

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe,

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

No. 1,640.—VOL. XXXII. [Registered as]

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1912.

[a Newspaper.]

PRICE TWOPENCE.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

At the last meeting (for the session) of the London Spiritualist Alliance at Suffolk-street, one of the audience addressed an inquiry to the lecturer (the Rev. T. Rhondda Williams) concerning the question of the existence and meaning of evil. We recalled the fact on looking over the May number of 'Healthward Ho!' Mr. Eustace Miles' bright and useful magazine, which contains an article on the subject, in the course of which the writer (presumably Mr. Miles) remarks:—

Evil is a reality from the point of view of the ordinary human being, but it is not a permanent reality. . . Evil must exist but it does not *persist*. A thing persists and is eternal only in proportion as it is good.

And the article proceeds very wisely to point out that 'Evil is best regarded as a means of training,' illustrating the point by a reference to cricket, in which an expert batsman brings out the intelligence and ingenuity of the bowler who finds the skill of the batsman an 'evil.' Mr. Rhondda Williams dealt ably with the question, but this further contribution to a solution of the problem may be helpful to the inquirer and others.

We have often heard discussed the question of religious intolerance. Generally intolerance was denounced in a spirit almost as bitter as the subject itself. 'I would have tortured the Inquisitors with their own devilish machines!' exclaimed a speaker on one occasion. But no attempt was made to discover the reason and meaning of intolerance, although, it is true, we have heard it argued that the persecuting religionists were moved by a humane impulse—they sought by temporal torture to prevent the spread of heresy which might lead to far worse results—eternal torture. But it has sometimes appeared to us that the underlying cause of all intolerance is a kind of conservatism common to certain types of humanity. There is in such minds a dull resentment of anything new, whether scientific discoveries, forms of conduct, intellectual movements or religious beliefs. One might fill volumes with examples—Hanway and the first umbrella, Stephenson and the locomotive, Elliotson and mesmerism, Fox and Quakerism. And probably the reason that religious intolerance has always been the most cruel and rancorous is because in this direction the emotions are more directly touched—spiritual pride is assailed and the reactions in that case are more violent than those caused by infringements on social or intellectual vanity.

M. Edouard Schuré is well and favourably known in literature as the possessor of a great gift of verbal felicity

wedded to deep learning, and his latest work, 'The Great Initiates' (William Rider and Son, Limited, two vols., 10s. 6d. *net*), will amply confirm the estimation in which he is already held in the world of letters. 'The Great Initiates' sketches the secret history of Religions as revealed in the lives of the great leaders and prophets of the past—Rama, Krishna, Hermes, Moses, Orpheus, Pythagoras, Plato, and the last and greatest of the world-teachers, Jesus. Mr. Rothwell, the translator, has performed his task with consummate skill, and the work bears traces on every page of his ability in conveying subtle shades of meaning and delicate cadences from one language to another. The book opens with a beautiful dedication by the author to the memory of Margherita Albana Mignaty, from which we cannot forbear quoting the final sentence:—

As a torch of Eleusis, adorned with dark cypress and the star-bright narcissus, I dedicate it to the winged Soul of Her who has led me to the very heart of the Mysteries, that it may bear far and wide the sacred fire and proclaim the Dawn of Universal Light.

M. Schuré, we note, is a seer as well as a historian, and, indeed, such a combination is essential to the task of dealing adequately with religious and mystical teachers and their teachings. And he is fully in touch with the modern spirit, for in his introduction he writes:—

Never has the aspiration after spiritual life, the invisible world, though rejected by the materialistic theories of scientists and by the opinion of society, been more serious and real than it is now. This aspiration may be seen in the regrets and doubts, the gloomy melancholy and even the blasphemies of our realistic novelists and decadent poets. Never has the human soul had a deeper feeling of the inadequacy, the wretchedness, and unreality of its present life, never has it aspired more ardently after the invisible 'beyond,' though unable to believe in it.

The work is sure of a cordial welcome and high appreciation by all those to whom it appeals, by reason of its clarity of style and the sympathy and insight with which its subjects are handled.

'Heart Impulses,' by Frank H. Randall (L. N. Fowler and Co., 2s. *net*), is another contribution to progressive literature, and although it is not particularly virile in thought or expression, this may be excused by the reflection that the author is dealing with the affectional rather than the mental side of things. He rightly sees how peace and power go together, the strongest souls being always the quietest:—

People's safety lies, and their trust can be more freely placed, in the person whose nature knows no violence. *They* are powerful who can show patience under stress of difficulty with others, and whose power for vehemence can be held in check until an opportunity offers for expressing it in something agreeable, something humane, something inspiring with love and beauty of character; then the power can manifest in constructive action; then it is positive, confident, forcible, insistent, effective.

That is a valuable truth eloquently expressed, but the book does not maintain this level throughout. There is a tendency to platitude,

'When the Sun Moves Northward' (Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond-street, W., cloth, 183 pp., price 2s. 6d.) is a treatise by Mabel Collins on 'the Six Sacred Months.' It contains 'the Mystic Ritual from the "Story of the Year," and the Teaching concerning the Resurrection from "Green Leaves,"' based on the Buddhist idea that 'when the sun moves northward he is among the gods, he guards the gods,' and that 'no great sacrifice can commence during the sun's southern progress. The south is Yama's quarter: Yama is the god of the dead.' An instructive sidelight is thrown on the natural origin of the observance of Christmas and Easter. We read again and again of 'pairs of opposites: heat and cold, pleasure and pain, love and hate, male and female'; that these 'opposing conditions assail the human spirit continually,' and that man 'cannot free himself from them save by escaping from rebirth.' We had imagined that these alleged pairs of opposites were complementary—but that may be our mistake. Then we are told that the spirit seeks 'birth into matter to obtain purification'—we had an idea that spirit was pure, like to the All-Spirit, but 'one never knows'; it is perhaps 'all in the point of view'!

We are assured by Mabel Collins in this new book that the spirit not only desires birth, but 'recognises his own free will'; yet where does free will come in if, as stated, 'men are swayed and influenced by forces which sweep over the thought-world as winds sweep over the earth or as currents of electricity flash through the ether,' and if 'mankind, as a whole, is too deeply submerged in matter, and too much under the influence of material thought, to be capable of development while the evil force is so powerful'? This 'awful Thing which is Evil' is, we are told, 'a Power so dreadful that man, as man, can only fight it in blind, unseeing warfare,' and if he could see and know it for what it is he 'would succumb utterly'! It is all very distressing—if true. But is it? It strikes us as being very artificial and out of touch with the real facts of nature and human experience. So far, however, as the author glorifies love, insists on the need for purity and goodness, and incites to sympathy and service, her book is helpful: but why call love 'miraculous'? And why misrepresent Spiritualists and say that they 'seize upon psychic gifts without the necessary preparation, and may be, in their psychic bodies, among either good or evil companions'? We may well ask 'Who made thee a judge?' and remind the author of the teaching, 'Judge not, lest ye be judged.'

'Magic on the Make' is the pleasantly alliterative title of an article in the 'Daily Chronicle' recently, in which the West End palmists, clairvoyants, and psychometrists are held up to ridicule. Well, where they really are charlatans we have no objection to any amount of satire. But we are strongly opposed to the sweeping generalisations that would indict a whole class on account of the misdeeds of some of its members. We should protest against articles on 'Medicine on the Make,' 'Law after Lucre,' 'Priests on the Pounce,' if they included all the members of each of those learned professions in a blast of denunciation. These wholesale condemnations defeat their own purpose by their lack of discrimination. There is an old story, doubtless apocryphal, of a traveller in France who, noticing a red-haired chambermaid at a French hotel, set down in his accounts of his travels the ingenuous statement, 'All the chambermaids in France have red hair.' The writer of the 'Chronicle' article has quite possibly laughed at the story, without learning anything by it. There are black sheep, but all sheep are not black. There are sham seers and

psychometrists, and there are real ones. Counterfeit coins imply the existence of genuine money. Conversely, the people who patronise the 'magicians'—as the 'Chronicle' writer calls them—are not *all* fools, although that is the only inference to be drawn from the article. There is no need for indignation, however, on our part. We can even afford to smile. The truth in psychology, as in all else, will survive all the onslaughts of uninstructed critics.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

GARDEN PARTY.

By the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis T. Powell, a Garden Party will be held on Saturday, June 29th, from three to six o'clock in the afternoon, in the beautiful grounds of 'Rosedene,' Brondesbury Park, N.W. Invitation cards have been sent to all subscribers to the Alliance residing near London. Any of our country Members or Associates who will be in London at the time may have tickets sent them on *early* application to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. E. W. Wallis, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

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 AS SOCIAL SAVIOUR:

A. J. DAVIS, THE REFORMER.

By E. WAKE COOK.

(Continued from page 267.)

IV.

We have seen in former articles how the young seer, Davis, would have reorganised the productive and distributive industries of the world on co-operative lines, since proved so beneficent; how he would have done this without friction or Governmental action, and we might have been saved from industrial wars. We then glanced at his views on the woman's questions, he taking, as always, just that sane and central course which avoids friction and that wobbling from extreme to extreme which creates disastrous party strife. We must now glance at his treatment of the professions; and here we venture into the realms of the untried and the speculative. But throughout Davis never loses grip of those great principles on which all his teaching is based.

Dealing first with the legal profession, he shows how demoralising is the position of lawyers, they being pecuniarily interested in the spread of discord and of litigation. He would so change their position and their remuneration that they would be interested in keeping the peace, in examining and eliminating all possible causes of dispute. He evidently thinks that if production and distribution were organised on harmonial principles there would be little for the lawyers to do. So he would limit their legal work to four hours a day, and set them teaching the community. 'They must be watchful of, and interested in, the various movements of the associationists. They must elucidate and explain all the principles of justice and amicableness to each member; lecture to them, and instruct their minds in the mysteries of Nature, her beauties, her bestowments, teachings, and requirements, and in all principles which are necessary for each individual to comprehend for happiness.' This is an enlargement of function which would keep all the legal gentlemen busy enough for their short working hours; and for recreation he would put them to horticulture, to the fine and refining arts, to amusements, to any diversion, so long as that benefits the physical and elevates the moral being. All this is lovely, but how it would work out it is difficult to foresee.

All the professions he would have organised; each institution to be composed of six series, or states, or parts, the head centre to be the professor or judge; and the work to be

distributed among the groups according to qualifications. In dealing with the medical profession he seems to me to be both strong and weak. The practice seems too cumbrous; but the principles are sound as usual. The first volume of 'The Great Harmonia' is called 'The Physician'; and Davis wrote very largely of health matters; and later on he took a medical degree. But his earliest inspirations are generally his best; and he announced nearly all that is good and true in Christian Science sixteen years before Mrs. Eddy made her 'discovery.' He showed that all disease is caused by spiritual or mental means; that spiritual and mental means are most efficacious for cures, and that we should *heal by teaching*. The value of suggestion and auto-suggestion was insisted on.

