

# Light:

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

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—*Goethe*,

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

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## CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way .....	421	On the Long Trail.....	426
L.S.A.—Special Notice .....	422	The Application of Spiritualism.	
Slate-Writing Under Test-Conditions .....	422	A Paper read by Mr. E. W. Wallis	
In Two Worlds. By S. I. Lakeman	423	at the International Congress ..	427
The Alleged 'Exposure' of Mrs.		'The Voices,' 1912. By Vice-	
Wriedt .....	424	Admiral W. Osborne Moore ..	429
Dr. Ochorowicz on Thought-		Items of Interest .....	430
Photography .....	424	Has Mr. Stead Communicated? ..	431
		'A Potent Cause of Insanity' ....	431

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

In a recent issue of the 'Referee,' Mr. E. Wake Cook has an excellent letter on the subject of genius and its relation to the question of insanity, in the course of which he writes:—

What little light has come on the subject of genius is from the Psychical Researchers, Frederick Myers having opened up a most promising field; but the true solution will come when they have the courage to deal with all those mysterious happenings, a belief in which they have superciliously dubbed 'superstition,' thus blocking their own advance. Here is one stupendous fact proved beyond all reasonable question. The most remarkable book in the English language, which Theodore Parker said was 'the literary marvel of the nineteenth century,' is all but unknown in England! It is a 'Prose Epic of the Universe,' a compend of universal history, a marvellous history and philosophy of the Cosmos, of Existence, containing the best analysis ever made of the evils of society as then existing, and pointing to the solution of nearly all the problems with which we are now struggling, and throwing light on the scientific, philosophic, and religious questions of all time. It was written sixty years ago, yet it will take the world another fifty years to come abreast of its teachings. This book was dictated by an uneducated youth in an hypnotic trance.

The allusion is obviously to 'The Principles of Nature,' the book given through the late Andrew Jackson Davis. Few of those who have any intimate knowledge and understanding of the works of 'The Poughkeepsie Seer' will, we think, dispute Mr. Wake Cook's estimate of their importance to the world. Copies of the book in question, better known as 'Nature's Divine Revelations,' and of Dr. Davis's other works, are in the library of the London Spiritualist Alliance.

It would be a sufficient condemnation of that spawn of perverted minds, the gloomy and malignant theology of the past, if it had done no more than shadow the life of a fine genius like William Cowper. In his charming letters, a selection of which, edited by Mr. E. V. Lucas, with Notes by M. L. Milford, has just been published (Frowde, 2s. 6d. *net*), we get glimpses of the extent to which Cowper's naturally happy and vivacious mind was tinged with the gloom of unnatural teachings concerning the Deity and the life beyond the grave. He felt instinctively the harsh unreality of the doctrines of the Church as they prevailed in the eighteenth century, but he lacked the intellectual strength to break away from them. As in the case of Dr. Johnson, fear of the unknown preyed heavily on his mind, and it was a peculiar misfortune that Cowper should have had as his mentor in religion so crabbed a theologian as Dr. John Newton. Of course there is a certain compensation (for the poet's readers at

least) in the reflection that some of the wistful beauty of Cowper's writings was obviously the outcome of the mental anguish that he suffered. What a sad pity it is that his healthy intuitions did not enable him to realise that the very revolt he felt against the repulsive theology of his time was the best evidence of its falsity! We of to-day have cause to be thankful for the growth of a larger vision of life and the assurance that the after-world is human, natural, and eternally progressive.

From Mr. Will Phillips, formerly editor of 'The Two Worlds,' and now, as Councillor Phillips, identified with much valuable work in social reform, we have received a little volume of verse, 'Odd Lines at Odd Times.' There is a healthy, homely note about many of the verses, and the author has a gift of satire, as witness the following:—

O God of Peace! to Thee we bow,  
And offer for Thy satisfaction  
Two super-Dreadnoughts, prow to prow,  
With weapons trained and cleared for action.

We found especial interest in 'After Death,' a poem which we observe is quoted with approval in a London literary journal:—

When Death draws down the curtains of the night,  
And those we love in his deep darkness hides,  
We can but wait the coming of the light,  
And bless the memory that still abides.

For as the night melts at the breath of Dawn,  
Death flies before the magic wand of Life;  
And those who seemed for ever hence withdrawn  
Remember still, and haunt these scenes of strife.

For love is deathless, and the souls, so dear,  
Forget us not, and love us through the night;  
And, maybe, with our tear-washed vision clear,  
We shall behold them radiant with light.

We feel sure that the many friends of Mr. Phillips will like to possess these examples of his lyrical gift. The book is published by himself, at 20, Crescent-road, Crumpsall, Manchester. Price 1s. 1d. post free.

'Reason' (New York) for July contains an article on 'Shadows from the Unseen,' in which the author, Helen M. Bary, describes a vision (connected with the 'Titanic' tragedy) in the course of which she discerned the 'mighty forms of Neptune and Pluto.'

They glanced at the icebergs, and surveyed the victims;  
then Pluto, with a careless wave of his hand over the dreary scene, smiled sardonically and remarked, 'It was time to take down the pride of those ship-builders, and teach them how futile are the best efforts of men against the great elemental forces.'

Mythology is an interesting study, and the old classical deities may be introduced for symbolical purposes into visions, but we are doubtful of the wisdom of recording visions of this kind, particularly when they are related as matters of fact. The inexperienced student of psychical matters is likely to be bewildered and repelled by such statements. We cannot imagine Pluto talking in such an

unclassical strain. Goldsmith complained that Dr. Johnson's tendency was to make little fishes talk like whales. The recorder of the vision makes a mythological deity discourse in slangy modernism, with even greater incongruity. It is to be remembered that many visions partake largely of the mentality of the seers, a fact which will explain much that to the uninitiated may appear improbable and fantastic.

In a lecture on Montaigne, delivered recently by M. Anatole France, the famous novelist made some suggestive remarks on what may be termed 'The gentle art of doubting.'

To practise it skilfully we must have a Montaigne. Let us learn from him the technique of true doubting, indulgent doubting, the doubting that teaches us how to understand all beliefs without being misled by any; that teaches us not to look down on men because they make mistakes, even to share their errors when they are consoling to ignorance (of which we ourselves possess so generous a share).

This attitude of 'benevolent and gracious doubt' is one with which we have no quarrel. We wish there were more of it, but alas! we are better acquainted with scepticism of the sour and stubborn variety that doubts, not because of largeness of experience, but from general lack of it; that denies everything it cannot understand and makes its own limitations the measure of all possibilities. Well may Anatole France contend that the true art of doubting is limited to a few rare minds.

'The Occult Significance of Blood' is an esoteric study by Dr. Rudolf Steiner (The Theosophical Publishing Company, 6d. net). The subject is dealt with from the theosophical standpoint, and its appeal is mainly to the student. The author quotes the well-known saying placed by Goethe in the mouth of Mephistopheles, 'Blood is a very special fluid'; and he writes:—

That which is able to live in man's blood is that which lives in his ego. Just as the physical body is the expression of the physical principle, as the etheric body is the expression of the vital fluids and their systems, and the astral body of the nervous system, so is the blood the expression of the 'I' or ego. Physical principle, etheric body and astral body are the 'above'; physical body, vital system, and nervous system are the 'below.' Similarly the ego is the 'above' and the blood is the 'below.' Whoever, therefore, would master a man, must first master that man's blood. This must be borne in mind if any advance is to be made in practical life.

It may be so; but we do not feel that any advance to be made in practical life is dependent on the acceptance of this particular doctrine.

#### LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

##### SPECIAL MEETING.

On Tuesday, September 10th, at 3 o'clock,

##### AN AFTERNOON SOCIAL GATHERING

will be held at 110, St. Martins-lane, W.C., at which, at 4 p.m., Mrs. ELLEN GREEN, of Manchester, will give clairvoyant descriptions. This is Mrs. Green's first visit to the Alliance after her visits to Australia and South Africa. Members and Associates free. No tickets.

**SPIRIT HEALING.**—Daily, except Saturdays, Mr. Percy R. Street, the healing medium, will attend between 11 a.m. and 2 p.m., at 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., for diagnosis by a spirit control, magnetic healing, and delineations from the personal aura. For full particulars see the advertisement supplement.

ALL those who love animals should read the 'Animals' Guardian,' a penny monthly magazine, published at 22A, Regent-street, London, S.W. The issue for September is especially interesting. We have every sympathy with the aims of the publishers, and wish that we were able to do more to assist them in their humane efforts to defend the so-called 'lower animals.'

#### SLATE-WRITING UNDER TEST CONDITIONS.

We have received a copy of 'The Sunflower,' published in Hamburg, New York, containing an account by the Editor, Mr. Frank Walker, of a remarkable slate-writing séance which he had with Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler on the Monday following the close of the Lily Dale assembly last year. The article is illustrated by an engraved reproduction (the exact size of the original) of a slate with Mr. Walker's signature on the frame, bearing a signed message in the centre, surrounded by sixty signatures in varied handwritings. We abridge below Mr. Walker's story of how this and other phenomena were obtained:—

The slates used for the experiment were not of those of which Mr. Keeler keeps a supply on hand, but new and larger ones, secured elsewhere by me. The room was lighted by daylight and there were no shadowy places.

I thoroughly examined the table at which we were to sit. It was a common, flat-top, wooden table, with no secret accoutrements or wire connections, and was so wide that it would have been impossible for Mr. Keeler to reach across it without it being known. He sat on one side, I on the other. The four slates I placed on the table at my right, not near him. He sat in his chair, naturally, away from the table. I observed him closely all the time. He could in no way have changed slates with mine, and all the time his hands were in my sight.

After we had sat a few minutes, Mr. Keeler told me to place two slates on the table. I complied, putting my hands upon them, whereupon he placed both of his hands on them, the width of the table compelling us to reach to do this.

Next he said, 'Pick up the slates.' I did so, grasping them firmly. He also took hold of them. A small piece of slate pencil was put between the slates before closing them.

Soon after our holding the slates above the table, my fingers being on Keeler's, and no motion or vibration being made by his hands, fingers, or thumbs, a noise was heard like that produced in writing on a slate with slate pencil.

Within five minutes he let go the slates. I opened them and on one there were seven communications, three like slate-pencil writing, and the bit of pencil, that was rough at each end when put in, was worn smooth, showing that it had been used. There were also writings in red, in green and in black. Two writings nearly filled the slate, the longest being signed by my mother's name, and being a facsimile of her writing when she was in earth life. The other was from Lyman C. Howe. Both had meaning applicable to myself, with references to others by name to whom only those meanings could apply.

