

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe,

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

No. 1,650.—VOL. XXXII. [Registered as] SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1912. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way	397	The Spiritualism of the Zulu and his Evidences for a Future Life. An Address by Mr. C. H. Bull..	403
'The Voices,' 1912. By Vice-Admiral W. Osborne Moore ..	398	Spiritualist Propaganda Methods	404
Spirit Life, as Described by Mr. Stead	400	The Soul of Man: An Allegory ..	405
Difficulties of Control	400	Letter from Mme. d'Espérance ..	405
Varied Phenomena at Mrs. Wriedt's Séances	401	A Witch-Doctor's Psychic Powers	406
Mr. F. W. Thurstan and his Houseboat	401	Items of Interest	406
A Look Round and a Glance Ahead	402	'Julia's Bureau': A Suggestion..	407
		'Glorious Healing Work'	408

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The author of 'Space and Spirit,' the little work which we reviewed in 'LIGHT' some months ago, has turned to account his capacity for original thinking on scientific subjects by producing a startling romance entitled 'The Triuneverse' (Charles Knight and Co., Limited, 5s. net). The period of the story is laid in the middle of the present century, and the author allows full play to his imagination in depicting the strange physical changes consequent upon planetary developments of a revolutionary character. Mars (observed through the Etheroscope, an invention whereby the planet is magnified to an apparent size of one hundred moons) is seen to separate into two parts, a catastrophe which is followed by the collapse of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. Then, 'on April 30th, 1952, the mighty Sun exploded under the intense electric attraction of the Martian Shell.' Under the stress of these sensational developments it might be supposed that Earth would be involved in the general ruin. But the resources of Nature, aided by science, were equal to the preservation of our little planet which charged out into space accompanied by a huge fragment of the sun, and, being joined by Venus, Mercury and Vulcan, became part of a new system. The romance is sufficiently fascinating on its astronomical side alone. But the interest is heightened by the human element in the persons of the scientists of the period who discuss the position and carry on their experiments while these mighty changes are in process.

The author brings to his aid all the discoveries and theories of the most advanced science of to-day, supplementing them by his own conclusions in regard to the cosmic order. The planetary catastrophes are employed to illustrate a theory of world growth. The revolutionary changes in the solar system are shown to be the outcome of evolution to a higher expression of the organic principle in the Universe. In the course of the arguments carried on by the scientists concerned we are carried beyond the Electron to the 'Infraton'—a later discovery in the subdivision of matter. Two of the characters, the Professor and one of his pupils, pay a visit to an Infratonic world in the heart of a mimosa blossom—a world of living beings with a 'sun' which is represented by an atom of chlorine. Here we have a fascinating blend of poetry and science, and the episode is one of the most attractive passages in the romance, relating as it does also to the visit of two inhabitants of an Infratonic world to our world, which gives scope to some of the author's ideas regarding Time and Space.

As having direct relation to our own subject, we found especial interest in that portion of the book which deals with the Spiritual Universe—the 'Spiritaverse' as the author names it. It is immensely suggestive on the philosophical side, and the experiment of the Professor, who is able by the scientific magic of the period to send his friend and pupil, Arland Eyre, on a voyage of discovery to the region of soul life, is effectively introduced. Bewildered by the metamorphosis through which he passes the pupil is reassured by the Professor:—

'Be not alarmed,' said a calm voice. 'You are now "soul" separated from body. For a short space you are free to roam at will. You are a spiritual pyknotom.'

And then comes Arland Eyre's significant discovery:—

I opened my eyes. Professor Karl was watching me with a pitiful smile.

'Well, Arland, have you found the soul?'

'I am the Soul,' I replied.

It is not a book for the ordinary reader to whom science and psychology make no appeal. The author has very little in common with Jules Verne, whose science was strictly subordinated to his romance. But the reader who is also a thinker will find 'The Triuneverse' a deeply interesting study.

'The Spiritual Journal' (Boston, U.S.A.) for July contains an instructive article by Mr. W. J. Colville entitled, 'The Healing Power of Spiritual Radiation.' The author claims (and we fully endorse his view) that the healing power of the affections is far deeper and more effectual than that of simple intellectual appeal. This is especially the case with nervous and sensitive patients.

Both types are equally useful, and they can be most advantageously combined in a superior single type; but while the types remain distinct, the emotional healer will always do the best with sensitive, acutely-feeling people, while the intellectual one will do best with logical reasoners who only want to see their way, and are not troubled with emotional afflictions.

We know by experience how disappointing are the results of treatment of emotional disturbances by intellectual methods. It is often observed in ordinary medical treatment that one doctor by his mere presence and conversation will benefit a patient, while the efforts of another, possibly far more skilled in the technique of medicine but lacking in sympathy, will produce no result.

Mr. Colville does not overlook the responsibility of the patient in the matter—a consideration that rarely receives proper attention:—

One of the chief causes of sickness is mental obstinacy, which is an idiotic substitute for wilfulness, with which it is often confounded. Another great cause of adversity is following a track that others are pursuing without inquiring of one's own soul whether that course is right or wrong. Very submissive people can never tell what is coming to them, because they share what rightfully belongs to other people, and suffer from much that would never come to them at all did they not entangle themselves in the Karmic envelopes of their neighbours. The worst thing a person can possibly do when seeking spiritual illumination is constantly to go about asking advice from other people.

In such cases clearly a modicum of the cold, intellectual method is called for. There are many cases in which a cold douche of common-sense is imperatively demanded. We once heard a course of 'healthy self-neglect' prescribed for a disorder clearly brought on and maintained by morbid introspection on the part of the sufferer. In such cases tenderness and sympathy are not the best remedies, and a tonic in the shape of a little blunt speaking is the best restorative.

'Life, Death, and the Hereafter' is the title of a little threepenny booklet by the Rev. Popham Hosford, B.A., of the Missions to Seamen, Barry Docks (Elliot Stock, 7, Paternoster-row, E.C.). Mr. Hosford turns 'to God's two books, Nature and Revelation, to seek Divine guidance' on his subject. He looks at Nature in winter, enfolded by the pitying heavens in a seamless shroud of snow :—

The Creator speaks to her in the soft south wind and the gentle sunshine. Nature is attentive to His voice. She casts aside her shroud, and at His bidding comes forth, gloriously robing herself in the mantle of life. Let us glance at the landscape that looked so dreary a few days ago. Once again we seem to be in the confines of Eden. Life, joy, and beauty surround us, and as we gaze on the fresh green of the woods, on the hedge-rows and fields decked with flowers of a thousand hues, we exclaim, 'Death is swallowed up in victory!'

A beautiful picture. It would seem to suggest how irresistible are God's purposes of blessing. However cold and seemingly lifeless Nature may lie under her white coverlet, she will hear the call of the sunshine, and though her response may be delayed she cannot choose but yield at last. Surely that must also be true of the human heart. But not so does Mr. Hosford read Revelation. At the first resurrection, he informs us, the bodies of the good will be called forth from their graves, and their souls from Paradise, to be reunited. At the second resurrection, the dead will all be 'summoned before God's throne—the good to receive *the due reward of their deeds in order of merit*, and the bad to receive the punishment for their evil deeds.'

It is a little unusual to speak of future bliss as a reward of merit, but of course, if we deserve it, it would not be just if any portion of it were withheld, any more than it would be just if the full and everlasting penalty were not exacted from those who have been so foolish as to disobey! So one of the rewards of the good will be a certain serenity of mind (some might call it callousness) which will enable them—recognising their own transcendent merit and that both parties are getting exactly what they deserve—to acquiesce in the sufferings of the wicked. Mr. Hosford says :—

It seems curious that we can behold unmoved the final judgment, but circumstances will be so altered that we can do so. God will be all in all to us. Sin in its entire awfulness will appear so exceedingly sinful, and the demeanour of the wicked will be such that it will estrange [*sic*] every cord, every spark of sympathy from them—

as it has already quenched every spark of fatherly affection in the heart of their Creator. This is not quite the human idea of fatherhood. We think it less dishonouring to God, and therefore to the 'good'—to whom He is to be 'all in all'—to believe with Tennyson :—

That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void
When God hath made the pile complete.

SPIRIT HEALING.—Daily, except Saturdays, Mr. Percy R. Street, the healing medium, will attend between 11 a.m. and 2 p.m., at 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., for diagnosis by a spirit control, magnetic healing, and delineations from the personal aura. For full particulars see the advertisement supplement,

THE VOICES, 1912.

By VICE-ADMIRAL W. USBORNE MOORE.

(Continued from page 388.)

I will now give a few instances of good evidence obtained by my friends who attended circles and private sittings at Cambridge House.

The following account is written by a clergyman of the Established Church :—

(1) May 30th, 1912, at 7 p.m., general circle. Accompanied by my daughter. First voice, Mr. W. T. Stead. Addressed us all collectively, and my daughter and me, as well as others present, by name, with words of welcome 'To Julia's Bureau.' His manner was that of a host to his guests. I said how greatly he and his work in this world were missed, and asked him to tell me how he was occupied *now*. He replied emphatically and abruptly : 'Why, talking to you.' He said no more than how glad he was to see us all, &c.

Voices came for many in the circle, but I have only specially noted those that were meant for my daughter and myself. They were persons whom I had not given a thought to previously, whereas those I had tried to 'will' to come, and thought of intensely with that object, did not come at all.

A name was given for *me*, which I recognised as that of a lady recently passed over at an advanced age, and by whose decease I had received a small legacy. The voice was so feeble that we could gather only a little of what she said, a great deal being inaudible. It was to the effect that she had known many members of my family (correct), but that I was the only one to whom she could now gain access. My daughter asked : 'Do you know me?'

Answer : 'Why should I not?' Here 'John King' interposed in his deep voice, 'This poor soul has come to you as the only one of the family that she knew of to come to.'

