

# Light:

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

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe,

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

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

'Cheiro's' address, the second portion of which appears in this issue, created a favourable impression on all who heard it, and we had great pleasure in acceding to the numerous requests we received, and publishing a complete report of it. We were also asked to reproduce in full the verses which he declaimed at the conclusion of the address, and these will be found elsewhere. We share the opinion of many of those who heard the address that the concluding portion, with its inspiring thoughts, was at least as important as the personal experiences of psychic phenomena which the lecturer related. 'Cheiro' has obviously advanced beyond the stage when there is a temptation to make a hieratic mystery of occult attainments and to hedge them round with obscure terms as something exclusive and sacrosanct. We recall in this connection the saying of a great seer: 'Truth is always simple, but error is compound and generally incomprehensible.' We love the simplicities and the sanities on which the spiritual wisdom of East and West may meet and unite in common affirmations and agreements. To the child-like soul much is revealed for which grey-haired erudition seeks in vain. Such a soul may

all the glories of the world unknown  
In easy syllables of song recount.

From the 'Official Bulletin of the International Bureau of Spiritualism' (Liège) we learn that the Universal Convention will be held in Geneva at Whitsuntide, 1913, and that Mr. Hanson G. Hey has been nominated by the English National Union of Spiritualists as first delegate to the Congress, while Mr. Rys Bonne will attend as Danish delegate. Signor Volpi, of Rome, has expressed his intention of attending, if possible, but in any case he will contribute a paper on Spirit Photography. Other announcements regarding representation at the Congress will be made in due course by the International Bureau, and these we shall take pleasure in publishing. We noted with interest in the 'Bulletin' a report by M. Panchard regarding the position of Spiritualism in Geneva, in which a tribute is paid to the labours of Professor Flournoy and their effect in proving that the subject is one deserving of serious attention. In this connection M. Panchard says:—

Henceforth we dare say in Geneva that we are Spiritualists, and even very loud!

And he adds:—

We may state that Spiritualism in our country is in a fair way, and that it tends to propagate in all the classes of the population.

We congratulate M. Panchard both on his report and the generally excellent English in which it is rendered.

In our outlook on the thought and activity of the world—in those departments, at least, which relate to the subjects we have at heart—we aim at inclusiveness. We were once twitted by a scientific acquaintance for quoting in these columns from the 'Referee' in place of some more exalted organ of opinion. Our answer was that life, even on its psychical side, is too large a matter to be confined within the bounds of a scientific treatise or a volume of philosophy. And, still unrepentant, we go this time for a word in season to the periodical with the unclassical title, 'T. P's Weekly.' Looking through a recent issue of it, we lit on an article by Reginald T. Buckley who, writing on Herodotus, remarks:—

Another interesting quality of Herodotus is his treatment of science. Until recently psychology had been regarded as a mere matter of opinion. Psychic research now is a science, whereas a few years back it was a nursery superstition. And in the days of Herodotus what to us is exact science, to him was speculation.

'Looking backwards' is a valuable method of appraising the present and forecasting the future. Psychic research, however, has still much to achieve. It is not everywhere hailed as a science even yet. Doubtless the observer of a few centuries hence to whom the facts of that science will be matters of everyday experience, will wonder at the perversity of his ancestors in resisting the attempts of the pioneer thought of to-day to add that new domain to the possessions of humanity.

By that time, let us hope, the wisdom of the past will have borne its fruit, and men will have learned to welcome instead of obstructing each new advance in mental and spiritual achievement. Not that we have any severe quarrel with the conservative and reactionary tendencies of the present time. They have doubtless a useful and necessary part to play. They sift and consolidate the results attained by the more advanced minds; checks are often necessary, especially in the operations of impulsive and ill-regulated thinkers, however progressive in their tendencies. Extravagance has to be toned down, undue enthusiasm to be chastened, lethargy to be stirred into action by determined opposition, pomposity to be humbled and imposture 'bowled out.' 'Sweet are the uses of adversity' when they take these directions. Only that which has virtue in it shall survive. And that is all we ask.

In some enlightening comments on the fairies of Shakespeare in the 'Evening News' recently, Mr. Arthur Machen disputes the idea that the Bard treated the legend of Elfindom from the Celtic standpoint:—

The fairies in the 'Dream' are exquisite and delicious, but they are nothing if not un-Celtic; it is perfectly clear that the writer of the play could not even assume a literary 'make-belief' in fairies. . . . Shakespeare knew—or thought he knew—that the fair folk were but a dream of innocent old heads of former days.

Certainly Shakespeare's fays were very far removed from Shelley's 'spirits from beyond the moon,' and both

classes of beings would appear exotic to those students of psychical science whose researches relate only to spirits of the purely human type. But folk-lore and poetry have worked strange metamorphoses, and it seems not improbable that the whole idea of elves, sprites, leprechauns, bogles, banshees, gnomes and goblins arose from the interposition in mundane affairs of purely human spirits. As we pointed out some time ago, some clairvoyants behold spirit beings in diminutive shapes—a very suggestive fact. And when we hear the idea of human spirits decried because they are *human*, it excites our wonder that humanity should have so poor an opinion of itself. Surely all the poetic beauty that clothes the idea of the spiritual world resides in the human mind. Why should the spirits of John Smith or Mary Jones be deemed inferior to Oberon and Titania? The very fact that Shakespeare devoted his highest powers to the portrayal of men and women and introduced his fairies as a fanciful race of beings is full of significance.

'Prayer,' by Dudley Wright (The Theosophical Publishing Society, 1s. *net*), is a little treatise described in an introduction by Mr. James L. Macbeth Bain as 'a catholic word on a great Catholic theme.' It is well written, with considerable reliance, however, upon other authorities who are numerous cited throughout the book. The author, while realising that prayer 'cannot in any way effect a change in the Unchangeable,' rightly contends for its value as a necessity for the spiritual development of the individual, and he makes an effective point in his reference to the detection by the camera of 'the beautiful, clear light-rays which emanate from the person engaged in prayerful meditation.' As he well says:—

Prayer purifies desire, and thus, if in no other way, results in advantage and profit to the individual. It develops his sympathy and leads to the conquest of selfishness.

It is certainly a strange thing that mankind ever took it into its head to invent the doctrine of Total Depravity. What a curious act of self-degradation it was, and is! It must always have been evident that mankind was not totally depraved. There must always have been parental, filial, and fraternal love. There must always have been something answering to loyalty to one clan or company. And it must always have been obvious that these graces were natural, and not merely a part of acquired religious behaviour. Goodness was always discoverable by those who were open to discover it.

The fact probably is that the notion of Total Depravity had its root in that fear of God which, in its early stages, was very near akin to demon-worship. Spiritualists have a great work before them in relation to this matter.

#### SPIRITUAL PRAYERS. (From many shrines.)

We praise and thank Thee, O Father, for all the varied experiences of life; for its trials, temptations, burdens and sorrows as well as its joys, its beauties and blessings.

For the depths of feeling, the heights of knowledge, the breadth of sympathy, and the divine baptism of Love, we are thankful to Thee, O Giver of all good, and with grateful hearts we turn to Thee reverently and lovingly. Conscious of our weakness, we look to Thee for strength, for healing and guidance. We desire that we may more fully realise our dependence upon Thee—the Universal Life—that our consciousness of sweet relationship, of filial affection, of glad unity of thought, and soul, and purpose, may be intensified day by day. As children who love and trust Thee, we would put our hands in Thine, and looking into Thy face of Love, we would banish all our fears—knowing that, if we are willing, Thou wilt lead us—even through the valley of shadow—to our home of Love. Amen.

### LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

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

FOR THE STUDY OF PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—On Tuesday *next*, May 14th, Mrs. Jamrach 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. This will be the last meeting this session.

TALKS WITH A SPIRIT CONTROL.—On Friday *next*, May 17th, at 4 p.m., for the last time this session, 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 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.

### SPIRITUALISM IN RUSSIA.

Under date of April 6th, Mr. A. Vout Peters sends us from the office of 'Rebus,' Moscow, a long and interesting letter, in the course of which he says:—

I was only five days in Berlin, but had a delightful time, for all the friends, new and old, gave me a most hearty welcome. There was more work for me to do than I could well spare the time to finish, for I had to hurry on to Russia. The big feast of Russia is Easter, and the friends here wanted me to start the work before Easter, as this year it falls upon the same date as it does in the rest of the world (as you know, the Russian and Greek calendar is not the same as ours). The journey from Berlin to Moscow takes forty hours, and is most uninteresting, the road passing through a flat, desolate country which just now is gloomy in the extreme; for, after we got out of Poland and arrived in Russia proper, we found the snow was half melted. But the warm Russian welcome that awaited me compensated for all the fatigue. The household where I am staying is the centre of Spiritualism for Moscow, and, indeed, for Russia, for although there is another society, yet ours is the recognised and authorised society of Spiritualists, and all the most sensible and intelligent people belong to it. The journal 'Rebus' is edited and written here. Mr. Chittchekoff, the editor, works during the day as a masseur, for this is, first of all, a hospital for massage. The founder of the hospital is Madame Bobrowa, who has a system of electric massage for men and women. We have three separate flats, all on one floor. One is the living-house, where are a big dining-room, bedrooms, and kitchen; one flat is the hospital, where there are rooms and cabinets for the treatment of patients. We do not take a breakfast, as in England, but just stroll into the dining-room when we will. On the table is a samovar (a large urn) of boiling water and a pot of tea. We pour a little tea into a glass and fill it up with hot water, adding sugar to taste, and, if we like, a piece of lemon. The tea is not the strong Indian kind we drink in England, but a soft, weak China tea. Slices of bread, black and white, are also on the table, with butter, cold meat, sausage, and fish. The tea is always there, and everyone helps himself as and when he likes. I take a slight lunch at twelve, but the real meal is at half-past three. The company at

the table is such as you would see nowhere but in Russia. Madame sits at the head of the table, I sit on her left; next to me is a baroness, who works at the paper. Next to her a widow, the under-housekeeper. Next to her a maiden lady, who was at one time blind, but was cured by the massage. The son of madame and his wife, with the editor, are on the other side. We have three languages going the whole time—Russian, German, and (for my benefit) English; occasionally French is used. The ladies smoke, but I can assure you that we are a very happy party. Everyone is called by his or her first name. All unite in devotion to madame, for she is our 'mother,' and cares for us as such. Our séances are held in a big room in the hospital, and notes are taken of all that is said. It has been very interesting to compare the records of some of the séances that were held in 1906 and in 1908. Sometimes the very same words were repeated. Our friends have their own séances at which table movements are obtained, and every week a meeting is held here. Do not imagine that it is in any way like our home meetings. Think of a long room, with a table, covered with American cloth, running down the centre. At one end of this table a lady presides at a samovar to give tea to all who need it during the meeting, papers are read and discussed, translations are read from English, French and other journals, and all the time the people are smoking the mild Russian cigarettes. The journal 'Rebus' circulates all over the Russian-speaking world. In some places in the winter it may be four weeks before the subscriber gets his copy! You can understand what determination, what courage is required to carry on the work; yet all is done bravely and with an amount of cheerfulness that is very contagious.

