

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

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Christmas and the New Year.

To all our Friends—and to our Foes as well, if we have any—we send hearty Greetings and good wishes. May they all be abundantly blessed in the coming year in all ways always.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Once more, with its rustle of holly and mistletoe, and its chiming of bells, Yuletide is upon us, and turning to our bookshelf we take down—as always at this season—the Christmas tales of that author whose name is fragrant with Christmas memories—Charles Dickens. Turning to the description of the Ghost of Christmas Present, we read how the Spirit

was clothed in one simple green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. This garment hung so loosely on the figure that its capacious breast was bare, as if disdaining to be warded or concealed by any artifice. . . on its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath set here and there with shining icicles. Its dark brown curls were long and free, free as its genial face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its cheerful voice, its unconstrained demeanour and its joyful air.

Later we read that

The Spirit stood beside sick beds and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In almshouse, hospital and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door and barred the Spirit out, he left his blessing.

None have seen more clearly than Dickens how inseparable are the human and the spiritual aspects of life. There is an order of minds to which the association of the two is repulsive. It nourishes a kind of inverted idealism, probably the product—if we could trace it far enough back—of that old and false idea of humanity as something essentially corrupt. But every return of the Christmas festival is a re-affirmation of Dickens' message. He penetrated more nearly than all the scholars and divines to the essential meaning of the Christian faith as a gospel of humanity. It is something to be thankful for, if only once a year the message shows in some fashion its power over the general heart. Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine in his latest book, 'The New Alinement of Life' (a notice of which will appear in a later issue) truly interprets the teaching of the Nazarene in this regard, showing how into an age of dead forms and cold dogmas came the Judean Teacher with his

mighty vision of the essential oneness of the human life with the Divine, with all its tremendous possibilities, not only for himself, but—as he never failed to teach in season and out of season—for every human soul.

We fully share the pleasure which many of our readers will feel that the series of papers on 'Spiritualism: A Philosophy of Life,' which Mr. W. H. Evans contributed to our columns a few months ago, has now been reprinted in volume form. As they were so widely read and admired at the time of their first publication, there is little need to do more than welcome the new-comer, and wish it a career of useful service. Yet, chiefly for the benefit of those who did not read the essays when they first appeared, we may make a few brief excerpts as examples of their tone and outlook.

The much-abused medium is one of the formative forces of the religion of the future.

In the evolution of man the subconscious tends to become the normal consciousness. All mediumship is a step in the direction of progress. The further we go the more responsive we become to the higher vibrations of life. This means an enlargement of consciousness.

After being led by our intellects to the outer courts where we studied the facts of our psychic life, we are led at last to the deeper reaches of our being. It is here that I feel Spiritualism will be of the deepest service to the race . . . a glorious and beautiful truth full of divine consolation.

The philosophy of Bergson has so many students and admirers nowadays that any books which efficiently elucidate his work have an ample justification. In the volume entitled 'Bergson: an Exposition and Criticism' (Sands and Co., 2s. 6d. net), Mr. Thomas J. Gerrard gives us a critical study of the French thinker and his system from the standpoint of St. Thomas Aquinas. Mr. Gerrard approaches his subject as an adversary, and pits the thirteenth century thinker against the living one. Although we are ourselves numbered amongst the admirers of Bergson, we have no prejudice against hostile criticism of his system—only thus can ideas be tested. We have not the space to go into any of the arguments used by the author. Some of them (naturally) have the flavour of antiquity—the 'Angelical Doctor' to whose judgments the appeal is made lived some few centuries ago. And what are we to think of this as an example of the philosophical method?

Does M. Bergson tell us that by turning away from intelligence and turning to animal instinct we shall get into touch with life? Pooh! Does he tell us that by retracing the steps which reason has laboriously cut out for us we shall attain to the highest life? Pooh! pooh!

Only if these 'Poohs!' mean that Bergson tells us nothing of the kind are they justified. Otherwise we see in them only the resentment of the angry theologian. On the whole we prefer the unbiassed criticism of the independent thinker.

Bergson's system, to us, represents one of the agencies which keep the thought of the time in movement, breaking up old crystallisations of idea and doctrine. He presents us with the view of a Universe in constant growth. Like all systems which have in them some of the elements of reaction, there are tendencies to extremes. But that is almost inevitable. Extremes in one direction are only adequately balanced in this imperfect world by extremes in

another. Thus does the extremism of the materialistic school of medicine provoke a revolt that leads to the discarding of drugs altogether and the naïve announcement that there is no such thing as disease, and thus do the excesses of intellectualism give birth to the exaggerations of the intuitionist. The truest philosophy is that which can give its appropriate place to each form of perception, which can see that the intellect is not a pernicious thing merely because its functions are abused, and that the emotions are not to be ignored because when not properly restrained they lead to misdirections of judgment. Bergsonianism is a means to an end—one of the roads to an approximate perception of the truth. So is the Church. We can dismiss neither of them with a 'Pooh!'

tried and tempted, we cry for help and strength; bowed down with grief and pain, we look through our tears to Thee for light and comfort, and in our bereavement seek the sustaining inspiration of Thy unfailing Love. The sorrows of our stricken hearts, too deep for words, we bring to Thee. Human sympathy and affection fail us in our supremest agony, and we seek the healing shelter of Thy all-compassionate Love and the consoling ministrations of Thy messenger spirits—our beloved dead—lost to us in the shadows of the Valley of Death, but near to us in spirit. Oh, may their loving thoughts, their sweet remembrances, steal into our inner consciousness and speak the message of peace to our sorrowing hearts. May we realise that in Thy Infinite Goodness we are never alone, and that Thy Herald Angels still sing their songs of peace and goodwill, and link us heart to heart with Thee and all our dearly loved ones in the unseen. Grant us, O Loving Father, the inspiration of Thy Spirit through the ministrations of those who love us, that we may rise above our sorrows, and in the joy of the spiritual revelation of the Immortality of Love may this Christmas-time be to us, indeed, a season of spiritual renewal and blessing. Amen.

