as he understands it). Given certain factors, he tells you such and

such a result can always be confidently predicated. And he is right, so long as he confines his argument to the lower forces. Two parts of hydrogen and one of oxygen will always result in the production of water. It is when he gets into the human world that his reasoning will be constantly set at naught, for here he is dealing with a world of higher laws and forces, many of them not yet understood even by advanced psychologists. So that the position of a materialist anxious to be convinced, who wanders amongst his fellow men demanding evidences of a spiritual world is really a droll one. Possibly he cannot appreciate the evidences because they are all around him in such multitudes. 'One cannot see the wood for trees,' is a pithy piece of proverbial wisdom that applies shrewdly to such cases.

The true philosopher knows that the mere raising of the hand is a spiritual phenomenon, while the exercise of the mental powers entails the use of spiritual laws and forces so exalted and complex that the levitation of material objects at a séance by psychic power is utterly dwarfed as a marvel by comparison. He knows, too, that the reason the materialist is so constantly baffled and perplexed when he applies his physical-law system to human life is that in the human realm higher spiritual laws are transcending the lower ones to an ever-increasing degree. Those spiritual laws seem to some of us strangely capricious and unstable in their action, but on deeper observation they are seen to be, if it were possible, more unalterable and unchanging than even the physical laws to which the materialist pins his faith.

But why is it that the materialist cannot see all this—or at least some of it? How is it that his demand to see a spiritual phenomenon implies the expectation of something abnormal, as though nothing normal and natural could by any possibility be spiritual? Well, it has been the custom to blame Science in this matter, but we think the real offender is that false system of theological thinking that utterly divorced the two worlds and made the human being and the human spirit two entirely distinct entities. And really it is almost comical to think that materialistic science, with its boast of having thrown off the shackles of theology, should still be so much under its influence.

But the awakening is coming slowly but surely. One of these days the few survivors of the materialistic school will realise with a start that they were using spiritual powers to deny the very existence of those powers, and looking curiously for some hint or evidence of spiritual phenomena in a world simply full of them.

Still we have no quarrel with the scientific materialist. We are quite content to wait for him, and we remember, too, that he is a thinker, however short-sighted and misdirected may be his perceptions.

No, the materialists for whom we feel most concern are not those of the intellectual variety, but those who are submerged mind and soul in the material side of things. They belong to no school of thought, not being thinkers. They have no vision and go through the world 'hugging their bodies round them,' for the life of the body is the only life they know or care for. In his fine sonnet, 'The Street,' Lowell spoke of them in burning words:—

Lo! how they wander round the world, their grave,  
Whose ever gaping maw by such is fed,  
Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,  
'We only truly live, but ye are dead.'  
Alas! poor fools, the anointed eye may trace  
A dead soul's epitaph in every face.

But even for these there is hope, although the awakening will be a tragic and painful one.

## THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. ETTA WRIEDT.

BY EDITH K. HARPER.

Mrs. Etta Wriedt, of Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A., arrived on her first visit to England last May, as the guest of Mr. W. T. Stead at 'Julia's' Bureau. Her reputation as a marvellous medium for 'the materialisation of voices,' as she herself describes her gift, had already preceded her through a series of articles by Vice-Admiral W. Osborne Moore, entitled, 'The Voices' (to which the reader is referred), which appeared in successive numbers of 'LIGHT,' from April 22nd to May 20th of the present year, and the psychic world of London awaited with deep interest her arrival. Would the psychic power—that force so delicate, subtle and mysterious, by which the Silence speaks—survive the long journey, the change of climate, the strange environment, the absence from home and kindred? 'Julia' had already predicted with confidence that such would be the case. The real point at issue, said Mr. Stead, was not the testing of Mrs. Wriedt by us, but the testing of us by Mrs. Wriedt! Were we psychically as capable to receive as she was to give?

It was immediately found that Mrs. Wriedt was able, with perfect ease, to exercise her gift in the harmonious atmosphere of her new surroundings, a quiet country house surrounded by trees and flowers, where sunshine and fresh air abounded. Not only so, but she is adaptability itself and has in every respect a well-balanced personality, entirely natural and normal in her daily life, without 'fads' either in diet or habits, and absolutely independent of the rigid 'conditions' by which sittings are usually restricted, and which one had come to regard as quite inviolable, as much so, indeed, as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The arrangement and number of the sitters, their places in the circle, the breaking of the circle to admit a late arrival, even the time of the commencement of the sitting—none of these details seemed to matter in the least to this amazingly passive and flexible human instrument for the intercommunication of the two worlds. A dark room, an aluminium trumpet, and, if possible, a few fresh flowers, are all she asks. She is never entranced, but converses freely with the other sitters, and observes the phenomena with as much interest as any other member of the circle. We have heard her talking, even arguing, with some spirit-voice with whose utterances she did not agree.

We had in all forty-four circle sittings. The private sittings numbered considerably more, and Mrs. Wriedt's total number of sitters amounted to several hundred. The circles took place, with very few exceptions, every evening except Sunday, Wednesday being always reserved for the weekly meeting of 'Julia's' private circle, in which Mrs. Wriedt, of course, took part. A careful record has been kept of the evening meetings, at which a shorthand stenographer was always present. Looking backward over those memorable weeks the most noteworthy features of the séances are found to have been: (1) Two, three, and even four spirit-voices talking simultaneously to different sitters. (2) Messages given in foreign languages and dialects—French, German, Italian, Spanish, Norwegian, and others—with which the medium was quite unacquainted. On one occasion a Norwegian lady present (well known in the world of politics and literature) was addressed in Norwegian by a man's voice, claiming to be that of her brother and giving the name P. She conversed with him, and was overcome with joy at the correct proofs he gave her of his identity and of his conscious life and continued work in the world of 'many mansions.' Another time a voice spoke in voluble Spanish, addressing itself to a lady in the circle, a stranger, whom none of the other sitters knew to be acquainted with that language, but who thereupon entered into a fluent conversation in Spanish with the spirit, to the latter's evident satisfaction. (3) Flowers taken from the vases and placed in the hands of sitters at different parts of the room, once or twice a vase containing flowers being placed in someone's hands. (4) The sitters touched by invisible fingers, hair stroked, hands or face patted, and very frequently rapped by the trumpet as though to recall wandering attention or to urge a hesitating person to answer when spoken to. (5) The appearance in our midst of luminous etherealised forms, visible to everyone, which