The next voice that came to me announced itself as my 'uncle.' I asked, 'Which uncle?' Answer : 'Your mother's brother.' (I have had uncles on each side—all now passed over.) Question : 'Which?' Answer : 'Edward.' (Correct.) Question : 'Where did you and I first meet?' Answer : 'At the gate.' Question : 'What gate?' Answer : 'Why, of the cottage—the cottage covered with roses.' (I could only think of the lodge belonging to his house.) I failed to elicit more on this point. Then my daughter asked, 'What cottage?' Answer : 'You know nothing about it, child; I am talking to your father.' Here, and throughout, the manner was very characteristic, and especially the laugh which he constantly gave. I then asked, 'Do you remember the violets?' Answer : 'Oh, yes.' Question : 'What used you to do with them?' Answer : 'Why, we tied them up in bundles and sent them away.' (Correct. He used to cultivate them for sale in London.) I then asked if he remembered his dogs. Answer : 'Yes; a short wire-haired terrier called' (name inaudible); and he added, 'Do you remember Jack?' (This not yet verified.) I asked him what he was doing now. Answer : 'I see; you want to know about my experiences.' I got nothing more; he had departed.

A clergyman sitting next to me had several voices, none of which he could identify, although specific indications were given him. I suggested to him, in one case, that he should ask test questions, as I observed he always kept silent. The voice then speaking remarked here, 'He [*i.e.*, myself] knows more about Spiritualism than you do.'

At this séance I was greatly impressed by the voices which came to a Dutch lady in the circle, and conversed with her fluently in that language, these being her husband, 'Frederick,' an 'Uncle Pat,' and her child, 'Yvonne'—names all correctly given. The child's prattle especially was most fascinating, and was interspersed with sounds of kissing. There was no doubt whatever about the genuineness of the language; spoken also, I should say, as only a native could; although the language itself being unknown to me, I did not understand what was actually said. Duration of séance, 2½ hours.

(2) May 31st, 1912, at 3.30 p.m., private sitting. Present : Wife, self, and medium (only). First of all, under the red light, Mrs. Wriedt asked my wife to hold the trumpet to her ear. As she did so she heard continuous taps, Mrs. W. and I hearing nothing. After total darkness a voice came for my wife especially, which we recognised under the name of an acquaintance, between whose daughter and a member of our family there had been a friendship which had fallen off since the marriage of the former. The voice said that he could not understand this cessation of intercourse. We said it had naturally come about by absence through marriage. He replied he was not satisfied; that this should not have made the difference. Here 'John King' interposed, to say that our acquaintance had

'worried' considerably about this estrangement, as it seemed to him to be, and that he would be relieved to be sure that it meant nothing in particular. (I regard this incident for certain reasons as a good test.)

The next name given was also for my wife especially, and was that of a former parishioner, of whose family we had nearly lost sight since our disconnection with the parish in question. This lady spoke to my wife of the latter's kindness to her when ill, in bringing her fruit, &c. (all correct), and of my own visits to her. She added, 'But you are greatly changed now.' My wife replied she was so much older; but the voice did not seem to mean it in this sense; hoped my wife would come to see her again when on the other side; ended by saying, 'I want to tell you that I could not make Mr. ——— [myself] and your daughter understand that we came to them last night.' (We had no recollection of the name being then given). The husband of the preceding then came; and in allusion to the independence of his still living daughters, remarked how little one is missed on earth after once leaving it. As a test I asked, 'Do you remember the name of the Vicar I was working with?' The name came at once, 'Vicar ———'; and I could not have had a better proof of identity than this.

The next voice was one who was announced to my wife by 'John King' as her mother-in-law. She began by saying 'You have never seen me' (my mother died when I was three years old); 'but I know you, and love you, and admire all your endeavours.' My wife said, 'We have your picture at home—one with long curls' (the then fashionable side ringlets). She replied, 'I have those curls still.' She then spoke of 'the sweetness' of her grandchild; but confused the number of our children. After saying good-bye to my wife, she sent many kisses through the trumpet towards myself. My uncle of the previous evening then came; and said he wanted to give my wife 'some violets,' and expressed his particular fondness for her. He said to me, 'Do you know how fond I am of her?' I replied, 'I know you were.' He repeated, 'Do you know how fond I *am* of her—now?' emphasising the last word. Then he asked me, 'Do you know about my son, how well he is doing?' I asked which son (there are two); and he at once gave the correct name, 'Ted.' I then asked, 'What did he do last week?' and he replied at once with his characteristic, hearty laugh, 'Got married at last!' (He was, in fact, married on the previous Saturday, having long been regarded as a confirmed bachelor. An interval of laughter. Question (by me): 'Were you pleased?' Answer: 'Very much.' Question: 'Is she a nice girl—a suitable match?' Answer: 'Yes, a beautiful young woman—will make a nice wife.' My wife remarked: 'You were always so kind to us.' Answer: 'Not half kind enough.' I then pressed him about 'the cottage' he mentioned on the previous evening. He replied: 'It is the cottage by the sea, where you live.' Question: 'Where is that?' Answer: 'Southsea.' (This did not accord with his previous statement, 'the cottage covered with roses'; nor had he ever seen us at Southsea.) After laying a hand on my head he departed. The séance ended by Mrs. Wriedt, 'as a test for what might follow,' holding one of my hands in both hers; when, almost immediately, a wet leaf fell upon my imprisoned hand. Then my forehead was stroked by what felt like a similar leaf. I at once put up my free hand to take it, but found nothing. The same thing happened a second time. An object like a wet branch then fell on our clasped hands; I exclaimed that it was a 'branch'; and 'John King' then uttered some quotation about lilies, which I forget. 'They have all gone,' he then said; and the light being turned up revealed a stalk of fine madonna lilies. They, and the leaves, had evidently been taken from the vases standing near by on two tables. The séance had lasted forty minutes.

The conclusion I have come to from my own experience of the Wriedt séances is that the nature of many of the communications made, and the various foreign languages spoken, through the trumpet, afford irrefragable proof of genuineness. Neither by fraud, nor telepathy, nor illusion can these be accounted for; spirit agency is, therefore, the only remaining explanation.

July 31st, 1912.

(Signed) C. B.

The next narrative is written by a personal friend that I have known for six or seven years, a traveller in the East, an artist, and a man of varied experiences.

During May, June and July, 1912, I attended seven séances with Mrs. Wriedt as medium. Five of these were private séances, only the medium and myself being present. The other two were circle sittings with about ten people present.

The first séance, a private one, was in full daylight. The second, also private, was held in the red light of two shaded electric lamps, and the other five, including the two public séances, were in absolute darkness. As far as I was personally aware there were no lights seen, or other appearances of an abnormal kind, at any of the séances.

I have kept no record of the number of speakers at the two public sittings, but they were very numerous. Many of the sitters were addressed by their own friends and relations, and I could not hear a good deal of the conversations that went on when I was not addressed, but the speakers and sitters seemed to mutually (in most cases) understand each other. Besides these there were a few voices which addressed the sitters generally; most of these being at once recognised by the medium and some of the others. They seemed to be perfectly at home and sang, occasionally joked, and were often more or less amusing. One appeared to be a kind of stage manager who arranged the séances and the sequence of the speakers. This entity that I have called the 'stage manager' was the only one, besides friends and relatives, who spoke at the private séances, and then he generally, but not always, said a few words at the beginning or joined in a discussion.

At the five private séances I was only addressed by one voice that I could not hear sufficiently well to identify him or her. This was the first voice heard at the daylight séance. All the others were identified with certainty. They consisted of seven relatives, some of whom spoke only once, others on three or four occasions. Several times the individual conversations must have lasted from twenty minutes to half an hour, and related to incidents and events which could not have been known to the medium, and in some cases to anybody now living except myself. References were made to objects that have disappeared for twenty or thirty years, which were accurately described, and, on the other hand, to conversations and events which took place between the séances.

Besides relatives, I was spoken to by seven personal friends and acquaintances, and three of these asked me to carry messages to living people. In one case an incident was referred to which was entirely unknown to me, but which I afterwards ascertained to be quite correct. I was also barked at by three of my dogs which had died more than twenty years ago; their barks being suited in tone and power to their respective sizes and breeds. This part of the séance did not convince me in the same way that the human voices did. Their barks appeared to be stagey and 'to order.' I do not mean to infer that there was any deception or trickery on the part of the psychic, for she seemed even more surprised than I was, and continually made observations and exclamations as this was going on, and her voice was heard at the same time as the barking of the dogs, and it was both in distance and direction from me evidently from a different place; the dogs being a little to my left and close by, while she sat at some distance to my right.

The physical phenomena, if we may so call them, for, after all, sounds or vibrations of the air are physical too, were the giving of flowers to several of the sitters (I myself was not so honoured), the placing of a small table with a bowl of roses on it into the circle and presumably over the heads of the sitters (the flowers and table having been taken from another part of the room), the sprinkling of water and the touching of the hands and faces of the sitters. In one case a small lap-dog, formerly belonging to me, which had died about thirty years ago, was placed on my knee. I was not conscious of its removal, for the weight and pressure of its body, which was quite distinct at first, gradually seemed to disappear.

At one public séance an entity with a little girl's voice talked for nearly half an hour. She identified quite accurately various objects such as brooches, jewellery, miniatures, the number of coins in a pocket, &c. She foretold the route which a sitter would have to take to reach his home—he said quite correctly—and in my case said I should go to a funeral within a week. This was also quite accurate. The funeral was that of a distinguished military officer who died two days after the séance and whose funeral I witnessed six days after the séance.

I believe I am not a particularly credulous person. In fact, I was taunted by the 'stage manager' for the long period I had been a doubter and was asked in a somewhat sarcastic tone if I was *now* satisfied as to the reality of the phenomena. I may say that I had no reason at any time during these séances to doubt their genuine character; and to suppose that the psychic or any combination of persons could have manufactured the phenomena by trickery of any kind appears to me absolutely impossible.

(To be continued.)

'Love is the highest divine instinct in humanity. It is revealed in the noblest, tenderest sympathy. Love that is real is void of passion. It is manifested in a life of loving service for fellow creatures—it cherishes no selfish desires, but responds always to the highest in everything. Love knows no antagonism, but is forbearing, kind and gentle in all its expressions, desiring for others all that can make life perfect. Spiritual gifts are of little value if not shared in joy and service for others. Love is the perfect fulfilling of the law of spiritual expression in all, with all, and for all.'—A. L.

SPIRIT LIFE, AS DESCRIBED BY MR. STEAD.