At each side was a single line, written one letter under the other, one signed with my grandmother's name, the other with that of a brother who passed away before I was born, neither of whom I had thought of or the medium knew of. Diagonally across the two long communications was a short and very expressive sentence, signed with my father's name, in black. At the extreme ends of the slate, on one was a brief message in red, signed Carrie E. S. Twing, and at the other end one in green, which said: 'Bro. Walker, I haven't found my namesake yet.—MOSES HULL.'

The last slates, after the bit of pencil was put in, were grasped firmly, Mr. Keeler taking hold after me, my hands touching his. I asked if he thought we could get any writing in gold. He said he could not tell, but suggested that I should put gold on the top slate. I laid a watch fob on the slate, keeping hold of both slates with the other hand. Presently the slates began to shake, and a loud scratching noise was heard, followed by rapid, light sounds, as of the pencil. Keeler said whenever the gilt or gold writing occurred the loud noise was noticed. While this was occurring we held the slate six inches or more above the table, both hands of each grasping firmly, my fingers covering each of his fingers underneath. None of his fingers moved at any time, so that he could not have produced the noises by scratching the under side of the slate with his finger nails.

Within five minutes he let go, and I opened the slates, and was utterly astonished to see one slate [the one reproduced in the article] literally filled with names, except in the centre. The names were written with slate pencil, and the panel or frame in centre, with the message and signature, were golden, apparently like a gold paint put over a sizing.

Most of the names are facsimiles of the signatures of the persons when in this life. Several of them are of people Mr. Keeler never knew; others are old workers in Spiritualism, and residents of Lily Dale. Hiram Corson's peculiar signature was recognised by a Cornellian friend, who said he had seen much of his writing. Susan B. Anthony and other names will be easily recognised by those familiar with their writing.

The séance in no way corresponded to the one described as having occurred when Hereward Carrington pretended to make an *exposé* of Keeler's methods. There was no trickery or possi-



bility of trickery. I was not hypnotised. I know absolutely that I did not write the names or messages on the slates. I know absolutely that Mr. Keeler did not write them. I also know that no writing or marks of any nature were on the slates before closing them.

## IN TWO WORLDS.

BY S. I. LAKEMAN.

(Continued from page 418.)

If we are really desirous of helping our fellows on this as well as on a higher plane, we shall earnestly search for some way in which the desire can be fulfilled, and in the search we shall gradually become conscious of those laws which will not only reveal the work to be done, but will also teach the way in which it should be accomplished. Three of the most simple and, at the same time, strongest methods within the reach of every psychological student are prayer, vision, and thought. Whatever our religious views may be, there are few of those who have gained any knowledge of superphysical life who would lightly esteem the power of prayer. Writers of widely differing schools of thought have set forth its necessity and value, and by one of these it has been called 'the mightiest force in the universe.' Prayer is, therefore, no empty sentiment or passing emotion, but a resistless power which can accomplish what to reason is impossible and to mere desire unattainable; it is a power before which obstacles are swept away and mountains 'cast into the depths of the sea.' Consequently the believers in prayer have been neither weaklings nor nonentities, but men and women whose influence has gone forth as a blessing to the world. Let history tell of the women, and even children, who, with clasped hands and uplifted souls, waited unflinchingly for the grip and fang of the famished lion. Or of that aged saint, Bernard of Clairvaux, who centuries later stood defenceless and alone at the door of his church in the presence of an armed and hostile band of fierce Burgundian soldiers. Old and alone, he knew no fear as their spears flashed before him, for he was clad in an armour more invulnerable than their own. Was Charles XII. of Sweden any the less brave because, on the eve of a great conflict, he kneeled down before his assembled forces and asked for the Divine help and protection? But time and space would alike fail to tell of Hedley Vickers in the frost-bound trenches of the Crimea, or of General Gordon in the loneliness and isolation of the Soudan. These are they who not only fought with flesh and blood, but with the powers of darkness; these are they who through a mighty faith 'waxed valiant in the fight'; these are they who believed in prayer.

In our churches to-day we pray for the 'faithful departed,' but why not for the *unfaithful*? It is ugly, we know, to make invidious distinctions; yet, surely, it is these last, above all others, who need our sympathy and help. But the light from certain directions finds it hard to effect an entrance into the fast-bound fortress of Orthodoxy, whose bars and bolts were driven home centuries ago and are now rusted in their sockets. But we believe that one of the most comforting facts in connection with prayer is that those already passed over both recognise and ask for its help. One example will suffice. It was a bright Easter Day, and the church was crowded with early worshippers, but among that large congregation there was a presence of whom, probably, only one was conscious. In the stillness of that holy place, in the hush of devotion, a voice whispered from the other side: 'Pray for me.' Poor soul, his life here was a great tragedy, his passing over a greater. 'When the body is wrapped in deep sleep the true man, the thinker, may escape from it and work untrammelled by its weight in these higher regions.' In prayer we send forth thoughts of sympathy and love as messengers of mercy and comfort, but during sleep we can actually go ourselves. Freed from earthly fetters we can go forth to minister and to bless. What is called 'going to sleep' is really the passing of the astral out of the physical body. Have we dreamed that we have cheered the sad or uplifted the weary? Doubtless we have done so, for in sleep we can 'comfort our fellows by acting directly on their minds, suggesting helpful thoughts, putting before them noble ideals.'

Further, astral vision goes beneath the surface, and it is possible during sleep to 'see their needs more clearly, and therefore they can be supplied more perfectly.' Then it is that we are actually working in the real and invisible rather than the unreal and visible, for 'the things that *are seen* are temporal, but the things that are *not seen* are eternal.' Again, there may be an element of selfishness even in prayer, for we may pray chiefly for those in whom we are personally interested; but during sleep we work with equal sincerity for all who come within the reach of our influence, without any thought or hope of recognition or reward. For the most part we work there without knowing those whom we may be helping, and without being known of them. This may, perhaps, be a little surprising at first; but we have to realise that the life and work of the higher planes are always going on, and at the precise moments that we are conscious there it does not at all follow that we shall see only familiar scenes and forms. The life and activity of the street are always going on whether we are looking out of the window or not, and when we do we see just those things and persons who happen at that moment to be visible. So is consciousness on the astral; we look, as it were, through a window and hear and see and know what is passing at that particular time. This will account for the strange scenes, the unknown faces amongst which we so often find ourselves during sleep.

But this does not cover all the field, for there is little doubt that there are those on the astral plane to whom we are definitely sent for various definite reasons. It may be for their help or comfort; it may be for our own; it may be that some special message or a call to some fresh work may be given, or that some new course may be pointed out.

Happy, indeed, are those who can remember these dreams—these moments of higher consciousness in which real help has been given. What greater privilege can be desired, what higher honour sought, than the service of our fellows, where no physical limitations can hold us back, no worldly considerations make us afraid? The work is real, the work is earnest, for there are many cries of suffering, many hands stretched out for guidance, many weary and bewildered souls; the 'human helpers' are sorely needed, for 'the harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few.'

But there is yet another way in which we can help our fellows on higher planes, a way open and safe to all, and which can be taken quite irrespective of death. It is that of thought. Few realise what thought really can effect—the miracles it can work, the changes it can bring about. Thought, the great creative force, without which not one of the myriad forms of life could have been designed; a force which embodies the most marvellous possibilities, the deepest responsibilities; a force which we create or destroy, make or mar, ennoble or debase. No wonder that the Christ placed 'evil thoughts' in the very vanguard of the hosts of darkness that 'defile a man.' We take great care of our deeds, less of our words, *least* of all of our thoughts because we think them unseen; but this order should be exactly reversed, for our thoughts are of more importance than either words or deeds, because they are the source of both. If the fountain be pure, so will the stream be; as our thoughts, so will our lives be *seen of men*. But some may say that this is a fantastic and intangible way of working for our fellows; but the higher planes *are* intangible to the physical consciousness, and therefore intangible methods must be employed. Those who have realised even in a very small degree how unerringly the law of cause and effect holds good in our thoughts regard them at once with awe and thankfulness. By our thoughts we can enshroud the minds of others in gloom, or surround them with a midday brightness; link soul to soul and heart to heart, or sever them by a repulsion which will be difficult to overcome. By our thoughts we can cheer and bless, lead and strengthen, or drag our fellows down and veil their eyes from the light. Therefore, good, pure, holy thoughts should be sent forth on their errands of love and mercy, and they will fly, swift as an arrow, to gladden many of whom we know nothing, to lighten some of the burdens which are crushing 'the weary and the heavy laden.' Is not this an honour which the very angels might covet—a work which the highest saint would *crave to do*? Yet it is *our*

work, and we are certainly not angels and, perchance, not saints. But when the power and importance of our thoughts are once thoroughly realised, the work *will* be done, characters will be developed, failings modified, opposition lessened.

The strength of our thoughts is not the first thing to be considered, for a strong thought may be a bad thought. The purest, the most ideal, are the only thoughts which can be the helpers of men, and these must be sent forth to the known and to the unknown, even as bread 'cast upon the waters,' to be found 'after many days.'

Ah, what is thought? A mighty force,  
A vast eternal power,  
It plans the greatest universe,  
Designs the smallest flower.

Only a thought, yet, winged by Love,  
That thought can triumph win,  
Ope wide the doors of darkened hearts  
And let the sunshine in.

Only a thought, yet thoughts can help  
When other help is vain,  
Can heal the wounds no eye may see  
And soothe the hidden pain.

Only a thought, yet it may shine  
On life's dark, stormy main,  
A star of hope to shipwrecked souls  
To guide them home again.

As golden threads in some brother's life,  
In a gladder, fairer day,  
Lo! once again thou shalt find thy thought  
In the future, far away!

