

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

No. 1,648.—VOL. XXXII. [Registered as] SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1912. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way	373	'The Voices,' 1912. By Vice-	
The Spiritualism of the Zulu and		Admiral W. Usborne Moore ..	380
his Evidences for a Future Life.		Mr. Stead Explains.....	382
An Address by Mr. C. H. Bull.....	374	Items of Interest ..	383
Has Mr. Stead Returned?.....	375	Animal Survival and the Souls of	
Miss Hopkins and Mr. Stead. By		Flowers.....	383
Lillian Whiting	377	Two Dreams: What do they	
Notes from Abroad	377	Signify?	383
The Witness of Beauty	378	'Life after Death': Mr. Lazenby's	
Difficulties of 'Controls'	379	Position	384

NOTES BY THE WAY.

That the appeal to Nature for evidence of the existence of a great creative Intelligence and the survival of the human soul may result in an overwhelming abundance of proofs is shown by the appearance of a notable book 'The Two Great Questions,' by Lysander Hill (Werner Laurie, 7s. 6d. net). Mr. Hill has suffered from this embarrassment of riches, and in his book, comprehensive as it is, his task has been selective rather than inclusive, but he has very successfully outlined the whole scientific argument for God's existence and man's immortality. There are twenty-three illustrations and many interesting descriptions of the marvellous design shown in Nature animate and inanimate. Here is an example of Mr. Hill's cogent style of reasoning when dealing with the human skeleton:—

The engineers who construct suspension bridges sink the end of their cables deep in the ground, fasten them to heavy weights and load the weights with a superincumbent mass of iron, stone and earth, in order to secure a firm anchorage of the cables. This is practically parallel to the means which Nature employs to anchor the connecting ligaments to the bones on either side of a movable joint. The courts call such things *inventions* when found in the works of man; is the evidence of design less conclusive when they are found in the works of Nature?

In his concluding chapters Mr. Hill fortifies his argument by references to psychic science, and deals with the evidences for telepathy, clairvoyance and prevision, of which he gives a number of examples. As to telepathy, he writes:—

Such a faculty, although unquestionably possessed by the mind, is entirely unnecessary for our existence in this life. The physical organs of sight, hearing, speech and touch are all that we need here either for communicating or receiving information.

Telepathy is thus a hint of a deeper life within the mortal life, and of a faculty which will find fuller expression in a higher realm of existence. We do not, however, agree with the opinion of the author that 'many, and perhaps all,' cases of clairvoyance 'could be explained by the theory of telepathy.' Clairvoyance in our experience is a different faculty altogether, although we have met with cases in which the clairvoyance appeared to partake of the character of mental impression rather than of clear seeing (the late Miss Rowan Vincent's mediumship is an instance in point). We commend the book, none the less, as a valuable contribution to modern thought on the 'two great questions' of which it treats.

'Rays of the Dawn,' by A. Watcher (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Limited, 3s. 6d. net), deals with

the Scriptural aspects of psychic phenomena. Much of the book is stated to have been given by inspirational writing, the design being to throw light on the inner meaning of the Gospels. In the earlier chapters the author prepares the ground for the mystical revelations which follow by an able and convincing argument for the reality of spiritual manifestations. Dealing with the perplexity and confusion which notoriously exist in some regions of psychical inquiry he truly remarks:—

We are suffering now because some of the superficial aspects of the deeper knowledge have fallen on unprepared and excitable minds who have not troubled to master the alphabet of that mental knowledge of the subject which is within the reach of all. Hence there is dislocation and shock.

'Dislocation and shock' is a quite natural result from the contact between influences from the higher world and the lower, especially when the latter, unripe and unprepared, attempts to distort the revelation to its own purposes. Another aspect of this matter is well indicated in the remark that—

Ecstasy is no certain test of the presence of truth; it may accompany many a partial and egotistical psychic experience.

The outlook of the author throughout is governed by sober and critical judgment of this kind, and he clearly discerns that as a spiritual revelation the Bible represents many different levels of inspiration and mediumship. The book will appeal especially to those who regard the subject of psychical inquiry solely from the religious standpoint. The author, for example, is told by a spirit communicator:—

No true information on the heaven world comes through psychic powers without the permission of the Master. . . . Only those who are self-disciplined and desirous to help others and who do not tamper for amusement's sake with those on the other side, can safely touch the two-edged sword of psychic knowledge.

The author takes the view that the time is near for a newer and fuller revelation of the spiritual nature and destiny of mankind, an opinion in which we fully share.

The greater portion of 'Notes of the Month' in the August number of the 'Occult Review' is devoted to the Gospel of the Return to Nature as advocated in the recently published Essays of Prentice Mulford. 'What,' asks the note-writer, 'were the faults which Prentice Mulford saw in American civilisation if they were not the faults which arose directly from the too rapid growth of the luxuries and so-called advantages which civilisation and commercial development bring in their train? the neglect of those life forces which are inherent in Nature itself, and without which the life blood of a nation of necessity becomes contaminated and impoverished?' . . . To Mulford the return to Nature

signified the getting in touch once more with 'the Infinite Force and Mind as expressed by all natural things.' This spirit of Nature, 'this force of the Infinite Mind' was given out, he maintained, by every wild tree, bird or animal. It was a literal

element and force going to man from tree and from every living creature. If you loved Nature, if you loved the trees, you would find them, declared Mulford, responsive to such love. 'You are fortunate,' he says, 'when you grow to a live, tender, earnest love for the wild trees, animals and birds, and recognise them as all coming from and built of the same mind and spirit as your own, and able also to give you something very valuable in return for the love which you give them. . . ' And again : 'As the Great Spirit has made all things, is not that All-pervading mind and wisdom in all things? If then we love the trees, the rocks and all things as the Infinite made them, shall they not in response to our love give us each of their peculiar thought and wisdom? Shall we not draw nearer to God through a love for these expressions of God in the rocks and trees, birds and animals?'

The name of S. Gertrude Ford will be known to many of our readers as appearing at the foot of poems of no little grace and distinction in many newspapers and magazines. A volume of her collected poems has now been issued under the title of 'Lyric Leaves' (C. W. Daniel, 2s. 6d. *net*), and a copy has been sent to us for notice. In dealing with new books, especially volumes of verse, in these columns we naturally give preference to those that relate to the particular departments of thought which 'LIGHT' exists to represent, and in this instance we cannot say that we find anything in the work that connects in any special degree with our subject. This from 'A Bright November,' however, is not far away :—

The time I feared came with the breath of May,
Clothed in late flowers and crowned with halcyon skies,
And like yon sunset kindling as it dies,
In a great glory burned itself away.

Even so, O Thou who knowest us and markest
When the soul's day drops to its wintry night,
Shall we not find the hour foredeemed the darkest
Surprise with unanticipated light,
And murmur, in life new-born from its decay,
'Bright Death! how could I deem thee cold and grey?'

The poems abound in delicate touches of fancy and are all distinguished by high metrical skill.

The torrent of books on New Thought and Mental Science becomes at times almost embarrassing. Here is another, 'Your Inner Forces, or Hints on Soul Unfoldment,' by Swami A. P. Mukerji (L. N. Fowler and Co., 1s. *net*). We observe with relief that it is concise and pointed. The author does not obscure his meaning in a multitude of words. But excellent as is his command of English, we pause occasionally at a word or phrase which falls short of complete lucidity. 'A quick transition from *passive* to peace' is an example. So, too, is 'self-assertion, conceit, *Hanteyr*.' Perhaps 'Hanteyr' is a misprint for *hauteur*. Otherwise we found the book interesting and helpful as illustrating the subject of self-mastery from the Oriental standpoint. In the chapter on 'The Law of Mental Demand' we noted the following with approval :—

The man who earnestly sets his heart on spiritual knowledge becomes an atom of living desire and aspiration, and attracts to himself the persons, books and circumstances fitting in with the materialisation or accomplishment of his desires. He falls *en rapport* with such men and women as are working along the same lines of thought, and whose minds are vibrating in the same key.

In this connection the author rightly teaches the 'scientific efficacy of prayer' as an aid to spiritual advancement.

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.

THE SPIRITUALISM OF THE ZULU AND HIS EVIDENCES FOR A FUTURE LIFE.

A Paper written by Mr. C. H. BULL, of Durban, Natal, South Africa, and read by him at the International Congress held at Liverpool on Sunday and Monday, July 7th and 8th, 1912.

The Zulu people to-day are suffering, mentally, morally, and physically, from the baneful effects of a too sudden and close association with a civilisation which, though marking the high-water level of human progression, carries with it many attendant evils peculiarly inimical to those in the early periods of transition ; and it is difficult now to arrive at a clear idea of those spiritual conceptions, which once in the days of their primitive savagery ruled the thoughts and controlled the actions of the nation. The sudden advent of the influences of modern civilisation amongst them has not only proved disastrous to their ancient beliefs founded on observed phenomena, but equally fatal to those moral laws which once ruled their individual and social conduct.

A few decades of missionary effort, conducted under the auspices of a score or more contending factions of Christianity, have sufficed, not only to distort and obliterate their original ideas in regard to spiritual matters, but in many instances where these systems have failed in conversion to a pseudo-Christianity, the net result has been to establish a contemptuous disregard and positive disbelief in the existence of spiritual forces of any nature.

The low-class and conscienceless white man of nefarious habits and degraded moral instincts, with no higher ideal than the satisfaction of the basest passions, together with the illogical religionist controlled only by arrogant conceit, who in the attempt to make spiritual capital for himself and the particular cause he represents, subverts principles of a religious, moral, and ethical nature to the level of his obtrusive egotism, have been the factors chiefly instrumental in reducing a fine manly race, once obedient to moral and social laws which, though crude and savage in some respects, were eminently adapted to suit the needs of a people still in the first dawn-light of spiritual consciousness, to a condition of servile, albeit reluctant, submission to forces which are fast undermining all those natural characteristics, both moral and physical, once justly claiming admiration.

