

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe,

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

A correspondent, alluding to the statement that 'evil is only undeveloped good'—made in an article which appeared in 'LIGHT' a few weeks ago—asks, 'In that case how do you account for a personal Devil?' We don't account for him, except on the ground that in the thought and speech of the ancient world it was the fashion (as in much modern poetry) to personify ideas. A being—man or spirit—entirely evil can have no existence in a divinely ordered Universe. A Devil can exist only by reason of an admixture of good of some kind, and if the Devil has some leaven of goodness, why then he is no longer the Devil. As a matter of fact, it is impossible to think of any being evil to the core. We recall the case of the dear old lady who, finding good in everything, was challenged to point out a virtue in Satan. 'Well,' said she, 'I think we might all take pattern by his perseverance!' Our correspondent continues:—

If Spiritualists do not believe in a Supreme Power of Evil, I at least gather that they believe in evil spirits.

Neither Spiritualists nor the thinking and intelligent members of any faith believe in 'a Supreme Power of Evil.' As for 'evil spirits,' that is a large question. There are ill-disposed men and women in both worlds, but we should shrink from calling them 'devils.' All of them are sustained by Eternal Goodness, and all of them, sooner or later, when awakened to a sense of their condition, respond to the latent divinity within them upon which their existence depends.

Our correspondent is further perturbed by the fact that many people in this country die of starvation. This he finds difficult to reconcile with some remarks in our article 'Lessons in Optimism.' But that involves the whole basis of our doctrine and all the ideas for which 'LIGHT' stands. If death were the end of life our journal would have no place or purpose, and our optimism would be 'a thing of shreds and patches.' But death is not the end. For some it is practically only the beginning. As we aim at a philosophy that shall include both worlds, we inveighed against suicide as a method of escape from the troubles of this life, because, apart from the moral aspect of the matter, experience shows that in many, perhaps most, cases the troubles would be eventually surmounted, if only the sufferers would endure them with patience and fortitude. But even if death arrived as a result of privations, the troubles are equally overcome and another life is experienced with full compensations for what had been

endured. If the mortal life is deliberately shortened, however, then there is a harvest of sorrow and remorse to be reaped. Death should always come by the operation of laws outside the scope of the individual. Life is infinite in its resources and always vindicates itself. The mortal career and the worst pains and troubles that beset it are small things in comparison.

'The Life of the Soul,' by Walter Winston Kenilworth (R. F. Fenno and Co., New York, price 1d.), is the work of an enthusiast, and the author indulges in a great deal of rhapsody. 'O glorious this world, glorious all worlds!' 'O life is a dream and we are dreamers!' 'O for that sensing of the limitless expanse!' &c. This dithyrambic note is sounded for several pages, and it comes somewhat as a shock to learn (on p. 27) that this world is 'a mire,' after being 'glorious' a few pages earlier. These sudden changes are a trifle bewildering to the sober student of psychic literature. The author's ecstatic mood leads him, too, into mixed metaphor, as on p. 259 where he speaks of 'sounding' the 'bottomlessness' of a mirage. We do not 'sound' a mirage, and its illusiveness does not consist in the quality of being bottomless. Nor is it easy to understand how we are to 'march on' 'stationed in the finality of the law of growth.' We have every sympathy with the fervours of soul that come of new and higher vision, but a book of this kind to be profitable should show evidences of methodical and deliberate thought. Nevertheless, to be quite fair to the author, he contrives to express well and strongly many true things amongst several which challenge criticism.

There is an old and fairly well-known story by Mrs. Barbauld which relates how an old sea captain used to entertain his family by accounts of his travels in strange lands. One evening he discourses of a country in which he had noticed many queer customs, and he proceeds gravely to describe England and the English. His audience listens with rapt attention as he tells how the natives eat grease (butter), burn black stones (coals), and so forth, and he has proceeded quite a long way in his narrative before the joke is discovered. We think of this story when, as sometimes happens, we meet in the newspapers accounts of extraordinary people who can see and hear things happening at a distance, can read closed books and the contents of sealed letters—in short, sporadic examples of that mediumship with which most of us are so familiar. To the newspaper writer it is apparently wonderful beyond all whooping. It is so weird, so unaccountable—Science must look into it—local psychologists are puzzled over it, and so forth. All the phenomena are simply our old friends dressed up by ignorance (real or assumed) to appear strange and sensational. We have no complaint to make, however. The facts *do* come out in what is apparently the only way they can be made known to a large section of the public. Mediumship by any other name is just as real. We have spoken of 'ignorance real or assumed' advisedly,

because we know that certain newspaper men are not unfamiliar with our phenomena, and are compelled to write of them in this way out of deference to the prejudices of the public.

There is much solid and instructive reading in 'The Composition of Matter and the Evolution of Mind' by Duncan Taylor (The Walter Scott Publishing Company, Limited, 3s. 6d.). The author bases himself very firmly on science, but although we are at one with him in many of his conclusions regarding the expression of Spirit in Nature, we found cause for bewilderment in the following passage on p. 149 :—

The purpose of this book came with the study of astronomy. It seemed to me that the physical conditions of the other planets, as science reveals them, are in favour of a probability, at least, that they are the homes of our friends who have 'died' and our future homes.

It seems to us there is a want of clear thinking here. Surely the author cannot mean that the human spirit at death may take up its abode on another planet in the *physical* universe! We have heard this theory before from simple-minded folk who were quite unconscious of the contradiction which it involved. Spiritual spheres—zones of sublimated substance interpenetrating the physical universe—are alone the true habitat of spirit beings, unless we are to fall back on that refuge of the spiritually destitute, the idea of physical reïmbodiment.

Mr. Taylor has thought his way very carefully, however, on the whole. He has observed the underlying unity of Creation :—

The fact that the sun and its system of planets, greater suns and their attendant systems, all move uniformly in their designed orbits around the ineffable Centre, indicates even to those who have looked for a mechanical origin, a 'common origin.' The origin of all that is is the Central Omnipotent Power of the Omniscient Spirit. The interfusion of His power, even in the unthinkably minute atoms no less than in suns whose splendour we may not conceive, makes every vibration of power structurally or inherently to gravitate to Him.

The author, by a process of close scientific reasoning, unaided by any evidences of a purely psychic character, contrives to make out a strong case for an intelligent Creator, a Universe spiritual in essence, and an immortal soul in man.

The uncertainty of life and the certainty of love are well and pathetically expressed in the following unsigned lines which we recently found in an American contemporary :—

The days grow shorter, the nights grow longer,
The headstones thicker along the way;
And life grows sadder, but love grows stronger
For those who walk with us day by day.

The tear comes quicker, the laugh comes slower,
The courage is lesser to do and dare;
And the tide of joy in the heart runs lower,
And seldom covers the reefs of care.

But all true things in the world seem truer,
And the better things of earth seem best;
And friends are dearer as friends are fewer,
And love is all as our sun dips west.

Then let us clasp hands as we walk together,
And let us speak softly in love's sweet tone,
For no man knows on the morrow whether
We two pass by, or but one alone.

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.

CONVINCING PHENOMENA IN RUSSIA.

The following report of successful séances in Russia, written by Mr. Chittchekoff, the editor of our Moscow contemporary, 'Rebus,' recently appeared in that journal :—

An elderly member of a spirit circle prepared himself for passing to spirit life, fully believing in personal immortality. He discussed with other members of the circle—a very harmonious and united one—how best after his death he could give them demonstrations of his presence. They were not so much interested in his suggestion on the experimental as on the affectional side, and they finally decided in favour of a spirit photograph, as they had already been experimenting in that direction for about six years. In 1902 the old gentleman passed over, as he wished to do, quietly and without suffering. One evening, about six o'clock, he fell asleep in his armchair, and did not wake again. The first persons who discovered his dead body were the members of the circle, and the first requiem service was conducted in their presence. He very soon manifested his presence, assisted by his spirit friends, and conversed with the circle by means of table-tilting, at times giving knockings with the table resembling the sounds he was in the habit of making with his fingers during life. The sitters could hear his heavy steps and feel his hand on their heads; in fact it was not a separation, for he continued to live among his friends.

Séances for experiments in 'spirit photography' were held alternately with table sittings, and, in 1906, at one of these gatherings, a picture was obtained that looked like a corpse, but on the second plate a clear portrait of the old gentleman was obtained. It was fully recognised. He looked as he did when in life, quiet and rather solemn. He was dressed in ordinary clothes, but the neck was bound round, and the collar of his starched shirt could not be seen. It was then ascertained from the persons who had put his body in the coffin that his neck had swollen to such an extent that the collar could not be buttoned; and it had consequently been adjusted with a handkerchief, and it was this that showed in the psychic photograph.

At a séance held on Christmas Eve, 1911, a sitter noticed that the left hand and the breath of another sitter were luminous with a red light, and when he mentioned this fact the table began to knock out the message: 'It is from Peter' (the name of the departed friend). Then the table was lifted up, and there fell upon the illumined hand of the sitter an ivory seal. It jumped up and rolled down on his knees. The seal was recognised as the family seal, a very old one, and crooked through much use, but the arms of our departed friend were clearly discernible upon it. One of the sitters in the circle, who had always loved him, deeply regretted that he had nothing as a token of remembrance of his departed friend. How appropriate, then, was the message that he received after this apport—'For remembrance, keep!'

This report concludes with the statement that the sitters are most sincere and highly religious and that they are fully convinced of the reality of communication with the spirit world, and of the manifestation of their comrade Prince P. P. Golibzine. The psychic photograph was obtained under good conditions, the plate being carefully and securely held both before and after the exposure. The portrait is quite as good and clear as one that was taken during the earth life of the manifesting spirit, with which it has been compared. The family seal has been compared with the sealing-wax impressions on his own letters, and it is identical. It was just at the moment when, as is their custom when the table lifts in the air, the hands of all the sitters were joined and *tightly* held, to prevent any breakage of the chain, that the seal fell spirally through the air. Where the seal came from (whether it had been in St. Petersburg, or in a safe deposit) no one could tell.

'TRUTHSEEKER' writes: 'I should esteem it a favour if any of your readers could give me any information as to any successful attempt to photograph the human spirit leaving the body at death.' We shall be pleased to publish, or to forward, answers to the above request,

THE VOICES, 1912.

