

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe,

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Amongst the obituary notices of the more distinguished victims of the tragedy of the 'Titanic' none have been more conspicuous than the tributes and appreciations concerning the life and work of the late Mr. W. T. Stead. We read many of them and noted the variety of allusions to his interest in psychical matters. These, we observed, ranged from guarded expressions of respect for his pursuits in this direction to half-contemptuous regrets that a man of such distinguished talents should have occupied his mind with an 'ignorant superstition.' In the 'Daily News' the able writer whose identity is thinly concealed under the initials 'A. G. G.', in the course of 'A Tribute,' remarked:—

These predilections undermined his influence. There is nothing the British public so distrusts as intercourse with spirits. It is, I think, a relic of the ancient horror of witchcraft. Stead paid the price of the 'crank,' and he paid it quite knowingly and willingly. His indifference to consequences, indeed, was in him, as in most men who emerge from the commonplace, a powerful driving force. He never cared what happened or what men thought; but crashed full-steam ahead.

That description admirably characterises the great journalist as we knew him. As to the British public and its distrust of intercourse with spirits, it is quite conceivable that its attitude is, as the writer of the article suggests, a relic of the old horror of witchcraft. But we think it is in no small measure also an outcome of the prejudice which exists against new developments, especially those which trench upon a realm so long fenced and guarded by theological interests and prepossessions. Mr. Stead was essentially a pioneer and innovator in his province as a journalist. To show him a wall or a barrier guarding said-to-be forbidden realms was quite sufficient to awaken his conquering energies to the task of battering it down, if he saw any good purpose in so doing. We were not always, perhaps, fully convinced of his discretion in these matters. But of his tremendous earnestness we had never any doubt. Strong, audacious and purposeful, he plunged into 'that infinite region of mystery that invests our little island of fact' and proclaimed his discoveries. If he at times overshot his mark, his mistakes were more admirable than the correctitude of those feeble and flabby minds who, having made a timid essay into the same region, are content to maunder about the doubts and the difficulties and the lions in the path.

We have sometimes thought that, in spite of the protests we hear against the prejudices which obstruct the progress of reforms and ideals, the greatest victims of

prejudice are those who entertain it. In one of his novels ('Martin Chuzzlewit,' we believe) Dickens remarks that the man who goes through life in a suit of armour protects himself from good quite as much as from evil. And Professor James compared the person whose energies are stifled by the desire for conventional respectability to one who should tie up all his fingers but one and try to do his work with that. In this way there is a great waste of energy, but we would rather know that the energy was there to be wasted than that it was not present. That is the consoling side of it. Sooner or later, in the pressure of evolving life, all these temporarily inhibited forces will come into play, breaking their narrow limits, and then the development of the race will be far more smooth and rapid than it is now. And, no doubt, it is wisely ordered that all these floods of energy should be shut away for the present. The time is not ripe for their release.

Looking through our American exchanges recently, we came across some pleasant verses, in the course of which the writer, Katherine Quinn, expressed in playful fashion her perplexity regarding the smiling faces to be met with everywhere in this sorrowful world:—

They say that man was made to mourn,
And life is full of woe,
Still smiling eyes are turned on me
Whichever way I go.

That is not a new discovery. Many others have noticed it as something of a contradiction. To us it is, in some measure, an evidence of the abounding heroism in the world. How many times we meet people who with aching hearts go smiling and cheerful through life! We once met at a social gathering a man notable for his brightness and geniality. On that occasion those attractive qualities were as noticeable as ever, and yet only a few hours previously he had been ruined by a business catastrophe. But there is another reason, we think. The soul is always—however dimly it may be—conscious of itself. Great sorrows and trials render its influence more positive. The mind is forced back on interior realities and the smile is significant of something else than the courage that bids us keep a bright face against adversity. That is our interpretation of the problem thus expressed by the poetess:—

For with the talk of 'earthly woe'
And of 'Satanic wiles,'
I find it hard to understand
This prevalence of smiles.

We were reading recently an article on capital punishment in an American contemporary, and we noted that the writer of the article—a clergyman—was disposed to defend the death penalty. He pointed out that the State should not hold the life of a murderer more sacred than that of his victim, that the criminal should be taught that the end of active hatred is death. And the reverend apologist for the executioner went on to argue that the death penalty is a deterrent—people refrain from murder because they fear the punishment of death that will follow. How futile

it all is! In the bad old days thousands of people stole sheep, 'lifted' goods from shops and robbed passengers on the highway in the face of the death penalty for such misdeeds. Even to-day rope, axe and 'electric chair' do not prove stronger than human passions in preventing murder. But the greatest fallacy of the whole argument is the idea that death puts the murderer 'out of the way,' extinguishes him, so to speak. All the knowledge and experience of modern psychical science cries out against such an assumption. The murderer thrust violently out of earthly life, full of hatred and resentment, may conceivably be a greater menace to the well-being of society after his death than before it. Is it not a melancholy thing that a clergyman should be without a glimmering idea of such possibilities—quite apart from the ethics of the question?

'Theosophy and Social Reconstruction,' by L. Haden Guest, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (Theosophical Publishing Society, 6d. net), is the third volume of 'The Riddle of Life Series,' and a practical and timely contribution to the study of social problems. The author fully realises how vital a part the recognition by mankind of its true nature and destiny must play in the amelioration of physical conditions. He sees clearly the waste and folly of a social order which produces vice, crime and destitution, all of which have to be dealt with by a costly system of hospitals, infirmaries, workhouses, prisons and charitable organisations; he notes, for example, how in the case of sweated trades the public have, through poor relief, to supplement the wages of underpaid workers. It is true that some of the remedial principles he enunciates, though termed theosophical, are common to all spiritual philosophies, but names are of little consequence except in so far as they promote the general acceptance of the ideas expressed. We observe that Dr. Haden Guest, like Mrs. Besant, looks for the coming of a new World Teacher. On that question opinions may differ, but it is significant that many reformers and thinkers just now are united in their aspiration for the coming of a 'strong man' to cope with the prevailing chaos.

SPIRITUAL PRAYERS.

(From many shrines.)

Our Father and Mother God, infinitely wise and loving, we would draw near to Thee in spirit, and await the inshining of Thy light and life. In our sorrow we turn to Thee for comfort and help. Our stricken hearts cry out to Thee, the Source and Sustainer of all life. We pray that in the darkness of our grief and the bitter hour of bereavement we may feel that Thou art truly near to bless and strengthen us. May Thy ministering, witnessing spirits pour upon us such love and power that we may grow calm and trusting, and realise more fully than ever before that our loved ones in the unseen are ever near, and that spirit communes with spirit. May we know that neither time nor space divides hearts that are one in true affection, for Life triumphs over death, and Love is immortal. May we be helped to be conscious of the presence and undying affection of those dear ones who have been lost to us in the shadows, and be blessed by their inspirations of good. Let us not be selfish in our grief, rebellious in our sorrow, but learn resignation and grow into spiritual peace as the result of our loss. May we be more sympathetic, compassionate, and kindly disposed one towards another, and send out loving thoughts to those in the unseen that they may know, and be helped by, our sincere desire for their spiritual welfare. May we, looking upward through our tears, rejoice in the vision of the spirit and of the higher life, and, hand in hand with our sainted dead, learn to worship and praise Thee, by loving and serving Thy children on the earth. So may we rest in Thy perfect love, and praise Thee now and always. Amen.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

WELCOME RECEPTION TO MRS. MARY SEATON.

On Thursday afternoon next, May 2nd, A SOCIAL GATHERING will be held at 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., at 3 o'clock, to welcome Mrs. Mary Seaton, of Washington, U.S.A., on her return to London. Tea will be provided during the afternoon, and at 4 p.m. Mrs. Seaton will give an address on 'Spiritualism: Its Relation to some New Schools of Healing.' Admission: Members and Associates, free; Visitors, 2s. each. No tickets required.

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

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 9TH,

WHEN AN ADDRESS WILL BE GIVEN BY

THE REV. T. RHONDDA WILLIAMS

ON

'THE SOUL AS DISCOVERER IN SPIRITUAL REALITY: A STUDY OF TWO SCIENTISTS.'

The doors will be opened at 7 o'clock, and the Address will be commenced punctually at 7.30.

Admission by ticket only. Two tickets are sent to each Member, and one to each Associate, but both Members and Associates can have additional tickets for the use of friends on payment of 1s. each. Applications for extra tickets, accompanied by remittance, should be addressed to Mr. E. W. Wallis, Hon. Secretary, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

MEETINGS AT 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.

FOR THE STUDY OF PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—On Tuesday next, April 30th, Mrs. Podmore will give clairvoyant descriptions at 3 p.m., and no one will be admitted after that hour. Fee, 1s. each to Associates; Members free; for friends introduced by them, 2s. each.

TALKS WITH A SPIRIT CONTROL.—On Friday next, May 3rd, at 4 p.m., Mrs. M. H. Wallis, under spirit control, will reply to questions from the audience relating to life here and on 'the other side,' mediumship, and the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism generally. Admission 1s.; Members and Associates free. MEMBERS have the privilege of introducing one friend to this meeting without payment. Visitors should be prepared with written inquiries of general interest to submit to the control. Students and inquirers alike will find these meetings especially useful in helping them to solve perplexing problems and to realise the actuality of spirit personality.

MRS. MARY SEATON'S LECTURES.

A series of Special Afternoon Lectures on 'The Unfoldment and Exercise of the Powers of the Inner Self' will be delivered by Mrs. Mary Seaton, at 110, St. Martin's-lane, at 3 o'clock. The following is the syllabus:—

Monday, May 6th, on Marie Corelli's work: 'The Life Everlasting.'

Thursday, May 9th, on 'A Study of the Soul—How to Use its Powers.'

Monday, May 13th, on 'The Soul on the Sub-Conscious Plane: Its Power to Maintain Health.'

Thursday, May 16th, on 'The Soul on the Conscious Plane: Its Power over the Sub-Conscious in Self and in Lower Forms of Life.'