#### THE ALLEGED 'EXPOSURE' OF MRS. WRIEDT.

A correspondent at the Hague has supplied us with a condensed translation of an article which appeared in the 'Frankfurter Zeitung' about a séance with Mrs. Wriedt at Christiania. Three séances were held, the first and second of which passed off successfully. At the third, Professor Birkeland, one of the committee, 'seized Mrs. Wriedt's hands and held them for twenty minutes.' In these circumstances no manifestations occurred, except a few raps in the trumpet which are spoken of as 'soft explosions.' The professor then seized the trumpet and took it to a chemist, who, on examining it, claimed to find 'traces of Lycopodium and water.' On the strength of this alleged discovery it is asserted that Mrs. Wriedt has been 'exposed'—that this mixture 'occasioned soft explosions in the trumpet, causing it to rumble about'! In a paragraph sent to a London newspaper it was alleged that traces of sulphur were found in the trumpet. Admiral Moore has already reported that the trumpet was always kept damp inside (see p. 380), no doubt for good psychic reasons, and in this issue, on p. 430, the sitter mentions that he was permitted to hold the hands of the medium and yet the phenomena occurred. Of all the trumped-up charges and fatuous nonsense uttered by would-be exposers this yarn is the worst that we have ever read.

Evidently Professor Birkeland was obsessed by the idea that he could discover how the thing was done and something *had* to be found. Had he been frank and asked permission to hold the hands of Mrs. Wriedt he would in all likelihood have been accorded that privilege, and the phenomena would have gone on—but by his arbitrary and unscientific action he destroyed the mental and psychic conditions which are essential to success. The value of Mrs. Wriedt's mediumship, however, does not consist in the raps, or in the movements of the trumpet, but in the voices (which, not infrequently, are heard without the trumpet being used) and, above all, in the communications which contain internal evidence of their spirit origin. We have already published the testimony of independent and intelligent persons (based on records made at or shortly after the time of the séances) to the fact that they have heard and recognised the voices of their departed friends, and further, that in many instances those friends have identified themselves not only by speaking in languages unknown to the medium, but by giving messages respecting private, personal and family matters known only to themselves and the recipients—matters which Mrs. Wriedt could not possibly know. If testimony can prove *anything*, then, in view of this testimony, Mrs. Wriedt is a genuine medium, and the so-called dead have demonstrated their survival after bodily death to their friends on earth.

#### DR. OCHOROWICZ ON ETHERIC HANDS AND THOUGHT-PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY H. A. DALLAS.

In the June number of 'Annales Psychiques' Dr. Ochorowicz gives further particulars regarding his experiments on the subject of 'Les Mains Fluidiques et la Photographie de la Pensée.' This last report is as important as the former, and increasingly interesting. He recalls the fact that in several of his radiographs the medium's ring appeared on the finger of her etheric hand. This, he says, seems to indicate—

1. That there is a kind of link between the organism and the object it wears.

2. That the occultist notion that material objects have an 'astral' body is not limited to living bodies.

The question, however, arises as to why the ring appeared sometimes, and not always, on the radiographs. It occurred to Dr. Ochorowicz to try and find out whether objects frequently worn by the sensitive were more easily produced on the plate than others. He chose a thimble which she rarely used, and proposed to her to carry out an experiment with it; but she suggested that he should himself retain the thimble on the finger of his left hand, holding her with his right hand. 'Perhaps,' she added, 'the thimble will pass from your body on to my finger.'

The experiment appeared absurd, but Dr. Ochorowicz says that he remembered that 'Charles Richet had remarked that, in metapsychism, one must not shrink from experiments which seem absurd,' and he determined, therefore, to carry out the medium's suggestion. He took a plate from his box, marked it, and laid it on the medium's knees. She was seated on his right; with his right hand he held up her left hand about sixteen inches above the plate, the thimble being on the middle finger of his left hand, which he kept behind his left knee.

A red lamp was burning at a distance of about three feet. After a minute had elapsed the sensitive said that she felt a sort of tingling in the direction of her forearm, where their hands met. She exclaimed:—

Oh, how strange! Something is being placed on the tip of my finger. . . I do not know if it is the thimble; I feel something keeps pressing the end of my finger.

Dr. Ochorowicz saw nothing and heard nothing in particular. He remained conscious all the time of his left hand and of the thimble on the finger; he verified this sensation by touching it most of the time with his thumb and knee. The medium felt a slight pain in her left hand.

When the plate was developed it showed the hand of the medium, and on the middle finger was what he called, jokingly, 'the soul of her thimble.'

The plate is reproduced in the 'Annales,' and it shows the thimble very distinctly; also Dr. Ochorowicz gives a detailed description of the appearance presented in the radiograph. This description deserves careful study, but it must suffice here to say that, after closely examining it, he came to the conclusion that this strange and perplexing image was neither 'drawn from Nature,' nor was it a radiograph in profile (since surface details were perceptible), neither does it resemble an ordinary photograph, by reflection, or one taken by the Röntgen rays. How, then, had it been produced? What, in fact, did the image represent? Did it represent the materialised 'double' of the medium's hand, and the 'double' of the thimble? Or was it a photograph of the idea of the thimble?

These two hypotheses seemed to him to be the only two that could be suggested, but both offer great difficulties. The first would seem to support the Platonic philosophy of ideas, namely, that they are substantial, that of the minutest thing 'there is a reality, and therefore, in some sense, an archetypal form or idea' (see F. D. Maurice's 'Metaphysical Philosophy,' Vol. I., p. 140), and that this substantial form can be photographed—*i.e.*, can cast a shadow. The second hypothesis implies that the image does not represent anything substantial, but is the product of thought only. Dr. Ochorowicz says:—

Ordinarily it is an exterior phenomenon which produces sensation, but in this case it is sensation which produces the external phenomenon, namely, an objective image real enough to



be photographed—i.e., to produce rays capable of affecting a sensitive plate.

Mlle. Tomczyk was not able to offer any explanation of the phenomenon, either in her hypnotic or in her normal state. She does not now 'hear' the 'double' and rarely sees it. Formerly, when 'la Petite Stasia' manifested, the power was stronger, the medium could both see and hear her; the automatic writing which was then obtained easily is now quite ineffective. Direct writing occasionally occurs but is difficult to read and is disconnected. (Dr. Ochorowicz attributes the disappearance of 'la Petite Stasia' to the fact that the medium disliked her, as she was tricky and sometimes, apparently, fraudulent). Dr. Ochorowicz had therefore no means of obtaining further light on the experience except by renewed experiments.

A close examination of the photograph and comparison with the thimble showed that the two corresponded exactly; the one was 'a true copy of the other, precise in details and in dimensions.' The doctor adds:—

I do not know whether such precision was psychologically possible; but certainly it was not possible to the medium either in her normal or her somnambulistic consciousness.

The exactness of the replica supports the idea of a direct impression from some object, rather than a thought image merely. Moreover the part which is most clearly defined is the part where, assuming that there was a real object, the thimble would have been more or less in touch with the plate; the effect produced is that of a round object; also, the smoothest parts of the thimble, which would reflect the light best, appear more clearly in the radiograph than the rougher parts where the reflection would be broken. The finger supporting the thimble is the palest of all the fingers, probably, as Dr. Ochorowicz suggests, because the light by which the radiograph was taken proceeds from it. It is evident that light emanates near the palm of the hand between the fingers, because the tips of the fingers cast a shadow, and so does the thimble.

Dr. Ochorowicz asks: Is it possible that there can be a thought-photograph which produces the effect of a shadow having been cast under the action of a real, localised light?

So far he leans to the conclusion that an etheric hand wearing an etheric thimble produced the image, and that mental desire gave the direction to the light which was necessary in order to make the details of the thimble visible on the plate. He proceeded to test his conclusions by further experiment.

This time he took an object which his sensitive did not see, and, with her consent, he repeated the experiment. The room was dark and she could not have known what was in his hand. He held her in the same way as before, keeping in his left hand an Austrian five-crown piece. Presently she exclaimed:—

'I see behind you a white round object . . . it is the moon!'

At the same instant I saw a faint but distinct light pass near my left hand, which held the coin; it was not round, nor a flash, it was like a little meteor, like a thin ray, lighting up the space round my hand on the side away from the medium. . . . Was there any connection between this light and the piece of money hidden in my hand?

When the plate was developed it showed an image of a full moon, similar to photographs that had already been obtained three times, but the image was red on the transparent negative, without markings on the disk, two exposures being this time very clearly visible, these being further apart the one from the other. 'The moon floats on the background of a less luminous cloud, and is of a rather different form from that in the preceding experiments.'\*

The problem presented by this experiment is bewildering and complex. Dr. Ochorowicz says:—

It is evident that we had this time a photograph of thought. . . . But at the same time this experience has only given us an evasive answer to the question we wished to solve.

Although the moon was evidently a reproduction of an image in the mind of the medium, who exclaimed that she *saw* the moon, the experiment, says Dr. Ochorowicz, seems to 'render probable the existence of a quasi-physical intermediary, even

when the result obtained is a thought-photograph. . . . The sensitive was not thinking of the moon, but of the unknown object which I held in my hand. . . . The object seen was partly real, it was first seen and only afterwards photographed; it was what she saw which suggested to the medium the idea of the moon.'

Dr. Ochorowicz concludes this part of his article as follows:—

From the point of view of Spiritistic phenomena and Spiritistic doctrines the discovery of thought-photography is of great importance. From the moment when the photography of ideas can be established, it will be seen that images and apparitions of so-called departed spirits may have a terrestrial origin. That will not decide the question—the eternal question—of immortality, but it will throw new light on certain appearances and suggest much prudence in the theoretic conclusions which may be drawn from the facts.

Thus far I have merely epitomised the extremely interesting article which Dr. Ochorowicz has contributed to the 'Annales.' I wish to make it clear that I am alone responsible for the following comments which I venture to make.

Dr. Ochorowicz evidently recognises that his last experiment does not represent a thought-photograph pure and simple. The image represents rather the *medium's conception something which existed outside her mind.*

The thing she saw appeared on the plate not as it was, for in that case it would have appeared as a coin, but modified by her imagination. The image of a moon had appeared before. Probably, therefore, this image offered the path of least resistance, and her thought worked back upon an already formed groove.

How does this experiment affect our conclusions in relation to the Spiritistic explanation of apparitions?

In the first place, those who hold the spirit hypothesis as the best interpretation of a large number of the phenomena under consideration will not find anything new or disturbing to their theory in the evidence if, in future, it establishes the idea that thought-images can be photographed. It is a familiar idea to most of us that apparitions are thought-images. We do not suppose that, when an apparition appears carrying a walking-stick or wearing antique clothes, this indicates that the departed spirit really carries a walking-stick, &c. All that we maintain is that the thought-image has been caused by a real thinker, and that although in *some cases* the thinker may be in the flesh, and the apparition *may* be a mere delusion, there are *many* cases in which this conclusion does not fit the facts.