In 'The Harbinger of Light,' Mrs. Annie Bright, the able Editor, tells how she became acquainted with Mr. Stead some years ago, through receiving, by automatic writing, messages that were signed 'Julia.' After this they frequently corresponded, and Mr. Stead sent Mrs. Bright articles for her paper. Since his 'passing,' he has visited Mrs. Bright, and given her a number of communications (reference to which was made in 'LIGHT' of June 22nd, p. 290). In one of the more recent messages, referring to his voyage on the 'Titanic,' he wrote:—

There could not have been a more brilliant company than the one which took passage in the greatest steamer afloat. Disaster was the last thing to be expected, and the ship's enormous size gave a solidity that is experienced only when on land. It seemed too strong, too big, to meet with any disaster. I was aroused from my berth by the last fatal collision with the iceberg, dressed, and went on deck without panic or fear, and found the boats being launched to rescue the women and children. So great was the confidence in the vessel that many refused to venture in the boats, and believed that their best chance of safety lay in sticking to it. Soon I realised that we were doomed. A moment's anguish, the thought of loved ones at home, the horror of the situation overwhelming me, and surrounded by the cries of the helpless drowning creatures, I passed into unconsciousness in the icy water.

As regards his experiences on the other side he gave the following interesting particulars:—

To tell you the transports of joy when I awoke to what was awaiting me is beyond mortal words.

Think what it would be, when, after a long separation from loved ones on shore, perhaps having given them up as lost, you should be suddenly brought face to face with them. It seemed as if the whole phalanx of angels and friends were ready to welcome me. Scenes of delight opened on my vision, and the reality and magnificence of the whole almost bewildered me. First of all, I was led to a home that had been preparing for me all my life. . . .

If the most beautiful architecture of the earth were put beside those mansions they would be dwarfed to insignificance. Here, in this home prepared for me, were on the walls representations of everything I had done in earth life, of help to unfortunates, help in reform. The help in spreading the great fact of immortal life was represented more fully than anything else. Many facts in my career to which I myself and the public would give the greatest importance, were not represented at all; only such that had helped the growth of the soul.

What impressed me most was the colossal system of government that pervaded everywhere. Angelic beings had been instructed to meet me, and every question I asked was answered by an angel guide into whose care I was placed. I wanted to see my dear ones on earth, and swiftly was carried to my home, only to find for the moment no direct word could be given them, no assurance that all was well. The anguish, the terror on their countenances, and I powerless to do more than spread around an unseen spiritual balm and comfort that might be apprehended.

There were schools of learning for those who needed instruction even in the rudiments of spiritual knowledge; there were vast enterprises that included work in glorious regions of which those in earth life and in the fog of material selfish thought can form no idea; there were vast armies of advanced spirits, setting forth on missions to other planets than ours, as well as worlds beyond our little solar system—the whole universe alive with spiritual beings, all under discipline, doing the behest of some unseen director whom I have not seen, but who seems, in some way I have yet to learn, an invisible force.

There are here the realities of what is only reflected in earth life—flowers, trees, landscapes, and above all, a sense of youth and elasticity that no one fully experiences in the flesh, though humanity will grow gradually to a more spiritualised condition of body. Then here we realise what it is to be among our spiritual peers. The meetings in the homes of the great and enlightened ones who have passed over are beyond mortal understanding. It is something for me to be able to say this much so soon after entering the promised land.

We live and move by virtue of the love force of the universe. No need for food; we are filled with the life-giving force of the universe, that subtle fluid that feeds every material thing. To be filled with it is life everlasting—the more you have of it in earth life the more you can appreciate heavenly things. I am alive! alive! alive! for evermore. That is the burden of my message to-day.

So far as we know, the first and only paper in Great Britain to reproduce this message was 'The Shetland Times.'

DIFFICULTIES OF CONTROL.

By H. A. DALLAS.

(Continued from page 379.)

As an instance of a message in which control seems to have been easy the following long passage offers a good example. It is worth quoting for other reasons also.

It is preceded by an interesting little sentence which seems to show knowledge of what had occurred elsewhere.

R. U. ready. . . Do you know where the writing was like that?

Dr. Hyslop replied, 'Yes'; for this abbreviation had been used through Mrs. Smead—a fact which was unknown to Mrs. Chenoweth, through whom this message came. Immediately follows this long unsigned discourse.

I thought so and we have been trying to do that at the other 'light' but not yet are we able to do all that we plan; still we think the cross reference will be established with more than occasional allusions, it is only a matter of practice and continuous effort. This is a combination of influences now, but it is a trial to see what a combined force will do. The writing may be smooth and easy, but the evidence may suffer. We do not know, but the power is great, and perhaps like the momentum of an engine when once established the other may drop out and one be left to do the work.

It is now so hard to get started that we are weary before we get to the evidential message. Now all the work that is being done in the world to-day is a more or less personal matter, and the mighty questions which confront the thinkers are left untouched in the haste to get the personal equation.

I wish we could once get the truth of the possibility of things we know so firmly established that we might be free to express all that we need to; for the upliftment of the human race. It is not the purpose of any group of intelligent people on this side of life to spend energy and time in recalling small matters of identity unless through that method the attention of the student body of the world be drawn to the truth of God's love made manifest among men.

The whole purpose of the work is to save the world from its woe by letting the light of truth shine on its face. It is so dreadful and uncertain a state in which men dwell as if they built their cottages on the slopes of Vesuvius and saw death in every cloud of smoke. We desire to have them build intelligently and live where no cloud of death obscures the clear view of heaven.

It is absurd that men in the universities and pulpits and churches do not see what the trivial twaddle, as they call it, is the sign of. It does not hurt or hinder us, but it shows the temper of the age, and so we are forced to use the selfishness of desire as a ladder to the sky. . . . We strive to be patient and wait the day when the soul thirsts. . . . It is all the desire. Desire is the open door always. Create desires for the noble, the good, the true, and the world is saved (p. 527).

It is instructive to contrast this interesting passage, which seems to flow so easily, with the effect produced on another occasion when Dr. Hyslop interrupted the flow by trying to bring back the communicator to questions of identity. He said: 'I tried to lead him into what I wanted so that it would not be abrupt.' But after some attempt to reply came the words, 'I am losing control,' and the pencil fell, being taken up at once by 'Whirlwind,' who came in with an explanation.

We can understand partly what must have been the sensation of the communicator. We all know how we feel when we are suddenly interrupted in the midst of a flow of thought or of an attempt to tell an experience, or to express an idea, whether by speech or writing. If the thoughts are thus switched off, how difficult it is to switch them on again to the same point.

'Whirlwind' says:—

That is what happens to a man when he tries to think. Moral: Do not think, but write. . . . Yes, that poor spirit tried to think, and dropped off the end of the pencil like a bug on a paling. Yes, he was doing fine as long as he went on automatically. You know what I mean.

To which Dr. Hyslop replied: 'Yes, but it was not evidence of anything.'

This incident presents the problem very clearly.

If we want smooth and easy expression, such as we get in correspondence between friends on earth, we must not expect the mind of the communicator to keep steadily on questions of

evidence. Tests of identity may come in the course of what is said, or they may not. If this is what we are chiefly looking for (and Dr. Hyslop, quite rightly, makes this his main object), we must not complain if Professor James and F. W. H. Myers and others seem to have fallen below the standard of thought and expression which characterised their writing when they were on earth. As Dr. Hyslop puts it, we must remember that 'thinking voluntarily breaks control, and automatic communications offer no guarantee that evidential matter will come into the stream of consciousness' (p. 512).

VARIED PHENOMENA AT MRS. WRIEDT'S SEANCES.

Possibly my experiences at the séances of Mrs. Wriedt may comfort some who are bereaved and may help those who are 'almost persuaded.'

I have had the privilege of sitting in 'Julia's' circle for nearly three years at Mr. Stead's Wimbledon house, and have never missed a service save through illness. I sat next to Mr. Stead at supper two or three weeks before his fatal journey, and heard him say that when *he* came back from the other side he would shake the floor and walls and stamp round the room. I was also present at supper on May 29th when the room was shaken as though by an earthquake. I had to take hold of the table as my chair rocked. I heard heavy steps round the room and saw Mr. Stead's chair moving alone. (See Miss Scatcherd's account in 'LIGHT' of August 3rd.)

I was present at the séance on May 6th, and saw Mr. Stead's etherealisation, and heard his conversation with his daughter. My place at the séances was always between Mr. Robert King and my husband and about eight feet from the medium.

After the preliminary service, Mrs. Wriedt turned out the light. Immediately a hand would touch me, within (I should say) ten seconds. I generally held a hand of those each side of me. The materialised hands were often placed gently on my head, and stayed there for some minutes. My back was to the wall. My hand was often firmly grasped by a hand of warm flesh and blood, which I am convinced was my son's. He passed from this life three years ago, aged nineteen. Once I *mentally* said, 'If you are my boy, give three grips.' Immediately the hand gave three grips.

Sometimes Mr. King would say: 'I see your boy standing by you.' I only saw a pillar of faint cloud. Invariably from this light came a hand caressing my face. Once a bunch of pinks was gently unfastened from my waist, and immediately a sitter opposite said: 'I have had some flowers given to me.' Afterwards we found they were my pinks. One night, being tired, I stretched my hands above my head. Two hands coming, as it were, from the ceiling took mine and pulled me upwards till I stood on tiptoe. I felt I should have been lifted, but became agitated and the hands melted away. I invariably told the circle of these hands, and Mr. King reached up and felt them grasping mine. My husband also felt them. I touched the forefinger of the right hand and found it roughened as my boy's often was by attending to his motor bicycle. At one séance a heavy satin coat was rather in my way. It was gently lifted from me and put on the back of Admiral Moore's chair at the other side of the room. I was sitting on part of this coat. It left me like a cloud, although I had not moved. Sometimes, when the hands were placed on my head, my son's voice would say: 'It is I, dear.' The voice did not come from behind me, where the hands were, but from high in the centre of the room.

A remarkable test is that the hands *never groped*. They deliberately took my hand, touched my forehead, placed flowers in my hand from the vases eight feet away. I am certain no one moved in the room. Could *we* do this in darkness? I once mentally asked my boy if Mrs. Ella Anker could not have the hands, and immediately she delightedly exclaimed that a little hand was caressing her. We then heard a child's voice talking to her in Norwegian for some minutes. I also felt a baby's hand pat me. I took hold of it, and felt the tiny nails; they were very soft, as a baby's would be. We had been sitting over one hour, and no child was in the room.