I have received several Easter presents, including two embroidered Russian shirts. Were I to wear one of these at a meeting in London I should create a sensation! I was also given some sacred pictures. We have one of these pictures in every room, and in some rooms the lamp is burning all the time. Please tell everyone that I am well and am hard at work. All our friends send their best wishes.

Since writing the above Mr. Peters finished his work at Moscow and, after a few days at St. Petersburg, moved on to Finland.

#### THE 'TITANIC' DISASTER: WAS GOD RESPONSIBLE?

The Rev. A. J. Toyne, preaching at St. Nicholas' Church, Yarmouth, is reported in the local paper ('The Independent,' April 27th), to have delivered a sermon in which he expressed some good sensible and spiritual ideas. He said:—

There were always those who took the view that calamities were judgments, and that view was not dead even yet. In the case of the 'Titanic' disaster, it would probably be found that the cause lay in the fact that too Northerly a course had been followed, and that an insufficient number of lifeboats had been provided. What possible connection had God with that? A man might answer that God was not directly responsible, perhaps, but surely He permitted the calamity. But He didn't. He had nothing to do with it. It was a pure accident, due to insufficient human precaution, that the 'Titanic' struck the ice and that so many were drowned.

But did not God govern the world? Certainly He did, but not in the erratic and arbitrary manner imagined by some people. God governed the world by law, which it was their wisdom to find out and obey, and it was a very good thing that He did, otherwise everything would be chaos. They would never know what would happen, the smooth working of life would be impossible, experience could never teach, and precautions would be in vain.

There was a law that if one mass came into violent contact with another mass, the weaker mass would suffer the greater injury. A great mass of ice was known to lie near the course that the ship was steering, yet in order to satisfy the present-day mad craze for speedy travel, and to fall in with the necessities of modern cut-throat competition, it would seem that a cautious deviation to the south was not made. There was God's law, and there was man's attempt, by building what he vainly imagined to be an unsinkable ship, to run the risk of breaking that law with impunity; man, not God, was responsible.

To think that God decreed that particular disaster at that particular time and place, either as a punishment for the wicked luxury or the loose living of any on board, or for any other reason, was to go against all common-sense and all revelation of God's character and methods of work. Must we look on God as sitting apart, outside our lives altogether, either not caring to help, or unable to do so? No, God still ruled. If we would listen to Him, and hear His laws, and watch His workings, we should learn much that would enable us to prevent disasters of all kinds, whether to body, mind, or soul.

#### RECEPTION TO MRS. MARY SEATON.

On Thursday afternoon, at three o'clock, a well-attended social gathering was held at the Rooms of the London Spiritualist Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., to welcome Mrs. Mary Seaton, of Washington, U.S.A., on her return to London. Mr. H. Withall, vice-president of the Alliance, said that it was always a pleasant thing for Members and Associates of the Alliance to meet one another, but that pleasure was greatly enhanced when they had a distinguished visitor. They were in sympathy with Mrs. Seaton's work and she with theirs. She put emphasis on the exercise of certain curative powers in ourselves. Many years ago she was very ill, and went to skilful specialists without any satisfactory results. Then she came across a mental scientist who showed her how she could by the exercise of her own powers cure herself. This she did with complete success. She had since undertaken a great deal of work, and never suffered fatigue. For many years it had been her object in life to make people acquainted with their own power. Her headquarters during her stay in London would be the Higher Thought Centre, 10, Cheniston Gardens, where he hoped many of those present would visit her and derive benefit. The rooms of the Alliance might be regarded as her second centre, and he trusted his hearers would attend all the series of lectures she was about to give them.

Mrs. Seaton expressed her pleasure at being present, and said that she loved England and the English people. All through her early life, in spite of the best medical skill, she had been delicate, and for about fifteen years was a helpless cripple, so that she knew what it was to carry about an imperfect instrument, and was able to sympathise with those who suffered from weak and diseased physical conditions. She had, however, found a way in which the body could be cured. She knew the principle and how to apply it. It was something all could do if they expended the necessary amount of energy, first in learning how to use the forces and then in persistently applying them.

Her subject that afternoon was 'Spiritualism: Its Relation to Some New Schools of Healing.' Her hearers knew what Spiritualism stood for. Spiritualists taught quite truly that healing could be done by means of those in the other condition of life who were fitted to transmit their power through mediums to the sick body, and she was told that very fine work was being done in this way; but she doubted if Spiritualists as a whole were familiar with the other schools of healing. When we spoke of healing by other means than drugs the average individual thought of Christian Science or hypnotism, but did not know that other people who represented no particular cult or sect were using these same forces. Magnetic healing could be done without a discarnate spirit furnishing the magnetism. It was merely putting into another one's own vitality. But above that was mental healing, and higher still was the healing called spiritual. She was not speaking of psychic healing, but of healing by forces which were in ourselves. If she made any difference between her teachings and those of Spiritualists it was to emphasise the fact that the power in ourselves, when we had unfolded it, was sufficient for every need. Most people were thoroughly familiar with the things they did not like about Christian Science, but did not know the good that those who practised it were doing. She was not there to stand up for Christian Science, but she did know that the harm resulting from its extreme methods bore no comparison with the immense amount of good it was doing in healing the body and teaching the soul. She, and those who thought with her, however, believed in everything that helped men. They did not decry drugs, doctors and surgeons because a better way had been found, and we could 'take into the desert, if need be, our own apothecary's shop.' The doctors were using psychic healing more and more, and John Hopkins University, one of America's finest universities, had started last year a chair in Psychotherapy or mental suggestion. Many physicians in Switzerland were employing it. Many believed it was only for hysteria and nerves, but a few years ago these doctors did not accept it even for these conditions. Very few people, unless they were very ill, were willing to listen.

Then they would come to a healer and say, 'Heal me. I have no time to heal myself.' But the true teacher wanted to make the soul independent of outside aid, and to show it how to use its own forces.

Mrs. Seaton then gave a 'treatment' to a lady member of the audience in illustration of her method, and the proceedings closed with a hearty vote of thanks to the lecturer.

#### WILLIAM T. STEAD.

[The following is a translation of an article which appeared in 'Verdens Gang,' the leading paper in Norway.—Ed. 'LIGHT'.]

The last time I saw Mr. Stead was at his office in Kingsway, the day before he started on his last journey—an abundance of life, of kindness, of manliness and faith. The strong, sea-blue eyes were shining at me. I saw the mighty head, with the white curly beard. He reminded me of a Swedish hero king, Gustav Vasa. I told him so, and he laughed and said that he might be descended from Swedish Vikings.

He looked forward to the voyage, to speaking at a peace meeting in Carnegie Hall in New York with President Taft, and to taking part afterwards in a series of meetings at San Francisco. It was as the most prominent English representative of peace and of friendship with America that he went away.

I have seen him in dull times weary and restless with unspent force, but when great things were ahead, great deeds to be done, he was a chief who threw himself into the battle with irresistible force, with far-sighted survey and practical ability in every detail. And amidst all busy activity he had always a kind word for everyone in the constant stream of miserable, helpless people of all sorts who crept up the stairs of Kingsway to seek the shelter of his great heart.

High-minded in character and imagination, courageous and joyous, he was truly a Christian hero. A modern knight errant, he championed the cause of the weak—nations, or men or women—most of all of women! A crusader on behalf of the noblest ideas of his time, he carried the banners of the future through the stormiest campaigns with unflinching courage, never caring for wounds or ridicule. He willingly and consciously sacrificed much of his political authority and influence for the cause of Spiritualism. He wanted to help others, as he himself had been helped by the truth, which to him was the essence of Christianity, the power of spirit over matter. He went on a mission of peace and unity between the two English-speaking nations. That mission has been accomplished. The two nations are united in their common sorrow, and their common glory at this death of heroes, this grand tragedy of the ocean. The manliness, chivalry, and beautiful composure of faith in front of death has ennobled humanity and will be the legend of ages.

All we who, coming from all parts of the world, have won new life and courage at Julia's 'Bureau'—which is despised by the multitude, but blessed by the few who know it—we see in his end the symbol of this work which was the greatest impulse of his heart, and his brightest vision into the possibilities of the future. We see him sinking on the 'Titanic' deathship helping others, while over the ocean the souls are rising: 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.'

ELLA ANKER.

#### 'LIGHT': 'TRIAL' SUBSCRIPTION.

As an inducement to new and casual readers to become subscribers, we will supply 'LIGHT' for thirteen weeks, *post free*, for 2s., as a 'trial' subscription, feeling assured that at the termination of that period they will find that they 'cannot do without it,' and will then subscribe at the usual rates. May we at the same time suggest to those of our regular readers who have friends to whom they would like to introduce the paper, that they should avail themselves of this offer, and forward to us the names and addresses of such friends, upon receipt of which, together with the requisite postal order, we shall be pleased to send 'LIGHT' to them by post, as stated above?