We are extremely glad to receive from Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., a copy of Sir Oliver Lodge's momentous Presidential address to the British Association (1s. net). The printing and binding are excellent, and the address itself, which is reproduced in full, is supplemented by explanatory notes. From one of these, which comments on the President's reference to the facts which convinced him that personality persists beyond bodily death, we make the following excerpt:—

It will be said, it has indeed been frequently said, that the evidence ought here to have been adduced. To this there are two fairly obvious replies. The first is that the evidence for any kind of scientific statements is quite inappropriate to an address; a summary and an allusion is all that can be allowed and nothing more is attempted in any part of an address of this kind; study of the evidence is necessarily a long and laborious undertaking. The second is that even though some parts of the evidence were offered, not in an address, but in a paper to one of the Sections, it would not as yet be admitted. The attempt has been made. Sir William Barrett, in the year 1876, read a paper on the evidence for telepathy before the British Association, at Glasgow, but its publication was prevented.

The argument of suppression has been tried many times in the history of mankind when it was a question of contesting the passage of a new idea, but it has always failed. The very fact that the enemies of the idea were reduced to such a method was in itself a prophecy of victory for the thing suppressed, as arguing a conscious weakness on the part of the opposition. The prophet of the new revelation must be chained and gagged, or he may work mischief amongst the frail fabrics erected in the name of Science and Philosophy. 'Its publication was prevented,' remarks Sir Oliver Lodge of Sir William Barrett's paper on telepathy. An excellent device, for if you can suppress a work you are relieved of the responsibility of having to answer it. 'Science,' in this respect, showed itself more astute than the Church, which, with its Index Expurgatorius, tried to suppress a book *after* it was printed. Let us quote here an appropriate passage from the address itself:—

Scientific men are looked up to as authorities and should be careful not to mislead. Science may not be able to reveal human destiny, but it certainly should not obscure it. . . I am one of those who think that the methods of science are not so limited in their scope as has been thought . . . and that the psychic region can be studied and brought under law too. Allow us, anyhow, to make the attempt. Give us a fair field.

It is a very moderate request—a 'fair field.' To deny it carries an inference not at all complimentary to the courage of those who make the denial.

SPIRITUAL PRAYERS.

(From many Shrines.)

O Infinite Heart of Wisdom and Love, our Father and Mother God, to whom all men turn in praise and prayer, our hearts go out to Thee with longing and desire. Weary and heavy-laden, we turn to Thee for rest and renewal; sorely

A SUCCESSFUL SEANCE WITH MRS. HARRIS.

At the wish of the editors of 'LIGHT' and of the 'International Psychic Gazette,' I asked to be present at a séance with the Rev. Susanna Harris. And through Mr. Stanley Watts, Mrs. Harris kindly sent me an invitation for the following Friday, December 5th, at 6.30 p.m.

We were nine ladies and eight gentlemen, all known to each other or to Mr. Watts, so the necessary conditions of sympathy and understanding prevailed. Mrs. Harris and myself were already acquainted, having met during the last International Spiritualist Congress at Geneva. 'Do you want to write in the dark?' she asked. 'Not if it disturbs the sitting,' I replied. 'Then you shall sit beside me and hold my hand the whole time, and you will know of your own experience as to what takes place.' 'Harmony' said I might change my battery to-night and sit between two ladies instead of two gentlemen.

I should have liked Dr. Wallace to have been one of those to hold the medium and intended to yield my place to him if the occasion offered. I know under such circumstances you should not believe the testimony of your own father. But still, sceptic as I am, I would accept the word of honour of a trusted friend, and always do so, despite the fallibility of human nature. And I was glad that the lady who held the medium's right hand was known to us, and so I can vouch for her good faith as for my own. I hope, later on, to have a sitting all to myself—which sounds selfish. And then I shall hold *both* hands of the medium, as she herself suggested, and give a report, minute and circumstantial, after the fashion approved of by the S.P.R. Now, I will only certify, on my honour, that the medium's left hand never left my grasp during the two hours and longer that the séance lasted. And the lady who held the medium's right hand made a similar declaration, before the séance closed, as to the holding of the right hand. The conjurer's trick of transposition of hands was certainly out of the question in this case. A great part of the time I had Mrs. Harris's hand on my knee, and my foot was in touch with hers all the time. After going into trance, when her control, 'Harmony,' took possession, she never stirred except to press my hand slightly when *mentally* or orally I was misunderstanding or misinterpreting the phenomena.

'Harmony' was most determined, most definite in her statements. She refused all hints or suggestions and stuck to her own views. Nearly always she came off victor. Two Robert's came to the circle. Both had passed out suddenly. 'Harmony' sorted and sifted the facts, contradicted the rival claimants, and finally matched each Robert with his surviving friend. Again, a lady could not recognise a beloved son, Jack, and a baby daughter. Jack was eighteen months old, said his mother. And she refused to accept 'Harmony's' seventeen months' babe as substitute. What mother would! Eventually 'Harmony' triumphed. Jack turned out to be seventeen months old after all, and his infant sister, too, was finally recognised and welcomed by the happy mother.

Two baby voices came very close to me, and established their identity, to their mother's joy. The childish treble tones were very distinct, and seemed independent of the trumpet.