glided rather than walked, and often waved or bowed a greeting to members of the circle, by whom they were recognised or for whom they came. Of these forms the faces were seldom clearly visible to everyone. Clairvoyants were quite able to describe minutely the features, hair, and general appearance, even to the design like 'embroidery' on the beautiful transparent white draperies; but generally the face was half-concealed in a misty white aura, and the whole form with its flowing robes resembled a column of bright, yet soft and silvery, light, whiter than moonlight, but no less ethereal. These forms were, of course, not solid to our physical touch, but after their appearance and disappearance the voice of 'Dr. Sharp,' Mrs. Wriedt's guide, or of 'John King,' presiding genius of all forms of materialisation, would often be heard giving the spirit friend's name, or mentioning the name of the particular sitter for whom the visitant had come. It is impossible to describe the effect of the appearance of those radiant beings, who seemed to bring with them something of the 'diviner air' in which they dwell.

Often the form was that of a little child, who ran forward into the circle and gazed wonderingly around as though as much amazed as we were, and then ran hurriedly back again into the safety of the spirit land.

Another interesting manifestation was the frequent sound of singing through the trumpet, sometimes alone, sometimes joining when the circle sang in unison, and sometimes singing with some particular sitter. Once, for instance, a lady recognised her father's voice singing his favourite song, and, she then joining, the two voices finished the melody together. This happened also in the case of another lady, an operatic singer, who was present one evening, and whose husband, recently passed over, had possessed a fine tenor voice. This lady, feeling impressed to sing, began, in Italian, the opening bars of the duet, 'Home to our Mountains,' from 'Il Trovatore,' and was instantly joined by an unmistakable tenor voice from the trumpet, which, she assured us, rendered the male part absolutely note for note as her husband had sung it with her, even to certain characteristic phrasings and modulations peculiarly his own.

Another frequent manifestation was a luminous round disc like the full moon, and nearly as bright, which would hover round the circle and pause sometimes for a few seconds in the centre. Often the sitters were lightly sprinkled with drops of water, and very frequently a current of cold air would play perceptibly over us.

Many 'physical phenomena' occurred at different times, such as the moving of heavy articles from place to place, books, chairs, &c. Twice a chair was lifted over the heads of the sitters and dropped with a bang into the middle of the circle. Mrs. Wriedt said that these happenings were not a characteristic of her own séances at home. 'John King' claimed the responsibility for them here. These physical phenomena did not occur at every séance, nor did the etherealisations, nor the singing. Indeed, every sitting differed markedly from the rest, and as everybody declared with truth, 'You never knew what would happen next.' It was a common occurrence to hear two spirit voices in conversation together, the urbane and sonorous utterance of 'Dr. Sharp' and the familiar deep-toned voice of 'John King' being more than once distinctly audible discussing the pros and cons of some suggested form of manifestation.

It has often been asked, 'Why must the room be in darkness?' Darkness is necessary in order to see the etherealised forms, which would be invisible in the light, as the stars in the sky are invisible in the daytime. That darkness is not necessary in order to hear the voices has, however, been proved here many a time and oft. The trumpet has frequently been brought down from the sacred precincts of the séance-room into the ordinary mundane conditions of the drawing-room at tea-time, and Mrs. Wriedt being engaged in needlework or conversation, the familiar voice known to us as 'John King's' has talked clearly and audibly, as also have the voices of others, 'loved long since and lost awhile,' but unmistakable to the two who listened.

When the emotions are touched and the inner voice of instinctive certainty confirms the careful observation of less anxiously interested but more strictly scientific inquirers, it is difficult not to overstrain the bounds of enthusiasm in writing of this wonderful manifestation of a power new to the ordinary

run of humankind. Equally one might fill many pages in giving detail after detail of the results obtained in private, when the attention was entirely focussed on one or two persons whose friends could communicate with them at greater ease than in the presence of a gathering of strangers, however sympathetic.

A word concerning the wonderful 'instrument' herself. Although this is her first visit to 'the old country,' Mrs. Wriedt has been for thirty years a medium and is well known and highly respected in her native land. Her family and home surroundings were in no way psychic, and she had to endure a good deal of scolding from her practical and uncomprehending mother, when first as a child of eight her dawning powers of clairaudience and clairvoyance began to assert themselves. Though born in America Mrs. Wriedt is proud of her Welsh descent from a family that has lived for generations upon its native soil of Cardiganshire. On returning home at the close of her visit she carries with her, in addition to many tangible expressions of goodwill, the gratitude and affectionate wishes of the many from whom she has lifted the burden of grief and despair, and for whom through her mediumship it has been granted once more to feel 'the touch of a vanished hand' and to hear 'the sound of a voice that is still.'

### THE SYMBOL OF THE CROSS.

BY W. H. EVANS.

The beauty of symbols lies in the fact that many lessons can be combined in one form. In early days the natural mode of written expression was by picture writing, which gradually gave place to signs expressive of the advancing thought and evolving consciousness of man. In the realm of religion there are certain symbols common to nearly all systems, from which it would seem that they all have a common origin. It matters not, for our purpose, whether the origin be assigned to the solar myths or to the needs and soul-yearnings of humanity; certain it is that the sun and the stars which shine in the purple dome of night could have no message to any but beings who were capable of exercising thought and imagination. The mythopœic faculty of man is, after all, but an expression of consciousness, and man's consciousness may well be but a finite manifestation of a vaster consciousness, which is also expressed in sun and star. This being so, the story of the passage of the sun through the signs of the Zodiac may well be an eternal prophecy of man himself, who, in a spiritual sense, is truly a sun of righteousness when the divine within him is kindled into a glow of living flame.