#### 'MAN THE FLOWER OF THE UNIVERSE.'

In the introduction to his book, 'The Essence of the Universe' (cloth, 5s., W. H. Smith and Son), Mr. Edwin Lucas tells us that the work is intended to present a new hypothesis of the one sole purpose underlying universal structure. That purpose is the production of mankind, and it is achieved by the marriage of spirit and matter. Holding that the only authority which can reveal the design and purpose of the universe is the book of Nature, Mr. Lucas's method is to take his readers back to the very beginning of all manifestation, and to follow the path of evolutionary processes as they have been successively unfolded by natural phenomena. Starting with the reflection that 'all visible phenomena are produced by unseen causes, by forces which are always operating in the invisible silence,' he points out that there is one quality common to all forces—*viz.*, motion. Heat, light, structure, and form of every kind are the results of motion; and motion, he seeks to prove, is the result of a spiritual impregnation. Matter in motion—mobile matter—is the sure foundation upon which the universe has been built.

One other principle he perceives which is the beginning, middle, and end of all form, and that is that all growth or development proceeds from a nucleus or centre of force. 'This centre is the male element of the matter world, and is a potent attraction to the negative element. This is the basis of mass and of gravitation. It is really sex, male and female. It is the one ubiquitous and all-sufficient power that produces manifold form from mobile matter.'

In the human form, motion finds its most noble and most complex manifestation. It might be asked: If the production of mankind was the purpose of material cosmic evolution, why did not the All-Powerful Spirit Force achieve that purpose direct from the primordial darkness? To this question Mr. Lucas makes the following reply:—

Man is the supreme flower of the universe. On this world and on the planets and satellites of our solar system man exists in varying states of progress. Likewise on the planets of the countless suns of the universe man undoubtedly exists, and is designed for immortal life—is to become a lesser god, and to have dominion over the world of matter, and to create therefrom in future ages living forms. To this end he as a spirit must have experience and knowledge of all the attributes of matter, and he must be absolutely positive and superior to all forms and forces of material origin. Hence the necessity for evolutionary processes by means of which spirit man gains intimate acquaintance with, and mastery over, all states and conditions of matter.

When, at the close of his earth life, man passes to another plane of existence, that experience does not change him. Change is the result of growth, and a man immediately after death is the same as immediately before. Mr. Lucas thus describes what takes place when the psyche is entirely freed from the mortal body:—

Its fluid body at once crystallises on the outside and forms a new body the exact counterpart of the mortal. It is slightly smaller, but much more beautiful. The entire structure is complete, nothing is wanting. There is a skeleton, viscera, organs, senses, limbs—everything to the minutest detail; but all is perfect. The lost arm is restored, the feeble heart is made strong, the blind eye can see, the deaf can hear, the idiot can reason, the lame can walk, the dumb can talk. But the entire form is etherealised, is perfected; it is no longer subject to elemental conditions, such as heat or cold, or chill or fever. No longer does it suffer from hunger or thirst, for what it requires for sustenance is automatically supplied by its environment. It no longer feels fatigue or any other kind of bodily ailment. It is perfected and free from disease of a physical nature.

In conclusion the writer affirms that as the first agency employed to achieve the universal purpose of cosmic evolution was that of motion, the result of the marriage of elemental principles, the last agency developed is that of maternal love, the result of the marriage of noble men and women. The sexual problem is the Alpha and Omega of all manifestation. 'A mother's love, properly organised and directed by spiritual intuition, is the most powerful agency for the advancement of the human race.'

Whether the reader can agree with them or not, Mr. Lucas's views are both interesting and well stated.

## NOTES FROM ABROAD.

Under the title of 'Photography and the Study of Psychic Phenomena,' M. Guillaume de Fontenay has published in book-form three lectures which he delivered before the Société Universelle d'Etudes Psychiques. Although the author fully recognises the important part which photography has played in the study of psychic phenomena, he deals principally with the possibility of deception and fraud in spirit photography.

The book contains many interesting illustrations. One of these, a well-authenticated one, was produced in 'LIGHT' as far back as June 13th, 1908. It represents a family group of Mr. Vango, the well-known medium. The chief interest is centred on the dog lying at the feet of its mistress. Readers of 'LIGHT' will remember that the photograph was taken without any desire of obtaining psychic phenomena, but when the film was developed the dog appeared with a human face—that of an old man.

'Les Annales des Sciences Psychiques' has obtained from M. Gistucci the following interesting account of a mysterious light which appears in Boscagno, a large Corsican village, situated about twenty miles from Ajaccio. Old inhabitants of the village cling to the tradition that the light has been shining nightly from time immemorial, but nobody has as yet been able to locate the exact spot whence it originates. Although it is visible a long distance off, it appears to vanish suddenly when closely approached. When shining it gives the impression of a lantern in which a bluish light is burning. A dark and moonless night is the best time for its observation. Military engineers and other experts have been investigating this curious phenomenon with the view of obtaining a clue to its origin, but their efforts have not met with the desired result. There can be no question of fraud, since the light is supposed to have burnt for centuries. The hypothesis that it may be a will-o'-the-wisp must be equally disregarded. There is no cemetery nor any marsh near by; besides, the small quantity of phosphorus that might have been found there would have long since evaporated. In default of any satisfactory explanation, M. Gistucci relates the following poetic and simple legend which has been transmitted from generation to generation: 'A long time ago there lived in Boscagno a Count, notorious for his pride and wickedness. His innumerable crimes were all committed under the cloak of religion; he never failed to attend the daily service in the chapel of his castle. One day he was out hunting and did not return at the hour fixed for the service. His chaplain, fearing the anger and abuse of the Count if he were to officiate without his presence, waited for a considerable time, but, at last, giving up all hope of the Count's return, he determined to begin the sacred office. Just as he ascended the altar steps the Count entered the chapel. Furious that the chaplain had not waited for him, he rushed to the altar and slew the priest. Immediately there was a tremendous disturbance, the earth trembled, peals of thunder rolled forth, and the heavens were lit by vivid flashes of lightning. The peaceable and honest worshippers were miraculously transported outside the chapel, but the Count and his boon-companions were swallowed up by the earth. Everything disappeared in this catastrophe, castle and chapel, except the lamp which always burnt in the sanctuary. And still this lamp is burning night after night, as a silent testimony to God's eternal justice.'

Some interesting experiences with a young Russian medium have been communicated to the 'Psychische Studien' by a correspondent living in Warsaw. The gentleman says in his letter: 'I have had daily opportunity of witnessing some striking phenomena through the mediumship of this young girl. As soon as she enters a room, various objects, such as fruit, match-boxes, cigars, &c., are put in motion, or, rather, thrown about. Sometimes they vanish entirely, to reappear after a while in the most unlikely places. Often in the morning when she is alone in her room, the spirit form of a man rises out of a mist which surrounds her bed. The apparition gives the medium many important messages, and then vanishes as suddenly as he appeared. Lately the spirit minutely described to the medium the contents of a wooden box which I had carefully closed myself, and of which I lost the key in a mysterious way. When I complained to the medium about my loss, the key was with considerable force thrown on the table by an invisible power. Another time I wrote in the presence of the medium a few words on one of my visiting-cards which I intended to send to a lady friend of mine. After further reflection I tore the card up, and threw it into the fire. This aroused the curiosity of the young medium. She begged me to tell her what I had written on the card, and on my refusal she got rather annoyed. "It does not matter," she exclaimed, "tomorrow I shall know all the same." The following morning her control asked her to go to her writing-table. After some hesitation she obeyed. He then told her: "Take your pencil and

write. I read your thoughts. You would like to know what Mr. S. said yesterday on his card." I was speechless when in the evening I was shown by the young medium a perfect facsimile of my card, on which she had written the exact words I had used the day before. Two words were underlined, the same as in the original. "You see," she called out triumphantly, "you can have no secrets from me." The correspondent adds with much humour: 'It would not be pleasant if all my big and small secrets were betrayed to this curious young lady, and, as an inexperienced investigator, I would be grateful to know how to avoid a similar "spirit espionage" in future.'

F. D.

## POEM BY 'CHEIRO.'

The following is the poem which was recited by 'Cheiro' at the close of his recent address at Suffolk-street, and which we present in compliance with the request of numerous readers. The lines are entitled

## A CREED.

Live for some earnest purpose,  
Live for some noble life,  
Live for the hearts that love you,  
Live that you conquer strife;  
Live that the world may find you  
Honest and pure of thought;  
Live, tho' it frown upon you,  
Live as all true men ought.

What does it matter, brother,  
If in the race for fame  
The one gains a gilded carriage,  
The other a poor man's name?  
Life's but a little season,  
Naught but a passing cloud;  
One day it rolls in sunshine,  
The next—the winding shroud.

'Why do we live?' you murmur;  
Why do you die? I ask,  
When the golden good of kindness  
May sweeten the meanest task:  
'Tis but a word of comfort,  
'Tis but a softened heart,  
An act or a look of pity  
When tears are seen to start.

A word, perhaps, of guidance,  
Only a friendly touch;  
One moment's self-denial,  
But, oh, it is so much  
That heavy hearts grow lighter,  
And life is robbed of pain,  
And somewhere, in earth or heaven,  
Yours is the greater gain.

Be ye, then, Jew or Gentile,  
Ask not the other's creed;  
For if the flower be spotless,  
Care ye whence came the seed?  
Live for the one true purpose  
That honest hearts may rise;  
Work through the noon of manhood,  
And when the evening dies  
There need be no forebodings—  
Angels will close thine eyes!

'CLOTHED WITH THE SUN.'—A popular edition (2s. net) of Dr. Anna Kingsford's 'Clothed with the Sun, being the book of the Illuminations,' edited by Mr. Samuel Hopgood Hart, has been published by Mr. J. M. Watkins, of 21, Cecil-court, Charing Cross-road, W.C. This work is well known to students of mysticism, and as it has been reviewed and discussed in 'LIGHT' on former occasions it needs no introduction to our readers. In his preface, Mr. Hopgood Hart speaks of 'these Illuminations' as having been given, not for the few only, but for the many; yea, for the spiritual enlightenment and salvation of the whole world: for through such souls as Anna Kingsford's, "God stooping shows sufficient of His light for us in the dark to rise by." . . . The day will come, and may not be far distant, when the Church, no longer fallen, and ignorant of the source and significance of its dogmas, but risen and rejoicing in the light of the spiritual consciousness, will thank God for and bless the Divine Soul who, in days of impiety, unbelief, and idolatry, came on a mission to restore to mankind the Divine Gnosis that had been so long lost.' The first edition, as is generally known, was edited by Edward Maitland, B.A.