I wish to digress for a moment to show how truly we may claim to have first discovered nearly all that is good in Christian Science. Whenever Christian Scientists are before the courts, and are asked as to their means of healing, they always declare that it is done by 'prayer.' But they use no prayer as usually understood. Although Mrs. Eddy denounces Pantheism, her system is purely Pantheistic; all is God, Mind, Good, Principle; no Person to pray to. This is the Higher Pantheism with which few Spiritualists will quarrel; and prayer may be potent without a belief in the personality of Deity. But the Christian Scientist's treatment is by suggestion. The reality of the disease is vehemently denied, and the reality of good, of health, is vigorously affirmed. The patient is a reflection of God, of Good, of Mind, and cannot suffer or be diseased, and so on. All this is excellent and helpful, but it is suggestion, not prayer. The point I wish to make is, that the young seer, Davis, anticipated by many years most of the good in Mrs. Eddy's system, and he avoided all its errors. The reason of its popularity is that these discoveries were grafted on the Bible by Mrs. Eddy, and so found a footing in the minds of Christians who accepted it as a development of Christianity. In addition to this, it is marvellously organised on business lines, and gives employment to thousands of healers, while Spiritualism is content to permeate the thought of the time, and is all but unorganised. From Christian Science have sprung the New Thought, the Higher Thought, the Science of Sciences, and other movements; and we may fairly claim that our young seer was father, or grandfather, of them all.

I know Christian Science pretty thoroughly, and time but confirms the justice of my analysis of it some years ago in my articles in the 'Contemporary Review,' and I am always interested in tracing the likenesses and differences of Spiritualism and Christian Science, and the popularity of the latter and the incomparably greater richness of content of the former. Davis analysed vigorously the old world theology, denouncing the doctrines of the Fall, the vicarious Atonement, and the horrors of its hell of fire and brimstone; and while this provoked the antagonism of Christians at the time, all the advanced Christian Churches are steadily approximating to the position the young seer took up. Mrs. Eddy, with more worldly wisdom, with womanly tact and shrewdness, built on the Bible, but interpreted it with amazing freedom, transforming everything to suit her purpose, and adopted, consciously or unconsciously, nearly all the principles announced by Davis, and many of his terms. So Christians while holding a belief differing little from that preached by Davis. And it is the emergence from the old prisons of orthodoxy into the freer spirituality of our views, claimed as her own by Mrs. Eddy, which has effected their most striking cures. This shows the profound wisdom of our seer in uniting the functions of teacher and healer, which were taken up by Mrs. Eddy later; and I believe that healers are all but powerless where, as with old hard-headed Agnostics, they cannot produce some spiritual uplifting. When persons can be lifted into a purer and freer spiritual atmosphere, but not too high to be congenial, they feel a glow of up-springing vitality that enables them to throw off almost any physical disease.

To return from this digression. Davis proposes an organisation of the medical profession; but that is one which is already fully organised. Still his idea is larger than any yet obtaining in the profession. He would have them so organised in a graded hierarchy that all the views emanating from the lower

grade would have to pass the higher, so that all pettiness and sectarianism would be abolished. He says that,

the object of the medical institution must be to investigate the principles of chemistry, physiology, allopathy, homœopathy, hydro-pathy, magnetism, atmospheric and solar electricity, and all things appertaining to the human body, either directly or indirectly. They will discover that each one of the various systems of medical practice at present existing contains some, but not all truth, as is claimed for each one by its respective professors. They will discover that each system recognises some principles susceptible of the most beneficial application. They must combine all the medical discoveries and sciences, and, from a searching investigation, produce one grand and unequivocal system of medical practice. Let their superior wisdom direct the application of each discovery, principle, prescription, rule of regimen and therapeutics. And by the conventional sanction of the judge and professors, an incontrovertible system will be established, which will arrest, overcome, and dispel, every species of organic and functional disease.

It is this largeness of view, this endeavour to lift humanity high above all pettiness, all sectarianism, all the differing of doctors, which is the speciality of Modern Spiritualism. But as yet this is too big for the man cradled in creeds which have cramped the soul's unfolding, and we may have to wait long ere the laggards come into line with the stupendous philosophy of Spiritualism.

The medical institution will be devoted to the discovery and arrest of disease, and not to the tiresome practice of curing diseases which are already contracted, as is the mode at present.

Let the chief object and interest be to keep the people from violation by teaching them the constitution of their being, the necessity of obedience, and the propriety of cleanliness, exercise, and judgment, in all their individual and social relations.

In short, all the principles of hygiene should be thoroughly taught. Throughout this section he accords a power to the physicians that many of us would resent. He says: 'The people must be governed in their household relations, in their diet, in all things relating to health, according to the dictation of the physicians.'

The next section deals with the clergy. This opens out so many vital questions that it cannot be dealt with at the end of this article, but must be left for the concluding chapter next week. Meanwhile it will be interesting to glance at the young seer's own teaching on the gospel of health. He lays great stress on the necessity of deep breathing, on 'the morality of pure air.' 'How many superficial breathers there are whose lungs never receive the full ventilation required!' He traces innumerable ills to the lack of fresh air; the lungs should be inflated to their utmost capacity; but no breathing for medical purposes can occur unless accomplished by the will.

Digestion is never perfect unless the respiration is full, and performed in the baptismal font of pure air, which is a vast ocean of life and energy at least fifty miles deep, and equal on all sides of the revolving globe. You will now, far more than before, understand the importance of breathing, when using the pneumogastrical cure for pulmonary and abdominal diseases. If you wish to acquire absolute strength of body, if you desire a clear and well-balanced brain, if you want a large mind and a more noble character—then, breathe, breathe, breathe 'the breath of life,' and 'become a living soul.'*

Davis also anticipated to some extent the discoveries of Horace Fletcher, who was the means of starting scientific investigations which have revolutionised the ideas of all *live* medical men on the importance of a Gladstonian thoroughness of mastication, and on the quantity of food needed to produce the best health, and the utmost vigour of mind and body. Davis always insisted on the necessity of thorough mastication; and he traced innumerable evils to over-eating. It is curious that the very first words uttered to Swedenborg by his first visitor from the other world were, 'Eat Less!' Davis always prepared himself for entering the 'Superior Condition' by taking very little food, and no meat; and, while not a vegetarian, he advocated a sparing use of meat; and indeed of all food. Horace Fletcher in middle life became almost useless and hopeless, the doctors could do nothing for him; but by chance he discovered the best physician in the world who resides within each of us. He masticated his food as never before, and reduced it to one-third

* 'Harbinger of Health.'

of the quantity usually taken. The results were amazing ; he renewed his youth, and became a wonder of strength and endurance, and he attained an exhilarating joy of life never before experienced. This led scientific men to investigate the matter with unexampled thoroughness, with brain-workers, soldiers, and with trained athletes ; and in all cases the improvements in health, strength and fitness were surprising. So this was scientific confirmation of our seer's teaching, started years before. And if his instructions were carried out generally, there is little doubt that all the doctor-baffling diseases might be prevented or cured.

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE.

BY THE COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE.

The following did not come as did the visions narrated on page 254, but by writing. And yet I think it may be included in the same category because of its vividness and the knowledge that it came absolutely without *imagination*.

It was a great circular hall in what I think is the counterpart on that 'other side' of Baalbec, that Temple of the East. I stood in the emptiness of that holy place and my hand lay in my companion's. 'It is the passing by of the gods,' he said. And I felt a thrill of something that was not fear, only awe unspeakable. Then, like a cloud, they came—the immortal ones of old, male and female, guardians of light and darkness, of man and beast, of forest and mountain, of sea and shore, of things visible and invisible, followed by their manifestations in bird or animal form. And a low murmur seemed to shake the terrible silence as the guardian of that great sanctuary, Baal the warrior, went by, more than mortal tall—proud, dark, mailed and helmeted, and of a beauty too glorious for mortal eyes to look upon unveiled and live. And even as he came I missed my companion, and looking back, I saw the great serpent (Baal's manifestation) glide away swiftly into the shadows that lay beyond the glory of light that the company radiated from themselves ; and knowing why my guide had departed, I hid my face. When I lifted it again, I saw that close to Baal of the Battles stood another, like and yet opposite ; and I knew that I looked upon the ancient evil that the modern world knows not, Moloch of Carthage, who went mailed and helmeted, even as Baal, from whose glory he shrank back with an almost audible snarl of rage and an angry look contorting the sinister beauty of his face. But then the other spoke. Slow and clear, his voice broke the silence like a chord of rich music :—

There are different evils on earth than thou in these days, Moloch of Carthage. Thou hast slain, and not saved ; thou hast lusted, and not loved, and thy garments drop with the blood of the strong in battle. But thou hast scorned to torture the weak amid the creation of the Most High, either man or beast. So come thou, also, and await the passing of One not of us, yet One whom we dare not question as man questioned, seeing that He is of them, and yet not of them.

So Moloch joined the company that had gathered, rank upon rank, upon one side of the great hall of the Temple Court. The doves of Ashtaroth cooed in the great silence, and the others, birds and beasts, waited, only the serpent of Baal was absent for awhile. Suddenly in the great silence a hand was laid on my shoulder from behind, and I looked up. My companion had returned. 'It was a message,' he said, calmly. And I knew what I must not tell to the unknowing. And I looked up at him as he stood there, tall, dark, and of the same beauty as that glorious Presence, in whose sanctuary we stood. And I could not speak because my heart was full of tears, because soon I knew I must go from that place. Then into the silence between those ranks of immortals came the sense of One passing, gentle, pitying, judging not. And upon that sacred place fell the shadow of a great wrong that had once been wrought on the Hill of Calvary, a wrong that touched them not, and yet darkened the light in their eyes. I had only courage to notice the effect of that gracious passing figure upon three of that company : Baal, the soldier, watched, his stormy

eyes deep with a strange tenderness that was yet at the same time fierce. Moloch of Carthage had flung back his high head, gasping as a man that is stifled gasps for air. And his eyes were wild with a haggard questioning, that seemed to baffle his dark wisdom of evil. My companion—even as Baal stood so stood he—grave, with an undoubting reverence, that having no part in what they saw, yet could understand, as no mortal had yet understood. And as the Figure passed it lifted a hand in blessing. And the blessing fell even upon Moloch of Carthage, who stood rigid under it, a hand on his mailed breast, as if to crush the black heart beneath it. And my companion stood even as the One he served. There was no difference in the glory of the dark eyes, no difference in the proud, bent head. Then the passing Presence had departed, adding a glory to that already there—a glory alien to its faith, and yet akin as all love is akin. And the words came back to me when thinking of those ranks of glory, 'Who maketh His angels spirits and His ministers a flaming fire.'

'FOUR MILLIONS OF UNNECESSARY DEATHS.'