Many friends came, some not too eagerly welcomed. 'There's Clara here; Clara comes to the lady next to Dr. Abraham Wallace—yes, it is Aunt Clara.' 'My Aunt Clara had no special regard for me. There's no reason why she should come.'

'Can't help that!' retorted 'Harmony,' somewhat sharply. 'Anyway, she's here, and you should say "Thank you! thank you, dear spirit." Then you might get more. And Aunt Clara says your mother passed out very suddenly at the end.' 'She had no friendship for my mother so far as I know,' replied the sitter. 'Never mind about that. Is what she says true? Is it a fact?' The sitter admitted that it was true, but could not understand why Aunt Clara should turn up in such a fashion, while others from whom she longed to hear gave no sign of their presence. The sitter's husband even did not know of this Aunt Clara.

'Harmony' and her band could see in the dark, and read and answer our unexpressed thoughts. 'Sit up; sit up straight,' said a gruffish voice alarmingly close to my feet. It seemed to come out of the ground, as did the voices at Mrs. Wriedt's sances, who discussed politics with me while other phenomena were going on.

'Ah,' said my psychical research self, 'that is because I am holding the medium's hand. She felt me sink into a heap.' Soon after a similar curt admonition was addressed to my left-hand neighbour. I had not felt him collapse, but he admitted he was bending over.

A voice said 'Brother' to my friend, Dr. D. I thought it was his brother. Before I could speak, 'Harmony' said: 'You are wrong. The spirit says "Brother" to the gentleman. It is a lady, his sister. Has he a sister in the spirit world?' This was correct, yet the sitter and Dr. Wallace, as well as myself, thought it was my friend's brother.

All this time the trumpets were perambulating the circle, to judge by the exclamations of the sitters. Those farthest from the medium seemed to have the most phenomena—an unusual happening. I, who was next to the medium, was only touched once at the close of the circle. A German sitter was greeted in excellent German, and he and I kept up a conversation in German with the 'voice,' which joined in the singing of 'Die Wacht am Rhein.'

A Cardinal Gibson came and was recognised by the lady on the right of the sensitive, who still possessed the rosary given to her, long ago, by the Cardinal.

Mr. W. T. Stead, Archdeacon Colley, Mr. Shipley, and Mr. Dawson Rogers all spoke to me. The voices of Mr. Stead and of Mr. Shipley were like their earth voices, and they seemed independent of the trumpet. All urged me to follow up psychic photography, and Mr. Stead showed a knowledge of my doings in Paris and laughed in his own hearty, human fashion at my inability to realise his actual presence.

Mr. Shipley begged Mr. Wallis to come and speak with him. And Mr. Dawson Rogers' manner was characteristic, though I did not recognise his voice as I undoubtedly did those of Mr. Stead and Mr. Shipley. Mrs. Annie Bright prophesied a great future for 'The Psychic Gazette' and sent an affectionate greeting to its editor. I had never met Mrs. Bright, and her reason for coming to me was unknown except to our two selves. I was startled at the peremptory voice of the late Mr. B. B. Hill, who told me to tell Mrs. Cadwallader that he foresaw an increased circulation for 'The Progressive Thinker.' He was intensely anxious I should tell her of his coming. I said: 'She may not care to hear from me. She seems to have forgotten her promise altogether.' 'Like her! Just like her!' he chuckled with suppressed laughter. 'But, Mr. Hill, she will be immensely glad to hear from you. During the Geneva Congress she thought of no one but you and nearly killed herself with the superhuman efforts she made to keep you informed of all that was going on.' He murmured some words of affection and dropped the trumpet.

After 'Harmony' left, Mrs. Harris closed the séance by an invocation, breathing the loftiest philosophy, couched in language of true poetic fervour. When the lights were turned up, the three trumpets, carefully placed in the centre of the large circle, were found at the feet of the sitters on the side of the circle farthest from the medium.

FELICIA R. SCATCHELD.

LIFE WITHIN AND WITHOUT THE VEIL.

BY L. V. H. WITLEY.

XVIII.

THE TRUTH WILL OUT!

(Concluded.)

In concluding the present series of articles, I desire to adduce illustrations of how 'The Truth Will Out,' culled from a leading Anglican paper ('The Church Times') and a leading Nonconformist paper ('The British Weekly').

'The Church Times' consistently and continuously denies to the phenomena, if not to the tenets even, of Spiritualism, any place in the intellectual or spiritual progress of the human race: the rather does it condemn and abhor Spiritualism *in toto* as 'alien to the principles of the Christian faith.' Take, for example, these comments appearing in a long, and in the main appreciative, review of Miss Estelle Stead's recently published 'Life' of her father:—

We are among those who believe that neither religion nor morals have been in any way helped by what is called Spiritualism. The powers of human self-deception are practically unlimited, and in Spiritualism self-deception meets with open doors. To say that is not to say that every medium is a rogue. Nevertheless, the utterances of the so-called spirits are so puerile, their revelations of so little consequence to those on this earth, that our conceptions of an after-life are lowered and degraded by them.

They come to us in the moments of the soul's sorrow and darkness—these desires to pierce the veil which divides the living from the dead, 'when the blood creeps and the nerves prick,' and all the wheels of being slow. They tempt us to acts and courses of action which the religious experience of the centuries forbids. To the believing Christian this commerce with unknown powers, about which he can never say whether they are good or evil, is alien to the principles of his faith. It is a belief centuries older than these modern cults which profess to do so much and which accomplish so very little, that spirits who are bound to this earth are so bound by the sins of this life, and if there is any truth in such a fancy, then, indeed, those who open the doors of communication which may exist in the séance-room do not know whose company they court.