The best results occur when the same sitters meet and take the same places week after week. I was fortunate in being near to Mr. King, as his mediumship helped me greatly. My boy's voice—a whisper at first—became stronger and more natural. He spoke to each sitter in turn, and in response to my request told each the colour of his or her aura.

I feel much compassion for those in sorrow, and earnestly wish everyone could have the comfort I have had.

I saw lately in some paper that those who come back are evil spirits. That should be a great comfort to those who say so and believe so, for if evil ones keep their identity, remember even the terms of endearment in their old home life, and give their time to comforting those in sorrow, surely the good spirits should also keep their identity and be allowed to visit their loved ones. We must make no conditions. They tell us their missionary work is terribly difficult. On this earth plane they need a medium. If they ask for a paper or aluminium tube for acoustic purposes, or darkness for the creation of simulacra, we must not imitate the savage chief who demanded a photograph without the use of camera or dark room.

When I suffered the terrible loss of my only child three years ago, I knew nothing of Spiritualism. Mr. Stead has my eternal gratitude. He told me to go patiently forward even for seven years. I am doing so and have had the most wonderful and convincing proofs. I may say I have read every word of 'LIGHT' these three years.

Physical mediumship is often scorned, but Jesus of Nazareth did not despise it, and thus comforted his disciples.

I can no longer say:—

'Oh for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still.'

M. M.

Kingston-on-Thames.

MR. F. W. THURSTAN AND HIS HOUSEBOAT.

'The Houseboat Hermit of the Thames' is the name the 'Daily News' of the 15th inst. gives to Mr. F. W. Thurstan, M.A., in an illustrated interview with him at his houseboat bungalow on 'one of the most exquisite parts of the river between Datchet and Staines.' Mr. Thurstan, who for ten years has lived there quite alone, is described as 'a mystic who has studied wisdom in the East, seen Nature in many lands, climbed the Himalayas, and penetrated into the wilds of Thibet.' Inspection revealed to the interviewer the fact that the bungalow was composed of two or three small houses built on a large houseboat.

On the top deck is a large window-less dining-room, and beyond a roomy balcony. The view from this is matchlessly beautiful. . . Mr. Thurstan is busy just now in the production of a novel dealing with Seti, the founder of the nineteenth dynasty in Egypt. . .

When at Cambridge, Mr. Thurstan won the Chancellor's Gold Medal, thus following in the footsteps of Tennyson and Byron, and he has published a small volume of charming lyrics. 'I intended once to devote my life to writing poetry,' said Mr. Thurstan, 'but I changed my mind, and thought I would "live poetry" instead. I am quite happy here,' continued Mr. Thurstan, who certainly does not look his sixty years. 'I get up at six every morning, have a dip in the river, and then indulge in dancing and exercises. I am not a food faddist, and agree with Horace Fletcher that what you eat does not matter so much as how you eat. One should eat intensely, concentrating one's mind on the process. I never read when I am eating. . . The life of solitude is not for everyone, but to those who wish to develop themselves, intellectually and spiritually, by communion with Nature, I would certainly recommend it. . . Trees, flowers, and grass become one's friends. Little birds often come and perch on my shoulder, and when the swallows return they circle round my head as if to greet me after their long absence. Nature has many secrets, but she divulges them only to those who sympathetically study her.'

Mr. Thurstan's ambition is to found a City of the Light-Hearted in Egypt, on the Alexandrian coast, for mental and physical invigoration, where people would sing and dance and express themselves naturally, and enjoy opportunities to develop their higher selves.

OFFICE OF 'LIGHT,' 110, ST MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON, W.C.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 24TH, 1912.

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

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

Subscription Rates.—'LIGHT' may be had free by post on the following terms:—Twelve months, 10s. 10d; six months, 5s. 5d. Payments to be made in advance. To United States, 2dol. 70c. To France, Italy, &c., 13 francs 86 centimes. To Germany, 11 marks 25 pfgr.

Wholesale Agents: Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Ltd., 31, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., and 'LIGHT' can be ordered through all Newsagents and Booksellers.

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

A LOOK ROUND AND A GLANCE AHEAD.

The message of life comes to us for the most part in clues and hints—the great flashes of revelation are rare. The secret is well guarded, but enough is given from time to time to show us that it is one of beauty and of happiness. The ghouls and goblins belong to the darkness. It is only the darkness that lends them their terrors. The light reveals them for what they are—fantastic illusions or homely and natural things distorted by obscurity and the fears of the beholder. There are those who love to traffic in the things of darkness. They find a secret enjoyment in terrifying the timid and the simple-minded, and at the same time winning their shuddering admiration—not a lofty aim, but a very human one. It was a great moment in the life of the 'fat boy' in 'Pickwick' when he had an opportunity of making the old lady's flesh creep. There is a sham occultism, the members of which love to pose as the custodians of dark and awful mysteries from which the uninitiated are to be solemnly warned off.

A certain audacious adventuress once lived in clover for years by the possession of a large safe reputed to contain immense treasure. The safe was not to be opened until a certain day, on which day all the people (shrewd bankers amongst them) who had advanced large sums of money to its possessor were to be amply rewarded for their loans and confidence. But they lost faith at last, the adventuress fled, the safe was opened and found to contain—waste paper. It is needless to labour the parable. It speaks for itself.

We have no safes, or other depositories of mystical or psychic secrets, the contents of which are to be taken on trust. We have not even a complete scheme of the universe with all the documents relating to it tabulated and pigeon-holed. It is rather a humiliating admission, but we make it without shame or regret. There are such things on the market, it is true, but we would rather be excused from pronouncing on their genuineness.

Spiritualism, as we construe it, is free, broad and inclusive. It has no sharp lines of demarcation, no vested interests. Such prizes of attainment and discovery as it may have to offer are open to all comers as the rewards of pains and merit, and not of privilege. There is room in it and welcome for the Philosopher, the Scholar, the Mystic, the Scientist, the Man of Affairs and the Man in the Street. Its followers may believe or disbelieve in Astrology, in Palmistry, in Masters of Wisdom, in Reincarnation or in Magic. Those who have no faith either in a

spiritual world or in the possibility of communication with it are by that fact excluded from our province. But we have no quarrel with them. The gates are always open whenever they may choose to enter.

And here it may be said—and it cannot be said too often—that to the reasonable thinker there is nothing strange and new in the two main propositions upon which Spiritualism is based. They are the foundation of all religions, and are receiving increasing attention from the advance guard of the Science of the day. The intelligent observer may dispute those propositions on intellectual grounds, but when he cites some folly preached or practised in the name of Spiritualism as representing the whole movement he is doing himself injustice.

'I regard Spiritualism as the silliest thing in the thought of the time,' said recently a distinguished author who is also an orthodox Churchman. We rejoined that the Church was not altogether free from this kind of criticism on the part of its opponents, to which he replied that such attacks would be more justly directed against undesirable people and doctrines which had become identified with the Faith. And proceeding in this strain he gave us all we wanted—a practical admission that he was himself showing the same lack of balanced judgment which he deplored in the enemies of his own religious system. And in truth, there is a distinct weakness in the criticism which confines itself to the most vulnerable part of the cause which it attacks. It reminds us of the valiant Mr. Winkle who assisted in repelling the attack on Mr. Pickwick by making a terrific onslaught on a small boy amongst the assailants. It is a poor general who in an engagement directs his operations mainly against the 'broken men' and camp-followers of the opposing forces.

Spiritualism is many-sided. Its issues cannot be dragged wholly into the arena of the outer life. It relates to much that is invisible, much that is unknown or only partially known. Its facts—invincible in themselves—are capable of almost endless misinterpretation and may be made—for a time—to bolster up many theories which do not commend themselves to the general reason. But although this means difficulty for the investigator and gives occasion to the enemy, it is also a source of strength and encouragement. It points to a realm of endless possibilities whose champions will never be at the end of their resources. There can never come a time when their ammunition is exhausted. All the unknown universe is before them and every newly-discovered tract of its territory gives them a new battle ground and compels the opponents, drawn on in their turn, to alter their tactics. Telepathy? Nonsense! There is no such thing. Well, yes, we admit telepathy. It explains clairvoyance, automatic writing and your other phenomena. Spirits? Absurd. We will never give in to spirits. On reconsideration, however, we admit the possibility of some electrical appearances—simulacra—a sort of human residuum, which lends some kind of colour to your belief. But intelligent, active, immortal—never! And so the fight goes merrily on. We are in no doubt as to the issue. The philosophers whose doctrine depends on any finality in science and discovery are in an evil case. Those who aspire to edit the book of Life find it humiliating when, having written 'Finis,' they are compelled to scratch the word out on receiving a new chapter from the Author.

We never expect or aspire to achieve a complete philosophy—new truth, fresh inspiration, is always flowing in. Yet we were never enamoured of the policy that bade us wait passively for these things. Sometimes the new truth waits for us to win it. It is not enough to be-

hospitably receptive to new thought. We should adventure forward for it, cautiously but persistently. The higher we go the better we shall see, and the easier and safer will be our pilgrimage, for the lurking perils—the things of the dark—belong to the lower levels of life. The way of light is towards the sun and the stars. We would go forward—let those who will lag behind.

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 392.)

In the midlands of Natal, far removed from the railway, or centres of civilisation, I met with a young Kaffir girl possessing marvellous mediumistic abilities. Previous to her development she had been ill for a long time, the district surgeon, who was called in by her parents, pronouncing her case hopeless. On the day following his visit, an old woman, who happened to be passing, was invited into the hut where the sick girl lay; she immediately declared that the girl was bewitched by spirits belonging to a neighbouring kraal; between these two kraals a feud had existed for some considerable time, whether known to the old woman or not I am unable to say, but, professing her ability to cure the girl of her obsessions, she obtained permission to remove her to her own home, where for a long time the patient seemed to hover on the border of the two worlds. Gradually, however, the malady gave way to the healing art of the medium. On recovery of health it was discovered that the spiritual sight and hearing of the girl had been awakened, and she became famous in the district for her psychic abilities.

