

Light:



A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

'WHATSOEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT!'—Paul.

No. 1,681—VOL. XXXIII. [Registered as] SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1913. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.
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NOTES BY THE WAY.

The power of inspiration is never so truly seen as when the subject of it becomes the medium for expressing universal truth. Men are inspired by many things—by love, by the beauty of a landscape, by a personal ambition, or by a philanthropic impulse; but under the inspiration of a great impersonal truth the highest results are attained, for then there is the least admixture of self. And this is so, we think, because this highest form of inspiration requires for its worthy expression a mind of the loftiest type. Walt Whitman's was undoubtedly a mind of this class. His rugged lines contain many inspiring truths. With what clearness he saw how the universe is mirrored in every soul:—

Whoever you are, you are he or she for whom the earth is solid and liquid,
You are he or she for whom the sun and moon hang in the sky;
For none more than you are the present and the past,
For none more than you is immortality.

Walt Whitman never maundered or whined about death—he lived too closely to Nature. He approached the 'dark enchantress' like a lover. Some of our readers will know the poem we have in mind—the song written at the death of President Lincoln, 'When lilacs last in the courtyard bloomed,' with its praise for 'the sure unwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.' He beholds Death as a 'dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,' and he exclaims:—

Approach, strong deliveress.
When it is so, when thou hast taken them, I joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death!

A portion of this poem has been set to fine music by Sir C. Villiers Stanford, and will doubtless play its part in changing the attitude of the world towards what was once an idea surrounded by gloom and horror. Whitman was essentially a poet of the open air, and there is nothing better for the bodies and minds of the victims of our 'stuffy civilisation.' The open air kills many noxious growths.

Declamations about the beauty of universal love and brotherhood are apt to leave us cold—they are often the product of a quite artificial eloquence. We would rather see them practised than talked about. 'Love fled, as he always does at the sound of the orator,' wrote Mr. Frankfort Moore in one of his breezy novels. Those who are most under the influence of love are the least disposed to discourse of it, unless, of course, they are poets, and then

we accord them the usual licence. Love demands a larger language than the written or spoken word. It was Cardinal Wiseman who defined mysticism as 'the science of love,' and though we might, like Miss Evelyn Underhill, dislike the word 'science' in such a conjunction the affinity between love and mysticism may be taken for granted. For the true mystic must be above all things a lover—he must feel the divine ecstasy. It is the one way of escape from self. Even the subject of the 'grand passion' knows that when he loses himself in his devotion to the one beloved.

Reference to Miss Evelyn Underhill and mysticism reminds us that probably before these lines appear her latest work, 'The Mystic Way,' will have been issued by Messrs. Dent. In an interview with Mr. Arthur Machen, published in a recent issue of the 'Evening News,' Miss Underhill gave her own view of the meaning of mysticism, which we regard as of sufficient interest to quote here. She described it as follows:—

A method of life directed to a certain end: namely, to union with the eternal consciousness that we call God. Mysticism represents the highest form that the human consciousness can assume; it aims at bringing humanity to its most exquisite perfection. And though the German theologian Harnack would treat the imputation of mysticism as a false accusation, I would readily adopt his definition of Christianity as a definition of mysticism: 'living the eternal life in the midst of time.'

East and West may be far apart in their external expressions and points of view, but they may and do 'meet' on the inner side of life. We cull the following from 'The Hindu Spiritual Magazine,' a journal for which we have conceived no little admiration and respect, especially when we remember that it is edited and mainly produced by those to whom English is a foreign tongue:—

The Hindu sacred books relate the life of Ratnakara, the hard-hearted brigand, who used to lie in wait for wayfarers with a view to plunder their belongings. A single suggestion reversed the trend of the inner activities of the robber, who was subsequently metamorphosed by spiritual culture into the great sage Valmiki. His will was so fully directed to the Infinite Benevolence that in the course of time he became one of the greatest spiritual prodigies of the world.

When we had read that we thought of the drunken wastrel in John Masefield's remarkable poem, 'The Everlasting Mercy,' and of his transformation into another character, cleansed of his old stains and seeing a world made new. We thought, too, of some of the great souls of our race who from a youth of infamy became, after some regenerating touch, prophets and leaders of men.

These are the true miracles of Spirit. It can indeed bridge great gulfs. We can imagine the fanciful explanations that such mighty changes might call forth. *Here* is Ratnakara, the savage robber, and *there* is the great sage Valmiki. Could they be one and the same man? Reason—enlightened by a knowledge of spiritual laws—says yes. Unreason—confused by a superficial knowledge of spiritual laws—is doubtful, and proceeds to think out a theory involving some kind of supernatural jugglery. It may sound

more learned and impressive than the simple truth; but the simple truth stands. The error has to be continually changed and adapted to meet the pressure of circumstances and the needs of the hour.

Dr. Martineau, in one of his lofty 'Endeavours' Discourses, contrasts modern 'worldliness' (in a good sense) with the old Puritan habit of self-scrutiny and spiritual meditation. That habit, he says, was fast sinking into mere moral hypochondria, and, to work the cure, it was necessary that the world (as the old divines opprobriously termed it) should reassert its sway. The old Puritan 'kept too inquiring a finger on the throbs of his emotions, and fancied many an action of healthy nature into a symptom of fatal disease.' So Providence turned us out into the open air and multiplied our industries by which it is given to man to make the earth at once his subject and his friend.

Admitting all that, Dr. Martineau administers a caution. He suggests that the pendulum has swung too far the other way, and says:—

Let us also admit that the outward life has for some time past tyrannised over us; extravagantly invading our private habits; narrowing our modes of thought and sentiment; benumbing our consciousness of a spiritual nature; and impairing to us the reality of God. Let us own that the Divine spirit is gone into distance and strangeness from us, and is hard to reach; that solitude brings no unspeakable converse, no ready consecration; that things just next the senses and the understanding seem nearer to us than those that touch the soul; that the crowd and noise are too close and constant on us, confusing our better perceptions, and leading us always to look round, seldom to look up; that the glare of the lamps has destroyed the midnight and put out the stars.

Now this despotism of the outward over the inward life, this suppression of every attribute not immediately wanted for business or society, is a misfortune which every noble mind will assuredly withstand. It is not right to live as if God were asleep, and heaven only a murmur from His dreams.

This was written many years ago; but time has only shown the need of the great spiritual thinker's warning. With deepened emphasis we repeat every word of it to-day.

Rabbi Mendes, of New York, once asked when Christians were going to begin practising Christianity, in relation to war. He asked that cruel question (cruel for a Jew!) in reply to a newspaper which had asserted the impossibility of universal peace until we got a universal absorption of all nations into one. That means, said the Rabbi, that your Christianity is a failure.

If Christianity, which is nothing if it is not the religion of peace on earth and good-will to man, is not able to bring about that for which it stands, either it is a failure or else it is misinterpreted. If it is misinterpreted, why are not its ministers and leaders strong enough to interpret it correctly?

The real crux is this: Christianity of to-day is not the old, original Christianity. It is not Jesusism, for it is not the religion which Jesus preached. But is it not time to carry it back to the ideals of Jesus, and make Christianity the religion which he personally preached and which he personally practised? Or shall we say it is all hopeless and we are helpless; that nations never will be united, and that every religion, not excepting Christianity, is a failure?

I say that it is time for the Press and for the pulpit, the universities and the public schools, the colleges and the institutes, to unite in the fight against the crime, cost and curse of war; that a boycott of a nation that will not submit to arbitration, no matter 'how abominably brutal and inhuman' a boycott may be, is preferable to the 'abominably brutal and inhuman' crime, cost and curse of war.

'Jesusism!' 'I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word!'

We have long given up the hope that Christendom would, for Christ's sake or because of Christ's teachings, give up

reliance upon war, and now are inclined to the opinion that terrorism alone will accomplish what religion and humanity cannot. Air-ships and a rain of dynamite that would destroy Dreadnoughts, forts and armies may be our saviours after all!

It is an awful refuge, truly, but, if that is the only way, we may welcome it. In a hitherto unthought-of sense, we may yet surrender to the ancient saying: 'Our God is a consuming fire.'

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

A meeting of the Members and Associates of the Alliance will be held in the SALON OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK-STREET, PALL MALL EAST (near the National Gallery), on

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 10TH,
WHEN AN ADDRESS WILL BE GIVEN BY
MR. ANGUS McARTHUR

ON
'THE PSYCHIC ELEMENT IN FOLK LORE.'

The doors will be opened at 7 o'clock, and the Address will be commenced punctually at 7.30.

Admission by ticket only. Two tickets are sent to each Member, and one to each Associate, but both Members and Associates can have additional tickets for the use of friends on payment of 1s. each. Applications for extra tickets, accompanied by remittance, should be addressed to Mr. E. W. Wallis, Hon. Secretary, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

Meetings will also be held in the SALON OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, S.W. (near the National Gallery), on Thursday evenings:—

Apr. 24—'Cheiro' on 'Hands of Famous People.' With lantern illustrations.

May 8—Miss Felicia Scatcherd on 'Psychophasms and Skotographs': psychic pictures produced in darkness.

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FOR THE STUDY OF PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—On Tuesday next, April 1st, Mrs. Imison will give clairvoyant descriptions of spirit people at 3 p.m., and no one will be admitted after that hour. Fee, 1s. each to Associates; Members free; for friends introduced by them, 2s. each.

PSYCHIC CLASS.—On Thursday next, April 3rd, at 5 p.m. prompt, address by Dr. Gresswell on 'The Horoscope.'

FRIENDLY INTERCOURSE.—Members and Associates are invited to attend the rooms at 110, St. Martin's-lane, on Friday afternoons, from 3 to 4, and to introduce friends interested in Spiritualism, for informal conversation, the exchange of experiences, and mutual helpfulness.

TALKS WITH A SPIRIT CONTROL.—On Friday next, April 4th, at 4 p.m., Mrs. M. H. Wallis, under spirit control, will reply to questions from the audience relating to life here and on 'the other side,' mediumship, and the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism generally. Admission 1s.; Members and Associates free. MEMBERS have the privilege of introducing one friend to this meeting without payment. Visitors should be prepared with written inquiries of general interest to submit to the control. Students and inquirers alike will find these meetings especially useful in helping them to solve perplexing problems and to realise the actuality of spirit personality.

SPIRIT HEALING.—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, Mr. Percy R. Street, the healing medium, will attend between 11 a.m. and 2 p.m., for diagnosis by a spirit control, magnetic healing, and delineations from the personal aura.