Like all savage races, the Zulu people possessed firm convictions in regard to the existence of forceful spiritual entities, who everywhere and at all times exercised, for good or for evil, a directive authority over their affairs. Many of the customs and beliefs of these people, however, point unmistakably to some relations in the remote past with Semitic races ; such, for instance, as the celebration of the great annual festival of the feast of the first fruits ; as also the rite of circumcision common among some tribes of the Bantu people ; but more especially is this fact apparent in their sacrificial offerings for the purposes of propitiation, whilst many of their legends, and much of their folk-lore, point back unmistakably to some hoary original representative of the mythology of antiquity.

In the following short extract from the legend of Ulanga and Ulangatisi, no one will hesitate in finding a parallel to the story of Moses and Pharaoh or to the Orphic legends of that half-mortal, half-mythical 'Bimater' Mises. The legend—

after speaking of the finding of Ulangatisi on the reed banks of the stream, from whence Ulanga drew the water for his people, tells how Ulangatisi, recognising in the slaves of Ulanga the people of his own tribe, becomes their leader, and eventually by importunity and the practice of magic, prevails upon Ulanga to permit their departure into the wilderness, Ulanga, in the words of the legend, saying, 'You have conquered us ; behold the children of your people ; so go in peace.'

The legend continues :—

It came to pass afterwards, that Ulanga made all his army pursue Ulangatisi. He said to them, 'Go ! you can kill them now. Put an end to them in the wilderness, Ulangatisi together with all his children.' So the army set out ; but though it went diligently, it did not come up with Ulangatisi.

Ulangatisi and his children at length came to a river whose waters were red ; it was very great ; they found it much flooded. Ulangatisi therefore raised his royal rod, he raised it

and the river was stayed, and they all passed over. Then they sat down and took off their loads, and rejoiced and ate.

When the army of Ulanga reached the bank of the river, they shouted and said, 'Where did you cross over?' They said, 'In this very place.' 'Do you cross over and come and kill us?'

They said, 'No, indeed! You did not cross here. Tell us.'

Ulangatisi then took his rod and raised it, and the river was stayed. He said, 'Cross over now, then.' They all entered. The river was wide. When they were all in the river, Ulangatisi dropped his rod, and the river overwhelmed them all.

They rejoiced; the children of Ulangatisi, and played; they rejoiced exceedingly and said, 'Do you not see them? They have all come to an end, who were coming to kill us!'

And then the legend goes on to describe their wanderings in the wilderness, and how that Ulangatisi died in the way, without entering the promised land, in a place not known to any.

Whatever may have been their origin, many of the spiritual conceptions of the Zulu people were of a remarkably high order. Tixe, the one supreme God, was an impersonal and infinite power, whose principal attribute was described by the word 'Pefomela,' the breath of life, or 'Moya' the wind, defined in this relation as pure spirit.

Umkulinkulu, the Great Great, who occupies the second place in the Zulu mythology, made no claim to Godship, but was himself subject to creation, being, in fact, the great original prototype, the physical father of all men, born on the mud banks of a great river.

The world of the Zulu was peopled not only by spirits incarnated in human bodies, but by the spirits of genii, elementals, and subhumans, as well as the spirits of their own departed ancestors who had lived here below and survived the change of death. In fact, the Zulus, in common with other natural races unencumbered by the sophistries, speculations, and artificialities, woven by ambition, pride and prejudice around the spiritual conceptions of modern theology, were truly spiritual in their ideas regarding the nature of that limitless domain lying immediately beyond the cognition of the physical senses.

Though, speaking generally, the effect these spiritual influences exerted over them was all that a blind and unintelligent intercourse with such subtle forces would be likely to create, occupying, as they did, the lower planes of spiritual life, yet it remains to the credit of these influences that the Zulu people succeeded in arriving at a knowledge of those facts which are essential as the basis of all true religion—facts, however, which their more fortunately circumstanced white brother, in the pride of his boasted superiority, and out of the fulness of his own infidel heart, has thought fit to deny, and label as the superstitions of the ignorant and the curse of the heathen.

In the old days, before the defeat of the Zulu power by the British, the diviner and witch doctor were forces in the land, to be reckoned with by the mightiest potentate who ever ruled the people with that inflexible tyranny for which their great chiefs were distinguished. Even the terrible Chaka himself, though claiming not only the allegiance and unswerving obedience of his subjects in his terrestrial kingdom, but the right and title of 'Lord of Heaven,' had to bend in homage to the authority of these intermediaries between the world of spirit and the denizens of earth. No man in all the world, from the meanest goatherd to the mightiest warrior, was unaffected by the spell of reverent fear inspired by these mediums, as tribute to their mysterious powers. No man could count a day in the future as secure against the art of the magician, exerted in the spirit of personal vengeance or cupidity, or at the instance of some powerful client or ally, either incarnate or discarnate. No village or family could reckon with certainty that the first beams of the rising sun of to-morrow would not shine upon the smoking ruins of their homes, and a scene of brutal carnage and mutilated bodies.

Many a wealthy headsman or Induna, in the old days, looked with mixed feelings of pride and consternation upon his rising prosperity, the sleek kine that grazed contentedly in the rich pasturage, the increasing number and beauty of the maidens who lent importance and attraction to the kraal; for who could say when the envious eyes of his chief, or some favoured person of the Court, might seek through the ever purchasable

power of the magician or diviner, to rob him, not only of his riches, but of his life, as the forfeit for some alleged conspiracy with the unseen denizens of the spiritual world? And so the sinister power of the magician loomed dark over the land. As final and only judge at all tribunals, he wielded his power with all the ruthlessness of an autocrat, unmoved by either the appeals of mercy or the demands of justice. Though his psychic abilities were wholly beyond dispute, only rarely were his intuitions or spirit *confrères* elevated above the plane occupied by savage man.

But mediumship was in no sense a gift exclusive to the Court magician; it was common amongst the people generally. Every locality could boast either of its seers, its prophets, its healers, its exorcists, or trance-speakers; and here it was, amongst these humble children of nature, as with ourselves, that, unspoiled by the greed, ambition, and merely selfish desires which too often corrupt the flow of revelation through the channels of professionalism, the purest and best manifestations were received. To all, the discarnate world was a living reality, its needs and demands to be provided for, with more scrupulous care than even those of the world, tangible and real, to the physical senses. No domestic affair, claiming a measure of importance, could be considered as arranged with satisfactory prospects of success without the advice and compliance of guardian spirits. Did the exigencies of time bring about circumstances necessitating the removal of a kraal from an ancient site, a great gathering was called and, with a fervour inspired of the deepest faith, the headsman would invoke the spirits of its ancient inhabitants, now in the spirit world, for advice and direction. Did the hand of sickness or adversity fall upon any, propitiation was sought with the spiritual world by the sacrifice of a goat or bullock, in accordance with the severity of the trouble, or the status of the afflicted person. In the graceful, though terrifying, form of the green mamba snake they recognised the re-incarnated spirit of the father of the house, and its deadly presence in the hut indicated that the spirit hungered, and so a burnt offering of the fat from the kidneys of some special beast was offered for its delectation.

From the distant hills and valleys on the night wind was borne the rich, full voice of the lonely wayfarer, who, by incantation, sought to weave a spell around himself, invulnerable to the attack of evil spirits.

To the primitive Zulu death never came as a natural process. When he died, it was somebody else who killed him, an enemy still in the flesh by the means most ready to hand, or, perchance, some discarnate spirit, some long deceased rival, whose enmity had survived the change from the physical to the spiritual plane of life's expression; or, again, it might be some sub-human or elemental entity whose malignant fury had been unwittingly incurred.

Mediumship was a gift to those favoured of the gods, and worthy of the most careful and patient cultivation under the direction of some wise and experienced diviner, who selected for his pupils those who possessed sensitive nerves and strongly developed powers of intuition, or the dreamers of dreams, somnambulists, as most likely to be skilful in holding communication with the spirits of those who had passed into the beyond, and it was for these reasons that women were considered as having the greater aptitude for divination.

The gift of mediumship was also considered as inherited and traceable in many families back to distant generations.

Insane and mentally afflicted persons were always treated with the greatest respect and consideration, as being under the obsessing influences of some spiritual entity or entities, whom it would be impolitic to offend and hopeless to defy, unless, indeed, the magic and power of the exorcist, who often succeeded in vindicating his right to office by entirely overthrowing the power of the obsessors, and thus restoring to the afflicted control of themselves, were directed against them.

Surrounded by much that was evil, much that was cruel, born in the midst of ignorance and superstition, those great fundamental truths, testifying to the spiritual origin and nature of all manifestation, were everywhere exemplified to these people living close to the heart of nature, everywhere speaking to them in myriad tongues of life flowing in a continuous

stream from the eternal past, through the short span of physical experience, or into the eternal future. Every pool or dark ravine, every forest glade or mountain peak, was the peculiar habitat of genii, or elementals, whilst the spirits of the human dead mingled with the living. Life's lowliest voices in animal or plant, the soft rustle of the waving grass and leaves when the chill night wind moved them to gentle protest, the song of birds, the low drone of insects, all joined with the sonorous voices of nature's more terrific forces, the thunder and lightning, the earthquake and tornado, in swelling the chorus whose theme was fealty and homage to the eternal and infinite power of Spirit.

Had those emissaries, appointed by so-called Christian systems for the conversion of the heathen, themselves been responsive to the spirit which inspired the ancient Church, had there been less of the Church militant and more of the Church spiritual, less arrogant iconoclasm, impotent to reconstruct, and more unselfish concern for spiritual development on the lines of truth, as suggested by the evidence at hand, the pitiful fiasco presented by missionary failure would have been spared, and out of the dark mists of necromancy and black magic might have arisen the pure, bright light of a revelation which would have carried them beyond the narrow confines of sectarianism into the environless realm of Spirit. Their failure, however, finds sorrowful evidence in every town, to which partially educated Kaffir hooligans, male and female, are attracted by the greater scope for the practice of those vices which unreasoning and dogmatic religionists have assisted in cultivating by an ill-considered interference with, and an utter disregard of, those natural laws governing mental and spiritual evolution no less than physical.