One morning, when I was staying with some friends in the same district, the girl happened to pass and was pointed out to me. I immediately proposed calling her, with the object of testing her abilities, but was told that she was so shy that it would be useless. Nothing daunted, however, I called to her, and this raw Kaffir maiden of about seventeen years of age, and dressed only in a cotton sheet and small bead girdle, approached with a confidence which surprised us all, and without a moment's hesitation followed us under the verandah of the house, and with an air of almost familiarity, placed her hands with mine upon a Ouija board, which offered the best means under the circumstances for invoking the manifestation of psychic intelligence. Swiftly a repetition of the same order of incoherent and unsatisfactory messages that always mystified and dissatisfied me were spelt out, and then I asked for something relative to the girl herself, a request acceded to by the spelling out of several names of persons, as difficult to pronounce as to spell, but the girl denied any knowledge of their identity.

On the following morning I was standing outside the house, when a native woman on the other side of the enclosing fence, accosting me with the usual salutation, remarked: 'We were glad to hear from our relations yesterday.' On my requesting an explanation, she told me that it was her daughter with whom I had spoken the day previously, and that on her return she had mentioned the names given through the Ouija board, and they had recognised them as belonging to deceased relatives. At the conclusion of our impromptu sitting with the girl, I asked her for the reason of her prompt response to my call, since she was usually credited with so much timidity. 'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'I could see that you were different from other white people and believed.' I then asked her if she had ever seen or heard anything of the master of the house, who about a year previously had passed into the beyond? 'Yes,' she answered quite simply.

'Did he give you any message for his family?' I continued. 'Yes; he told me to tell them that he was quite well and happy.'

'And how is it that you have not done what he requested you?' I inquired. 'I was afraid,' she replied. 'You know what white people say about us, and I might have got myself into trouble.'

In reply to my question in regard to her clairvoyance, she replied: 'I see the amadhlosi [spirits of the departed] more or less plainly at all times, but generally better in the evening than at other times. Most of the forms are those of children, and they appear to be playing about as though in earth life.'

Her mother told me that her daughter's ability to find lost or stolen property was remarkable. 'I don't know what we shall do at home when she leaves to get married,' she said, regretfully. 'You see, we sit round the fire at night before lying down, and through her we hear of our friends who have passed away long ago, and she can always find the medicine that will cure us when we are sick.'

I heard later that the girl had developed trance-speaking, and was holding meetings for the people, many of whom were professing Christians, the controlling entity on one occasion pointing to the many incongruities existing in their adopted form of worship.

There are no forms of psychic force manifested through Spiritualist mediums which do not find expression through these ignorant people, excepting, of course, those rendered possible only by greater advance upon the plane of intellectual development, such as automatic writing, psychic photography, &c.

The phenomenon of speaking in tongues is well known to the natives. Only quite recently, on the authority of no less a person than the Roman Catholic Bishop of Natal, a remarkable instance of this phase of mediumship occurred on one of the mission stations, where much consternation was caused by the sudden development of this gift by a young Kaffir girl who, under control probably of some disembodied light of the Church anxious to add to the catalogue of her miracles and the lustre of her fame, discoursed fluently in the Latin tongue. So assured, however, were these good people of the ever-present and dominant power of the emissaries of evil that, impatient of inquiry, they hastily condemned the intruder to the humiliating ordeal of exorcism, carried out with all the pomp and dignity that the presence of a bishop could lend.

That peculiar psychic quality of 'sensing,' possessed by the native witch doctor, was often taken advantage of in the old days by the pioneer colonist for gaining information relating to material affairs, and in not a few instances which I could relate the criminal authorities have indirectly used these sensitives for the detection of crime, often with entire success.

Here is an incident affording an example. One night Mr. A. lost two of his horses out of the stable. Thinking they had broken loose and wandered away, he went in the morning with his native servant to search for them. Master and man spent many hours in a fruitless endeavour to trace the missing animals and were finally about to give up in despair when the servant—like the servant of the hero in the story of the lost asses of Kish—said, 'Come, let us go unto the seer.' So they sought out a diviner, who told them that the reason of their coming to him was because of the loss of two horses. 'They were stolen,' said he, 'by two Pondo boys. One will return to the stables of its own accord in two days' time. I see that this horse has thrown its rider, whose body is lying with a broken neck close to a drift; the other horse, which it will not be safe for you to follow, has been taken by its rider into the Pondo country.' The one horse returned on the second day as had been predicted, and the body of its rider, with his neck broken, was afterwards found at the spot indicated.

Mr. B. and his brother were farmers on the slopes of the Drakensburg. One day a trader passed their homestead and requested permission to leave some of his oxen, which had become footsore, in their charge, promising on his return in a few weeks to call for them and pay for their grazing. After the lapse of many months, as he did not return, the brothers referred the matter to the magistrate, who advised them to sell the oxen. On their way home, however, they suddenly thought of a native witch doctor in the vicinity of whose kraal they were passing. Acting upon the impulse of the moment they went to the man, who, after minutely describing the oxen, said: 'I see that the white man who left them with you is already travelling in your direction; he will be here next week. I see him take from his purse—it is a small leathern one with two compartments fastened by a brass button—the money he promised you.'

The following week, as the witch doctor had predicted, the man arrived and paid the brothers out of a purse similar to that described.

A short time ago a friend of mine who is agnostic in all matters relating to the spiritual, was twitting me on my advocacy of Spiritualism. In reply, I said, 'You are a man with a large experience of Kaffirs, their customs and habits. Have you ever seen them display faculties in any way transcending the normal senses, which you could not explain?' 'Yes,' he replied, after a moment's reflection.

Many years ago I was riding transport between Durban and the Umzimkulu. I checked my loads at Durban and found them correct with the waybill, but when I reached my destination I discovered that I was one case short, for which I had to pay. On my return to my farm I mentioned the fact to my brother, who proposed, more in the spirit of fun than anything else, that we should visit a diviner, and endeavour to discover what had become of it. I consented, and together we repaired to a native diviner. He immediately informed us of the object of our visit, although, as far as I could tell, it was morally impossible for him to have known through any ordinary channels, and then he went on speaking as though in a dream :—

'I see a waggon loaded with cases climbing up the Umgwababa Hill; there has been a lot of rain and the roads are slippery. Half-way up the hill the rains have washed a gully; into this the waggon lurches, displacing a small case which falls to the ground, but the driver, who is busy urging his team up the hill, does not notice it. Now the waggon has passed out of sight, but I see a Kaffir coming up the hill. When he reaches the spot where the case is lying, he stops for a few moments to examine it, and then proceeds to the top of the hill where he stands for a few moments shading his eyes with his hand as though looking beyond. Now he returns to where the case is lying, and lifting it up crosses the road, and pushing his way through some tall tambootie grass, he reaches a large indonie tree; under the tree there is a stunted clump of wild bananas. He places the case in the centre of the clump after concealing it with some of the dry leaves, and goes on his way. The case is still there.'

Though wholly incredulous of the truth of the vision, I sent two 'boys' to the spot indicated, and they returned bringing with them the lost case, having found it exactly where the diviner said that he saw it.

Thus I might indefinitely continue the recital of incidents pointing to the fact of man's common brotherhood, because of a common inheritance of those psychic faculties, definitely relating him to the Universal Intelligence, excluding no races or tribes of men from the privilege of intercommunion, the incarnate with the discarnate, and thus through countless intermediary channels, with the Infinite Source of Being, the All-Father.

A large amount of spurious capital is made by those sections of religious enthusiasts who deem it their God-appointed mission to interfere with the natural laws guiding the evolution of their kind by making for their own purposes distorted comparisons between the conditions of native life under the old *régime* and those wholly unnatural ones which obtain to-day.

Practical experience extending over a period of thirty years has determined my opinion, in common with that of many others, in an altogether contrary direction.

Thirty-two years ago I lived for some time in a district in Natal, then thickly populated with natives, still conforming to the primitive customs of their race, yet honest, manly and intelligent people, with very definite ideas in regard to moral questions. After an absence of thirty years, just prior to my sailing for England, I again visited the district and was amazed to observe the change which had taken place in the people; their habits, characters, and physique. Sordid poverty, dressed in mean rags or tawdry finery, suggestive of service to vice, had displaced the old dignity, born of conscious physical strength and symmetry of form, which once, though attired only in the trappings that simple art could devise from the rough products of Nature, was characteristic, whilst drunkenness, dishonesty, and immorality sought shelter under the meagre cloaks of the religion dispensed by the different sections of belief, established in the little iron, or wattle and daub, churches which everywhere disfigured the countryside. The change was complete and deplorable, nor were the natives unconscious of their degradation, or without regret for the passing of the old days. A keen air of dissatisfaction was apparent everywhere, not only with

material conditions, but also in regard to spiritual concerns. For instance, one Sunday morning an old woman, dressed only in a blanket, came down to the house where I was staying, saying that the people were anxious for me to speak to them. 'You believe as our fathers used to believe, and we could understand you,' she said, quite simply.

That natural love of the occult and mysterious which finds expression in their phraseology and customs, together with a corresponding ability for reaction to psychic forces, which form some of the strongest characteristics of these people, should claim the interest of all investigators into that marvellous realm under the jurisdiction of that great mystery we feebly attempt to express as mind, whose ramifications, breaking through all the barriers erected by ignorance, link up the finite with the infinite, revealing to our hitherto distorted vision that the unit, however insignificant and low in the social scale, is a necessary integral part of the whole, an alike expression of the Absolute as ourselves, claiming by right of divine truth an indissoluble relationship and the reciprocal action of service, love, and sympathy.

SPIRITUALIST PROPAGANDA METHODS.

A Paper by MR. GEORGE W. KATES, Secretary of the National Spiritualists' Association of the United States of America, read by MR. J. M. STEWART, of Glasgow, at the International Congress at Liverpool.

Mr. Kates dealt with the contention, put forward by some Spiritualists, that 'the spirits will do all that is necessary for the propagation of phenomena to prove spirit life and communion.' He affirmed that this view is unreasonable, because spirits have to employ human agents, mediums, and other human beings have much to do in assisting in the unfoldment of the powers of mediums. Continuing, he said :—

It is a mistake to presuppose that unlimited powers inhere immediately and always in a spirit decarnate from earth. If there is truth in eternal progression, then spirits have always some limitations. Thus, spirits functioning upon earth require aid from human persons. The nature of that aid will either advance or retard the spirit's cause or desires. The application of this to Spiritualist propaganda becomes apparent.