Yet 'The Church Times' published in full the Bishop of London's striking sermon on 'The Invocation of Saints,' including his testimonies to the belief in, and the consciousness of, spirit communion and spirit ministry; and a long series of letters ensued in its correspondence columns, from one of which these sentences are taken:—

With regard to the discussion on the question of the Invocation of Saints, and the points raised as to whether they do hear us, and can help us, I would like to say that from my own experience I am convinced that they both hear and help us, and I feel that it is just as natural a part of God's gracious plan for the redemption of the world in using this blessed ministry of angels and good spirits, to bring comfort and help and protection to us, as it is to use us spirits who are still incarnate in the flesh to be channels—according to our gifts—through which His blessing flows from one to another.

They are one of the links in the chain through which God ministers in answer to our prayers, and it would be a great sin against God to try and hinder His messengers in their work of mercy to a world so full of sin and suffering. Their life and ours is from the same source, and we and they alike can only by faith receive from God through His ordained means, according to our state, and in love pass on His gifts to those in need.

Turning now to 'The British Weekly,' it would be hard to find a religious newspaper in which the editorial opinion and tone regarding 'the departed' are more old-fashioned—one had almost said obscurantist—than in this periodical. Instance after instance of this could be furnished were it necessary, but I must beg my readers to take this for granted in order that the more space may be given to illustrate how, in spite of all, 'the truth will out,' even in the most unlikely places. In passing, it may just be mentioned that the references to 'the departed' are decidedly contradictory—a by no means unusual phenomenon. For example, a leading contributor suggested a little while since that the dead were reposing in a state of unconsciousness, or at any rate, quiescence, awaiting 'the day of

judgment,' and a favourite editorial idea is that the body is resting in the grave pending 'resurrection,' and presumably renewal, although, sometimes, something even more pagan and unscientific than that is suggested, as in these lines :—

A garden close to stray in,
At morn, or noon, or late !
A lowly church to pray in,
And meditate.

A clean white bed to die in ;
A simple linen pall ;
A grass-green grave to lie in,
And—that is all !

Can any meaning be given to this other than that, not renewal, nor even survival, but annihilation is the lot of the spirit which, while in the body, has 'prayed' and 'meditated' ?

Oddly enough, for a common-sense and up-to-date way of looking at death and 'the departed,' we have to turn to the fiction columns. Here the morbidity and out-of-dateness of the editor and the sub-editor are counterchecked and counterbalanced in a most remarkable way, as will be evident from the quotations now given from the serial story which has just concluded :—

Besides, I hate anything which seems to darken the line between those who have passed over and those who are still here. If we believe anything at all, we believe that death is a step onward in our spiritual progress as natural as birth or life, and that those who are what we call dead are really more alive than we are. Then why call them 'poor' or 'dear' ? For my part, I think it is as un-Christian to alter your voice and manner when you go into a house where anyone has just died as to do so when you go into a house where anyone has just been born, and I've no patience with it !

Ether was surprised—as perhaps most of us are surprised at least once in our lives—at the strange way death sometimes has of giving back to us our loved ones instead of taking them away from us. Those who in life have gradually been separated from us by distance or estrangement, or misunderstanding, or by the absorption of bodily affliction, or the dulling effects of old age, pass over to the other side ; and once again we feel they are our own, nearer and dearer than they ever were, and in the full zenith of their health and powers. They are not only ours once more, but ours at their best. And this not in any mystical or transcendental sense, such as is expressed in those most hopeless and depressing of all hopeless and depressing lines, 'To live in hearts we love is not to die.' If our dear ones only live in the hearts they love, then indeed they are dead.

But we mean—we know—something infinitely more than this when we realise that death has given them back to us : we mean that they are alive as they never were alive before, and that death only came that they might have life, and might have it more abundantly.

Let us take another example. The publishing firm which owns and issues 'The British Weekly' (and in which its editor, we believe, has an important interest) has just issued a book entitled 'My Wife's Hidden Life.' So greatly did they desire the wide circulation of this volume that they sent out free advance copies to booksellers. Here is an extract from its pages :—

'I was telling you how I came to occupy her room, and the second night I was there, in the middle of the night, I woke up quite suddenly with a start, certain someone was there. It was Hester. I saw her as plainly as I see you now.'

'It's impossible ; such things do not happen.'

'They do to some people. I have seen father twice since he went away, only it was no use telling about it. This is different. Hester's return concerns you, and I had no choice but to come back to London to tell you. I sat up, stretching out my hands joyfully, not in the least afraid. She looked so sweet and so happy. There was a light on her face which belongs to the other side. She did not speak, and when I cried out her name she pointed upward, and with a smile seemed to fade away. Next night she came again. She stayed longer, and she spoke just once in her own quiet voice, as naturally as if she were in the flesh. All she said was : "Go back to Gilbert ; he needs you ; go now."'

One would fain hope that even the heart of the Editor of 'The British Weekly' may be brought yet to this saner and sweeter outlook as to the 'other side.' In a recent article he goes so far, indeed, as to say :—

The dead have left us, but they have not forsaken us. There is nothing in life quite so hard to bear as the silence of the

departed. But have we no communications from them ? I recall the lines :—

'For it is not time nor place
That can much divide us two,
Though it part us for a space ;
Neither shall be left alone
When asunder we are gone ;
I in thee, and thou in me,
Shall for ever dwelling be.'

We have a higher word than any of these. 'Whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him.' I can see that thus the blessed dead hold the right hand of Christ and walk in the light of Him. We have His left hand and are in twilight, but He is between us holding both, and may it not be that through Him new currents of covenanting love secretly pass between the companies of the one family who dwell in Him ? I believe it, and life would be a very poor thing for many a bereaved soul if it had only the memories of those who have gone and taken half the heart with them.