For instance, when the person seen is unknown to the percipient, and is only recognised by a description given to some friend, who, perhaps, was not present when the image was seen. When this occurs, we ask who caused the thought-image? Some apparitions are more solid and partake of the character of materialisations, but many apparitions are immaterial thought-images; each case must be judged on its own merits in order to form an opinion as to who is the thinker—as to whether, that is to say, what has been seen is only a *fictitious* thought-image or a veridical one, whether the agent and the percipient are the same, or whether the agent is an independent entity.

In the case before us the result obtained seems to have been due to a blend between these two factors. An independent object existed, and the sight of this object awakened in the mind of the sensitive a memory image. The two images, what she saw and what she remembered, took form (in some inexplicable way) and affected the sensitive plate.

The real problem of spirit apparitions seems to remain the same as before; but we have this further possibility to bear in mind—namely, that, as in dreams, so also in normal consciousness, the mind of the percipient may often be a modifying factor in the result obtained. 'We are such stuff as dreams are made of.' And we see, but 'as in a mirror dimly.' This does not disprove the fact that there are realities to be seen, and that we may in broken and fugitive fashion catch glimpses of them. That many apparitions are the result of the activity of unseen beings many of us cannot doubt, and there are not a few who have recognised in these, often unexpected, appearances a ministry of love and moral purpose, which affords internal evidence of their authentic character.

\* These photographs will be reproduced for comparison in the next number of the 'Annales.'

OFFICE OF 'LIGHT, 110, ST MARTIN'S LANE,  
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## Light:

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### ON THE LONG TRAIL.

There is a familiar but not the less pathetic note about the complaint which we recently received from an old reader of 'LIGHT.'

For over twenty-six years he has pursued the investigation of Spiritualism, he says, but always with a disheartening want of success. Clairvoyants in all parts of the country have given him 'descriptions,' but never one that he could recognise. He is not satisfied that there is nothing beyond the tomb, but he has never found the smallest fragment of evidence in favour of the idea of continued existence.

As we have indicated, his case is one of a type not unfamiliar to us. He describes himself as 'A Wanderer,' and we have known many such wanderers. But the experience of 'A Wanderer' has impressed us with a feeling of admiration for the dogged perseverance with which he has followed up his quest. Twenty-six years is a woe-fully long time (from the standpoint of mortal life) to spend in the wilderness. Such pertinacity deserves to be rewarded in the end—as it undoubtedly will be—and in itself is an evidence that the seeker has an inward conviction of the reality—however remote and apparently elusive—of the thing that he seeks. His case, however, is to some extent typical of a class of inquirers, and that is why we select it for consideration here.

We find that unsatisfied investigators fall, as a class, into two divisions. There are, first, those who, like 'A Wanderer,' have persevered for years without achieving a solitary result that would endure the test of reason—and we believe in testing everything to the utmost. If it cannot survive the severest scrutiny it is worthless. Next, we place that order of minds which has witnessed phenomena and proved their reality, but which remains unsatisfied for reasons we shall refer to later.

It seems proper at this point (even at the risk of seeming irrelevance) to preserve the balance of things by a reference to those who have sought and found. These also may be divided into two classes: (1) Those who, having satisfied themselves of the reality of psychic phenomena, have been content to close that chapter of their lives. (2) Those who, equally successful in attaining proof, have been only partially satisfied, and resuming their inquiry in the higher regions of the mind have succeeded at last in gaining something that appealed to the soul as well as to the intellect.

Life abounds with seekers 'seeking something they

know not what.' But 'A Wanderer' is no aspirant for the vague and nebulous. He knows what he wants, and 'sets it boldly down': someone to lead him to an honest medium and show him one genuine manifestation. It is a small thing to ask of life and circumstance, but it is wonderful how grudging Fate is of some of the small things upon which we set our hearts and which we think are essential to our complete happiness. But in this matter of psychic phenomena there is one important consideration to be borne in mind. Some people appear fated never to receive any definite proof of a future life through the channel of phenomenal manifestation. Their very presence has an inhibiting effect. They may visit circle after circle where all the sitters are honest and all the manifestations genuine to the last degree, and directly they enter, by some subtle psycho-chemical process, all the conditions of the circle change. The phenomena either cease, or some element enters into them that distorts and confuses them to an extent that in many cases gives an air of fraud and delusion to everything. Why? Frankly, we do not know. But there is not a single student of psychical research with any depth of experience who is not aware of the fact. The operations of Art and Science in the external world are full of delicate adjustments. A picture may be ruined by a false line or a wrong tint undiscernible to the untrained eye. A chemical experiment may be rendered abortive by the introduction of some alien element so infinitesimally slight as to escape detection at the time by the keenest senses. And the things of the psychic world are far more subtle. The wonder to us is not that the manifestations of the higher world in the region of psychic phenomena are so relatively rare, but that they occur as frequently as they do. The inference is (although it is begging the question so far as our correspondent is concerned) that the people of the next life are as persistent, as painstaking, as proof against the discouragement of repeated disappointments as 'A Wanderer' appears to be. Some of the inquirers, the inquiries, and the motives by which they are prompted are enough to break down the faith and patience of any but the most long-suffering friends of humanity.

Now 'A Wanderer' is seeking for 'Light and Truth,' as he tells us, and he could not have nobler objects for his quest. But he demands that they shall come to him in the form of a supernormal manifestation—thus and not otherwise. Let him consider whether he is not on the wrong track. There are thousands of happy souls in the world who have found as much of Light and Truth as they can hold (at present) to whom a future life is as much of assurance as this one, but who have never seen a psychical phenomenon and who would not go across the street to behold one if the opportunity presented. Ask some of the more thoughtful amongst them and they will tell you truly that phenomena belong to the world of facts, that facts although unassailable in themselves may, and do, form the foundation of vast fabrics of imposture and delusion, and that however the intellect may hunger for facts the soul is only to be appeased by the perception of Principles.

Now this in no way militates against the position of Spiritualism as a region of inquiry into truth by way of phenomenal evidences. Those who are enlightened by the intuitions are relatively few. The great bulk of inquirers look for our facts not alone in records—and they are abundant enough there in all conscience—but as matters of direct personal experience. We seek to satisfy them so far as we can, but it is not always an easy matter. We wish for their sake that genuine phenomena were multiplied a hundredfold. But people with psychic gifts have never



received much encouragement from the world. A few generations ago they were burnt as persons in league with the Devil. To-day the Devil is out of date, and the medium can only be persecuted on account of (generally indiscriminate) charges of conscious fraud or unconscious imposture and delusion. No wonder that the sensitive psychics conceal or neglect their gifts, leaving impostors with thick hides and brazen visages—so unlike the genuine mediums—to fill their places here and there, and convey to the wide-awake but inexperienced inquirer the idea that from a few frauds he can argue the nature of the whole subject.

We are sorry, indeed, that 'A Wanderer' has had such 'a long trail' after Truth so far as it is expressed in psychical manifestations. It is cold comfort to tell him that this may be part of his spiritual experiences, discipline for his soul's health, a needed probation for great rewards to follow. And yet probably it is so.

It often seems that the 'signs and wonders' come mostly to those who seek them least. As the poet says:—

Such things come not to watchers : Nature gives  
To the unconscious only things Divine.

Howsoever it may be, we hope 'A Wanderer' will live to witness not one but many evidences of the reality of the world that lies beyond the senses. And we hope that having found them he will not be content, but proceed to things of even greater assurance. For there is vision beyond that of mind and senses, and there are Truths beside which even facts themselves are pale and phantom things.

### THE APPLICATION OF SPIRITUALISM.

A Paper read by Mr. E. W. WALLIS at the International Congress held at Liverpool on Sunday and Monday, July 7th and 8th, 1912.

(Continued from page 416.)

Now, I suggest that you should consider this problem : How is it that so many persons who become members of our societies stay with us for a time and then drift away ? Why is it that so few comparatively remain staunch and faithful as standard-bearers in our army of spiritual progress ? Is it that we are not sufficiently active in demonstrating the applicability of our spiritual philosophy to the great problems of human existence ? Is it that we do not, as do the Theosophists, build up an explanatory system which affords scope for efforts to account for everything—which covers the whole ground, or is supposed to do so ? Is it that so many persons grow tired of thinking for themselves—of striking out in new directions—and turn for mental rest and peace to some one or other of the various 'systems' of thought which comfortably settle matters and relieve them of the strain of independent research, study and decision ? Or is it that we do not apply our Spiritualism in our own motives and endeavours, so that it lifts us to that plane where we can sink personal feelings in the larger issues and forget self in considering what is best for the society, for the movement, for humanity ? Are we in the position mentioned recently by a writer in the 'Christian World,' who said that the church in which he preached at the afternoon service used to be full, every Sunday, forty years ago ; but was now more than half empty ? The reason he gave was that many small chapels had been built for the convenience of the villagers, and there had been an increase in the number of denominational centres. He added :—

The result, instead of helping the cause of true religion, has been discouraging in the extreme. Instead of one inspiring congregation, into which the farmers and others flocked once a Sunday from miles around, there are a lot of tiny and dispirited companies of worshippers, who have no sense of brotherhood with one another, and who find it almost impossible to procure efficient preachers. Thus the flame of spiritual life has gone down, and all the enthusiasm born of numbers and a strong central cause has disappeared.

That may be taken, I think, as a pretty accurate description of the state of things in our own movement in many large towns where once a good strong central society flourished.

In the 'seventies' of the last century, in the days of the 'Lancashire district committee,' the ideal that was ever before the workers was, not to convert others to Spiritualism, but to advocate Spiritualism as an educational and reformatory movement that would set men thinking, set them seeking for truth, set them investigating, set them to work to develop and to exercise their own powers of body, mind and spirit, as well as of mediumship. In those days the meetings were held to expound the principles of Spiritualism as they relate to life ; to conduct and motive. This was before our platforms were so largely given over to trying to meet the demands of sensation-lovers, curiosity-seekers, test-hunters, and before the philosophy of Spiritualism in relation to duty, progress, and spiritual evolution was relegated to a secondary place in the proceedings. The meetings were not expected to pay—the work was not impoverished, nor was the platform starved, to save expenses ; the object was not to attract a crowd and secure a good collection ; success was not measured by the financial result, but by the quality of the teaching and the inspiring power for good of the addresses that were given. If the truth was well proclaimed and some thoughtful persons were helped, comforted and strengthened, then there was satisfaction, and the promoters of the work gladly contributed to the maintenance of the society—deeming it both a duty and a privilege thus to work for humanity and the truth.