MISS LILIAN WHITING, who has been spending some two months in Italy, will shortly arrive in London. She has been preparing a new work to be entitled 'Athens, the Violet-Crowned,' which will be fully illustrated and will vividly present the aspects and resources of modern Athens.

THE VOICE PHENOMENA.

CONVINCING EVIDENCE OF SPIRIT RETURN.

BY JAMES COATES.

(Continued from page 137.)

STATEMENT BY MR. THOMAS WATSON.

This gentleman, who is an artist and designer in Glasgow, was one of the few who had a clear view of the atherrealisation of Cardinal Newman. It must be borne in mind that these etherealizations appear to be flat, a front view showing a face, a side view a bright line, and a back a luminous substance more or less vaguely human in outline. Since the following was written Mr. Watson saw an engraving of the Cardinal in Mr. Reid's collection and was much struck with the startling likeness. (See Mr. Reid's statement.) Writing to me from 423, New City-road, Glasgow, on September 15th, 1912, Mr. Watson said:—

My experience at Mrs. Wriedt's séances in your house was so wonderful that I hardly knew what to make of it at first, but I am glad to be able to say that what I saw and heard constitutes convincing evidence of the kernel truth of Spiritualism, *i.e.*, that of spirit return and all that it implies. I am also pleased to say that it has strengthened my resolve to continue my study of the subject. It is a pleasure to me to bear my testimony to the appearance of spirit lights in different parts of the room and to large masses of white nebulous lights, varying in intensity, suddenly coming close to my face and then vanishing; to the rather indefinite appearance in the centre of the room of a mass of light, vaguely of human form, and at two of the four meetings to the sudden appearance of the face of an old man which bowed to the friends in the corner where I sat; the face looked aged and rather long, with sunken cheeks—an ascetic, refined, yet strong face. I should think it was that of Cardinal Newman, but, I may add, I have never seen a photo of the Cardinal.

There was also the playing of a cornet while a hymn was being sung. Then there was the stirring experience of hearing the strong, manly, and most natural and arresting voice of 'Dr. Sharp,' the medium's guide, who was ever ready to assist the visiting spirits in giving their messages to the friends present. He himself furnished abundant evidence to prove spirit return, in his knowledge of the private affairs of many of the sitters. To quote two cases in point, I may refer to the warning he gave to a lady not to accept a business proposition which he said was contained in a letter she had just received from abroad (a fact which she admitted was correct), and to the assistance he afforded to Mr. Wright's spirit-father, who found it difficult at first to use the trumpet. 'Dr. Sharp' explained to Mr. Wright that it was his father who was speaking, and that he was sorry, when nearing his end, that he was unable to articulate a farewell message owing to his being benumbed by the action of the drug given him by the doctors to alleviate the pain after the operation for cancer on the tongue.

There was the manifestation to us, in speech, of Cardinal Newman, who at the beginning of each séance sprinkled us all with water, and gave us his blessing. When he spoke the words, 'May the blessing of Almighty God be with you all,' the tone of his voice, though that of an old man, was deeply reverential and impressive. I shall never forget it. I spoke about this afterwards to Mr. Reid. There was also the spirit return of the children of parents present and of the parents of sitters, all of whom admitted recognition.

Again, I can bear witness to having heard three voices speak simultaneously, one of which was the medium's, and last of all the voice of one who claimed to be my mother and gave her name correctly, 'Mary.' She died when I was a boy of five years. She told me that she was often with me and knew what particularly worried me, also that I had been very, very poorly for a long time, but was not to worry, as she would be near to help me. Pardon me if I digress and become personal regarding this reference by my mother to my ill-health. During the past six years I have on two occasions seriously broken down in health. Four years ago I was given up by two medical professors in Glasgow. Why I am still to the fore, to do either more harm or good, seems to me to be one of the conundrums of life. Healthwise I have a great deal to contend against, especially during the winter. I will mention one thing more, which may seem to you a small thing but to me was significant. Whilst singing the hymn 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' I was touched twice on the arm, and at the line, 'E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,' I felt as if a finger pressed strongly on my arm.

In conclusion, I found the séances most elevating, and my fellow-members appreciative people, kindly, sane, sincere, and

earnest in their endeavour to get at the truth; it was at once an honour and a pleasure for me to be amongst them. Spiritualism, it seems to me, scientifically demonstrates one of the greatest facts in life, *i.e.*, that 'there is no death,' and thus proves its superiority to all other religions. What a grand philosophy for the needs of everyday life can be constructed on these two proven facts alone, that life continues after so-called death, and that its happy development on the spiritual plane is largely dependent on the nature of the life lived here below. I can picture no other religion so potent to develop integrity and love in the hearts of our brethren.

At one seance Mrs. Wriedt described a Canadian winter scene, with men felling trees, and one special person who she said was a friend of mine. There was such a one, but whether he was engaged in that work or is still living, up to the time of writing I have not been able to ascertain.

TESTIMONY OF MR. PETER REID.

Mr. Reid, who is an artist living at Ardbeg, Rothesay, writes:—

I was present at a sitting held in Glenbeg House on July 13th, 1912, Mrs. Wriedt, of Detroit, U.S.A., being the medium. With many others I witnessed a brief etherealisation of Mr. Stead's head and face. I did not see him clearly from where I was sitting, but I knew from others present that his face was recognised. I was also present at the sitting held on the evening (July 17th) when Mr. Stead etherealised twice. He went around bowing. We all saw him. Afterwards he addressed the circle, Mrs. Coates and yourself especially.

On July 13th I heard the Rev. David Macrae speak, and I identified the voice at once, having heard him preach and give recitations on several occasions, the last time about two years before he died. At this séance my grandfather, Peter Reid, spoke to me in the Perthshire dialect. It is many years since we last met. What most astonished me was the way in which he spoke to me about my life then; about my treatment of an aunt whom he said I had neglected for about twenty years. This was not only correct but it was wholly impossible for the medium to have known anything about it. My grandfather was the last person on earth I was thinking about or expected to hear from. Indeed, I had hoped and expected to hear from someone else. He claimed to be a guide, and said that he was helping me in various ways which I need not state.

When I got home I spoke to my wife and complained about his statements, not that they were incorrect but that he should speak thus plainly in the presence of others. And I wondered why he should come to me as a guide. This conversation took place in private. While much annoyed, I was struck with the accuracy of the statements made.

At the séance held at 2 p.m. on July 15th my grandfather again spoke to me through the trumpet, and, to my astonishment, reprimanded me for having found fault with him when talking to my wife in the privacy of our home the preceding Saturday night. Now I had never breathed a word of the conversation to anyone, and, in fact, had forgotten the matter till my relative rated me soundly at this interview. Apart from the remarkable phenomenon of the voice, I look upon the statements made as an extraordinary bit of evidence. That the departed should know, be annoyed or pleased by what takes place in our lives and surroundings, is a subject for deep reflection.

I was very much struck with what I saw and heard, but will confine myself to that which was special to myself. On July 17th, about the middle of the evening seance, 'Dr. Sharp' in a loud voice asked, 'Does anyone here know the name Gillespie?' I waited a minute or so to see if anyone else answered, then I said, 'I know one of that name.'

'Dr. Sharp' said, 'Now wait a minute.' However, a voice spoke through the trumpet to someone else, and I was disappointed. When the voice ceased, I was touched by the trumpet three times. I said, 'Is that you, Mr. Gillespie?' A voice replied, which, to my utter astonishment, I recognised as that of my old employer, Mr. Gillespie, a designer, with whom I was for fifteen years. The conversation which ensued was most important to me, but of little or no interest to others. It was absolutely convincing. When I asked him, 'Who brought you here?' he replied, 'It was your mother.' I must say that this was very interesting, for my mother and he were very friendly. She was sorry for him, and so was I. Among other things, he referred to the room in which I was doing my artistic work at present, saying he was very pleased with it, contrasting it with my place at the works. Mr. Gillespie, who had passed away about twelve months previously, was far from my thoughts, and one of the last I expected to communicate. Before he left I asked him, 'Are you happier now than when you were on earth?' He replied, 'I would not change places with you for anything.' I wonder how telepathy accounts for the foregoing!

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

At the same séance my father, who had previously communicated through Mrs. Coates's mediumship, spoke to me in the direct voice. On making himself known, I asked, 'Why does not mother speak instead of you?' 'Your mother is here,' he replied, 'crying, overcome with emotion.'

I could believe this to be true, knowing my mother to be very emotional. It was not so much what my father said as his references to my mother, brother and myself, which convinced me that it could only be my father who had spoken. Possibly had I been less abrupt, he would have spoken longer.

On Sunday afternoon, July 14th, after the singing of 'Lead, kindly Light,' a figure was seen to come out of the cabinet. No one in the room seemed to recognise the face at the time. On going home I opened and turned up, in a book of illustrations, the photograph of Cardinal Newman, as it appears in the sculpture section of the Royal Academy. The white appearance of the ascetic face which etherealised bore a strong resemblance to that of the statue.

Mr. Thomas Watson, who sat next to me, commented at the time on the priestly appearance of the face, and said he thought it might be Cardinal Newman, as he spoke immediately afterwards in the direct voice.

In the evening Cardinal Newman came again, and joined in the singing. It sounded like the voice of an aged person, the same voice which prayed in Latin and pronounced a blessing in English, at or about the time we were sprinkled with water, which appeared to come down from the roof. But all this, however interesting, did not appeal to me as strongly as the manifestations of my grandfather, father and Mr. Gillespie.

Were I inclined to doubt, I could doubt no more. Even had I got nothing personal, I had seen and heard enough—in relation to the other sitters—to convince any rational man or woman. Here we were face to face with facts which, if known to the world, should revolutionise society.

TESTIMONY OF MRS. McCALLUM.

This lady, who resides in Shields-road, Glasgow, has frequently been with us, and her testimony is all the more valuable as she subscribes her full name and address.

My first sitting was on Tuesday, July 16th, at 8 p.m. I had nothing for myself, but what impressed me most was the clearness of the messages which came through the trumpet, always correctly addressed to someone present. The voices were fully recognised by those who were addressed, all of whom appeared satisfied with what they got. My cousin, Miss A. B.—, was spoken to by mutual relatives of ours, and I recognised the truthfulness and the importance of the messages.