The Calcutta 'The World and New Dispensation,' of April 17th, contains a report of the Rev. J. Estlin Carpenter's address on 'The Opportunity of the East,' delivered at Essex Hall, London, on January 25th last, in the course of which we find the following striking passages dealing with a painful aspect of the influence of the doctrine of Karma. Dr. Carpenter said :—

I do not ignore the potent conception of the moral order of the world embodied in the great doctrine of Karma, but its oppressive influence has again and again restrained the energies of reform. 'The Hindu does not care for physical death,' says the Swami, but the Westerner *does* care ; not because he is without the idea of immortality, not because this is the only chance he has, and he must get the most out of it that he can, but because he looks upon life *as a trust*, whether in this world or in any other. . . . The maintenance of life is thus inwrought into the very texture of our religion. Do you know how the death-rate of India compares with that of England ? In this country the annual average stands at fourteen per thousand. In a hot climate, theory allows a higher rate, and estimates a proper average for India at forty per cent. more, or twenty per thousand. But the actual mortality is (or was quite recently) enormously higher ; it costs the country no less than thirty-six per thousand. In a population of two hundred and fifty millions this excess reaches the awful total yearly of no less than *four millions of unnecessary deaths*. Here is a tremendous result at the very outset which follows direct from the cleavage of our ideals. The Hindu contemplates this waste of life unappalled. His explanation is ready. These lives were all under the sway of the great law of the Deed ; they paid the penalty of evil-doing in an earlier birth. So he himself dies uncomplainingly, and with infinite patience endures the ravages of pestilence and famine. But Western knowledge is not thus satisfied. It is well aware that this hideous toll paid to disease and hunger can be largely reduced. It calls up before the imagination the dismal procession of desolated families, of parents mourning for their children, of widowed mothers and bereaved orphans ; and it sees in the background the vaster multitude of those who do not die, but drag on wearily their enfeebled lives and succumb all the more readily to next year's attack. . . . Every true Brahmo, like every true Christian, is bound to be a social reformer. He cannot leave human wrongs to right themselves ; the warfare with ignorance, with suffering, with sin, is in every land a part of the service of God. For each human life has, in his eyes, a purpose : it is given as a trust : this earthly scene provides its opportunity ; and God Himself appoints its spiritual end, the fulfilment of His righteousness, the fellowship of His love.

We note the transition on May 21st of Mrs. Lydia Santon, wife of Mr. Henry Santon, librarian, of Broughton, Manchester. A strenuous worker, large-hearted and benevolent, Mrs. Santon possessed traits of character which endeared her with more than ordinary attachment to a wide circle of friends. Always a fearless exponent of the glorious truths revealed through the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, she was known to hold strong convictions about life and death. To desire life, she felt, was good, for life is of God ; but death was neither termination nor catastrophe, but a shifting scene in life's drama. To the bereaved husband and all who will miss sorely her earthly presence we extend our sincere sympathy.

COMMUNICATIONS THROUGH TWO MEDIUMS.

By H. A. DALLAS.

(Continued from page 272.)

In 1909 Miss De Camp sent Dr. Hyslop an account of some physical manifestations which accompanied her other experiences. These began when she was writing under the influence of a control calling himself 'Blackfoot.' In the midst of a sentence he broke off with the remark: 'The table stands up now, but I can turn it over and not lift a book to the floor.' Miss De Camp said aloud: 'Very well, "Blackfoot," if you can, let me see you do it. Get "Julia" [another guide] to help you.' By the time she had finished speaking the table began to squeak as if someone were trying to move it. Her hands were lightly touching it at first, but presently the contact was made only with one finger, whilst the movement increased until the table 'fairly flew over the floor.' Feeling exhausted, she sat down to rest, and then 'Blackfoot' wrote, 'This is to prove to you that we are here with you.' On the following day the physical movements were repeated. 'This time,' she says, 'I let the table push against me, because I wanted to feel the force. It was very strong.'

Dr. Hyslop points out that in this case there are almost as many perplexities involved in the hypothesis of unconscious muscular action as in the hypothesis that some discarnate spirit caused the phenomena. However, he does not commit himself to an interpretation of these physical movements, but awaits further experience and knowledge.

Miss De Camp gives the following account of the first occasion on which she received a communication from her father (deceased fifteen years previously):—

Father and I were so closely connected, and the rest of the family always thought that if father could communicate he would reach me. . . . He came unexpectedly. I had just finished off a dozen business letters and laid them on the desk to be signed. . . . I sat there, with a pencil in my hand, looking out of the window, and somebody near it began to write. It called me by my baby name, which my father always used, 'Ettie.' It said: 'Ettie, your father is here and wishes to talk to you.' It startled me so that I sat down and cried. It was so unexpected. I was not thinking of father. There was nothing to make me think of him. After I recovered myself I took another piece of paper and took the message. I was so upset that I had to put my things on and go home. After the first shock was over I felt as if I had been weeping for weeks (p. 250).

Dr. Hyslop tells us that Miss De Camp may be described as 'nervously unstable,' yet 'in every condition but the writing Miss De Camp had a normal life, except nervous exhaustion, and her mind was clear and intelligent regarding the facts':—

The family physician of Mr. Duyster became curious to have a test and wrote two questions, which Miss De Camp did not see. The automatic writing answered both of them relevantly. The first related to his wayward son, and there was correct advice regarding him. The second question was regarding himself, and advice was given which he did not follow, and he said afterwards he would have given 5,000dol. if he had followed it, as it was in reality correct. All this Mr. Duyster told me personally before his death, so that the incident does not depend wholly upon the testimony of Miss De Camp (p. 223).

After the death of her friend, Mr. Duyster, a new phase of control occurred, causing great nervous exhaustion. Miss De Camp states that her family can testify that she has never normally drawn a line in her life, but under this influence she completed a sketch which Mr. Duyster had begun in his lifetime and had given to her. It represented the scene of a picnic they had had together. A reproduction of the sketch is given in this number of the Journal.

When Miss De Camp visited Mrs. Chenoweth, to whom, as already stated, she was quite unknown, Dr. Hyslop asked Mr. Duyster whether he remembered drawing a picture for the lady, and the control replied that he did, and added that it was trees and water, and an illustration of a time and place of other days, which was correct. He continued:—

I finished it, I finished it. Yes, the picture I mean (p. 224).

It is interesting to study the characteristics of the control claiming to be Mr. Duyster, as they appear through the mediumship of the two different women. We find them remarkably

consistent. There is the same eagerness and impetuosity. It is instructive also to study the contrast between Mr. Duyster and Mr. Frank Stockton. The latter is steady and unimpassioned; he is interested in the work and kindly towards Miss De Camp, but she was not his personal friend in earth-life. With Mr. Duyster it is otherwise; the personal element, with its emotional quality, is obviously present. The conditions into which the two men passed are also different. Frank Stockton appears to have stepped easily out of his earth condition, and to have taken up with zest work already awaiting him; but Mr. Duyster speaks as if he were distressed to have left his former life, and fretted by the breaking off of his schemes and plans. He writes through Miss De Camp:—

You are not the only one who has suffered. I have been in the worst of hells, more than Dante ever thought of, the being snatched away when I had so many plans to carry out (p. 259).

This statement that he is 'in the worst of hells' seems terrible; but the concluding words seem to show that allowance must be made for the vehement nature of the speaker. They form rather a curious ante-climax; 'the worst of hells' stands for a state of intense disappointment at the discovery that the many plans he had made could not be carried out.

Truly we make our own heaven or hell! And to some a sudden illness or accident, or big financial loss, may spell only disaster, whilst others can truly say with Charles Kingsley, 'I never found my life until I had lost it.' Through Mrs. Chenoweth we hear the same note of exasperation. He says:—

I am failing to do what I thought I could do at once, but it is so exciting to be here [*i.e.*, communicating] that I do not seem able to control my work. I wish to speak about the past. I am not old, no, not old, but had my plans for life and happiness, and all that goes with life and expectance, and they were shattered by the death; and it is only through this phase of experience that I am reconciled, reconciled to what has come to the one I love so dearly. It is not alone in this way that I come, but in the other way, to her when alone, and then she knows and asks for me when she cannot bear the silence but must have some help from this side. . . . I did try at once to come right off quick, for it was so easy to get to her. . . . I loved my own as much as man could, I know, and I would not and could not leave them alone; and she is so responsive to me that it makes it easy to me to come to her alone—I mean away from here (pp. 192, 193).

This is all very different in tone from the communication from Frank Stockton, and it must be borne in mind that these latter quotations did not come through the friend who knew his characteristics, but through a medium who, Dr. Hyslop tells us, 'could not know any more about him and his relation to Miss De Camp than about the relation to Mr. Stockton' (p. 189).

From an evidential standpoint this group of experiences is valuable, and the value of it becomes clearer and more impressive as one studies it. And from the point of view of those who wish, not merely to be convinced of survival, but to learn something of the principles that govern life beyond, and how best to fit themselves for it, this record is not less instructive.

Marcus Aurelius says in his Meditations:—

This day I did come out of all my trouble. Nay, I have cast out all my trouble, it should rather be. For that which troubled thee, whatsoever it was, was not without anywhere, that thou shouldst come out of it, but within, in thine own opinions, from whence it must be cast out before thou canst truly and constantly be at ease.

If we would be in peace and contentment in another world, we must learn the secrets of peace and contentment here and now. If we would be spared the sense of separation from friends when death removes us from physical contact, we must cultivate the consciousness of communion and fellowship in spirit and truth, whilst communication through the physical senses is still possible.

We must learn to die daily, and to daily rise into a higher life.

When we realise that spatial distance cannot sever spirits, that thought is not dependent on physical organs for transmission, when we begin to see through the illusions of our present state, then, indeed, we shall be ready when our call comes to enter into our inheritance, into the world of reality; 'by death we shall escape from death,' and for us emancipation from physical limitations will bring not disappointment but fulfilment, the realisation of hope and desire.

OFFICE OF 'LIGHT,' 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON, W.C.
SATURDAY, JUNE 15TH, 1912.

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.
PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, Office of 'LIGHT,' 110, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. F. W. South, Office of 'LIGHT,' to whom Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable.

Subscription Rates.—'LIGHT' may be had free by post on the following terms:—Twelve months, 10s. 10d.; six months, 5s. 5d. Payments to be made in advance. To United States, 2dol. 70c. To France, Italy, &c., 13 francs 86 centimes. To Germany, 11 marks 25 pfgr. Wholesale Agents: Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Ltd., 31, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., and 'LIGHT' can be ordered through all Newsagents and Booksellers.

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CRITICISM AND COMMON SENSE.

It has been well said that the man who knows only his own side of a case knows little even of that, and it has long been the practice of 'LIGHT' to hear and consider all the objections that can be urged against the truths for which it stands.