The fact is, it seems to me, that in our eagerness to add to our numbers we have to some extent, at least, been missing the true objective of our cause and losing sight of the purpose the spirit people have in view, *viz.*, the betterment, the spiritual emancipation and enlightenment, of the people of the earth. As I understand it, Spiritualism leads to the recognition of the innate divinity of every human being ; to the awakening of these 'angels in the growing' to a realisation of their spiritual and progressive nature. Surely, therefore, it should prompt us, not to seek to bring spirits down to our earthly level, but to try to lift ourselves, and others, nearer to theirs ! Surely we should not pander to those 'who would harness the angels to their go-carts, if by so doing they could make sixpence,' but try to develop our own spiritual powers in *this* world so as to do something to sweeten and sanctify life here and bring heaven on earth, instead of waiting to go to heaven hereafter. Do not misunderstand me, I am not opposed to public illustrations of clairvoyance, but I *am* anxious that we should find and adopt the best methods for their presentation. By that I mean those methods by which we may most efficiently accomplish the end we have in view, *viz.*, the helping and comforting and convincing of the inquirer, the mourner, and the sceptic ; and the ministration to, and the encouragement of, the Spiritualist. It seems to me we have held our evidences too cheaply, we have not ourselves realised, or sufficiently emphasised, their value, and as a consequence they have come to be lightly regarded by the average person, who thinks of mediums as fortune-tellers, and loses sight of the spiritual value and significance of the descriptions of spirit people and of the proofs of identity which the messages so often afford.

Why should we not have our 'communion service' ? Why should we not hold it for our members, either as a part of or after the ordinary meetings ? Why should it not be to us a sacred service for *spiritual* communion, for which we shall give the best, the most earnest and aspirational conditions ? Why should we not let the inquirer know that it is a *privilege* for him (or her) to be permitted to attend such a service, and that, should he desire to do so more than once, he must join the society ? What better inducement can we offer for membership—or for the retention of our members ? The time has come, it seems to me, when in the work of our societies we should consider seriously what steps can be taken to meet the spiritual requirements of Spiritualists. In the past we have devoted our efforts, for the most part, to the inquirer and the stranger within the gates. We have defended our right to think and to investigate ; we have repelled the attacks of our critics ; we have appealed to the investigator, and our public mediums have mainly devoted their attention to the sceptic and the doubter, hoping to give them such evidences of spirit presence and identity as would con-

vince them that Spiritualism was true and worthy of serious study. But we have not been as attentive to the Spiritualists. In our anxiety to confute our foes, confound our critics and convince inquirers, we have been apt to overlook the fact that when we have succeeded with these people, and they have become Spiritualists, they *still* need help. The spiritual nature of Spiritualists has its needs and requirements—they, too, must have spiritual teaching, comfort, guidance and inspiration. If we do not give them these they will go elsewhere—into the liberal churches, for instance—where they can get them. We ask Spiritualists not to hold their home circles at the time of the public Services, but surely we ought to try to give them something that will compensate them for that sacrifice.

Since man is a spiritual being he has certain needs or requirements. Among these natural longings and aspirations, which demand the satisfaction of healthy expression and fulfilment, are the religious sentiments and intuitions. Ideality, Sublimity, Reverence, Spirituality are not foreign to us but natural—they are the uprush and manifestation of the spirit self. Many Spiritualists feel the need of knowledge and desire truth. At all costs they would lift the veil and banish mystery—would press to the heart of the problems of being and win the key of interpretation. They pray for guidance, and seek, by the aid of ministering spirits, to get into touch with the all-pervading spiritual life. By meditation and aspiration they would win their way to the inner planes of consciousness—to a comprehension of the nature of spirit—and by the illumination of the psychic self, attain to the realisation of the spiritual unity of all. Others feel that they must go forth on the adventure of research—they would find 'the way, the truth, and the life' for themselves—while still others feel that they can best worship the Absolute Love and Right when they enter into the silence and in quiet serenity and peace find the Christ within.

By such varied paths and experiences do men and women become conscious of their spiritual relations to the Cosmic Whole that no one can say that his is the only way, and it should be our aim to supply, as far as we may, such spiritual surroundings as will help seekers in their quest. But do we in our Sunday services sufficiently take count of, or do we from our platforms sufficiently aim to meet, the spiritual longings, desires and needs of those who assemble? Do we go deep enough, are we broad enough? Do we keep and nourish those who hunger and thirst after spiritual truth, and light, and love? I think not, but I am sure we can, *if we will!* Indeed, I go further and say that our Spiritualism can never be truly a vital religion that has relation to life until it does meet our human needs on *all* planes of our being. That is truly spiritual which helps us, and that helps us which touches the source of our emotions, desires and purposes. We are all very human. Life for us all has many burdens, crosses, losses, griefs, heartaches and sorrows, and everyone at some time needs a refuge—a haven of calm, a 'home of charity and love,' a well-spring of strength and comfort. We should not forsake the assembling of ourselves together for mutual helpfulness, but we *should* make our societies centres of fraternal good-will, where we can hearten one another in good works, where we can lay ourselves open for, and become receptive to, baptismal inspirations of power and love from ministering ones both in the body and out of it. Public services of aspiration, harmonious song, thoughtful exposition and spiritual exhortation—private or class-reading study and meditation will all be stimulative; and, after all, the bright, brotherly, helpful service which meets the needs of the Spiritualist will in the main also meet the needs of the inquirer, for he too is human and wishes not only for knowledge, but for sympathy, fellowship and encouragement.

I am inclined to think that in our endeavours to establish the spiritual telegraph, and to convince the world that it is in working order, we have not given sufficient heed to, or applied, the truths that have been given to us through its agency. I know we have done incalculable good by proclaiming and proving the fact of intercourse with the unseen, but have we sufficiently realised the all-inclusiveness of our spiritual gospel? Have we taken cognisance of the spiritual significance of the tidings, or of the possibilities of spiritual communion and illumination: of helpful companionship with and inspiration from unfolded and wise Intelligences over there?

After all, it is the application of the truths we know in our daily doings—the expression of the principles we understand in the motives that animate us—love, purity, and helpful service to others—that really matters—and counts. The fact remains, however, that many earnest men and women who have desired to apply their Spiritualism and make it useful to humanity—who have wanted to *do* something to leave the world the better for their labour and their love—have gone outside our movement and have allied themselves with other earnest workers, in the churches and out of them. They have gone among Theosophists, Socialists, Rationalists, New Thoughtists, Psycho-Therapists, Anti-Vivisectionists, Labourists, Suffragists, and others—feeling that only in that way could they give *practical* application to their advance-thoughts and progressive ideas, and apply their Spiritualism to daily life to help to liberate and enlighten mankind. I do not say they are right, but they have far too much justification. There is an old phrase, 'Be ye doers of the Word—not hearers only,' which seems as applicable to-day as it was, doubtless, in the day when it was uttered. It is not enough to know the truth only—it must be applied if it is to become useful and give us power for good.

I gladly acknowledge that much sound, practical work has been accomplished in our Lyceums, for which our movement owes a deep debt of gratitude to the ardent labours of the faithful few who have toiled so nobly on behalf of the rising generation. Fourteen years ago our grand old man, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, said that it was 'a crime not to give the best possible training to a child, until, at any rate, it reached adult age and became an independent unit of the social union,' and in our Lyceum movement a splendid effort has been made to give this necessary training, to apply Spiritualism practically to the needs of the young, and give them such nurture and education as will stand them in good stead in later life. But are our societies looking after, and being recruited from the ranks of, the young men and women who have grown up in the Lyceums? Are we helping and stimulating these young people to participate in the educational work of the movement? Do we realise that, to quote again Dr. A. R. Wallace, our 'duty as Spiritualists is to work strenuously for the improvement of the social conditions which will render it possible for all to live a happy life, developing to the full the faculties they possess and preparing themselves to enter the higher progressive life of the spirit world'?

Upon us, as pioneers of progress, it seems to me, is laid the duty of leading the way, now as in the past, and it is along the lines of social service—of the application of spiritual principles in all the affairs of men—especially to achieve in practice, fellowship, brotherhood, co-operation, and a return to Nature—that the movement must develop if it is to become a vital force in shaping the future destiny of man on earth, and, in consequence, in the hereafter. We must look forward to, and aim to win closer union with all workers for human betterment. We must make our Spiritualism *spiritual*; all-inclusive, not sectarian or exclusive, else brotherhood is but a 'pious opinion' and fellowship a misnomer. We must seek to develop along the lines of 'social service as a spiritual duty' because it is the proper and inevitable expression of the moral and spiritual nature of man. An American writer shrewdly remarks, 'Convert the world and fail to develop it, and you will have a world of "backsliders" and unbelievers. Develop the world so that the world can see and hear and know and think for itself, and it will need no other conversion.' When men realise that they are spirits, immortal by nature, responsible to themselves and others for the use they make of their innate powers, their opportunities, and the influence they exert in the world, then they will become practical workers for spiritual progress, because they will desire that all men shall live wisely, righteously, lovingly, and happily.

We are coming to realise more and more that life is to us, individually and collectively, what we make it; that by our attitude of appreciation and good will, or of detraction and selfishness, we can make or mar our own lives and affect others to their good or their hurt. If we find heaven within, we shall be optimistic and useful—centres of influence for good. Spiritualists should be the happiest people on earth, because they know that life lasts for ever, that progress is possible in all



states, that good alone is eternal, and that love is the master key that unlocks all doors and makes us freemen of the universe. Yet, after all, our sciences, philosophies, religions, isms and anities are of little use if they do not tend to make life sweeter, broader, brighter, and better for all mankind. It is not so much a great world *teacher* that is needed as the world-wide application of the good teaching that we already possess. The greatest thing about life is *living*, and the best things in life are health and strength, true purposes, earnest efforts, high ideals, large sympathies, deep and kindly loves, expressed in generous actions of helpfulness and useful services one towards another. Therefore the spiritual religion of the future will endeavour to realise in practice the love of man for his fellow-man, and to express that love by securing for every man, woman, and child such conditions as shall stimulate in them the love for and appreciation of all that is true, pure, good and beautiful, and afford them the means of growth, grace and happiness on earth. For, as Lizzie Doten wisely says:—

The world rests not, with a careless ease,  
On the wisdom of the past—  
From Moses, and Plato, and Socrates,  
It is onward advancing fast;  
And the words of Jesus and John and Paul  
Stand out on the lettered page,  
And the living present contains them all  
In the spirit that moves the age.  
Great earnest souls, through the truth made free,  
No longer in blindness bow,  
And the good time coming, the yet to be,  
Has begun with the good time now.  
Then up, nor wait for the promised hour,  
For the good time now is best,  
And the soul that uses its gift of power  
Shall be in the present blest.  
Whatever the future may have in store,  
With a will there is ever a way,  
And none need burden the soul with more  
Than the duties of to-day.  
Then up, with a spirit brave and free  
And put the hand to the plough,  
Nor wait for the good time yet to be,  
But work in the good time now.