Monday, May 20th, on 'The Soul on the Super-Conscious Plane: Its Power to Reach the Unlimited Wisdom, Love, Force—God.'

The Council of the London Spiritualist Alliance and Mrs. Mary Seaton jointly invite Members and Associates of the Alliance to attend these meetings free of charge; Visitors 1s.

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.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A number of communications intended for this issue of 'LIGHT' have been unavoidably crowded out.

TRIBUTES TO MR. W. T. STEAD.

On the whole, the newspaper press has paid worthy and loyal tribute to Mr. W. T. Stead, although in many instances little or no allusion has been made to his deep interest in communion with the unseen. A new and pathetic significance attaches to his remarks in May last year at the Spiritualist Convention at South-place Institute. Speaking of the good work accomplished by 'Julia's Bureau,' he said: 'If we can get communications satisfactory to the bereaved in one case out of every ten, it will more than justify the attempt.' And then he added, after pointing out that the successful results were more numerous than had been anticipated: 'To many breaking hearts the Bureau has been as an angel of resurrection, telling those whose eyes were blinded with tears not to look down at the tomb, for those whom they loved were not there!' Those who heard him bear this testimony little thought that ere a year had passed he who spoke to them would be on that other side, and that his host of friends would themselves need to remember not to look downward through their tears, but to open their hearts to the inflow of his thoughts, so that he might assure them of his presence!

Mr. Stead was sixty-three years of age, and his personal appearance is well suggested by the following description by a writer in the 'Morning Leader': 'The rough grey beard and moustache that covered half his face, and the ragged grey eyebrows from under which his keen eyes looked; the sturdy, rather stout figure, dressed in plain, unfashionable clothes; and the habit of sitting with hands thrust deep into his hip pockets, suggested a gruff agriculturist rather than a man in touch with the inner machinery of the world's affairs.'

In the 'Review of Reviews' for April Mr. Stead intimated that he had been invited to speak on the 'World's Peace' at a meeting in Carnegie Hall, New York, at which President Taft was to be one of the speakers, and that he hoped to be back in London in May. The meeting was organised by a committee of the new religious movement in America which aims to get hold of men and boys. Mr. Stead, commenting on the programme of this society, said: 'I am interested and surprised to find an almost entire absence of any allusions, direct or indirect, to the fact of existence after death.' Surely the committee will now feel the need of an affirmative gospel on this point. We do not wonder at Mr. Stead's surprise, as, to him, the spiritual work, especially that connected with intercourse between the people of the two states of being, was more important than almost anything else in the world. It may truly be said of him that he has given his life to humanity and died in the great cause of peace and progress, to which he had devoted his abounding energy. As Mr. Harold Spender says: 'Mr. Stead was a man who thought less of self, perhaps, than of any other cause in the world, and we may be sure that if he has perished in this sad catastrophe he died as he lived, selfless to the last.'

'The Morning Leader,' after referring to the terrible scene on board the 'Titanic' which must have followed the collision, says:—

It is a ghastly picture, but lighted with a rare heroism; and it will not seem exaggerated to those who knew him, to feel certain that among the foremost figures in it, inspiring and encouraging all, was the single-hearted journalist whose eventful life has come to so sudden and tragic an end. Mr. Stead never knew what fear was in his life; and we are sure it was not otherwise at the last.

'The Daily Chronicle' says:—

There was not a braver man on the 'Titanic,' not one who would meet his death more unflinchingly. His Cromwellian courage and spirit of self-sacrifice would make Mr. Stead the last man to leave the sinking ship so long as there was a chance to save anyone else. He was ever ready to crucify himself in the cause of others.

More than once Mr. Stead has said that he would like to meet death while leading a movement for redressing some crying injustice, or for uplifting the people. When the 'Titanic' bore him across the Atlantic he was on a mission for two of the causes which were nearest his heart, to attend meetings in support of a forward movement in religion and the world's peace—a combination which he would have called the brotherhood of Christ upon earth.

'The Christian World' says:—

It was so easy to differ from Mr. Stead, and yet admire and love him for his grand qualities. He was a genius, but an erratic genius—a prophet who spoke out his prophecies, cost whatever they might to him in pecuniary loss or personal unpopularity. People who knew Mr. Stead merely as a publicist could barely apprehend the man's soul. He was a man of intense religious faith. The unseen things were the most real things to him, from his boyhood at Silcoates—where he started a revival—to his last journey across the Atlantic, which was undertaken to participate in the Men and Religion Campaign in New York. It was this intensity of his faith in the unseen life that made him the victim of Spiritualists and freak religionists. He was really a man of simple faith, a Congregationalist, a regular worshipper at the Congregational chapel, and even at the week-night prayer meeting at Wimbledon, and frequently at Westminster Chapel and the City Temple. His every impulse was generous, and if he could have been trusted with a cheque-book he would have ruined himself by his benevolences. Mr. Stead always believed he would die a violent death. We have heard him say that he would be kicked or stoned to death by a furious mob in the streets of London. He has died—if he is dead—almost as grim a death amid the icefloes off the Grand Banks. We are confident that if Mr. Stead went down with the 'Titanic,' his last moments were spent in helping the women and children into the boats, heedless of his own safety, or in comforting those around him who in the last dread hour might be fearful of facing their Maker.

We regret that the writer of the above should have marred his otherwise kindly 'appreciation' by unfairly speaking of Mr. Stead as the 'victim of Spiritualists and freak religionists,' for with all his enthusiasm he was always well able to give a reason for the faith that was in him. Mistaken he might be, but his intelligence was of a very high order and his sincerity was indisputable. A characteristic thought of his is given in a little book entitled 'Golden Opinions,' just published by Mrs. V. A. Whyte, of Northwood, Middlesex: 'If you can do nothing else for your friends, think lovingly of them; for the loving thought of a friend is as an Angel of God, bearing a benediction to the soul.'

By the courtesy of the Editor of 'The Daily News' we are permitted to reprint the following beautiful lines by Miss S. Gertrude Ford, which appeared in that journal on the 19th inst.:—

W. T. STEAD.

['He has gone down into the great waters.'—A. G. G. in 'The Daily News.']

Yes! as he lived he died; a voyager

Adventurous ever, on great deeps and strange,
Whence new isles dawn and where the wide winds stir,
Freighted with Fate and Change.

His was the heart of gold whose argosy

No ship on all the sea of life could match,
Whose wealth all shared; whose door, to each man free,
Was ever on the latch.

Kindness that knew nor end nor bound; the power

Thundering its way to thrones; the gentleness
That stooped to lift and cheer one wayside flower,
One fainting life to bless.

Great heart, intrepid soul, majestic brain—

To these, to-day, is many a tribute penned.
My wreath is woven of love and wet with pain—
I mourn the man my friend.

The New York special correspondent of 'The Daily Chronicle' reported on the 19th inst. that he had made many inquiries about Mr. W. T. Stead but could learn almost nothing respecting him. He said: 'One passenger told me that he saw him on the deck helping the other men to get the women into the boats, and that Mr. Jacques Futrelle, the novelist, was active in this work.' On the voyage, it is said, Mr. Stead talked much of Spiritualism, thought transference, and the occult generally. In 'The Star' of Monday last its New York correspondent quotes Mr. F. K. Seward as stating that Mr. Stead was one of the very few who were actually on deck when the iceberg was struck. 'I saw him soon after,' said Mr. Seward, 'and was thoroughly scared, but he preserved most beautiful composure. Whether he stayed on board or sought safety by leaping into the sea I cannot tell, but I do know he faced death with philo-

sophic resignation.' According to the 'Western Daily Press,' of Bristol, Mr. R. Penny, of that city, wrote to Mr. Stead early in the month and referred to certain mishaps which it seemed probable to him might occur in the near future. To that letter Mr. Stead replied, on the 9th inst. :—

Dear Penny,—Thank you very much for your kind letter, which reaches me just as I am starting for America. I sincerely hope that none of the misfortunes which you seem to think may happen to myself or my wife will happen, but I will keep your letter, and will write to you when I come back.

W. T. Stead as a Friend.

BY MISS E. KATHARINE BATES.

The Editor of 'LIGHT' has asked me, as one of Mr. Stead's oldest and most intimate friends, to write some words about him. In spite of my bitter grief, after days of miserable suspense out here (where all news has been a day old), I feel bound to consent to do this, although at first it seemed impossible.

There are so many to speak of his past life and ceaseless energies, of his political ideas and activities, of his devotion to the modern developments of psychical research. I shall therefore speak of him only in his character as a friend.

We differed in politics, in psychical research methods, in a dozen directions, but these differences of opinion were never allowed to touch, far less to shake, our loyalty and affection for each other. He understood, as no other man I have yet met has understood, the claims and responsibilities of true friendship; and therefore it is as a friend that I must speak of W. T. Stead, for I knew him best in that relationship—the most difficult and beautiful and unselfish of all relationships.

For nineteen years he was my truest, dearest, and most trusted friend. Sometimes, for weeks or months, we neither met nor, for the shorter periods, wrote to one another, but when we met once more, it was always as though we had parted the day before. Never once in all those long years did he allow me to feel that the smallest trouble or difficulty of mine was unheeded; never once did such trouble pass unnoticed, even though he had barely time for half a dozen lines of truest sympathy and most helpful optimistic comment. When one remembers his abnormally busy life, the ceaseless drain upon his leisure moments, the number of other friends to whom he must have been equally a tower of strength and comfort; and lastly, the immense correspondence entailed through his position, and the endless cranks and faddists, as well as the interesting men and women, who claimed his time and attention, it appears little short of a miracle that he could accomplish all that he did during the twenty-four hours of the day. I say *twenty-four* advisedly, for I fear he sacrificed many needed hours of rest and sleep to writing those strong words of sympathy and help to the many who are blessing his memory to-day. His almost reckless generosity where money was in question is too widely known to need comment; but many can, and will, give money who grudge the time, or have not the talent, for saying just the needed word which not only cheers at the moment, but may often influence a whole lifetime.