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### 'THE GREAT QUESTION.'

'The Hibbert Journal' is always finely conspicuous amongst the magazines of the day by reason of the eminence and ability of its contributors, its wide outlook and the quality of the thought presented.

Under the title, 'The Great Question,' in the current issue of the 'Journal,' is an article by Mr. William Dillon, a distinguished American lawyer, and a brother of the present member of Parliament for East Mayo. The article arrested our attention, not merely because it treats of the problem of a life after death, but also because it is in these days something of a novelty, for Mr. Dillon completely ignores the findings of psychical research. It almost suggests the play of 'Hamlet' with the central character omitted. But there is no need to quarrel with it on that account. On the contrary, it affords an opportunity of seeing what kind of a case can be made out for human survival without reference to phenomenal evidences. In this aspect we find the article valuable and suggestive. It provoked the thought that if the argument for survival is so strong on the abstract side, fortified by the facts of latter-day psychology it may become fairly irresistible.

Mr. Dillon notes as a significant fact that some of the most profound intellects the world has known have held the conviction that the immortality of the soul—not merely its survival of the physical form—can be known by and demonstrated to human reason. Towards Plato's dialogues, however, he shows a somewhat critical attitude. Plato is too apt, he considers, to set up objections to his own point of view, and then knock them down with a facility that suggests that they were selected for just that purpose. But if his dialectics are shallow, Plato's 'dazzling flashes of intuitive insight' are undeniable, as Mr. Dillon is quick to observe.

Entering upon a statement of the question, from his own standpoint, Mr. Dillon argues quite justly that the persistence of the soul implies the persistence of personality, otherwise our belief in immortality means nothing more than the Pantheism of Spinoza and other philosophers. But all this is old ground to the thoughtful Spiritualist who is well assured by experience, as well as by reason, of the continuity of personal consciousness. On the question whether a discarnate spirit has 'physical form in the sense in which objects which are perceived by our senses have physical form,' there will doubtless be varying opinions even amongst Spiritualists. A few months ago we had in these columns some little discussion on the point, evoked by an expression of opinion from a contributor who, like

Mr. Dillon, felt that 'if things which are not apprehensible by our senses can have physical form at all, it must be in some sense which entirely transcends our reason.'

That, however, is by the way. Mr. Dillon is certainly right in his contention for conscious identity as necessary to a reasonable conception of human survival, and his argument for immortality is well reasoned. Death, he sees, does not annihilate the body, and he asks, 'Is it likely that it terminates the existence of the spirit which is the higher element?' But with all the resources of intellect and intuition which he can summon to his argument, he is fain to admit that the utmost he can achieve is to create a strong presumption in favour of the conclusion that the spiritual part of man does in some way survive death without losing personal consciousness. We are not surprised that it should be so, for he has only the theoretical side of the truth. With the Spiritualist lies the demonstrated fact. 'I can show reasons why the soul should survive,' says Mr. Dillon in effect. To which the Spiritualist responds, 'I can show you that it does actually survive.' In short, like the astronomer, Mr. Dillon predicates the existence of what is to him an unseen planet from the perturbations of those visible to him, a planet which has actually 'swum into the ken' of the student of psychical phenomena.

Revelation, reason, intuition—Mr. Dillon uses all three in the support of his argument, but a leaven of fact would render his position impregnable, would give him the absolute certitude for which he apparently craves. Can it be that he is ignorant of the conclusions of psychical research, or does he merely seek to put abstract reasoning to its severest test by renouncing—for the nonce—the aid of practical psychology?

In any case we join issue with him on his final conclusion:—

For those who will accept no test but reason, and who will not believe the proposition unless and until it is proved by arguments addressed to their reason, there can be nothing beyond probability.

It is not necessary to labour our point. Every student of psychical science who has attained conviction of the reality of a life after death by study and experiment is a living refutation of the statement we have quoted. Only exceptional minds, argues Mr. Dillon, can arrive at certainty. But it does not require an exceptional mind to arrive at the apprehension of a truth made unitary by a harmonious blending of principle and fact.

We can conceive the position of an investigator who has attained conviction of the reality of the phenomena of the séance room and whose position is that the facts occur, but that their interpretation has still to be found. They point, the investigator may argue, to the existence of intelligence of a personal order external to the intelligence of the purely human world, but—is it the intelligence of incarnate humanity? Certainty is thus far lacking, but that is not because he will accept no test but reason. It is because reason is not allowed sufficient scope. Deeper probing, an enlargement of outlook, brings a recognition of the principles of nature and the meaning of life—just those elements of the problem with which Mr. Dillon deals so ably. And then hypothesis and fact join hands, and the result is certitude. That is what the philosophy and the phenomena of Spiritualism stand for, and why they confirm, interpret, and illustrate each other: Philosophy without facts, or facts without philosophy, would be woefully incomplete. In the absence of one or the other (or both) it may well be that, in Mr. Dillon's phrase, 'only some few very exceptional minds' may 'approximate to certainty.' And in that case 'LIGHT' would have neither

place nor purpose. That it has both in an ever-increasing degree is abundantly manifest. In the homely phrase of the American philosopher, we have 'hitched our waggon to a star.' We stand for a truth to which the principles of Nature and the facts of Psychical Science alike bear witness.

## 'CHEIRO'S' EXPERIENCES IN PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

(Continued from page 212.)

### STUDIES IN THE VATICAN.

In Rome, to which he carried a letter of introduction to one of the Cardinals, 'Cheiro' was allowed access to the great library of the Vatican—a rare privilege, for he was permitted to browse at will amongst many priceless volumes dealing with various phases of occultism not to be found in any other library. Here he concerned himself mainly with books dealing with the occult powers of numbers, in which he takes an especial interest. But throughout his life, 'Cheiro' stated, his studies have been aided in many and mysterious ways. 'I have received one benefit and privilege after another.'

There are few people who can say that they have been allowed for three weeks to roam about the library at the Vatican making extracts from books just as they chose. In connection with his study of occult numbers, he received a signal instance of what he regarded as the beneficent influence which has followed him through life.

### A MYSTERIOUS BENEFACITOR.

While in Rome he was accustomed to haunt the great cathedral of St. Peter's for purposes of meditation. One afternoon he was accosted by a venerable-looking man, who said, in French, 'Please meet me here to-morrow afternoon at five o'clock. I may be able to give you something that will be of service to you later in life.' At the time appointed 'Cheiro' was on the spot, and the stranger again appeared, carrying a bulky parcel under his arm. 'I have here,' he said, 'something which will be of service to you in your studies. I judge by your appearance that you are interested in occultism, and I have long wanted to meet a man to whom I could usefully give certain manuscripts, for I know my own life is rapidly drawing to its close. They have been copied from occult books in the ancient library of Alexandria before it was destroyed by fire. They may be of inestimable value in your studies.' And handing 'Cheiro' his parcel, the gentleman disappeared.

'I opened the parcel,' said 'Cheiro,' 'and found that it contained a clearly-written record dealing with the mystery of numbers—the subject in which I had taken so much interest. And this manuscript brought me one of my most remarkable experiences in Paris.'

### SAVING THE LIFE OF THE SHAH.

'Cheiro' then recounted the well-known story concerning his prediction while in Paris of an attempt likely to be made on the life of the Shah, who was then visiting that city. Briefly to summarise the narrative, he discovered by his study of the occult science of numbers that the Shah's life would be in danger—probably from an assassin—on a certain date. An attaché at the Persian Embassy in Paris, who had called upon him, chanced to notice on 'Cheiro's' table the paper in which he had been making his calculations, and observing the name of the Shah, put an inquiry to the palmist. On learning the facts, he at once communicated with the Persian Grand Vizier, and on the fateful day a double guard was placed around the Shah. As the monarch came along the Avenue Malakoff a man attempted to force his way through the cordon, but his attempt being frustrated, he drew a revolver and fired at the Shah. Placed at a disadvantage by the guards surrounding the Shah, the would-be assassin's shot missed its mark. In the end, the Shah sent for 'Cheiro,' and as a token of gratitude conferred on him the order of the Lion and Sun, 'which,' said the speaker, 'I have the honour of wearing to-night.' (Applause.)

### 'CHEIRO' AND MR. W. T. STEAD.

Referring to his twenty years of friendship with Mr. Stead, 'Cheiro' alluded to the story (which has appeared in the Press recently) of Mr. Stead's belief that he would meet his death at the hands of a mob—probably as the result of some action of his own which would provoke popular resentment, as in the case of his attitude during the South African war. In this view, however, he was not supported by 'Cheiro,' who assured him, on the authority of his science, that any danger to his (Mr. Stead's) life 'would be from water and from nothing else.' In a letter dated June 21st, 1911, 'Cheiro' wrote him that the most critical months for him would be July, October, December, and April, and that as he (Mr. Stead) was born in what is called the Head House of Water, travel would be especially dangerous to him in the month of April, 1912. In the course of his narrative on this point 'Cheiro' read to the audience some correspondence which had passed between him and Mr. Stead last year.