Just why and how Sir Robertson Nicoll should limit this union and communion to those who hold the right or the left hand of Christ is too abstruse a problem to be discussed at this point. Suffice it to say that it leaves the great bulk of sinning and struggling and sorrowing mankind out of its purview and its range, and that fact suffices, in itself, to mark it as insufficient to meet the needs of the case. Any suggested explanation of holy and helpful spirit-communion which is limited to those who hold a certain (or uncertain) belief regarding one particular historic personality, is, by the mere statement of the hypothesis or affirmation, rendered wholly incomplete and insufficient and ineffective. Apart from the question of who is to differentiate between the 'righteous' and the 'non-righteous,' the 'righteous' ought to be the first to admit and to welcome the belief that if spirit-ministry is good for themselves it is surely not less good, not less desirable, for the 'non-righteous.'

Most of my readers will doubtless agree that the truer and the more comprehensive word is 'Love is of God'—Love, that is, not in its abstract and remote essence simply, but in all its concrete and familiar manifestations through human, and even sub-human, beings or entities. In relation to spiritual communion and ministry, whether here or there, whether between here and there, 'our sufficiency is of God'—that is, of Love. The one permanent and abiding reality of the life of the spirit, whether in or out of the body, is Love. Love is to that life its expression and its outcome, its beauty and its glory, its joy and its blessedness, and who ever laid greater stress upon this transcendent and regnant fact than Jesus himself ? 'Love is the fulfilling of the law'—of any law and every law, here and there—and the Japanese, the Hindoo, and the Chinese have found, as well as the Westerner, that Love can find a way to reach, on the one hand, from here to there, and on the other, from there to here.

So I end this series, as I began, on the note of the oneness of life within and without the veil. I have endeavoured to 'speak the truth in love,' remembering that Truth and Love are two facets of one divine jewel, and that ultimately, at the long last, in the light and joy of the Eternal, Love will be recognised as Truth, and Truth as Love.

A MESSAGE OF COMFORT AND CHEER.

'I am not dead, I am alive for evermore.'

In the silence of the dawn of a birthday morning, the above words came to me from the voice of a beloved one in the Summerland of joy. So let us be strong in the realisation of this comforting truth. There is no death, but 'life' for evermore, and though the pangs of separation are keen to us who fondly love because the physical loss leaves such a space and the vacant chair can never be filled, yet we are ever enriched in spirit by the dear influence of our beloved, and the sweet consciousness of their state of happiness in higher service and their freedom from physical pain and suffering makes our troubled waters smooth, for we know that our loss is our dear ones' eternal gain, and that by-and-by the reunion will be as sweet music to our souls vibrating on chords of melody and peace. So let us ever strive to live wisely and well, that when the call is given to come up higher we shall be found worthy to enter into the fuller life of service beyond, in the dear Homeland of everlasting love.

JULIE SCHOLEY.

SPIRITUALISM AN AID TO THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

BY LILIAN WHITING.

The Spiritualist knows that there need really be no more sadness in the transition to the 'life more abundant' than for falling asleep at night to waken in the morning. A man leaves his unfulfilled task at night with no pang—he will resume it in the morning. Now to meet the change called death with that same absolute confidence is to change entirely the attitude of mind regarding it, from dread and terror to happy anticipation and joyful confidence. 'I am on the upward way,' said Mary A. Livermore at the age of eighty, 'my face is toward the sunrise.'

Spiritualism is not 'a substitute for religion,' but if it is anything it is the expansion of religion. It is the manifestation of the evolutionary development of religious life. The realisation that a man has the same rational expectation of the unbroken continuity of his activities after passing through the change we call death, as he has of their absolute continuity after a night's sleep, would revolutionise the entire aspect of human life.

The study of psychic phenomena has resulted in the discovery of a vast range of the powers of man that were hitherto unsuspected. It is no longer a presumption to recognise these as the powers of the spiritual man, not commonly manifested through his physical organism. What is clairvoyance but the spiritual sight? What is clairaudience but the spiritual hearing? They are the senses of the ethereal body. And more and more are they being developed in the great onward progress of life.

'Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks.'

Is it not one of the most fortunate things that Spiritualism has never isolated itself (how could it?) from common cause and interpenetrated fellowship with all forms of true religious expression? In its ideal faith it holds all faiths in solution. It is the inflorescence of religious expression, it is the religion of spirituality! We may live, increasingly, the spiritual life, that life of the spirit that is joy and peace, and abounding good will and helpfulness to all; that is untiring in its energies; boundless in its hope; that is buoyant, and confident, having promise of 'the life that now is, and that which is to come'! Is not this the ideal for which the term 'Spiritualism' stands? The phenomena of the séance room have their recognised place, and have done, and are doing, a great work in the demonstration of the persistence of essential life after withdrawal from the physical body, to that order of persons who require actual demonstration to support, or to create, their faith. It has much of comfort and direction and aid to offer to many, if not to all; but the one golden, underlying purpose is that expansion of religion that adds knowledge to faith; that makes possible the living of the life of spirituality, now and here, counting every day rich in its opportunities to cultivate and develop those qualities in ourselves that lay hold upon Eternal Life.—'The Banner of Life.'

ANOTHER SERIES OF LECTURES BY W. J. COLVILLE.

The explanatory lectures by Mr. W. J. Colville delivered at the Rooms of the London Spiritualist Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C., in 1911, were so much appreciated that Mr. Colville has kindly arranged to deliver another series, commencing at 3 p.m. on the following dates:—

SYLLABUS.