But, perhaps, nowhere do these pernicious methods receive fuller condemnation than on the mission stations themselves, which are notorious as the resort of the vicious, the depraved and the malcontent. The flimsy veneer of civilisation, distinguishable chiefly by flash dress, laziness, discourtesy, immorality, concertinas, square mud houses, and a lavish display of books of a devotional nature, serves no better purpose than to punctuate the underlying disorder. Even sincerity itself wears no more serviceable garments than those woven by ignorant faith in the nostrums of a lurid theology, or the uniform of Ethiopianism. No wonder, then, that in the time of stress the most devoted convert creeps surreptitiously past the house of the missionary, seeking amidst the Philistines the kraal of the diviner.

Conscious of the weakness of mere assertion to support facts, I would refer not only to criminal statistics for the verification of what I have said, but to the candid and unbiassed private opinions of those entitled by experience to adjudicate on the question raised, with the most absolute confidence that an overwhelming majority will decide against the results of missionary effort.

The Zulu predictors, or diviners, 'Insanusi' or 'Insangoma,' like our own mediums, adopted a variety of methods for inducing the condition of sensitiveness, best calculated to establish communication with the spiritual world—the 'Amadhlosi' or spirits of the departed—and, therefore, it would be tedious and unnecessary to describe more than those serving to convey some idea of the general plan.

In the early days of the British occupation of Natal, when the white inhabitants were few and widely scattered, it was common for them in criminal cases of a petty nature, such as the theft of stock, to seek the assistance of the native diviner to discover the culprit and find the lost property. On such an occasion the one seeking divination would call upon all connected with the case to repair with him to the diviners, who, without being informed either of the nature of the case, or the identity of the person suspected, if any, had not only to declare the offender, whether present or otherwise, but to describe in full detail the whole history and nature of the crime. The people arranged themselves silently in a circle around the diviner who, either by weird incantations, the burning of a mixture of herbs, roots, fat and bones of animals (or, it may be, of human beings), or by concentration upon some object with magical properties, sought to subdue the physical and secure the ascendancy of those forces in himself having relation to the unseen spiritual world.

Sunk in the unconscious state of deep entrancement, he rapidly poured out a string of questions, at first irrelevant to the subject, to which all the members of the seated circle, smiting together the palms of the hands, replied by the one word 'eswah,' 'I see or understand,' but gradually, as the spiritual faculties gathered strength and dominance over the physical, lucidity increased, the constant flow of questions gradually assumed definite form and purpose until, bit by bit, the whole story stood revealed, and the trembling culprit exposed.

(To be continued).

HAS MR. STEAD RETURNED?

BY JAMES COATES.

The answer to the above question is in the affirmative. On Wednesday, July 17th, in the presence of seven persons, including Mrs. Etta Wriedt, Mr. Stead spoke in the direct voice so clearly and emphatically as to compel attention. Mrs. Wriedt was so affected as nearly to break down, saying, 'Oh, dear Mr. Stead! Oh, dear Mr. Stead, how good it was of you to come.' Those present will never forget his address to us, commencing with a ringing: 'My dear Mr. Coates, you know who I am?' I did know, for I had seen him, but the full tones of his voice and hearty greeting startled me. He prayed God to bless the good work which was being carried on here; urged us to keep it up; thanked Mrs. Coates for giving him the opportunity of manifesting through her, and told me to send a message to Mr. J. Robertson that he (Stead) had been.

At the next séance, at 8 p.m. on the same day, the ninth of the series with Mrs. Wriedt, Mr. Stead etherialised twice within a short time, the second appearance being clearly defined; face, head and shoulders seen by all. He shortly afterwards spoke. There was a ringing tone of joy and victory in his voice. The message was brief. There were fourteen persons present, including Mrs. Wriedt.

I do not desire to intrude on your space, but I wish to say, with reference to the message given through Mrs. Coates on April 28th last, that while not vouching for the accuracy of every word and line, it was given by me to the world in fear and trembling, as I thought the evidence was not strong enough; but it has since been corroborated in many remarkable ways. Mr. Stead (not only in Cambridge House) emphasised and gave the names of those in this country with whom he had been able to get into touch. Many of these were, first and naturally, those psychics whose services had proved so valuable in the working of Julia's Bureau; and, secondly, in the provinces, Mrs. Coates and Mr. Robertson. In our home, and in the presence of several sane and thoughtful persons, Mr. Stead has returned, spoken to Mrs. Coates, and thanked her, and myself for giving his message to the world.

During my forty odd years' experience of Spiritualism, the mediumship of Mrs. Etta Wriedt stands out unparalleled. She is a gifted medium, honest and straightforward, and a good-living woman. May she long be spared to the cause. Should she ever return to this country, may she be welcomed for herself, as well as for her mediumship, in the homes of all sincere Spiritualists.

As usual at the Rothesay circle, so-called 'scientific methods' were discarded. The spirit friends were allowed to make themselves known without hindrance. The extraordinary results obtained at the nine séances I will some day, if spared, give, in book form, to my numerous correspondents and readers at home and abroad.

Mr. Stead has appeared to those who knew him well in Cambridge House, and when I say that he urged his medium, for surely Mrs. Etta Wriedt may be truly so distinguished, to go specially to Rothesay, as he had a message to deliver, he has surely redeemed his promise. Mrs. Wriedt has come and gone. To use the emphatic language of Mr. Stead while here: 'God bless her!'

Yes, Mr. Stead has returned, and proved in his own person that the dead do return.

To Vice-Admiral Moore and Mr. W. T. Stead we owe a debt of gratitude for being the agents on the material plane for bringing this gifted medium to this country.

Rothesay, July 20th, 1912.

MISS HOPKINS AND MR. STEAD.

BY LILIAN WHITING.

Miss May De Witt Hopkins, of Paris, speaks in 'LIGHT' of June 29th of the communication she received in October last, giving her a premonition of Mr. Stead's death, which she mentioned at the time in a letter to Miss Scatcherd. Miss Hopkins is, as she notes in this letter, inclined to be sceptical of her psychic gift, but it is certainly true that Mr. Stead had great faith in her powers, and so, indeed, have all of us who know her, and who have had conclusive proof of the genuineness and fineness of her gift. Miss De Witt Hopkins is an American, a member of a distinguished and cultured New York family. In her childhood they went to Constantinople—I believe her father was of the *corps diplomatique*—and all her early girlhood was passed in that fascinating Oriental atmosphere. She speaks the Turkish language perfectly, as well as French, German, Italian and Spanish, and when Mr. Stead went to the Turkish Embassy last autumn, in Paris, Miss De Witt Hopkins accompanied him as his interpreter. Last October it chanced that Mr. Stead and my friend Miss Roma Lister, of Rome, and I were all in the same hotel in Paris, and there Miss Lister and I had the pleasure of being presented, by Mr. Stead, to Miss Hopkins—one of the most brilliant and entrancing of young women. On the night that Mr. Stead started for Constantinople on his mission of peace to the Sultan, he invited Miss Hopkins, Miss Lister and myself to have tea with him in his private study, and as we sat about the round table he asked Miss Hopkins to 'see' for him. All our five o'clock tea rites were suspended, and we sat in motionless silence while Miss Hopkins penetrated into the ethereal. After a brief interlude, voices and vision were about her, and so far as I have been able to learn the details of Mr. Stead's journey and his interviews with the Sultan, her previsions were fairly correct. On Mr. Stead's return to London he invited me to lunch with him—how little did I dream it was to be my last talk with him in this part of life! We talked till five in the afternoon, and I left London the next morning to sail for Boston. During that talk Mr. Stead told me the intensely interesting story of his visit to Constantinople, and taking out his fountain pen he wrote down for me, then and there, his conversation with the Sultan. Never shall I forget the beauty of his luminous eyes as with great vivacity, as well as with profound earnestness and depth of feeling, he told me of his unique journey.

William Thomas Stead was the Sir Galahad of the twentieth century. There was so little of him that could 'die' that I have never been able to realise the change from my noble and kind friend in London to my noble and kind friend in the ethereal world, save to feel that his release from the limitations of the physical world gives me swifter and closer access to all communion of thought with him.

That it was written by the recording angel that Mr. Stead should sail by the 'Titanic' and should pass into the life more abundant precisely as he did, one can have no doubt. *His death was a part of his life.* It was not the termination of even this part of his immortal life, but was the completion of it. He has always been the impassioned helper of the helpless, and God gave him this supreme opportunity of making the transition with that great multitude who were in the deepest need of the aid he was so wonderfully fitted to give. Probably no one of all those fifteen hundred knew the spiritual laws that govern the transition as Mr. Stead knew them. He was their guide and their helper in explaining to them what had happened and the methods of adjustment to the new order. I am sure that if the Angel of Life had appeared to him before he set sail, and had laid before him his choice—not to sail by the 'Titanic' and be 'safe' (as we call it), or to sail and be the comforter and the helper of all that throng—I am sure if the angel of the Lord had said, 'Who will go?' or 'Whom shall I send?' the instant response of William Stead would have been, 'Lord, here am I, send me.'

The Brunswick, Boston, U.S.A.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

In 'La Revue Spirite Belge,' M. A. Breidel has an article on cosmography. He contends that although few of us are called to become scientists in the true sense of the word, yet we ought all to familiarise ourselves as much as possible with everything pertaining to our spiritual life, and he counts cosmography and astrology amongst the best means to obtain this desirable knowledge. 'How many,' he asks, 'lift their eyes towards the immensity of space, speculating on the origin, cause, and nature of the millions of stars that nightly adorn the heavens? By an attentive contemplation of these celestial wonders, many a hitherto unknown truth would be revealed to man; his thoughts would be directed towards the higher spheres, and thus he would finally obtain the consoling affirmation of immortality.'

In recent numbers of 'Le Messenger' the principal space is devoted to a carefully written biography of Allan Kardec. In the same journal George Aubert gives an account of his musical mediumship, and the severe tests to which he was submitted by the Psychological Institute of France. It seems that George Aubert had already developed considerable powers as a physical medium before the spirit of Méhul commanded him to sit at the piano, in order that he might control him whilst playing. In course of time such famous musicians as Beethoven, Chopin, Mozart, Rameau, Bach and Wagner apparently manifested through him.

'Le Fraterniste' quotes the opinion of some well-known French men and women on so-called 'Death.' The following are a few short extracts:—

'Death does not exist. What we call by this name is but a passage from the past into the future.'—A. MERCIER.