For the most part this attitude calls for no little patience, since most of the arguments presented are old and threadbare. Many of our critics urge with ludicrous gravity objections that would occur to any intelligent child who might set about the inquiry, and who, it might be presumed, would settle the questions before proceeding with the matter. But, all the same, the points are solemnly put forward as new, striking and original, the cavillers being firmly convinced that their objections—borrowed and repeated parrot-fashion—dispose of the whole question. We need not refer specifically to these—they are familiar to all who have made any advance in psychic science, and in the majority of cases were considered and disposed of before the objectors were born, for they would have occurred spontaneously to any investigator possessing the rudiments of intelligence.

We prefer to deal with the indictments of those critics who represent higher standards of judgment, although even here we find at times a regrettable lack of perception. Looking over a not unscholarly book launched against us some little time ago, we observed that the author made an important point of the contradictory messages and teachings received from the unseen world. He devoted a considerable portion of his work to the matter, and argued that the lack of agreement and unanimity in the communications received rendered them unworthy of acceptance.

To the unbiassed observer one would suppose that the very fact of disagreement and divergence was one of the best evidences that we are communicating with a world of human intelligence with its infinite variety of opinion and outlook. There is not a point urged by the author which would not apply equally well as an argument against the existence or the credibility of this world and the whole human race if it were urged by the critics of some other plane of existence which had been placed in some imperfect means of communication with this. We can well imagine the indictment: 'Here is an earth-dweller who says that the people live in brick dwellings with several apartments, one or two for each family, and gain the means of subsistence by working in large buildings called factories; he tells us they worship an invisible God by praying and singing in great temples with coloured windows. Another

communicator says he has never heard of such a place. All the people he knows live in wooden dwellings; they maintain themselves by killing animals in the chase and worship gods whom they can see. Yet another of these strange beings tells us that the world is all ice and snow, and that the people dwell in habitations constructed of frozen snow, eat fish and drink oil. He has never heard of any other kind of world. And to confuse us still more we have a message from a person who says there are no such things as ice and snow. The world is really a sultry place, all covered with trees and vegetation. None of them agree concerning the question of a Supreme Being.'

And then we can imagine the pundits of this region shaking their heads sagely over this deplorable want of agreement and unanimity: 'Either the earth-dwellers are all liars bent on deceiving us, or we are the victims of some strange delusion.'

We are as tired as is the most hardened Rationalist of the Satan legend, with its idea of an infinitely cunning and wily Being permitted to lay snares for the souls of men. But we really think that the advocates of the Devil theory have done more to discredit it than any of its opponents. Here is a Personage of superhuman craft and subtlety who is yet so shallow and shortsighted that he has overlooked the necessity of seeing that all his myrmidons tell the same tale! Why, the veriest pettifogging lawyer who entered on a conspiracy against justice would see to it that his witnesses were carefully coached beforehand not to contradict each other in 'the box.' Mephistopheles has fallen seriously in our estimation since we began to gather our ideas of him from certain theological experts.

Our author, we observe, is a supporter of the belief in diabolism, and amongst his indictments is the statement that evil agencies exist in the unseen world and influence human life and thought. Hence the necessity, we suppose, of leaving the unseen world severely alone. But suppose we apply the parallel reasoning that evil agencies exist in the visible world and also influence human life and thought, and ask if we are on that account to take the earliest opportunity of retiring from the world to—let us say—a lodge in some vast wilderness in the Himalayan mountains.

The book presents a pitiful exhibition of pusillanimity. We prefer the virile opposition of the Rationalist whom we can meet on the common ground of Nature and Reason. For what does it all amount to? Spirits exist and communicate with man, but we must beware of them because they are all malignant and banded together against us. One of the evidences of this great conspiracy is that they contradict each other, deny each other's teachings and testimony in many cases, and have views on religion which range from a narrow orthodoxy to Agnosticism. Truly a wonderful conspiracy.

And where are we to go for enlightenment and safety? The author of the book is ready to be our guide, philosopher and friend in this respect. He points us to a certain Church which, it appears from his statement, holds the key to all the mysteries of the spiritual world. It, and it alone, can make all problems plain and clear, and if we are still misguided enough to desire spirit communion it can put us into touch with good spirits, for only good spirits patronise this particular Church, and none other being genuine we must beware of spurious imitations.

When the late Lord Beaconsfield was importuned by a prosy author to give a verdict on his book, the subtle and witty politician wrote that he had received the book and 'laid it aside with a great deal of pleasure.' Something like that happened in the present case. Smiling, we put the volume by. There was something droll in the reflec-

tion that the opponents of revealed religion would peruse the work with gusto. For in his attempts to decry our doctrines the author has contrived to deal his own faith some very damaging blows. As a weapon the boomerang is apt to be dangerous to the thrower unskilled in the use of primitive missiles. And we are as little afraid of it as (shall we say?) the 'long bow'—another primitive weapon.

EXPERIENCES OF MR. W. T. STEAD BEFORE AND AFTER DEATH.

In 'LIGHT' of May 25th, page 249, we gave a brief extract from an address delivered by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan-Richmond under the guiding inspiration of Mr. W. T. Stead, and now, in response to the urgent request of a number of friends, we quote from 'The Progressive Thinker,' of May 18th, the full report of that address. It was preceded by some remarks by the medium respecting her personal knowledge of Mr. Stead. The report states that 'after a hymn, there was a palpable change in Mrs. Richmond's appearance and manner' and then, speaking under Mr. Stead's control, she said :—

DEAR FRIENDS: I have been properly introduced to you, but I am no hero. All people are in a measure natural cowards; that is, they are afraid of something. I was not afraid of the 'other world,' and not afraid of many things in human life; but we all have a shrinking from that intermediate thing called 'death'; what it may do to us; how we shall feel; how we shall be able to meet it; when and where. There is no death. One can only know it by experience. Most people hesitate, dread the change. To me life was one—our earth and beyond.

I don't think I had any 'premonition' before leaving England, nor did my hand write, nor did anyone say to me, 'Don't go on that ship.' I had to go to meet an appointment. I liked the ship because it was the greatest ship, and why not go in the greatest things, even if you go to the other world? That night I was aware when the ship struck. We talked about it among the men. I said I thought there might be too much anxiety, and I was inclined to go to my cabin. I met some people who were afraid; I went down and found there were others who were afraid, and I talked to them, and in talking I was able to comfort them. I don't think I was yet aware especially of doing anything uncommon or unusual, because up to that time there was no pervading thought of danger. This was shortly after midnight. I was ready. Many were over there first at hand to receive me. But what of those who were afraid of death, who knew not of the life beyond, and whose faith might forsake them in the time of peril?

They must be comforted, soothed, aided, if possible, to stay yet awhile in their bodies. And one forgets one's self when ministering to the wants of others. Still, there was such a brief time to prepare—so little real preparation on that gigantic ship for such an emergency. There was no pervading thought that there was any imminent danger, and when it really came in settling down to the fact that the ship's officers knew, and that there was preparation for taking the women and children, then I said to myself, 'I must be busy with these people down here. Those people up there are better disciplined; they have more knowledge; they have society restraints; they understand what is expected; but these more emotional people may not know.' As far as I know, I spent my time talking to them, trying to comfort those whom I could make understand me. I spoke no language but English, and so could not speak to the foreigners, but I endeavoured to comfort them; I took hold of them and tried to make them feel that there was no real danger to real life. Then I did go to my cabin, not to sleep, but for that communion that ever was my refuge, with the Infinite, with my unseen loved ones; then came the first warning—writing—that the ship would sink, and I was there when the great cry came, when we knew and all who were not sleeping must have known that the ship would surrender. I felt the giant trembling and the rushing of waters, and the thought came, 'Would it be long? Will there be a great period of strain?' But there was not. When all had been done that could be done, we had to go. The cries of agony were terrible. Death!

And, after the first roar—rush of waters—a great surging, suffocating sense—I awoke as one awakening from a horrible dream. My son! My son! Yes, the first to meet me. He was one of the rescuers from that realm where lifeboats are never lacking. I was alive! Awake! Aware! They had found me!

There was just the onset of waters, just the gurgling, bubbling, roaring, and I was awakened. I saw people still

struggling, and I thought I was still trying to help them, but the one form in the midst of all this was my son! Then I knew I was not in the body at all, but I was trying to help those spirits struggling to join their friends who had gone out in little boats—their wives, sisters, mothers. My son said, 'Come.' 'No, let's see what we can do for these.' And we stayed hours and hours above the spot where the ship went down, following the little boats to try and help the spirits that were struggling and striving still to live in their bodies—those who did not know they were out of their bodies. I realised there was no fault with the officers; I realised that the crew had done the best they could under such circumstances; I realised there were not enough boats, and I realised afterwards that probably that was the only fault, or principal fault.

But the great light of this morning came to me, the morning of the other life; it was like awakening from a nightmare to a dawn of peace, or from a prison into freedom. And I was welcomed. It seemed as a morning of splendour after the night of earth, as wings compared to groping—as bloom and fruition after the bud of silence and darkness. Who can properly describe the indescribable? I could move about. My son went with me everywhere; my dear friends tried to get me away. I said, 'No, let us do what we can to help these,' and there came throngs of helpers, great argosies of light from this unseen realm to assist the spirits that did not know they were set free.

But these, these who had not known? Those who clung to their bodies; who still in spirit followed the frail boats on the ocean that held their loved ones? Oh, the wrench of having to be severed from them! These had to be comforted, those who had been thrust out in unpreparedness, unwilling, in the realm of the spirits.

We must help them. The great rallying cry is ever to help others. No life goes out into the higher world that some one, or more, is not there at hand to meet and greet that one. Many die unattended and forsaken on earth, but none enters the realm beyond unwelcomed.

It was a wrench to be parted thus from those that had to stay. It is a great wrench when in human life (you know by experience, I knew by experience), for a friend to go to the other life, even though you know that he is going to life and not death. It is equally a great wrench for a spirit unprepared, without any notice except a few moments or an hour at best, to be torn from those whom he loves on earth. Spirits do not want to go. They must. It depends entirely on the degree of self-possession and self-poise whether they will be ready; therefore it is unto a horror that they go. They did not see at first who came. Spiritual friends who were waiting to strengthen them. They turned away, unwilling to leave the objects of their devotion, and when happily, as was the case with more than you know, the husband and the wife went together, it was the greatest rejoicing to them to know that they had not been parted by this strain. When whole families go together, it is simply wonderful the joy that they feel in being thus together, not torn apart.

To be welcomed and loved, to think first and all the while of those who miss one and mourn for one, to try to reach them with the invisible, impalpable message of the spirit, to think and to know in one instant the answer to a lifetime of question—

Not yet, not yet. If a hand or brain can be found to convey the meaning and scope of this new life, I may use it after a while. I am grateful for this opportunity to pay my tribute to my fellow-voyagers and to the officers of the ship that went down, and to say there can be but two causes for the sinking of the ship and the passing out of so many valiant lives. Overconfidence in the ship's strength and an insufficient number of lifeboats—these are the causes.