I have often said, jokingly: 'Stead reminds me of the Almighty more than any man I know.' If man (the true type) is really made in the image of God, I do not see why this remark should be considered blasphemous. He was built on such big lines—there was nothing small or local about him in any single way. I will even venture to say that his sympathy (one of his most striking characteristics) had about it the quality of the Divine sympathy. Human sympathy is apt to be measured according to the standard of *our own judgment of the supposed need* and the corresponding amount required. Stead, on the contrary, judged your need of sympathy according to your own estimate of the circumstances. He would counsel courage and faith and endurance, but he never aggravated the wound by the common-place platitudes of so many kind-hearted but egotistical persons, who point out first *their* view of your sorrow, and then insist upon your looking at it through their eyes.

The hopeless sorrow of a little child over a broken toy, or the terrors of an Emperor over a threatened crown, were equally worthy of my friend's sympathy, and received it in like *quality* in consequence. There was no 'great' or 'small' in his eyes; and I have often thought that this could only be because his eyes had seen further than most men's into the length and breadth of the Infinite Love. It is those who have seen only a small bit of the heavens who tell you of how little account are the trifles which are troubling you; and they are proud of their philosophy and their power of rising above the earth mists. But he who has seen far *beyond* this has a very different sense of proportion—one that can take in the infinitely small as well as the infinitely great.

To the Creator Himself, *all* earthly sorrows must appear infinitesimal, judged by any standard of the absolute; but those of us who have been helped through any special trouble, after praying about it, *know* that the microscope reveals as truly as the telescope, and that the Infinite is infinite in His care for His creation as well as in the creative power itself. Stead's scale of values showed that he knew this, for he acted upon it instinctively. His plans and ideas, and even his mistakes and failures, were all on a grand scale—his successes were the same. No one ever took up so many unpopular causes or was so eager to devote time and money, and life itself if need be, to a struggle for the rights of a downtrodden nation—or a downtrodden man or woman.

He was frequently called indiscreet—impulsive—or hysterical, but many of his critics would be glad to have *his* 'records' of the triumph of single-minded faith and goodness over the massed forces of tyranny and oppression and lust.

He was, without exception, the most unselfish man I ever knew; and to show that this is not merely the view of an outsider, I may tell the following significant story. I am quite sure Miss Stead will forgive my doing so.

Some years ago I was at a garden party at Cambridge House, Wimbledon. Mr. Stead appeared later in the afternoon, coming straight from his offices, after a heavy morning's work in London. In spite of this he spent a strenuous afternoon looking after his guests of all nationalities and endeavouring to bring together the ingredients most likely to mix well in the party. Having admired the easy, tactful way in which he managed to see that no one was either bored or neglected, I happened to say later to his elder daughter, then quite a girl: 'What a splendid host your father makes! He seems to know how to do everything well. Are you not very proud of him?' 'Proud of him? Of course I am!' was the answer, and then she added in a rather regretful tone, 'But it will be very difficult for me ever to marry. I shall *never* find a man who will make such a husband as my father makes.' I told Miss Stead at the time that I thought this the finest compliment any girl could pay her father; and I think so still.

One has often heard it said, 'Stead is such an advertiser.' This comes from a confusion of ideas. He was a great champion, but no man on earth ever advertised his own good deeds so little. As an old housekeeper of his once said to me, finding that I was ignorant of some great kindness done to her and her child, 'The master is not one to blow his own trumpet.'

I cannot recall a single occasion when Mr. Stead told me of any benevolent action of his towards a fellow creature.

On one occasion when I had gone down to Hayling Island to spend a few hours with him, he having retired there for rest and freedom to do some important and pressing work, we had a stroll before lunch and then returned to the house through the kitchen as a short cut. A small child, with thick flaxen plaits and very blue eyes, was sitting alone at a table, with a big metal spoon in one hand and a tin kettle in the other, banging the spoon furiously upon the latter and evidently enjoying herself enormously. On my asking who the child was, my host replied carelessly, 'Oh, the daughter of —,' mentioning one of his *employés*. Further inquiries elicited the information that this man and his wife and eight children were enjoying a fortnight's holiday in Mr. Stead's house, where he had retreated for 'rest and quiet writing!' One never even dreamed of saying, 'How very kind of you!' Such is the obvious remark to make to any ordinary person who has told you of having taken two or three children for a day in the country.

Finally, no one could be with Mr. Stead for many hours or see anything of his home-life without realising that he was a devoted husband (as his daughter's remarks inferred) and a most loving father.

I must not encroach further with words which are so inadequate. To me personally it is as though the sun had suddenly left the sky, and I know how many others must be feeling the same.

Such a big nature could not be monopolised even by the most loyal friendship. Yet I think each friend could truly feel that there was an *individuality* in his friendship that made it a real living thing between you and him, although you knew that his friendships were many and deep and strong and loyal—they could not be otherwise with such a man.

The rays of his great, sympathetic heart and nature shone upon you and upon others also; but I don't think anyone felt defrauded, or valued his friendship the less because it lacked the exclusive element. I can only judge by my own experience. I know that I never felt for five minutes that he was giving me in any way less than the most exclusive friend of another type could give.

It simply meant that his true genius for friendship enabled him to satisfy all, and yet teach to all of us a higher law than the law of monopoly.

He gave to you that which belonged to you and to you alone;

and to another, that which belonged to him (or her), and to him alone. I think friendship *must* have this special *personal* quality, or it becomes a mere general and flabby feeling of universal good-will.

Most men and women have only enough friendship-capacity to make one or two real friends in life—friends whom they will never fail in any emergency and who will never fail them.

Stead had many friendships, because *his* friendship-capacity was wider and broader than that of ordinary men and women. It would have been as absurd to try to limit his friendships as to try to command the winds and the waves, or to prevent the sun from shining. He was a man who belonged to the great spaces of life and could never be imprisoned within a narrow groove.

But he never deserted an old friend for a new one; nor failed in love of home and family, because his nature was big enough to take in the whole human family in addition.

Hotel Belmont, Montreux, Switzerland.

Mr. Stead's Unconquerable Faith.

By MISS EDITH K. HARPER.

I have been asked by the Editor of 'LIGHT' to write a few words about Mr. Stead 'from my own knowledge of him.' I have waited while it seemed to crushed and anguished human hearts that there was the remotest shred of hope to cling to that he, our beloved chief, was still, in some miraculous way, spared to pursue his noble, selfless, inspired and devoted work on the physical plane.

Now that we have been forced to realise the unspeakably mysterious event that has robbed this world of one whom a great man yesterday described to me as 'the greatest man we had,' I will try to tell the readers of 'LIGHT' what, speaking in all humility, I, who was privileged to know and serve him so closely and so constantly, feel above all else to be his greatest claim to greatness.

As a knight-errant he was great, as he 'rode abroad redressing human wrongs,' with absolutely no thought of himself, except that his life was given to him to use for others; as a clear-sighted politician, far above party littleness; as a brilliant writer, pouring forth a marvellous flow of thoughts and ideas, like sparks from an anvil, he was head and shoulders above his contemporaries. As a 'practical idealist'; as a faithful friend, a chivalrous and generous opponent; as the apostle of the world's peace; as the fearless champion of the weak and helpless; as the wide-minded, patient, infinitely interested investigator of all that touched the 'world invisible'—which he always called 'the world of realities'—in all these things he stood out as a constant example to the world he loved to serve. Others have written of him in all these aspects, and whatever is written can but fall short of what all who came within the magnetism of his personality, and the great public who were in touch with him through his writings, are aware. Of all these there is no need again to speak here.

But to some, the greatest and most lovable quality in his wonderfully lovable nature, was his indescribably beautiful and touching submission to the will of the Heavenly Father, to Whom all his life and actions were constantly referred. Like a trusting child he lifted his luminous eyes and sought to read, as in the face of a loving parent, what it was for 'the highest best,' God's best, that he should do, or whither go, or what endure. God was All-Wise, All-Loving; He had ordained, and He knew best. All for us to do was to place our hearts in humble and adoring receptivity to any manifestation, any revelation, of His Will. And if by our own wilfulness or blindness we missed His 'signposts,' then to try humbly and patiently to read them afresh and aright. This may sound like much that we have heard of others—heroes, saints, martyrs, who have illumined the missal of the earth-life with their shining records. But to have seen it constantly before one, to have lived in the daily benediction of its divine influence, as did those who had the joy of serving him, is a marvellous lesson, not a radiant memory only, but the unspeakable living consecration of a lifetime.

Those who knew him best can recall how, in some sudden or long drawn out tangle of perplexing uncertainty, or complexity, when light seemed for the moment obscured in darkness and there were 'lions in the path,' and in the press of conflict it would seem that the Guiding Will had been strangely inexorable, strangely hard, how those clear, far-seeing blue eyes (which saw so deeply and so tenderly into the problems and mysteries of existence) would look for just a moment, with a quick, half-puzzled second glance, as though to be quite sure of having grasped the stern significance aright; then the old calm serenity would return, the loving trust, the unconquerable faith and certainty that 'His best is far better for us than our own best can ever be,' and that to belong to the Father, just to be used by Him as His humble instrument, for His own inscrutable purposes, is the only possible rule of life.

It was the absolute, loving submission of a heart that has been immovably anchored upon the Eternal, and which knew itself to be actuated in all ways and at all times only for the love of humanity. . . . Once the Will of God has been ascertained, all *must* be well, all *is* well, anyhow, anywhere, and for all time. So he was never weary of teaching and living. And so it is, we know now, with him.

From the baffling mystery of that terrible night the human mind reels, the heart sickens, benumbed. In his sudden summons from earth-life, with its vast need of him, its aching want of him, we can as yet but dumbly acquiesce, in the knowledge that he has but been called to greater work and still more glorious opportunities of service, whence his eager, dauntless, gallant spirit rallies us, and gives us courage and cheer. . . . We can but strive to follow still. . . . We can but echo, though with breaking hearts, the solemn pathos, the sweet and heavenly resignation of his unfailing words: 'Though He *slay* me, yet will I trust in Him.'