'Death is the dawn of a higher life. In the flower it liberates the perfume, in the chrysalis the butterfly, and in man it sets the real self at liberty.'—JULIETTE ADAM.

'Death is not a door which closes, but one which opens. It removes the heavy weight on which Psyché mournfully rested her wings.'—ARSENE HAUSSAGE.

'We have been used from childhood to regard this natural break as a frightful catastrophe, but the leap is neither so difficult nor so painful as imagination leads us to believe. If death comes unexpectedly there is no time to fear it, but if it is the result of old age or illness, nature takes good care to prepare us little by little for it, and we glide across the threshold the same as we pass in our sleep into dreamland.'—A. THEURIET.

The primary object of Spiritualism and its various phenomena is to lead us ever onward in our search after truth, and to help us to solve the problem of life hereafter, but according to an article in 'Wahres Leben' it seems that psychic powers may also have a certain commercial value. Anyhow, the subject of the article, a Mrs. Assmann, turns her mediumship to good business account.

Mrs. Assmann is a woman of the lower middle class who received but scanty education at her native village school. In her normal state she has difficulty in writing correctly, and is quite incapable of drawing or painting, never having had any artistic training, but when under control she produces paintings of marvellous beauty, rich in colouring, and original in conception. At first she only occupied herself with automatic writing. A gentleman well versed in psychic phenomena observed that she usually ornamented the initial word with a flowery arabesque. This led him to the belief that Mrs. Assmann was really a painting medium. His surmise proved correct. After a few primitive efforts she developed rapidly. Her principal designs consist of plants, flowers and fruits artistically entwined. Now and then she introduces wonderful shells, butterflies, birds of brilliant plumage and quaint figures.

As a birthday surprise for her husband she painted on the floor of one of their rooms a carpet (in oil-colours) in design similar to an old Persian one. It aroused the admiration of everyone who had the privilege of inspecting it. The writer of the article in question humorously observes that many a husband would be agreeably surprised to find that his wife could beautify their home in a similarly inexpensive way, thus saving him the trouble of writing out cheques.

This remark leads us to the practical side of Mrs. Assmann's mediumship. Many of her paintings are purchased as patterns for cushions, table-covers, panels, &c., whilst a series of post-cards, designed by her, are now on the market. Recently Messrs. A. W. Fabel-Castell, the world-renowned lead-pencil manufacturers, commissioned her to design an artistic poster, which they largely used to advertise the one hundred and fifty years' existence of their firm.

F. D.

OFFICE OF 'LIGHT,' 110, ST MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON, W.C.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 10TH, 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.

APPLICATIONS by Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance, Ltd., for the loan of books from the Alliance Library should be addressed to the Librarian, Mr. B. D. Godfrey, Office of the Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

THE WITNESS OF BEAUTY.

Human speech is an arbitrary and limited thing. Even in the hands of orators and poets its bounds are relatively narrow. It is very liable to be misunderstood and to carry false meanings. The soul has a higher language, bearing larger and truer messages, which are gathered by the intuitions. Of what avail is it for a man to use all the resources of ordinary language to convey a false impression to people whose intuitions can read falsity in his face, his mien, and in every artifice which he fondly supposes will conceal his purpose? Such people have gained the secret of that deeper speech which extends beyond mortal thought, and relates them, in howsoever small a degree, to the great impersonal realm of existence from whence the principles of Nature discourse to us in symbols—light, colour, form, sound, and all the subtle and divine things which we can only dimly reflect in written or spoken language.

Many of those who have questioned the truth of the old theologies have had a vague consciousness of the incongruity of introducing the idea of mortal speech into the things of divinity, and they have asked in what language the serpent spoke to Eve, and in what language the Judge at the Last Day will address the multitudes (speaking different tongues) assembled before His throne to receive a judgment in speech which they will all understand. Such a question has been one of the first stumbling blocks in the way of intelligent inquirers into theology, and has had its part in the making of many rationalists and sceptics. It has been one of the 'narrow ways' to Atheism—ways made narrow by incrustated prejudice and lack of imagination. It has been well said that there is a type of Briton to whom it comes as a shock to hear of any Divine message which was not delivered in English! But we are outgrowing these old boundaries nowadays, and beginning to learn something of that universal language which overpasses all the local lines and limits represented by racial speech, and which can give us the best and truest messages concerning the meaning and mystery of life.

We are thinking specially of that language as it is expressed in Beauty, for Beauty is one of the great witnesses to the divinity of life. The poets (who are the seers of the beautiful) were naturally the first to realise this, and to them much was conveyed by the flowers—the alphabet of natural beauty on earth.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,
said Wordsworth. And he was followed by Tennyson who

in a flash of insight saw that the 'flower in the crannied wall' carried a tremendous secret. Keats, however, with even deeper vision expressed the meaning of Beauty in one of his undying Odes:—

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth and all ye need to know.

It is a great saying, but it is not sufficient merely to accept it as such, and pass on. It means so much; it throws such a vivid light on the great problems. Beauty is truth, therefore its message must be true. It speaks to us of a realm beyond that of the senses. In its essence the Beautiful is indescribable in words. It transcends the highest powers of human speech, so that those who most truly discern it find themselves utterly baffled in the attempt to convey the vision in words. It has its dwelling not only in 'the light of setting suns,' in trees and skies and 'the round ocean and the living air,' but in the humblest circumstances of human life. Beauty of thought, of action and character reveal its influence, and there it is most deeply present. It is eternal in its expression and its appeal.

Its loveliness increases—it will never
Sink into nothingness.

They who have once realised its existence, even though they do not seek to read all its message, find that life for them has taken on a new significance. It reveals an infinite Hope, for they perceive that loveliness persists—only the evil and the ugly things are evanescent.

The One remains, the many change and pass,
Heaven's light for ever shines,
Earth's shadows fly.

It gives us more than a message of Hope. It reveals the existence of a world of beauty no less real than this—rather more real, perhaps, for so much here, lacking the vital soul of beauty, 'hastens to decay.' And as beauty dwells in the soul of the beholder, it bears a message of immortality for the soul, a message that outweighs all the proofs of logic, all the revelations expressed in human words, all the evidences of phenomena, though each and all of these may corroborate its testimony.

The witness of Beauty, then, is to the permanence of the beautiful in human life. Its message needs no deep learning to interpret, for it is expressed in a universal speech, universally intelligible. It tells of the ultimate triumph of Truth over Error, of the ultimate coming of Human Brotherhood, of the establishment on earth of the Kingdom of God. It gives, at first in hints and clues, and, finally, in a revelation of clear assurance, a solution of the mystery of Death as the passing of Life to a higher and grander expression of the Divine. Divine in itself, it is the messenger of Deity. No jangle of creeds can entirely drown its voice, or cloudy metaphysics utterly obscure its light. Facts are true or false accordingly as they are in harmony with or opposed to its manifestation. Being Truth (as the poet saw) it convinces by its presence. To the soul filled with its inspiration, science and experience may bring riches of knowledge to fill the treasure-houses of the mind, but for its deepest convictions of the essential Divinity of life it will rely on its vision of Beauty:—

Serene and inaccessible secure.

'MAN is naturally religious, it is in the very make of him. Heathenisms are only rude and gross forms of religion: they bear witness to the vital instincts of the soul: and our restraints may only bear witness to the decadence wrought by arrogance, self-sufficiency and self-will: and so, instead of the old emotion and self-sacrifice, we indulge in the formality of a musical service or the intellectual gratification of a decorous hour. And all the time, like the penetrating whisper of an accusing angel, the old word stands, "Behold, Thou desirest truth in the inward parts." '—J. PAGE HOPPS.

DIFFICULTIES OF 'CONTROLS.'

BY H. A. DALLAS.

In a previous article I quoted communications, published in the 'Proceedings' of the American S.P.R., which show that those on the other side, when controlling mediums, cannot clearly discern either the sitters or their surroundings. Jenny P., one of Mrs. Chenoweth's ordinary controls, says :—

I can hear the noises in the room when I am controlling—but not always see the people. I catch a fleeting picture of them as they are photographed on the surrounding film, but it is not always absolutely correct. They may be put out of humour or in some strained attitude of mind, and then the picture is distorted. It is like being badly focussed for a photograph (p. 433).

This seems to indicate that what they see is not the physical body so much as the psychic counterpart, otherwise why should the person seem out of focus when the temper is upset or the mind strained? Mind strain, although it leaves its traces on the countenance, does not distort the outer appearance to the extent here indicated, but it is readily conceivable that it may thus affect the sensitive psychic organism.

Jenny P. dwells at some length on the importance of 'spirit likeness,' that the seeker should be in spiritual rapport with the 'light.' Being pressed by Dr. Hyslop for further explanation, she continues :—

A nun and a newsboy may meet on common level and understand and be attracted to each other if all the law of the physical and intellectual world is laid aside; . . . law is so different in different spheres. . . . The law of attraction is not the law of your world. Witness the associations of people in all spheres of expression in your world. Largely chance. . . . If all law of association were cut and loosed, how many people would stay where they are by the simple law of attraction? That is the law of the sphere in which I live, and when a man is a thief he is attracted to thieves, whether he ever stole a penny or not. Some men have temptation without opportunity, some have opportunity without temptations, and some have temptations and opportunity. That is the test of the soul. Life is one great testing room for souls, but no one seems to look at it that way (p. 435).

Jenny P. remarks in this conversation that 'intensity acts as a disintegrating influence' (p. 427); which, of course, may often account for the failure of those recently bereaved to get anything from the person they have lost. This hint about intensity, she says, is given to 'educate the eager.' On another occasion it is stated that

a passive spirit will produce better results. It must be passive on our side as on yours. It is smooth water . . . drift . . . no pulling of the oars will give the result (p. 458).

In December, 1910, some sittings were held at which it had been intended that a Mr. Gregg should be present. He was unable to come. Mrs. Chenoweth was not informed of his inability to keep the appointment. On December 13th the approaching trance state was accompanied by raps, which were heard by Dr. Hyslop and the medium. Some appropriate matter was produced, appropriate, that is to say, to Mr. Gregg, who was supposed by Mrs. Chenoweth to be present, but not appropriate to the persons who owned the articles which Dr. Hyslop had brought with him. The point is worth noting, as it seems to indicate that psychometry, as the term is usually understood, was not a factor on this occasion. On the 15th, Mrs. Chenoweth complained of feeling sick. She was very confident that it was not herself that was sick. The sitting was a complete failure, nothing of any significance came except a few remarks about depletion and strain, concluding with the sentence: 'The aunt is so sick. Do you know this aunt?'