BY VICE-ADMIRAL W. USBORNE MOORE.

(Continued from page 382.)

The following account, written by Mr. and Mrs. J. Maybank, is a typical 'Bureau' case.

Mr. Maybank served under my command in H.M.S. 'Rambler' on the China Station as a private of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, 1885-1889. He holds now a responsible civil post. I sat with him at one circle séance and one private séance; his account of these sittings is correct.

I notice one rather important omission in his narrative of his private sitting of Monday, May 20th. There was one bright etherealisation. It was a simulacrum of the chaplain of H.M.S. 'Tamar,' 1889, the troopship which brought home the crew of the 'Rambler.' Maybank had often talked with the chaplain on the voyage. I knew him well, not only on board the 'Tamar,' but afterwards up to the time of his death, which occurred three years ago at Southsea. Mr. Maybank writes:—

Having suffered bereavement through the loss of our only child, who passed away on February 24th, 1911, from consumption, at the age of nearly twenty-one years, my wife and I were drawn to the help and comfort afforded by Spiritualism at Christmas-time of the same year. We were first made curious by the conversations we had with and the reading of literature lent us by some old friends, who, themselves pronounced Spiritualists, had suffered bereavement like ourselves, and had found much consolation in this beautiful doctrine. An advertisement which appeared in 'LIGHT' drew our attention to a publication by Vice-Admiral W. Usborne Moore, called 'Glimpses of the Next State,' and as I had been at sea and served on board H.M.S. 'Rambler,' whose captain was W. Usborne Moore, I thought it not unlikely they were one and the same person. So I determined to write and ask the Admiral if he could assist me in my investigations respecting Spiritualism. I was not greatly surprised to find my surmise was correct, and that the captain I had served under years ago was the author of the work quoted. His letters were most kind and helpful, and I should like to say here how thankful my wife and I are for the many kindnesses we have experienced since asking for advice about Spiritualism, and how much we appreciate what he has been able to accomplish for us. Words do not seem adequate, and expressions fall flat when we remember the amount of consolation that we have obtained through his instrumentality and goodness of heart.

In replying to me, the Admiral sent a copy of 'Glimpses of the Next State,' which, by the way, is most interesting and fascinating, with a request that I should lend it to anyone whom it would help, and who could not afford to purchase it, and further stated that in May of this year (1912), Mrs. Wriedt, a famous medium from America, was coming to England to stay at the late Mr. W. T. Stead's place at Wimbledon, and I should hear from him again. Further correspondence resulted in the Admiral kindly arranging a series of sittings for us with Mrs. Wriedt at Wimbledon, two private sittings and two in the general circle, and on the invitation of the Admiral I propose to place on record our experiences at these sittings, so that others may be led to know of the consolation and comfort given by Spiritualism.

My wife and I arrived at Cambridge House, Wimbledon, on Thursday, May 16th, 1912. As arranged, we were met by the Admiral, who was pleased to see us, and made us very welcome and quite at home. After he had given us a few directions relating to the sittings, we were introduced to Mrs. Wriedt, the medium, and in company with six others, all strangers to us, we proceeded to the room where the sittings were to take place. This room was the one that is known as 'Julia's Bureau,' and is a large room, comfortably furnished and bright, with many flowers—an ideal room for the purpose. On the floor were two aluminium trumpets, through which the spirits were expected to speak.

We sat in a semi-circle, Mrs. Wriedt sitting at one end of the arc, and after taking our seats all light was excluded by heavy curtains over the windows, &c. The Lord's Prayer was then repeated aloud, and then one verse of that beautiful hymn, 'Lead, Kindly Light,' was sung by all present, and lovely voices from all parts of the room were heard joining in the singing. A voice then pronounced the benediction, individually, in Latin, and we were told it was Cardinal Newman who was speaking. The hymn, 'There are angels hovering round,' was next sung, and my wife and I were conscious of bright forms floating about the room. These forms were not recognised by us, but we undoubtedly saw them. I propose to omit all that happened which did not directly concern us, and

only mention the facts we experienced and can vouch for. We were all sitting quietly and expectantly when Mrs. Wriedt exclaimed, 'There is someone at the roses!' and a lady next to me said, 'I have a rose,' and another and another said the same. I then felt a splash of water on my forehead and immediately after a rose with a long stem dropped into my hand, which I passed to my wife.

Directly after this an uncle and a great uncle, and great aunt of my wife came and spoke through one of the trumpets previously mentioned. The conversation that ensued was purely personal and private, and would not be of interest to the general reader, but it left no doubt in my mind that I was actually conversing with those who had departed from this life many years ago.

Those who have read 'Glimpses of the Next State' will remember the 'Grayfeather' who is described there so well. He was the next to manifest. He did not use the trumpet, but spoke direct—first to the Admiral, and then to my wife and me. 'Iola,' who is the Admiral's spirit guide, also came and blessed the circle generally. Next came one singing and whistling as happy as any schoolboy. He sang 'Annie Laurie' in a powerful voice and then whistled beautifully. When he had finished he spoke to me and said, 'Don't you know me, Maybank?' I replied, 'No, I don't.' He repeated the question and I answered as before. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'don't you know Tommy Mahone? I was with you on the "Rambler." He then referred to several incidents that had happened on the ship when on the China Station, and I am certain it was the same Tommy Mahone that I knew on that ship. The Admiral remarked, 'Who is that? Do I know him, Mr. Maybank?' and I described who he was and mentioned several small items in connection with Mahone that had happened when he was with us on the ship, and I am pleased to say I fully established his identity with the gallant Admiral.

Our dear boy next had possession of the trumpet and spoke to us, and I want to emphasise this point—immediately he commenced to speak, we (his mother and I) recognised his voice. We did not see him, but we knew his dear voice again; it was our loved one returned and speaking to us. He greeted us with, 'Hulloa, mum! Hulloa, dad! How are you? I am so pleased you are here to-night through the kindness of Admiral Moore.' He then told us he was perfectly sound now, and was very happy, and was with his mother's grandmother. Then speaking to his mother, he said, 'Did you get your rose, mum? I gave it to dad to pass to you.'

I should say that before I passed the rose to Mrs. Maybank; she was disappointed at not having received one, she not knowing or being able to see that I had already got it. We both distinctly heard our son make the sound of kissing through the trumpet three times. When he gave affirmative answers to our questions by tapping on the trumpet three times, we heard his finger nails in contact with the metal. He promised to return on the following Saturday, when we were to sit at the next circle. This concluded the sitting, and we left deeply impressed, and oh! so thankful for what we had listened to.

On Saturday we met at 7 p.m. in the same room, this being another general circle, those present, with the exception of Mrs. Maybank and me, being entirely different from the sitters on Thursday. Mr. W. T. Stead came and spoke to some in the circle for quite a long time. Then our dear boy Harold came and spoke to us. He said, 'Hulloa, mother! Hulloa, father! I am glad you are here.' Then followed a short conversation which would not interest anyone other than his parents. Now, although not in the least doubting that it was my son speaking to me, it flashed upon me suddenly to put a test question—one that would be absolutely convincing to anyone at any time, and one that I could mention when endeavouring to try and teach the truth about Spiritualism. So I said, 'Harold, do you remember poor old Cyril?' He replied, 'Of course I do, dad; didn't I tease him?' I agreed that he had teased him, when he went on, 'And didn't he growl?' And he caused a laugh among the sitters by imitating the noise that a cat would make when angry. It is reasonable to assume that, when the name 'Cyril' was mentioned, not one of the people sitting there would suppose it referred to a cat. This, to my mind, was convincing and unique, as under no circumstances whatever could anyone present have possibly known that we had a cat named 'Cyril.' Mrs. Maybank then spoke to Harold, and said, 'You know, Harold, dear, I have had a letter from Mrs. Sainty to-day, and she wants to know if you can bring Bernie Sainty to speak to me on Monday next.' He said he would try and do this. I then said, 'What did he pass over with, Harold? Do you know?' He replied, 'Of course I do, dad; but we never speak about that here.' We then asked if he knew we visited the Sainty's, and he said, 'Yes, Bernie and I often see you there, and we are glad you are friends.' He further said, 'You know, his mother does worry so, and it does upset the poor chap.' We then inquired if he (Harold) could

help us at home to get automatic writing, or some other means whereby we could communicate with him. His reply was that he did not know, as it was all so new and strange to him yet. I asked him if he had met Florrie Allen (another friend of ours), and whether he could bring her, and also my grandmother, on Monday next, when we were to have a private sitting. He then bade us good-bye, saying 'Good-bye, God bless you,' and again we heard the sound of kissing. Others came and spoke to others in the circle, and then we came away from the second sitting, deeply grateful for what had been sent us.

On the following Monday (May 20th) we had a private sitting at 11 a.m., and at our request Admiral Moore sat with us, there being present Mrs. Wriedt, Admiral Moore, my wife and myself. This was, to us, the best sitting we had, being the most convincing and absolutely reliable so far as concerned tests and the giving of proofs of the life beyond.

Grandmother was the first to come, and I plainly *saw and recognised* her. She spoke through the trumpet, and her voice was strong and quite distinct. She told us both that our boy was with her, and quite happy, and she had grandfather with her, too. Harold then came and was plainly visible to Mrs. Maybank and myself, and I must emphasise this—*we both distinctly saw and recognised him*. He expressed his pleasure at seeing us, and thanked the Admiral for his kindness in affording us this opportunity to come into communication with him. The Admiral, who was delighted, said: 'Don't mention it, Mr. Maybank; this is one of the greatest pleasures of my life that your parents are so successful in this experience.'

A voice then suddenly said: 'I'm Flossie, I'm Flossie!' and Mrs. Maybank cried: 'What, my little sister?' when the voice replied: 'Little sister, indeed! I'm a woman now.' I said: 'Do you remember, Flossie, what I said to you when I was going away that Sunday ever so long ago?' She replied: 'Yes, you said, "Good-bye, dear, I'm off to China, and when I return you will be quite well."' The Admiral here remarked: 'Dear me, this is marvellous, and she *was* well, Mr. Maybank.' I should state here that the Flossie referred to was a sister of Mrs. Maybank who passed away twenty-seven years ago at the age of three years.