ACKNOWLEDGMENT FROM MR. AND MRS. RONALD BRAILEY.

Mr. Ronald Brailey, whose son was one of the heroic band of musicians on the 'Titanic' whose splendid courage and devotion were worthy of the noblest traditions of humanity, writes:

'Permit me to ask that the many correspondents who have sent to our home their sympathies over our great, great loss, will accept this acknowledgment, as it is impossible for me to reply to them individually. Truly we have found that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," for from all over the British Isles we have received letters filled with expressions of deepest sympathy. The writers are of all shades of religious belief, and out of the oneness of hearts they have poured balm upon our sorrow for the physical loss of our earthly light and joy.'

DEATH A 'MOVING TIME.'

We take from the April number of 'Healthward Ho!' a beautiful allegory woven by 'A. C.' :—

One very unwelcome visitor sometimes comes to my house; her name is Fear. She is old, thin, and ugly, with big starting eyes, and fingers like claws, and hair that stands on end. I hate her heartily, but cannot altogether get rid of her. She has prevented me from doing some foolish things, and she has nagged at me terribly at times when I have disobeyed the King's Ambassador—but all the same I might have obeyed him far more consistently if it had not been for her, and I might also have been far more helpful to other people. One thing that she likes to frighten me about is the moving time. 'It is all very well for you to talk about going out into the Light,' says she, 'but can you say that you live in harmony with the King's Ambassador? In your house you are hidden from view; what sort of a creature will you appear when that is taken from you? What about all the ugly hidden things in you that nobody knows about? What will be the good of the Light to you if you are blinded by it? Will not your poor little being be blasted and shrivelled up by its intensity? How do you expect to see without your windows, or hear without your auditorium? What is there in you worth preserving?'

And then I ask that one of the beautiful visitors who wait upon the King should take me into my picture gallery and paint me a picture on the walls, a wonderful picture of what is to be! Far, far away, high up, like a distant snow-capped mountain peak, I see the place to which I would go. Most beautiful, indeed, it is; but the way thither, who can tell? Through toils many, through dangers, sorrows, sins, and pains in this life, often falling and slipping backwards, and turning aside, and yet ever with one's face turned towards the goal, ever going slowly but surely upwards. Then, as the path winds higher and higher, my soul gets ever nearer and nearer to my brother's soul: we are no more hidden from one another by the walls of our houses: we touch one another; our beings blend each with each. The King is always in that far-off land, and 'in Him we live.' There we are all perfect in love; and in that perfection every other virtue shines like different coloured gems, on a sea of light. We are not free from pain: for that cannot be until every sorrow and sin has been eliminated out of God's universe. But joy is always there, because while there is love there is hope, hope for the lowest.

So when Fear comes to me and says, 'Do you imagine that this is the heaven of your choice? Do you think that you could be happy in such a place? Can you believe for a moment that your self-absorbed, ease-loving nature will ever have resolution enough to climb those heights?' then I would answer: 'I know not! But the King lives there, and if He wills that I shall live there too, His will shall prevail.'

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THE GREAT CALAMITY.

The gloom and horror of the dark cloud that has descended upon the world out of the deep have been depicted by so many eloquent pens that we are not moved to add anything to the record on the purely tragic side of the subject. None the less, our heartfelt sympathy goes out to those bereaved of their dear ones by a calamity unique in the annals of the sea. We remember that many of our immediate friends are sufferers—amongst others the family of Mr. W. T. Stead, and of Mr. W. T. Brailey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Brailey. Of Mr. Stead there is no need to speak here—his achievements as one of the greatest journalists of his time are recognised on every hand. And of Mr. W. T. Brailey, it is only necessary to say that he died a hero's death. As one of the musicians of the 'Titanic' he took part in that episode that will remain immortal in the memory of our race:—

When the disaster occurred they commenced playing popular tunes, and when at last the 'Titanic' sank beneath them, they commenced playing the hymn, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' It was to the music of that hymn that the 'Titanic' took its final plunge into the ocean depths.

There is the story in a few words. No comments of ours are necessary to add to its pathos and sublimity.

'One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin,' and the great calamity has unlocked such floods of human kindness, of fellowship and unselfish service as go far to compensate for the terrible disaster. The great heart of humanity has spoken, and its voice is eloquent of the spiritual depths of life. Before its tones the shallow utterance of the cynic may well be mute, and the pessimist, with his tale of the innate depravity of mankind, tremble like a guilty thing surprised.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The 'lessons' of the tragedy are told in many and strange ways.

Theology of the old type has spoken, of course. Of a great writer of the past it was said, *Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*—'he touched nothing that he did not adorn.' Of this kind of theology it may be said that it touches nothing that it does not disfigure. It says that the disaster was a Divine judgment. A judgment upon whom and for what? It was a rebuke by the Deity of the barbaric luxury of the age. We are weary of these puerilities. If the Creator really interposes in this human and personal fashion to rebuke mankind we might reasonably expect

some ordered and selective punishment, singling out only the evil-doers, just as a human dispenser of justice would do. Man's follies and crimes have their rebukes and judgments every day and all the time. The judgments of God are interwoven in the very fabric of things. The man who goes recklessly on the edge of the precipice falls over, and that is the judgment, and the ship—but let us turn from the old-fashioned theologian to the man of the world for the voice of reason in this matter:—

What was the 'Titanic' doing up among the ice when she had the whole Atlantic open and free? This is the root of the matter.

Those are the words of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and we gain from one not wholly unconnected with the sinful luxury of the age more enlightenment than from the fathers of the Church. With the recognition that had the great ship taken a course further south there would have been no 'judgment' on the sinful luxury of the age the theological plea is reduced to its proper position of absurdity. There is a lesson and a judgment, truly, but they are administered by the natural operation of Divine laws, and not by any arbitrary fiat.

The operation of the divinely appointed laws of life provides that human recklessness and folly shall always defeat themselves; that the great ship that goes at high speed through an ice-covered sea shall be in imminent peril, and that if it chance to be demolished by impact with an iceberg it shall infallibly sink, whether it carry a living freight of sybarites or of saints. The laws are inexorable—they have no taint of human caprice. But they go farther, and vindicate in their own fashion Eternal love and justice. They ordain that no soul—pure or impure in its life-expression on the human side—shall be lost. Out of the drowned and frozen forms of the victims rise, timid and bewildered or serene and majestic, the spiritual men and women, clothed upon with the vesture of immortality. At one step they pass from the death-haunted sea to a world new and strange, but none the less ordered and adapted by Infinite Beneficence for the life and welfare of human kind—a 'room on the floor above,' as it has been expressed in homely fashion—another stage in evolution, to put it scientifically. We may say with Lizzie Doten:—

O ye sorrowing ones! arise!
Wipe the tear-drops from your eyes;
Lift your faces to the light,
Read death's mystery aright.
Life unfolds from life within,
And with death does life begin.
Of the soul can ne'er be said,
Gone is gone, and dead is dead.

Shall we hear of them again? Here and there, yes, although the messages may sometimes be confused and broken, and apparently misleading. For the world at large the 'spiritual telegraph' is yet in its infancy. Most of the messages will come in ways hardly realised by their recipients, except in hours of insight such as Tennyson and Longfellow describe. Human speech is a limited and arbitrary thing. Were it possible for some wireless instrument to receive messages from those on the 'farther shore,' most of them would probably be rejected by science as lacking in the element of proof. And in many cases the judgment would be right. But the tests and proofs are slowly accumulating. Every now and again a message is 'got through'—in the face of what difficulties we can only faintly conjecture—that fulfils the conditions. And we know that the dead are alive—that they, too, are 'amongst the survivors,' and that with them are those who, faithful to their mission of establishing communication with us, remain constantly at their post, 'sending . . . sending. And slowly—how slowly!—but surely, surely, the messages are being 'picked up.'

'THE FRONTIERS OF THE SOUL.'

By E. E. FOURNIER D'ALBE, B.Sc.

An Address delivered on Thursday, April 11th, to the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, Dr. Abraham Wallace in the chair.

(Continued from page 189.)

By the word 'soul' I understand, as you know, the aggregate of the life principles, or governing principles, or 'psychomeres,' which direct the vital activities of the cells constituting the body. The word 'spirit' may be reserved for the higher entity which unifies this aggregate. I regard both the soul and the spirit as immortal, but ascribe to the former a material constitution. I have, on many former occasions, elaborated the conclusions which result from these views.

And now let me make straight for one of those root problems which are occasionally presented to us with drastic urgency. You may have seen the report—whether authentic or not I cannot say—that a man in Paris, whose arm had to be amputated, was offered the arm of a criminal about to be executed, but refused on account of the undesirable associations of the proffered limb. The truth or otherwise of the story does not concern us. What does concern us is the psychology of the case. If a limb of one person could be grafted on another, would part of the 'soul' of the first person become part of the 'soul' of the second? In other words, can the soul be divided and joined as, under certain favourable circumstances, parts of the body can change their allegiance.

And, first, as regards actual facts. Skin-grafting was first performed in 1869. It is now an established practice, the method usually adopted being that of Ollier and Thiersch, in which strips of skin are cut from the inner surface of the arm or thigh of a healthy individual and transferred to the patient, the injured surface being covered with a succession of overlapping strips, which in the course of a few weeks become normal skin. The process has saved many a life from the consequences of burns, and given the opportunity for much display of heroism on the part of friends and relatives of the patient.

Gluck and Robson have successfully grafted nerves, notably the great sciatic nerve.

A. W. Morton, in America, recently replaced a bone of a man's forearm, which had been badly crushed, by a bone taken from the leg of a dog.

A far less doubtful or objectionable practice is to replace small pieces of lost skin by grafting the lining membrane of a hen's egg on the wound. And you have all heard of the so-called 'rhinoplastic' art, by which the skin of the nose may be renewed by turning down a flap of skin from the patient's own forehead.