#### GENERAL BOOTH'S PROMOTION.

Very impressive is 'P. W. W.'s' account in the 'Daily News' of the funeral service at Abney Park Cemetery, on Thursday, August 29th. The opening sentences at once caught our attention:—

What remains of General Booth is buried. His embalmed body lies deep in a narrow prison of whitewashed bricks. Above him is a slab of cold stone. He is near, yet cut off from the tomb of his wife. They have thrown earth, three times, on his head. Yet his disciples have scattered forth from that place of utter decay, convinced that their leader is not dead, but 'promoted.' Their hands upon the arm are white, not black. White are the streamers upon their banners. It was the General's command.

The writer was much touched by the scene, and by the tributes of affection offered by the speakers, but he closes with a note of regret:—

The last glimpse—what mattered it? The usual struggle with unreasoning gravitation. Yet I wish that I could have added a further word. For there was one son of the General's far away—Mr. Ballington Booth, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, yet unmentioned by syllable or hint. A good man he, though he did not remain in the Army—a man who will sorrow as sincerely as any honest man sorrows for him who gave him life—yet not a reference! A word of genuine sympathy for that distant son, that distant brother, would have been a word in season. I did not hear it.

TRANSITION.—In 'LIGHT' of August 24th, we referred to the advanced views of Dr. Govett, Dean of Gibraltar, on prayers for the dead, and we have from time to time quoted from sermons which he has sent us, in which he embodied his Spiritualistic views. We now learn that he has passed to spirit life in his eighty-fifth year, at Gibraltar, where he was the civil chaplain for thirty-one years, and was beloved and respected by the whole community, irrespective of creed. He was a subscriber to 'LIGHT' from its earliest days, and one of its staunchest friends.

#### THE VOICES, 1912.

BY VICE-ADMIRAL W. USBORNE MOORE.

(Continued from page 411.)

My friend, Mr. W., a member of the Civil Service, lives in Ireland; he is nearly sixty years of age, an Associate of the London S.P.R., and an active Member of the S.P.R. of Dublin. He applied to me in June to be allowed to sit with Mrs. Wriedt. As all the sittings were filled up, the only thing to be done was to ask him to join me in one of my private séances, which he did on the morning of June 22nd. Until the sitting was over neither the psychic nor the ladies residing in the house knew anything whatever about him. I, alone, was aware of his name, nationality, and occupation; it was impossible that anyone in touch with Cambridge House could be aware that he was a 'psychical researcher'—in the sense that the words were used by 'Dr. Sharp.'

Mr. W. has kindly permitted me to make use of his notes. I can vouch for the accuracy of his narrative.

Admiral Usborne Moore sat on a chair at arm's length from my left. Immediately on my right was an oval table with vases of flowers, chiefly roses, with some white flowers brought by myself. In front of me, at arm's length, Mrs. Wriedt sat on a chair at right angles to my own chair. On the left front of Admiral Moore was a small table about one foot four inches square, with a large vase of lilies on it, also a telescopic aluminium speaking trumpet. There was also on this small table in front of Admiral Moore a small vase with some roses brought by him on the day previous. At the end of the room, on my left, near the door, was a small cabinet about six feet six inches in height, perfectly open in front. Before the sitting commenced I examined this cabinet, and found that there were no exits at the back—curtains hung down at each side. This cabinet was about eight feet from the table at my right, and consequently was about six feet in front of Mrs. Wriedt, and probably three or four feet from the chair on which Admiral Moore was seated. There was also a large aluminium telescopic speaking trumpet standing upright on the floor about the centre of the circle.

Lights were extinguished. Almost immediately 'Dr. Sharp' (Mrs. Wriedt's control) spoke in a strong, clear voice (a masculine voice) through the trumpet—presumably through that on the floor in the centre of the circle. The voice seemed to be about the level or a little above my head. 'Dr. Sharp' saluted Admiral Moore and welcomed him. He said he was also glad to welcome 'the psychical researcher'—my name, nationality, and connection with the Society for Psychical Research were then known only to Admiral Moore. I said that great caution was required on the part of the members of the Society for Psychical Research in dealing with these phenomena. 'Dr. Sharp' agreed, but deprecated the exhibition of unreasoning belief on the part of many of the members and their efforts to explain away the incontrovertible evidence which was often presented to their senses.

'Iola' (Admiral Moore's guide) then spoke in a soft, but perfectly audible, voice, through the trumpet to Admiral Moore, the matter communicated being of a private nature. Admiral Moore said to 'Iola,' 'Let me introduce my friend to you.' 'Iola' replied, 'I will try and help this gentleman's wife to manifest to him.' 'Dr. Sharp' said that the conditions of the circle were very good; he also said that 'this gentleman's wife, a very sweet spirit, will manifest.' After a short interval some very bright spirit lights appeared—about the size of a sixpence and some of them red in colour; they approached Admiral Moore, and then appeared near the centre of the circle. Presently a beautiful, angelic, bright spirit form was gradually built up in the cabinet, clearly visible to each of the three sitters. The figure was draped and the graceful contour was very clear though the features were indistinct. At the time the figure appeared all three sitters exclaimed 'What a beautiful figure!' Mrs. Wriedt's voice was distinguished by me as proceeding from the chair immediately in front of me—the cabinet where the figure appeared was at least six feet distant from Mrs. Wriedt's chair. Admiral Moore, who was the sitter nearest to the cabinet, thought it was the figure of a tall woman about five feet six inches to five feet eight inches in height (the latter was about the height of my wife); he said that it was not the figure of 'Iola,' who was of slight build and about five feet one inch in height. The apparition disappeared completely in about five to ten seconds. After a short interval the same spirit figure was again etherealised for several seconds, somewhat more distinctly than before; the features were still not distinguishable but the dark hair and the general contour of the figure were very clear. Both Mrs. Wriedt and Admiral Moore declared they had never

before seen a more beautiful angelic figure etherealised. Admiral Moore was quite certain that the apparition was not the figure of 'Iola' (his guide), and 'Dr. Sharp' said very clearly through the trumpet, 'That beautiful form you saw was this gentleman's wife.'

My wife did not hold any conversation with me through the trumpet, so that I have received no evidence of her identity except as to the height and contour of the figure and the assertion of 'Dr. Sharp' that the apparition was that of my wife.

'Dr. Sharp' then asked me through the trumpet, 'Did you know a man called Johnson or Thompson?' I said that I did not remember, except a doctor in Dublin of that name who was dead some years. 'Dr. Sharp' said, 'He is here and wishes to speak with you.' Presently a low voice addressed me through the trumpet. I asked, 'What is your name?' I heard some reply, but was unable to catch the name. The voice then said, 'I am the wife of a member of your society who recently passed over.' I asked whether he was a member of the Modern Languages Society or of the Society for Psychical Research. The voice replied, 'The Psychical Society.' I requested that the name should be pronounced more clearly, but was still unable to catch it. The voice thereupon became distressed and said, 'Well, well, well, well—oh dear!' I asked the spirit to make another effort. The voice then became stronger, and I recognised the name 'P——.' I asked, 'Is the name P——?' Answer, 'Yes! yes!' The spirit seemed quite pleased, and the voice became much stronger. [The name is unusual and foreign.]

†Mrs. P—— was a very charming young woman in Dublin, at whose house I had been in the habit of visiting on the first Sunday evening of each month through the previous two winter seasons. The meetings at her house were generally frequented by those of advanced thought in psychical, religious or social matters. I talked to the spirit for some minutes; she remembered sitting with me at a séance of 'seven.' I asked, 'Was it with Mrs. Mitchell.' She said, 'Yes, with Mrs. Mitchell; Mrs. Mitchell was a grand woman.' She said she remembered the rather disagreeable contretemps I had with 'Cissie,' a negro girl guide of Mrs. Mitchell. The spirit then said through the trumpet: 'I shall never hand round cups of tea again.' Mrs. P—— was a delightful hostess and always dispensed hospitality at our Sunday evening meetings. I said, 'As a very strong test of your identity, I want you to tell me if you can remember my calling to see you on one particular occasion when you were convalescent.' She said at once, 'Yes, yes, here in London.' I said, 'Where?' The reply being somewhat indistinct, I asked, 'Was it in the neighbourhood of Warwick-avenue?' She said, 'I don't know anything about Warwick-avenue.' I thought she said something about Torrington-place, and I asked, 'Was it Torrington-place?' At once the reply came, emphatically and strongly, 'No, not Torrington-place; it was Warrington-crescent.' This was quite correct. I once called to see her, and had dinner with her, at a house in Warrington-crescent when she was convalescent. This was very evidential, as I had completely forgotten the address of the house at which I had called to see her, it having passed out of my memory until the voice recalled it so emphatically: 'No, not Torrington-place, but Warrington-crescent.' I next asked Mrs. P—— if she was happy in spirit life, and she replied that she was very happy. I told her I had recently seen her husband in Dublin, and she said, 'Give my love to him.'