She told us how nice it was to have her bonnie nephew with her, and Mrs. Maybank remarked, 'I suppose you are looking after him,' when the reply came quick and sharp, 'No, indeed, he looks after us!' which greatly amused both the Admiral and Mrs. Wriedt.

Mrs. Wriedt then said: 'I see a young man standing here with an empty sleeve; he is showing that to me.' I inquired if she could describe his hair, when she said, 'He has very bushy hair.' A voice said, 'I'm Bernie Sainty, I'm Bernie Sainty.' Neither Mrs. Maybank nor I saw him, but he spoke to us and gave us messages to give to his parents, which messages were of a purely private character. He promised to come again the next day, when we were to have another private sitting. I should explain here that Bernie Sainty was the elder son of the friends mentioned as having first brought Spiritualism to our notice. He had had his right arm amputated for sarcoma, and passed away nearly twelve months before our son. It was simply impossible for either Mrs. Wriedt or the Admiral to know this, which fact speaks for itself when considering the genuineness of these sittings. 'Grayfeather' then came and spoke, greeting Admiral Moore with a cheery 'Good morning, Chief Moore across the big pond,' then to me, 'Good morning, Chief Bankies.' I replied, 'Good morning, are you going to help me in my search for light and truth in Spiritualism?' He answered, 'Yes, me help you'; and on my inquiring how he proposed to help me, I was requested to keep my eyes open and I should see. Further conversation ensued between 'Grayfeather' and myself, which proved to me conclusively that he was cognisant of facts which were known to no one else present beside myself, such as points about my daily duties, which at the time I am quoting were hardly known to me, and the knowledge expressed by 'Grayfeather' was simply astounding.

'Iola' came next and spoke to the Admiral for a few minutes, and then to Mrs. Maybank and myself. My wife asked if she had brought our boy to us. She replied, 'No, dear friend, your own presence brought him.' After 'Iola' had gone, 'Julia' blessed us, and the private sitting concluded, and we had reached another point, and had gained more information about Spiritualism.

Next day, Tuesday, May 21st, at 11 a.m., my wife and I and Mrs. Wriedt held our last sitting. Immediately we had taken our seats our dear son Harold spoke, his voice being much stronger than it had been at either of the previous sittings. After a short conversation of a private nature, Mrs. Maybank asked him if he knew what it was she had tucked in the front of his shirt as he lay in his coffin. He replied without any hesitation: 'Of course I do, mum; it was that piece of gold you gave me.' The explanation of this incident, which is quite true, is

that about five years ago Harold's mother gave him a small nugget of gold which she had had for some time. He was very pleased with it, and told her he would always keep it, and so would never be without a piece of gold in his purse. He had retained it till he passed away, and as he lay in his coffin his mother took it from his purse and tucked it in the front of his shirt. He now went on to mention things that had happened at home since his passing, such as the framing and hanging of two small pastels, which he had purchased a short while ago, and other matters of a domestic nature which, while being convincing and of deep interest to us personally, would only weary the reader if given in detail.

Bernie Sainty came again, as he had promised, and we all remarked what a strong and beautiful voice he had. He sent loving messages to his parents which were calculated to cheer them up. Mrs. Maybank's grandmother came and spoke to us, touched us both with the trumpet, expressed her delight at our being there, and proved by her knowledge of events in our lives that it was indeed our grandmother who was speaking. Mrs. Maybank's sister Flossie again manifested, sending her love to her mother, who is still in the earth life, and requested us to inform her about these sittings and the possibilities of Spiritualism.

Our dear boy came to us twice more and spoke to us, the conversations being very, very dear and beautiful to us. He especially mentioned that we were not to worry, it was all for the best, and even if he could, he would not like to return again to earth life, the life in the spirit world being so lovely, so beautiful, and he was so well and strong, never tired, always happy, and love was so abundant. This concluded our sittings with this remarkable medium, and both my wife and I have had ample proof that our dear boy still lives, that he is often with us, that our happiness is his happiness and our sorrow his sorrow. And now let me say how thankful both Mrs. Maybank and I are for the kindness we experienced at the hands of Mrs. Wriedt. We were total strangers, but we felt from the first moment we were together that here was one whose sole aim in life was to make things brighter and better for her sorrowing brothers and sisters, to console, to cheer, to reason, and, lastly, to convince. May she long be spared to use her wonderful gifts, and so lessen the grief of wounded hearts and brighten the lives of those who mourn over their departed.

(To be continued.)

STARTLING PHENOMENA AT A HOME CIRCLE.

On several occasions we have given particulars in 'LIGHT' of remarkable spontaneous phenomena which have occurred at a vicarage in the provinces. Our correspondent, who has kindly supplied us with these records, now writes to say that a few days ago he and his family held a home circle, at which strong manifestations of spirit presence and power took place. He says: 'Previously all the manifestations (save a few table communications) have been entirely spontaneous. On Saturday we had a séance, partly in the dark and partly in bright lamplight, which lasted two hours. We had lights like stars flitting about. Chairs were overturned and flung about the room. A chair was pulled from beneath a sitter; messages were given by means of loud raps. The table was violently agitated; six times it rushed into the cabinet, and twice it came out again. A musical box was taken from under the table and turned round on the floor. The curtains swelled out and wrapped a sitter round neck and head tightly. A trumpet was thrown down, then picked up and thrown about. Some of the phenomena took place in bright light under my critical observation. Messages came also. It was all very interesting and rather startling.'

FUNERAL SERVICE.—On Thursday, the 8th inst., at the South London Spiritualist Mission, Lausanne-road, Peckham, a funeral service was held over the remains of our arisen friend, W. R. Stebbens. The rostrum was covered with white drapery, looped at intervals with orange and primrose coloured ribbon. Addresses were delivered by Mr. J. G. Huxley and Mrs. Annie Boddington, and hymns sung. At the close, the cortège proceeded to Brockley Cemetery, and the final portions of the ceremony were performed, Mr. H. Boddington offering a prayer. Representatives from nearly all the London societies were present, as well as from the Union of London Spiritualists. The National Union was represented by the president. Mr. Stebbens, who was a sincere and devoted worker for Spiritualism, has been promoted to a sphere of wider usefulness, for which, by his filicity and labour, he had fitted himself, and where, we feel sure, he will reap the reward of his labours, in joy and peace.—G. T. G.

REPUDIATING HELL-FIRE.

Much comment has (we learn from the 'Literary Digest,' of New York) been excited in the American press, both secular and religious, by a resolution unanimously passed by four thousand delegates of the International Bible Students' Association at their recent convention at Washington, declaring that they did not find that the Bible taught 'the doctrine of a literal "hell fire" or place of fire and brimstone for the punishment of the wicked.' This resolution was followed by an appeal 'to every minister in the United States' to make known his position on the question. But the response has not been confined to the States. Canon Hensley Henson, of Westminster Abbey, remarked, according to a London correspondent of 'The Kansas City Star': 'You can't get any public interest about such a matter here. People would say you were "flogging a dead horse."' And the Rev. R. J. Campbell is reported by the same authority as saying: 'This seems to me to be a very belated pronouncement. I don't know any clergyman here who believes in eternal punishment; nor do I think any educated clergyman has done so for many years.'

Two St. Louis ministers, respectively Methodist and Presbyterian, express the view that the modern conception of eternal punishment is spiritual, not physical. To the 'Universalist Leader' (Boston and Chicago) the resolution, while it is to be hailed with pleasure as a step in religious progress, does not go far enough. The Bible Students are followers of 'Pastor' Russell, who teaches that the wicked will not be tortured, but annihilated. The 'Leader' will have none of this doctrine. It says:—

The Association has made a tremendous fight against the dogma of the eternal fires of hell, not because it believes in the ultimate triumph of God and Goodness in every human soul, but because it has gone far enough to say that annihilation is better and more nearly the truth than everlasting suffering; and in this it shows its recognition of both the human and the Divine spirit in a degree; it lifts the shadow of useless and enduring suffering, by taking away from the souls the power to suffer, by destroying them; they 'put the miserable wretches out of their misery, as any decent man would put a dog out of its misery when hopelessly afflicted.' But how utterly inadequate is such a conception of God and His purpose with His children! How far short this falls of the vision of an adequate God, whose successful purpose insures the winning and the saving of every human soul to righteousness and to Him.

The Catholic press, on the other hand, will not hear of parting with its favourite dogma. The 'Catholic Universe' (Cleveland) sees in the resolution a futile move 'to attract people into the Protestant churches.' But it won't succeed. 'It will only disgust those outside them now and drive others away, for without the fear of punishment and the hope of reward, there is nothing in Christian doctrine.'

One is sorry for 'Christian doctrine' if such is the case. But the Buffalo 'Catholic Union and Times' is still more emphatic. It says:—

The little crowd of creatures, assembled at Washington, might as well attempt to eclipse the summer sun with their hands as to destroy the force of the great God who built black hell for His enemies for the same reason that He reared Heaven's glories for His friends.

This, at least, is outspoken. But what a conception of Deity, and what an odd commentary on the injunction of Jesus to his disciples to love their enemies, 'that ye may be the children of your Father who is in Heaven'!

TRANSITION OF A TYNESIDE HEALER.—Mr. James Lawrence writes: 'On the 4th inst. there passed away, at his residence in Newcastle, Mr. Charles Campbell, one of the most successful of Northern healers. Born in the year of the Rochester knockings, Mr. Campbell seemed destined for spiritual work. Being sensitive and retiring, he took little part in Spiritualistic work, consequently few of the newer generation knew him, but those who came under his care will miss him. Mr. John S. Grey, of South Shields, officiated at the interment of the remains at Heaton Cemetery. A friend—not a Spiritualist—remarked: "Well, well, that is the best funeral service I ever heard." So the work goes on and is appreciated.'

AN EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIENCE.