When human life is really valued there always will be adequate means of insuring safety. Oh, the rescuers of the heavenly realm! These, these were God's own messengers, helping—saving all.

There are conflicting emotions how to reach those upon the earth; the great wall of material ignorance, the great barrier between the inner realm and the outer world, the great unbridled ignorance; yes, the wall of ignorance is what we most have to contend with in trying to reach our loved ones. My own household knew, at least they knew that I knew. They did not all know as I knew, but they are glad of what they do know; glad at this hour that it is not all dark; glad that the wall is not closed down utterly.

I thought there was added work to do on earth. I thought there was much still to be done. This great peace movement, that had to be accomplished by enlightenment. I was not in favour of all of Mr. Carnegie's ideas, disarmament, peace at any price, or anyone's 'peace at any price.' I believe in peace born of right, and so when I asked all the rulers and governments of the earth whose representatives were in that last Peace Congress (where I met your pastor, where I was pleased to meet her)

I asked them that there might be put aside the underlying causes of war. I don't ask this country, or Great Britain, or any nation, to disarm. Make the way for disarmament possible by an International Court of Arbitration, then there will be no need of armaments.

But this is not why I am here to-day. There will be other times and places to talk about peace; but it is about the light, this life, this wonderful, beautiful form of spiritual consciousness. No earthly body to take around from place to place; no limitation of eyes that cannot see well; no limitation of the senses. I know that in this space of time, which I judge by my contact with you is two weeks this very night, I have learned more of answer to all the questions that I have asked in my life than I have learned all my life before, because the answer is inherent in the state, in the life. It is here limited to the senses. We cleave to the senses; we understand with the senses; we measure things with the senses. Set free from the senses, we are compelled to listen with the mind, to interpret with the spirit. Our voices do not reach far in the human life; our thoughts reach millions of miles. I could think to you in Chicago just as easily as I could think to another dwelling in London, and in spirit I can be there as quickly as I could be in another room. Space, time, all those limitations pass with the body. We have 'too much room,' unless we are ready for it. A little girl who was taken out to a picnic began to cry. She had never been outside of London, she did not know anything but streets and dirt, and there was grass and flowers, birds and trees, and when she began to cry someone asked, 'Why, what is the matter? Aren't you having a good time?' And she said, 'I am afraid; it is too much room.' And so we have too much room in the spirit world. It is the wonder of it, full of spirits, multitudes of people, not interfering with one another, but such vastness; the wonder of knowing things that are not told you; the wonder of not speaking your question and having it answered instantly. Just think how many times over and over and over we have asked the question, 'Where is the other world?' And here it is. Take off the veil, your mask; take off the armament of flesh, and here it is. You might know it. You have been told it: all the prophets, poets, seers, sages and philosophers have told you, but you do not know it. It is this vastness that is appalling, but we have all eternity. You become accustomed to the blue sky after you have seen it a little while, but when you have been shut up in a cellar, a dungeon, it seems very large. The gold miners over there I used to talk to sometimes. They did not know the looks of the sky, and it seemed to them so vast and lonesome.

But do not be afraid of being lonely as a spirit. There was not one of those poor waifs, not one of those struggling human beings, that some spirit was not there to meet them, there before they left the body, there instantly; and I saw multitudes of them striving to reach their friends; trying to aid them; and they did aid them, although unseen.

It is the supreme law of spirit that you reach the one whom you intend to reach. The 'wireless' of the spirit does not get caught by irresponsible craft that stop the message from going to the intended 'receiver.' The wireless of the spirit reaches the object intended. And so when questioning, when aware, when awakened, I would know all, the answers came flocking to me like flocks of birds, flying to me on the invisible pinions of thought, from Julia, from all my dearly loved friends of the household. There they were, waiting for me. I asked, 'Did you know I was coming?' and they knew what the question was before it was formed, and they said, 'Yes.' Then I thought, 'Why didn't you tell me?' They said, 'It would do no good.' 'Why?' 'Because your time had come.' 'Do you mean to say' (and here was the old questioning, the old doubting mind, the old intellect), 'that every life has a time?' 'We do.' 'And these that were severed, this wife, that husband?' 'We mean it. Admit one accident,' said Julia, 'in the universal plan, and the universe is not cosmos, but chaos.'

And so it is not accident that has brought me here, but a great intention and purpose. I may not have been over-ripe, nor very full grown; but the time had come, and whatever has been done in human life that has helped in any way to strengthen, uplift, enlighten, I am glad I have had the privilege of living, and glad I have had the privilege of meeting humanity at its best, even if I have met it also at its worst. The worst is not so bad as people claim, the best is not above improvement. And so as spirits we learn our real value. We take with us nothing material but our thought. I haven't even my pen. I may find a hand, I may find another brain. May-be I will use this one sometimes, but I want you to know that, though the body did go, the spirit is alive and just as alert to whatever the interests of humanity require. And if my son had remained who was just beginning his life, and who I thought would take up the work for me—here he interrupted my thought—

'Why,' he said, 'father, I have lived a thousand lives since I came into this world. I have influenced thousands of people.'

Thought can go out over the world, and find the one for whom it was intended and to whom adapted. 'And we will have our bureau on this side,' Julia said, 'and see what we can do to make people know of the reality of life beyond the change called death.'

And it is this awakening, the gladness of this morning, the forgetting of the way in which it came, and the knowledge of what it is; it is the glorious dawn of that possibility which awaits every human life, and I shall spend whatever opportunities I have in endeavoring to awaken people to it.

Don't talk of death; don't talk of people as dead; don't bow down in sorrow and shut the doors, and say, 'Oh, they are gone!' I used to think sometimes in talking to people on this subject that they didn't want their friends to be alive. Sometimes it is inconvenient; if you have done them a wrong, or if a man wants to marry again, he doesn't know just exactly what to do about the spirit of the other one. But don't worry; there are no jealousies in spirit; the larger opportunity for usefulness is always admitted here, and the great strength of spiritual affection is that it is unselfish.

And now let us learn to work together; let us take your hands; be friendly with us; don't put us aside; don't call us dead folks; don't say we are out of the race. We are just in it, and all that we can do to help, not hinder, to assist, not mar, to make you know of an awakened life; whether you pass out surrounded by your friends and embosomed in flowers, or in the midst of storm or tempests or flood or fire, it is but an instant, and you are set free in the glory of a new-found life.

I thank you. I thank the spiritual friends who have aided me through their chosen instrument to give these few broken words. If I may, some time I will come again. I am W. T. Stead. What my name will be in the heavenly land I do not know, but for all that life stood for, I am not dead but living. 'Nor birth, nor life, nor death can change or mar the soul on ministry of good intent.'

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It is pleasant to have to record the successful opening on Whit Sunday, May 26th, of the first Spiritualist Church in Birkenhead. The building, a commodious one-story edifice in Bridge-street, had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. Mr. Walter Howell, of Birmingham—a speaker of marked ability—conducted the services, and on both occasions, afternoon and evening, the place was filled to overflowing. After the evening service Mrs. Beattie, of Egremont, gave a demonstration of clairvoyance. We congratulate our Birkenhead friends on their enterprise and trust that their efforts to spread the good news of spirit communion will be abundantly rewarded.

'In the eyes of the law of England where it is a question of rights and privileges a woman is not a person, but where it is a question of pains and penalties a woman is a person. The difficulty of getting through the House of Commons legislation specially affecting women and children would be greatly lessened if wives and mothers had a direct voice in the affairs of the country. It is notorious that the opposition of one private member of Parliament has been sufficient for years to prevent the passage of a Bill directed against the "White Slave traffic." Out of every thousand children born in this country one hundred and ten die in the first year of life. In South Australia after women obtained the vote infantile mortality decreased by one-half.'—'Christian Commonwealth.'

'Some remarkable light on trials for witchcraft in the seventeenth century was thrown by Sir J. Macdonell in his Quain lecture the other day. The England of Shakespeare and Bacon, the Scotland of Knox, and the Germany of Dürer and Luther, were, he said, as much domineered over by witch-finders as any race of savages. Strangely enough, the two hundred and fifty years of intellectual development due to the Renaissance include most of the witchcraft trials, and the Quain Professor attributes this largely to the prominence given to the devil by the theology of the day. He referred especially to the trial of the mother of the famous astronomer, Kepler, which lasted five years. She resisted even the threat of torture in maintaining her innocence, and was in the end released. But she had to be guarded from the angry mob outside as she went away. In the heyday of witchcraft trials innocent people were led to imagine that they were guilty, and to make imaginary confessions, and the neurotic, the feeble-minded, and the hysterical found in witchcraft ready-made forms and moulds for their delusions. Belief in witchcraft died very hard—is it now quite dead?—and to-day it seems to us astounding that John Wesley, with his strength of character and robust common sense, was a firm believer in it.'—'Christian World.'

'The Gift of Healing' formed the subject of a sermon by Archdeacon Colley, recently reported in the 'Leamington Chronicle,' in the course of which the preacher mentioned that the Bishop of Worcester had published a little book on 'Anointing the Sick' and that in a monthly journal Bishop Milne was named 'The Healer.' The Archdeacon, who is Vice-president of the Church Society of Emmanuel, stated that there is at Leamington a secret Prayer Circle for the operation of psychopathic treatment for the healing of the sick. He referred to the gift of tongues and mentioned that he had heard various languages spoken through ignorant mediums and had obtained messages on sensitive photographic plates in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French and English.

Writing in 'The Newcastle Daily Chronicle' the Rev. A. Stanley Parker mentions that he has attended three annual Conventions at Sunderland at which 'The Gift of Tongues' has been exercised. The sounds he heard, he says, were definite and distinct. Some of the speakers gave interpretations of what others had spoken, and he favours the idea that the phenomena are the result of the working of the Divine Spirit. 'I have,' he says, 'been impressed by the beauty of the messages in tongues, as interpreted this week, and also with the transparent sincerity, the splendid earnestness, and the deep spirituality of these people.' On the other hand, the well-known Spiritualist, Mr. W. H. Robinson, says: 'From what I perceived I have no doubt that the "incoming Christ," so called, was the obsessive action of disembodied entities upon sensitive and neurotic personalities, energised by magnetic association . . . the whole thing shows phenomena, grouped under the designations of hypnotism, magnetism, clairvoyance, and telepathy.'

The Fulham Society of Spiritualists has accomplished a very useful work during the ten years of its existence, but owing to a variety of circumstances it is now compelled to seek other premises for the carrying on of its meetings. Failing in the search for available rooms, the officers have issued an appeal for financial assistance. The sum of £800 is desired to enable the society to secure a plot of freehold ground, at a cost of £200, on which to erect a suitable building for its meetings. As a guarantee of good faith, the names and addresses of the officers and committee, who all work without fee or reward, are given on the circular, and donations will be thankfully received by the secretary, Mrs. Clarke, 488, Fulham Palace-road, Fulham, S.W. We wish our Fulham friends complete success in their efforts to give Spiritualism a local habitation, and trust that it will not be long ere they have a home of their own in which they can continue their helpful ministrations to those who are seeking the light.