On January 16th, 1911, Dr. Hyslop arranged for a sitting at which only a stenographer was to be present, with the object of obtaining some explanation of the cause of the breakdown. He expected that it was due to anxiety on the part of the medium, as he had observed that she was in an 'intense state of anxiety about these particular sittings,' which involved a new type of experiment. The explanation given, and taken down verbatim by the stenographer, was not what he had anticipated.

The explanation came from the control called 'White Cloud';

the style of this communication is different from that of other communicators, it is smooth and fluent. It occupies more than two pages, from which I extract the following :—

Long continued strain of spirits seeking to use the organism and prove their identity at the same time, is more wearing than any other form of spirit control. The effort to recall past instances and facts, and at the same time to hold on to a finely attuned instrument, sometimes seize a mechanical expression, clutching at the engine in a nervous or excited manner, sometimes releasing the hold and almost losing control, brings friction and wear as no other form of control does bring, and in that worn and strained condition any new influence will bring an added strain (p. 440).

Referring to the particular breakdown which had just occurred, the control said :—

In that extreme nervous state the aunt of the little boy, John, practically assumed control, unconsciously, unintentionally, but controlling just the same, and it was a long time before her influence could be gotten away.

The explanation cannot, of course, be verified, but it can be compared with other experiences. For instance, some years ago a friend of mine who had developed psychically and had enjoyed her mediumship, which had been particularly free from any unpleasant influences, was suddenly overcome by a sense of speechless excitement, by a sense of emotion which alarmed her. She sprang up and clung to her father who was in the room, and it was some little time before she became calm again.

Later, an inquiry was made, when she was writing automatically, as to the cause of this unwonted disturbance. The reply, given in writing, was to the effect that her grandmother had been the unintentional cause; that she had been deeply moved or excited in trying to reach her son, and did not know what effect she was producing on her granddaughter.

This explanation corresponds with that given to Dr. Hyslop and suggests that in many cases the unseen agents are often ignorant of the effects resulting from the exercise of the forces which they put in motion. Remarks made in these sittings indicate that they do not always know when they have succeeded in getting a message through, and when they have not done so, it is easily to be understood that physical effects also may be produced which are not intended, these may be described as by-products of the force employed, and it may often happen that the by-products are the only things which are successfully effected. This would explain many incongruities, such as death warnings or indications of recent decease, which seem often to be given by bangs on furniture and other inappropriate sounds, which are sometimes quickly recognised in spite of their inappropriateness.

The interpretation given of my friend's experience was corroborated in a very unexpected way. Shortly afterwards her father was at a circle without his daughter, at which he received a message (if I remember rightly through what claimed to be a direct voice) to the effect that his mother was so pleased to have come recently to him. The experience above mentioned was unknown to any of the circle until the giving of this message led to its being related.*

'LIGHT': 'TRIAL' SUBSCRIPTION.

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

* I regret that I cannot lay my hand on the notes of this occurrence, which were, I believe, made at the time, so I have to trust to memory for the details which I think have probably lost in impressiveness thereby, as I prefer to say less than to risk adding what may not be correctly remembered.

THE VOICES, 1912.

BY VICE-ADMIRAL W. USBORNE MOORE.

(Continued from page 369.)

Wednesday, May 15th. Julia's circle. There was one stranger present, a physician much interested in psychic research. He was well known to the psychic, who asked him to sit next to her. As usual, phenomena began very quickly and continued throughout the séance with but few gaps. Two spirits came to speak to Dr.—. One was a lady whom he had attended last year. 'Dr. Sharp' assisted her to make her identity known and then said 'She wants to ask you a question.' A voice asked, 'Doctor, did you get your fee?' and went on to indicate that the speaker had been troubled about it.

The doctor told me afterwards that this was, to him, a remarkable test. Before an operation, he had made special arrangements with this poor lady, whose means he knew to be very limited, and had agreed to a very reduced fee. After her death, owing to some foolish misunderstanding on the part of one of the executors, his account was disputed and the payment was delayed for some time; in fact, he was actually asked to reduce his minimised charge which, of course, he declined to do. Eventually, the sum for which he had originally agreed was sent to him and apologies tendered. Now, talking to him from the next state was the lady herself, earnestly inquiring if her debt had been paid. He reassured his visitor and she departed, after a short conversation, apparently relieved.

His other visitor was a foreigner, who asked the doctor if he would do something for his brother. He made his own identity clear, and there was no ambiguity about the request. 'Dr. Sharp' then intervened and, addressing the doctor, said: 'Don't do it; if people who are born with five senses use only four, you cannot do anything with them.' The doctor told me he quite understood the message of the spirit and that the control's advice was good.

Mr. Stead spoke. He welcomed the doctor to the circle, and greeted me and other members. 'Iola' manifested and addressed a few words to all. Mrs. Anker's child came to her, talking in the Norwegian tongue; also her father-in-law, whom she had never seen in life. As I sat next to Mrs. Anker I heard the prattle of the child very distinctly. The cloak of a lady sitting opposite to me, and distant about five feet, was brought from the back of her chair and thrown over the back of the lady next on my left and over my left arm. Many spirit friends of the sitters spoke during the evening. Two voices, occasionally three, talked simultaneously.

Wednesday, May 22nd. A minute or two after the lights were switched off the white form of a man appeared in front of me, and was sensed by the lady on my left. Mrs. Wriedt said: 'There is someone here of the name of —.' This was the surname of a military man, a friend of mine, who died some five or six years ago after many years of great suffering. I asked him to speak, but he was unable to do so. (He came to me afterwards at one of my private séances and talked for some little time. There was a decided significance, to me, in his making himself known just at this time.) Cardinal Newman manifested, and gave a Latin benediction. Again Mrs. Anker's child came to her and talked in their own language. Some three or four friends of different sitters came to them, after which 'Grayfeather' talked in loud and lively tones.

Q. (from my neighbour): 'Do you build houses the other side, and do you need sleep?' A.: 'No; no shutte eye—always wake.' Q.: 'Do you get tired?' A.: 'No get tired because me no walke with bones.' Q.: 'Do you need food?' A.: 'Where I put it?'

The Indian told Mrs. Wriedt that her husband in Detroit, Michigan, had slipped on the outer steps leading up to the house and strained his ankle. (A letter received a month later confirmed this.) He also gave good tests to four members of the circle.

On several occasions the spirits sang through the trumpet or joined in when we sang. 'Iola' came to me, but could not speak. She was not seen by the ladies right and left of me.

Neither 'Julia' nor Stead manifested. As a Wednesday evening sitting it was inferior.

Wednesday, May 29th. 'Dr. Sharp' came first and greeted all the members of the circle. Mrs. Wriedt complained bitterly that none of her relations ever came to her. Could not 'Dr. Sharp' bring her father to see her? He was a Welshman who had many relatives residing in this country. Sharp said, 'I will tell him what you have said,' but made no promise.

William Stead, junr., who passed over several years before his father, came and talked to his sister, who told him that she recognised his voice as the same she had heard last year. I can support Miss Estelle in this statement. There are a few spirit voices, I have noticed, which never alter, and one is young Stead's. I have often talked to him; the voice and manner of talking is always precisely the same. He is an excellent communicator. When in this life he did not believe in Spiritism.

'Grayfeather' burst in, 'Me here! Me heapy much glad to see you' (trumpet banged on the floor); he then greeted each sitter individually, paying special attention to Miss Estelle, and threw the trumpet out of the circle. Sir Henry Irving manifested for a minute, saying in the same voice I heard last year, 'Tis well, 'tis well,' and singing a few bars of a song; he was followed by three spirits who came to different sitters and were identified. I related to the circle a curious phenomenon I had been shown the previous morning; the trumpet had been twice removed from the floor, and twice, noiselessly, replaced in exactly the same position. The first time this happened Mrs. Wriedt thought that, in sweeping round my hand in the dark, I might have missed it. I knew this to be extremely improbable, because it was standing within six or eight inches of a table, and the small end three inches above it; I had the table as a guide. On the second experiment we clasped hands (which we could just do by both reaching forward to the full extent of our arms), swept towards the table, touched it, lowered our arms one and a half feet and then swept outwards an arc of about forty degrees; no trumpet! On lighting up there it was, standing precisely where I had found it after the first experiment. The trumpet is always kept damp inside, and one damp ring only was visible on the floor coinciding exactly with the rim of the mouth of the trumpet. Joined as our arms were, it was absolutely impossible to miss any object within the arc I have mentioned.

A Voice, 'Iola: Dematerialisation is suspension. It was suspended out of reach and sight.' Q.: 'What do you mean? There was no question of sight, for we were in the dark.' 'Iola': 'Do you remember that a trumpet has fallen several times from the ceiling?' [Correct. I have seen this phenomenon at least eight times.] 'That is dematerialisation; the light was so strong that it fell.' [Every time it happened it was at the instant of switching on the lights.] 'This is suspension. In our case yesterday morning the trumpet was lifted up; it was not actually dematerialised.' Q.: 'It was in exactly the same place when the lights were switched on. Was it simply lifted up out of our reach, or was it dematerialised?' 'Iola': 'Dematerialised.'

'Dr. Sharp' now intervened, and gave an explanation in almost the same words as those used by my guide. I could not make head or tail of it; but I find that I seldom can when spirits try to explain to us how these mysterious physical phenomena are performed. They appear to be unable to explain these wonders in terms that mortals can understand. It was no use pursuing the subject.

A husband and wife were visited by their son, who talked to them for several minutes. The lady on my left got into touch with young Brailey, who was drowned in the 'Titanic'; then, Mrs. Anker, on my right, was visited by a distinguished Norwegian authoress, who conversed with her for some time in their own language. Mrs. Anker told me that the last time she saw this lady in life was in Rome; she was much attached to her. She added: 'I asked her just now if she knew my husband [in spirit life] and she replied "Yes, yes, he is here now!" I wrote of her in Norway after her death.' All that I could make out in the talk of the spirit were the words 'Ella Anker, Ella Anker,' in most affectionate tones.