### AN ESCAPE FROM BRIGANDS.

While travelling in Russia some five years ago, 'Cheiro' had a remarkable escape from brigands. He was visiting the town of Tiflis, in the South of Russia, and from there designed to proceed to Vladikavkaz, in the mountains of the Caucasus. The road between the two towns, although a magnificent highway constructed for military purposes, was infested by bandits, and 'Cheiro' was warned that his journey would be attended by great danger. Ultimately he arranged to proceed in company with a Georgian prince, a nephew of the chief of the brigands, whose presence, it was considered, would protect him from molestation. As it fell out, the pair were captured. The prince's protestations were unavailing. He was quite unknown to the robbers, whose chief happened to be absent, and the captives were carried into the interior and treated with scant courtesy. Here they found a burly brigand who acted as interpreter between the captors and their prisoners. He was a peculiar-looking man, and was regarded by his companions as 'uncanny.' 'Cheiro' was quick to observe the fact; it was clear to him that the man had strong psychic powers, although having but a dull comprehension of the fact, and none of the marauders had any knowledge of Spiritualism. Introducing the subject, 'Cheiro' suggested that a circle should be formed with the 'uncanny' brigand as medium. Their curiosity aroused, the bandits readily agreed. The result was a most remarkable séance, at which messages were rapped out purporting to come from a former leader of the brigands, a man who had died some time before. He gave peremptory instructions that the prisoners should be instantly released, and conducted safely to Vladikavkaz. Struck with amazement, and no doubt influenced by their fear of the unknown, the bandits lost no time in carrying out the order, and 'Cheiro' and his fellow-traveller were escorted to their destination with every sign of respect.

### THE MEANING OF OCCULTISM.

In his concluding remarks 'Cheiro' deplored the practice of entering upon investigation into the unseen side of things in an haphazard or thoughtless fashion. Far better results would be obtained by careful preparation and a deeper sense of the sacredness of the subject. Referring to the ancient quest of occultists and mystics for the Elixir Vitæ and the Philosopher's Stone, he said that underlying these things was a great secret. In every form of occultism which he had studied that secret was at the core; it was the truth concerning the essential nature of man himself; the Elixir of Life and the Philosopher's Stone were mystical phrases symbolising eternal truths—the immortal soul and its powers of transmuting all things into more beautiful forms. Every soul had within it the possibilities of success—even at times material success if that was the thing sought. 'You have first,' said 'Cheiro,' 'to gain health; health will bring you happiness, and the two together will give you the power to work more than you have ever done before. The great stumbling block is self—self ever protruding, ever seeking something for it and not for others. If once you can attain to the point of conquering self, if once you can gain emancipation from the thralldom of material desires, you will have laid the foundation-stone of happiness; you will have come into har-

mony with the Soul of the Universal, and from that moment your success—in the highest and best sense of the word—will be assured. You will say this is a difficult thing. It is not difficult at all. The only difficulty is in finding the right means for the start. The first point of all is absolutely to put aside self with all its petty ambitions and limitations, and to realise that you are nothing but an instrument of the will of God. You must be ready to forget your own sorrows in the sorrows of those around you; to give of your strength to the weaker. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Remember that the more you give the more you get in return, for the Bank of Life from which you draw is as inexhaustible as it is eternal. At the moment you realise yourself as an instrument of the Divine Mind, and devote yourself to the carrying on of the eternal purposes of creation, you will gradually gain this sense of health and strength—that is the Philosopher's Stone that will turn for you everything into the gold of happiness. With health and strength thus gained, by co-operation with the higher forces of life you will attract success. All the finer powers of life will conspire with you to achieve and to succeed. Even if it is a question of attaining money for its power for good—and it is a great power on its own plane—you may succeed. But in this respect your attitude must not be "I want money," but "Money wants me." The soul and not the thing must be the dominating idea. Gold may have a low place in the spiritual life, but it has its place when it is used for wise ends. Last of all, as Spiritualism and Occultism teach you, you have to try and live your life so fully and usefully and unselfishly that when you pass away your spirit may come back and retrace its steps by the impress of good deeds and good thoughts which you have left behind as a shining trail.' (Loud applause.)

'Cheiro' concluded his address by reciting some verses, which appear on page 221.

THE CHAIRMAN, referring to the interest and pleasure with which 'Cheiro's' address had been received, said he felt that many present would regard the latter part of the discourse as of even greater importance than the remarkable experiences described in that portion which had preceded it.

DR. ABRAHAM WALLACE, in moving a vote of thanks to Cheiro, said it was many years since he had had the pleasure of meeting the lecturer. It was at the time of 'Cheiro's' return from America about the year 1895; the occasion was a séance at which they secured remarkable results. With regard to their friend Mr. W. T. Stead, he was glad to say that Mr. Stead was already active in the other sphere, and had made appeals for help for those unfortunate people who had so suddenly passed into the unseen and were bewildered by their new surroundings. They needed assistance from those on this side in order to understand their condition and to progress beyond the borderland. With regard to 'Cheiro's' accounts of the Yogis and their power of leaving their bodies (which remained in an aseptic condition) for long periods, he believed that scientists had considered and reported on such cases, and that the claims made for the Yogis' powers were well supported. A few years ago he had the honour of acting as chairman when 'Cheiro' gave lectures on the relation of numbers and occultism, and he was bound to say that he learned a great deal from those lectures. Possibly 'Cheiro' would come to another of their meetings and address them on the subject. He was sure all present would join him in thanking 'Cheiro' most heartily for his interesting address. (Applause.)

MISS MACCREADIE mentioned that she had received a reassuring message from Mr. W. T. Stead on the previous Tuesday.

MR. E. W. WALLIS thought the address extremely interesting and suggestive in regard to the powers of the embodied spirit. With regard to Mr. Stead, he might say that when at the May Meetings of Spiritualists last year, Mr. Stead had stated that while at first sceptical as to the activity of the spirit on its own plane during physical life, he had eventually been brought to recognise that man is, as it were, 'amphibious'—that the spirit could be free and active on the spiritual side while the body was asleep. He cordially seconded the proposed vote of thanks to 'Cheiro' for his helpful address.

'CHEIRO,' in acknowledging the vote, said: 'I must express to you my sincere thanks for the kind way you have received me. I am happy to have been able to address such a splendid meeting of Spiritualists as you have here to-night, and I trust that if I can at any time be of service to you by telling you some practical things about the studies I have made, you will permit me to do so.' (Applause.)

#### TRANSITION OF MR. VINCENT N. TURVEY.

It is with sincere regret, and with deep sympathy with Mrs. Turvey, herself suffering from the after-effects of an operation for appendicitis, that we learn that our friend, Mr. Vincent N. Turvey, passed to spirit life at 2 a.m. on Friday, the 3rd inst. An invalid for nearly ten years, he knew that his life hung by a thread, so to speak, but with indomitable pluck he fought down his sufferings, until, near the end of April, he had an attack of hemorrhage, which led to the fatal result. A Lancashire man, born at Southport in 1873, Mr. Turvey had numerous clairvoyant experiences during his early years, including a vision of his father at the very time of the latter's death three hundred miles away. Mr. W. T. Stead, in his preface to Mr. Turvey's book, 'The Beginnings of Seership,' said of him that he bore an almost uncanny resemblance to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, of whom he appeared to be a 'miniature edition.' After leaving school he studied engineering, with a view to entering the Navy, but, for family reasons, did not take up that profession. He was, as a young man, 'cycle mad'—crazy for breaking records. In 1902 his health broke down completely. He used to say that his lung 'burst like a bicycle tyre and displaced the heart.' On one occasion a doctor said, 'Send for his friends, he will not see tea-time,' but he opened his eyes and declared that he would play croquet in four months. Many times he was given up, but always he said, 'Someone inside me says: "Not yet, my boy," or words to that effect.'

During his many hours of enforced quiet and solitude, when reclining in his tent in his garden, he read and meditated a great deal on occult problems, and developed remarkable psychic powers. His book (published by Mr. Stead) is a truly instructive record of authenticated, and many of them really striking, clairvoyant experiences, and is especially valuable because those experiences are related by the seer himself. Mr. Turvey felt keenly regarding the attitude of some Theosophists towards mediums, spirits and Spiritualism generally, and was thankful that he had been permitted to make his protest in 'LIGHT.' Knowing his precarious condition, we last week closed the correspondence because he had been forbidden to do any writing, and we were desirous of sparing him all cause for anxiety. In a note, written on Good Friday, in which he informed us of the serious illness of Mrs. Turvey, which had greatly distressed him, he wrote: 'I am far spent and my night is dark.' The dark night is over for him and day has dawned. Freed from his pain-racked body he will now be more fully alive and able to pursue his studies on that other side with which he had already become so familiar. Our kindly thoughts go out to him there, and to his wife and family in their bereavement.

Referring to 'The Beginnings of Seership,' which was produced in spite of his illness, Mr. Turvey said: 'I felt I had done nothing for humanity. I felt that my gifts should at least be tabulated and evidenced, in the hope that by the record of what I have seen some fellow-man might be convinced that there is no death. If only one soul be convinced by my book, that will be enough payment for me for anything I may have suffered in order to demonstrate the phenomena I have experienced.'

THE Editor of 'The Vahan' says: 'The husband of one of our Fellows, not himself a Theosophist, had booked his passage on the "Titanic." On two successive nights he dreamed that he stood on board the vessel, and that it was sinking. He was impressed and disquieted by the dream, and told his wife and several friends about it; later some business hindered his departure, and he was glad to take the excuse to cancel his sailing.'



## A WONDERFUL DREAM VISION.

A clerical correspondent from whom we have at different times received reports of striking physical phenomena which have taken place at his house, writes :—

'My wife has just had a wonderful experience. On Monday morning, April 29th, at about 7.30, I awoke, and my wife informed me, *before we arose, and before either letters or newspapers had come*, that she had had a most vivid dream, which had occurred three times during the night. She had dreamt that she saw Bonnot, the infamous French bandit, lying on a bed or couch in a house. She saw information being conveyed to the police, and then a force of police all firing at Bonnot; she saw him riddled with bullets as he lay on the bed, and, lastly, saw his body thrown on the front portion of a motor-car and taken to the police-station. The whole thing seemed so improbable—seeing how this villain had escaped previously—that on my wife's recital of her dream I laughed heartily, and so did she, and we thought no more about it.

'That particular Monday morning the newspaper did *not* come by post as per usual (occasionally it misses the morning post, and arrives at 5 p.m.), and so we were without the news, and had received none since *Saturday*. Business took me to the nearest town, and on arriving there I saw the poster announcing that Bonnot had been run to earth and killed by the police—the facts being that (1) he took refuge in a building or garage; (2) he was besieged by police and soldiers, who blew up the building; (3) he was found hiding between *mattresses* and was mortally wounded by a volley fired by the police, sustaining twelve bullet wounds; and (4) he was bound hand and foot, thrown into a motor-car and conveyed to the police station, dying twenty minutes after arrival.