In these processes, portions of the living organism are taken from the realm of one spirit and incorporated in the realm of another. The nerve transferred is kept 'alive' during transfer by immersing it in a warm, sterilised salt solution, since its 'death' would prevent its successful incorporation.

And if we require an even more radical and intimate transfer, take the ancient practice of the transfusion of blood. The blood, or rather the white corpuscles of the blood, represent more than perhaps anything else the aggregate life of the individual, since they penetrate every part and travel through the whole system again and again. Moreover, the white blood corpuscles or 'phagocytes' are the organised garrison, the trained defenders of our system, trained to ward off, to fight, to kill and eat all foreign invading micro-organisms. And in the transfusion of blood these change their allegiance, these, who have travelled every crevice and cranny of their proper realm, are transferred to a foreign organism to which they own no allegiance, and are made to serve and defend a new master.

I have grave doubts whether this is what actually takes place. After all, we cannot follow an individual phagocyte through its new course. We cannot observe each single psychomere, and test its allegiance to its new sovereign. It is just as likely as not that what is utilised in the transferred portion is

but the shell or the purely physical structure. Take the fate of a conquered province as an illustration. The garrisons of the defeated Power march out, the soldiers of the conquering nation march in. The officials, the whole machinery of government, all are changed. German soldiers, let us say, garrison Strasburg and Metz. German officials pour into the country from all parts of Germany, and Alsace-Lorraine is, perforce, annexed by a change of rulers pervading the most minute mechanism of government.

No, the probability is that there is a gradual kind of death and resuscitation, the original psychomeres of each annexed cell relinquishing their hold to make room for the representatives of the new spirit, and returning to their own master to form the retinue of disembodied psychomeres which precedes us all into the life to come.

I think I have stated the physical case for psychic divisibility strongly and, perhaps, rather drastically, and have indicated the two alternatives with which we are eventually faced.

Whichever alternative we adopt, we must be prepared for more drastic cases which may be presented to us by future 'triumphs of surgery.' No doubt we shall in the course of another generation hear of the grafting of brain elements, and our philosophy must stand in no danger of being demolished by a single hard fact.

The facts of hypnotism and suggestion are another fruitful source of problems bearing on the integrity of the soul. Hypnotism is largely a displacement or redirection of the faculty of attention. We have already noticed a parallel case in the idle eye of the microscopist. The weakening or inhibition of the will-power of the subject, and its replacement by that of the operator, are but extreme cases of that milder control which parents and teachers exert over children, and which every strong personality is capable of exerting over its weaker fellows. One of the signs of our times is the weakening of that control, both over children and over whole classes of people traditionally subordinate. The 'integrity of the soul' is being asserted more and more successfully, and in the most unexpected quarters, even among women! I believe that this assertion of the sanctity of the individuality, this new interpretation of the watchwords of liberty, while it does not make for happiness, does distinctly make for progress. It is, in a sense, the reverse of the religious tendency, which makes for individual happiness at the expense of progress. The more you develop and fortify the individual, the more you must expand the community in order to give them all elbow-room. When the private will is no longer subordinated to the common interest, the machinery of public life works with greater friction. Friction means strife and hatred, it means wars and strikes and revolutions. For good or ill, it means progress, it means the recasting of the framework of society, the re-crystallisation of the seething mass of humanity.

Such periods are followed by a reaction, by the revival of religion, by the gradual submergence of those classes whose weakness was revealed in the course of the struggle. Things work smoothly. Sometimes it means a prosperous peace, at others it means stagnation and decay. The whole community falls under the dominant sway of some new political or ecclesiastical system, possibly imported from abroad, and moulds itself upon the new principles and ideals.

Here we have a case of 'control' of a whole nation or community. The England of Cromwell and the England of the Restoration can hardly be compared. They are two different nations, as unlike each other, to say the least, as Richet's Léonie and Léontine.

A nation, after all, is not as closely or minutely organised a structure as a human individual. We talk of the complexity of civilisation, of the delicate adjustment of human relations, of the gradations of society, of the sensitiveness of international finance, of the multiplicity of 'wheels within wheels,' which makes up the modern State. But this same State consists of a paltry hundred million or so of human units, whereas the self-governing units which make up us are numbered by the million million of millions. No wonder our adjustment to our surroundings is quicker and closer, our activity more varied, our

life more intricate than that of the most complex of sovereign States. No wonder, either, that moral laws have largely taken the place of physical force between individuals, whereas physical force is still the supreme arbiter of nations. Where the almost invisible speck of jelly was at the dawn of organised life, there is the 'civilised nation' of to-day. The most advanced of modern nations represents, in the scale of organised life, the lowest of metazoic types, such as we see in the hydra and the jellyfish.

We cannot, therefore, draw many conclusions from the analogy between nations and organised beings unless we confine those conclusions to beings very low in the scale of evolution. Yet it is interesting to note that we find traces of control, of hypnotism, of dual or multiple personality in nations as we find them on a much higher scale in human individuals. The instinct of self-preservation in nations includes the instinct for the preservation of the national integrity, and prevents the national speech and character, the 'soul of the nation,' from being swamped by alien immigration, and by an alien language and customs. Yet the very greatness of the extent to which foreign elements can be absorbed again marks the primitive character of the nation as an organism. For the dose of poison that would be lethal to a higher organism is often absorbed by the lower with impunity.

The problem of control enters largely into the problems of life, and more especially those of education. All our efforts should be directed in the first instance towards self-control, and in the second instance towards a suitable choice of external control. The welfare of the organism largely depends upon the efficiency of the central control; in other words, that body is healthiest which is most strictly under the governance of the spirit. It is the spirit that built up the body, although its former conscious activities in this direction cease to be remembered. I am one of those who believe that all the ills of the flesh could be healed by the direct action of the spirit if only the original conscious control of the organic activities could be resumed at will. But, as it is, our mental and spiritual life is so exacting that we are driven to let the vital activities run on in their own grooves, from which it is difficult to displace them at will. I do not advocate a brooding, nervous, introspective valetudinarianism, but I do believe that a faculty of bringing the body under the complete sway of the spirit will be one of the characteristics of the higher man who is now gradually being evolved.

The other task is to bring the spirit itself under the sway of a higher principle. The search for the best and highest principle is the great quest on which the sage and philosopher, the prophet and the law-giver, have gone forth from the earliest ages.

Education should proceed with that double object in view. The child should be made strong and healthy, with an organism under perfect control, and trained to hold its own against the invisible enemies which assail it from all sides. And then, when the soul awakens and the spiritual needs make themselves felt, care must be taken that the spirit may be strong to ward off more sinister enemies, and choose the best master. For, however independent we may deem ourselves, we cannot escape the overmastering sway of some great principle, or emotion, or ideal, or dream. Let it, therefore, be the best of these. I should say to the child: *The great happiness lies in serving, in giving.* See that you have something to give, and then give it to the best, the highest.

Now you will probably ask me: What about spirit control? Is it to be encouraged or tolerated, and what are the best conditions under which it could take place?

On this question I occupy a rather peculiar position, and one which rather unfits me to give advice. I believe, rightly or wrongly, that humanity has no need for advice from extra-human beings, that it is the best judge of the needs of the human race, and that no other race of beings, either above or below, is competent to help us in anything that concerns our earthly welfare. We are on our own ground, so to speak; we are experts in our own department, and more expert than any other set of beings can ever hope to be. Let us therefore, I say, not look to advice or inspiration or revelation from 'above,' but work out our own salvation with our own powers here and now!

It is quite a different matter when we seek, not advice, but information. I may not be inclined to ask advice from an American on European affairs, but I may ask him for information concerning America, especially if I expect to go there some day.

If, therefore, some courageous persons are willing to risk their psychic integrity by putting themselves under the temporary control of unembodied spirits, I look upon their experiments as valuable and praiseworthy, and even as necessary if we wish to pierce the veil and obtain a glimpse of the Unknown. I do not envy anyone the stupendous task of controlling the avenues of information and sifting and examining the indications obtained from what may be very untrustworthy sources. But if there is such a thing as genuine spirit control—*i.e.*, the temporary use of a living organism by a spirit other than the rightful owner of that organism—it is of the greatest importance that the conditions of such control shall be fully and minutely investigated. And once such a necessity is recognised, it is fitting that the Universities, which claim to cultivate and expound universal knowledge, should give this matter a place in their curriculum. It looks, indeed, as if some of the American Universities were about to advance in that direction.

The first question to be settled will concern the determination of criteria which distinctly separate spirit control from the action of the medium's subconscious self and from the suggestions of those present—which may, by the way, be well described as control by embodied spirits. The question has been attacked with some success by the method of cross-correspondences, but it is highly involved, and is still subject to some outstanding reservations with regard to clairvoyance. I look with more hope to psycho-physical methods. One of these has been tentatively indicated in connection with mirror-writing. Others may concern the pulse and temperature of the medium, his weight, or the intensity of his radio-activity. The day which sees the definite establishment of some such discriminating test will see the inauguration of a new science, no less than the science of the spirit world. There is no disguising the fact that such a science does not yet exist. Such attempts as we have seen to establish such a science are far from being worthy of the name. Take the case of 'clairvoyant descriptions,' one of the most frequently practised of mediumistic accomplishments. Most of these are given under circumstances which entirely fail to carry conviction to the unbiassed mind. It is not sufficient that a number of descriptions should have been recognised. That is inevitable, just as a billiard ball launched into a crowd of other balls cannot fail to hit some of them. I must confess that it has never been my good fortune to be present at any such 'clairvoyant descriptions' that could not be accounted for by expert knowledge of human nature and clever guesswork. I gather from some letters appearing in 'LIGHT' that many others have keenly felt the same doubts and difficulties. For the sake of those who, often to their own detriment, devote themselves to such mediumistic pursuits, and also for the sake of the conscientious inquirer, it is emphatically desirable that some reliable test for spirit control should be discovered.