The sign of the cross has for the Christian a particular sacredness. It is the symbol at once of sorrow and joy, of death and victory, and the thought is well worth following out even on the usual orthodox lines. For those gifted with the open vision many of the crudities of Christian dogma possess a glory and beauty which even the most zealous believer does not see. But I wish to put down a few thoughts of my own—not very new, perhaps, yet conveying, it may be, a suggestion which will be helpful to some.

The cross is generally presented standing upright on three steps, but I feel strongly impressed that there should be a fourth, because the four-sided figure is expressive of the four states of Being. In the evolutionary sense the four steps would be representative of the four kingdoms—mineral, fish, vegetable, and animal—also of four states of consciousness. If we consider evolution from the subjective side we see the outflow of divine energy expressed in an ascending scale. In the mineral, life is embodied in such a low state that it has been termed the inorganic kingdom. Certainly, a few years ago no one would have thought that there was life in the mineral, yet since life is omnipresent it must be there! The holding together of matter, in whatever form, may, for aught we know, be due to some form or degree of consciousness, without which the varied expressions in the mineral kingdom may be impossible. What is the differentiating power that out of one primeval substance has produced such different minerals as gold, iron, tin, &c.? Who can tell? That power may well be a directed power, and that, of course, implies a mind to direct.

But how suggestive is the story of evolution when considered in the light which Spiritualism gives, instead of as the interplay of unintelligent forces, whose results, although in harmony with the concept of law, were yet thought to be the outcome of a fortuitous combination of circumstances. Well may the Spiritualist linger over the wonderful story. Each kingdom, be it the mineral, the fish, the vegetable, or the animal, represents a vast laboratory wherein the grade of consciousness peculiar to that kingdom patiently elaborates and refines the material with which it works, fitting it for the mighty crescendo of Being. Step by step through the varied kingdoms has spirit ascended, each form of life expression serving in turn as a laboratory to work out the invisible will of the Cosmic Mind, until at last the divine man, self-conscious and progressive, grows out of the last step. So is man linked to the kingdoms beneath him. In his form he carries the marks of his relationships. Without the labour of the humbler organisms he could not have been. Every minute cell is a builder in the mighty scheme of life, and everywhere in Nature we behold these cells busily engaged, working towards the kingdom of the divine.

None can view with more joy than the Spiritualist the great promise contained in this story of evolution. The varied adaptations of means to ends, the glorious beauty and symmetry of form, call forth the admiration of the materialist, but how dimmed must grow his vision when he reflects that all this is but the outcome of blind forces, which will as blindly level all in the dust, and that man, whose mighty intellect perceives and traces the marvellous process, shall likewise sink beyond the horizon of the known to the great oblivion.

The symbol of the cross is representative of man placed on the apex of the pyramid of life. All forces of being converge in him, and his arms outstretched are linked to the mighty chain of the vast invisible, peopled with beings like unto himself, who, having accomplished the journey of earth life, are now in that advanced state of existence called by us the spirit world. But truly all worlds are spirit worlds. All worlds are the workshops of the Divine. In all worlds the mighty forces go to express the Divine idea. Through patient suffering and fiery trial, so well expressed in the symbol of the cross, is the Divine man perfected. He has descended into the nether kingdoms and has worked through them by herculean labours; but other tasks await him. Bestial passions and fierce brute desires have to be transmuted into refined spiritual forces that he may be fitted for angelic companionship.

The cross, far from being a symbol of shame, is a symbol of spiritual glory, since no soul can gain perfection without the purgatorial trial of Gethsemane and the crucifixion. The events narrated in the Gospels have more than a mere historic interest. In their mystic sense we gather the inner truth relating to ourselves. The birth of the Divine One, symbolised in the birth of Jesus, must take place in the soul before one can enter into the realisation and power of the Christ consciousness. The infant Christ must be born in the cave of a man's heart.

Beautiful, indeed, is that spiritual experience which has come to some wherein they behold in the midst of their being a sun of transcendent loveliness. In their moments of calm meditation they have seen, with the spiritual vision, a dove come out of the heavens and nestle in their breast, bringing with it that divine peace which passeth the understanding of the outer world. Having reached this stage, they look within, and lo, they find that all is one. Although in the outward world all is diversity and confusion, they recognise the purity and divine image of God in their fellow men. With a song in their hearts and led by the light of the spirit they take up the cross gladly, willing to suffer the world's contumely and neglect so that the 'Christ within be lifted up.' Then, in this spirit, they turn the other cheek to the smiter, throw arms of love about those who would spitefully use them, gaze beyond the face distorted with passion and behold the divine image beneath, the brother Christ. Through fiery temptation, through a world of misunderstanding they advance until the crucifixion looms before them, the inevitable trial of all souls, where the last enemy, Death, shall be swallowed up in victory. Fierce desires will assail them, the seductions of the world will lure, but their eyes have seen the



glory of the Lord, and they know that within the soul is the divine pearl of great price.

Taking up the cross they walk the valley of shadow, enduring the ordeal of Golgotha, and ascending at last in clouds of glory, having attained to the perfection of the Christ and become lords in their own dominions. The four states of consciousness, symbolised in the four steps and the four points of the cross, are now harmonised within them. Each spirit is truly one with the whole, having attained the perfect life wherein the octaves of being sound in sublime harmony. The transforming power of the spirit takes them far beyond the mere intellectualism of the world. They have looked within and there found the cross, the crown, the divine light and glory of the Christ.

### COMFORTING SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

#### STRIKING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM.

As the writer of the following interesting account of 'personal experiences in Spiritualism' occupies a high official position on the other side of the Atlantic he stipulates that his name and address shall not be published. He vouches for the entire accuracy of his statements, and our readers may rest assured that we are satisfied that his narrative is a *bonâ fide* setting forth of facts as they appealed to him. Our contributor is well known to us and is one of the oldest subscribers to 'LIGHT.'

(Continued from page 418.)