'On returning home in the evening, I found my wife full of the story, having got the newspaper at 5 p.m. These are the facts: Bonnot was killed on Sunday in the outskirts of Paris. My wife saw the main features of the action in a dream during Sunday night, and related them to me before either letters or newspaper came to hand, and nine and a-half hours before the newspaper arrived at the house conveying the news to her. None of our letters that morning (or previously) contained any reference to the bandits, and as Bonnot was killed on a Sunday, no newspaper published in this country could contain the news until Monday morning. I am *positive* of the fact that my wife related the main points of this drama to me on awaking, as above related, and before either letters or papers had come, also before she had risen from bed, or anyone had either left or entered the bedroom, and this I am prepared to affirm on oath. It is a remarkable case of information supernormally obtained, and I think it has impressed my wife more than all the other wonderful experiences we have had.

'You are at liberty to make what use of this letter you like.'

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The eleventh Annual Convention of the Union of London Spiritualists will be held on the 16th inst. at South-place Institute, Finsbury, E.C. Mrs. Despard having withdrawn her engagement, the address, at 11 a.m., will be delivered by Mr. Percy R. Street, on 'Spiritualism: Its Highways and Byways.' At 3 p.m. clairvoyant descriptions will be given by Mrs. Mary Davies and Mrs. Alice Jamrach. A 'mass meeting' will be held at 7 p.m., when addresses will be delivered by a number of well-known speakers. It is hoped that this meeting will be even more *successful* than its predecessors.

An esteemed correspondent, in a letter dealing with other matters, concludes as follows: 'Allow me to add how *immensely* impressed I am with the alleged message from Mr. W. T. Stead in this week's issue of "LIGHT." The passionate earnestness, the impatient hurry, all so characteristic of the man's impulsive nature, it carries its *bona-fides* with it, and is surely one of the most solemnly impressive and wonderful "messages" ever given yet.'

Writing on 'Life Values' in 'The Christian World,' 'J. B.,' speaking of public feeling regarding the 'Titanic' disaster, truly says: 'The emphasis, in the general consciousness, has been put not on the size of the fortunes of the dead, but on the size of their souls. The world's pity and admiration went out to the heroic captain, who died at his post; to the crew and passengers, who in the prospect of awful death exhibited the noblest qualities of their race. To lose such men, ah! what a loss! And yet it is not even these whose death has given us our deepest sense of impoverishment. That comes as we think of the most richly dowered nature of all who disappeared into those icy depths. It is the loss of a plain man, without title, without fortune—who in estimating the value of William Stead thinks of his fortune?—it is the loss of this man that hits us most keenly; and why? Because not only those of us who knew him intimately, but because all the world recognised in him a man possessed of the supreme human qualities, the world's best mental and moral force. No. Man when, in moments like these, driven back to his inmost self, recognises, beyond all money values, the value of the best kind of life.'

Some thoughts occur to us, called forth by the frequency with which we have seen it stated that spirits should not be invited to communicate with their earth friends lest by so doing they should 'retard their own progress,' and that suffering 'enables egos to progress more swiftly.' Since, in spiritual matters, *time* does not count, why should this idea of swift progress be so much emphasised as a thing that is desirable? What do a few years, more or less, matter where principles are involved? Surely we make spiritual progress by forgetting our own self-interest and serving others with sincere desire to benefit them! If that be the case, it follows that when our spirit friends communicate with us to help us, they are really fulfilling the spiritual law of loving service, and are consequently furthering, not retarding, their own spiritual development. Besides, why should we be anxious and make haste to speed on our way when we have all eternity in which to grow and the whole universe in which to live? Surely *spiritual* progress is unfoldment from within; is awakening to spiritual states and values; is emancipation and realisation rather than a going somewhere; is a broadening, deepening and enriching of consciousness so that it becomes *inclusive* and not *exclusive*! If so, should we not live 'without haste and without rest' to be good and *do* good, and by example, influence and loving helpfulness (to spirits in the body and out of it), enter into large-hearted and understanding brotherhood!

Mr. George R. Sims, writing in the 'Referee,' says: 'I did not know that William Stead was on the "Titanic" or that he had gone to America. The night before the news of the disaster came I had arranged to invite him to come and see this year's Cup Final with me. Then it became "coincidence" all along the line. The first time I met William Stead to talk to him we were together with the Right Hon. Alexander Carlisle on a White Star Liner. When I heard of him for the last time he was on a White Star Liner designed by Mr. Carlisle. While I was looking at his portrait in the "Daily Graphic," a maid came in and handed me a rolled parcel. I opened it. It contained the April number of the "Review of Reviews," edited by W. T. Stead. He was the sublime crusader, earnest, eager, energetic to the end. He lived every hour of his life filled with the zest of it and enthusiasm for its work. He died where he always strove to be—I say it with all affection and reverence—in the limelight. Whether his radiant spirit elect to be silent ever more or to seek communion with those on earth, God bless it in the Borderland!'

The following paragraph by the Editor of 'The Vahan,' respecting the 'Titanic' disaster, is worth thinking about: 'Our present knowledge of karmic law, especially in its collective working, hardly enables us *adequately* to account for such happenings. It might be maintained that each of the victims had reached the point where it was his karma to die. After all, hundreds—even thousands—of people die daily, many in intense suffering. That which distinguishes the present fatality from the universal stream of events is simply that these people died in close proximity to each other and amidst thrilling circumstances. Yet it seems more difficult to defend this position when it is realised that practically the whole of the crew were recruited from one town—Southampton—and that a special set of people seems to have been congregated on board the ill-fated ship. Can it be that in the case of many of the victims the karma may not have been predestined, and that in a future incarnation the law may owe to them the debt of escape from death?' The Rev. A. J. Toyne accounts for this happening on much more comprehensible grounds. See page 219.

## 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.*

## Messages from Mr. W. T. Stead.

SIR,—The enclosed messages from our arisen friend will prove of interest, and, I trust, of comfort to some of your readers.

The Sunday following the fateful Sunday the writer attended a meeting in North London, where a short address on the sad disaster was given through a lady, who, being in a position to do so, has, for the past twenty years, kindly given her services to the Cause. A vision was then given of a large concourse of people who had lost their lives in the 'Titanic.' They were eagerly listening to an explanatory address which was being delivered by Mr. Stead. He afterwards controlled the sensitive and gave the following message, concluding with a personal greeting and handshake to a friend who was present: 'I am not beneath the waves. I am here, and am rejoiced to have met so many of the old friends and pioneers. Although I had been warned, I know now that I was on board for a special purpose and I have fulfilled my mission. We had great difficulty in making the people understand that they had passed into the next world. . . . The hand and fore-arm of the medium was quite numbed and useless for over an hour afterwards, as she evidently took on the last condition before he passed out of the body.'

Three days later, at a private séance in another part of London, Mr. Stead was again seen by two clairvoyants. By this time he had gained more power, and, being with personal friends, gave the following most interesting message, which I took down, word for word, at the time: 'My love to you all [three times]. I am so pleased to be with you. Am quite free; but do not grieve, for I am so near to you it hurts me. Thank God it is all over. I did not suffer. I felt more enthused than ever before in my life, I felt the actual spiritual impulse. I did not feel leaving my body. How easy it is! I remember jumping or falling from the deck, and was only slightly conscious of being in the water. I know in a blind kind of way I struck out. My hand clasped something, but I did not suffer. After a few seconds of numbing feeling I was free, but surrounded by conditions which would try the heart of the strongest man who ever lived. Ringing in my ears was the refrain "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Yes, I suggested it should be played. Alas! the poor souls who knew nothing of it! I instantly turned my attention to helping them. There was so much to do and, as I expected, my life here will be one of activity. I want to thank you all for the great help you have rendered while out of the body. . . . I cannot say more, except that I desire to be photographed, Mr. Blackwell, as soon as it is possible.' Then came Mr. Brailey, one of that devoted band who immortalised themselves in the annals of music by playing on till the last final plunge. Surely the angels would triumphantly take those strains of 'Nearer, my God, to Thee' upward and yet higher. The message was as follows:—

'I am Brailey. I am so happy to be with you. I thank God that I knew something of this. [He is the only son of Mr. Ronald Brailey, the well-known medium.—H. B.] Dear Mr. Stead was speaking on the subject frequently on board to numbers of people. Some of the ladies seemed to be somewhat horrified at the natural way he spoke of the spirit people. He went to bed very late. It was at his suggestion that we played "Nearer, my God, to Thee," some moments before the boat went down. We had no suffering, only cold for a few moments. My father did not wish me to go on this voyage, but I thought it would be a good thing. I must go now. God bless you. Please let father know.' Captain Smith then said a few words, expressing his gratitude to Mr. Stead, who was the first to come to him on the other side. One of the guides of the circle then expressed his heartfelt sympathy with all connected with the dreadful tragedy, and alluding to Mr. Stead, said: 'No one on board that vessel was able to accomplish the work that he was there to do. Your loss has been our great gain, and he has already accomplished much since he has been with us.' Yes, this we can well understand. He always had a hand ready to help those in trouble and distress, and a strong arm to do battle for the defenceless and the weak. As to his heart, it was rightly gauged by the one who, after several anxious, but ineffectual, attempts, at last was able to make that busy brain sufficiently passive to accept and transmit the first automatic writing he ever received. The sad and patient experimenter was a sorrowing mother who, from the spirit side of life, implored him to use his influence to save her boy from ruin.

As a helper Mr. Stead was thus initiated in the cause of Spiritualism, and right nobly has he continued. His career was fittingly crowned when he had the distinguished honour of being selected as the ambassador of the ministering angels in the greatest but most pitiful tragedy that the sea has ever closed over.—Yours, &c.,

H. BLACKWELL.

## Dr. J. M. Peebles and Mr. George Spriggs.

SIR,—When I learned through 'LIGHT' of the transition and promotion of Mr. George Spriggs into that higher state of consciousness obtaining in the spiritual world, I was for a moment shocked, and thought, Why should he, so useful, be taken and multitudes of the less worthy, who do little more than fill spaces in the world, be left? Then thoughtfully I said, There are mysteries hard for finite minds to fathom; nevertheless, in this orderly universe, all undoubtedly will ultimately prove to have been for the best. God reigns, and there is no room for absolute and eternal evil.