Is it true that only proved spirit phenomena will make people Spiritualists? If so, why are so many who worship at the shrine of such phenomena not conversant with the philosophy of Spiritualism? Is it not true that the ethics of spiritual force and the understanding of psychic laws comprise the premise of the philosophy of Spiritualism?

It is evident that a Spiritualist is a person who has spiritual aspirations and seeks to live a spiritual life, and who has become a student of the philosophy of psychic phenomena. Thus I conclude that the philosophy of Spiritualism is the most potent factor in the development of Spiritualists. But the phenomena constitute the base upon which this philosophy rests.

Is spirit communion as valuable to the believer as are phenomena to the sceptic? While all spirit phenomena bring more or less spirit communion, by this question is meant the communion that gives messages, verbal or written, for personal gratification or instruction, including public teaching by a spirit. This is but a phase of spirit phenomena, and frequently carries the clearest proof of spirit identity. It then becomes something more than spirit evidence; for it brings the personal satisfaction of communion with loved ones, friends, advisers and teachers. Its value far surpasses even the great good rendered by those phenomenal evidences which only convince people of spirit power and control. If the knowledge of spirit manifestation is worth diffusing, then spirit communion will be a great boon to all people, for their mental, moral and spiritual uplift, as the crowning good of the intercommunion of spirits and mortals.

The world has required positive evidence of the reality of spirit life and communion; but now, that fact being well established and continuously proven, the need of spirit communion grows and human beings yearn for that blessed comfort. Spiritualism being true, all people should know it; and those who *know anything* of value owe it to *all* to disseminate that knowledge for the common good. If spirits have proved any truths of value, then such truths should be given to all. Surely the spirits do not want only a few persons to know they are able to manifest and commune.

The vast host of spirit persons have each and all some to whom they are related by love or friendship, to whom they desire to send greetings or some form of message. There is an

obligation upon others to prepare the way. And the instruction possible and somewhat actualised, makes it an obligation to give assistance for such dissemination.

How shall propaganda be conducted? Is it not reasonable to secure organised methods of dissemination? Have any great movements ever been consummated except by organised co-operation? Are such organisations without personal benefit to the associated members? Is not personal development a great essential to associated usefulness? Thus, is it not a positive result that personal and general benefit is obtained by associated effort in the form of organised bodies with central controlling executives? The individual worker accomplishes much; and the associated body, composed of active individuals, must accomplish more.

The séance-room has been of vast good; and the combined séances of the world have achieved marvellous results. The local society instructs and inspires its members; and all societies in the State or country, associated in a compact form of endeavour, become a power to carry 'glad tidings' to vast multitudes. The medium for phenomena obtains results sought by the inquirer after material evidence; while the lecturer is a student of, and instructor in, the philosophy of psychic facts. He searches deeply for the lore that shall bless mankind by truths of life here and hereafter. One discovers, the other applies; and all benefit. This is propaganda by co-operation.

The moral teachings of Spiritualism suffice as a basis on which to form a cult for world propaganda. These moral teachings are of a character to make personal responsibility the paramount condition of human life. If the doctrine of vicarious salvation is an error, then a large proportion of the human race has suffered by a lack of responsibility that has caused untold crimes and widespread ignorance. The immediate birth into spirit life with exact inheritance, but with prospective unfoldment and not eternal damnation; the justice of law rather than the vengeance of an angry God; the exact revealment of conditions of life after earth death; these, and many other positive truths, all constitute a new system of ethics and instruction which requires a humanitarian and religious people to disseminate it in the world. All this makes an imperative demand upon Spiritualists to adopt propaganda methods. Truths and personal benefits are not for an elect few, but are the birthright of all. There must surely be desire of spirit denizens to benefit all the people of earth; and their efforts to establish intercommunion are not for a few chosen ones. If that is true, then their benefactions to those who are allied as Spiritualists are not for them only, but for them to diffuse amongst their fellows. Hence some system of propaganda is demanded by the spirit hosts. Who will establish that system if the Spiritualists do not?

The phenomena of Spiritualism and the philosophy thereof are inseparable. They must continue to work together. It is futile to say we no longer require phenomena; and equally unjust to say that the philosophy and religion of Spiritualism are not necessary. One falls or rises with the other. Our organised efforts must be all-embracing. Spirit phenomena and communion comprise the eternal base for the mental, moral and spiritual superstructure.

The most important question now is: 'What shall be the Spiritualists' method of organisation?' It is evident that we should organise to develop better and more general methods of securing spirit phenomena and communion; to have public meetings for instruction in the philosophy, and to utilise the religion of Spiritualism; to enjoy social fraternity and advance the brotherhood and sisterhood of humanity.

What organisation is there that embraces more beneficial forces for effort? We, as Spiritualists, should be the most earnest and enthusiastic people on earth.

In the United States there are local societies or churches of Spiritualists in nearly every locality; twenty-two States have organised and secured local auxiliaries; and all these are compacted in a National Association. Mediums and ministers are given increased opportunities for the exercise of their special functions; literature is being disseminated; members personally benefited. Temples or edifices of some character wherein to hold meetings are being erected and speakers or pastors are employed in many instances for annual periods. Lyceums for children are held, where such instruction is given that future Spiritualists are certain to result. A solidarity is ensuing which foretells the possible spiritualisation of the world's people. Thus a great work for good is being accomplished, and to do good in the world is a worthy ambition, and is of special attraction to everyone whom the spirits have instructed or advised.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Several communications intended for this issue have been unavoidably held over.

'THE APPLICATION OF SPIRITUALISM' is the title of a paper by Mr. E. W. Wallis which we shall give in next week's 'LIGHT.' It was read by Mr. Wallis at the International Congress at Liverpool on Sunday, July 7th last.

THE SOUL OF MAN: AN ALLEGORY.

A child of four, sick to death, lay in the arms of a strong man. The child's face was full of peace; there were tears in the strong man's eyes.

'You know a lot, don't you, dada?' 'I've read this, and read that, and read the other, Jack.'

'If I grow up, I'll know things, too, like you, won't I, dada?' 'Yes, Jack.'

There was a pause and the child smiled. 'What's the difference, dada?'

The father could make no reply, unless a tear that dropped was a reply. The child saw the tear fall and smiled.

'It's awful funny, dada, but it's nice to see you sorry.' 'There's nothing to be sorry about, Jack.'

The child looked up and the father kissed the face of his only child.

'I think lots of things now, dada, only I think without thinking. What's the difference?'

The father was a learned man. He felt the difference, but he knew nothing about it.

'You know all about everything; but s'pose you didn't love me, dada?' 'Well, Jack?' 'I'd be mis'able and'—the child laughed—'you'd be mis'able, too.' 'What next, Jack?'

'S'pose you hadn't read this, and read that, and read the other—didn't know nothing. But s'pose you loved me?' 'What would happen then?' 'We'd bofe be just as happy as we are now, wouldn't we, dada?' 'There isn't any difference, Jack?' 'I don't know yet. I'm going to know.'

A grey shadow was creeping over the child's peaceful face, and the father held his breath, waiting in human sorrow. And yet—to the man faced by the magician, death, who changes the form of life in the twinkling of an eye and plays with time and space in the infinite, as a conjurer on the stage with all bodily senses in our lilliputian world—human sorrow seemed but a light and passing ill, hard as it was to bear. In that supreme moment the father knew in his soul that death is no enemy but a kindly friend, using always his resistless power in mercy to free the soul from its mortal prison.

'Dada.' The child's voice was very weak, but the father heard.

Then burst forth the last sharp flicker of life on earth. The eyes brightened, the voice was clear: on the face was supreme, unearthly peace. 'Dada! I know now. There isn't any difference, it's all love. We're bofe love, for ever and ever.'

GERALD TULLY.

A LETTER FROM MADAME D'ESPERANCE.

Madame d'Espérance writes us from her home in Bavaria, under date of the 12th inst:—

To-day I have letters from Sweden which inform me that I died in Paris on April 19th (or May), and my friends have received visits and letters of condolence. The report, so far as I can make out, originated in an Italian Spiritualist journal, and has been copied into various other papers, Spiritualistic and otherwise, in Sweden, Denmark, and Germany.

If one believes the saying that 'a death reported is a death predicted,' then it came very near fulfilment; but as I am now very much alive, and rapidly growing strong after my illness, it would, perhaps, be a proper thing to contradict the report. This I leave to your discretion.

It is interesting to read what folks say of one after one's death, but it is giving them an unnecessary trouble to write memoirs, &c.

'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?

A WITCH-DOCTOR'S PSYCHIC POWERS.

A North of London correspondent sends us a letter that he has received from his son (who is in an official position in South Africa) in which the writer gives an interesting account of the psychic powers of a native witch-doctor.

A native complainant, whose daughter had had a child by a young man and was to be married to him, testified that shortly after his prospective son-in-law had been killed by being run over by a wagon, the young man's father got hold of the girl, made her drink herbs, cut her and put herbs into the wounds. This led to a quarrel between the two men; the complainant accused the other of having bewitched his daughter, while the accused retorted by charging his accuser with having bewitched his son and caused his death. Finally they decided to consult a witch-doctor to discover who really was the guilty party. In accordance with the custom described by Mr. Bull (p. 376) of a seeker for divination being accompanied by all connected with the case, the women of the two families went with the men in their journey to find this 'doctor.' The complainant further said that when they were on their way they called upon a chief, K., and told him the whole matter. K. advised them to go back, as consulting a 'doctor' would cause trouble. He took K.'s advice and returned, but the others went on. Some time later some of the females visited him at his hut, began to assault him and placed a bush in front of him to signify that he was 'umtagati'—or a witch. He complained that this caused him a great deal of trouble; he was not allowed to mix with other natives and would be blamed if any misfortune befel them.

The wife of the complainant said that after her husband turned back one of the women declared that he must be guilty or he would have gone on. The women went to the witch-doctor and, without telling him the reason of their visit, asked him to 'pengoola' (go through his performance). He charged fifteen shillings, and then began to dance. After dancing for about half an hour, he knelt and, pointing to the mother of the young man, said:—

Old woman, you want to know which is right. You say that they have tagati'd [bewitched] your child, and they say that you have tagati'd theirs, but you are not the guilty party. The one who has tagati'd your child is the husband of that woman, and he then pointed to me. He has caused him to be killed by a big thing which is made by white men and goes on wheels; his reason for doing so was because he did not want your son to marry his daughter. He did it by giving him medicine. He also made him ride a monkey during his sleep.