I saw beautiful lights—one golden light nearly as large as a man's head. All called attention to it as it appeared at the medium's feet. It came quickly, and passed rapidly away. Mrs. Wriedt said it was for her. Shortly afterwards a voice addressed her, which she said was her mother. It was all very curious, but the most remarkable instance was the voice which came to Mrs. Morris,* claiming to be that of her mother. It was a terrible story of a wrecked life. Poor Mrs. Morris completely broke down, and all present were astonished.

(To be continued.)

DR. J. M. PEBBLES sends us word that he has booked passages for himself and his companion, Mr. Sudall, and expects to reach Plymouth on or about April 18th. He hopes to make himself useful in this country both before and after going to Geneva, for the Congress there at Whitsuntide.

'A BAZAAR AT BIRMINGHAM.'—We have received from Mr. F. London a letter taking exception to the paragraph which we printed in 'LIGHT' of the 15th inst. respecting a forthcoming bazaar at Birmingham. Mr. London was the plaintiff in the libel action referred to, which, he says, was taken against 'seven individuals.' These, however, we understand, were members of the Society Council.

THE 'International Psychic Gazette' for March is a good number. The leading article on the treatment meted out to palmists by Mr. Mead, the magistrate at the Marlborough-street police-court, is especially scathing. The Editor points out that the police spies did not warn the palmist 'that anything she might say would be taken down and used as evidence against her.' He says: 'That would have been ordinary fair-play, and would have been accorded to a thief, or burglar, or a murderer, but fair-play is not part of the game of snaring a palmist!' An article, illustrated with portrait, on 'Mr. Gambier Bolton, Naturalist and Spiritualist,' gives an interesting account of Mr. Bolton's introduction to Spiritualism and of his experiences with mediums.

* However valuable the facts, I have, for obvious reasons, refrained from giving the correct name.—J. C.

In 'La Revue Spirite' M. Dubois de Montreynaud continues to write on 'Prejudice and Spiritualism.' The following passage will, no doubt, appeal to all sincere Spiritualists. 'Spiritualism sheds light on our path across the wild jungle of prejudices sown by the spirit of evil and by which he infected the otherwise prolific soil of true religion. It is Spiritualism that develops in us profoundly religious ideas and sentiments; they constitute a new source of energy, an absolute increase of vital force, strengthening and sustaining the soul. The world, with its many prejudices, appears no longer half as terrible or dangerous as we had been led to believe before we became acquainted with the doctrines of Spiritualism. Under its salutary influence we bravely face every trial and sorrow as we have its promise of eternal happiness.'

'L'Echo du Merveilleux' informs its readers that already a successor to the late Antoine the Healer has appeared. This man is known by the name of Père Dor, and, like Antoine, comes of humble origin. He spent some time in Russia, where he got acquainted with native monks who profess to possess the art of healing. On his return to Belgium he set up as healer and spiritual teacher, and claims to have cured, in a comparatively short time, a large number of sufferers who have come from far and near in search of his aid.

We have received a small but instructive volume by Ernest Bosc, entitled 'Germes de Vie de L'Astral.' It contains not only explanations of the origin of life, health and sickness but also a discussion on astrals and elementals. The author further deals with the origin of larvæ and microbes, which he regards as the worst enemies of the human race. The remaining chapters are devoted to black magic, nightmares, charms, sorcerers and witchcraft. In concluding his book, M. Bosc says: 'We know the difficulty of getting it generally admitted that thoughts and ideas can take form, and that the word possesses creative power for either good or evil. Therefore we should entertain only thoughts of love and charity, which in return will attract to us good and healthy germs. Thus, whilst contributing to our individual happiness, we can in great measure ennoble and better the lot of humanity.'

A writer in 'Wahres Leben' says: 'We sometimes meet with strange incidents in our lives which we can scarcely place under the category of simple coincidences. These striking and mysterious events correspond with uncertain feelings, presentiments and sudden impressions, and lead us to believe that the human soul is more or less endowed with a certain inexplicable capacity which we designate "telepathy." Recently we have heard of an incident as marvellous as it is distressing in its accompanying circumstances. The editor of the "Neues Politisches Volksblatt," of Budapest, is responsible for the truth of the narrative. A young lady of Budapest, Olga Szigethy, the daughter of highly-respectable parents, intended to study medicine. Having already passed the preliminary examinations she was reluctantly forced to abandon her plan on account of her state of health, but dauntless in her love for this particular branch of science, she conceived the somewhat strange idea of making, at least, a special study of corpses. For this purpose she went, not long ago, to the public mortuary of her native town. The porter refused her admittance, as only relatives and friends of those whose mortal remains lay in this chamber of death were allowed to enter. Without a moment's hesitation Miss Szigethy informed the porter that she had come to view the body of a young gentleman with whom she had been closely connected in life. On being asked for the name of the gentleman, she promptly gave that of a young fellow-student in whose company she had been the day before and who to her knowledge enjoyed the best of health. The porter examined the register but could not find the name mentioned by Miss Szigethy. It was in vain that she insisted on the young student having suddenly fallen dead in the street, and that he had been brought to the mortuary—the porter was firm in his refusal to allow her to pass. On her way home she anticipated with great amusement what her friend, who was full of fun and mischief himself, would say to the rare joke of having been numbered amongst the dead. The same evening Miss Szigethy was found lying unconscious on the floor of her bedroom, convulsively clutching in her hand the latest edition of a local newspaper. On coming to herself she pointed tremblingly to a certain passage in the paper. It contained the news of the young student's sudden death, which had taken place in the exact way that she had described to the porter, and, moreover, his body had been brought to the mortuary almost immediately after she had left it. Miss Szigethy is now lying dangerously ill herself. F. D.

LIFE: A FANTASY.

By J. ARTHUR HILL.

Once on a time, in an enchanted land, a youth went forth upon a pious quest. He was sent by his father, but he knew not why, nor how he should reach the unknown shrine. Sometimes he doubted his father's wisdom, and indeed questioned the existence of the holy place; but generally he trusted. The way was long and rough. But there was no pause, no rest, for an unseen Hand ever urged him forward, yet giving him no guidance in direction.

In front, and a little to the left, a woman-shape walked backwards, beckoning him on, with curved forefinger and alluring eyes. She was black-haired, black-eyebrowed; her rich dark skin glowed warm as a well-ripened peach in a Southern garden at dusk; her eyes were deep pools with unseen magnetic forces which tugged at the young man's heart; her full red lips were curved to a smile; the generous lines of her shape were hypnotic to the eye, compelling it to trace and retrace them ever.

The young knight gazed, and his blood leaped through the answering arteries. He turned to the left and hurried forward with outstretched arms.

But suddenly there came a chime of silver bells. It reminded him of something, he knew not what, of something beautiful and good, far back and long ago: the tones of his mother's voice, or the evening chant of nuns heard at sunset across the calm waters of an isletted Rhine. The sound cooled his blood and lifted his soul to the chaste stars. He looked, and saw in front of him, but somewhat to the right, another woman-shape.

She was tall, fair, and slender. Her pale gold hair, drawn simply back, fell like a cascade of topaz-waves on her shining robe of white. Her blue eyes were like the daybreak, pure and cold and still. Her skin was pale, yet luminous—moon-beams through cirrus clouds. Her lips did not smile, nor did her finger beckon; but her beauty was a command to follow and to serve. The young knight felt the call, and turned to follow. Somehow, somewhere, he had known her before, and she had brought him happiness. And the silver bells chimed gladly as he followed. He noticed, at first with horror, that the Shape had bleeding feet; but he then saw that each drop of blood, as it stained the rocks, turned into a tiny bell, which chimed on behind them as long as they were within earshot. The path was steep and rough and craggy, but the Shape moved swiftly on, with heaven-blue eyes ever fixed on the youth who followed. His arms were not outstretched, and there was now no fever in his blood.

The air became mountain cold, and the young knight shivered. There was no path, and the rocks tore his feet also; the chiming bells were not enough—their sound was beautiful, but with the cold beauty of snow crystals. There was no human habitation in sight, where warmth and cheer might be obtained. All was chill and dark. The knight hesitated, and regretted his abandonment of that other warmer beauty. He tried to turn back, but the Hand thrust him forward irresistibly. Then he saw a downward path to the left, and took it. It would lead still forward, but down to the warm valley and the grass and flowers and living things. His pale Guide cried aloud and vanished. The bells tolled mournfully, and ceased.

In front of the traveller, and a little to the left, again beckoned and glided the glowing Aphrodite. Her lips were more luscious than before; her dark tresses breathed intoxicating fragrance; her bosom was made to pillow a weary wanderer's head. The traveller flung himself forward. There were no bells. The marks of his footsteps turned into blood as he ran.

He overtook her rapidly. Soon he touched the beckoning finger with his outstretched hand. The air rushed past giddily. The speed was as though they fell instead of walked. He strained forward, and his lips touched hers. Fire ran in his veins, and he shook with thrills of consuming delight. The world rocked around him. He clasped the glowing Shape. But it melted from his grasp, and stood warm and enticing still in front. And he

knew with a sudden shock that, as he clasped her, the beauty had faded, the shape becoming an ice-cold corpse. Yet again she stood there, glowing and desirable, tempting to the chase. The Hand impelled, and the traveller fared forward, but irresolutely, for he had learnt much, and was thinking.

The chime of bells came to him from a distant height. He looked up and saw once more the shining Angel-shape. She stood upon a craggy eminence on the right, and looked down upon him sorrowfully. Tears were in her eyes. But she did not beckon. The knight fell on his knees, for the first time, and prayed for help to reach her. The angel smiled. The dusky beauty uttered a despairing sound, half wail, half howl; her beauty fell from her, and she became a scowling hag. Then she sank into the earth—or so it seemed.

The traveller breasted the slope, toiling to reach his former guide. It was harder than before, for he had descended some distance into the valley; also he had now to climb the steep side of the mountain, instead of the gradual slope of the shoulder. Many times he fell, and arose bleeding; but the blood-drops turned into chiming silver bells, which heartened him; while under every bruise the muscles gained in strength. And, so long as his eyes were fixed upon that shining Shape, the wounds healed quickly, leaving no more than an ache behind.

At last he was almost with her. She turned her back on him—for the first time—and set herself to climb the last slope to the summit. The knight, now old and grey and way-weary, followed; for now he knew that this was the right direction, even though the beautiful Shape had turned away its eyes. Panting and exhausted, he dragged himself up those last yards of craggy, unworn mountain side; for in the ascent of this mountain each must make his own track. The blood dropped from hands and feet, but the bells chimed, and there was a great light in front. He toiled on.