Had I been present at the funeral of our esteemed and honoured friend, I should neither have presented a wreath of words, nor lain roses and immortelles at his dead feet. This I did while he was yet imprisoned in mortality, in writing and in speaking from platforms of his noble life and manly, uplifting works.

Knowing him intimately in both England and Australia, I never knew a more solidly self-poised individual. Functioning, as he did, through the emotional, the mental, and the spiritual, he presented a really splendid self-balance of character.

To the writer, one of his most interesting phases of communion with invisible intelligences was his accompanying 'independent' voice—a voice ever instructive and spiritually uplifting. While conversing with the spirit intelligences I was reminded of an account in John's Gospel, xii., 28-29, 'Then came there a voice from heaven. . . . The people, therefore, that stood by, and heard it, said that it thundered; others said, "An angel spake unto Him!"' These people were so material, so psychically deaf that, though hearing a voice out of the invisible, they could not determine whether it was a peal of thunder or a lute-like voice of an angel. There are similar people in this century. Sincerely do I pity the spiritually deaf and spiritually blind.

The highest philosophy teaches us that the universe knows no loss—that annihilation is unthinkable. And so remembering the good works of our royal-souled Spriggs, we will think of him as having gone up one step higher into the realm of a conscious progressive existence—gone, awaiting our arrival.—Yours, &c.,

519, Fayette-st.,  
Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

J. M. PEEBLES, M.D.

## An Experience with Mr. Turvey.

SIR,—I have had a good deal of experience with Mr. Turvey, but nothing that appealed to me as did an incident that occurred on the evening of April 12th. I was sitting talking with him, as usual, when he suddenly got a message as follows: 'Poor William, Shrewsbury.'

'What does that mean?' he asked. I replied, 'It certainly seems very strange. All I can say is that I have a brother William, and that one of his daughters lives at Shrewsbury.' He then added: 'I can see a spirit standing at the back of my chair. I will leave the room. Tell me when I come back if you can see and recognise him.' Now, it is only at times that I am clairvoyant, and on this occasion I failed to see the spirit, but a few minutes later I sensed his presence, and knew that he was a very old friend who was greatly interested in Spiritualism. When he passed over, some twelve months ago, I was able, clairvoyantly, to follow him. He did not seem to have got far in the spirit world before he was stopped by a group of other spirits whom he had known when they were in the flesh, but who had been so handicapped with the dogmas and creeds they took with them, that they had been unable to make any progress. For some considerable time he stayed to talk with them, and then to their amazement he suddenly left them, and to me he seemed to go a great way off. Although he was so far away, I received ethergrams from him occasionally. As we had been such close friends, and had sat together so much, I did think that, if it were possible, he would return with some definite proof. Aware of my disappointment, he sent me some time ago a message to this effect: 'The reason I have not come back to you is that life in the body, compared with eternity, is as nothing, and as I am developing my spirit, I feel I should be losing my opportunities and not doing you much good by returning.' Then I seemed to lose sight of him, and now, as though to remind me that he was still very much alive, came this message through the channel of Mr. Turvey: 'Poor William, Shrewsbury.' The day following

I had a letter from my sister-in-law, saying that 'Poor William' had passed away, and that his daughter was coming from Shrewsbury to the funeral. My brother was in Devonshire when he passed over, so you will see the daughter and her father were a long way apart.

I feel perfectly convinced that it was my old friend who gave me this information through Mr. Turvey.—Yours, &c.,

L. PEARCEY.

12, The Triangle, Bournemouth.  
April 26th.

#### Materialisation.

SIR,—The phenomenon of materialisation is frequently recorded, but the demonstration seems always to require the services of a paid medium.

The phenomena of speaking under spirit control, clairvoyant descriptions and trance addresses, on the other hand, are often open to the public, but the doubt must remain in such cases as to whether the results are not merely subjective.

Is there any non-professional medium willing to demonstrate the reality of materialisation in the presence of two sincere inquirers who are desirous of obtaining such objective proof, but are not disposed to accept the evidence of mediums who are professionally interested in producing phenomena?

If not, why is this very important branch of investigation closed except by the employment of paid mediums?—Yours, &c.,

INVESTIGATOR.

#### Helping the 'Titanic' Victims.

SIR,—On Thursday night, April 18th, while seated in my room, I was very strongly 'controlled,' and after I had received injunctions as to safeguards (one being the forming of the white thought circle around me), I realised that a number of 'Titanic' victims were present. I was told to pray aloud for them, and to speak 'comforting words,' and this I did for a long time, until, at last, all the atmosphere was vacant. A sense of peace remained, and I was warmed through and through. I 'sensed' fear, wonder, and loneliness, but had no sense of evil. I may add that I received a verbal message at another time from one of the most distinguished victims, which has been transmitted to his family.—Yours, &c.,

'PAX.'

#### 'Titanic's' Unlucky Numbers.

SIR,—In the school of Pythagoras we learn from what are called the 'Kabalah Tables,' the value of each letter of the alphabet as related to numbers, the latter ranging from one to nine.

In taking the separate letters we get the following result. T equals four, I equals one, T equals four, A equals one, N equals five, I equals one, C equals two; by adding these numbers together we get eighteen, the *Key Number* of the 'Titanic' which, according to the Kabalistic Tables, indicates 'The Moon.' This number is one classed as a 'Number of the Elements,' is governed by Water, and symbolised 'The Falling Dew,' 'Twilight' and 'The Blood-stained Path.'

It is a number of deception, error, treachery and evil associations. The published accounts of the disaster indicate how true this is. Was it not a blood-stained path along which the ill-fated vessel was destined to travel? Was it not amidst treachery and evil surroundings that she found herself, and lastly in a field of ice, one of the uncontrollable elements of the universe, that she eventually met her fate?

It is necessary to bear the Key Number, eighteen, in mind, as it will be seen later that the very date she struck the iceberg vibrated to her Key Number, 'eighteen.' The 'Titanic' further vibrated to the numbers one, four and five.

The keel of the 'Titanic' was laid on March 31st, 1909. March is represented by nine; 31st (by addition), three + one, four; 1909, one + nine + nought, + nine, one; and by adding these we get fourteen, which equals five.

She was launched on Wednesday, May 31st, of last year. May equals five; 31st, four; Wednesday, five; and by adding we again get fourteen, which equals five.

She started on her first trip to America on Wednesday, April 10th. April equals nine; 10th, one; 1912, four; again the total is fourteen, which equals five. A curious thing to note with this table is that Wednesday again appears, and is represented in the Studies by the number five. By adding the two fives together we get ten, which equals one.

She struck the iceberg on Sunday, April 14th. April equals nine; 14th, five; 1912, four; total, eighteen, her Key Number as already explained. By adding the one and eight together we get nine. Sunday in these Studies is represented by four, which, when added to the nine, gives us a total of thirteen, which equals four.

The 'Titanic' sank on April 15th. April equals nine; 15th, six; 1912, four. Total nineteen, or one, plus nine, equals one.

Her tonnage, 46,328, equals twenty-three; two, plus three, equals five. She exceeded her sister ship, the 'Olympic,' by 1,004 tons, which, if added together, makes five. She measured a height from keel to funnel of 175ft., which equals thirteen, one, plus three, making four—fourteen, which equals five.

She was built to carry 750 first-class passengers, twelve—one, plus two, equals three; 650 second-class passengers, eleven—one, plus one, equals two; 1,200 third-class passengers, three; 860 crew, fourteen—one, plus four, equals five; thirteen, which equals four.

She had ten decks—one, plus nought, equals one—and she sank in the fourth month of the year at 2.20 in the morning; two, plus two, plus nought, equals four. A more ill-fated vessel it is hardly possible to realise. These are only a few of the many instances that have come to my notice since the terrible disaster, but it is enough to show that to the student of the Kabalistic Tables the sinking of the 'Titanic' was a foregone conclusion.—Yours, &c.,

O. M.

#### Mr. J. Coates Reports a Manifestation by Mr. Stead.

SIR,—I have been requested by Mr. John Duncan, of Edinburgh, and the friends and members of the Rothesay circle to state that at a séance held on Friday, April 26th, the wife and favourite daughter of 'Mr. P.' referred to in 'Records of a Private Circle' in 'LIGHT' of April 20th (p. 183), were present for the first time, and that both were delighted and satisfied that they were in the presence of the late 'Mr. P.' Similar satisfactory communications were obtained by others. Mrs. Coates was then suddenly controlled by Mr. W. T. Stead. As to the evidential value of the control and the message I have little to advance, but that Mr. Stead should communicate is not surprising, as we were in touch and sympathy for over a quarter of a century, as witnessed in two of my later works. I was probably the only person present who knew Mr. Stead personally, but his coming and attempted communication were deeply interesting to all.

We learned that if no man is indispensable, it is indispensable that all men should be faithful to the trust committed to them: fearing none, devoted to all. Thus the message delivered was, while characteristic of the man, most valuable.

As requested by the circle held on Sunday evening, the 28th, I beg to intimate that we believe Mr. Stead has been to us, and that he has declared his intention of communicating again. His last message—going down to ages to come, through the 'Titanic' disaster—was more potent and arresting than any he might have delivered in New York. Never were death, life and immortality so suddenly, appallingly and powerfully pressed on the attention of mankind as they were by wireless telegraphy during that fateful week. Never was 'Nearer, my God, to Thee' so strikingly impressed on the thoughtless millions. Never was Spiritualism more forcibly and truly advocated than by the transition of that heroic, honest and noble soul, W. T. Stead, who feared no man and never spared himself.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES COATES.

Glenbeg House, Rothesay.  
April 29th, 1912.