In the early autumn of 1906 Paul's attention was called to an article by the Rev. B. F. Austin, of Rochester, New York State, describing a séance in Toledo, Ohio, the medium being Joseph Jonson, of that city. This article appeared in 'Reason' for the preceding August. The simple narrative of the manifestations of that evening, the deep impression produced on the writer by the character of the medium, the genuineness of the whole proceedings, the identification and perfect materialisation of the spirits manifesting—greatly interested Paul. He consequently resolved to visit Mr. Jonson at an early date. In November he visited Toledo, and his first séance with the Jonsons took place on the evening of the 14th. Their séance room, on the second floor of their residence, has been fully described in 'LIGHT' (page 254, 1909) by Vice-Admiral W. Osborne Moore, and it will be seen that it affords no facility whatever for fraud or the introduction of spurious spirit forms.

As an account of the proceedings of an ordinary séance at the Jonsons' has also been given *in extenso* by the Admiral I will confine myself to a few observations and incidents special to Paul's own experiences. The Jonsons proved themselves to be genial, well-informed people of the middle class. Joseph Jonson's occupation is that of a house-painter and decorator. He has never counted on his mediumship as a source of income (this is much to his praise), although all those attending his séance contribute the sum of one dollar (four shillings). During his séances Jonson as frequently sits in front of the cabinet as inside. Or later in the evening, if it is found by his controls that his powers are waning, they, materialised or invisible, conduct him within the cabinet without awakening him from his trance, and there he remains until the controls declare the séance ended. Mrs. Jonson is always present to assist her husband if necessary and to introduce new and inexperienced spirit-forms to their friends in the circle. She is herself, independently of her husband, a powerful trumpet medium, but when he is present, and to a certain extent assisting her, the phenomena are stronger. Frequently highly luminous etherealised forms appear. Paul's account in his journal is as follows:—

November 14th, 1906.—My first séance with the Jonsons. They impressed me most favourably by their simple, frank and genial manners. We were but three male sitters, my two colleagues appeared to be old *habitués* and personal friends of the Jonsons. At eight sharp we entered the séance room, Jonson in his shirt sleeves, and no shirt collar on, so that his breathing might be as free as possible during trance. As a new comer I was invited to examine the cabinet minutely. I found it to be a triangular space in the corner of the room about 6 by 8 by 9 feet, cut off from the body of a room, fully 20 by 20 feet, by a curtain of dark cloth, rising to between six and seven feet above the floor—a blind corner offering no access to the interior except through the curtain directly in front of the sitters. Within

there was a comfortable easy chair for the medium, a small drum or tambourine and a diminutive musical box. A nightlight was lighted and the electric light extinguished. We three sitters sat in a row in front of a fold in the curtain which could be parted when required. Mrs. Jonson sat on our right and her daughter, a girl of eighteen, was on our left; her function was to manipulate and renew the records in a small gramophone and assist in hymn singing from time to time. The light, sufficient to read watch time, was veiled at times by a shutter under the control of the guides within the cabinet. We recited aloud the Lord's Prayer and began 'Lead, Kindly Light,' but had hardly finished a verse when a small white form parted the curtains, peeped out a few moments and retired like a shy child would. However, on Mrs. Jonson greeting her as 'Kitty,' the visitor reappeared, walked in front of the sitters and welcomed them heartily. To me she said: 'Good evening, Mr. Paul, I am real glad to see you; your friends are all here too, and they're awful glad you've come.'

Before going further, I must tell my readers something of 'Kitty,' 'Viola,' 'Grey Feather' and 'Tim O'Toole,' in the order of their activities and prominence as cabinet controls, or mediums on the spirit side of life, who produce the most interesting manifestations with the physical forces supplied by Mr. and Mrs. Jonson and the sitters at their séances. 'Kitty' has assisted Mr. Jonson for about fifteen or eighteen years. She just presented herself one day as a rather undeveloped, unenlightened spirit, and remained attached to him ever since. Her short earthly career as well as her work in the cabinet are equally remarkable.

Born of dissolute, worthless—perhaps criminal—parents, a waif of the slums and streets of New York, clad in shreds of clothing from the dust and refuse heaps, she eked out a miserable existence by dancing for pennies when grinding organs gathered a few children together, by selling papers, and by other more or less reputable means; her home was any backyard doorstep or shed she could crawl into. One stormy winter's night she was received in a nameless home for such as she, but her carousing associates pushed her out into the street. She wandered into a back yard, where she found an empty goods box. In this she huddled herself, covered with her scanty rags. Benumbed with cold, half-starved, she fell asleep—her last sleep. The following day a little frozen corpse, covered with drifted snow and ice, was found in the goods box, and was removed to the morgue. A coroner's inquest, a quick verdict—*found dead*, name unknown, unclaimed, the morgue undertaker's scanty dressing of the little body, a plain box, potter's field, these are 'Kitty's' recollections of her earth-life. How different her career as a spirit! What treasures of happiness, of joy, of hope, of spiritual insight this poor waif has been instrumental in bringing to many in the past, and will continue to bring for years to come, I hope! On one occasion she said to Paul: 'You do not see me as I am, for I am now grown up and educated; but it is easier for me to come to you as I was in earth-life—my clothes were miserable rags—those the undertaker put on my body for burial were the finest I ever had, therefore I wear them now.' And in these same clothes she has appeared for years. A snapshot photograph of 'Kitty' taken during a séance a few years ago (1905) was enlarged to life-size and exhibited in the 'Exposition Universelle' at Brussels last year with other so-called spirit photographs supplied by the Belgian Spiritist Society. In this picture and at all séances she appears as a child of nine or ten. Under a thick shock of black matted hair is a remarkably intelligent and pretty face, thin and pale; eyes dark and very expressive. Her garment consists of a white 'nighty,' falling barely to the knees. Her legs and feet are covered with coarse white cotton stockings, loose-fitting and wrinkled, for her limbs are very thin. A lady once gave her a cheap lace tippet and blue glass necklet; these she wears occasionally, dematerialising and rematerialising them every time. She is fond of and accepts flowers, and sometimes a box of sweets, which disappear with her, though what use she can make of the latter it is hard to surmise. She is a particularly vivacious little creature, very fond of jokes and puns. She is naturally a great favourite at these séances. She is usually the first to appear, but during the last couple of years she has not been so frequently seen, although her voice, engaged in laughable altercations with 'Viola' or 'Tim,' often enough makes itself heard—probably purposely, in order to vary the rate of vibrations.