Mrs. Wriedt: 'Things seem to be a little queer in my head. I must go outside.' She left the room for a few minutes. I

gathered that she had taken on the dying condition of the spirit who had just been talking to my neighbour. On her return 'Dr. Sharp' gave an address on the developing customs of the fakirs in India, in clear loud tones that anybody might have heard outside the room. It lasted several minutes and wound up with 'Remember, friends, this is not for publication.'

The control then went on to say that most mortals had not developed their brain cells, and referred to the superior development of distinguished men like Mr. Stead. I tried hard to follow this discourse but failed, and other sitters were not more fortunate. The enunciation was perfect, but he could not explain his meaning, nor answer questions put to him by the sitters, in such a way that we could find out what he meant. The voice was firm and loud enough to have been heard downstairs; he must have talked for thirty minutes in the aggregate. 'Julia' now manifested and greeted Miss Estelle Stead and all the members of the circle.

I did not attend the séance of Wednesday, June 5th.

Wednesday, June 12th. Atmospheric conditions bad. As soon as the lights were out I saw a white form approaching me. 'Iola' whispered for a second or two and said, 'You have dropped a flower.' The lady on my right did not see the form, but the lady on my left sensed a presence and heard the words; she most kindly picked up the flower from the floor that had been brought by the spirit. 'Dr. Sharp' then made himself known and greeted each sitter by name. Then 'Grayfeather' exclaimed, 'Me here, me here! Me heap much glad to come to big chief across pond.' That morning the Indian had come to a private circle of mine and accosted an old lady sitting next to me who was wearing a turquoise brooch, asking her in what month she was born. She replied, 'February,' and he then said, 'Turquoise no good for February.' It seemed appropriate, therefore, to ask him this evening what precious stones represented the months of the year. His answers to various questions of the sitters were: March, catseye; September, moonstone; June, topaz; December, turquoise; April, amethyst. We could not make much of it. Then he had quite interesting conversations with the ladies to the right and left of me about their respective occupations; they seemed to think that his knowledge of their affairs was remarkable. All this time a second voice had been ejaculating remarks from the floor not far from Mr. King, and, at rare intervals, a third voice intervened.

The voice which we have been accustomed to associate with Sir Henry Irving now spoke, 'Tis well, 'tis well.' He could not make us understand what he wished to say. A son of two of the sitters now manifested and talked with his parents for some minutes. Here William Stead, junr., had a long talk with his sister, and made an appointment to meet her and another brother at a private sitting the following week.

'Grayfeather' came again to give a prophecy to a sitter about a friend of his who, he declared, would have an accident in a motor-car in a month or two if he did not take care. His description of the gentleman, whom I afterwards met, was excellent. After this I heard a voice close to the floor near my feet. It was clear that the spirit wanted to speak to me, but the words were not distinguishable. 'Grayfeather' said, 'You remember, chief, where once you go in your ship to Line islands, the first island you come to you go ashore to big meeting, you meet a tall man with black moustache; he not a black man. When you come back you find no clapper on bell. You hunt around to find out who did it, and no one tell.'

Admiral Moore: 'I have a sort of dim recollection of the tongue of the ship's bell being removed, "Grayfeather," but I cannot recollect anything about it. I will ask my brother officers.'

'Dr. Sharp': 'You got off the ship and went to the meeting-house, and that was when it was done. This man here [spirit] is the man who did it. He did it for a purpose.' Admiral Moore: 'It was a very curious voyage.' 'Dr. Sharp': 'You had to be very careful, and it is a wonder you ever returned. You had treachery behind and in front, on land and all about you.'

The next day I inquired of a captain in the Navy who had served with me for some years. He laughed, and said, 'I remember hearing about that having happened when you commanded the "Dart," but not when I was with you.' I am

now making further inquiries. This much is certain: that twenty-nine years ago I did command a ship which made two long and arduous voyages among the remote islands in the Pacific at and near the Equator; that during these voyages I was faced with difficulties of no ordinary kind (not inaptly described by 'Dr. Sharp'); and that I did go to several meeting houses of the Polynesians. Unfortunately the first lieutenant of the 'Dart' is dead; but I hope to find out more about it, and, if I am successful, will report in a future letter.

A Voice: 'Power up, power done.'

'Julia' now came in and talked briefly to Miss Estelle and the members of the circle in her refined English tones, finishing with, 'Sweet rest to all, good night.'

Wednesday, June 19th. The members of 'Julia's' circle assembled in the drawing-room, where they examined a photograph taken that day in the séance-room, in the dark, by a lady. The picture is unquestionably of psychic origin. It shows a cabin with door open and apparently broken, a porthole, ropes hanging about, and, in relief against the porthole, a face which is very like W. T. Stead. We then went upstairs to the séance-room. The psychic switched off the lights, and before she had time to regain her chair 'Dr. Sharp's' voice was heard. He greeted the sitters by name and carried on a conversation in a clear voice with three of them. Other spirits then manifested. One was Wilbur Wright, the airman, who conversed with Mrs. Wriedt for a short time; then 'Grayfeather,' who shouted, 'Me here, me here! how do, chief from across big pond? Me heap much glad you got your letter.' Admiral Moore: 'I got a letter from Mr. — [Mrs. Wriedt's host in New York] to-day.' 'Grayfeather': 'You got your scratchem from little squaw?' [meaning my wife]. Admiral Moore: 'Not yet, but I expect to when I get back to-night' [which I did]. The Indian then addressed another sitter and left. Then came another Indian spirit—a girl, to judge by the voice; we had heard this voice last year. Admiral Moore: 'Is that you, "Mimi"? How old are you?' 'Mimi': 'Two hundred years! Miss Scatcherd [addressing the lady on my left], I going to play with your beads.' [The lady had some beads about her.] 'Mimi' talked for some minutes very clearly; the voice was close to me, and sometimes above my head.

The spirit of a young man now manifested to his parents; he also gave a message to a sitter near to them. A flower from his mother's dress was taken to another sitter. The members of the circle sang and a voice joined in through a trumpet. 'Iola' then spoke to me, and afterwards greeted the sitters in a little speech. She was *instantly* followed by Mr. Stead, who spoke rapidly to his daughter upon private matters, and then said, with reference to the narrative of his life, which was to be written by his private secretary, 'I want to get right on. I want Edith to write it as I want it.' A Sitter: 'He is in a hurry.' W. T. Stead: 'Did you ever know me take my time over anything?' There was a chorus of 'No!' from all present. W. T. Stead: 'How are you, Admiral?' Admiral Moore: 'Delighted to hear you again.' A few final words to his daughter followed. Admiral Moore: 'Will you tell us about the photograph?' W. T. Stead: 'The photograph represents what took place in the "Titanic" as near as I can give it to you.' Admiral Moore: 'Is that your cabin door?' W. T. Stead: 'Yes, and the porthole.'

A voice on the floor kept on, at intervals, complaining that 'his trumpet had been taken away from him.'

Another spirit came and talked intelligently to the lady on my left; and a man's hand was put into that of Mrs. Anker. He spoke to her in the Norwegian language. She told me after the séance that it was her husband.

'Julia' now manifested, as usual, to close the séance, and talked in eulogistic terms of Mr. Stead. While she was speaking there was a shout, 'Stained glass, Julia.' This last utterance of Mr. Stead was—to me—the most striking evidential fact of the séance. He was, in life, surrounded by a knot of women who adored him for his kindly sympathy. When one of them approached him with some complimentary speech he would good-naturedly turn it off by saying 'Stained glass.'

When the lights were switched on a vase of lilies from a small

table was found in the centre of the circle four feet from where it was seen before the séance commenced. Phenomena had gone on with scarcely a gap for nearly two hours.

Wednesday, July 3rd. Farewell to Mrs. Wriedt.

Directly the lights were out 'Dr. Sharp' gave a general greeting to the sitters; then a great number of spirit lights, a flash of light on the ceiling of the room, and a partial etherealisation were seen; there was an illuminated head and some white stuff underneath, but the features were not distinguishable. Then a voice, 'Iola: That was Mr. Stead.' I made an appointment with her for Friday, July 5th; she then gave a few words of address to the members of the circle and departed. Many spirits manifested to their friends. The feature of the evening was the clear talk of an Indian girl who called herself 'Blossom.' She gave tests to, at least, half the circle. One sitter was especially insistent that she should spell out the name of the spirit who had, just before, been trying to make himself known. She made an attempt, but failed, and then said (apparently to someone in the background), 'Come here and do your own talking,' causing a roar of laughter from us all.

'Grayfeather' came for a short time and told me I had received a letter from a friend in America (quite correct. I had received it the day before). W. Stead, junr., spoke for a long time with his sister Estelle. I asked him to give my kindest regards to his father. He replied, 'He hears you, Admiral.' 'Julia' manifested last, as is her custom, and gave a farewell address to Mrs. Wriedt, after which 'Dr. Sharp' broke in with thanks to all for their kindness to his medium; the speech of the old control was most effective.

This closes my abridged account of those 'Julia circles' which were held this year while Mrs. Wriedt was at Cambridge House. It is very far from being complete. I am not justified in revealing the hundred private details which came out and gave conviction to individual sitters. But it may be sufficient to confirm the reiterated statements of all serious investigators during the last forty years that the best results can only be achieved by the circle being composed of the same people, sitting on the same day of the week at the same time. W. T. Stead rightly valued these weekly meetings but, as I said before, he only regarded them as pleasant periodical incidents in his magnificent plan of eventually enabling all, young and old, the strong and the weak, rich and poor, to get into touch with those whom they had loved and feared that they had lost.

Some remarkable physical phenomena occurred on two or three occasions after the Wednesday evening sances in another room downstairs; but, as I left at once after each séance was over, I am not competent to report them.

(To be continued.)

A MYSTIC'S SPIRITUAL INDEBTEDNESS.