After reading the wonderful account in 'Nash's' magazine for July, by Miss Estelle Stead, of her father's spirit appearing and speaking through a trumpet to his family, witnessed by seven persons, I determined to test the phenomena for myself. I therefore obtained from an old friend, who was also a friend of the late Mr. Stead, an introduction to the family, and was privileged to have an invitation to their house. The result was that at a circle held at Wimbledon on Thursday, July 4th, twenty persons (including Mrs. Wriedt) being present, two speaking trumpets were placed in the centre of the room, and after several spirits (including Cardinal Newman and a child known as 'Blossom') had spoken through these, I heard my brother's voice. He said, 'I am Gens,' and then, 'God bless you, Julius,' the latter being repeated. (These were the words he was in the habit of using when alive and in a serious mood.) I said, 'Is that you, Tom?' and a voice said, 'Yes, Julius.' I then said, 'Have you any message?' The answer came clearly, 'Yes, the return of the spirit is true.' I then said, 'I am so glad, Tom,' and 'Good-bye, Tom.' The voice replied, 'Good-bye, Julius; God bless you.' I said again, 'Have you any message for Maisie?' and he replied in a joyful tone, 'Yes'; and there followed very distinctly the sound of three kisses. Then there were five taps, and I heard no more.

The voice and mannerisms were precisely those of my brother when alive. He died in November last, and had a voice peculiar to himself. So far as I am aware, no one in the room knew me or my Christian name; every person present was a stranger to me, and certainly no one could copy my brother's voice and mannerisms or know the words he would use only to those very near and dear to him. The words 'God bless you, Julius,' were exactly those he used the last time we met, shortly before his death.

J. F. G.

A QUESTION FOR MR. GODFREY RAUPERT.

Our esteemed friendly opponent, Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert, contends that 'spontaneous' manifestations of spirit power and presence are trustworthy and 'almost always occur with some definite moral aim and purpose.' He is only antagonistic towards those that are, as he puts it, 'invoked and induced by the formation of the "circle."' We wonder what he will make of the story which the New York correspondent of the 'Daily Express' recently sent to London. He says that one Father Donohue and his household have fled from the parish house of the Church of the Sacred Heart, in South Hanover, Massachusetts, because, as he declares—and his entire household agrees with his statement—

Clocks and furniture have been picked up by unseen hands and dashed to pieces in broad daylight. Heavy furniture has been toppled over by invisible arms. An alarm clock has risen of its own accord from a table and hurled itself against a wall. A hatstand, apparently of its own volition, has executed a saraband in the front hall.

Volunteers, who agreed to watch the house, told how chairs and tables fell apart, dishes played leapfrog, and pictures swung on a wall before their eyes.

Bedclothes are said to have been snatched from a bed and torn in front of Miss Margaret O'Connell, the housekeeper, and James Hoben, a friend of Father Donohue.

Can it be, Mr. Raupert, that 'the Devil' has invaded the church house—or are these the pranks of some human joker on the other side? Or, since the phenomena are 'spontaneous,' can it be that their 'moral aim and purpose' is to prove that spirits are still human beings?

'WHEN a bit of sunshine hits ye,
After passin' of a cloud;
When a bit of laughter gets ye,
An' yer spine is feeling proud;
Don't forget ter up an' fling it
At a soul that's feeling blue,
For the minit that ye sling it
It's a boomerang to you.'

—(From 'Reason.')

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THE MESSAGE OF SWEDENBORG.

He is a majestic figure in the world's religious history, the Seer of Sweden, and we are glad to have this biography* of him by a writer evidently well equipped with the knowledge and sympathy necessary for such a work. Even so, to our thinking, Swedenborg has not yet entered fully into his inheritance. Granted that his absorption in the theology of his time somewhat distorted his conceptions of the spiritual life, yet as a seer his accounts of 'other-world order' are in substantial agreement with those of other modern seers. What differences exist are more in terms than in facts.

Whether his teachings would have met with larger acceptance had they not been clogged with crude theological ideas may be questioned. It is probable that without such admixture they would have made an even smaller appeal. For the world then, and even now, is apt to look mainly to theology for light on the problems of death and the after-world. Disappointment and disillusion have not even yet sufficed to cure it of this unprofitable habit. When it has fully awakened to the broad, natural aspect of the question, the revelations of Swedenborg will take their true place in the philosophy of immortality. For notwithstanding his peculiar bias, the Swedish philosopher, as an independent clairvoyant, a great thinker and reasoner, could not resist the powerful appeal of natural science. And although his avowed followers have never been numerous, there is no doubt that his influence on the underlying thought of his own and later times has been widespread. He produced a marked effect on many famous writers, amongst whom the author of the book under notice mentions Tennyson, Carlyle, the Brownings, Ruskin, Goethe, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Heine and Balzac. One of the most notable appreciations of Swedenborg is that of R. A. Vaughan, the author of 'Hours with the Mystics,' who said:—

The thoughts of Swedenborg have never to struggle for expression, like those of the half-educated Behmen. The mind of the Swedish seer was of the methodical and scientific cast. His style is calm and clear. . . He is never amazed, he never exaggerates. He is unimpassioned and wholly careless of effect.

And, noting his sublime serenity, his quiet, conscious power, Vaughan proceeds to dub him 'The Olympian Jove of Mystics.'

A man of profound learning and of superlative ability

* 'A Life of Emanuel Swedenborg.' By GEORGE TROBRIDGE. (Warne and Co., 2s. 6d. net).

—mathematician, astronomer, linguist, geologist, theologian, chemist—Swedenborg's mental acquirements would in themselves have perpetuated his name. The cardinal fact for us is that he was a great seer. It is well to remember that seership is not a gift peculiar to the unlearned and unworldly, and is not in any way incompatible with eminence in the practical pursuits of life. Swedenborg held high office under his Government in the Department of Mines; he did valuable work in engineering, was interested in mercantile and political schemes, made discoveries in mathematics, and published a number of scientific treatises which brought him a European reputation. His mission as a revealer of the spiritual world was, nevertheless, no new thing in his life. As he himself says:—

From my fourth to my tenth year I was constantly engaged in thought upon God, salvation and the spiritual experiences of men; and several times I revealed things at which my father and mother wondered, saying that angels must be speaking through me.

These things continued with him through life, scarcely interrupted by his great practical achievements as a philosopher and practical scientist. It is characteristic of him that in his quest for the soul he called to his aid his knowledge of anatomy, pathology and the laws of physics and chemistry. But it needed that intromission into the spiritual world which came later in his life to solve for him the problem with which as scientist and philosopher he wrestled in vain. Throughout he was animated by that unselfishness of purpose which alone is the warrant of success in dealing with the higher realms of being. Firmly established in his own faith in God and spiritual things, he aimed at making discoveries that should dissipate the crass materialism of his age. Then, as now, there were those who deprecated these excursions into spiritual mysteries, and who maintained that the things beyond our human state belong to faith and not to the intellect. But Swedenborg was not to be intimidated. He knew intuitively that all life is One, that there are no gaps and no irreconcilable contradictions. He sought both principles and facts, and left no region of inquiry untouched:—

He found Nature warm with the same spirit as humanity, and that her sternest laws are plastic when use requires. [He found] that illiberal logic is not meant to comprehend her; also that . . . she is the mechanism or means of which truth and good are the end.

A general knowledge of the essential significance of Swedenborg's life and work would immensely clarify the thought of to-day and bring us measurably nearer that world-harmony for which all the progressive minds of to-day are so strenuously working. The volume before us is a welcome step towards that knowledge. It deals with all phases of the Seer's life so far as they are known, and relates instances of that remarkable gift of clairvoyance which enabled him to describe events occurring at a distance, to forecast the future and to receive information on everyday affairs from the so-called dead.

His career is an effective reply to that narrow prejudice which still girds at contact with the unseen world as something unholy—magic, necromancy, or divination—being unable to discriminate between the use and misuse of spiritual gifts. And to all of those who have gained for themselves direct confirmation of the substantial truth of his doctrine this record of his life is full of inspiration and encouragement.

'EDUCATION is the knowledge of how to use the whole of oneself. Many men use but one or two faculties out of the score with which they are endowed. A man is educated who knows how to make a tool of every faculty—how to open it, how to keep it sharp, and how to apply it to all practical purposes.'—BEECHER.

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.

(Continued from page 376.)

In former days 'Come, let us go into the seer,' was the cry of the people when in doubt or trouble, or when desirous of hearing how it fared with the absent in distant parts of the country. The diviner was ever the one infallible channel through whom flowed information of an occult nature. Everywhere his weird figure was a familiar presence, his general appearance conforming to some original model, well calculated to inspire a reverential regard for his transcendental powers.

Gaunt and hollow-checked, he wore round his neck a necklace of charms, or remedies, contained in the horns of small antelopes, teeth and claws and dried fragments of roots. His hair, which hung to the shoulders in thick, matted strings and partially veiled the black piercing eyes from which the soul seemed to peer with uncanny intentness, was adorned with the inflated bladders of reptiles and small animals. On the shoulders was the green monkey or civet skin, emblematic of office, whilst the wrists and ankles were encircled by bands of the skins of venomous snakes. A girdle, made from the hide of some animal, tied round the waist and falling in tassels midway to the knees, together with the long leathern hand pouch, containing a varied assortment of oddments, comprising 'makobala' or divining stones, love philters and many parcels of mysterious condiments wrapped in layers of the finer tissues of bark, completed the apparel and stock in trade of the professional Zulu medium.

Though the following experiences can claim nothing of the sensational, nothing original, as indicating other objects for the investigation of discoverers into the realm of the occult (their value consisting rather in their confirmatory evidence, derived from sources entirely removed from any suspicion of effects of a collusory nature for the support of untenable theories), I can at least vouch for their authenticity, for though they have not all come within the range of my personal observation, the remainder represent the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses.

Many years ago, in the early eighties, shortly after the Zulu war, I was engaged in transporting mealies from Durban to the kraal of the Zulu chief Usibepu, one of the several petty chiefs selected by the policy of Sir Garnet Wolseley as a means for breaking up the power of the Zulu autocracy. Before entering the territory of Usibepu, our train, consisting of four bullock waggons, had to negotiate for a considerable distance the tractless and hostile country of Indabuko, who was acting as regent for the exiled King Cetewayo. At the time a desultory war was in progress between these two chiefs, and it was with feelings of considerable relief that one evening, having delivered our loads to the starving people of Usibepu, we found ourselves on our return journey camped near the last river defining the boundary of Indabuko's country.