1914.

Monday, January 5—'The Rosicrucians and Other Mystic Confraternities—Their Work and Influence.'

Wednesday, January 7—'Spiritual and Practical Uses and Values of Names, Numbers, and Colours.'

Monday, January 12—'Yoga—Oriental Methods of Psychic Development; their Adaptability to the Western World.'

Wednesday, January 14—'Thought Forms (Mentoids)—How Formed and Projected.'

Monday, January 19—'Astrology Impartially Considered—Do the Planets Govern Us, or Do We Create our own Conditions?'

Questions invited after each lecture.

ADMISSION 18. EACH.

The Council of the London Spiritualist Alliance and Mr. W. J. Colville jointly invite MEMBERS of the Alliance to attend these meetings free of charge.

'My greatest pleasure every week is to read "LIGHT."'
PROF. WILLY REICHEL.

BISPHAM AND THE PLANCHETTE.

The 'Banner of Life' prints the following interesting article:—

Was it a spirit manifestation or a remarkable case of thought transference that gave David Bispham, the famous baritone, to the operatic stage? Mr. Bispham does not attempt to say. He merely relates the facts and lets his hearers believe what they will. Mr. Bispham's family were Quakers, and he promised his mother when becoming a professional concert and oratorio singer, that he would never go into opera until she gave him her blessing and consent. The concert stage was bad enough, but the theatre was worse to the little Quaker woman, and the son respected her beliefs. Again and again he refused big offers to go into opera, until something decidedly strange moulded his future.

'I am no Spiritualist,' says Mr. Bispham, 'but this is what took place:—

'In March, 1892, I sat with two friends one evening experimenting with the "planchette"—a device intended to assist automatic writing. It would not move for me, and I was not touching it, nor had I spoken a word, when, under the hand of one of the others it began to move, and rapidly and clearly wrote in large letters upon the broad sheet of paper beneath it the words: "Opera by all means."

'My friends, who read it first, were at a loss to understand, when I explained it was a reply to what I was about to ask—namely, "Should I take up opera as my particular work?" And there was the answer before my eyes: "Opera by all means."

'You can imagine my amazement, however, when it continued: "Study Beckmesser, Amonasro and Kurwenal," and ended with the words "in two months you will know."

'I was so deeply impressed with the occurrence that I engaged an accompanist the following day and set to work at "Beckmesser" first, because of its difficulty; the parts of "Amonasro" and "Kurwenal" I also learned. Just two months after the memorable evening of the conversation with planchette I received a communication through the concert manager, Daniel Mayer, that Sir Augustus Harris, the impresario at Covent Garden, wished to revive "Meistersinger," with Jean de Reszke as Walther, and offered me the part of "Beckmesser."

'Imagine my astonishment! But I knew the music and accepted. During rehearsals de Reszke caught a heavy cold and the production was abandoned until the following season, when I performed the part and held it for many years in London and in New York.

'On the day of the postponement, as I was leaving Covent Garden Theatre, Sir Augustus Harris told me he had just learned of the sudden illness of the German baritone who was to sing the next night in "Tristan and Isolde," and asked me if I knew the part of "Kurwenal." Trembling with excitement, I answered "Yes."

'"All right," said he. "Mahler is working with the orchestra at Drury Lane Theatre now; you'd better go over and listen sharp, for it's catchy stuff, you know, and you'll not have any other rehearsal."

'So I went, and Mahler—the late great conductor, who was so recently with us in New York as director of the Philharmonic—being satisfied that I knew the music, I performed the part to Max Alvary's Tristan and held it for many years.

'Well, that was twice the prophecy had come true. I cannot tell whether or not I subconsciously caused the hand of my friend, the sensitive, to write what I myself did not know I knew, but sure I am that no one was more astonished than I at being told to learn "Beckmesser," and, what is more to the purpose, at being engaged to sing it!'

We do not quite see the connection between the promise to his mother made by Mr. Bispham and his breaking of that promise on receipt of the planchette message; unless, indeed, the message purported to be from his mother—and he really believed that she was the author of the advice given. The value of his testimony would have been greatly increased if fuller information on this point had been forthcoming.

THE esoteric side of astrology has a prominent place in the Christmas Number of 'Modern Astrology' (price 6d., Fowler & Co.). Several of the articles, notably 'The Perfect Horoscope,' 'The Christ to Come,' and 'A Time for Everything,' deal with this side of the science. Another interesting feature is a copy of 'The Nativity of Our Lord Jesus Christ,' taken from an old work published in 1669. Other matters treated of are 'Reincarnation and Salvation' and 'The Weather for 1914.'

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THE CHRISTMAS VISITS OF SCROOGE AND MARLEY.

It was Christmas Eve, and the stars shone frostily in the cold blue skies. Meres and pools glazed with ice glowed in the light of the moon, with a weird lustre made the more vivid by the black boughs of leafless trees, and the dark expanse of moor and ploughed lands. But the carollers were out, and the houses of the country-side glowed with light and rang with merry voices. In the town the streets, shops, and taverns were a-throng with jostling crowds, exchanging good wishes as they passed to and fro, some laden with Christmas gifts and others gathering in groups to celebrate the season over the cup that cheers and sometimes inebriates.

Something in the nature of a subtle echo of all this earthly merry-making ascended to that home of progressed humanity which we may call Etheria, and made itself known to Scrooge and Marley. Scrooge and Marley—the names seemed to fit them no longer. Benevolent of face, erect, dignified, clothed no longer in the attire of earth, they sat together in one of the homes of the hereafter, and talked of work in which cash-box and counting-house had no longer any part.