After the P—— incident, 'Dr. Sharp' said to me, 'Now, sir, take Mrs. Wriedt's hands in yours, and your wife will try and give you a rose.' I took both of Mrs. Wriedt's hands firmly in my right hand. After about two minutes a rose was put into my disengaged hand, and shortly afterwards another. 'Dr. Sharp' then said, 'You were talking just now about the physical phenomena that occurred the other morning.' (Mrs. Wriedt had been telling me of the lifting of the vase full of lilies from the smaller table on to the floor, also of the movement of this table at a recent séance.) 'Now, sir' (to me), 'take Mrs. Wriedt's hands again in yours.' Presently I was struck on the right side of the head by a bunch of roses (my face being previously stroked by flowers). The bunch fell on to my knees and then on to the floor. These roses were afterwards found to have been taken out of a vase close to my right elbow on the table. After a few minutes of silence, 'Dr. Sharp' said: 'Mrs. Wriedt, turn on the light.' On the electric light being switched on, the big vase of lilies from the table near Admiral Moore's chair was found on the floor in front of me, and the bunch of roses previously mentioned was lying on the floor close to me. When we had satisfied ourselves of the altered position of the roses and of the lilies from the smaller table, the lights were again extinguished, and I put the trumpet to my right ear with my right hand pointing over the table at an angle of about sixty degrees from the direct line between the psychic and myself, at the same time holding Mrs. Wriedt's two

hands firmly with my left hand. Minute taps came through the trumpet, audible to both Admiral Moore and myself, but no distinct message, though I heard a whisper once or twice, without recognising any definite words. My left hand was repeatedly touched while grasping Mrs. Wriedt's two hands. Mrs. Wriedt announced twice that her hands had been touched. Admiral Moore said that he was not touched throughout the séance, and received no manifestations other than one or two sentences from 'Iola' audible to all. 'Iola' did not, as usual, speak to him without the trumpet. During the incidents with the flowers, which I have described, Admiral Moore was sitting in his chair to my left and could not possibly have moved without my knowledge, my hearing being very acute.

#### GENERAL REMARKS.

During the whole of the séance just described, I was particularly careful to notice the attitude of the psychic during the phenomena. On one or two occasions I observed that Mrs. Wriedt appeared to be speaking at the same time as 'Dr. Sharp' and while I was holding both of the hands of the psychic in my hand. From the almost involuntary exclamations of admiration by Mrs. Wriedt while the spirit form was building up in the cabinet and from the fact that the sound of Mrs. Wriedt's voice proceeded from a position in close proximity to my chair at this time, I can entertain no doubt that during the occurrence of these phenomena Mrs. Wriedt was sitting fully six feet from the cabinet. In my opinion there could have been no collusion on the part of the other two sitters, as I should have been instantly aware of any movements on the part of Mrs. Wriedt and Admiral Moore while the manifestations were taking place. Several times during the séance my face and hands were stroked as if by flowers while I had a firm hold of the two hands of the psychic.

My name was not on the books of the Syndicate of the Guarantors. I accompanied Admiral Moore on one of his private sittings. He assures me that it was impossible that my name, occupation, nationality or my connection with the Society for Psychical Research could have been known until after the séance.

It was my first experience of phenomena so remarkable and I have no explanation of them to offer, except the extraordinary psychic power possessed by Mrs. Wriedt.

C. J. W.

(To be continued.)

#### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Once more the autumn is drawing near and we begin to think of the long evenings and the renewal of the various activities which have been suspended during the summer months. Only a few weeks separate us from the time for recommencing the work of the London Spiritualist Alliance, and Members and Associates alike are looking forward hopefully to the *Conversazione* on October 17th. In an early issue of 'LIGHT' we shall give the programme of the session up to the end of 1912, and fully anticipate that the coming season will be even more successful than the last. (See page 422.)

In 'Nash's' magazine for September, Elbert Hubbard has the first position with a stimulating article on 'Self-pity,' which he defines as 'the act of feeling sorry for yourself. You sit down and weep because you are not appreciated, or loved, or worshipped as you feel you should be.' Among other good things, he says: 'Take the knocks that life sends, and regard them as lessons. If we pity anyone, let us pity the people who have to live with us. It is a great privilege to live, to engage in the struggle of existence, to fight for that which is right, and, if need be, to suffer and die for it. To go down and acknowledge you are down is the only defeat. When you indulge in self-pity, you are on the down grade. Don't bewail unkind fate. Take your knocks and don't whine. Carry your chin in and the crown of your head high. Keep your mouth closed, your eyes open, and breathe through your nostrils. Time is the great adjuster of all wrongs, and in the course of even a short lifetime we get all the love that is due to us—that is to say, we get all that we give. Let us be grateful that we are alive. There are over forty-five million people in the British Isles who never played you a single nasty trick. There's work to do. Get up, and at it!' This is healthy, rousing, sensible talk.

The following reflections, which occur in a story entitled, 'A Makeshift Marriage,' written by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds and just concluded in 'The Daily News and Leader,' seem worth reproducing: 'The conditions under which wireless telegraphy can make itself audible have to be carefully arranged. The conditions under which the supernatural becomes evident seem to us



accidental ; but as we don't know at present what causes join to produce such results, they may be just as scientifically regular as the flashes of a lighthouse. It is only because we don't understand that we think of them as random things, arbitrary, fitful, and only occasional. . . . You never can put into words any central thing that you feel. You know that you want some other medium, some way for one soul to reach another. I wonder that people don't go in for it much more thoroughly than they do. The wireless telegraphy seems to have given the key. If you could tune two souls to one another exactly, they could converse without speech, I believe. . . . The moment at which you are likely to receive the sort of message which I think you have in mind, is the moment when you are perfectly passive—when you are awake, but mentally and bodily quiescent.'

The issue of 'The Progressive Thinker' for August 17th is a 'woman's number,' most of the articles being contributed by women. The first, by the editor, Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, is a sketch of Jane Addams, who seconded the nomination of Roosevelt in the Progressive Convention. Among other contributors, Mrs. M. T. Longley writes well and forcibly on the good work done by women in the progress of the world ; Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle deals with 'What Women should be Doing ;' and Mrs. G. N. Andrews with 'The New Democracy' and its new ideals. Half a dozen portraits of contributors grace the pages, and the whole contents are bright and interesting.

We read a great deal about personality just now, and a host of very confusing and curious statements are made respecting it. Dr. Hyslop, in the 'Journal' of the American S.P.R. for July, criticised an assertion by Dr. Lyman Abbott that 'The continuance of personality does not depend on the continuance of consciousness.' Dr. Hyslop very pertinently asks : 'What is personality if not consciousness? Ever since men were out of babyhood they have conceived personality as identical with consciousness, and now we are told that personality does not depend on it. What is personality if not consciousness? Is it mere mental imagery in my mind of others who have died? Most people in the insane asylums have a clearer conception of the case.'

Again, Dr. Hyslop has some clear and rational words to say respecting the belief in immortality. He holds that 'unless the belief acts as a selective and regulative influence on conduct of the present moment, it has no special importance. The belief will never be any better than the men who hold it. It is not merely believing in a future life that brings redemption of any kind. It is rather in the ethical and social functions which the belief helps to strengthen that its importance lies. It depends for its value upon the ethical and political maxims which it organises and protects, and the justification it gives to certain ideals.'

In 'The New Forest Magazine' for September, the vicar of the church of St. Nicholas, Brockenhurst (the Rev. Arthur Chambers), chronicles the loss, 'as far as bodily presence is concerned, of a dear, a tried, and highly-esteemed friend in the departure from earth life of Dr. Fred Gardner,' who, he says, was 'abreast of psycho-therapeutical knowledge.' 'With a personality which inspired confidence and hopefulness, he was in the sick-room a physician not only of the body, but also of the mind and spirit. Behind his medical skill lay a psychic force which he gave forth from himself to others ; so that of him it may be reverently said (as of the Master he humbly served) "Virtue went out of him." "His very footfall on the stairs," said one of his patients, "does me good." Few had a grander conception of the true Gospel of God than he ; and few knew so well how to minister to the body through the mind.'

Dr. Ivor Ll. Tuckett, in the July 'Bedrock,' according to 'The Literary Guide,' 'generously absolves Sir O. Lodge, Sir W. F. Barrett, &c., from the suspicion of imbecility,' for which concession, doubtless, those gentlemen are correspondingly grateful ! Dr. Tuckett, however, considers that Sir Oliver and his co-workers in the S.P.R. 'are merely victims of an overmuch will-to-believe in thought-transference, &c.' On the other hand, however, they are, by many persons, thought to be too incredulous, and not sufficiently ready to give due weight to the testimony of others respecting psychic experiences. Hence, the probability is that, in 'striking the happy medium,' they are not far off from realising the truth. Dr. Tuckett lays himself open to the retort that he is afflicted with an overmuch will-not-to-believe, and consequently 'is unable to see wood for trees.' Mr. Myers was quite right when he spoke of 'offensive incredulity.'

## 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.*

### Spiritualism in Sweden.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to the second letter of 'A Spiritualist of Twenty-five Years' in your issue of July 27th (p. 360) regarding a statement in a previous communication of mine concerning Swedish Spiritualism. I saw his first letter, but as it was anonymous, left it alone. Now, accepting the writer's statements, it is evident that I was misinformed, and I beg to express regret that I should have quite innocently hurt the feelings of my friend by accepting all I hear as fact. I was wrong, and I am sorry.—Yours, &c.,

HANSON G. HEY.

### An Offer of Platform Service.

SIR,—If I can be of service in the movement we have so much at heart, I should be pleased to come forward and take the platform for any of your societies, on any Sunday, for expenses only.

My week end return fare is, I believe, about 6s. 3d. from Saturday to Monday. A séance could then be arranged for the Saturday evening.—Yours, &c.,

S. A. M.

### Has Mr. Stead Communicated?

SIR,—As one who admired the vigorous and ardent spirit of Mr. W. T. Stead, and appreciated his unflinching devotion to whatever he thought was right, although in many instances I dissented from the steps he took to achieve his ends, permit me to say how much I have been interested in the various 'communications' which you have published in 'LIGHT,' and which purport to have emanated from him. By giving these messages to your readers, you have enabled us to compare one with another, and notice points of similarity as well as of divergence. While I recognise that in no one of them has there been anything of 'evidential value' from the point of view of those who seek for test statements indicating personal identity, yet I have been struck with the unity of spirit which they have manifested. The tone and temper displayed throughout these messages—in some very markedly apparent—have been, I think, in keeping with the disposition of Mr. Stead. He, when here, was averse from the 'test-hunting' method, and it is not surprising that since passing over he has been much more concerned about the conditions of those around him, who, unfortunately, knew less about the real life of man after death than he did himself. True, there have been some slight discrepancies, but only such as one may naturally expect to find in communications given through different sensitives, especially at a time when such emotional stress was experienced by them. All students know, and make allowance for, the fact that there is 'something of the medium' in all such messages, especially in automatic or impressional writing. The wonder is that we have got so much that is probably correct.—Yours, &c.,

W. F. M.

### 'A Potent Cause of Insanity.'

SIR,—From the kind little note in your last issue on my letter in the 'Referee' of August 25th, on 'Great Wits and Madness,' I see that the sub-title, 'Uprushes from the Subliminal' has caused a grave misunderstanding, leading to the statement that I attribute insanity to these 'uprushes,' which is far from the case. I used the expression in the body of the letter as Myers' explanation of genius, and the editor, on his own notion, added it as a sub-title, thus giving a most misleading impression.