'F. K. A.' writes: 'Recently, whilst sitting on the seashore, I digested Sir Oliver Lodge's "Man and the Universe." It is a capital book. I only wish I could induce my "orthodox" friends to read it, and see what a dreadful nightmare their creed is; but, as the man said, "Thank God they don't really believe, they only profess to." Poor humanity! Thou hast not very far evolved from thine ape-like progenitors. I have given up trying to convert people, either in or out of season. The average person thinks you are mad if you mention Spiritualism; and here is Mr. Edward Clodd, in "The Literary Guide" (June 1st), in a high state of fever on the subject, calling it a "bastard science," and Mr. G. W. Foote, in "The Freethinker," cannot leave the subject alone. Edward Carpenter's book has evidently annoyed Mr. Clodd—and yet these men call themselves "Rationalists" and "Freethinkers." Apparently they do not think outside their own cast-iron theories; and as for more light, they don't want it. God help them!'

In the 'Freethinker' article to which our correspondent refers, Mr. Foote comments thus on the address given by Mr. Stead through Mrs. Richmond: 'Would it not have been a more convincing proof of "spirit" communication if Mr. Stead had been warned beforehand of the danger he risked by sailing on the "Titanic"? It seems odd to be silent before the tragic event and so talkative afterwards. But it was ever thus. Spirits generally avoid anything like tests.' But what right have we to suppose that spirit people knew beforehand that the 'Titanic' would be run on to an iceberg? Why credit them with omniscience? People out of the body do not, of necessity, know much more than they knew when here. They have to learn, and to make progress, over there, and are not introduced at once into a realm of perfection. Spirits are constantly giving proofs of their presence and tests of their identity—but Mr. Foote's idea of what constitutes a test savours more of the popular 'orthodox' conception of spirits and their powers than it does of rational continued progressive human existence after the incident of death.

That public opinion is virtually agnostic, if not downright materialistic, has been clearly manifested by the manner in which the Spiritualistic convictions of Mr. W. T. Stead have been ignored or sneered at by almost all the writers in the press, religious as well as secular. We are inclined at times to think that the battle for our facts is over, and that because a number of prominent men in the scientific and religious worlds have testified to the reality of the phenomena with which we are familiar, the thinking world is with us. Undoubtedly great victories have been won, and the trend of modern thought has been very materially influenced and turned in our direction—but the fact remains, and we recognise it with deep regret, that vast numbers of men and women, even those who believe that they believe in a hereafter, are indifferent, and many of them actively hostile, towards Spiritualism and everything that concerns the future life. As a speaker at the recent Convention at South Place stated, preachers admit that they do not now preach about death and the after state because the people do not care about those subjects. As Mr. Stead himself pointed out, the 'Religion for Men' movement had nothing to say, no message, on these vitally important themes.

In the course of a warm tribute to Mr. W. T. Stead in the June number of 'Healthward Ho!' 'L. V. H. Witley' says: 'Nearly all the testimonies (whether spoken or written) to the departed leader's memory appear to be marked by one of two things—a slurring over of, or an apology for, one particular aspect of his life and work [*viz.*, his deep interest in spirit communion]. . . A man's life and character and testimony should be treated as a complete whole: the man would not have been what he was but for what others may choose to regard as foible or fanaticism. No personality can justly be departmentalised or sectionalised in this way; least of all could this be done with adequacy or fairness in the case of our departed friend, who I dare to affirm would have protested that the precise thing which was being deprecated was the very last feature of his life for which he would have been prepared to make any apology.' The keynote of Mr. Stead's life, Mr. Witley finds in the exhortation which he once uttered, 'Be a Christ,' and he regards the following words of Mr. Stead's as not merely the expression of a conviction, but the explanation of an experience: 'I believe that some Power—not ourselves—is actively concerned in making the best of us, and that this invisible Intelligence can make the most of us if we combine the mental attitude of absolute readiness to obey the word of command with a passionate determination to do whatever is given us to do with our uttermost strength and skill. In that faith I have lived—in that faith I expect to die.' 'Late in life,' adds Mr. Witley, 'our friend gave up, for conscientious reasons, a well-paid press engagement. Someone, hearing of this, asked him: "Can you afford to do this?" "Well, I have a very wealthy partner, you see." "Who is he?" "God Almighty," was the reply. That was a partnership which "death" did not dissolve.'

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Request Respecting Messages.

SIR,—Kindly permit me to ask that if any readers of 'LIGHT' have recently received messages ('impressionist' or 'automatic') from 'Thomas Bailey' or 'Henry Smith,' they will kindly communicate with me under cover to your office.—Yours, &c., 'PAX.'

'Travels in Dreamland.'

SIR,—In your article on page 258 you say: 'The question is whether the spiritual body can actually leave the body during sleep.' I claim to have proved that it can. I am totally deaf with both ears; ear trumpets and tubes are useless, and everything said to me has to be written down. My spirit body leaves my earth body every night, and meets many other spirits, occasionally relatives and friends, but more often strangers. I hold conversations with them, sometimes long and animated, at other times short and very much to the point. I have no difficulty whatever in hearing what they say to me, which I contend would be quite impossible unless my spirit body was actually let out of, or had temporarily vacated my earthly body.

The difference between my waking life, in the daytime, passed in comparative silence, and my sleeping life, at night, with the lively intercourse with my many spirit friends, is wonderful and beggars description, and makes me quite look forward to going to bed.

I am a non-meat eater, and I can strongly recommend that system of diet to all students of dreams and dream life.—Yours, &c., BASIL A. COCHRANE.

15, Upper Porchester-street,
Hyde Park, W.

Light on the Other World—The Story of a Remarkable Vision.

SIR,—It is probable that the following recital of a rare and beautiful experience, through which I passed in a recent illness, may be of interest to some at least of your numerous readers.

It must be understood that prior to my illness, for weeks beforehand, I had prayed fervently for some sign in confirmation of my belief anent the future state. I wanted a clearer vision of the condition and dwelling-place of the soul after death.

Last Christmas I journeyed to the Midlands to spend the holidays among relatives. On my way I contracted a chill, and a severe illness supervened. For three weeks I lay prostrate on my bed. It was on the second day of my illness that my surpassingly lovely experience began.

For the time all visible objects seemed to recede, and I became conscious of some living and ethereal form near me. A voice of infinite tenderness said: 'Do not be afraid, we are taking care of you; all will be well, and you will come back.' Instantly I felt my prayer for a larger vision was about to be answered.

It seemed as though, in spirit at least, I was carried beyond the confines of earth into the 'Summerland.' There I found myself 'clothed in white.' Around me was infinite beauty. No night was there, and amid the beautiful verdure of that celestial country I saw, in my enraptured vision, vast fields of 'lilies of the valley' in full bloom. To my inquiring spirit, though no real presence seemed by me then, there came the assurance that this was 'The World of Unity,' where love and self-sacrifice reigned supreme.

Then the vision changed, and angelic beings appeared, arrayed in Eastern garb, singing most beautifully and playing on harps, while the music increased in volume into one mighty chorus that seemed to fade away into the far distance. Someone seemed to explain to me the wonder of it all, by the fact that on the 'other side' there are found most of the great musicians, compared with whom the musicians of this lower sphere are but few. Then I looked upon a vast multitude of men and women of all grades and nations, waiting, as I learned, to be made perfect by the advent of others, now dwelling upon earth, in that fairer world where the love of self is forgotten in the greater love of the All-Father and of mankind.

The marvel of the vision increased as I saw before me a beautiful palace with its stately columns and carved ceiling that seemed built, as it were, of lovely coral. In the courts of this palace, and among its constant dwellers, there appeared to me some twelve patriarchs in Eastern costumes, and wearing the flowing beard of Oriental countries. But these and other details were lost in the surpassing splendour of sunrise. Often on 'this side' have I gazed on gorgeous sunsets and beautiful sunrises; they all pale, however, before the sunrise I saw in that other world beyond. Colours the richest, the purest, and the fairest were there, while in the inner circle of light, in the company of other celestial beings, was one of my relatives, who died some twenty years ago. She waved her hand, and indicated recognition. I tried to speak, but simply could not under the majestic spell.

Finally, Mr. Editor, your readers will understand how loth I felt to leave those bright and happy scenes on the 'other side.' But memories of life's activities and of those dependent on me made me say, 'I am not yet ready to remain here!' And so it was permitted me, in God's providence, to return to my normal state, and, with a renewed body and a re-quickened spirit, I hope long to retain vivid recollections of that seraphic vision.

I may add, for the guidance and benefit of those who doubt, that none of the things I saw and now recount were the outcome or result of an over-excited brain. I feel strongly that, for a time at least, my spirit journeyed beyond the confines of earth to those other scenes I speak of. Perhaps the greatest marvel in my vision was this—I saw no child-life anywhere, only those of mature years and advancing age.

I simply recall the fact and make no comment beyond this, in those memorable words of Longfellow:—

Not as a child shall we again behold her:
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child.

—Yours, &c.,

BERNARD COX.

Mr. A. V. Peters in Finland.

SIR,—It will interest you, I know, and probably many readers of 'LIGHT,' to learn that I have had a splendid time, despite the cold. I only stayed four days in St. Petersburg, from April 29th till May 3rd, but during those four days I had much work to do, and the people wanted me to stay longer, but our hall in Helsingfors was engaged for May 5th and I had to be on the spot to work. A very warm welcome awaited me here

in Finland. Can you picture an audience of five hundred persons awaiting your arrival, and when you get up to speak the audience giving a loud 'Ah!' I have had many private séances, too, and what has been most satisfactory is that the séances that I held last year with the Finnish Psychical Research Society have been wonderfully true. For example: The president of the society, a Professor, who does not err on the side of the Spiritualists, gave me something that had belonged to his father. I told him that when the old man was dying he wanted to hold someone's hand. The Professor was not at the death-bed, but asked his family, and his sister said it was true, for the old man died holding the hand of another brother. This thing was told me by a lady who is an anti-Spiritualist, and now they are trying to account for the phenomena without spirits! I had a little journey with Mr. Ervart to Vibourg, and there he lectured and I gave some public clairvoyance, and you should have seen the enthusiasm of the people. 'Promise us you will come back another year' were the last words I heard. Not the least pleasing thing that took place when I was there was this: The Theosophical Society have a movement, started by the young people quite by themselves, called 'The Young People's Theosophical Movement.' Their president is a young man, a Mr. Whittiker, who is only twenty, yet he speaks, reads, and writes four languages—Finnish, Swedish, German, and English. This movement is to promote a deepening of life amongst the young people and to draw them closer together. On the Sunday that I was at Vibourg there was a young people's meeting, and there was music, singing and speaking. I spoke a little to them, and gave a little clairvoyance. But what I am alluding to is that many of the ladies were dressed in the beautiful Finnish costume. You see, there has been a big national movement going on in Finland during the last twenty years. The Finns have realised that they have a language, a culture, music, art, and now dress. It is quite national, and very beautiful, too. I cannot describe it. One must see it to realise its picturesqueness. Like the Dutch costumes, it suits the national type of face of those who wear it. Two peasant women, who are members of the Theosophical Society, whom I know, for I remember their kindness to me last year, in the ordinary dress were not particularly noticeable, but in their own beautiful Finnish costume they looked like queens. The Finns are a people isolated from the rest of Europe, who have been much oppressed. Less than a hundred years ago they were forbidden to print a book, other than on religion or agriculture, in the Finnish language, and this only made the Finns cling more to their mother tongue, and, in fact, to their ancient religious faith. They have many poems in their old language that have come down to the present time, and these have been carefully collected and printed. The longest is the 'Kalevela,' which has been translated into most European languages, English included. The people are full of mystic knowledge, and spells and magic are still practised, but, of course, all in secret. So when one talks to the Finnish peasant of the return of the dead, to him it is a reality, and he takes to Theosophy as ducks do to water. On May 28th I re-visit Copenhagen for a few days, and shall return to England in June. By the way, I am bringing you a Russian sacred picture from the office of 'Rebus' for the office of 'LIGHT.' It is St. George, the patron saint of England and Moscow.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED VOUT PETERS

Helsingfors, Finland.