It was Scrooge who first responded to the faint vibration that ascended from earth, and he looked keenly at his old partner with a twinkling eye.

'A merry Christmas, Jacob!' he cried. 'Dear heart alive, it has just occurred to me that it is Christmas Eve down there. Strange how the old memories come back to one.' Marley winced perceptibly.

'True, Ebenezer,' he replied, 'the old chain that I dragged so painfully has dropped from me for ever, but the thought of it still gives me a twinge. It is one of the shadows of things that have been. I try to forget it in a changed nature, in an altered spirit, in another atmosphere of life. And yet, why should I not remember? There are other Scrooges and other Marleys who have yet to learn our lesson. A merry Christmas, Ebenezer! You are right. We do well to remember it.'

'You were always a good man of business, Jacob,' said Scrooge, with a sly glance at his partner. 'Suppose, now, you make it your business to celebrate this festival with me by paying Christmas visits to—'

'Our friends!'

'Yes, Jacob, our friends, the other Scrooges and Marleys—down there.'

It was as though a gleam of summer had entered the dark and dusty room in the ancient house at Lincoln's Inn Fields. The cold moonlight revealed it as the office of a lawyer, with its tin boxes bearing the names of clients and old Chancery suits, its tables littered with bundles of papers endorsed in the formal script of the law writer, its wafers, quill pens, and legal forms. All the mortal occupants of the place had left for the day, but in one of the chairs sat a spectral old man with a forlorn, bewildered expression.

'Mortgages, bills of costs, subpoenas, writs, summonses,' he was murmuring to himself, 'wills, leases, abstracts, conveyances—and that is all—all I can remember. Something happened—what? And when? A day, a month, a century ago? Heaven only knows. And these papers and parchments—who has bound them around and about me like this, choking and suffocating me? And it is all so dark, and nobody comes. Ah, who is that?' His voice rose in a thin wail. He was conscious of shining presences with him, but he feared them.

'Friends, to wish you a merry Christmas, eh, Marley!' said Scrooge, and the two partners, beaming benevolently, took each a hand of the darkened spirit, who seeing dimly through the mist about him two friendly faces, was reassured.

'Leave your fusty papers,' said Marley, 'and come with us for a little consultation on your case, the best consultation you ever held, and no fees to pay.'

'But, gentlemen, I cannot get away.'

'Tut, tut!—all nonsense,' replied Scrooge, heartily, 'a Higher Court has intervened with an order for your release. See,' and he waved his hands, 'we have cut through that mesh of miserable documents. You are free. Come and spend your Christmas with us. What! we are spirits, man, free as air, and to-morrow is Christmas Day.'

As the housekeeper below stairs opened the great oaken door of the house to take in her marketing, the three spirits passed out very lovingly together, silent, invisible. The good woman might have felt a slight coldness in the air as they passed her, but the open door would have explained that.

In a dismal office on an upper floor of one of the great city markets, sat a man, hard-faced, wrinkled, prematurely old. With eyes that gleamed cunningly, he was casting up the figures in a book whose brass lock and lettering revealed it as a private ledger. He mouthed the figures fondly as he cast them.

'One thousand, seven hundred and sixty pounds, sixteen shillings, and —'

'Nonsense!'

This unseemly interruption came from Scrooge, who, with Marley, stood beside the earth-bound soul, for such the man was, although himself quite unaware of the fact.

'Consignment of hides and tallow —'

'And a Christmas tree and a boxful of toys for the children.'

This time the interjection came from the flippant Marley.

'There's something wrong with me,' said the man, glancing round sharply. 'I don't usually suffer from mind-wandering. I shall have to go over that column again.' And then in some odd way he seemed to become aware of the presence of intruders.

'Go away,' he said harshly, adding a needless oath. 'I will not be interrupted. Time is money with me.'

The two partners looked at each other, and shook their heads sorrowfully.

'Poor soul,' said Scrooge. 'Nothing for us here—yet. We must come again, Jacob.'

It was no 'ghost,' but a soul in the flesh, to whom their next visit was paid. He was a prosperous young merchant, who, with an unwilling clerk, had overstayed his office time by some hours to arrange the details of a financial speculation. The two partners bent over him and whispered of the better business on which they were engaged—of the Christmas spirit of joy, benevolence, and fraternity, of the sorrowful results of hardening the mind against the promptings of the soul.

'It's Christmas Eve,' said Marley, placing his hand lightly on the head of the unconscious man. 'Think of me and the chain I carried.'

'And of me,' said Scrooge. 'Think of what the Spirits did for me "all in one night." You've read all about it, my dear boy. A merry Christmas to you—bless you!'

For some time nothing happened. The young man bent over his papers with knitted brows, while his clerk cast rueful glances at the clock. Then there was a change.

The merchant rose, and with a hearty thrust sent his papers flying across the desk.

'Why, 'pon my soul,' he said, 'I'm getting a regular old Scrooge. Too bad to keep you here on Christmas Eve, Jenkins. But, never mind. Here's a sovereign for you—something for the children. Off you go, and a merry Christmas to you. Good night, and thanks.'

'A splendid fellow!' cried Scrooge, as he and his old partner followed in the wake of the merchant and his clerk.

'Aye, Ebenezer, the chain will never be forged now,' replied Marley. 'A Merry Christmas to us all, everyone!'

SCIENCE AND MYSTICISM.

BY THE REV. J. TYSSUL DAVIS, B.A.

An Address delivered to the Members, Associates and friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance on Thursday evening, December 4th, at the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Mr. H. Withall, vice-president, in the chair.