Dr. Julia Seton Sears thus concludes in the August number of 'The International Psychic Gazette' an interesting account of her life and spiritual development:—

There are many who have helped me to spell out the mystery of life and love and God; but at the head of all those to whom I owe most for the quality of my own consciousness I place: First, the Jewish patriarch; he taught me God absolute. Secondly, W. Q. Judge; he taught me the union of God and man, and man absolute. Thirdly, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius; these taught me the philosophy of life. Fourthly, all the poets, but chief among them Browning, who taught me God absolute in the poetry of words. Fifthly, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who taught me the union of the absolute and the personal love. Sixthly, Swami Vivekananda; he opened all the upper world of subjective, occult, and mystic lore. And lastly, but not least, the Bible, with its master message of Jesus, the Christ. Jesus, the Christ, taught me the possibility of Christ-consciousness in man here and now. All the light of all the teachers gathered round his sublime message; and with all these things related and reduced to a scientific, philosophical and religious message, I am out upon the path. Health, wealth, love, usefulness are the natural part of the great path, and Jesus said: 'By their works ye shall know them; a good tree bringeth forth good fruit; and he that followeth Me (the Christ-consciousness) shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.'

MR. STEAD EXPLAINS.

We have been favoured with the following extract from an automatic message given by Mr. Stead on July 21st to one of his most intimate co-workers. After some personal remarks of interest only to the recipient, there was written:—

I give you what evidence I can as to this life. . . Although there are eager souls all over the world gladly placing themselves at my disposal, and I am deeply grateful to all such, there are things I can only convey to certain persons. My emotions, too, must be brought into play before I can successfully evoke responsive emotions in others. Now listen, I am going to give you a truth I have discovered for myself since coming over. It flies sheer in the teeth of the psychical researcher.

I said my emotions must be roused before I could successfully communicate. The door between the two worlds is closed by *indifference*. Love, or hatred, forces it ajar. Mutual love, mutual hatred, renders the door transparent, and, raised to high degrees of intensity, causes its total disappearance.

Those who love us best, or hate us worst, can most easily come into touch with us. Those who know us most thoroughly will get the truest and most accurate messages. There will be less 'stained glass' in my communications to—(mentioning several immediate friends) than there will be in those received by utter strangers, no matter how capable or how well intentioned. And you will understand this when I give you the reason.

Our language is 'emotional vibration'—not really, but that is the best verbal equivalent I can find. This impact of emotion stimulates brain centres, sometimes affecting those we do not intend to awaken. Hence arise errors, aberrations, what I always designated 'stained glass.' This personal equation has always to be reckoned with, even with those who know one best. But with these latter, such lines of association, at variance with the general character of the communicator, are more easily detected and denied expression. (I need not deal with the obvious other side.)

Yes, this applies even to trance controls. Remember, too, and this is, to me, a discovery, the recipient of even an 'automatic' communication is always more or less conscious, and compares what he is receiving with what is in the store-house of the phase of consciousness dominant at that moment. So despite the accepted opinion to the contrary, the dearest and most intimate friends of the discarnate spirit will actually receive the truest accounts of the other-side experiences of that ascended friend.

This is my explanation of the discrepancies in the communications received from me. If you had 'LIGHT' here, and could read it now, I would point out and illustrate my contentions so as to leave no doubt on your mind. I find you do not read 'LIGHT.' You should.

This is extremely interesting, but there are exceptions to what is stated above, which, in the main, is, we believe, quite correct, provided that the recipient of the message is able to exercise sufficient control over the emotions and give the communicator full sway. Miss Katharine Bates gave some good advice recently, as reported in 'The International Psychic Gazette,' when she advised those who obtain automatic writing to 'keep prejudices and preconceived opinions out of your mind, so far as this is possible, and then don't worry. Go full steam ahead. The message is almost bound to be coloured to some extent by the channel through which it passes, but the colouring matter will be in inverse ratio to the speed with which you take it.' This agrees with the extract from some 'communications' which we gave in 'Notes by the Way' last week: 'The more vital you let yourself be, the more you spread the joy of life, the easier it is for me to come.' Exuberant vitality and spontaneity are inseparable from the untrammelled expression of the spirit.

'THE authors of "From Piccadilly to Pall Mall,"' says the 'Daily Chronicle,' 'tell a curious story concerning the Savoy Hotel, from the management of which M. Gustave Seggelke has just retired. Many accidents occurred during the building of the hotel, and for some time after its opening everything seemed to go wrong. One of the directors, inclined to be superstitious, cast about to see if there could be any "occult" reason for the long series of catastrophes, and found that the site occupied by the hotel had formerly belonged to a monastic Order, and that when the monks were dispossessed of it at the Reformation their abbot had solemnly cursed the ground for ever after. The director thereupon sought out the head of the Order in England, and persuaded him to go through the ceremony of undoing the curse. And since then the hotel has flourished exceedingly.'

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Someone has sent us a cutting from an obscure monthly journal called 'The Vanguard,' but judging from the portion that we have received, it would be more correctly described as 'The Rear-guard.' 'LIGHT' has fallen into the hands of one Baron Porcelli, who, because he saw that the Rev. T. Rhondda Williams was to address the London Spiritualist Alliance says: 'We have the strange fact that the New Theology and Spiritualism are working together'! He further says that 'LIGHT' 'openly defies the express prohibitions of God,' because it is devoted to psychical, occult and mystical research! 'Drivel,' 'tall-talk and high falutin,' 'inflated, bombastic and God-insulting, man-exalting pantheism,' are some of the choice phrases used by the Baron. No wonder he 'feels bewildered'! We hope he will recover soon.

The 'Evening News' of July 24th, quoting from the 'Cornhill,' says that Sir Henry Lucy recorded in his diary, under date October 6th, 1890, a thrilling experience told him by a lady who, some years before, was at Washington, at a time when Congress was sitting and all the hotels were full. Eventually a small room on the sixth storey was put at her service, and she accepted it. 'She went to bed early, and slept soundly till she was awakened by the sensation of a hand touching her face, and a voice cried, with piteous accent, "Oh, mother, mother!"' Profoundly startled, but arguing with herself that it was only a dream, she determined to go to sleep again, and succeeded. Again she was awakened with the hand nervously stroking her face and the blood-curdling cry, "Oh, mother, mother!"' It was no use trying to sleep. She got up, half dressed, lit a candle, got a book, and sat in the armchair till daybreak, nothing further happening. To the chambermaid the visitor related her experiences. "Yes, marm," said she, "I told them they ought not to have put you in the room. He was only carried out an hour before you came." "Who was carried out?" said the lady. "Why, the young man who has been lying here for a fortnight in delirium tremens, and died a couple of days ago. He was always stretching out his hands, feeling for something, and crying in heartbreaking voice, 'Oh, mother, mother!'"

The sanguine anticipations of the friends of Mr. Stead who are opposed to the 'White Slave Traffic' that at last something definite and practical would be done to cope with this terrible evil seem to be doomed to disappointment. The Bill with which the Parliamentary Standing Committee has been dealing has been so emasculated by amendments that it will be useless unless a strong protest is made, and it is considerably strengthened before it becomes law. One instance out of hundreds illustrating the imperative need for action to save innocent girls from a life that is worse than a living death, may be quoted from a letter contributed to the 'Daily Chronicle': 'A lady living in Kent sent her two young daughters to London to go to their dentist; their aunt was to meet them at the terminus. The girls were about fourteen and fifteen years old. The aunt met the train, but no girls were to be found, and they never have been heard of since. Detectives were employed and all possible methods tried, but no trace has ever been found of the girls. This happened about two years ago. The poor mother went mad, and is now in a lunatic asylum. . . . The Home Secretary stated in the House of Commons on June 13th that during the twelve weeks ending May 31st last fifty-four girls and young women were reported to the metropolitan police as missing who had not yet been found. These were all under twenty-one years of age, and fifteen of them were under sixteen years old. How many had been reported missing to other police forces he had no information.'

A valued correspondent sends us one of the most disquieting books that we have ever read. It is entitled, 'The White Slave Market' (Stanley Paul and Co., 31, Essex-street, Strand, W.C.), and is the joint work of Mrs. Archibald Mackirdy, founder of the shelters for women and girls in London, and Mr. W. N. Willis, for sixteen years member of Parliament in Australia. The authors deal with their subject in temperate and restrained language and aim to set forth the terrible facts in the most modest and decent fashion—but one cannot read far without feeling intensely moved with indignation and shame. It seems incredible that in this age of enlightenment and civilisation thousands of young, innocent—but, alas, ignorant—girls should be entrapped and sold into slavery, to endure dishonour, disease and premature death to gratify the cupidity of the creatures who trade in human lives to pander to the depraved passions of men who are below the level of wild beasts. If but a tithe of what is here set down be true, and we are assured that the evil is understated, then it is time that all who love purity and honour,

and who desire the spiritual welfare of the race, united in an imperative demand that this inhuman traffic shall cease. We have of late been hearing a great deal about eugenics, degeneracy and race suicide, but all these pile into insignificance so long as these devils in human form are able to create hells on earth which are infinitely more horrible than the fiery hell of old orthodoxy, because the victims are helpless girls whose innocence and ignorance are the occasion of their sufferings. Surely it needs only that the horrible facts be known and the urgency for reform realised for the great heart of humanity to be stirred to its depths and 'the powers that be' compelled to grapple with and put an end to this white slavery, which is infinitely worse than the slavery to end which America was deluged in blood.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents, and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views which may elicit discussion.

Animal Survival and the Souls of Flowers.

SIR,—I read with pleasure your reference to Mr. Andrew Lang's attitude towards an after life for, at least, certain animals. My sympathies are with him. Spiritualists would do well to investigate more fully this aspect of the immortality problem.

Personally, I have observed for a number of years how frequently horses, cattle, dogs, cats, tortoises, birds, and other creatures possessing some little share of what we call 'intelligence,' appear to clairvoyants. I have seen all these many times clairvoyantly—horses and dogs, perhaps, preponderating. From how low in the scale of life animals return I do not know, but I have seen rabbits, domestic fowls, mice, and at least once, a rat. Besides, 'LIGHT' recorded, some years ago, the appearance of a seal by the side of an ex-whaling captain, I think, which was recognised as a pet.