Communications from an Old Alchemist.

SIR,—It may be interesting to your readers to know that I recently had a most valuable 'find.' Hidden away with a lot of lumber in an old miscellaneous store in the old town, I came across a case containing a skull and two other bones. The skull is a massive one, and has an almost perfect set of teeth. These relics are reputed to be those of George Ripley, alchemist, and were unearthed on August 31st, 1905, at Boston, Lincolnshire, on the site of the ancient White Friars or Carmelite Monastery. The following authoritative history is attached to the relics: 'The Carmelite Friary was founded at Boston at the commencement of the fourteenth century, and was one of the religious houses demolished by Henry VIII., in the cemetery of which was buried George Ripley, the famous alchemist, whose work, "The Compound of Alchemy; or, The Ancient Hidden Art of Alchemie, containing the Right and Perfectest Means to make the Philosopher's Stone," was printed by Ashmole in 1591. Ripley was a canon of Bridlington Monastery, who turned Carmelite, and died an anchorite in 1490, when he was buried at Boston in the ground belonging to the White Friars, on the site of the present discovery. He was born in Boston, and devoted himself to the study of alchemy, travelled much in Italy and France, and engaged for nearly twenty years in chemical and abstruse researches in endeavouring to find the Philosopher's Stone. He was even believed to

have discovered the secret of transmuting gold and silver from the baser metals, for Ashmole said of him that, during his long stay at Rhodes, Ripley gave the Knights of Malta £100,000 annually towards maintaining the war against the Turks. On his return from abroad Pope Innocent VIII. absolved him from the observance of the rules of his order, so that he might prosecute his studies with more convenience and freedom; but his convent not concurring with this liberal indulgence, he turned Carmelite at St. Botolph's, died an anchorite in that fraternity in 1490, and was buried as aforesaid. Ripley wrote numerous works on science and alchemy. His principal book, "The Compound of Alchemy," was dedicated to King Edward IV. and is described as written by "the learned and truly rare Philosopher of our nation." The greater part of Ripley's works were published at Cassel in 1619.

Since these relics came into my possession, George Ripley has entered into communication with us by automatic writing through my wife's hand. We asked him to identify them, which he did in the following: '[The relics are those of] George Ripley, erstwhile man of mannie pursuits, not least among these some knowledge of the Philosophie of God, howbeit called black art by poore souls not blest of the gyft wherebye the hidden is revealed, and the seeming impossible becometh easie. Also wherebye all men should be enriched. Successe was myne in truth, but lyttle joy for evil slanderers. I wille endeavour [to come again].—GEORGE RIPLEY.'

On May 14th, at 9 p.m., we were again in communication with George Ripley. In reply to our request for further proof, he said as follows:—

'George Ripley passed away 1490, by the grace of God fulle of yeares, and John, hys frende and deare master, dyd tender untoe hym like a mother. Ever blessed by God be he. They are verrilie the remaynes of George Ripley.—G. RIPLEY.'

This tallies exactly with all the documentary evidence.

'John' was John de Vinde, a friar of the Carmelite Order, who was raised to the rank of Provincial of his Order in England in 1482. He died in 1496.

Since May 14th I have been in correspondence with Mr. W. H. Edwards (to whom I am deeply indebted on many occasions for much valuable information) upon the subject of the remains. I laid everything fully before him, together with the two communications, and in reply he wrote: 'It is perfectly obvious to me why these remains were brought to you. By your means they can be finally destroyed and the soul of George Ripley be released from the attraction of his body. His knowledge of magic would enable him to use these remains as a basis, but at the same time they are detrimental to his soul's advance. He will gain greater power after those bones have been cremated. As you notice, he converses a little, then has to leave owing to lack of power. . . . There is so much to be done in releasing spirits from prison.' The same evening George Ripley was again with us, when we asked him if he would acquaint us with his desires regarding the remains. He replied: 'Justly as you do fynde welle. Let youre goode kyndnesse byd you. Loss may be gaine. Where I cann helpe I trulie wille—mye promyse. The healer speaketh welle and trulie. You shall descreye much. I will helpe you. God be with youre house.—GEORGE RIPLEY.' We therefore decided to have these relics cremated and the dust cast to the winds, only retaining them for ten days or a fortnight in order to take a plaster cast. I informed Mr. Edwards of our decision, and in reply he wrote as follows:—

'The relics can well remain in your possession for the time you mention, as G. R. will be in good surroundings. The reference to the loss being gain was "doubly" meant, for you and for himself. More particularly he meant the loss of the relics to you! Not the money! Of course I am the healer referred to, and I told you he would know all about it. I have been used very much in such work by spirits. It was time for his advancement and the crowning of his ideals. He will give you great help afterwards. The loss of the relics will remove a great burden from him. That is what you were impressed to go into the shop for; to obtain the relics. . . . If you cared to take a cast of the skull there would be no objection at all; and so send the narrative to —. The publicity given would cause other spirits to also be released from doctrinal fetters in spirit. He will be helped to more power at his next communication, and will advise you.'

On May 18th, at 5.30 p.m., the influence was very strong—for the first time. We were compelled to put aside our reading and proceed to the interview.

George Ripley wrote: 'Nought is waste. Eache kynde thought, eache earnest prayer fromme an pitifulle harte have much worth for soules. Kynde frendes and helpers, I am gratefulle indeede. Fire cleanseth and purgeth. Hearken untoe thy frende the healer, so shalle learne mannie thynges of

goode importe—doute no thyng. Grate and wonderfulle are Thy workinges, O God. Bye devious paths Thy wille worketh. The peace of God and blessing be wythe thee and thyne. Trulie and verrilie thy frende GEORGE RIPLEY.'

We take it that 'Fire cleanseth' refers to the coming cremation. 'Wonderfulle are Thy workinges' refers, no doubt, to the circumstances under which his remains have found a resting-place with us.

The remains of George Ripley were cremated at 4.30 p.m. to-day (May 24th, 1912), and the ashes taken out to sea and scattered. At 3 p.m. my wife received the following messages: 'Child of much hearte, myne hope of delyverance is grate. Silver and golde accounteth but lyttle when the soule craveth libertie—is parched for the coolinge streame. May the blessinge of Allmighty God remayne wythe you and youre house—rest wythe you.—GEORGE RIPLEY.' At 9 p.m.: 'I am verrilie at reste; peace is myne and hapynesse. Love—gratefulle love for my kynde frendes. My worde I keepe. George Ripley'—here she rose from table, thinking the message was complete, but was impelled to return—'blesses you. The lives of mannie woulde be soe lightened if freede fromme the sadde burden. It is a wearie vigil, and right gladdely it is finished. The most heartie thankes. Bless you. Rejoyce. Peace be wythe you.—GEORGE RIPLEY.'

—Yours, &c.,

OSCAR NILSSEN.

8, St. Mary's-terrace, Hastings.

'Spiritualism Expounded.'

SIR,—I read in 'LIGHT' of the 8th inst. the Rev. J. W. Canton's remarks about my statements, and have also received a letter from him, dated June 4th, on the same subject. My statements were known to the reverend gentleman the day following his lecture, for in a letter that I addressed to him on March 4th I mentioned, word by word, his own utterances concerning the Spiritualists and their fate after death, and informed him that I was going to answer him publicly. He ignored my letter.

People say that his son, who is the curate of St. Margaret's Church, of which Mr. Canton is rector, was among my audience on March 17th. It is, therefore, more than likely that my lecture was reported to Mr. Canton. I have also been assured that pamphlets containing my lecture were posted to him as soon as published. What surprises me, therefore, is that the reverend gentleman never thought to submit his manuscript for inspection in due time. As to my statements being true or not, that has to be proved in due course. So much for Mr. Canton disclaiming responsibility. Kindly permit me to inform Mr. Canton that I am preparing a second lecture, in which I shall deal with the last paragraph of his letter to me, dated June 4th, which reads as follows: 'Surely any system that has to be bolstered up by false statements is in a very tottering condition!' —Yours, &c.,

MRS. D. N. BELLAS.

31, Russell-road, Whalley Range,
Manchester.

P.S.—As Mr. Canton, in his letter to me, asks for a withdrawal of the pamphlet, I wish to inform him that I am agreeable to do so on condition that he also withdraws, from his pulpit, the unfair remarks which he made about Spiritualism, mediums and followers.—D. N. B.

[To enable the Rev. J. W. Canton to put himself right with the readers of 'LIGHT,' we offered last week to print those passages from the manuscript of his lecture which bear on the points raised by Mrs. Bellas, but have not yet received from him any acknowledgment of our letter. Mr. Bellas forwards us a copy of the letter which his wife wrote on March 4th and sent to the rev. gentleman, and asks, 'Why did not the Rev. Canton, instead of waiting three months, protest on receipt of that letter, or then make his suggestion to submit his MS. for examination?' Mr. Thos. Dabbs writes supporting Mrs. Bellas, as also does Mr. J. B. Tetlow. —ED. LIGHT.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—J. M. HUDSON.—The account you give is substantially correct. It was published in 'LIGHT' in 1903.

WE are pleased to learn that there is a prospect that our valued contributor, Mr. W. H. Evans, will remove from Exeter to Merthyr Tydfil to take up the advocacy of Spiritualism in that go-ahead centre in conjunction with the local society. We congratulate our Merthyr friends on their choice, and wish Mr. Evans abundant success in his work. With the hearty co-operation of the members and friends to encourage and support him, we are confident that he will give a good account of himself, and be found an able and worthy representative of spiritual truth.

SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, JUNE 9th, &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.*—Mrs. Imison's successful clairvoyant descriptions were much appreciated.—15, *Mortimer-street, W.*—On June 3rd Mrs. Jamrach gave fully-recognised clairvoyant descriptions. Mr. Leigh Hunt presided at both meetings. Sunday next, see advertisement on front page.—D. N.

BRIGHTON.—**MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).**—Mrs. M. H. Wallis gave eloquent addresses and convincing clairvoyant descriptions and answered questions. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mr. P. R. Street, addresses and auric readings; also Monday, at 8. Tuesday, at 8, also Wednesday, at 3, Mrs. Clarke, clairvoyance. Thursday, at 8, members' circle.

BRIXTON.—8, **MAYALL-ROAD.**—Mrs. Maunder gave an address. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Kent on 'Is Spiritualism a Religion or a Science?' at 3 p.m., Lyceum. Circles as usual.—W.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—**ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HAMPTON WICK.**—Madame Beaurepaire gave an address and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7, special visit of Mr. Percy Scholey and Mrs. Maunder, of the London Spiritualists' Union.—T. B.

BRIXTON.—84, **STOCKWELL PARK-ROAD.**—Mr. P. Smyth gave an address. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., public circle; 3 p.m., Lyceum; 7 p.m., Miss V. Burton. 29th, at 7 p.m., social in aid of annual outing, price 6d.—N. U.

CROYDON.—**ELMWOOD HALL, ELMWOOD-ROAD, BROAD-GREEN.**—Mrs. Mary Davies gave an instructive address on 'Some After Death Problems and their Solution,' followed by successful clairvoyance. Sunday next, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts; usual morning service at 11.15; evening service at 7.

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

SEVEN KINGS, ILFORD.—45, **THE PROMENADE.**—Mr. Karl Reynolds spoke on 'Our Spiritual Philosophy,' and answered questions. 4th, Mr. A. J. Neville gave an address on 'Seek the Good.' Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Miss F. M. M. Russell. Tuesday, at 8, Mrs. A. Hitchcock. 23rd, Mr. C. W. Turner.

HACKNEY.—240A, **AMHURST-ROAD, N.**—In the absence of Nurse Graham, Mr. F. A. Hawes kindly gave an address and Mrs. Sutton clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. A. Haddock. Monday, at 8 p.m., Miss Gibson, psychometry. Tuesday, at 8 p.m., astrology class.—N. R.

HOLLOWAY.—**PARKHURST HALL, 32, PARKHURST-ROAD.**—Mr. W. W. Love gave an instructive address on 'Spiritualism, the Bible and the Church.' 5th, Mrs. Neville gave successful psychometric delineations. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., open; at 7 p.m., Mr. and Mrs. Pulham. 19th, at 8 p.m., Madame Clare Irwin.—A. W. J.

STRATFORD.—**IDMISTON-ROAD, FOREST-LANE.**—Morning, Mr. Wrench, address and psychometry; evening, Mr. Walker, 'Spiritualism the Need of the Ages,' and clairvoyance. Sunday next, at 11.30 a.m., Mr. Willmot on 'Obsession'; at 7 p.m., Mr. McLellan. 20th, Mr. Stebbens. 27th, Mrs. Neville, naming a child.—A. T. C.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—73, **BECKLOW-ROAD, W.**—Evening, Mr. Freehold gave an interesting reading, and Mrs. Stenson clairvoyant descriptions. 6th, Mrs. Hitchcock gave a short address and well-recognised clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 10.45 a.m., public circle; 6.45 p.m., Mrs. Podmore. Thursday, at 8, Mrs. Neville. Friday, at 8, members' circle.—J. J. L.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—**SURREY MASONIC HALL.**—Mr. W. E. Long gave addresses and messages. Evening subject, 'The Christian: What he was, What he is, and What he will be.' Sunday next, at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., Mr. Long. Evening subject, 'The Spiritualist: What he was, What he is, and What he will be.'—M. R.

STRATFORD.—**WORKMAN'S HALL, 27, ROMFORD-ROAD, E.**—In the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Graham, Mr. W. H. Such read from 'LIGHT' Mr. Appleyard's address, 'My Reasons for being a Spiritualist after Many Years' Experience,' and Mrs. Mayo gave well-recognised clairvoyance. Sunday next, Mrs. A. Jamrach, address, 'Science and the Soul,' and clairvoyance.—W. H. S.

PECKHAM.—**LAUSANNE HALL, LAUSANNE-ROAD.**—Addresses by Mr. Blackman on 'Peace' and by Mrs. Podmore on 'Prayer.' Clairvoyance at both meetings. Afternoon, re-opening of the Lyceum. Sunday next, morning, Mr. Johnson; evening, Mr. H. Leaf; at 3 p.m., Lyceum. Monday, Mrs. Webster. Circles: Tuesday, at 8.15, healing; Thursday, at 8.15, public. Friday, at 8, choir. 23rd, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mrs. A. Webb. Garden Party, 29th, not 22nd.—A. C. S.

BRIGHTON.—**BRUNSWICK HALL, 2, BRUNSWICK-STREET EAST, WESTERN-ROAD, HOVE.**—Sundays, at 7 p.m., address and clairvoyance. Circles: Tuesdays and Fridays, at 8; Thursdays at 3.30; Wednesdays, at 8, materialising.—L. A. R.

LONDON SPIRITUAL MISSION: 22, Prince's-street, Oxford-circus, W.—Morning, at 11, Mr. H. G. Beard, normal address. Evening, at 7, Mr. P. E. Beard, address under influence and spiritual messages. Soloist, Miss Jeannie Bateman, L.R.A.M.—E. C. W.

SOUTHSEA.—**LESSER VICTORIA HALL.**—Mrs. M. Gordon gave an interesting address and convincing clairvoyant descriptions.

BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD.—**HENLEY-STREET.**—Mr. Brown gave a thoughtful address on 'Is Spiritualism a Religion?'—N. S.

WHITLEY BAY, ARCADIA.—Mrs. E. H. Cansick spoke eloquently on 'The Problem of This and the After-Life.'—C. C.

CLAPHAM.—**HOWARD-STREET, NEW-ROAD.**—Mrs. Woods gave an address and psychometric delineations.—F. C.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.—**MILTON-STREET.**—Mr. A. T. Connor gave the address and Mrs. Connor clairvoyant descriptions.—G.

MANOR PARK.—**CORNER OF THIRD AVENUE, CHURCH-ROAD.**—Mr. G. R. Symons gave an address. Mr. MacLellan spoke on the 5th.

MANOR PARK.—**CORNER OF SHREWSBURY AND STRONE-ROAD.**—Mr. T. O. Todd's lecture, 'The Temple not made with Hands,' the first of a series, was appreciated.—C. W. T.

EALING.—**TECHNICAL COLLEGE.**—95, **UXBRIDGE-ROAD.**—Mrs. Jamrach spoke ably on 'The Universality of the Idea of God' and gave fully-recognised clairvoyant descriptions.

EXETER.—**MARLBOROUGH HALL.**—Address by Miss Violet Burton. Clairvoyance by Mrs. and Miss Letheren and Mr. Weslake.—E. F.

EXETER.—**MARKET HALL.**—Morning, Mrs. Vincent spoke on 'Influence'; evening, farewell address by Mr. W. H. Evans, prior to his departure for Wales.—H. L.

SOUTHEND.—**SEANOR HALL, BROADWAY.**—Morning and evening, Mrs. Neville gave interesting episodes and psychometrical readings.—C. A. B.

READING.—**NEW HALL, BLAGRAVE-STREET.**—Mr. P. R. Street spoke on 'The Crown of Life' and 'The Devil in the Box.' 3rd, Mr. Street gave an address and answered questions.

BRISTOL.—16, **KING'S SQUARE, STOKES CROFT.**—Miss Thackray spoke on 'Spiritual Healing' and Miss Wright gave clairvoyant descriptions.—A. L.

STONEHOUSE, PLYMOUTH.—**UNITY HALL, EDGCUMBE-STREET.**—Mr. C. Frost spoke on 'Salvation,' Mrs. Cook sang a solo, and Mrs. Pollard gave clairvoyant descriptions.—E. D.

SOUTHPORT.—**HAWKSHEAD HALL.**—Quarterly Conference of the Liverpool Lyceum District Council, whose officials conducted the services. On Monday Mr. R. H. Verity held two meetings.

BRISTOL.—**THOMAS-STREET HALL.**—Address by Mrs. Powell Williams (subject taken from audience); clairvoyance. Organ, Madame Hartree, A.R.C.M. 3rd, meetings for phenomena. 6th, 8 p.m., public meeting.—W. G.

BIRMINGHAM.—**CAMDEN-STREET SCHOOLS.**—Miss Alice Clark gave addresses and clairvoyant descriptions. Evening subject, 'Angel Ministry.' On Monday night she gave psychometric delineations.—W. E. R.

BOURNEMOUTH.—**ASSEMBLY ROOMS, TOWN HALL AVENUE.**—Mr. Hanson G. Hey gave addresses on 'The Principle of Unity' and 'Thought a Principle'; clairvoyance by Mr. A. Punter. 6th, address and clairvoyant descriptions by Mr. F. T. Blake.

PLYMOUTH.—**ODDFELLOWS' HALL, MORLEY-STREET.**—Mr. Lethbridge gave an address and Mrs. Summers clairvoyant descriptions. 5th, Mr. Prince gave address, and Mrs. Trueman clairvoyance.—E. F.

PORTSMOUTH.—**PROGRESSIVE MIZPAH HALL, WATERLOO-STREET.**—Mrs. Harvey spoke on 'The Kingdom of Heaven' and 'Christ, as Recognised by the Spiritualist.' 6th, address and clairvoyance by Sister Rex Luckier.—P.

PORTSMOUTH TEMPLE.—**VICTORIA-ROAD SOUTH.**—Mr. Richard Boddington spoke on 'Suffering and Service,' and 'A Man Approved of God.' Collections given to the Portsmouth and Gosport Hospital Sunday Fund.—J. G. McF.

TOTTENHAM.—684, **HIGH ROAD.**—We enjoyed a visit from the Union of London Spiritualists. In the afternoon Mr. E. A. Rush read an interesting paper on 'Profession and Possession,' and in the evening uplifting addresses were given by Mr. G. T. Gwinn and Mr. E. A. Rush. Mr. and Mrs. Rush gave some welcome music.—N. D.

A FULL report of the address embodying Mr. Stead's narrative through Mrs. Richmond, including the introductory remarks by Mrs. Richmond, has been issued in pamphlet form. Copies can be obtained, post free, for 3d., from Mr. Geo. F. Jennings, 5,916, Union-avenue, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.