I am sometimes inclined to regard the medium as a 'martyr of science.' As I expect no useful advice on mundane matters from the spirit world, I look upon the medium much as a wireless telegraphist looks upon his coherer or magnetic detector, an instrument for translating the vibrations of the ether of space into visible or audible signals. It is important that this delicate receiver should be tuned to the higher pitches, the higher levels of thought which pervade the spirit world, and it is to the credit of Spiritualists that they have always insisted upon that. But I am glad, for one, that I am not a medium. I prefer to keep my own soul-frontier intact, to have full command of my own faculties, physical and mental. Only thus can I be sure of having something of my very own to offer in service when the occasion arises. I look upon the spirit world as a possibly hostile country, not because it may be peopled with evil spirits, but simply because it contains spirits other than ours. I also regard Central Africa or Tibet as possibly hostile countries into which I should not care to penetrate without much circumspection, but that does not mean that the Congo natives or the Tibetans are evil. They may, for aught I know, be much better

than I am. They are fighting for their own, as it is everybody's right and duty to do.

All this does not mean a crass individualism, a policy of 'everyone for himself.' We could not escape mutual service if we would. Then let such mutual service be the best, the most efficient, the most complete. And let it be under the highest inspiration, inspiration not from this or that individualised spirit, in this world or the next, but from the Great Spirit who lives in and through us all. All living beings on earth have but one origin. They are all brothers, blood relations. 'Love thine enemy,' and fight him, and beat him if you can, but beat him in the spirit of sport rather than of war, so that he may look up and recognise in you but his elder brother, who sets him an example in prowess and training and efficiency, and spurs him to efforts more worthy of his race.

And whether in victory or defeat, the Great Spirit will sustain you. There is no need to 'guard your frontiers' there. In moments of joyous exaltation, and also in moments of deepest distress, we *know* that we are in good hands, and that nothing that matters can really happen to us. How often do we feel a desire to escape from the trammels of the flesh, to renounce this ill-fitting garment, to become as a flame or a swarm of bees, ready to assume any shape our wildest fancy may dictate. That Protean faculty will, I firmly believe, be ours after death. But our present duty is clear. It is to hold what we have, and to mould it in accordance with our own highest ideals, to see to it that our bodies and souls are our very own, and devote them freely to the highest service of humanity.

At the close of the lecture, the CHAIRMAN said he was sure the audience would agree that they had had a most thoughtful address. When they remembered that Mr. Fournier d'Albe was a lecturer on experimental physics, the fact of his giving them such a paper said a great deal for the progress of psychical science. On the question of spirit control, he did not think the lecturer could have read the address he (Dr. Wallace) gave at the opening of the session, in which he challenged any man to give him any other theory that could explain the experience he then related.

A gentleman mentioned the case of a person he knew who could write equally well with the right hand and the left. He had seen in that person marked symptoms of dual control, the subject being one day sweet-tempered, the next the reverse.

A little later a lady, who was disinclined to accept dual personality as the explanation of such cases, asked the lecturer's opinion on that point.

MR. FOURNIER D'ALBE said that what he had referred to in his address were the involuntary operations of the brain centres. He inclined to agree with the lady. The wonder was that we were not constantly oscillated. This would be the case if we were not so accustomed to drive our faculties in harness and make them co-operate.

Another lady asked what distinction the lecturer drew between spirit co-operation and spirit control?

MR. FOURNIER D'ALBE replied that there could only be co-operation on equal terms. His point of view was that spirits in the other world were concerned with their world and we with ours. We did not need their advice concerning matters with which we were better acquainted than they. On the other hand, any information they could give us about their world would be valuable because it would help us to fit more closely and quickly into the new sphere we should have to fill.

To illustrate the distinction in the last questioner's mind between spirit co-operation and spirit control, MISS DALLAS mentioned an incident told her by a lady friend. This lady's grandfather, when captain of a ship, heard a voice give him directions, and as a result of taking the counsel of his unseen adviser, he got his vessel on the right track. Whether the voice came from a discarnate spirit, or was part of himself, it must be regarded as a case of co-operation, not of control. If it was part of himself, it was co-operating with the lower self.

MR. ERNEST MEADS thought that the lecturer could have devoted very little time to a conscientious investigation of Spiritualism. Was it not 'child-like and bland' to say he was master of his own spirit? Was he quite satisfied that no spirit on the other side helped him to prepare his lecture? He (Mr.

Meads) was convinced that nobody yet wrote a lecture worth hearing, or did anything worth doing beyond the merest elementary actions, in which he was not assisted by some discarnate spirit.

The LECTURER humorously retorted that if a spirit had inspired him in the preparation of his address the result had been distinctly disappointing so far as his critic was concerned.

MR. E. W. WALLIS proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Fournier d'Albe for his very thought-awakening lecture. In doing so he remarked that the subject had been dealt with from such an unfamiliar point of view that possibly some in the audience had missed the gist of the lecturer's arguments. For his own part he should like to read the lecture through carefully before expressing any decided opinions regarding it. Mr. Fournier d'Albe had deprecated the surrender of our individuality to spirit people, but why should it be dangerous to surrender temporarily for the purpose of getting information? He had said also that we ought to be subject to inspiration from the Great Spirit, but might not that inspiration be mediated through other spirits? With regard to individuality being strongest in childhood and least when we were most altruistic, he (Mr. Wallis) inclined to think that the development of the inner spiritual life was not a submergence, but an entering into self-possession; not a lessening, but a deepening and strengthening of our individuality. He thought also that there were inner depths of our spiritual life that could never be sounded by any other individual; that it was the purpose of our being that there should be called into existence distinct individualities, and that these while thus separated should be consciously united with the whole.

THE CHAIRMAN having seconded the motion, it was carried unanimously.

In acknowledgment MR. FOURNIER D'ALBE said that he felt it most encouraging to address an audience consisting of earnest seekers after truth. What made their quest so very important was that it went to the root of all existence and affected the whole of humanity. What he was always trying to do was to look at the subject in the dry light rather than in the emotional light. He had endeavoured that evening in his humble sphere to present the matter as it struck a working physicist.

TRANSITION OF DR. I. K. FUNK.

New York papers report the transition, on April 4th, in his seventy-third year, of Isaac Kauffmann Funk, D.D., LL.D., president of the Funk and Wagnalls Company and editor-in-chief of all its publications. Beginning his career as a clergyman, Dr. Funk continued all his life publishing books to aid preachers. Himself a scholar, he issued a veritable library of works of reference and erudition. Lexicography was his favourite pursuit, and 'The Literary Digest' states that he had just finished the last MS. copy, after three years' labour, of a new revision of the 'Standard Dictionary' when he was called hence. In his daily life he was, we are told, a man of rare geniality and warmth of soul. All his aims, moral and intellectual, were noble. Always a 'progressive,' he aided every new cause that seemed to promise benefit to mankind, from the suppression of the evils of intemperance to the simplification of spelling—a subject which much interested him, as he hoped that simplified spelling would save little children some of their weary hours of study. His interest in the investigation of psychic problems was evidenced by his remarkable works, 'The Widow's Mite' (containing his personal experiences) and 'The Psychic Riddle.' His mind was always open to new truth, from whatever quarter, and the attitude of those who blindly refused to examine facts because they were strange he considered just as indefensible as the attitude of those who blindly believed everything. The 'New York Times' says: 'He was never a believer in Spiritualism in the accepted meaning of the word, but an investigator who brought to bear upon the subject the light of science and the guidance of good sense.' But, we have reason to believe, he was fully assured that intercourse with the departed was not only possible, but had actually occurred.

THE SPIRITUAL RENAISSANCE: ITS MEANING AND ITS MESSAGE.

A Paper, received automatically, and read by Mr. E. H. Peckham at the celebration of the sixty-fourth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, held by the Marylebone Spiritualist Association at Shearn's Restaurant, 231, Tottenham Court-road, W., on March 31st.

A seething unrest is everywhere prevalent: the soul of humanity is evolving a newer conception of life. Occident and Orient are both, in different ways, rising out of effete ideals to a higher spiritual consciousness. Dumb humanity is becoming articulate. Japan has already risen to that level of national life which permits her entry into the comity of nations; China is throwing off the inertia of ages; even stately India, with her age-long religions, her burdensome traditions, her rigid caste distinctions, is becoming sensitive to these newer life-influences. In the Western world the soul of the people is awaking. The iconoclast has been at work shattering idols: 'the old order changeth, giving place to new.' Observant and reflective minds cannot fail to be aware that the 'labour unrest,' as it is called, does not mean only a demand on the part of the worker for a betterment in his material conditions, it is far deeper than that: it is humanity's stifled spirit seeking fuller expression. It is the pathetic yearning of the masses for a larger, a more leisured, a more spacious life; and woe unto him who would, in *this*, 'quench the spirit.' Then, too, the creedal affirmations, the theological formulas, the doctrinal asseverations of a generation ago, are being displaced by saner, wiser, loftier and truer views of God and His relations to man. And in the scientific world, what a vast change has come over the scene! The old materialistic interpretation of the universe is exploded. It is admitted, now, that matter is impotent to explain matter. The enlightened scientists of to-day are constrained to admit that the gigantic problems of man, his origin, nature and destiny, can only be solved in the light of the spiritual.

Now, it may be asked, what has all this to do with to-day's Spiritualism? The answer is evident. This is the glorious spiritual renaissance. It is man, prompted by the spirit, 'rising on stepping stones' of his dead self 'to higher things.' Mother Earth is incessantly giving to the spirit life her wisest and her best. The migration to Heaven of these fine souls is ceaseless. Patriots, statesmen, thinkers, philosophers, humanitarians, social reformers have transferred their altruistic activities for the race's weal to a higher plane of being. Their advent in spirit realms does not mean that they have lost their interest in stricken humanity, for whom they once laboured; nay, their very existence in those 'sweet fields beyond the swelling flood' is a pledge and a guarantee that their earthly arduous labours to right the wrong and to let in the light will be continued, and with an even greater zeal, from their higher plane of life. And so it comes to this, that 'the spirits of just men made perfect,' from *all* fields of earth-life, are combining and concentrating their benign influences upon those still in the flesh, with an energy, a directness and a power that have never before been equalled in the history of mankind. And why *now*? Because 'the fields are white unto the harvest,' thanks to the magnificent labours of those who have tilled the soil and sowed the spiritual seed.