At last he stood on the summit. The fair Shape stood by him, but with veiled face. She pointed forward. And then he saw that she had been Guide, not Object: Means, not End. For the unspeakable Glory of God was before him, and he desired no other joy.

And lo! the Aphrodite-shape stood beside the other spirit; beautiful again, but with no evil in her beauty. The two, formerly apparent enemies, were now seen to be sisters, daughters of the same great Father. The knight turned and thanked them for their guidance, now no longer necessary. Then he went forward and was received into that to which they had guided him.

 '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?

RATHER late in the day we have received a copy of 'The Spiritualists' National Union Diary for 1913.' Bound, as usual, in red Russian leather, with a little pocket for stamps, tickets, &c., and issued at a shilling, the book contains much valuable information for Spiritualists, including the objects, purposes, and benevolent work of the Union, its publications, the names and addresses of its officers and council, as well as those of the other unions scattered throughout the kingdom, a list of the Union's affiliated societies (with the names and addresses of their secretaries), a brief account of last year's International Congress at Liverpool, and hints on the conduct of circles. This little *vade mecum* can be obtained on application to the office of the Union, 30, Glen-terrace, Clover Hill, Halifax.

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THE PROBLEM OF THE AFTER-LIFE.

'Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark,' said Bacon. And although the poets and philosophers have uttered many consoling words on the subject they have made no great impression on that very human instinct which dreads the unknown even when it is presented in less important forms than the transit from mortal life. 'I have no shame in confessing that I view the prospect of death with dislike and apprehension. It means a state about which we know nothing and of which nothing can ever be known.' That was the frank admission of a man whose thinking had led him to discard conventional Christianity on the one hand and dogmatic materialism on the other. There are doubtless thousands of thoughtful men whose position towards the problem is much the same.

But that idea of the 'unknowableness' of the after-death state is to a certain extent current even amongst those who have gained conclusive evidence of the survival of the soul. Over and over again we have been told that we can know nothing of the future life except that there is such a life. Its conditions are incommunicable in human speech and beyond the grasp of human understanding. Those who have returned from the other world have, we were told, testified to this. They could not convey to us any understanding of the realities. Well, we have had personal experience of such communicators, but we have also conferred with others who have found it possible to give us many suggestive hints and illustrations of the nature of the world in which they dwelt. And consequently we have never felt it necessary to take up an attitude of nescience, and say nothing could be known. For we are to consider that we are related to the spiritual world already, and are even now to a limited extent denizens of it. If we were not related to it, then indeed it might well be indescribable, but then also we should never reach it—there would be no line of connection. Our position, in fact, is that we *do* know something of other-world conditions, and with the progress of intelligence and the unfoldment of the interior powers of the soul which go on continually we shall know more and more—even in this world.

But (we are informed) there is no Space or Time in spirit-life—how can the physical brain think itself out of Time and Space? Now that is altogether too large a proposition for our acceptance. Reason tells us that the life of the spirit must always be a *conditional* life. The difference between mundane life and the life beyond can by no possibility be the difference between the Relative and the

Absolute. (By the way we had an example of illogical thinking of this kind in Dr. Jay Hudson's objection to a spirit-message on the ground that not being exactly correct it could not have proceeded from a spirit, that is to say an omniscient being!) Space and Time, therefore, must exist in the next life, in some form. Not, of course, in our sense of the words—not *our* Space, not *our* Time—but conditions that correspond to them in the higher consciousness.

Now what are those qualities of our life to-day that we intuitively feel are its highest expressions? Pure and lofty thought and exalted emotion. If we want to conceive of the true life of the soul, here are our keys to the problem. With the dropping of the physical form that linked us with the animal life, we shall have seen the last of the 'ape and tiger' stage, except perhaps in reactions and memories. There will be no more of the animal. The appetites, amongst the duller and less developed, may remain and bring disciplinary pain and craving—never again to be directly appeased—but the life will be the life of the higher intelligence and the higher emotions. And that is why those who cultivate these grades of life now will find their transition to the life beyond easy and natural, with nothing strange and bewildering when they come to 'settle down' in the new conditions. It will be but the old life, vastly enlarged and beautified, with many delightful surprises, but no abrupt and radical revolutions such as await those who pass through the world 'hugging their bodies round them as they go,' and sniggering at the belief in spirits and a spiritual existence.

Spirit life? We get hints and clues of the nature of it in our hours of insight, our moments of exaltation, when the lower world falls away from us for a space as a cloud from the face of the moon. Spirit methods of communication? We have telepathy, more and more diffused amongst us. We have clairvoyance and symbolic vision. Evil spirits? We have them all round us, we shake hands and rub shoulders with them every day. We find in some of them very good qualities, and are even sometimes moved to smile at their peccadilloes. It is only when they are in the next world that we sigh and shudder about them and talk of devils and malignant entities and black magicians and other philosophical absurdities.

We might continue in this strain, but we have said enough to illustrate our contention that these 'insoluble problems' of spirit life are not at all insoluble when approached with the clues furnished by reason and experience. We are all for drawing up the blinds and clearing the ways. There are many mysteries, but they need no custodianship of ours. They will maintain their own sanctity and baffle disclosure until we have proved our title to their secrets.

As for man-made mysteries we have no respect for them. They are mainly founded on self-interest, and being flimsy structures are easily penetrated. What said Bolingbroke?—

Plain truth will influence half a score men at most in a nation or an age, while mystery will lead millions by the nose!

But that was nearly two centuries ago. To-day the 'march of intellect' has brought us to days when there is a wide demand for 'plain truth' with no admixture of hocus pocus or abracadabra. We believe in Mystics and Occultists as revelators of the truth and not as cultivators of Darkness.

'It would be simply cowardice if I withheld the testimony that the evidence has sufficed to prove to me that there are unseen people who at times and under conditions are able to manifest themselves in various ways that very definitely appeal to the senses.'—JOHN PAGE HORTA.

AN EASTER MEDITATION.

The days of 'The Christian Year' are all rooted in corresponding days of Nature's year, and have Nature-worship for their primary motive. Even a bishop might admit that without any disparagement to his order or his cult; for, if Jesus came into the world's great story with such signal majesty and splendour as to make him a second and a higher Nature, that only adds grandeur to the Religion associated with his name.

Quite obviously we keep at Easter two celebrations of resurrection and life; the ever-repeated resurrection of Nature in garden and orchard, and the traditional uprising of the murdered 'Saviour of the world'—also in a garden—a fact or a tradition which is admittedly the central faith of Christianity. 'No resurrection, no Christianity' is a favourite cry of the dominant Christian schools. By all means. Let us pin them down to it. We can discuss at our leisure what 'resurrection' means. The first disciples won upon Christ's victory over death; and it was really in terms of pure Spiritualism that the early Christians told their story and avowed their faith.

The Gospels are full of the proclamation of life—especially the Gospel according to John which presents Jesus as making the immense claim, 'I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live': and, in attestation of that, he is said to have called the dead to life. If it all really happened so, the inference is obvious. Or, if it is only poetry or tradition, it is a profound indication of what impression he made upon those who were nearest to him. This is further confirmed by the attributing to him the simple but profound saying, spoken to his disciples as the parting drew near, 'Because I live ye shall live also,' the meaning of which probably was the consoling thought that death would only mean promotion and reunion on the beautiful other side of life. What he was saying was something like this: 'I am going away, but not for long. It will be only a temporary parting. They will murder me but I shall only be promoted by that; and you will follow me and we shall be together again. The world will not see me, but you shall. I shall live, and so will you. It is my promise that there will be life for evermore.'

The old preachers seldom seemed to know what to do with that mighty claim, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' One quite famous commentator and divine solemnly set down the explanation that Jesus became the actual cause of humanity's resurrection at 'the last day,' and that he himself rose again as a proof of his power, and an example of what he would ultimately make happen to all. 'He had power to do it now as well as then,' said the old preacher. As for 'he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live,' that, we are told, was said to point to the resurrection at 'the last day'; but this is surely upset by the old theory that all will rise again, believers and unbelievers, good and bad; so it was a hollow promise that 'he who believeth shall live again.'

The probability is that whoever said it or wrote it, the meaning simply was that belief in him carried with it belief in continuity of life. How could it be otherwise, seeing that the burden of all his teaching was the nearness of the spirit world and life in it for ever with the Father?

At the same time, there was undoubtedly a mystical element in all the teaching concerning life and life in him. This Gospel according to John is the mystics' Gospel, whether it is history or exposition: and such a saying as 'I am the vine; ye are the branches,' is pure mysticism; and yet it may also be pellucid sense. Was it not a fact that spiritually his disciples grew out of him? 'Without me ye can do nothing' may have been said with a shrug of the shoulders or a smile: and it was only repeating what Peter said in that puzzled and pathetic cry, 'Lord, to whom shall we go but unto Thee?'

Is it not also just possible that, underlying all, there was the hint that by participation in him, they might actually intensify their germ of spiritual vitality? 'Abide in me,' he said, 'that ye may bear much fruit.' And again he said, and in this same Gospel, 'I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly.' What did that mean?

And now see how all this takes us far away beyond the grotesque old notion of the resurrection of the body. How

difficult it is to imagine how it ever originated! how difficult to realise that sixty years ago it was pretty generally believed! The old graveyards bear abundant testimony to the grotesque old foolishness. Here is an instance. I copied it myself from a gravestone in Old Finchley churchyard:—

Graves are lodgings of the blest,
Not of honour but of rest;
Cabinets that safely keep
Mortal relics while they sleep.
When the trump shall all awake,
Every flesh his soul shall take,
And from that which putrefies
Shall immortal bodies rise.
In this faith they lived and died—
In this hope they here reside.

What a victory—that we can read such quaint nonsense, and only smile!

J. P. H.

WHAT SPIRITUALISM MEANS TO ME,
AND SOME MESSAGES.

AN ADDRESS BY MISS ESTELLE W. STEAD.

(Continued from page 140.)

Writing before his passing, on the eve of founding Julia's Bureau, father said:—

'I have had to search and ascertain whether the other world has any actual existence at all. Its non-existence is stoutly affirmed by a few, accepted as unknowable by many. Even those who nominally profess to believe that it exists, hold their faith so timorously that they shrink from putting it to the simple test of observation and experiment. The other world for the immense majority of men, orthodox or unbelievers, has become a kind of lost Atlantis lurking unknown beneath the Sargossa Sea cumbered with the *débris* of a thousand religious creeds. Yet if the almost universal tradition of the race has any foundation in fact, if the speculations of the greatest philosophers and the unwavering testimony of the founders of all religions be true, the existence of the other world affects us, every man and woman of us, most nearly. For if beyond the valley of the shadow there lies another world into which all the children of men are destined in a few years to pass, it seems the height of irrationality to treat with indifference or contempt the attempt to ascertain some authentic evidence as to the nature of the country to which we are all bound, and the extent to which our lot there is affected by our conduct here.'