#### Personal Psychic Experiences: No. 1.

SIR,—During the winter of 1903 I was boarding in a large old-fashioned, three-storied house at Grove place, Falmouth. Its inmates consisted of the widowed proprietress, her daughter, myself, my young son, and a maid-servant. The old lady slept in an apartment on the drawing-room landing, we four others on the floor above. Our rooms were on each side of a corridor, Miss T.'s facing mine, and adjoining that of the maid. There was a small dark room, used as a box dépôt, at the end of the corridor, its door (locked, and the key in Madame T.'s possession) being between Miss T.'s and mine. The stairs consisted of four flights and were numerous and winding.

Often, as I toiled up them in the winter twilight to my room, I experienced that unmistakable thrill, that inward shiver, which denotes the propinquity of denizens of the unseen world. So close they pressed at times that I seemed to feel their breath on my cheek, their touch on my shoulder.

Although no word was ever uttered before him, my son could never be induced to go up to our room after dusk. He 'dared not,' he said; 'there were creepy things on the stairs.'

Madame T., pointing to a large oil painting in a massive frame that hung over the mantelpiece in the dining-room, related to me one day how, long ago, on the night her husband died, it suddenly fell on the rug, its thick cords severed as by a knife, startling her, and sending her flying from the room.

This and other tales I heard before I passed through the experience I am about to relate.

On February 23rd I returned with Miss T. from a visit to a friend at Flushing. Feeling tired, and the time being about nine o'clock, I went at once to my room, where a cheerful fire was burning. After sitting awhile by the fire, I retired, but could not have slept long, judging by the fire, which was still steadily lighting up the room, when I was aroused by a commotion outside in the corridor, accompanied by a grinding, scraping noise. It seemed as though heavy boxes were being drawn along it, bumping violently against my door in their transit, and causing the key to rattle in the lock. Voices, raised in shrill expostulation, and heavy footsteps, ascending and descending the stairs, were plainly audible amid the bumping and scraping.

Feeling astonished and irritated, I thought: 'What a strange thing to be moving out of the house in the middle of the night! Why cannot Miss T. wait until daylight to pack her heavy luggage? Can the old lady be suddenly taken ill, or has her daughter taken leave of her senses?' After about an hour the voices died away, the unseen but much heard troop of disturbers took their departure, and at last I again dropped off to sleep. Next morning, at the breakfast table, an interesting little game of cross purposes was played. Recriminations galore resounded in the air.

'My dear Mrs. S., what were you doing last night so late? I could not sleep for the noise you made! I thought you had either gone crazy, or were qualifying for a moonlight flitter?' was the greeting with which Miss T. addressed me.

'My sentiments, my dear Miss T., to a T,' I replied. 'Whatever were you doing? The noise proceeded from *your* room, not *mine*. Had I not felt so very weary and sleepy, I should have got up and forcibly remonstrated with you.' And so on.

Had Madame T. heard the noises? 'Yes,' she said, she had. The only persons who had not done so were the maid, who was a heavy sleeper, and my young son.

The door of the dark closet was found locked, and the luggage therein undisturbed. Nothing inside had been touched.

The only conclusion I could arrive at was that February 23rd must have been the anniversary of some great disaster, disturbance or death, that had occurred in former years in that house.

Nothing more happened until my departure, which took place soon after.—Yours, &c.,

FLORENCE M. S. SCHINDLER.

Bahia, Brazil.

#### An Inquiry.

SIR,—I wrote to 'A. King & Co., publishers, Canterbury, as given in 'LIGHT,' with 6d. in stamps for a copy of Miss Alice King's 'The Gospel of the Second Eve,' and my letter has been returned to me through the Dead Letter Office. Can any reader of 'LIGHT' tell me where the pamphlet can be procured?—Yours, &c.,

C. G.

#### Spiritualists' National Fund of Benevolence.

SIR,—Now that the stress and burden of the coal strike is past, I hope that those friends who have not yet contributed to the National Fund of Benevolence will kindly do so, and help to make life happier and easier for our dear old pioneers. The donations received during April were: Mrs. M. Barrett's circle, 5s.; Mr. Barlow, 5s.; Good Friday Demonstration, Manchester, £3 8s. 6d.; Mr. Osman, 5s.; A Friend, 2s. 6d.; Total £4 6s. 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'—Yours, &c.,

MARY A. STAIR.

14, North-street, Keighley.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

'Cheiro's Memoirs: the Reminiscences of a Society Palmist' (with twenty-two illustrations). Cloth, 7s. 6d. net. Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate-street, E.C.

'The Two Great Questions, the Existence of God and the Immortality of the Soul.' By LYSANDER HILL. Cloth, 7s. 6d. net. T. Werner Laurie, Clifford's Inn, Fleet-street.

MAGAZINES: 'The Occult Review' for May, 7d. net, Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate-street, E.C.; 'The Vineyard' for May, 6d. net, A. C. Fifield, 13, Clifford's Inn, E.C.; 'The Open Road' for May, 3d., 3, Amen Corner, E.C.; 'Healthward Ho!' for June, 3d., 40, Chandos-street, W.C.

In next week's 'LIGHT' we shall give a communication from Mr. W. T. Stead which has been received by Mr. James Robertson, of Glasgow,

#### SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, MAY 5th, &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. Percy R. Street gave a deeply interesting address on 'The Evolution of Religion.' Mr. W. T. Cooper presided.—15, Mortimer-street, W.—April 29th, Mrs. Neville gave successful psychometrical readings. Mr. Leigh Hunt presided. Sunday next, see advt. on front page.—D. N.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—Mrs. Harvey gave an address, clairvoyant descriptions, &c. Sunday next, Mrs. A. Boddington, address and clairvoyance. Circles as usual.—G. T. W.

CROYDON.—ELMWOOD HALL, ELMWOOD-ROAD, BROAD-GREEN.—Mr. T. Olman Todd's address on 'The Poets and Spiritualism' was much appreciated. Sunday next, Mrs. Beaurepaire. Usual morning service at 11.15; evening service at 7.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HAMPTON WICK.—Mr. Horace Leaf gave inspiring address and recognised clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Nurse Graham, address and clairvoyant descriptions.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—Mr. Geo. P. Douglas's addresses and spirit messages were much appreciated. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mr. H. Boddington, addresses. Tuesday, at 8, also Wednesday, at 3, Mrs. Clarke, clairvoyance. Thursday, at 8, circle.—H. I. E.

BRIGHTON.—HOVE OLD TOWN HALL, 1, BRUNSWICK-STREET WEST.—Mrs. Miles Ord gave good addresses. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., circle; at 7 p.m., Mrs. G. C. Curry. Mondays, at 3 and 8, also Wednesdays, at 3, Mrs. Curry, clairvoyance. Thursdays, at 8.15, circle.—A. C.

STRATFORD.—WORKMAN'S HALL, 27, ROMFORD-ROAD, E.—Mrs. E. Neville gave an interesting address on 'Is Life Worth Living?' and some well-recognised clairvoyant readings. Mr. George F. Tilby presided. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Podmore, address and clairvoyance.—W. H. S.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—73, BECKLOW-ROAD, W.—Morning, circle. Evening, Mr. McLellan spoke on 'Is Spiritualism Needed?' On Thursday, 2nd, Mrs. Ord gave an address. Sunday next, at 10.45 a.m., public circle; at 6.45 p.m., Madam Stenson. Thursday, at 8, Mrs. Podmore. Friday, at 8, members' circle.

HACKNEY.—240A, AMHURST-ROAD, N.—Mrs. Mary Davies gave an address on 'Spirituality for All,' and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. G. F. Tilby, address, and Mrs. Sutton, clairvoyant descriptions. Circles: Monday and Wednesday, at 8. Tuesday, at 8.30, astrology class.—N. R.

BRIXTON.—84, STOCKWELL PARK-ROAD.—Mrs. Mary Gordon gave an address and successful clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., circle; at 3 p.m., Mr. Underwood will name an infant; address by Mr. Olman Todd; at 7 p.m., Mr. and Mrs. Hayward. Tea provided.—W. U.

SEVEN KINGS, ILFORD.—45, THE PROMENADE.—Mrs. Pitter's address on 'The Fall of Man' was followed by an interesting discussion. On the 30th ult. Mr. Horace Leaf spoke on 'Clairvoyance' and gave practical demonstrations. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. A. Hitchcock. Tuesday, at 8, Mrs. Pitter. 19th, Miss M. Ridge.—C. E. S.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL, LAUSANNE-ROAD.—Morning, Mr. Huxley answered questions. Evening, helpful address and good clairvoyant descriptions by Mrs. Jamrach. Sunday next—morning, Mr. Fawls; evening, Mr. A. Sarfas, address and clairvoyance. 13th, 3 p.m., séance, Mr. Blackman (silver collection); 19th, flower service; last social, May 23rd.—A. C. S.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—SURREY MASONIC HALL.—Morning, Mr. W. E. Long spoke under influence, and answered questions. Evening, address on "'Titanic' Disaster," by 'Terence.' Sunday next—morning, messages and clairvoyance; evening, address on the 'Deathless Life of the Unity in Spirit,' by 'Wilson.'—M. R.

HOLLOWAY.—PARKHURST HALL, 32, PARKHURST-ROAD.—Morning, Mr. W. W. Love spoke on 'Our State after Death.' Evening, Mrs. S. Podmore spoke on 'Prayer' and gave well-recognised clairvoyant descriptions. 1st, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Jones, address and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., Mr. J. Abrahall; at 7 p.m., Mr. Horace Leaf. Wednesday, Mrs. Mary Davies. 19th, Mr. R. Boddington. Lyceum every Sunday, 3 p.m.—J. F.

STRATFORD.—IDMISTON-ROAD, FOREST-LANE.—Morning, Mrs. Bathe-Gilling's paper on 'Faiths, Facts, and Fortunes' led to an interesting discussion. Evening, Mrs. Hayward and Messrs. Hayward, Gilling, Wrench and Connor gave addresses on 'Is our Church Worth Having?' Mrs. Hayward also gave clairvoyant descriptions. 2nd, Mr. Wrench, address and psychometry. Sunday next, 11.30 a.m., Miss Savage on 'First Impressions of Spiritualism'; 7 p.m., Mrs. Mary Davies. 16th, Mr. Wrench. 19th, Mr. and Mrs. Hayward.