(To be continued.)

## WHY DOES SPIRITUALISM DISAPPOINT SO MANY?

Which of us has not felt disappointed in our experiments in Spiritualism? Where do we place the cause of disappointment? Most of us in the mediums. Where should we place it? In ourselves. Here is the whole crux of the matter. Human nature is the same as when the world began. And as Adam was pleased to blame the woman—and indirectly the God who gave her—(I always notice that little mean touch—‘the woman whom Thou gavest me’) so do we, disappointed in our pursuits to-day, take pleasure in blaming anything and everything but ourselves.

The beauty, or the reverse, of Spiritualism lies in ourselves. We plunge into its mysteries with a fervid zeal, expecting it to make a new heaven and a new earth for us. So it will; but we must put ourselves into it. What we put into it, that we get out of it. If we rush into Spiritualism and expect it to give us a great deal while we give it nothing we shall be disappointed. If we give idle curiosity we get back idle curiosity; if we go to it for mere mundane matters, we get mere mundane matters; or if our spirit friends want to lead us to a higher plane, we probably get nothing at all, and go away and blame the medium. The medium gets the onus of everything. Nobody considers that the spirit people may be purposely withholding things from her (or him). People go away, saying, ‘He (or she, as the case may be) is no good.’ This lays mediums open to an unfair temptation—the temptation to give something whether they get it or not. Then they are called charlatans. I do not say for a moment there are not charlatans among them—people who have so little of the gift of mediumship that they have no business to practise—but my own experience has been that the majority are gifted men and women, anxious to give the best they can. I think I have been singularly fortunate in this way. I do not recall a single case of a medium trying to impose on me. Human nature is human nature, of course, and if you are gullible you will always find people to gull you. It is not to this class of disappointed person that I wish to speak. I wish to speak to those who are genuinely anxious to prove to themselves whether Spiritualism is a great truth or a great fraud—it must be one or the other—and whether, presuming it to be truth, it is of any practical use to them. Will it make life less sorrowful? I could add to this one question a dozen others, but in this one question everything is comprised. Will it make life less sorrowful? Yes, because it will teach us to obey impressions that will save us from disasters—spiritual, physical, and financial—and, more than all, because it takes the sting from death.

It is the latter hope that most people are longing to have corroborated. The longing to prove that there is no death drags most people into the controversy, and it is just along this very line that proof is most difficult.

To those who, like myself, are neither clairvoyant nor clairaudient the only means of communication is through a medium until they are satisfied. Afterwards, when the gate has been opened for the spirit friends and for ourselves, it is possible for each one to get manifestations—nothing compared to those of the mediums, perhaps, but something of which he can say ‘A poor thing, but mine own.’ It is impossible to exaggerate the infinite joy of this to each individual soul. It does more towards persuading one of the actual truth than anything else can do. All the wonderful proofs of spirit return that mediums have been able to give become from that moment our own, linked to us by the personal touch that the soul has so longed for. When we reach this stage, disappointment is no longer possible. But so many may turn away long before they reach it. Their disappointment is intense, but that of their spirit friends is far intenser. It is as if the one you love gazed into your eyes and turned away, saying, ‘I know not the man.’ The cruelty of the verdict to both sides is heartbreaking.

When I began my investigations I was fortunate in finding a medium of great power, who was able to give me marvellous proofs of the identity of the friends who spoke through her. It did not mean very much to me then, never having lost anyone who was dear to me, but I have no hesitation in saying that it

subsequently changed the whole complexion of my life. I am one of those (to use a common expression) who put all their eggs in one basket. It is a common saying that grief never kills, but I sometimes think that without this wonderful truth of Spiritualism it would have killed me. As it is, I have never had to bear the grief of loss, because I have never been separated from those I love—spirit companionship is such a living, ever-present reality to me.

I could have written all this ten years ago, but I preferred to wait. Would the wonderful glory and freshness of it wear away with time? Time has answered me. Hence this article. Let me try to help others to hold what is so beautiful to me.

S. B. J.

(To be continued).

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## APPARITION OF A DOG.

‘The Animals’ Guardian’ recently reprinted several stories of apparitions of animals contributed to ‘The National Review’ by Captain E. T. Humphries, who had collected them in the course of his travels in many lands. Their general character may be judged from the following, which the captain states was narrated to him by a friend and his wife, whose statements he has no reason to doubt:—

When resident in South Africa, their bungalow was situated close to the railway, from which the garden was only fenced off by a dwarf wall. At this time they owned a fine mastiff dog which, owing to its perfect manners, was allowed to roam about. Unfortunately one evening, having strayed on to the line, and stepping out of the way of one engine it was run over and killed by another. Some months afterwards the engine-drivers of two evening trains always gave prolonged whistles with their engines. This was very annoying to the dog’s late owner; the wife, too, was in delicate health and often lying down about that time. The husband waylaid one of the drivers after duty one evening and asked if the whistling was really necessary, as there were not any signals in view. The man at first resented being questioned upon the subject, but upon the plea of the wife’s illness the request was further pressed. The man then suggested that the writer’s friend had the remedy in his own hands, as the whistling was only done to prevent his dog being run over, for he was often trespassing on the line, and never moved unless so warned, when he usually passed off over the low wall already spoken of. The description given of the offending dog agreed in every detail with the one that was run over. This apparition continued for some months at frequent intervals.