As we were outspanning our tired and thirsty oxen, which for several days had been urged through the arid mimosa scrub to the greatest power of their endurance, a tall, lanky old man, wearing the typical dress and ornaments of the witch doctor, approached the waggons, and, representing himself as a refugee from the vengeance of Indabuko, requested permission to travel under our escort to his friends living in Natal. Pitying his forlorn and infirm condition, we readily consented, and for two or three days we almost forgot his presence, as, seemingly utterly dejected by the fate which had overtaken him in his old age, he held aloof from all association with our natives, and, careful only to give as little bother as possible, sat all day huddled up on one of the waggons.

One evening we were outspanned on the low-lying banks of the Umfolosie river; it was mid-winter, and the cold dampness rising from the water was glistening in tiny drops of moisture upon everything; the sky was brilliantly clear, whilst in the beams of the full moon, surrounding objects remained almost as clearly visible as in the light of day, their harsher outlines only subdued in the soft hazy light. Beyond the camp, except

for the hoarse cry of night birds, the low murmur of the river as, further on, it flowed between opposing walls of rock, no sound broke the deep silence of the night. Between the waggons the natives had built a large fire of mimosa logs, around which we were all sitting in a circle, the Kaffirs engaged in animated conversation.

Wrapped in the folds of his old cowhide blanket, apparently deep in meditation, the old witch doctor seemed oblivious to all around him; so motionless and unobtrusive was he that his presence was forgotten by all; every now and again, however, he would stretch out his emaciated, claw-like hands to the grateful warmth of the mimosa wood fire, which was burning in great, solid, white hotunks; presently, muttering to himself a few incoherent words, he thrust his hand into the very centre of the glowing mass and calmly, with no appearance of haste, seized one of the embers, weighing probably half a pound, and drawing it from the fire, commenced slowly and deliberately to bite off, bit by bit, masticating and swallowing each mouthful, with as much unconcern as though it were his ordinary food, until the entire mass was consumed. We could hear the harsh grinding of his worn teeth upon the white hot embers, his mouth all the time a miniature volcano. In blank amazement our Kaffirs stared for a moment at the old man, and then, as with one consent, with a cry of 'Umtagatie!' (wizard), sprang from the ground and fled into the bush.

Narrowly watching the whole proceeding, I wondered what would be the condition of his mouth in the morning. Having finished his uncanny repast, the old man drew out his snuff-box, and after solacing himself with a copious pinch, retired for the night under the waggon. In the morning, contrary to my expectations, there was no trace on the old man's hands or lips of his evening's performance. He left us when we reached the Tugela river, and probably shortly afterwards joined his friends on the other side of the river of life. His memory remained with me only because of his extraordinary and then inexplicable power to apparently subvert natural laws.

The following incidents afford a good example of the correctness of the clairvoyant faculty common to these people.

Many years ago a relative of mine, living on the coast near Durban, lost a silver watch which she valued very highly, and took every means to recover, but without success. In the course of time, however, the incident was forgotten, until it was suddenly brought back to her memory by hearing that an old woman diviner had come down from up-country on a visit to some friends on the coast, who lived at a kraal distant about five miles from where she was residing. Without mentioning the matter to anyone, she at once decided to interview the old woman with the object of possible recovery of the lost watch. On arriving at the kraal, she was shown into the hut occupied by the old woman, who quickly informed her of the purpose of her visit. She said: 'You have come to me regarding something which has been lost for a long time; something which is round and smooth and made of white metal. It is one of those things by which you white people tell the time—the first thing you will see when you reach home will be your lost property.'

Incredulous of the truth of the prophecy, the visitor left and started for home. Meanwhile, during her unexplained absence, which had caused some mild anxiety, her little boy had been playing in the living room with his marbles, one of which, a variegated specimen, rolled under the American organ, standing across one of the corners of the room. To pacify his lamentations the organ was drawn on one side, when it was discovered that white ants had eaten a hole in the boarding of the floor, down which the marble had dropped to the soft sand of the ground a few inches below, and lying close to it the long-lost watch was found. Thinking to please and surprise his mother, the little boy placed the watch on the corner of the table nearest the door, which opened from the outside directly into the house, so that the very first thing her eyes rested on, on reaching home, was the watch—thus completely verifying the prophecy of the diviner.

That wonderful and little understood gift of prophecy, resulting from prevision, or the ability to spiritually cognise matters yet awaiting enactment upon the present plane of action, every-

where receives the respectful attention of these heathen people, who, because of long experience in the past, have verified its claims to foreshadow the future.

Some time before the first sinister mutterings of discontent which eventually broke out into the late open rebellion of the Natal Kaffirs, a raw 'heathen' girl had for a long time been lying in the deep unconscious state of catalepsy. Though apparently oblivious of the passing of time and the presence of friends and relations, she spoke of the coming rebellion in an automatic manner, as though controlled by some external entity, describing many of the incidents which afterwards actually happened, warning the people of the results which would follow. She also spoke in familiar terms of people, both white and black, long since passed into the beyond, of whom, normally, she could not possibly have had any knowledge. She told of wanderings in strange countries, where grassy plains and flowing streams were bathed in the light of an unclouded sun, where she met spiritual beings who informed her of things hitherto undreamed of, and by whom she was advised to give up her heathen customs and adopt civilised clothing, warning her against the man she intended marrying—a warning which after events fully justified. But the most important experience in her wanderings in the land of spirit was remarkable, not only as contradicting the hereditary beliefs of her people, but as corroborating our own teachings in regard to the presence and continuity of the spirit in the prematurely born. Amongst the many spirit entities whom she described, she mentioned meeting and conversing with her sister. To this her relations objected, denying the fact of her ever having had a sister; but she, persistently affirming the truth of her assertion, told how the child had been prematurely born into the physical world by her mother, long before the ceremony of marriage—a fact unknown to all but the mother, who ultimately confessed to the truth of the statement.

(To be continued).

DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE AND EUGENICS.

Our venerable friend, Dr. A. R. Wallace, O.M., who is now in his ninetieth year, feels sore that he has been spoken of as spending the evening of his days in furthering the teachings of eugenics. In an interview with Mr. F. Rockeller, published in the current issue of the 'Millgate Monthly,' he says:—

Wherever did I advocate any such preposterous theories? Not a reference to any of my writings, not a word is quoted in justification of this scientific libel. Where can they put their finger on any statement of mine that as much as lends colour to such an assertion? Why, never by word or deed have I given the slightest countenance to eugenics.

Segregation of the unfit, indeed! It is a mere excuse for establishing a medical tyranny. And we have enough of this kind of tyranny already. Even now the lunacy laws give dangerous powers to the medical fraternity. At the present moment there are some perfectly sane people incarcerated in lunatic asylums simply for believing in Spiritualism.

The world does not want the eugenist to set it straight. Give the people good conditions, improve their environment, and all will tend towards the highest type. Eugenics is simply the meddlesome interference of an arrogant scientific priesthood.

There are no really bad people; no one absolutely beyond reclaim. That is where our prison system is all wrong. We treat our prisoners as though they were utterly bad. There are none utterly bad, but only different degrees of goodness. When we understand that we shall give up our absurd ideas of punishing crime, and shall, instead, try to reform the criminal.

'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?

'NIGHT AND DAY.'

WRITTEN IN THE MEDICI CHAPEL, FLORENCE.

For many years has Michel Angelo's work fascinated me and drawn me, but only to-day has the magnificent truth of his spiritual genius come home to me. To-day it seemed as though, for one wonderful moment, the soul of Michel Angelo spoke to my soul, and in a single flash I understood what he expressed in marble nearly four hundred years ago. To-day life opened, as it were, a new door for me, and I went into a world where art lives its own life and tells its own story, without the aid of other minds to interpret. I had seen it all before, the detail was familiar to me, such symbols as Michel Angelo used I understood. I could have conversed freely and intelligently on the subject, have possibly made some original observations, but until now it was words, words, words. To-day a veil fell from my eyes, God moved over the face of the waters of my soul, a great light shone in upon my spirit, and I saw the glory of the Lord in the genius of Michel Angelo.

Night and Day; 'I am,' 'I am not.' Michel Angelo intended that there should be no mistake as to his meaning; therefore, with the figure of Night he has given symbols which express the negation of light. With Day he gives no symbol, for light needs no explanation; all is made manifest in the light, nothing hid that shall not be revealed.

'Night,' the mother of all living, her beautiful face calm and serene, sleeps—so profound is her sleep that, as you watch her, you seem to see the breath come and go, evenly, deeply. You find yourself listening to catch the sound of it; you feel that, were you to hold a feather before her lips, you would see it quiver. This woman is resting—after the sorrow, toil, and travail of body and soul that her day of life has brought her. If you look closely and think a little, you will see there is nothing that she has not experienced and known—and now that the full story of her life is told, peace has fallen on her, and she sleeps—a sleep so sacred that it is like the sleep of a little child.

I speak only of the spirit that is radiating from the work. I do not presume to write of the marvellous execution and technique that have been so often and so efficiently described; nevertheless, I do not think that anything escapes me in my study of this subject. I go away and I gaze from a distance—I come quite near—then I furtively put out my hand and run it over the smooth, polished skin of the ivory coloured marble; as I do so I feel all the muscles, big and little, the bones, the nerves, the veins, even the blood coursing through the veins, because they are all there. The man who hewed this thing out of the rock had such an accurate knowledge of the human frame that he was able to do this, and in the doing of it breathe into the stone the breath of life.

It is more usual to speak of 'Day and Night' than of 'Night and Day'; the idea being that night should bring rest after the day's work. This evidently was not Michel Angelo's intention, for he has placed the figure of Night on the right side of Day, where she waits resting serenely till a new life shall begin, and Day rise as a giant ready to run his course. Of a very truth is this great Day of Michel Angelo's a giant. In colossal strength and in magnificent grandeur Day waits to unfold itself. Watch the sun rising, steadily, steadily over the brow of the hill. It is the Day Spring from on High that is rising, and with it come Hope, Gladness and Peace; all the Sons of God are making themselves ready to shout for joy. The eyes of this great figure are piercing through the mist of gloom. They tell us that Michel Angelo left them unfinished, what matter? Never were eyes more spiritually alive than these. I have seen the same expression in the eyes of a blind man at the approach of death—the eyes of the soul looking out beyond the flesh. As I watch this Sun of Righteousness arise, I know there is healing in his wings, and that presently those great arms will open wide, and will draw all things into the searching gracious sunshine of his everlasting embrace—and so I go my way with unspeakable gratitude in my joyful heart for this blessed hour which has been given to me. I

know that for all time this work of Michel Angelo's is with me, to have and to hold at will, for so accurately shall I be able to visualise it that it will never be able to pass out of my reach. What was an accepted belief has now become ingrafted knowledge. The true romance is mine, and this heaven have I gained, which is, in sooth, the lovely Truth the careless angels sing !