After his passing he wrote:—

'You, on the earth plane, cannot begin to think how ardently we are all trying to solve the great question of all—how to get people to know of these great, these paramount truths of the intercourse between the world of spirit and the world of matter. How this affects the destiny, the immortal destiny, of the whole human race. How people must learn the importance of *right* aims, *right* living, and on these subjects we have discussions as eager as any in which I have taken part when in the flesh.' ('Harbinger of Light.')

I have explained, to a certain extent, what Spiritualism means, and has always meant, to me since I began to reason things out at all, though many of my beliefs and ideas have been strengthened since my father passed, and one or two slightly altered. I will now speak of some communications my father received as far back as 1908. They are interesting because of the present developments in the Near East. In 1908 father constantly received communications through his automatic hand from an intelligence purporting to be Catherine of Russia. Whoever the communicating intelligence was, the messages showed remarkable individuality and distinct personality and power. She also wrote messages through two other friends and spoke through various trance mediums, and in all the records of her communications is found the same vibrating personality. Now to-night I want to give you extracts from some of these messages.

On October 9th, 1908, Catherine wrote in connection with the proposed annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria, in reply to the following question by my father: 'Here is a pretty situation. The whole Eastern question raised, and by

Austria of all Powers. You who are interested in the fate of nations, and especially in the Slav world, have you a word of counsel ?'

In reply to which she wrote :—

'The dominating fact of the future, to my eyes, is what I call the Slav coming into his kingdom. It is the Slav of whom I speak, not the Russian alone, but all the Slavs, and what is happening now is only one stepping-stone to the future triumph of the race so long oppressed and inarticulate which is about to find its soul. Austria-Hungary is blindly marching to the door of the artificial State over which Francis Joseph reigns. The East is waking, Russia is quiescent. The forces that will transform are not military, but popular. . . . To us here, looking at the confused turmoil, it seems as if the Slav were coming into his kingdom in both Austria and in Turkey. There is, for the time at least, an end of ironbound Empires. It is a period of disintegration, of decentralisation. When you see the new Slav wine poured into the old Austrian bottles, what think you will happen ? I rejoice and am glad that Russia is at present unable to interfere. What is needed all round is patience, allow the situation to develop. What will be hereafter is that the Slavs, in one form of federation or another, will reign from St. Petersburg to Prague and from Prague to Adrianople.'

In another message she wrote :—

'The danger point is Macedonia, where, to ears that can hear, the storm is even now muttering low and deep. A renewed outbreak of the local forces of racial hatred, although but a trivial incident, might precipitate the *culbute generale*. There is at present a false security, bred of the miraculous calm that followed the success of the Young Turks. But it is only the calm that precedes the tempest. God grant that the cloud may pass without bursting into thunder overhead.'

In another message she wrote :—

'Peace is the greatest need of the Slav. For him to gain time is all-important. For every day he increases, and the women who fill the cradle are more potent in the end than all your warriors of fame.'

There were other messages of the same style, and these culminated in an article entitled 'The Arrival of the Slav.' This article appeared in the 'Contemporary Review' for January, 1909. It is divided into three parts—'The Past, the Present, and the Future.' The first part, 'The Past,' was written by Catherine through my father's hand and printed exactly as written ; the second part, 'The Present,' was outlined in a message through his hand and rewritten and added to by him ; the third part, 'The Future,' was built upon a message written quite independently through Miss Harper's hand. The whole of the MSS. as originally given is now in my possession.

I should like to add, before finishing, a few words respecting my impressions as to my father's ability to communicate. I think he has found it more difficult to get absolutely accurate statements through than he dreamed was the case when on this side. Many things that we might have taken before his passing as accurate, I feel now, with his greater knowledge, he wishes to warn me to be careful about, and it is only when one gets a message through various mediums that one can consider it fairly accurate. For instance, directly after his passing, I do not think he was in a fit condition to get messages through correctly, and he has since told me that much that he wished to say at that time was distorted in transmission ; his emotion at coming back to earth conditions making it impossible for him to hold the medium's brain, and so his messages, for the most part, were coloured unconsciously by the thoughts of the sitters. I receive letters from people all over the world containing messages purporting to come from my father, the majority of which have nothing in them to make me think they originate with him. I do not say that those who send the messages to me are not sincere in their belief that they come from my father, but it is quite possible that my father's name, being so well known, may be used on the other side as a means of attracting attention if a spirit wants a hearing. A few of the messages, however, have been very convincing, and I think that my father is certainly behind the messages received by Mrs. Annie Bright in Australia. Just now I am very interested in some messages sent me from America, which my

father has corroborated in a very wonderful way through a medium here, and I hope later to make these public.

My father has given me some remarkable evidence proving his reality and presence with me ; minute details, the description of places, happenings and people carry the greatest conviction, and these are mostly of a private nature and difficult to enter into here. One day he was speaking to me through Mr. A. Vout Peters : he said he wanted to prove to me absolutely that it was he himself—then he described various manifestations that had been happening in my room, such as knockings and lights, &c., which at the time of happening I had put on one side as possible hallucination—and when he suddenly reminded me of these happenings I was quite taken aback. He then reminded me of what I had said and written about a certain subject when I was very perplexed and troubled, thus showing me that he knows a great deal about what is going on. It all sounds small and insignificant when trying to tell it now—but I feel sure you will agree with me that it is through these small, seemingly insignificant things that the truth of communion will eventually be established. During this same conversation my brother Will told me he sometimes knocked on a certain photo of himself, which I declared was not in the place he mentioned and that he must have made a mistake ; he persisted, however, that he was right, and said it had to do with a group of men ; 'but the group is not there,' he said. Still I thought he was wrong, but when I got home, sure enough in the very place described stood a photo of my brother which had been enlarged and taken from a group, taken of him with his adult class at Browning Hall. I had forgotten all about its being there and felt convinced Will had made a mistake. Father has given me the most remarkable tests by getting names through and bringing people I never expected, sometimes getting the name through straight away and sometimes making me recognise them by description.

Still I maintain we have much to learn in the art of communion, and so much depends on those still on this side ; but gradually, if we will but progress by faith and love, the way will be opened, the veil will grow transparent, and we shall see and know much that is now hidden in obscurity. (Loud applause.)

MR. WITTHALL said he thought that, interesting as were the details Miss Stead had given, the most valuable feature of her paper was the common-sense view of Spiritualism which pervaded it. In spite of warnings we were all more or less liable to be carried away by enthusiasm. Miss Stead had shown how necessary it was to use our own judgment, and not depend on spirits entirely. The advice she gave was just the advice we needed.

MISS STEAD, to avoid misconception, said that, on the other hand, she did not wish to be understood to advocate an attitude of incredulity. In regard to communications she would let the spirits have every chance and then go by results. The adoption of tests and putting difficulties in the way was, she thought, carried to too great an extent. The psychic gift was a very delicate one, and by the creation of a sceptical atmosphere we often defeated our own ends.

MR. ERNEST MEADS said that some time ago, in the private circle of which he was a member, the objection was made that we had among those who professed to communicate the names of so many people who were celebrated on the earth plane. In reply, it was pointed out that such persons were not necessarily truly great, for none were truly great except those who faithfully performed the will of God. One reason why celebrities came so often was that the interest we felt in them being so much stronger and more widespread than in the case of ordinary mortals, they were more likely to be drawn back to the earth plane. With regard to the question of identity, the message which Miss Stead gave as purporting to be from Catherine the Great could surely have come from no one else. It was characteristic of Catherine, as an exceedingly able woman and a great patriot.

Another speaker asked how it was, if the spirit world was the world of realities, that the majority of the messages received were of such a conventional character.

In reply, MISS STEAD pointed out how difficult it must be for a spirit visitor to convey to us any ideas outside our own range of experience. Quoting an illustration employed by a commu-

nating spirit, she said: 'Imagine that you are a caterpillar on a cabbage leaf, and that a caterpillar's only idea of anything better is more cabbage leaf, less rain, and more sunshine. The caterpillar becomes a butterfly, and the butterfly comes back to the other caterpillars and tries to explain to them what it is to fly from flower to flower. The caterpillar-mind would not be able to take it in!'

A gentleman referred to the responsibility of those who originated wars. Might they not, he asked, be the instruments of higher powers? There were holy quarrels as well as unjust ones, and peace sometimes could only come about through war.

MISS STEAD said she did not wish to imply that people who made war were necessarily worse than the rest. In every case it was the intention that counted. Any man who harboured a selfish or evil thought would have, she believed, to work it out of his nature.

A lady inquired whether, seeing that Mr. Stead had always exerted his influence on behalf of women, Miss Stead had had any message with regard to their future upliftment.

MISS STEAD replied that her father saw how we were all gradually evolving, but as time was measured on the other side so differently from on ours, a spirit, in endeavouring to give us an idea of when a thing would happen, would very often be quite wrong. Her father had stated that he worked more by getting into people's vibrations and impressing them than by giving messages through mediums.

MR. WALLIS said they must all agree that they had had an extremely interesting and instructive address. Miss Stead's opening remarks as to what Spiritualism meant to her struck him as being extremely valuable. He feared we did not all realise sufficiently the full meaning of Spiritualism; we were taken up with the details, the personal aspect—the messages and greetings from friends—and did not think of the far-reaching influence and implications of those facts and messages, and their significance. One friend had asked why the communications were so conventional. Well, we were conventional people. But he did not think it was quite true that the messages were so imperfect and inadequate as was often supposed. In many homes where the members of the family were interested in reforms and spiritual progress, they did receive teaching on large and vital questions. In the North of England there were hundreds of people interested in the industrial warfare whose spirit friends were constantly instructing them and exhorting to active labour on behalf of humanity. Because some people did not happen to get such messages, because these messages did not get into the papers, and because so many people were hostile to Spiritualism that we had to publish test messages, it did not prove that the others were not given. That they were not published more frequently was simply due to the fact that, being of a general character, it was difficult to demonstrate that they were spirit messages. Those who received them were satisfied that they came from the other side, and, valuing the teaching thus conveyed, they did their best to embody it in their lives. Mr. Wallis closed by proposing a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Stead for so bravely coming forward and talking to them about her father, and giving to the world her testimony as to the great value to her of Spiritualism.