A stupendous wave of spirit influence is passing over the earth, affecting men's minds in all departments of life. We stand at the dawn of a new era. The night of ignorance and human misery is departing, and the day of a wiser, healthier, happier earth-life is approaching—that day

'When peace shall over all the earth
Its undimmed splendours fling,
And the whole earth take up the song
Which now the angels sing.'

This unique activity of angelic beings is a testimony to the effective solidarity of the entire human race. Our forbears, who are now translated, have not left us desolate. Individually and collectively they are part of, and still work for, the upward evolution of humanity. The 'cloud of witnesses,' who are not only watching over, but likewise working for us, are still part of the

great human race. Humanity may be compared to a marvellous mosaic, glorious in colour, wondrous in pattern, exquisite in beauty and in wealth of detail, in which each one of us is necessary to the perfecting of the design and the completeness of the whole. We are all members one of another. There is but one Life, one Lord, one Love.

Helpful, comforting, and inspiring as is the knowledge of the great facts of life's continuity beyond physical death and the communion of those still in the flesh with their 'arisen dead,' the Spiritualism of to-day reveals something more. It shows us the entire human race as one great family, knit together in the bonds of a common life, common interests and a common destiny. The thought of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man was never, in the whole history of the race, such a growing and governing principle as it is to-day. Let us, then, take heart of grace and be of good cheer on this our anniversary. Just as Mother Earth is rejoicing in the advent of a new spring, so men's minds are blossoming out into the witchery of newer and saner ideals; the flowers of kindlier and sweeter feelings are springing up in the open gardens of men's souls; all the broad greensward of human existence is bedecked and bejewelled by the flowerets of newer knowledge and finer conceptions of life; the big trees of the world's religions are becoming beautified by the growing greenery of more gracious and exalted ideas of the good God and His relation to His creatures; ten thousand voices are proclaiming in chorus that there is *no death*, that man is potentially divine, and that in very deed and truth God is his Father, and the great sun of God's winsome Love is over all.

This is the evangel of Spiritualism to-day. Ah, yes! this beautiful spring, of rare and radiant promise, is upon us, calling each one of us to greater activity and more devoted and untiring efforts in the cause of truth and love. Let us respond to that call, co-operate with the angels, and become co-workers with God our Father.

'England arise, the long, long night is over:
Faint in the East, behold the dawn appear,
Out of your servitude, ignorance and sorrow,
Arise, O England, for the day is here.'

'AMICUS.'

A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE VEIL.

BY CANON FFRENCH, M.R.I.A.

The following 'Glimpse Behind the Veil' is a well-known instance which occurred in the County Waterford, and which is associated with the names of two of the best-known families in that county. The scene of the incident is laid not very far from the place where the sea washes the rocky and sand-girt shore. As you enter through the gates of a handsome and most extensive demesne, you look down on a valley surrounded by the well-wooded hills of a nobleman's home, and in the centre you see a great mansion that looks as if it may once have been castellated, standing amidst its flower gardens and pleasure grounds. The inhabitants of this mansion were at all times a great hunting family, and it is not to be wondered at that their horses and stabling were very much in evidence. At the time the writer saw this mansion, the stabling formed three sides of a square before the hall door. Here, then, is the surrounding in which we find our visitant from the other land. There were two members of this noble family—a gentleman and a lady—connected not only by ties of blood, but by education and companionship. They were deeply attached to one another, but, sad to say, they were both unbelievers in the verities of the Christian religion, yet they both believed to a certain extent in the great hereafter. When the parting-time on earth came, and the gentleman was about to die, he called the lady, and they solemnly agreed that if there were a life hereafter he should return and warn her. Some time after his death the lady was sleeping in one of the bedrooms in the mansion. About midnight she awoke, and the cold moonlight illumined her room with its pale light. With not a little alarm and surprise she saw her deceased friend seated by the side of her bed. He at once

addressed her, saying: 'Do you not know me?' 'I do,' said she. 'I have come back to fulfil my promise and to tell you that beyond the grave there are abodes of happiness and sorrow, and that the road to the land of happiness is by the way of the Cross that you and I despised. I warn you now to travel by the good road to the land beyond, and that you yourself in your turn should warn those among our friends and relatives who are not travelling that way.' She said in reply, 'How am I to persuade them that I saw and spoke to you, as they will surely say that it was nothing but a dream? What token can you give me that we may prove that what I say is true?' He said, 'Put out your hand,' and when she did so he caught her wrist between his finger and thumb; he then withdrew his hand and she saw that there were two blood-red marks, one on each side of her wrist. He then told her events in the history of her family and herself which were to take place in the future. His recital of these events made so deep an impression on her that she withdrew greatly from society and lived a secluded life with only the companionship of a few friends. The red marks upon her wrist were hidden away from inquisitive gaze by a broad black velvet band fastened around it. This, then, is the story of our County Waterford lifting the veil. It is known and believed by hundreds of people. There are slightly different versions of it, but substantially it is always the same.

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.

A Prevision of the 'Titanic' Disaster.

SIR,—Just a few lines about the 'Titanic' disaster. I was sitting in an open developing circle on April 11th, 1912. I will describe what I saw. I got on my feet and spoke before all the sitters—about sixteen of us I should say there were. I saw a very large liner with four funnels sailing, then saw it strike what seemed to me white cliffs and gradually sink, bow first. As I sat down a gentleman next but one to me got up and said he sensed it was an iceberg.

If you wish to print this letter you are at liberty to do so, as I feel it my duty to write.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM RODGERS.

52, Charles-street, Stockport.

Sir Wm. Barrett's Opinions Criticised.

SIR,—Sir Wm. Barrett, in the course of his recent address to the London Spiritualist Alliance, expressed his agreement with Roman Catholic and Swedenborgian deprecations of continued sittings in promiscuous circles for communion with the unseen, except by those of well-balanced minds, and for a scientific purpose, and said that 'no one is the nobler or better fitted to cope with the realities of life after witnessing feats of psychical legerdemain' (page 176). May I submit in reply that when a medium has an intimate knowledge of his personal guides, and profits by the wise counsel they give him, the truth is borne in on his inward consciousness of the value of such communications?

If Sir Wm. Barrett could possess the clairvoyant faculty, or the faculty of getting psychical phenomena at first hand, and could be thus enabled to experience the impressions that personal contact produces, the opinions he has expressed would, I think, soon be modified, if not withdrawn. Until scientists become mediums, or *vice versa*, no reconciliation of intellectual theories with personal knowledge can be made.—Yours, &c.,

PERGANUS.

Mrs. Place-Veary in Johannesburg.

SIR,—Among the mediums who have visited Johannesburg Mrs. Place-Veary may be placed in the front rank. Her lectures, dealing with the truths and tenets of Spiritualism, are forcible, elevating, and go straight to the heart, while her clairvoyance is remarkable for its accuracy and truthfulness. She arrived here, on her second visit, on November 4th last, and was warmly welcomed. Meetings were conducted by her in the Trades Hall until February, when a move had to be made to the large hall at the South African College of Music. The attendances have been large and most appreciative. Through her efforts a children's Lyceum (the only one in Johannesburg) has been formed, which is increasing numerically week by week.

Mrs. Veary attends the Lyceum on Sunday morning and lectures and gives spirit messages in the evening. On Monday, from 3 to 5 p.m., she conducts a free healing class, and in the evening holds a public séance. On Tuesdays, which should really be her holiday, she takes charge of a very successful developing class of twenty-five members. On Wednesday evening a largely attended phenomena meeting is held. Thursday evening Mrs. Veary has set aside for the members of the developing class to sit for physical manifestations, and here, again, owing to the love and harmony which exist through the medium's personal influence, the results have been both satisfactory and promising.

Friday evening is devoted to a semi-private séance in the suburbs. Private interviews are given at other times when required, and altogether Mrs. Veary has a busy time. Many sad hearts have been cheered and encouraged to take a fresh grip on life by the kind and spiritual advice given by and through her. She has received invitations from all parts of South Africa to go and minister to them, but as there is so much to be done in Johannesburg she will not be able to accept these for some months to come. With such single-mindedness, purity, love, and truth her mission is sure to be crowned with success.—Yours, &c.,

C. S. A.

What is Insanity?

SIR,—Mr. Horace Leaf's interesting article on 'The Antiquity of Spiritualism' (p. 153), reminded me of an impression that once dominated me. It was this: What if the so-called insane should be the truly sane—people overcome by the spiritual? To be in a world 'sense-ruled, and yet in touch with the reality of the unseen, might well bring about a very complicated state of affairs—confusion and madness. We who are deemed sound and sensible, occupied with the things of time and space, may be the *delirious babblers*. Genius, the coming in of the spirit, is regarded by us as an abnormal condition verging on madness. The positive spirit, acting on the negative character of the physical, gives rise to this condition. The great artist is one who is spiritually enlightened; he takes hold, as it were, of the infinite, and is overcome by the flash of the beatific vision, yet may not be more truly sane than those who regard him as mad, or at least unbalanced?—Yours, &c.,

E. P. PRENTICE.

Sutton.

Agreement to Appear After Death.

SIR,—The following 'case' is interesting and I think probably unknown to your readers—for more than one reason it may appeal to the love of inquiry and sense of humour of Andrew Lang. I take it from page 211 of 'Sketches of the Philosophy of Apparitions, or an Attempt to Trace such Illusions to their Physical Cause.'

The book is written by Samuel Hibbert, M.D., F.R.S.E., and was published in 1825 with a dedication to Sir Walter Scott. The writer proves, to his own full satisfaction, the absurdity of all psychical or spiritualistic explanations of our universe. He gives the narrative from a volume of Dr. Archibald Pitcairn's Latin poems 'to which are prefixed several MS. anecdotes relative to his family which are from someone evidently on terms of intimacy with him.'