MINNA TAYLOR.

FORTUNE-TELLING IN THE WEST END.

On behalf of 'The People' a special Commissioner has been investigating the methods of the male and female fortune-tellers who swarm in the West End of London. As the Vagrancy Act says that any looking into the future is wrong, he submits that all these people (there are ninety-seven of them) are liable to prosecution as 'rogues and vagabonds.' As a general rule their fees are exceedingly high :—

In some cases as much as ten guineas has been paid to an Oriental 'Mystic,' who came to England only a few years ago in a state of practical destitution, and who, at the moment, can afford to occupy a flat off Bond-street at a rental of £400 per annum, keep another establishment going up the Thames, and motor out of town each week-end in a car which is the last word in automobile luxury.

Proceeding to give his own experience the Commissioner describes two interviews he had—the first with a man who, calling himself by a high-sounding Oriental name, belongs really to a quite low caste tribe of Central India, and who wanted two guineas for a crystal-gazing consultation but was ultimately induced to take one; and the second with a siren in Piccadilly who began by demanding five guineas but ended by taking ten shillings. As an illustration of the misery worked by some 'fortune-telling' frauds he quotes from a letter he has received from a gentleman of position, in which the following passages occur :—

My own erstwhile peaceful and happy home and family—self, wife, and three children—was brought to the verge of ruin through the machinations of certain of these monsters. My wife was led to believe through insinuous references and direct assertions that many things, which, in fact, had not the slightest foundation, were being carried on by me against her and her interests, and my life was made a perfect hell upon earth. . . . One of the most serious matters in connection with these vampires is the way in which they bleed their victims. Not only money without limit, but clothing, household linen, and numberless other things go to feed their rapacious greed.

It is manifest that if the above-quoted statements are correct, and we see no reason to deny them, something will have to be done to grapple with this growing evil, and it is equally apparent that we must once more firmly and seriously emphasise the fact that Spiritualism is on quite a different plane and is in no way associated with fortune-telling. Mediumship has for its object the spiritual blessing of mediums and sitters alike, and those who seek to use mediums for mere mercenary and selfish ends tempt them to degrade their gifts to ignoble uses, while mediums who pander to the curiosity and the mere personal interests of those who consult them incur a heavy responsibility and injure the cause they profess to love and serve. As for the charlatans who attempt to steal the livery of the angels to cloak their deception and further their nefarious trade on the credulity of the public, no words of reprobation are strong enough for their condemnation. We do not believe that Spiritualists, as a body, are so foolish or so culpable as to employ, or fall victims to, those who practise this especially contemptible business, but it is high time that we emphasised the fact that Spiritualism has higher and more spiritual aims than fortune-telling.

WE understand that 'Love from Beyond the Veil' is to be the title of a new work by 'L. V. H. Witley,' which will shortly be published. His 'Ministry of the Unseen' has now reached a fourth, and 'The Life which is Life Indeed : Here and Hereafter' a second, edition.

'EACH soul must digest the heavenly manna for itself. For every sorrow the heart has turned from, we lose a consolation; for every fear we dare not confront, we forfeit some of our hardihood; and for every truth, I will add, that we fail to cherish, we forego a portion of our very souls.'—HENRY McCORMAC.

A CURIOUS LAW CASE AT DENVER.

Spiritualism is strongly on the defensive at Denver, Colorado, U.S.A. Alluding to a projected action by the octogenarian millionaire, Alonzo Thompson, to disinherit his wife and son for their alleged ridicule of his Spiritualistic beliefs, the 'Denver Post' of July 20th says :—

One hundred Denver Spiritualists—substantial citizens, whose reputation for veracity admits no question—are ready and anxious to take the stand, if need be, when the suit comes to trial, and bear out by relating their own experiences the assertion of the aged millionaire that he has for years been guided in all important transactions of life by the advice of his dead father's spirit. One will tell of a mother, long since passed over the invisible border, who appeared for a few moments before the eyes of a yearning daughter and held her hands in a firm clasp before fading out of sight. Another will testify as to the materialisation of the spirit of a father, dead thirty years, who to prove his identity beyond all doubt, exhibited a maimed hand which had been a noticeable physical characteristic during life. A third will tell of holding speech with the visible spirits of numerous relatives and friends.

The Spiritualistic Church of Truth is willing to attend the trial in its full membership and take oath to the truth of the strange experiences which in the course of their own lives have paralleled those of Alonzo Thompson. The records of the case promise to be unique in the annals of the Colorado courts, and curiosity seekers will for once be sated with revelations of Spiritualistic demonstrations, without having to pay the price of admission to a séance.

Dr. Charles Hale Cook, an Episcopalian divine and a member of the American Society of Psychical Research, declares that he can support Mr. Thompson's claims with any amount of proofs, secured by scientific investigation.

ART AND SYMBOLISM.

In an article on 'Symbolism in Art' in the August number of the 'Occult Review,' Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove expresses the opinion that the aim of true art is to explain nature spiritually, and that 'no art is truly worthy of the name that is not symbolic in form and interpretative in function.' He says :—

No man can be a true artist who does not realise that all things of life and nature are symbolical, and have an inner, spiritual meaning; that the things of this world exist not in and for themselves, but to manifest the ideal in material form. For it is the high prerogative of true art, in this realisation of the symbolism of nature, so to manipulate the symbols with which its various forms are concerned, that their spiritual sense may shine forth and illumine the hearts of men. No man, therefore, can be a true artist who is not, in the genuine sense of the word (not that distorted and depraved meaning assigned to it by modern usage), a mystic. For there is no genuine art without vision—the vision that tells of the true and inner meaning and significance of experience and phenomena. . . . A true work of art is at once realistic, imaginative, and symbolical. It is realistic, inasmuch as it is based on nature and experience. It is imaginative, inasmuch as it is not bound down to the limits of a crude realism. And, above all, it is symbolical, the natural elements of which it is composed being arranged entirely with reference to their spiritual meaning, since the whole aim of the work is that this spiritual meaning may shine forth and be felt and realised in the heart of him who sees or reads or listens.

A CORRESPONDENT who lives at Johannesburg, South Africa, writes : 'For some weeks past I and a few friends have been trying to develop our psychic faculties, and to prove for ourselves the truth of Spiritism. We find that automatic writing is, so far, our only means of communicating with those on another plane of consciousness, but we are promised that soon we shall become clairvoyant and clairaudient, and that we shall even hear voices direct. One of the spirits with whom we seem constantly in touch purports to be Lord Nelson, of Trafalgar fame, and it is at his suggestion and request that I write you this letter; the special reason given for this request to be carried out seems to be a genuine desire on his part to let you know that he is one of those who are trying hard to forward this movement to establish the belief in a spiritual world on a firm basis of fact.' We see no reason why Lord Nelson should not be taking part in promoting the spread of the knowledge of spirit life, but our friends will do well to exercise great caution, and go carefully along, asking for evidence of identity and using their own judgment about everything that comes to them.

THE STRONGHOLD OF SPIRITUALISM.

The non-Spiritualist who only reads what the newspapers have to say about Spiritualism cannot form any idea of what it really is, or of what it means to those who, in their own family circles, enjoy communion with and the comforting advice of their spirit friends. Even Spiritualists themselves have no idea of the extent to which Spiritualism has become 'a lamp to the feet and a light to the path' for thousands of people, who in their own homes often receive the most convincing proofs of spirit guidance. To such as these spirit companionship is as natural and as much an everyday occurrence as is meeting with friends and neighbours. The following extract from a private letter will give some indication of what we mean :—

Our little girl often tells us 'Lily' has come to play with her, and is apparently playing with someone, but we cannot see any child about. I have seen clairvoyantly with my eyes open a few times, but as a rule when giving psychometric readings I have to close my eyes to describe the spirit friends. My best tests have been through clairaudience, although this only comes at intervals. I have never found one of the messages the least bit wrong, and only wish I could have the messages oftener, as each one has been for my guidance and welfare. I hear the voice as distinctly as any human voice, and although I do not know who it is that speaks to me, can trust implicitly.

We have had some splendid proofs in the case of our little girl, as about eighteen months ago she was very ill, and our doctor said that there was 'no hope' as her lungs had 'collapsed.' However, directly after he had gone we got to work, and with the help of our spirit friends the little sufferer was restored, and we still have her. The doctor says he cannot understand her, and we thought it wise not to enlighten him.

It is experiences such as these that make Spiritualists who are staunch and true, and who remain firm and unmoved in spite of all opposition and alleged exposures.

W. F.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The energetic secretary of one of our societies near London writes : 'Are there not men and women attending our meetings in London who could be persuaded to come forward and occasionally occupy the platform on Sundays to their own advantage and that of the societies to which they minister? There is great need just now for able, earnest and devoted workers who can and will act as spiritual teachers, or exponents of Spiritualism. Perhaps a paragraph in "LIGHT" would be helpful in this direction.' We shall be happy to forward to our correspondent any letters from readers sent to our care.

Since the passing of Mr. George Spriggs, the Psycho-Therapeutic Society, of which he was the honoured and energetic president, has been passing through somewhat troubled experiences. We are pleased to learn, however, that it will continue to work on the same lines as hitherto, and that, although the society will no longer issue 'The Health Record,' Mr. Arthur Hallam has undertaken to continue its publication on independent lines. Miss R. Mackay is now the honorary secretary, and Mr. R. J. A. S. Elliott, the new honorary treasurer, will be pleased to receive all overdue subscriptions, at Gloucester House, Hampton-road, Upper Teddington, Middlesex. We sincerely trust that the good work accomplished by this society in the past will be successfully continued for many years to come.