In seconding the vote MR. WILKINS said: 'The first time I saw Mr. Stead he gave a lecture on the peace question. At the close I asked permission to shake hands with him, saying that it was not because of the lecture, but because I had misunderstood him until that night. The message he gave me I think will bear repeating. He said: "You are not the only person who has misunderstood me; but whatever you hear about me you can rely on this: I act up to and live up to the best I know." Let us try to live up to that message, live up to the best we know, and try not to misunderstand people.'

MISS STEAD, in cordially acknowledging the vote of thanks, said: 'I know the difference Spiritualism has made to me. I know that my father is not gone, but nearer to me than before—and he was very near before. I am sure he is very much amused at my getting up to speak! Ever since I was a small child I have always known there was another world around me. Though a nervous child I was not lonely because I felt that there were so many around me. I think the spread of the

knowledge of the truth of spirit return is to come naturally, that it is no good trying to force it. When it does come, and when it is rightly understood and acted upon, it will do an immense amount of good.' (Loud applause.)

PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPHY: ABSOLUTE PROOF.

Previously I have written on psychic photography and given accounts of facts which have been proof to me and to my friends of the circle. Now I wish to state a case, upheld by outsiders, which I hope to be able to present on paper as clearly as I know it, and which offers absolute proof of psychic photography—with and without the use of a camera—also of the power of spirit perception and guidance, acting upon and through the human form.

On February 11th, 1913, Mr. Brittain of Hanley, Mr. Williams of Rhyl, and myself visited Crewe for the purpose of sitting to obtain, if possible, psychic photographs. Mr. Brittain understands photography, and can produce a good photograph. Mr. Williams is a professional photographer and a gold medallist (London). My own experience of photography dates back to the 'wet-plate' days of 1873, so the photographic side of the question was reasonably represented. Mr. Brittain, as president of the Hanley Spiritualist Society, is well known in the movement. Mr. Williams is an interested investigator. In 1872 I first became acquainted with Spiritualism, and have been an exponent of its philosophy for nigh upon thirty years.

Both Mr. Brittain and Mr. Williams carried plates, at my request, in their coat pockets to infuse their magnetic influence thereon, as that often has been found to be advantageous. But to be still more fully prepared, a packet of plates was purchased on the way to the meeting. When the medium arrived, he said that the Crewe circle had been prevented from holding their usual mid-weekly meetings, and he feared we should not get any result. As I have never yet come away empty-handed, it was pleasant for me to remind him of that fact to clear away his pessimism. He then said, 'We shall want a packet of plates.' I replied that we had already purchased a packet. However, he desired that another packet should be purchased, and he and Mr. Williams left the room to buy the plates. It appeared to me at the time to be strange that the medium should insist upon a second packet of plates being purchased; later on it was obvious that he did it under the influence of the spirit friends.

We sat round the table, on the top of which were placed the two unopened packets of plates, also the plates which my friends had carried with them. When the medium was under influence he gathered up the packet *last purchased* and requested the lady sitter (who is highly mediumistic) to hold it between her hands. He then placed one hand over and the other hand under her hands, directing me to do the same, and the other two gentlemen followed suit. Almost immediately our hands had settled a sudden throb took place through the medium and we were directed to use the *fourth* plate from the top as a psychograph; also I was given the plates to take care of until required for the developing.

The other packet of plates (purchased on the way to the meeting) was treated in a similar way, and we were instructed to expose the *two* top plates through the camera. This packet was given to Mr. Brittain to take care of while arrangements were made for the sitting.

While the temporary background and chairs were being arranged, I put the dark room in order, with water supply, &c. Mr. Williams had brought with him a supply of hypo., also of pyro. ammonia developer. We entered the dark room together, and Mr. Williams, after examining the dark slide, the only one in use, transferred two plates from the packet of plates last mentioned to the slide. We three visitors were the sitters as directed by the spirit friends. After the two plates had been exposed, Mr. Williams developed them in our presence.

With regard to the above-mentioned fourth plate, which up to this time was in my pocket, I gave the unopened packet in which it was to Mr. Williams, and again in our presence he took out the fourth plate from the top; also, at my request, he

developed the *third* plate from the top, which had lain film to film with the fourth plate. Now for the results:—

(a) *Through the camera.* One plate shows the psychic form of a lady with abundant dark hair and a beautiful figure, not yet identified. The other plate shows the psychic form of an Indian, whose face partly covers my face, and whose feathers adorn me after the manner of Indians.

(b) *Without the use of a camera, and out of the packet direct as purchased, without any action of actinic rays of light as we understand them, the results were:* Fourth plate from the top. In the middle of plate an ellipse and in it a message which reads: 'My dear friends, do let unity prevail; we want it, we are anxiously awaiting it.—T. Colley.' This message is in the usual form of the Archdeacon's well-known handwriting.

On the left upper corner appears a portrait of the Archdeacon, on the right upper corner is a portrait of the brother of the lady who held the plate, on the lower right corner is a portrait of her sister, while on the left lower corner is the portrait of her husband's mother. On the third plate, which, as previously stated, was film to film with the fourth plate, nothing is shown.

I have copies of prints from the negatives, also made by Mr Williams, before me as I write, and I venture to affirm that my facts, now truthfully stated, support my sub-title.

What more could be desired to make psychic photography an absolute proof? It offers to our scientists much food for reflection. What influence protected the third plate from the top to prevent it receiving the same impression (reversed) as the fourth plate from the top received?

Now the spirit friends directed their medium to have a second packet of plates, so that the two most excellent tests could be obtained upon plates taken from packets recently purchased and not opened until after the spirit friends, having influenced them, could instruct us, as they did, which plates to use without the camera, and which to use with the camera.

I have not ventured into print recently, not because of lack of startling facts, but just now I feel it to be my duty to the spirit friends, also to my fellow Spiritualists, as well as to those who still revel in doubt, to state a case deserving the fullest consideration.

Some day our National Union may purchase a lantern outfit and permit societies to hire it at a small cost, plus the carriage. I shall be willing to assist towards defraying the cost, by giving a lecture on 'Psychic Photography; or Can the Dead be Photographed?' in any town that may be selected, for out-of-pocket expenses. Then the public may see what spirit photographs are like. I have now over seventy slides, and as our esteemed friend W. T. Stead (who has given me his psychic portrait since he left the body) said to me, 'Do go on with this good work'; it is my sincere intention to do so, and I know that my friends of the circle, who devote freely and willingly their time to this work, will assist me to obtain even greater results.

WM. WALKER.

3, Palace-road, Buxton.

The above report by Mr. Walker gives a fair, reasonable account of our visit and experiences at Crewe on February 11th, 1913, and is true in detail and fact.

(Signed) F. BRITAIN,
109, Lichfield-street, Hanley.

(Signed) JNO. WILLIAMS,
Portland Studio, Rhyl,
N. Wales.

TRANSITION.—The members of the Fulham Society—25, Fernhurst-road—have sustained a heavy loss in the transition of Mr. Julian Tomlin, of Gowan-avenue, Fulham, who passed to spirit life on Sunday, March 9th. Mr. Tomlin was an active member of the society for some years, and officiated at various times both as secretary and choirmaster, but owing to his severe illness (consumption) he had been obliged to relinquish all work in connection with the cause during the past two years. His mortal remains were interred in Fulham Cemetery on Saturday, the 15th inst., in the presence of a large gathering of Spiritualists, the service being most reverently and impressively conducted by Mr. Richard Boddington. To many friends present, it was comforting to know that Mr. Tomlin was seen during the ceremony and described most minutely by a lady who was a stranger to Fulham (Mrs. Mary Gordon).—H. C.

HEAVEN MAY BE HERE AND NOW.

'Brotherhood' for March has a beautiful article entitled 'Where God is, there is Heaven.' Here are some of the writer's thoughts:—

Progress for the soul is ascent through growth above the zone of mists and clouds and storms (which are all misunderstandings) into the serene calm and joy and power of realising that the soul lives and moves and has its being in God, and is the nature and life of God individualised; and that this nature is being unfolded in an ever-expanding individual consciousness, experience, and activity. The natural instincts, God-given, which make normal people shrink from death and cling to life in the body as long as possible, are a perpetual witness from God against the superstition that the death of the body is the proper passage of Christian souls to the blessedness of heaven. Death is not, indeed, anything to be afraid of as if it were some irreparable disaster. It is not the end of life: it is the end of only a chapter of life: life goes on for ever. But it has little to do—probably no more than many another incident—with one's going to the blessedness of heaven, or with (what is the same thing) getting the blessedness of heaven in.

Whoever you may be who read this paper, the best is yet to come into your experience. There will arrive for you a day not only contrasting brightly with all that has been dark and sad in your circumstances, but even throwing into the shade all that has been brightest. The future, however, is not what you ought to turn your gaze on. Turn it rather on the eternal Now, to the spaceless Here—to the inner world of reality, free from time-and-space conditions. The future tense has figured too largely, too exclusively, in our thinking. The future tense has somehow been a defect in our faith, a flaw in our understanding of life, an implicit denial of present good, and therefore it has been a retarding factor as regards the expression or manifestation of the beautiful eternal reality. When we have been ailing in body, we have said, perhaps: 'I shall be better to-morrow, or next week, or when the spring comes'; whereas we ought to have said: 'Even now the eternal life, indestructible, incorruptible, undefilable, inexhaustible, is the reality of my being; He who is the resurrection and the life is the true Lord and ultimate Self of this personality.' We have said, perhaps, 'We shall get to Heaven by-and-by, when earth's toils are over'; whereas we ought to have said, 'Now are we children of God; now is the Father's nature ours; now is the arche-typal Son of God, in whom the Father is well pleased, the very soul of our soul; now are we in our Father's House and in our Father's bosom—now and for ever.'

The future tense should be reserved, so far as any expression of our faith is concerned, for verbs that refer to further unfoldments, to clearer objective manifestations, of a reality recognised as eternal and infinite. To-morrow there shall be more made manifest than to-day, because the Infinite Good is ours, and the manifestation of it is an endless process.