I did point to an overlooked potent cause of insanity, and as the alienists give figures to show that the world will be wholly insane in three hundred years, the matter is so grave that I shall be glad if you will allow me to repeat my statements in your columns. We often look afar for what is under our nose, and this is the case with this dire disease.

The brain is a delicate organ, requiring a large supply of blood when active ; so if the blood is tainted by poisonous products it must tend to injure the brain. Now, the gradual refinement of the farinaceous foods enables us to 'bolt' them ; thus we chew them insufficiently, and Dr. Harry Campbell tells us that mastication is becoming a lost art. When the starchy foods are not properly masticated and insalivated the stomach cannot digest them, and they are passed on to the intestines to be got rid of by the putrefactive action of bacteria. This gives rise to toxic products and produces a mild, but actual form of blood poisoning.

In addition to this, the exhaustive experiments made by Professor Chittenden and other scientific men, instigated by the marvellous experiences and discoveries of Horace Fletcher, prove that most of us eat nearly two-thirds too much. The great Edison says of America, 'The country is food-drunk!' He himself eats only about twelve ounces of solid food a day, an amount which makes a moderate meal for an ordinary man. Yet on this he often does the work of two or the three men; working days and nights without sleep. Personally I am best in health, and do my best work, on two moderate meals a day. So I say two meals a day are needed to support a man in highest health and efficiency; the other meals are needed to support the doctors! This over-eating adds to the evils of insufficient mastication and insalivation. Such food-poisoning is manifestly the cause of 'nervous breakdown'—a disease almost as fashionable as appendicitis. The blood being tainted, and the digestive apparatus being overstrained, the attempt to do heavy brain work at the same time is too much for the system. It is not the excessive brain work which causes the breakdown, but the overwork of the digestive arrangements, and the blood poisoning which weakens both brain and nerves. This is also a potent cause of insanity; the brain is weakened by the toxic products of mal-digestion; then a fit of anger, which in itself poisons the blood, extra strain, shock, or those troubles which come in battalions, and the throne of reason is overthrown. This is the overlooked cause of insanity I pointed out—certainly not the 'uprushes from the subliminal.'—Yours, &c.,

E. WAKE COOK.

20, Fairlawn Park, Chiswick, W.

### MORE 'NORTH MAIL' 'JUSTICE.'

BY JAMES LAWRENCE.

Doubtless there are many readers of 'LIGHT' who are not readers of 'The Lyceum Banner,' but a penny would be well invested in the purchase of the September issue of that admirable organ, for Spiritualists will find in it something which will strengthen their Spiritualism, stiffen their backs against the prevailing Press tyranny, and determine them to identify themselves with the new league now in course of formation. The Newcastle-on-Tyne 'North Mail' seems in deadly fear lest 'the truth will out'; its late antics in connection with the '£10 ghost "challenge"' being ample evidence. The return of an article was a small item compared with the treatment of its latest 'victim,' Mr. Alfred Kitson, the estimable Editor of the 'Lyceum Banner' and indefatigable secretary of the British Lyceum Union; a gentleman who, one would have thought, would have received a fair hearing.

But no; though Mr. Kitson wrote a letter on August 13th in reply to a Darlington minister, yet up to the present it has not appeared. However, Mr. Kitson prints it in full in his own paper for September, so that Spiritualists may see how those who defend them are served.

My sympathy goes to Mr. Kitson, also my appreciation of his manly reply. Nothing but firm treatment will affect conduct such as is being meted out to us just now. Local sentiment is yet stirring, but slowly, yet I doubt not that when it is once aroused it will take some allaying.

KIMBERLEY, SOUTH AFRICA.—Mrs. Place-Veary had a very successful and well-attended meeting in the Good Templars' Hall on Thursday evening, July 25th, when she gave psychometric readings from flowers and other objects collected from the audience, and also clairvoyant descriptions of departed relatives and friends of those present. The remarkable accuracy of these readings and descriptions excited much wonder.

TRANSITION.—It is with deep sorrow that we record the passing to spirit life, on August 29th, of Mr. J. J. Bennett, aged thirty-six, Vice-President of the Walsall Society of Spiritualists and brother of Mrs. J. Venables, Mayoress of Walsall, and of Mrs. S. Brown. He was secretary and organist of the society for many years, and an ardent worker in the Children's Lyceum, of which he was the conductor. Alert, cheerful, capable, and earnest, he accomplished, in spite of his physical weakness, a great deal of good work, and his loss, as far as his bodily presence is concerned, will be keenly felt by a very large circle of friends, by whom he was highly esteemed for his many sterling good qualities. We extend our sincere sympathy to his wife and family, and trust that they may realise to the full the comfort of the consciousness of his spiritual presence and companionship. The interment took place in the Little Aston Churchyard, Streetly, on the 2nd inst. On Sunday last at the Central Hall, Walsall, a memorial service was conducted by Mr. W. J. Leeder, who made feeling references to Mr. Bennett's many and valuable services to Spiritualism.

### SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st, &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—*Shearn's Restaurant, 231, Tottenham Court-road, W.*—Mr. A. V. Peters was warmly welcomed by a large audience, and his clairvoyant descriptions were most successful. A useful meeting. Mr. W. T. Cooper presided. Sunday next, see advt. on front page.

LONDON SPIRITUAL MISSION: 22, Prince's-street, Oxford-circus, W.—Mrs. Mary Gordon was the speaker. Morning subject, 'The Call of the Spirit'; evening, 'Thoughts on Religion.' Sunday next, see advt.—F. W.

HAMMERSMITH.—89, CAMBRIDGE-ROAD.—Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., short service and circle; at 7 p.m., address by Miss V. Burton. Thursday, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Neville.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—73, BECKLOW-ROAD, W.—Good services morning and evening. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Mr. Eveleigh; at 7 p.m., Mr. Mathews. Thursday at 8, Mrs. Webster.—J. J. L.

CLAPHAM.—HOWARD STREET, NEW-ROAD.—Mr. G. Brown gave an address on 'Spiritualism.' Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Mary Davies, address and clairvoyance; also on Monday, at 8 p.m., psychometry; silver collection.—F. C.

HACKNEY.—240A, AMHURST-ROAD, N.—Mrs. Judge gave an address and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Neville will give an address. Monday, at 8 p.m., members' circle. Inquirers welcomed.—N. R.

STRATFORD.—WORKMAN'S HALL, 27, ROMFORD-ROAD, E.—Mrs. Mary Davies' interesting address on 'Add to Your Faith Knowledge' and clairvoyant descriptions were much appreciated. Mrs. E. A. Noall presided. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., address, Mr. E. Alcock-Rush.—W. H. S.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—Mr. Horace Leaf gave an address and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, Mrs. Annie Boddington, address and clairvoyance. Circles: Monday, at 7.30 p.m., ladies' public; Tuesday, at 8.15 p.m., members'; Thursday, at 8.15 p.m., public; Friday, at 8 p.m., astrology.—W.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HAMPTON WICK.—Mr. T. O. Todd gave the first two of four lectures on 'Science and Religion in Harmony.' Sunday next, services at 11 and 7. Mr. Todd will give the remaining two lectures of the series. 15th, Mr. E. W. Wallis.

CROYDON.—ELMWOOD HALL, ELMWOOD-ROAD, BROAD-GREEN.—Mr. W. E. Long, under spirit influence, paid a high tribute to the work of the late General Booth. Sunday next, morning service, at 11.15; evening, at 7, Mr. G. Tayler Gwinn will give an address.—J. W. W.

BRIGHTON.—HOVE OLD TOWN HALL, 1, BRUNSWICK-STREET, WEST.—Mrs. G. C. Curry gave good addresses and well-recognised clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mrs. Jamrach, who will also give a séance at 8 p.m. on Monday; 1s. each sitter.—A. C.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—Mr. H. Boddington gave fine addresses. Mr. J. Macbeth Bain also spoke, and their visit to the Lyceum were much appreciated. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mrs. Ellen Green; also on Monday at 8 p.m. Tuesday at 3, work party; at 8, also on Wednesday at 3, clairvoyance.—H. J. E.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—SURREY MASONIC HALL.—London Union Conference: Morning, a paper, read by Mr. Scott, of Peckham, was much appreciated; evening, Mr. Tayler Gwinn presided, and Mr. P. Scholey and Mr. A. Rush gave addresses. Sunday next, Mr. W. E. Long; at 11 a.m., 'Visions'; at 6.30 p.m., 'Intuition.'

HOLLOWAY.—PARKHURST HALL, 32, PARKHURST-ROAD.—Morning, Mr. T. Abrahall answered difficult questions. Evening, Mr. George F. Tilby gave an uplifting address on 'Healing' and answered questions. 28th, Mrs. Podmore, address and convincing clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., Miss Florence Clempson; Lyceum at 3 p.m.; at 7, Miss M. Ridge. 14th, Mrs. Pulham. 15th, Mr. A. H. Sarfas.—J. F.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL, LAUSANNE-ROAD.—Morning, Mr. Smallwood read a paper on 'Merging of the Material and Spiritual Worlds'; afternoon, Lyceum still increasing. Evening, address and clairvoyant descriptions by Mrs. Jamrach. Sunday next, morning, Mr. Williams will relate experiences; clairvoyance, Mr. Abethall. 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7, Mrs. Podmore. Soloist, Miss Woodrow. 15th, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts.

STRATFORD.—IDMISTON-ROAD, FOREST-LANE.—Morning, interesting discussion on Mr. Willmott's paper, 'Spiritualism and Demonism.' Evening, Mr. E. W. Beard gave an inspiring address on 'Our Way to Heaven' and Miss F. Shead sang a solo. 29th, Mr. Connor, address; Mrs. Connor, clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Horace Leaf will conduct our Harvest Festival. 12th, Mrs. Richards and Mrs. Harrad. 22nd, Nurse Graham.—A. T. C.