The narrative is as follows:—

Robert Lindsay, grandchild or great-grandchild to Sir Robert Lindsay of ye Month, Lyon King at Arms, etc., being intimate condisciple with A. P., they bargained, *anno* 1671, that whoever dyed first should give account of his condition, if possible. It happened that he dyed about the end of 1675, while A. P. was at Parise; and the very night of his death A. P. dreamed that he was at Edinburgh, where Lindsay attacked him thus:—

'Archie,' said he, 'perhaps ye heard I'm dead?' 'No, Roben,' 'Ay, but they burie my body in the Greyfriars. I am alive, though, in a place whereof the pleasures cannot be expressed in Scotch, Greek, or Latine. I have come with a well-sailing small ship to Leith Road to carry you thither.'—'Roben, I'll go with you, but wait till I go to Fife and East Lothian and take leave of my parents.'—'Archie, I have but the allowance of one tide. Farewell, I'll come for you another time.'

Since which time A. P. never slept a night without dreaming that Lindsay told him he was alive. And having a dangerous sickness, *anno* 1694, he was told by Roben that he was delayed for a time, and that it was properly his task to carry him off, but was discharged to tell when.

Dr. Hibbert states in a footnote that he is indebted to David Laing, Esq., of Edinburgh, for this story.—Yours, &c.,

F. C. CONSTABLE.

The Wreck of the 'Titanic' and Spiritualism.

SIR,—The heroism, marvellous devotion to duty, and almost sublime self-sacrifice (from Captain Smith, who, after being washed from the bridge of his sinking ship, helped the struggling men in the water, to the drowning swimmers who refused to add their weight to the overlaiden rafts) which characterised the passengers and crew of the 'Titanic,' are examples of general spiritualistic discipline never before witnessed in such degree in the world's history. This signal triumph over the fear of death, which has often dethroned men's reason, should be set as a pearl in the brightest crown of human achievement. Such peerless progress in the march of man to the higher world renders a publication of the knowledge of the influence which promoted such spiritual manhood a solemn duty of the initiated.

As an old Spiritualist, who has watched for near upon forty years the influence of Spiritualistic philosophy on the literature, creeds, beliefs and actions of the English-speaking peoples, I do not believe that I am in the slightest degree outside the sphere of verifiable truth in stating that the new advance in the unfoldment of man's spiritual nature is clearly traceable to modern spiritualistic philosophy and the larger inter-communication of the two worlds. It is at times of disaster such as that of the loss of the 'Titanic' that Spiritualists should endeavour to show that Spiritualism enlarges men's minds concerning the real nature and destiny of the human spirit, and reveals the mighty wisdom and encircling love of the Creator, who provides a home and an abiding place of peace and happiness for His children on every plane of life.—Yours, &c., J. W. MAHONY.

1, Bishopton-road, Bearwood, Birmingham.

SPIRITUALISM AT BRIGHTON.

On Friday evening, the 19th inst., at a special meeting at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, Mr. E. W. Wallis addressed a large and deeply-interested audience on the 'Philosophy and Phenomena of Spiritualism.'

The Rev. J. Garwood, M.A., of Southampton, presided, and in his introductory remarks said that Spiritualists, whatever their diversity of creeds in other respects, concurred in believing in the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and eternal progress for all spirits, both incarnate and discarnate.

Mr. Wallis prefaced his address with a feeling reference to the 'Titanic' disaster, the audience standing in silence as an expression of sympathy with the sufferers and appreciation of the heroism and self-sacrifice displayed. Subsequently a collection was made in aid of the Mayor of Southampton's fund for the relief of the sufferers, and realised £5 5s.

The lecture was very fairly and ably reported by both the 'Sussex Daily News' and the weekly 'Brighton Herald,' and the evening 'Argus' gave a brief but useful digest of the main points. We tender our sincere thanks to these journals for their excellent reports.

MESSAGE FROM MR. W. T. STEAD.

Just as we go to press, we have received a characteristic message from Mr. Stead, conveyed by automatic writing through the hand of a lady who signs herself 'Psyche.' In it he pleads for prayers for help and comfort to the dark and bewildered souls passed over through the sinking of the 'Titanic.' We shall give the full message in our next issue, but are confident that our readers will respond meanwhile to Mr. Stead's earnest appeal.

THOSE WHO WENT DOWN.

Through all the blackness of that night

A glory streams from out the gloom ;

Their steadfast spirits lift the light

That shines till Night is overcome.

The sea will do its worst, and life

Be sobbed out in a bubbling breath ;

But firmly in the coward strife

There stand the men who conquered Death,

The souls that master wind and wave

And tower above a sinking deck ;

A bridge across the gaping grave ;

A rainbow rising o'er the wreck.

Others they saved : they saved the name

Unsuited that they gave their wives :

And dying with so pure an aim,

They had no need to save their lives !

—GERALD MASSEY.

SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, APRIL 21st, &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. E. H. Peckham gave an interesting address on 'The True Spiritualism.' Mr. W. T. Cooper presided.—*15, Mortimer-street, W.*—15th, Mrs. Imison gave successful clairvoyant descriptions and helpful messages. Mr. Leigh Hunt presided. Sunday next, see advt. on front page.

CROYDON.—ELMWOOD HALL, ELMWOOD-ROAD, BROAD-GREEN.—A delightful day spent with Mr. J. J. Morse. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mr. T. O. Todd.

HAMMERSMITH.—89, CAMBRIDGE-ROAD.—Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., public circle. Evening, at 7 p.m., Mr. Whitwell. Thursday, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Neville.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—73, BECKLOW-ROAD, W.—Mr. Burton gave an interesting address. 18th, successful meeting with Madame Zitta. Sunday next, at 10.45 a.m., public circle ; at 6.45 p.m., Madame Zitta. Thursday, at 8 p.m., public circle.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HAMPTON WICK.—Mr. Robert King gave an instructive address on 'Invisible Helpers.' Sunday next, Mr. W. Underwood on 'The Utility of Spiritualism,' followed by illustrations of clairvoyance.—T. B.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—Eloquent addresses were given by Mr. E. W. Wallis. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Rev. Wm. Garwood, M.A. Tuesday, at 3 p.m., working party ; at 8 p.m., and Wednesday, at 3, Mrs. Clarke, clairvoyance. Thursday, at 8, members' circle.

BRIXTON.—84, STOCKWELL PARK-ROAD.—Mr. Underwood gave an address and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., circle ; 3 p.m., Lyceum ; at 7, Mr. Stebbens, and on Thursday at 8 p.m. ; Saturday, May 4th, at 7 p.m., supper and music, 6d. each. Hearty welcome.—W. U.

BRISTOL.—THOMAS-STREET HALL.—Mrs. Powell Williams gave an address on 'After Death, What?' and striking clairvoyant descriptions. Sundays, at 6.30, and Thursdays, at 8, clairvoyance and psychometry. Special phenomena meetings first and third Mondays in month at 8.—W. G.

STRATFORD.—WORKMAN'S HALL, 27, ROMFORD-ROAD, E.—Mr. G. Tayler Gwinn's interesting address on 'Prayer' and answers to questions were much appreciated. Mrs. E. A. Noall presided. Sunday next, Madame Beaumont, address and clairvoyance.—W. H. S.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—SURREY MASONIC HALL.—Morning, Mr. W. E. Long gave clairvoyant descriptions. Evening, address by 'Pilgrim' on 'The Doings of Jesus after Death.' Sunday next, Mr. W. E. Long ; at 11 a.m., messages and vision ; at 6.30 p.m., 'Tim' on 'Sayings of Jesus after Death.'—M. R.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—Mr. T. O. Todd lectured on 'Victory through Service and Love.' Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Mary Gordon ; at 3 p.m., Lyceum. Circles : Monday, at 7.30, ladies' public ; Tuesday, at 8.15, members' ; Thursday, at 8.15, public.—G. T. W.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL, LAUSANNE-ROAD.—Morning, a paper by Mr. R. Stott was discussed ; evening, address by Mr. J. G. Huxley, usual after-circle. Sunday next, morning, Mr. A. E. Blackman ; evening, Mrs. Imison (Nurse Graham). May 5th, Mrs. Jamrach. Thursdays, 8.15, public circle ; healing on Tuesdays, 8.15.—A. C. S.

HACKNEY.—240A, AMHURST-ROAD, N.—Mr. Horace Leaf gave an address and recognised clairvoyant descriptions and messages. 15th, Miss Gibson kindly gave psychometric readings. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Miss Violet Burton, trance address. Monday, at 8 p.m., circle. Tuesday, at 8.30 p.m., astrology class. Wednesday, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Sutton's developing circle.—N. R.

BRIGHTON.—HOVE OLD TOWN HALL, 1, BRUNSWICK-STREET WEST.—Mrs. Mary Davies gave excellent addresses and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mr. E. M. Sturgess. Mondays, at 3 and 8, also Wednesdays, at 3, Mrs. G. C. Curry, clairvoyance. Thursdays, at 8.15, public circle.—A. C.

SEVEN KINGS, ILFORD.—45, THE PROMENADE.—Mr. G. R. Symons spoke inspiringly on 'Prayer.' 16th, Mrs. Neville, address and psychometric delineations. 20th, successful social gathering. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. H. Wright. Tuesday, at 8, Mr. Horace Leaf. May 5th, Mrs. L. Pitter. 7th, Mrs. Mary Davies.—C. E. S.

STRATFORD.—IDMISTON-ROAD, FOREST-LANE.—Morning, Mr. W. Willmot's interesting paper on 'Influence' aroused general discussion. Evening, Mr. W. R. Stebbens spoke on 'The "Titanic" Disaster,' and gave psychometric delineations. Sunday next, at 11.30 a.m., Mr. T. Ball on 'Our Duty to Suffering Humanity' ; at 7 p.m., Mr. and Mrs. Connor. May 2nd, Mrs. Ingleton, psychometry.—A. T. C.