THE LONDON LYCEUM DISTRICT COUNCIL'S fourth annual demonstration was held at King's Hall, London-road, S.E., on Sunday, March 16th, at 2.45 p.m., when over one hundred and eighty Lyceumists took part from ten Lyceums in London, and there were about three hundred persons present in all. There were forty-six 'pearls' and two individual efforts from each Lyceum. Songs, solos and recitations, marching and calisthenics were very good; altogether it was a successful demonstration.—A. B.

The New York correspondent of 'The Daily Chronicle' states that a little girl of ten years of age, named Beulah Miller, of Providence, Rhode Island, for some time past has amused and interested her friends with astonishing feats of mind-reading and looking through opaque objects. She was taken to New York, where Dr. John Quackenbos, a well-known physician, who has written books on hypnotism and is a specialist in mental and moral diseases, submitted her to a thorough test. The girl was able to tell the contents of the pockets of those in the room, the numbers on bank-notes, and described objects which she had not previously seen and which were put behind or underneath opaque objects. After two hours' test, Dr. Quackenbos declared that he was satisfied that there was no possibility of fraud, that the child has extraordinary mental powers, and certainly has an 'X-ray vision.'

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

From the Peebles Publishing Company, 5,719, Fayette-street, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A., we have received three new pamphlets by that ever young and eager protagonist, Dr. J. M. Peebles. In the first, 'The General Principles and Standard Teachings of Spiritualism' (25 cents), he declares that Spiritualism is all-inclusive. 'Its concept includes everything mental, moral and spiritual that is good and true. . . . As a phenomenon, a philosophy, and the true wisdom-religion, it implies the Father-Motherhood of God, the brotherhood of humanity, the present-day ministry of angels and different orders of spirits, the certainty of disciplinary retribution for wrong-doing, the creating and urging of every reform, the necessity of prayer, the importance of worship, and the beauty of heavenly peace and joy now.' Of the other two pamphlets (10 cents each) one deals with 'Clairaudience,' for the cultivation of which the doctor gives the following advice: 'First, feel sure that you desire clairaudience for a good purpose. Then sit two or three times per week before retiring, in a subdued light and in a clean, well-aired room. Cast aside all worldly care, be calm and aspirational, relax nerve and muscle, cherish a fraternal and prayerful spirit, let the soul mount up on wings of faith and trust and love to God, asking angels and immortalised spirits from the higher plane of consciousness to aid you in the unfolding of the clairaudient gift, to be used only for good, benevolent, and religious purposes. Pursue this course or a similar one for a few weeks or months, observing diet and the proper rules of health, and your interior ear will be opened, and you will undoubtedly hear the voices of the loved and be thrilled with the music of the heavenly spheres.'

The third pamphlet is entitled 'War, its Horrors and Benefits.' The last two words appear to have been 'writ sarcastic,' for Dr. Peebles is evidently quite unable to discover where the benefits come in. 'War,' he declares, 'suspends every idea of justice and humanity, and is entirely inefficient towards redressing wrongs. It multiplies instead of indemnifying losses.' In the years of fratricidal war between the Northern and Southern States, 'not mentioning the desolated homes, the suffering prisoners, the crippled limbs, the armless sleeves, the gore-stained dead, embodying the flower of our country, the vast sums of money spent would have purchased the freedom of every slave and put a schoolhouse in every Southern township.' On the question of 'How to promote peace' he offers the following among other suggestions: 'Cease honouring and glorifying the brutal bravery of generals, majors and captains who publicly strut along the streets in the gilded trappings of army equipages.' 'Disengage boys' brigades and boy scouts where they are taught military tactics.' 'Cease to resurrect each fourth of July the battle-ghost of Bunker Hill and Yorktown; there should be no more silly boasting of "whipping the British."' (Similar advice applies equally well to some of our own celebrations.) 'Parents, teach your children the principles of peace. Teach them that it is better to be harmed than to harm another; better to be killed than to purposely, murderously kill a brother man, for the consequences of this life's conduct extend beyond the grave, and heaven is attained only through holiness.'

Dr. Peebles' definition of Spiritualism recalls the declaration in the 'Lyceum Manual' that Spiritualism is 'a science, a philosophy, and a religion, presenting a just view of man's duty, destiny, and immortal relations.' The reading of this declaration, with the added statement that 'Spiritualists, in the broadest sense, are those who believe in a continued existence, and that departed spirits can and do communicate with mortals,' forms the turning-point in the thought and attitude toward life of one of the principal characters in an interesting story, entitled 'Spirit Return,' written and arranged as a service of song by Mr. George Frederic Knott. It narrates very graphically the experiences of a bereaved family and the endeavours, at last successful, of the translated husband and father to get into communication with his dear ones. 'Spirit Return' can be had for 2d. (post free 3d.) from the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union, 17, Bromley-road, Hanging Heaton, near Dewsbury.

In a recent issue of 'The Guardian' the Bishop of London related how, while conducting a mission in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, he received a letter from the mother of a girl of fifteen, who was seriously ill with a nervous breakdown. The girl had heard the Bishop preach, and begged her mother to send him a petition for prayer. 'We are told by St. James,' wrote the mother, 'to send for the elders of the Church, who will anoint the sick with oil, and the prayer of faith will save the sick.' The Bishop complied with the request at once. The girl, who had been raving and shrieking, knew him at once and

slipped her hand into his. After prayers had been said he anointed her on the forehead, placed his hand on her head and gave her a blessing, with the result that, although she had not slept for a long time, she immediately fell into a deep sleep which lasted for hours, and the girl is now on the highway to recovery.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

Under this heading we propose to devote space to brief letters of inquiry and replies thereto from our readers.

'Our Limited Ideas of Locality.'

SIR,—Permit me a few words respecting Miss E. Katharine Bates' letter in 'LIGHT' of March 8th. I do not, however, wish to 'cross swords' with one whose knowledge of things occult vastly exceeds my own, but in her remarks, which I shall quote, there is an unconsciously admitted limitation of ideas respecting 'locality and its extreme importance' on her side, as also in the cult of reincarnation taught by Theosophists, for which she evidently has a bias.

Miss Bates says, 'What real difference can it make whether we learn our next lesson, or try to undo our past mistakes on this planet, or on Mars, Venus, or any other planet in the universe? Surely it is our limited ideas of locality and of its extreme importance that puzzles so many of us unnecessarily.'

Just so. It is very puzzling that so many Theosophists should trim their wings, for so lengthy a period, to a flight no higher than planetary life, with its admitted limitations, and should be content to circle round and round this centre *unspirally*—for aons, it would seem—when there are all the graduating spheres above, where, in the nature of things, better conditions exist and better materials 'for learning our next lesson and undoing our past mistakes.'

If the earth can teach us so much, and provides such unlimited scope for the development of our faculties, why is our mortal term of life so short? Why are we not incarnated for a term of three or four hundred years, a period which would surely be long enough to enable us to try to 'undo our past mistakes and learn our next lesson'?

Every well-appointed household has its nursery, but this exists only for the incoming babes, who function in it for a time, and until they launch forth into their broader school life. Boys and girls are not put back into the nursery to learn, for instance, how not to be greedy or to covet, and to be kind, gentle, honest, noble and true, as there are plenty of opportunities for this kind of drilling and exercise in the broader schools outside the nursery.—Yours, &c.,

F. H.

'Mr. Wedgwood and Reincarnation.'

SIR,—I am obliged to Mr. Guy Heaton for his letter (p. 130). The theory to which he refers, and with which he associates the names of Kant, F. W. H. Myers and Sir Oliver Lodge, is quite familiar to me. But the phenomena which it exists to explain do not carry to my mind the same interpretation. It seems clear that the individual spirit may have many grades of self-conscious expression on different planes, but never more than one at one time, if the individual is truly a *unity*. The truth seems to be that John Smith on earth is not in any way related to what is merely a larger John Smith in the spiritual world—some higher *personality* of which he is part but which acts independently of the lower personality on earth. John Smith proper *is* really related to the Universal consciousness, and when at times he rises out of the limitations of his purely personal life he becomes in some vague way aware of it. He feels that he is greater than he thought, that there are immense vistas of knowledge and experience open to him somewhere. But that, in my view, is not because he is part of a larger John Smith, but because he is part of a great consciousness which embraces him and all his fellows. He thus comes into rapport with the records and experiences of other individual lives than his own; he may share their joys and sorrows as though he were temporarily identified with them. Related to the Universal consciousness, he may ascend to dizzy heights or to strange depths. But if he thinks that this is because he is a 'truncated portion' of a 'larger personality,' I imagine he is mistaken. It is really because he is an individual expression (a 'truncated portion,' if you will) of the great spiritual Reality which behind the appearances of separateness binds all humanity in one. I am putting very baldly and crudely an idea which is the inspiration of all mysticism and all true philosophy and poetry—an idea which explains comprehensively all the problems that lie at the back of the reincarnation doctrine. Each individual man as a segment of the 'God consciousness' I can understand, but each individual man as a

segment of another and larger individual man is neither philosophic nor intelligible. I may be wrong, but I am open to conviction.—Yours, &c.,

EUGENE P. GLEN.

AMONGST THE SCOTTISH SPIRITUALISTS.

BY JAMES LAWRENCE.

I passed ten pleasant days recently in Scotland, visiting Glasgow, Rothesay, Dundee, and Edinburgh. Arranged and directed by Mr. J. M. Stewart, of the Scottish Alliance, my tour was one of personal interest, education and satisfaction, and my chief hope is that those whom I addressed, and those with whom I conversed, received even a tithe of that good which I experienced through meeting them. Exigencies of space preclude individual mention of many of the valuable workers whom I met, and whose efforts were appreciated by me, while their grasp of the situation, crisp and definite exposition and tireless propagation of our philosophy and phenomena were quite encouraging.

Berkely-street Society, Glasgow, is a hive of spiritual and mental industry, that universally known veteran, Mr. James Robertson, filling the presidential chair with much acceptance, having able supporters in Mr. Galloway and Mr. Thomson. The secretarial duties of so enterprising a society are many and onerous, but Mr. Sneddon seems to be to the office born. The Gall family provide music for the services, at once generous and valuable. Mrs. Gall is the lady whose little verses so charm the readers of several of our journals. The librarian endeavours to excite the reading faculties of his fellow-members, and fills a trying post successfully. Mr. J. M. Stewart, secretary to the Scottish Alliance, is a member there, as president of the Literary Guild, and a valuable contributor to the Lyceum Liberty Group discussion. This group has sixty adult members—surely a body to be proud of—while the contents of its current syllabus ably uphold on the Clyde our claims for intellectual cultivation.