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Probably there are many metropolitan readers of ‘LIGHT’ who have little idea of the extent to which Spiritualism has permeated and become an integral part of the life of the people in our Northern towns, especially in Lancashire and Yorkshire. This fact is well illustrated in ‘The Messenger and Monthly Plan,’ the organ of the Yorkshire County Union of Spiritualists and Spiritualist Societies, of which Mr. J. W. Hayward is president. This ‘Messenger’ gives the speakers’ plan for September of some fifty societies (ten of which own the buildings in which they meet), the name and address of each society, and of its secretary, the appointments of the speakers for the different services, and also a list of names and addresses of upwards of sixty speakers in membership with the Union. The Union holds monthly conferences and carries on its work in a thoroughly business-like way. Truly, in these Northern centres Spiritualism is the religion of everyday life.

There seems to be a difficulty in some minds respecting what it is that Spiritualism stands for. Certain persons who are quite prepared to admit that the survival of man after bodily death has been demonstrated are not prepared to affirm human immortality—in the sense of never-ending life. Now, as we understand it, Spiritualism stands for continued conscious existence after the incident of death. We recognise the futility of affirming Immortality, in the sense of everlasting conscious personal existence, because such affirmation pre-supposes all-knowledge. But surely, survival of death being admitted, it is but a natural inference that self-consciousness will continue to persist—to deepen, intensify, and become more inclusive and comprehending rather than less so. Surely, a spiritual conception of the realities of existence lifts us to a plane beyond what we think of as time and eternity, to that realisation, known as Cosmic Consciousness, which is at once the assurance and guarantee of eternal life.

For some years past the iron ore industry in the Furness mining district has been in a state of decadence, but it is said that owing to the success which has attended some divining operations recently carried out by Mr. Lincoln Toothill and Mr. H. Chappel, there is now great hope of its revival. Reports from Barrow state that many sceptics have been converted by the proved existence of large bodies of the metal in places indicated by the divining rod, and that the diviners expect to be able to show before long that there are even larger deposits than have hitherto been worked in the district.

Mr. T. O. Todd is untiring. We understand that he has never had a holiday for twenty years, but that he has resolved this year to take one of ten days, and has gone down to Exeter to enjoy it. This is Mr. Todd's notion of 'enjoying' a holiday: He will give a series of five lectures on 'Nature's Divine Revelation of the Pathway to Immortality' at the Exeter Spiritualists' Church, Marlborough Hall, Bullmeadow-road, Holloway-street, on Sunday next, at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.; Friday, the 22nd, at 8; and Sunday, the 24th, at 11 and 6.30. On Monday, the 25th, at 8 p.m., he will lecture at Teignmouth in the Assembly Rooms, London Hotel, on 'Hand-in-Hand with the Angel World.'

In the September number of 'The Literary Guide' the fact is mentioned that Messrs. Watts and Co., the publishers of Rationalistic literature, are about to publish Vice-Admiral W. Osborne Moore's book, 'Glimpses of the Next State.' It is accompanied by the following amusing 'caution': 'We need hardly caution our readers not to assume that Messrs. Watts have been coquetting with the "spirits." They have consented to be responsible as publishers for Vice-Admiral Moore's forthcoming work because of the great respect they entertain for that gentleman. His literary qualifications are unquestioned, and the public must decide as to the validity or otherwise of the extraordinary communications which he claims to have had with "the spirits of the other world." Why should they be so afraid?

The Psycho-Therapeutic Society has just published its report and financial statement for the year ending June 30th, 1911, being the tenth since the society's foundation in 1901-2. In the first year of its existence the society attended to fifteen patients, to whom it gave a hundred free treatments. Last year, we learn, the number of patients was five hundred and fifty-seven and the number of treatments given was three thousand eight hundred and two. The receipts during the year amounted to £505 12s. 7d. and the expenditure to £478 12s., leaving a balance at the bankers of £27 0s. 7d. Against this, however, has to be set liabilities for rent, printing, stationery, &c., amounting to £83 8s. Indeed, the report remarks that the only disappointing features about the past year are the lack of increase of membership and the insufficiency of the income to meet the expenditure. If the executive can rely upon the sympathetic co-operation of the members, it is proposed to organise public meetings during the coming winter with a view to bringing the society and its work before the notice of the public generally.

Many good people are horrified at Spiritualism. They think that they believe that 'the thing God doeth He doeth for ever'; that He is unchanging; 'no respecter of persons'; that 'your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams'; that 'these signs shall follow them that believe'; that the promise holds good—'seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you'; that it is necessary to cultivate spiritual gifts, and 'covet earnestly the best gifts'; that ministering spirits—'a cloud of witnesses'—encompass us round about; that God is more ready to give than we are to desire; that 'the providence of God is over all His works,' and 'that which hath been shall be,' yet they refuse to be persuaded that God still permits spirit guidance, ministry, and companionship, inspiration and blessing, even when testimony of truthful, reputable, and scientific witnesses is presented to them. Is it not true that having Moses and the prophets and the New Testament, they should be the first to be persuaded to seek the evidence, to welcome the glad tidings of life after death?

IN our next issue we shall give particulars of the arrangements of the London Spiritualist Alliance from October to Christmas.

MRS. PLACE-VEARY, of Leicester, informs us that as she has decided to visit Johannesburg, South Africa, on the pressing invitation of the Jeppestown and Fordsburg societies, and will sail on the 20th inst., she is compelled to cancel all her engagements in this country up to, and including, July of next year.

## 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.*

### Mrs. Besant's Attitude towards Spiritualism.

SIR,—Since the discussion was started in your columns as to Mrs. Besant's exact attitude towards Spiritualism, and treated somewhat as a matter of paramount importance, I have wondered frequently that no one should have taken up the common-sense point of view, shown by 'C.N.R.' and also by Mr. W. Cooper Lissenden, in 'LIGHT' of the 2nd inst. After all, it is not primarily a question of what Mrs. Besant thinks of spiritual phenomena but a question as to whether these spiritual phenomena do or do not take place. We do not ask even our most cherished teacher if it be inherently impossible for us to see a man or a motor in the street. We use our eyes and are forced to accept their evidence. Such evidence may not be perfect but it is certainly more reasonably credible than any evidence that may come to us at second-hand.