The complainant's wife believed what the witch-doctor said, and declared that she was afraid of her husband. The 'doctor' told her that her husband had a brother, quite a young man, who was recently married, but his wife had died (this was true) and that she was tagati'd by her husband.

Another witness believed the 'doctor' because he told her the truth about her three children, only one of whom was the child of her husband, and because he told her that it was she who helped the young people in their wooing.

'ANY man who is not blind can see that Christianity was originally founded on psychic phenomena. It was an appeal . . . to facts—scientific facts—real or alleged. Whether we have those facts preserved correctly or not makes no difference. It is the appearance of the records that tells the story, and for lack of the willingness to study present-day facts scientific men threw the narratives of the New Testament out of court. The only defence which those narratives can ever get will be in the corroboration in present experience of similar phenomena.'—DR. J. HYSLOP.

A BEAUTIFUL OLD AGE.—'How delightful it is to meet one who, having lived nearly ninety years, is still full of life! who has kept "the young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks"; who has ready tears for the far-away Past, but smiles as ready for all that is good and pleasing in To-day; whose heart is always loyal to those who are gone, yet ever warm to welcome those who come! Such grand old folk scarcely realise how much they do for those who "follow after." The illumination of life's last pages is a glorious task. It might, too, startle some of the present generation, so intent on "realising itself" and "living its own life," if it learned how many of these conquerors of life and death have verily gained their life by its absolute surrender to others, and entered into possession of their true self by first losing it in devoted, selfless service.'—ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO in the August 'Open Road.'

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Our veteran co-worker, Dr. J. M. Peebles, writing from Los Angeles, says: 'I had the pleasure the other day of introducing the Hon. Wm. McLean, ex-member of Parliament for New Zealand, to one of our camp meetings, now in full blast. It was the first of the kind that he had ever attended, and of course it deeply interested him. Yesterday our mutual friend, W. J. Colville, spent the afternoon with us in my library. He is still Colville, a unique but grand good fellow.'

We observe from the 'Daily Graphic' that the well-known actress, Mrs. Brown-Potter, seriously contemplates leaving the stage for the purpose of devoting herself to the study of Hindu philosophy. It is reported that under the guidance of a Hindu Guru she is 'solving the riddle of life' through the system of Atma Darshan (soul companion), a cult which has been systematised by the Yogis belonging to the Gosainthan temple situated in the Himalayas beyond the perpetual snow-line, at an altitude of sixteen thousand feet above sea level, a spot that, so far, has never been visited by any white man or woman.

From an article which appeared in 'The Liverpool Post and Mercury' we learn that 'by eugenics is meant the scientific study of *all* the agencies by which the human race may be improved,' and the writer holds that 'a system of eugenics may be made the handmaiden of the spiritual existence; that the two may go hand-in-hand; that eugenics may bring about such an improvement in physical development, with its concomitants of mental and moral progression, that the religionist may find the good ground in which to sow his spiritual seed; and that the latter, in his turn, may discover in his better developed, more richly-beautified temple of the Living God the germ of soul, responsive and eager to be fanned into living flame. Let them see to it that they both do their share.'

The Milan correspondent of the 'Daily Chronicle' telegraphed on the 14th inst. that 'Signor Crotta, the stationmaster at Sicignano, near Naples, speculated one franc at a weekly lottery last Saturday, and now finds himself in consequence the lucky winner of twenty-four thousand pounds.' He resigned his position on the railway, and 'is also setting apart a sum for masses on behalf of his dead aunt, whose ghost, he avows, appeared to him in the early hours of Saturday morning, bidding him gamble on four numbers which she revealed to him, all of which eventually proved lucky ones.' This incident recalls to the writer of 'The Office Window' paragraphs 'the story of the servant girl who won a fortune with the number twenty-six. Asked why she was so particular to choose that number, she exclaimed, "I dreamt about the number nine three nights running, and I says to myself three nines is twenty-six. So I done it." It is to be hoped that the ex-stationmaster will be benefited, but it is doubtful whether money, thus obtained, carries a spiritual blessing. Besides, where one gains thousands lose!

As spiritual reformers we earnestly desire to see steps taken to secure the moral and physical well-being of every member of the community, and, naturally, we are deeply interested in the efforts now being made to secure the suppression of the White Slave traffic. We have just received a little twopenny pamphlet on 'Prostitution: Its Nature and Cure,' issued by the Penal Reform League, 1, Harrington-square, N.W., in which the League urges the promotion of one standard of morality for men and women, and advocates the following measures: (1) Power of arrest without warrant of anyone suspected of 'procuring' or attempting to 'procure' any person for immoral purposes, provided that an investigation into the case be undertaken by trained investigators, not specially appointed for the purpose, but quite unconnected with the prosecution; (2) a special court for the trial and protection of women, with women police, probation officers, &c., women's remand homes, hospitals, industrial farms, out-patient and after-care arrangements; (3) detention or supervision of persons convicted of 'procuring,' &c., until there is sufficient guarantee that the offence will not be repeated. The writers boldly declare that the classes of women who recruit the ranks of prostitution are none of them proper subjects for penal law. 'They are victims of economic and social injustice, defective upbringing or neglect. . . . And, so long as present injustice continues, we are all white slave traders.' A valued correspondent informs us of the distressing disappearance recently of two young and beautiful girls, who were left by their mother for a few minutes while she entered a large establishment in Oxford-street in the daytime. On her return to the street the girls were missing, and although this happened some weeks ago, and inquiries were set on foot at once, nothing has yet been heard of them.

Under the heading 'The Return of William Stead,' the June-July 'Luce e Ombra' quotes from 'LIGHT' M. Miya-tovich's account of his sitting with Mrs. Wriedt. It also notices in its review pages the article which Mr. G. S. Cowie contributed to our columns on Dr. Fiocca-Novis's attempted explanation of the facts of Spiritualism (see 'LIGHT' of July 20th and 27th), and summarises fairly and at some length Mr. Cowie's comments thereon.

A further article appears in 'The People' dealing with the West End fortune-tellers, in which the writer cites instances of the harmful results following upon consultations with palmists. He says, in conclusion, that he has learned from an experienced officer at Vine-street police-station that 'in many instances the police have had information of the evil wrought by these ignorant fortune-tellers. But in almost all cases the dupes refuse to prosecute, or assist a prosecution, by coming forward as witnesses . . . in future, acting on direct instructions from the Home Secretary, more attention is to be paid to fortune-tellers, and something like an organised crusade of extermination commenced.'

The practice of saying 'Prayers for the Dead' was recently discussed in 'The Church Family Newspaper,' among the contributions being one from the Rev. D. S. Govett, Dean of Gibraltar, who said that he had read the letters in that journal with great interest, but not one with greater interest than the following lines [we omit the two first verses]:—

She knelt beside her mother's knee
Her evening prayer to say;
'Thank God,' she prayed, 'for bringing me
Safe through another day.

'Preserve me through the coming night,
And bless——' a pause, a sob:
Round mother's neck small arms wind tight,
Small pulses wildly throb.

'I cannot leave him out, mother,
Whatever you may say;
I cannot leave him out, mother,
Or else I cannot pray!'

Then brightening to a doubtful smile,
As tears allowed, she cried:
'Thank God I had him for a while,
My daddy, ere he died.

'Thank God, he was so kind, so dear,
And I may love him still——'
Then passed without a break, or tear,
To prayers for Kate and Will.

'Tis ever thus for human heart,
However thought may doubt,
As one by one our friends depart:
We 'cannot leave them out.'

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.

The Bangs Sisters: A Suggestion.

SIR,—Would it be possible to get these noted psychics over here in the same way as Mrs. Wriedt? I have broached the matter to Vice-Admiral Osborne Moore, to whom, together with the late Mr. Stead, we are so much indebted for Mrs. Wriedt's visit.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES L. TWEEDALE.

August 14th.

A Plea for Sympathy with Mediums.

SIR,—There is no doubt that to be a medium is a very high honour, in fact the highest which it is possible for a person to realise on this side of life, but the 'man in the street,' who occasionally hears of such beings, treats them as either cranks or fools, and it is frequently said that such folks are fit only for the lunatic asylum. Few people realise what it is to be a psychic or a medium; one whose organism is strung up to the highest pitch of sensitiveness, and who constantly receives all sorts of conditions—conditions which the ordinary person cannot understand because he does not realise them. I think it is high time

that the public realised that the despised mediums are, in reality, our greatest national asset, not only because they are the pioneers, opening the way for greater spiritual knowledge, but because, in the future, they will hold in no small degree the spiritual destinies of nations in their hands. Spiritual psychology is spreading in every quarter of the globe, and though outwardly the masses seem not to heed the things of the eternal, yet inwardly, and privately, there are, all over the country, research circles, and mediums who are developing their psychic powers. It is for these coming mediums that I plead. Only those who have already passed through the stages of psychic development can realise how much they need sympathy, and how often they grow weary in the fight. To such, my message is: 'Go forward! fight on! Though there may not be temples set apart for you, where your psychic natures may be kept from the blighting winds of sceptical and antagonistic thought and feeling, yet if ye fight ye cannot but prevail, for ye are the forerunners of spiritual peace and social happiness.'

To the public at large I again appeal for sympathy with those whose whole endeavour is to bring, as Christ did of old, 'life and immortality to light,' and to comfort the stricken children of earth that they too may realise the consciousness of the indwelling Christ.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN WILLIAMSON.

'Julia's Bureau': A Question and a Suggestion.

SIR,—Is it not possible to keep 'Julia's Bureau' going a little longer? We have read and heard much about the respect and esteem with which Spiritualists regard Mr. Stead. Is it to end with words? Is there no spirit of sacrifice or unselfishness amongst us? Are there not, say, a thousand Spiritualists in this country or abroad who, between them, could find a thousand pounds a year for three years, so that the 'bureau' could be kept going for that period? During that time some scheme might be evolved to set it upon a self-supporting basis, or conclusive evidence obtained that the institution is useless or unneeded.

Would Admiral Moore, or the Council of the London Spiritualist Alliance, form a strong representative committee to appeal for definite promises of financial support and manage the 'bureau'? Possibly it might be worked efficiently at less than £1,000 a year. And I suggest that some information should be given of the work already accomplished.