The August issue of 'The Vâhan' contains a full report of the recent large and successful Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society, regarding which the Editor says : 'Over the whole Convention there rested an atmosphere of the most intense cordiality and happiness, which was felt by many as a welcome contrast to the distant formality and chilliness which enshackled the National Society a few years ago. To what is the change due? Surely to the closer approach of the Theosophical Society as an organised vehicle to the Great Ones and to the presence amongst us of an increasing number of Their chelas, who are channels of Their force: above all, perhaps, to the near coming of the Lord of Love Himself, Who already is shedding His divine benediction over the Society, which, in the belief of many, is the appointed herald of His advent, and whose love is welling up within the hearts of the many who are seeking to become worthy to serve Him.'

Mr. M. J. Levin sends us the July number of 'The State,' an illustrated monthly magazine published in Cape Town, and asks us to comment on an article in it : 'The late Mr. W. T. Stead : Inner History of his Spiritism,' by Hedley A. Chilvers. Mr. Chilvers gets much of his information from Miss Harper, of whose good faith he is certain, but he thinks she has allowed too much free play to her subconscious mind; he is himself sceptical as to the possibility of separate spirit existence. Mr. Levin adds : 'We are having great successes in private séances at Dr. Kerr's residence.'

The principal articles in 'Annales des Sciences Psychiques' for July are an account by M. Marcel Mangin, illustrated with four photographic reproductions, of the recent séances with Carancini at the offices of the Société Universelle d'Etudes Psychiques in Paris and the continuation of Dr. Ochorowicz's report (illustrated) of his investigations into the phenomena of 'fluidic hands and the photography of thought.' Mr. de Kerlor's description in 'LIGHT' of July 6th of the Stead manifestations which he witnessed at Julia's Bureau on June 18th through Mrs. Wriedt's mediumship is quoted at length, and the reviews include a long illustrated notice of Mr. James Coates' work, 'Photographing the Invisible.'

With reference to our note that 'the need of a universal language was keenly felt' at the meetings of the recent International Congress at Liverpool, a correspondent writes : 'Dr. Zamenhof, of Warsaw, by his introduction of Esperanto, has made a notable, worthy and successful attempt to bring the nations closer. But Esperanto, like many other good things, is capable of improvement in various important points, and the international language "Ido," on account of its strict adherence to the principle of maximum internationality, its absolute regularity, its strict logicity, its transparent clearness and simplicity, possesses in the highest degree the merits which should successfully appeal to the majority of mankind.' Anyone desiring further information may write to 'J. S. L.' in our care.

It would appear that Bessie Stewart, a farmer's daughter at Wellsville, Missouri, U.S.A., is a natural psychic and clairvoyante. According to the 'Daily Express' New York correspondent, she spends much time in a semi-trance state, during which she is oblivious of what goes on around her but 'senses' scenes which are being enacted miles away. One day, after singing and enacting a song in graceful pantomime, she sat down to a meal, then rose suddenly, dashed off in long strides, got a man's pipe and smoked it. After a while she gave some charming recitations. In the evening, according to the doctor's report, she picked up a number of pictures; while she was looking at them the light was turned down until to the normal eye the pictures were quite invisible, but she continued to describe them accurately; she also read a letter through in the dark. She declared that an old woman, whose dress she described, living ten miles away, was neglecting her chickens. It was afterwards proved that the woman had been wearing just such a dress as the girl had said. She also, when in bed, named visitors who called at the house and accurately recounted their conversation.

The consciousness or realisation of the intimate relations which exist between earth dwellers and 'the other side' is rapidly becoming more general, and is being recognised as quite natural; in fact, the old idea that sensitiveness to such spiritual relations is 'abnormal' and dangerous is dying out and the experiences are being welcomed. The danger is that the pendulum may swing to the other extreme. In this, as in other matters, it is well to 'strike the happy medium.' Here is an interesting testimony that we have just received from a young correspondent who writes verses. She says : 'Often on awaking in the morning I have vague memories of lovely gardens and of conversing in poetry with a beautiful little winged being named "Silverwings," who plays and sings to me and rambles with me through the gardens and down by the sea. Who "Silverwings" is, or where the garden is, I cannot say, but if I tell myself that it is "all a dream" and "there is nothing in it," I hear her name called out quite clearly. By this I am inclined to think that if she exists at all, she is the one from whom I am most likely to receive the verses, but until I get into clearer and closer communication with the spirit people, I cannot feel sure. When I sit in a "circle," if I were to give way to the impressions I get, I should go to one or other of the sitters and speak to him or her in poetry, but I hesitate because I can never feel sure of what I am going to say.' If our correspondent will persevere and be patient, she will probably be well repaid as her powers develop, and be able to do good work for others.

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.

Mrs. Place-Veary at Pretoria.

SIR,—Mrs. M. J. Place-Veary has just completed a successful six-weeks' mission, during which time her public meetings and séances were well attended. Her lectures, dealing with the teachings of Spiritualism, were much appreciated by large audiences, as also were her excellent tests of spirit identity. Spiritualism is here looked upon more favourably now, and the Press is more sympathetic than formerly, but the editor of one of the local papers attacked the phenomena recently. Mrs. Veary promptly replied, challenging him to a public debate, which he, however, declined.

At a social gathering in July, Mrs. Veary was presented with a silver cake basket and an address from the members, in which her valuable services were fully acknowledged, and she was invited to make Pretoria her headquarters should she desire to settle in South Africa. She left Pretoria for Kimberley on July 17th, carrying with her the sympathetic good wishes of a host of friends.—Yours, &c.,

A. F. HAMMERSTRAND,
Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

Physical Phenomena at the Time of 'Passing' of the Spirit.

SIR,—Arthur Lovell's interesting communication in 'LIGHT' of July 6th (p. 324) prompts me to relate a little experience which has just happened to me. Physical phenomena such as singing, the fall of pictures, &c., at the time of passing of a relation seem to be of more common occurrence than is generally supposed. Lately a brother of mine passed to the higher life, and a few weeks afterwards, on rising in the morning, I found a picture card lying on the floor under my table. The card had been fixed to the wall by a pin driven well home and through the corner of another thick card overlapping the one which fell. The pin-hole in the card was untorn and the pin had to be drawn with the help of a pair of pincers to replace the card. The table under which the card was found is one I move every evening to write at, and there was certainly no card on the floor when I replaced it the previous evening before going to bed. There is no way of accounting for this occurrence except by psychic agency; the only peculiarity about it being that it happened some weeks—about six—after the passing of my brother in England, and not, as is usually the case, at the time of passing.—Yours, &c.,

A. K. VENNING.

Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

Was Buddha Agnostic?

SIR,—I think 'V. J.' is not only justified in asking for my authority for saying that Buddha, on the occasion in question, replied, 'I do not know,' but I sympathise fully with him in refusing to accept a mere *ipse dixit*. I crave permission, therefore, to give the following extract from 'Personality and Telepathy,' though, unfortunately, I must quote from myself:—

'We appear to ourselves to determine, to recognise ourselves, even our human thought, as existing in change, in succession. I think Buddhism (certainly one school) stops short at consideration of the human personality; it is the human personality that by learning (through human knowledge) "life is sorrow" arrives at the *not I*, where this *not I* is no more than a negation of human personality.

"What follows on the extinction of delusion?" asks a monk of the learned nun Dhammadinnā. "Abandon the question, brother! I cannot grasp the meaning of the question. If it seem good to thee, go to the Enlightened One, ask him for an explanation of the question." And the Buddha, asked, makes answer: "Wise is Dhammadinnā and mighty in understanding. Wouldst thou ask me for an explanation, I would give thee exactly the same answer."

My authority for the above is 'Buddhist Essays' (Macmillan and Co., 1908). The book was in my hands as I wrote. The extract I take from page thirty of 'Personality and Telepathy.'

Since reading 'V. J.'s' admirable letter I have read the article on Buddhism in the last edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Here, again, I am impertinent enough to find error in the view expressed as to Buddha's use of the word 'soul.' For the writer, relying on Buddha's teaching that all individuals, including gods, men and animals, are impermanent, and so are *non-souls*, appears to hold that Buddha contended that the soul does not exist. And this view is strengthened by his teaching that we must get rid of the *delusion* of the soul. But,

as a learned Hindu pointed out to me, we Westerns do not appreciate Buddha's meaning of *personality*. All he writes as to impermanence and non-soul may be fully accepted as to *human* personality. But the personality in Nirvana still remains, though it remains as a fact incomprehensible to the human mind of the human personality. Buddha himself, in his last words, told his disciples he should still be with them after death. And how could he possibly have claimed to have attained Nirvana while in the flesh, if the state of being, so attained, were subjective to his material form? That would constitute a contradiction of the doctrine of Maya.

Perhaps I was in error when terming Gautama an agnostic. At the same time those of us who, while accepting the fact of the soul and the fact of God, treat both as noumenal, and so outside the purview of human reason are, not seldom, termed agnostics.—Yours, &c.,

F. C. CONSTABLE.

Should the Advice of Spirits be Acted Upon?

SIR,—On reading in 'LIGHT' of August 3rd Vice-Admiral Moore's account of 'The Voices,' it occurs to me that some of his statements might lead to misconception, particularly on the part of those who have only recently taken up the subject.

He says of discarnate spirits, 'Anything in the nature of sternness or firmness is abhorrent to their thoughts.' This certainly does not tally with our experience. I have heard 'John King' very firmly reprove excessive levity on the part of some of his band on more than one occasion. Our own guide has not hesitated to reprove with considerable vigour, not only ourselves, when he considered he was justified in doing so, but also spirits who in one way or another have intervened when they should not.

I agree that we are not intended to regulate our lives by advice from friends on the other side, but most certainly demur to the implication that such advice is practically useless—far from it. If it were so, the foundations we are building our movement on now would, to my mind, be open to grave suspicion; for if all these messages of suggestion and advice as regards material things are worse than useless, then the information as to the next state—coming from the same sources—would all of it be open to the suspicion of being tainted with unsoundness and insincerity. I believe that such advice should be most gladly received—when coming from a recognised discarnate friend—just as it would be when tendered by a friend still in the flesh, but all such advice should, of course, always be submitted to our own individual judgment for final decision.