Attendances at all services were much above those in the North of England. On Monday afternoon about seventy ladies turned out, Mr. Robertson's helpful influence going far to lighten the work, as it did on Sunday morning. Tuesday night was fairly good, Mr. Thomson presiding. I had a little talk with Mr. Knox, so well known in South African Spiritualism. On Wednesday I went to Rothesay, where I had a cheery, bracing chat with Mr. and Mrs. Coates. Both good souls, they bubble over with enthusiasm and sympathy for our mediums. They showed me many of the apparatus which came through the mediumship of Bailey and others. That evening I spoke to the Greenock Society, where they have a small but vigorous membership under the presidency of an earnest Yorkshireman, Mr. Kay. They told me of many taxing vicissitudes, but looked hopefully to brighter days in store. Being isolated, geographically, they are unable to invite many of our abler workers, but have a band of willing enthusiasts locally. The next day I travelled to Dundee, through part of Scotia's most romantic country, and in the evening had a well-attended meeting in the Foresters' Hall. That *doyen* of East of Scotland Spiritualists, Mr. Stevenson, presided, supported by Mr. Watson (another veteran), Mr. Blackwood and Mr. Urquhart, the latter being a promising worker. On Friday night we had a special séance at the house of my hostess, Mrs. Ferrer, which must rank second only to an ever-to-be-remembered circle at Aberdeen in June, 1911. There seemed to be perfect understanding between angels and mortals, resulting in one of those holy gatherings we often hear of, but so seldom experience. I regret to have to record that the health of Mr. Stevenson is not what we all wish it to be, but trust he may soon regain his wonted virility, for, like his Western *confère*, Mr. Robertson, his people all love him.

Sunday found me at Queen's Hall, Edinburgh, where much good has been done for many years. I was amongst old friends there, but believe I never experienced so much pleasure amongst them as on that day. Mr. Hall, the genial and respected president, was chairman at both services, and, as it was at St. Mungo and Jutopolis, it was good to be beside such a friend. On Monday night, Mr. Rankin, the treasurer of long standing, presided, and was most sympathetic company. Here, too, the bookstall is a pleasing feature. My tour, undertaken with timidity as to my ability in carrying it out, was made easy and enjoyable through attention and sympathy.

I would have liked to visit such places as Falkirk, Motherwell, Dunfermline, Perth, &c., where many Spiritualists reside, but could not go everywhere. My thanks are due to my hostesses for the kindnesses shown, for, when away from home, such attentions go far to soften the unavoidable strangeness filling one's heart.

SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, MARCH 23rd, &c.

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

LONDON SPIRITUAL MISSION: 13B, Pembroke Place, Baywater, W.—Mrs. Mary Gordon spoke on 'Our Arisen Ones' and 'The Art of Living.' For next week's services see front page.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HAMPTON WICK.—Mrs. Cannock gave an address and descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Miss Violet Burton, address. Questions will also be answered.—J. W. H.

BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD.—HENLEY-STREET.—Mrs. Boddington gave a stirring address on 'Spiritualists as Social Reformers,' and excellent descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Gambriel Nicholson.

BRISTOL.—144, GROSVENOR-ROAD.—Mrs. J. S. Baxter gave instructive addresses on 'What is Resurrection?' and answered questions; descriptions by Mr. Brunt. Encouraging meetings and many inquirers. Sunday next, at 6.30, public service. Other meetings as usual.—J. S. B.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—Mr. Wooderson and Mr. Inch gave inspirational addresses. Sunday next, at 7, Mrs. Mary Gordon, address and clairvoyance. Circles: Monday, 7.30, ladies'; Tuesday, 8.15, members'; Wednesday, 8, astrology; Thursday, 8, public.—E. K.

CROYDON.—ELMWOOD HALL, ELMWOOD-ROAD, BROAD-GREEN.—Morning, Mr. A. Harrison gave an address on 'The old, old Story.' Evening, Mr. W. G. Ray's Easter address was heartily appreciated. Helpful descriptions were given by Mr. Percy Scholey. Sunday next—morning, Mr. F. W. Jarman; at 7 p.m., Mrs. M. Maunders.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—Mr. F. T. Blake won admiration for his telling addresses and recognised clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 and 7, Mrs. A. Boddington, addresses and clairvoyance; also Monday, 8, Tuesday, 3, private interviews; at 8, also Wednesday at 3, circles.—H. J. E.

BRIGHTON.—HOVE OLD TOWN HALL, 1, BRUNSWICK-STREET WEST.—Mr. Karl Reynolds gave excellent addresses, and Irene Hope followed with recognised descriptions and messages. Sunday next, at 11.15 and 7, Mr. Symons. Tuesdays, at 3 and 8, also Wednesdays, at 3, Mrs. G. C. Curry, clairvoyance. Thursdays, at 8.15, public circle.—A. C.

HACKNEY.—240A, AMHURST-ROAD, N.—Mr. G. T. Brown spoke on 'If a Man Die, shall he Live Again?' 18th, Mr. A. Vout Peters gave successful descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., Mr. Jones; 7 p.m., Mrs. Beaumont. Monday, 8 p.m., circle; inquirers welcomed. Thursday (members only), 7.30 p.m., healing, Mr. H. Bell; 8.15, circle.—N. R.

STRATFORD.—WORKMAN'S HALL, 27, ROMFORD-ROAD, E.—Mr. E. Alcock-Rush's interesting address, 'Why Seek Ye the Living among the Dead?' was much appreciated. He and Mrs. Alcock-Rush sweetly sang 'When the mists have rolled away.' Mr. G. Tayler Gwinn presided. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. H. J. Stockwell, address.—W. H. S.

SEVEN KINGS.—45, THE PROMENADE.—Miss F. M. Russell spoke on 'The Higher Clairvoyance' and answered questions. 18th, Mr. Thompson spoke well on 'Was there any Need for Modern Spiritualism?' Sunday next, at 11 a.m., study class; at 7 p.m., Mr. H. Wake on 'Faith and its Application to Spiritualism.' Tuesday, at 8, Mr. Sewell.

STRATFORD.—IDMISTON-ROAD, FOREST-LANE.—Morning, Mr. Cattanaeh spoke on 'Some Conceptions of God.' Evening, Mrs. A. Keightley gave a good address and descriptions. 20th, addresses by Messrs. J. Wrench and W. G. Willmot, clairvoyance by Mrs. E. Neville. Sunday next, at 11.45 a.m., Mrs. E. Neville, 'Phenomena'; 7 p.m., Mr. Walker, address and clairvoyance. April 6th, Mrs. Mary Davies.—F. H.

UNION OF LONDON SPIRITUALISTS, Sunday, April 6th, annual conference with the Peckham Society. At 3 p.m. in Lausanne Hall, Lausanne-road, Mrs. E. Ensor, of Ealing, will read a paper, 'Do our Societies Justify their Existence?' Discussion invited. Tea at 5 p.m., 6d. each. Special propaganda meeting at 7 p.m. at the Arlington, Peckham-road. Speakers: Messrs. Tayler Gwinn, G. F. Tilby and R. Boddington. Soloists: Mr. and Mrs. Alcock-Rush.

EXETER.—MARKET HALL.—Morning, address and descriptions by Mrs. Vincent. Evening, address by Mr. C. V. Tarr.

SOUTHEND.—SEANCE HALL, BROADWAY.—Mr. Symons spoke on 'The Resurrection' and 'Christianity and Spiritualism,' and Mr. Rundle gave good descriptions.

CHATHAM.—553, CANTERBURY-STREET, GILLINGHAM.—Mr. Alfred Vout Peters gave descriptions. 24th, Mrs. Maunders spoke on 'Spiritualism, Old and New.'—E. C. S.

CLAPHAM.—HOWARD-STREET, NEW-ROAD.—Mrs. Neville gave an address on 'The Upliftment of Humanity' and descriptions.—F. C.

SOUTHPORT.—HAWKSHEAD HALL.—Mr. Will Edwards spoke on 'Birth of the Spirit' and 'Sixty-five and Not Out,' and gave descriptions.—H. I.

BIRMINGHAM.—30, JOHN-STREET, VILLA CROSS, HANDSWORTH.—Mr. Spencer, of Nantwich, gave good addresses and psychic readings, also recited at the Social on Monday.—J. R.

PLYMOUTH.—ODDFELLOWS' HALL, MORLEY-STREET.—Mr. Lethbridge gave an address and Mrs. Trueman descriptions. 19th, Mesdames Trueman and Summers gave descriptions.

WHITLEY BAY.—137, WHITLEY-ROAD.—Mrs. E. H. Cansick's address on 'A Spirit's View of the Resurrection' was much appreciated.—C. C.

PORTSMOUTH.—MIZPAH HALL, WATERLOO-STREET.—Mr. Geo. F. Tilby spoke on 'The Transmission of Healing Forces' and 'Light on Life's Difficulties.' 19th, Mr. and Mrs. Spiller and Mr. Croxford.—P.

READING.—NEW HALL, BLAGRAVE-STREET.—Mr. P. R. Street gave addresses on 'The Triumph of the Spirit' and 'The Problems of the Resurrection.' Mrs. Street gave description, also on the 17th. 21st, Mr. Street spoke on 'The History of the Great Cause of Spiritualism.'—M. L.

WOOLWICH AND PLUMSTEAD.—PERSEVERANCE HALL, VILLAS-ROAD.—Morning, circle; evening, Mr. A. Barton spoke on 'Religions in the Light of Spiritualism,' and answered questions. 19th, Mrs. Mary Davies gave a beautiful address and convincing descriptions.—C. D.

MANOR PARK.—CORNER OF SHREWSBURY AND STRONE-ROAD.—Morning, healing service. Evening, Mr. H. J. Stockwell spoke on 'Jesus and the Spiritual.' 20th, Mrs. Podmore gave an address on 'Death,' and descriptions. Good Friday, Mr. A. Vout Peters gave a good address and descriptions. Solo by Mrs. Kate Jackson.—A. L. M.

PORTSMOUTH TEMPLE.—VICTORIA-ROAD SOUTH.—Mr. G. F. Douglas, of Northampton, gave inspirational poems on subjects selected by the audience, addresses on 'Easter Thoughts' and 'The Power of the Arisen Ones,' and psychic messages with marked success. Good Friday, after a public tea, Mr. G. Douglas gave psychic messages and inspirational poems. Solos were rendered by Miss Prilly Stewart, Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Wheeler. An enjoyable time was spent.—J. McF.

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