What is it that is lacking—want of faith in 'Julia's Bureau,' or a lack of reality in the admiration of Mr. Stead? If the former (and it be well grounded), may we not have from the officials a candid statement that it has proved a failure? I can hardly think that it has failed. It seems rather to be a question of money. But failure is no shame, and the truth can do no damage. If, however, the latter is the case, that indeed is shame, and the sooner the eulogistic paragraphs cease in Spiritualist papers the better for the cause of sincerity.—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD A. BUSH.

A Non-Spiritualist's Impressional Experiences.

SIR,—Seeing in a recent issue of 'LIGHT' a letter about someone passed over of whom I have knowledge, it struck me that probably what I shall relate, as briefly as possible, might have some interest for your readers.

On the morning of June 10th, 1906, feeling inclined to write, I sat with pencil in hand, but the theme in my mind would not materialise; instead, some verses (which dealt with the death transition, and the fact that there will be some to meet us on the other shore) were all I could produce. The next morning a letter arrived telling of the passing of a near relative. Was my then state of mind owing to this fact?

On June 1st of the present year I wished to pen some humorous verses, as on other similar occasions—in celebration of her wedding anniversary—to an old friend resident in Canada; but my best endeavour brought forth nothing but solemn thoughts. So I gave myself up to the spirit of the moment, with the result that two verses were written which dealt with the fact that

'oft we fear
That final change, and see nought but the bier
Upon which rests perchance that form so loved
Of parent, sister, brother, or friend proved.'

But love never changes, and it is the 'One thing that keeps an ever-open door.'

On June 2nd a letter reached me from a cousin saying that my uncle (a clergyman) passed away the previous day. I may say that in each case, though knowing of a precarious state of health, I was not aware the end was near, and the relative had not been specially in my thoughts. My sympathies, how-

ever, were strongly towards the families where the individual passing occurred.

I am not a Spiritualist—just an unlabelled, earnest seeker after truth in its many aspects; but in agreement with every honest attempt to break down the barriers orthodoxy would erect, with a view to building more firmly and expansively.—Yours, &c.,

B. M.

Dr. A. R. Wallace and Eugenics.

SIR,—Referring to a paragraph on page 392 about the anti-Eugenist views of the venerable scientist, Dr. A. R. Wallace, O.M., it strikes me that he includes all Eugenists in a too wholesale category, viz., the materialistic. There are two sides to this much-debated subject, but unfortunately the purely material advantage to be reaped is usually the one upon which most stress is laid.

The Eugenist who denies all spirituality is as one-sided as a Spiritualist so absorbed in Spiritualistic phenomena as to overlook the importance of his material surroundings—not least, his physical habitation. Both fail to recognise the fact that the two—spirit and matter—cannot be divorced.

It seems to me that all Eugenists worthy of the name would heartily endorse Dr. Wallace's views regarding the educative value of environment, the futility of our penal laws, the incarceration of the sane in lunatic asylums, and other reformatory (?) atrocities.—Yours, &c.,

Liverpool.

BERTHA M. MYLCHREEST.

'Glorious Healing Work'

SIR,—For the encouragement of those who are interested in the glorious work of healing the sick, I feel impressed to send you the following extract from a letter I received from Miss Moores (now residing at Worcester), who is a sister of the late president of the Croydon Spiritualist Society. She has lately undergone a very serious operation, and consequently was suffering great pain and exhaustion. She says: 'I want to convey my gratitude to you and all those kind friends who sent out their healing thoughts and sympathy to me. I felt the influence on the first Sunday without knowing that you were all making a special effort on my behalf. I had been crying for help and knew that it would come in time. Soon the intense pain became more bearable, and I felt a band of friends around me. I cannot tell you how much they have helped me; I feel like saying "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift."'

This cheering message is encouraging to our newly formed circle for 'healing,' in connection with the Croydon Society, two other cases at the same time having received benefit by the power of 'absent treatment.' It should also inspire all who participate in sending forth the balm of healing under the guidance of the great Healer of all, to continue to press forward in their labours of love, ever remembering that 'the prayer of faith shall save the sick.'

May all who in the Father's name undertake this holy mission be blest in their endeavours, and find their efforts crowned with success.—Yours, &c.,

JULIA E. SCHOLEY.

47, Parchmore-road,
Thornton Heath.

Spiritualists' National Fund of Benevolence.

SIR,—In submitting my monthly report I wish to thank those who have subscribed during the month of July, and all who helped in any way to make the bookstall effort at the International Congress the success it was. The donations received were: Mr. Jas. Robertson (Glasgow), £1 1s.; 'Rho,' £1 1s.; Chevalier Clement de St. Marcq, £2 10s.; A Friend (Madras), 2s. 6d.; Pamphlets (per Mr. Appleyard), 2s.; the Conference collection and the receipts from the sale of books amounted to £6 4s. 6d.—Total, £11 1s.

Truly, to give is to serve.—Yours, &c.,

(Mrs.) M. A. STAIR,

14, North-street, Keighley.

Hon. Sec.

Battersea Lyceum.

SIR,—On Saturday last our Lyceum children and officers spent a delightful time at Court Farm, Warlingham. Mrs. Holloway kindly provided sweets and biscuits. Fruit was distributed at lunch time, and a plentiful tea was provided. Gathering wild flowers was a great joy to the children, and all kinds of outdoor games were provided. We thank sincerely the kind friends who contributed, viz.: 'Lover of Children' (Bournemouth), 5s.; 'Loyalist' (Bournemouth), £1; Mr. and

Mrs. Irving-Bell, £2 2s.; Mrs. Frost, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Puckle, 2s. 6d.; also Mrs. Dimmity, Mrs. Puckle and Mrs. Irving-Bell for parcels of children's clothing, which were gladly received and distributed.—Yours, &c.,

ANNIE BODDINGTON.

SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, AUGUST 18th, &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. Cannock gave successful clairvoyant descriptions and helpful spirit messages. Mr. W. T. Cooper presided. Sunday next, see advertisement on front page.—15, Mortimer-street, W.—19th, Mrs. Cannock gave convincing clairvoyant descriptions, which were much appreciated. Mr. Cooper presided.—W. H. I.

LONDON SPIRITUAL MISSION: 22, Prince's-street, Oxford-circus, W.—Mr. E. W. Wallis gave addresses morning and evening on 'Spiritual Communion' and 'What Spiritualism Stands For.' Solos were ably rendered at night by Mr. Basham and Mrs. E. W. Wallis, junr. For next Sunday's arrangements see advertisement.

HACKNEY.—240A, AMHURST-ROAD, N.—Mr. F. A. Hawes gave an address on 'Union and Unity,' and Mrs. Sutton clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. J. Neal, who will also kindly conduct the circle on the 26th, at 8 p.m.—N.R.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—Mrs. Climpson gave inspirational address and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., the ladies of sister circle will occupy the platform. Lyceum, 3 p.m. Circles as usual.—G. T. W.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HAMPTON WICK.—Visit of Lyceum Union. Conductor and workers much encouraged by appreciation of delegates. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Alice Jamrach, address and clairvoyance.

STRATFORD.—WORKMAN'S HALL, 27, ROMFORD-ROAD, E.—Evening, Miss V. Burton gave an address on 'Recognition and Relation in the Spirit World.' Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. G. R. Symons, address.—W. H. S.

CROYDON.—ELMWOOD HALL, ELMWOOD-ROAD, BROAD-GREEN.—Mr. Horace Leaf gave an excellent address and fully-recognised clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next—morning, at 11.15; evening, at 7, Mr. E. W. Wallis, on 'Spiritualism: A Protest, a Proclamation, and a Prophecy.'—J. W. W.

BRIGHTON.—HOVE OLD TOWN HALL, 1, BRUNSWICK-STREET, WEST.—Mrs. Mary Davies gave excellent addresses and a flower séance. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mr. R. Boddington. Tuesdays, at 3 and 8 p.m., also Wednesday, at 3, Mrs. Curry, clairvoyance. Thursdays, at 8.15, public circle.—A. C.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—SURREY MASONIC HALL.—Morning, Mr. W. E. Long gave an address and clairvoyant descriptions. Evening, he spoke on 'The Trance of Zacharias.' Sunday next, Miss Ridge. At 11 a.m., address and clairvoyance; at 6.30 p.m., address on 'The Spiritual Message of To-day.'—R.

CLAPHAM.—HOWARD-STREET, NEW-ROAD.—Mrs. Neville, under influence, gave an address and psychometric delineations. Sunday next, and Monday, Mrs. Harvey, of Southampton, address and clairvoyance, and auric readings, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m.—F. C.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—The morning circle, conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, was well attended. Evening, Mr. J. Macbeth Bain gave a splendid address. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mrs. A. Boddington, addresses and clairvoyance, also Monday, at 8 p.m. Tuesday, at 3 p.m., working party; at 8 p.m., also Wednesday, at 3 p.m., clairvoyance.—H. J. E.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL, LAUSANNE-ROAD.—Morning, address by Mr. Richards, followed by questions and discussion. Evening, address by Mr. Connor, followed by good clairvoyant descriptions by Mrs. Connor. Sunday next, at 11.30 a.m., Mr. Scott; at 3, Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mr. Horace Leaf, address and clairvoyance. September 1st, at 7, Mrs. Jamrach. Thursday, at 8.15, public circle.—A. C. S.

STRATFORD.—IDMISTON-ROAD, FOREST-LANE.—Morning, Mr. J. T. Dillsen led an interesting discussion on 'Are Societies worth the Trouble?' and in the evening he spoke on 'If I were a Spirit.' 15th, Mrs. Webster, address and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.30 a.m., Mr. Hammond on 'Why I am a Spiritualist'; at 7 p.m., Mr. Walker. 29th, Mr. and Mrs. Connor.—A. T. C.

HOLLOWAY.—PARKHURST HALL, 32, PARKHURST-ROAD.—Morning, Mrs. Mary Climpson spoke on 'Is Spiritualism Dangerous?' Evening, Mrs. S. Podmore gave an address on 'Who and what are your Guides?' Clairvoyant descriptions at both meetings. 14th, Mrs. E. Webster gave clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mrs. Mary Davies, flower séance. Subject, 'The Soul of Flowers.' Wednesday, Mrs. S. Podmore. Lyceum every Sunday at 3 p.m.—F. F.