Circles for this interesting study might, with advantage, be made a feature of the coming winter's agenda.

My sympathies have gone out to your talented contributor, E. P. Prentice, in response to her irresistible appeal for a fuller appreciation of the messages and general value of flowers, those lovely friends that frequently become the natural restorers of injured nerves, weary limbs, broken hopes, and darkened outlooks. But lovers of flowers vary in their ideas of how the greater good may be gathered from them, and too many imagine that by breaking the blooms from their stems, and placing them in vases and other vessels, they are creating an atmosphere possible only in this way; but as it is not natural to curtail a physical life, not natural to prematurely shorten animal or bird life for purposes of food, surely we have no better warrant to ruthlessly lop off a lovely bloom to gratify a selfish personal desire. How much better to have plants growing and flowering to their full natural extent in pots, placed here and there, even in hospitals, with a watchful attendant to take care of them! Lovers of the beautiful may derive most pleasure from flowers by cultivating the sturdy ones out of doors and the delicate ones inside, or by combining the processes, as I once saw at Dunfermline, where creepers were trained up the house wall through a partly-opened window and half-way round the room. Sleeping there was heavenly. Much could be done in this way with a little care.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES LAWRENCE.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Two Dreams: What do They Signify?

SIR,—A gentleman who is much interested in Spiritualism has begged me to forward you the following descriptions of two remarkable dreams that he has had, in the hope that some reader may be able to interpret them.—Yours, &c.,

S. E. C.

No. 1 DREAM.

I was sitting in a porch of a large abbey church. A friend who resides with me was standing at the open door, but vacantly looking into a dark space. Presently I saw the full moon encircled with large, beautiful stars. Suddenly the moon seemed to draw or cover the stars—or, as it were, swallow them. I called to my friend: 'Arthur, come quick and see this,' but being loth to leave the corner he was standing by, he was so slow in coming that it disappeared before he came.

Again, I found I was looking out to the horizon, with a clear blue, cloudless sky, and saw the rising sun. When it had risen to its full I saw the full moon encircled with bright stars. The sun appeared to be drawing the moon and circle of stars closer and closer, until the sun completely covered them, and seemed to swallow both moon and stars. Again I called to my friend: 'Arthur, do come quickly,' but he was so slow of movement, and

seemed so loth to leave, that by the time he reached my side the phenomenon had vanished. I then entered the church and left my friend at the entrance, still gazing into black vacancy. Looking towards the altar I saw a circle of priests in surplices and copes of gold. Suddenly a large, bright ball of light fell into their midst. So bright was the light that it outshone the golden hue of their copes when all the chancel seemed ablaze with light. Turning to the people and to my friend, I said, 'The Child Christ has come.' In a moment, what had been dark in the aisles now became illumined with the piercing bright rays from the chancel, but most surprising, I found I could bear to look at the bright light when others covered their eyes. On my turning to my friend, he spoke for the first time and, appearing to answer a question, said: 'I saw nothing, but I heard soft, beautiful chords from an unseen organ.'

NO. 2 DREAM.

I was walking down a wide, long street towards a funeral procession, and in the glass-panelled hearse I noticed a man, clothed in his shroud, sitting on the head of the polished coffin. I seemed to wish to tell him he ought not to be there, but could not speak. Taking out a piece of paper from my pocket, I found I had no pencil, but going nearer, at his beckoning to me, I found a pencil coming out from the glass panel. I wrote, 'You ought not to sit on the coffin.' I left the hearse to stop the horses, but he was gone on my return, and the coffin was covered with white blooms. I then thought that I was giving directions to have the coffin brought out of the hearse. Men seemed eager to unscrew the lid, but at each attempt the screwdriver doubled up. Taking one, I began to unscrew a large screw, but it came out twisted and bent, without any effort on my part. I then ordered the lid to be removed, and said, in a loud voice, 'Come forth; you are not dead, but alive.' The man sat up in the coffin, smiled and walked with me. We came to a large building. I told him to wait, and I would fetch some clothes. On returning he had gone. People standing near said, 'The man who was dead is looking for you.' Then I awoke, and found it was five o'clock. Curiously enough, it was at about the same hour the morning before that I awoke after dreaming No. 1 dream.

'Life After Death': Mr. Lazenby's Position.

SIR,—In reply to the letter of Mr. J. Young, of Liverpool (p. 347), I must first thank him for such a fair and true representation of what I said. Seldom have I found an opponent who did not distort for his own purposes. There is just one misconception in his use of the word 'Theosophist.' There is no member of the Theosophical Society who can speak for the whole Society in any matter of belief. Every lecture is the personal view of the lecturer, and it is not quite fair to say Theosophists teach this or that because some member of the Theosophical Society holds a particular view.

Mr. Leadbeater, at the present time, is, to all intents and purposes, a Spiritualist, and apparently from his later writings has no objection to mediumship, and looks upon the messages in the séance as coming from the real entity, the true spirit of the departed man. Mr. Leadbeater stands as one of the great dominating forces and influences in the Theosophical Society of the present time, and reaches a thousand where I reach one with my words.

I do not agree with Mr. Leadbeater on many things, and I should object to anyone saying that, because Mr. Leadbeater holds certain views, Theosophists as a whole believe as he does. I think he is under an immense astral glamour, but I would lay down my life to preserve for him, or for any other man or woman, his or her right to free and untrammelled speech.

I have no fight with any sincere man or woman, but I claim the right of every free soul to state what I honestly believe on all subjects. I may be all wrong, H. P. Blavatsky may have been all wrong in her outlook regarding mediumship, but I believe she was right, and believing that I must state what I believe, not as a Theosophist but as—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES LAZENBY, B.A.

How All Can Help.

SIR,—I was pleased to see in 'LIGHT' of July 27th the letter headed 'All Must Help,' suggesting the leaving of copies of 'LIGHT' in waiting and reading rooms, as it has been my custom for many years past to take pamphlets out with me, and when in train or bus to ask people to accept one, or to leave one on the seat as though I had forgotten it. When visiting Finsbury or Waterlow Parks I have done the same thing; and, at times, when I have had my young nieces with me I have told them to take one to persons coming along. Some would take it with a 'Thank you, dear,' others would shake their heads with a look 'Oh, no, no.' I also adopted the plan of sitting on a seat,

where others were seated, and planting one or more behind me unobserved, then, after a few minutes, walking away. At other times, when a seat was vacant, and I saw someone coming along, I would place a pamphlet there—fixing it between the bars if the wind were blowing. Well, sir, it was often very amusing to see how interested the people were, even those who would not accept one when it was offered to them. Many persons go to church or chapel to receive good, but they seldom think that they should be givers, or doers, as well as receivers. Some people say, 'Oh! if I could only do something how glad I should be to do it.' It is some big thing they have in mind—yet an enormous amount of good may result from a little word and a kind action. People who cannot be reached by the ordinary methods of meetings, &c., who say that they do not believe 'in such stuff,' or that they don't understand it, and will have nothing to do with it, can often be influenced in one or the other of the ways that I have adopted. When one puts a pamphlet aside another gets it, and thus two minds are set in motion. I have been asked many strange questions, but my spirit friends come to the rescue and help me to reply, as I am doing their work. At Deal last autumn some ladies brought back some pamphlets with thanks, and said that they could not think of keeping them. My wife told them they would be sorry. If Spiritualists would do something in this way it would strengthen them in the cause and make them happier and stronger in spirit. It is the little things that tell; like the baby boy who ultimately rules the world.—Yours, &c.,

S. JENNENS.

Transition of Mr. W. R. Stebbens.

SIR,—It is with deep regret that I write to inform you of the loss to our movement occasioned by the transition of Mr. William R. Stebbens. He was at work last Sunday (speaking three times), but during the week had a paralytic stroke and passed away last Friday evening at 5.55. We can ill spare such a splendid worker. He was indefatigable in working for Spiritualism, never sparing himself, and was loved by all who knew him. He was successively secretary, treasurer, vice-president and president of the Battersea society. He afterwards transferred his activities to Peckham, being the secretary and leader of the Lyceum. When he left Peckham he gave his energies to all the London societies, and to many of the country ones. His genial presence and able exposition of our truths will be greatly missed in all the halls of Spiritualism in London. Yet we rejoice because he did not enter the spirit life as a stranger, but knew that loved ones would greet him in the home which he has himself built all these years, 'a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' In conclusion, permit me to ask that the loving thoughts of all Spiritualists be sent forth to Mrs. Stebbens in her bereavement. A Memorial Service will be held on Sunday, August 11th, at 7 p.m., at Lausanne Hall, Peckham.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES G. HUXLEY,

President of the South London Spiritualist Mission.

20, Ondine-road,

East Dulwich. S.E.

August 3rd, 1912.

SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, AUGUST 4th, &c.

Prospective Notices, not exceeding twenty-four words, may be added to reports if accompanied by stamps to the value of sixpence.

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION—*Shearn's Restaurant, 231, Tottenham Court-road, W.*—Mr. Horace Leaf, under control, delivered an excellent address and gave successful clairvoyant descriptions.—*15, Mortimer-street, W.*—July 29th, Mrs. Neville gave interesting psychometric readings and successful clairvoyant descriptions. Mr. Leigh Hunt presided at both meetings. Sunday next, see advertisement on front page.—D. N.

LONDON SPIRITUAL MISSION: *22, Prince's-street, Oxford-circus, W.*—Morning, Mrs. Miles Ord gave a helpful and inspiring address. In the evening, Mr. W. E. Long's address on 'The Trance Vision of the Mystic' was much appreciated. Mrs. Beaurepaire sang a solo. Sunday next, see advt.—F. W.

CROYDON.—ELMWOOD HALL, ELMWOOD-ROAD, BROAD-GREEN.—Mrs. E. A. Cannock's interesting address was followed by clairvoyant descriptions, mostly recognised. Sunday next, Miss Chapin. Usual morning service at 11.15. Evening service at 7.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—Mrs. Webster gave an address and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. A. H. Sarfas, address and clairvoyant descriptions. 3 p.m., Lyceum. Circles: Monday, at 7.30, ladies' public; Tuesday, at 8.15, members'. Thursday, at 8.15, public.—G. T. W.