I am sure we all have an extreme and ungrudging respect for Mrs. Besant's earnestness and sincerity, and a great admiration for her powers of oratory and strong personal magnetism, both of which are such valuable assets in her propaganda. But some of us are old enough to remember the days when her strong convictions were equally strong in a diametrically opposite direction, and when her eloquence was enlisted with great success in problems of a very different nature. Some of us also have traced her *theosophical evolution* since those days with ever increasing sympathy, as she has turned her face towards the light. A widening thought and increasingly sympathetic attitude towards those who do not see eye to eye with her, have been the result of her individual and gradual reception of the Love principle of the universe. But Mrs. Besant cannot reasonably be supposed to have an immunity from ordinary psychological laws and their consequences, any more than other people.

When the Theosophists of twenty-five years ago insisted so strongly upon the 'shell' theory and the deceptive appearances of everything seen on the astral planes (dwelling very justifiably on the creative power of thought) they omitted to leave loopholes for their own psychical evolution, which has since taken place; as has also been the case as regards the Society for Psychical Research. The same thing has happened in the two societies. Each has been carried forward by the *scientific trend* of the last ten years or more. Each in turn, through its most prominent members, has personally investigated the claims for materialisation, spirit-photography, spirit communications, &c. Mr. Sinnett, Mrs. Annie Besant, Mr. Everard Feilding, Miss Alice Johnson, and many other prominent inquirers in both societies, have thrown away previous prejudices and have investigated at the fountain head now that science has at last woken up and bestirred herself.

The verdict now is reversed, or at least profoundly modified. Not 'Shells' *pur et simple*—not 'astral plane delusions' alone—nor mediumistic frauds alone. The modern verdict is 'These things are possible; they may even be useful in cases of obstinate and confirmed materialism; but they are generally undesirable.' The theosophical rider may be put into six words. 'Often genuine—occasionally useful—but dangerous.' So is fire dangerous if we use it to burn our house down instead of to warm it.

Each society expects genial and whole-hearted recognition of its present attitude, and this is just what it cannot always command; for in either case the critical pronouncements of the past have been two-edged and cut both ways. The S.P.R. presents us with a series of interesting but sometimes obscure and involved cross-correspondences, and is met by the suggestion that its own experiments may be covered by the thought-transference whose extended and apparently unlimited possibilities were formerly so eagerly suggested as a full and satisfactory explanation of similar experiments; made by other people. Mrs. Besant (and others of her way of thinking) are probably equally surprised when 'hoist with their own petard.'

When Mrs. Besant gave her most interesting lecture on 'The Three Worlds in which we Live' to the London Spiritualist Alliance, she told us of a very interesting and suggestive conversation which she had held with Mr. Bradlaugh on the other side of life. He could not deny having got so far, but asserted his conviction that *there was no hereafter to his present standpoint!* Just what one could imagine Mr. Bradlaugh would say! But if a 'Spiritualist' had given this experience, he would doubtless have been warned that it was quite untrustworthy, being of necessity connected with the astral planes. (Probably he had created a thought image of Bradlaugh, and unconsciously supplied from his own mental store-house the words so suggestive of the Bradlaugh personality.)

The proof of the pudding must always remain in the eating, and we shall be sensible people if we eat our pudding and say grace after it. If we wait to ask Theosophists—Hindus or Mohammedans—whether the pudding really exists or is merely a thought creation of the brain—well, we shall certainly lose the pudding, and, if logical, we may even end by persuading ourselves that *we* also are but thought creations—for *anything we can absolutely prove to the contrary*.—Yours, &c.,

E. KATHARINE BATES.

Southbourne-on-Sea.

#### Counterparts ?

SIR,—A correspondent, on page 419, asks for the truth about 'Counterparts,' to which I should like to add 'if there is any.' Another question arises—*viz.*, 'What does it matter?' Suppose it be true that the primal soul is a unit, and that it somehow, somewhen, and somewhere splits into halves, which halves become respectively male and female when expressed in material bodies, by what right does anyone assume that those two alone, among the countless hosts of human beings, are 'affinities,' and must come together again, and that any other union is imperfect and destined to be broken? I trust Spiritualists are not going to advocate this pernicious nonsense. In her 'Twenty Years of Modern American Spiritualism,' Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten tells the painful story of the 'Free Love' epidemic, and how 'affinity hunters' and other foolish, or wicked, individuals, by their wild and extravagant claims and conduct, both outside and inside our movement, brought disaster on themselves and disgrace on Spiritualism generally. Is there any reason why, because they investigate phenomena which prove continued conscious existence, Spiritualists should be supposed to be ready to embrace all kinds of baseless speculations and unproved and unprovable assertions? Surely there are enough difficulties, temptations, and 'burning questions' associated with our common every-day life, requiring to be dealt with rationally and righteously, to engage our time, thought, and energy without manufacturing other and unnecessary problems.—Yours, &c.,

F.

#### Should Inquirers be Warned ?

SIR,—'J. W.' asks, in 'LIGHT' of September 2nd, that inquirers may be warned against giving too much time to the study of Spiritualism and neglecting ordinary business and home affairs, but surely, sir, such warnings are constantly being given. If inquirers, and some Spiritualists, would read and act upon the calm common-sense advice given by 'M. A. (Oxon),' especially in the last paragraph of his 'Advice to Inquirers' on 'the conduct of circles,' there would be much less justification for the talk about the 'dangers' of Spiritualism. The trouble is, however, that enthusiastic, foolishly credulous persons will not be advised, or cannot understand the advice when it is given to them, and they rush into all manner of stupid excesses and fanatical extremes, thus bringing trouble upon themselves and reproach upon the movement. Thoughtless persons, who are unbalanced, egotistic and vain, do more harm than good. We have it on good authority that 'Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart,' and if advice to the unthinking will cause them to think, to be rational, to keep in touch with this world and its practical (spiritual) duties and responsibilities, to regard spirit people as human beings—not angels, authorities, or masters—then let them be given such advice—line on line and precept on precept. But, will they take it and act upon it? Judging from observation I very much doubt it.—Yours, &c.,

A. M.

#### FAREWELL RECEPTION TO MRS. FOSTER-TURNER,

On the evening of August 31st a *soirée musicale* and farewell reception was given at Caxton Hall, Westminster, in honour of Mrs. Foster-Turner, the well-known Australian psychic. There was a large attendance of friends to express their appreciation of her work during her short sojourn in this country.