Why should spirits, who have passed through the earth life themselves, be 'incapable of understanding that there are conditions in our sphere, where sternness is kindness and true wisdom'? Surely the pith of Spiritualism is that memory persists? If not, what about identity?

May it not be possible that, in the case referred to, the spirit friends—whose horizon is wider—can see that their suggestions, if carefully carried out, might have the effect of assisting to heal the poor, sick spirit? These friends may mean that the children should at certain times be allowed to visit the mother under proper supervision, and who can tell what power even the familiar childish tones might exercise on the disordered brain?

I quite agree with the Admiral's opinion as regards the theory, in this connection, of the subliminal self. Many times we, too, have rejected advice more than once tendered from the spirit side, and in some cases also, no doubt, regretted afterwards having done so.—Yours, &c.,

H. T. PEMBERTON.

Kingstown, Co. Dublin.

'What about those Rubies?'

SIR,—Mr. James Coates, in 'LIGHT' of August 19th, 1911, gave a brief report of a séance with that remarkable medium, Mr. Charles Bailey, held at Rothesay, in which he said: 'The apports received were two Hindu Minnaa birds, one leaf of the Talipot palm, two nests made from similar leaves, one large dish of rubies and ruby sand, and one veil, very valuable for its curious and rare coins, such as Egyptian native women wear. Corroborating evidences will be sent to "LIGHT" in due course.' Many readers, myself among the number, were much interested, and anxiously awaited the fuller report, but we waited in vain. Then it was I called attention to just one of the apports, the rubies, and elicited the fact that instead of beings gems of value, the whole of the stuff would not be worth more than the dish it was placed in. I am well aware that it is not the intrinsic value of the apports that is important, but the nature of them and the means by which they are obtained, but I submit that those who report Spiritualistic phenomena should be as accurate as possible, and should not

use language likely to convey a false impression. Mr. Coates credits me with a 'love of humour'; he may be right, but I trust it is infinitely exceeded by love of truth, and that is just what we are all searching for. I have been hoping to get a little help from the 'corroborating evidences' which Mr. Coates promised, but which have not yet arrived.

Further, Mr. Coates said (see page 599, 1911) that he would issue a pamphlet dealing more fully with the whole subject, and asked me to possess my soul in patience. Well, I have done so without difficulty, because I have only interested myself in this matter in the interest of Spiritualism and for the credit of its advocates, but I am still waiting for the promised pamphlet which was to tell us all about these apports.

Recently Mr. Coates discussed in 'LIGHT' 'Conjurers and Spiritualism'—certainly not so important a question as this: By what means was that 'veil, very valuable for its curious and rare coins such as Egyptian women wear,' brought into the séance room?

I also think that as your readers were told that two foreign birds were among the apports, they might reasonably expect to be informed whether they were dead or alive when brought to the séance, and, if alive, whether they are still living. I submit that whatever might have occurred in connection with those séances that was of evidential value should long since have been put before your readers.—Yours, &c.,

18, Broomfield-avenue,
Palmer's Green, N.

H. BELSTEAD.

'Are the Stead Communications Contradictory?'

SIR,—The remarks by 'Onlooker,' on page 371, should be 'pulled to pieces' in order to justify apparent 'spirit contradictions.' I fear that 'Onlooker' is under a total misapprehension, for he was present at the *second* sitting I had with Mrs. Wriedt, on June 25th, when many spirit friends came to me and spoke in English, my grandfather in French, and an old friend in German, in which languages I replied to each individually, but he was *not* at the *first* sitting, on June 18th, which was by far the most important. It was then (on the 18th) that, for the first time, Mr. W. T. Stead, in the spirit, spoke to me with such overwhelming emotion, reminding me of my predictions and impressing this fact with great force on all the sitters, saying: 'Although I did not like to hear it at the time, yet he (Mr. de Kerlor) has proved so true,' &c. That séance was a most pathetic one, and a full report of it appeared in 'LIGHT' of July 6th, but no account of the second sitting (on June 25th) has been published. It was *then* that 'Onlooker' heard the conversation between Mr. Stead and myself. I asked Mr. Stead if he would help me during the lecture at the club, and he replied, 'Of course I will, with gladness, but I am sorry I can't be with you all the time as I must be at my other meeting, you know, my memorial service to be held at the Queen's Hall (June 26th), but I will do my best to help you! I am glad that Dr. Wallace will be in the chair! That is well! It's as it should be!'

The remark about Dr. Wallace astonished me, for not a single mortal knew about Dr. Wallace taking the chair, as, although I had approached the doctor, he had been reluctant, and it was not till mid-day on the 26th that he consented, over the 'phone, to be my chairman that evening. This is an evident proof of how spirits can shape, or know, man's decisions.

'Onlooker's' quotation of Mr. Stead's reply is incomplete. My question to Mr. Stead was: 'Miss Estelle called yesterday to know if I could procure her your hand-prints and your brain measurements. Where can I get them? She wants them for some particular purpose.' Personally, I knew full well where to get all these things, for a well-known phrenologist friend of mine took all the measurements of Mr. Stead's head, not once, but twice during his life, and, by the by, he commented on the fact that Mr. Stead's head had grown half an inch during the last few years.

As to Mr. Stead's hand-prints, why! I know of several books and magazines where these are to be found, the originals being in private hands. My object, however, in putting the question was to test 'the subconscious memory of the survived personality.'

Taking these points into consideration, either of two things may have prompted Mr. Stead's 'survived personality' to use the words quoted by 'Onlooker'—he may have been cross with me for demanding this information, as he thought, somewhat impertinently, or, possibly, he did not care to have his daughter 'fussing about those things,' for, beside this ejaculation, he remarked in an annoyed tone, a tone of hurt dignity: 'I have never had a photo of my hands taken—and besides, no one can ever measure my brains!' The trumpet then dropped; the discussion abruptly ended; Mr. Stead did not speak again that evening, leaving a distinct feeling that he had been annoyed, and I seize this opportunity to apologise if I did annoy him, knowing that he knows and reads everything written about himself.

I was very disappointed in not receiving confirmation of what I knew about existing records of his hands and head. I had wanted to test 'the subconscious memory of disembodied personality.' But clearly this was not an instance of 'reading the thoughts of the sitter.'

About the diagram of Mr. Stead's hand which I exhibited at my lecture, I may say that it was built up entirely upon drawings of lines—life line, fate line, head line and other important signs—which I had made and thought were worth keeping for record in my collection of hands. These were jotted down immediately after his departure from my consulting rooms when he called on me for the first time, September 16th, 1911. Anyone who wishes to do so is at liberty to inspect this diagram (thirty inches by twenty inches) and check it with original prints, which I know to be in existence.—Yours, &c.,

Ostend,

August 5th, 1912.

W. DE KERLOR.

SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, AUGUST 10th, &c.

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

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION—*Shearn's Restaurant, 231, Tottenham Court-road, W.*—Mrs. Imison's successful clairvoyant descriptions and spirit messages were much appreciated. Mr. W. T. Cooper presided. Sunday next, see advertisement on front page.—D. N.

LONDON SPIRITUAL MISSION: 22, *Prince's-street, Oxford-circus, W.*—Mr. Horace Leaf gave addresses morning and evening. Sunday next, see advt.—E. C. W.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HAMPTON WICK.—Mrs. M. H. Wallis delivered two powerful addresses. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., visit of the Lyceum Union. Speakers, Mr. P. Smyth, Mr. Clegg and Miss Morris. Children will sing.

STRATFORD.—WORKMAN'S HALL, 27, ROMFORD-ROAD, E.—Evening, Madame Beaumont spoke on 'Spiritualist Phenomena in the Bible,' and gave convincing clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Miss V. Burton.—W. H. S.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—73, BECKLOW-ROAD, W.—Mrs. Webster gave an address and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Mr. Eveleigh; at 6.45 p.m., Mr. Burton. Thursday, at 8 o'clock, Mrs. Hitchcock.—M. S.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—Mr. Sarfas spoke on 'The Temple of Life' and gave clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Clements, address; 3 p.m., Lyceum. Circles: Mondays, at 7.30 p.m., ladies'; Tuesday, at 8.15, members'; Thursday, at 8.15, public.—G. T. W.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—SURREY MASONIC HALL.—Morning, short addresses through Mr. W. E. Long. Evening, address on 'The Visions of the Incarnation.' Sunday next, at 11 and 6.30, Mr. W. E. Long. Morning, messages and vision. Evening, address on 'The Trance Vision of Zacharias.'

HACKNEY.—240A, AMHURST-ROAD, N.—Mrs. Hitchcock gave an earnest address on 'Spiritualism and its Attitude towards Death,' and excellent clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. F. A. Hawes and Mrs. Sutton. Monday, at 8 p.m., members' circle.—N. R.

CROYDON.—ELMWOOD HALL, ELMWOOD-ROAD, BROAD-GREEN.—Miss Chapin gave an excellent address, followed by psychometrical readings and descriptions, which were all recognised. Sunday next, morning service, 11.15; evening, at 7, Mr. H. Leaf, address and clairvoyance.—J. W. W.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—Excellent addresses were given by Mr. E. W. Wallis. Mr. A. R. Walford sang two solos, and Mr. James L. Macbeth Bain spoke a few words of encouragement. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., public circle; at 7 p.m., address by Mr. Macbeth Bain. Tuesday at 3, working party; at 8, also Wednesday at 3, clairvoyance.

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

STRATFORD.—IDMISTON-ROAD, FOREST-LANE.—Morning, Mr. Wrench's paper on 'Spiritualism in Everyday Life' led to an interesting discussion. Evening, Mr. Hayward spoke on 'What we Think of Spiritualism,' and Miss Woodhouse gave clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, Mr. Dillsen; 11.30 a.m., 'Are Societies Worth the Trouble?' At 7 p.m., 'If I were a Spirit.' 22nd, Mrs. Neville, psychometry.—A. T. C.

SEVEN KINGS, ILFORD.—45, THE PROMENADE.—Mr. H. Wright gave an address on 'Has Religion Helped Us?' and answered questions. 6th, Miss L. Scates read a paper on 'Man's Life: Past, Present and Future,' and answered questions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. H. Boddington. Tuesday, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Annie Hitchcock. 25th, Mr. G. F. Tilby. 27th, Mrs. A. Jamrach.—C. E. S.