The chairman, Dr. Abraham Wallace, presented to Mrs. Foster-Turner a beautifully illuminated address, which was signed on behalf of her admirers by several of those present, including the chairman, Mr. W. T. Stead, and other representatives of our movement. Needless to say that Dr. Wallace genially performed the duties of the chair, and expressed the hope that the guest of the evening would return to this country to help in spreading the light of spiritual science. Dr. Wallace also handed to Mrs. Foster-Turner a beautiful diamond and pink pearl ring, which had been forwarded to him from an anonymous client of hers as a token of esteem and gratitude. Thereafter, Mrs. Foster-Turner gave a short demonstration of her clairvoyant and psychometric powers, all the tests being perfectly successful.

The music was under the direction of Madame la Comtesse de Tomasevic, formerly and better known as Madame Mabel Munro, the Scotch singer of ballads and folk songs, accompanied on the harp, which she plays under inspiration.

Cor.

#### SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, SEPT. 10th, &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*.—In the absence of Mrs. Imison, Mr. Leigh Hunt kindly gave clairvoyant descriptions, which in a large number of cases were fully recognised. Mr. D. Neal presided.—15, Mortimer-street, W.—On the 4th inst. Mr. Horace Leaf deeply interested members and friends with clairvoyant descriptions, many convincing details being given. Mr. W. T. Cooper presided. Sunday next, see advt.—D. N.

SPIRITUAL MISSION: 67, George-street, W.—Morning, Mrs. Miles Ord delivered an address on 'Did Christ Die for a Sacrifice to Appease God?' Evening, in lieu of Mrs. Effie de Bathe, who was indisposed, Mr. E. W. Beard gave an address on 'Life More Abundant.'—E. C. W.

BRIXTON.—84, STOCKWELL PARK-ROAD.—Mr. E. A. Keeling, of Liverpool, gave an excellent address. September 24th, Mrs. Harvey, of Southampton, at 7 p.m., clairvoyant and auric readings.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—Miss Fogwell gave an address on 'Spiritual Gifts.' Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Miles Ord, address and clairvoyance. Circles: Monday, at 7.30, ladies'; Tuesday, at 8.15, members'; Thursday, at 8.15, public.—G. W.

STRATFORD.—IDMISTON-ROAD, FOREST-LANE.—Sunday next, Harvest Festival. At 7 p.m., Mrs. Mary Davies will give an address, followed by clairvoyant descriptions. 21st, address and clairvoyant descriptions by Mr. and Mrs. Hayward.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HAMPTON WICK.—Mr. A. V. Beresford gave a helpful address on 'The Power of Authority.' Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. D. J. Davis, of West Ham, on 'Spiritual Growth.' Miss Welbelove will sing.

CROYDON.—ELMWOOD HALL, ELMWOOD-ROAD, BROAD-GREEN.—Mr. G. R. Symons gave thoughtful addresses. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mrs. Cannock, address and clairvoyant descriptions.

STRATFORD.—WORKMAN'S HALL, 27, ROMFORD-ROAD, E.—An uplifting address on 'Spiritualism' was given by Mrs. Annie Boddington to a large audience. Mr. E. P. Noall presided. Sunday next, address by Miss M. M. Brown, and clairvoyance by Miss Davis.—W. H. S.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—Mrs. M. H. Wallis gave inspiring addresses, good clairvoyance, and answers to questions. Sunday next, Mrs. Clarke will give addresses at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m. On Tuesday at 8, and Wednesday at 3, Mrs. Clarke's circle for clairvoyance. Thursday, 8, members' circle.—A. M. S.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL, LAUSANNE-ROAD.—Helpful morning circle. Evening, Mrs. M. Davies spoke on 'Christ,' and gave clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, morning, circle; evening, Mr. H. Boddington. Thursday, 21st, Conversation; tickets 6d. Sunday, September 24th, Mrs. M. Gordon. October 1st, Harvest Festival, Mrs. F. Roberts.—A. C. S.

HACKNEY.—240A, AMHURST-ROAD, N.—Mrs. Imison, 'Nurse Graham,' gave an address on 'Does Spiritualism Help Us?' and excellent clairvoyant descriptions. Miss Bolton kindly sang a solo. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. F. A. Hawes will give a trance address and answer questions. Monday, at 8, Miss Gibson, psychometry. Friday, at 8.30, healing circle.—N. R.

BRIGHTON.—HOVE OLD TOWN HALL, 1, BRUNSWICK-STREET WEST.—Good addresses and clairvoyant descriptions by Mrs. Gordon. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., public circle; 7 p.m., Mrs. Curry. Monday, 3 and 8, also Wednesday, at 3, clairvoyance by Mrs. Curry. Thursday, 8.15, public circle and healing.

HIGHGATE.—GROVEDALE HALL, GROVEDALE-ROAD.—Morning, Mr. A. Graham spoke on 'Come, let us Reason Together.' Evening, Mrs. A. Jamrach dealt with 'Science and the Soul.' At both meetings well-recognised clairvoyant descriptions were given. 6th, Mrs. Webster gave psychometrical readings. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., Mr. J. Abrahall; at 7 p.m., Miss Violet Burton. Wednesday, Madam Maria Scott; Lyceum at 3. 27th, Mrs. Neville.—J. F.

WINCHESTER.—ODDFELLOWS' HALL.—Evening, a beautiful address was given by Miss Violet Burton.—R. E. F.

BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD.—HENLEY-STREET.—Miss Morris gave an address on 'Thought.' Good after-circle.

CLAPHAM.—HOWARD-STREET, NEW-ROAD.—Mr. Cousins gave an address on 'Mediumship.'—C. C.