(Continued from page 596.)

Perhaps in the story of human thought there is no sadder proof of the distorting effect of a theory than that men of science who had daily dealings with objects of enthralling beauty, with marvellous adjustments and adaptations reflecting the most cunning intelligence, could by them be inspired to conceive of no better explanation than the mechanical notions the materialist outlook of the latter part of the nineteenth century favoured. Those notions are now seen not to fit the facts—the facts of vegetable life, for example. De Vries, the eminent Dutch botanist, has made some remarkable experiments on the evening primrose. He submits the plant to a variety of conditions. He changes its environment. He challenges it to new adaptations. And the plant so quickly responds, catches so readily at what he wants it to do, leaps forward with such keen appreciation of what is in the experimenter's mind, that the botanist cannot escape the conclusion that he has been engaged in a contest or contract with a directive intelligence of surpassing power.

Professor Hans Driesch applied the same principle recently, in a lecture in London, to biological phenomena. He took the case of a division of the first two blastomeres of the egg of a sea-urchin, when each gives rise to a larva of diminished size. He argues that, since in normal circumstances one of these blastomeres would have given rise to half a larva, it must follow that when it is separated from its fellow, and the mechanical and automatic process, if there ever was one, is thwarted; in order to meet the new circumstance, to make the best of a

bad job, some innate power of a very keen intelligence, a non-material, non-mechanical directing and arranging and marshalling power, steps in, and, knowing its purpose, uses the material at its disposal in order to effect its purpose. It meets and overcomes the new obstacle, the unforeseen obstacle created by the scientist.

Here are cases in organic nature where a well-used road is broken up by the interference of man, and a wide chasm made, and something comes in and patiently builds a bridge of marvellous arcs and spans and girders to cross that chasm; and the mechanical explanation would be as much to the point as the suggestion that the steel rods in the Tower Bridge were squeezed out of the earth by its cooling pressure, by accident got into a smelting shop and ran to right length and width, according to the law of polarity, and were lifted into position by the recent tornado.

The mechanical view is everywhere breaking down under stress of new discoveries. And how helpful, by way of analogy, these discoveries are to the acceptance of ultra-physical facts. How much easier is the idea of telepathy and even of spirit communion made by the continual publication of the results of wireless telegraphy! The thing has at last gripped the imagination of the whole of mankind. The iron walls of doubt in many a mind began to soften and then to yield under demonstration of a ship in distress sending out into the void just a silent call, trusting its cry for help to the great lonely waste around. And then would come upon the horizon the first pillars of smoke of the vessels rushing to its aid. No rustle of wings in this Eagle of Jove, no blare of trumpets in this advent, but a word inarticulate, an invisible letter dropped into the wide space, and bringing sure answer.

It is now easier to believe that soul vibrates to soul across the dividing distance of space, and across the gates of death, that the heart's cry may awake an answer from helpers in the invisible, that the vital forces are alive, and if alive, alive to respond and to succour, and most alive to those most ready to receive and harbour them.

Our dependence upon the vast unseen for the safe carriage of such messages; for light, for that solar energy without which we had neither food nor clothing, is by analogy suggesting the deeper dependence upon it for our mental inspiration and religious sustenance.

'In the absolute we live and move and have our being. The knowledge we possess of it is incomplete, no doubt, but not external or relative. It is reality itself in the profoundest meaning of the word, that we reach by the combined and progressive development of science and philosophy.'—(Bergson.)

That is the testimony of one of the most widely influential thinkers of to-day, a philosopher with a scientific training.

It is rather difficult to see how the mechanical theory can ever be stretched to explain the changes man has succeeded in effecting in Nature. You may rearrange a pile of bricks in a thousand ways, and fit them into a variety of shapes, but they remain where you leave them, there is a fixity, a rigidity about the form you impose upon them. A machine repeats your idea a million times. In Nature you get infinite variety, for in Nature things are not automata. You lend them your idea and they jump to it, they carry out your plan and then go one better. Many discoveries have been brought about, as it is said, by accident, because of Nature giving man what he did not ask for, outstepping his demands, using an initiative of its own. Think of what has been done by plant and animal breeders in breaking up the habits of centuries and of millennia. Think of the wonderful results of the work of men like Luther Burbank, the man who has produced the thornless cactus and the walnut without tannin, and given fragrance to the dahlia, and united the qualities of an English, a Japanese and an American daisy in one, and produced a host of other new creations.

What does this work of the last thirty years imply? It implies the responsiveness of Nature to human ideas. It means intelligent appreciation. It means amenability to personal influence. It means that Shelley's poem on the sensitive plant is not all moonshine. You love, and something loves back. You call, and somebody answers. And the answers vary because there is individuality, there is personal predilection even among

trees. One is more stubborn, more self-willed than another. And not only is there responsiveness, but there is initiative. 'Plants long for more beautiful flowers. They pray for fragrance—the hardest request of all.'

'I am (confesses Burbank) a sincere believer in a higher power than man's. All my investigations have led me away from the idea of a dead material universe, tossed about by various forces, to that of a universe which is absolutely all life, all soul, all thought. The universe is not half-dead, but all alive.'

That testimony is of the highest value, because it is the testimony of a man who has spent his whole life in the closest intimacy with Nature.

It helps us to understand the passion of the mystic Walter Hilton: 'Man's soul perceiveth full well that there is somewhat above itself that it knoweth not, nor hath not yet, but would have it, and burningly yearneth after it.'

And that thing desired and desirable is not afar off, as though one should ask who will go up into the heavens to bring it down unto us; it is in the weed by the wall, it is in the pebble at our feet. To see the holy substance in the common clay, to find the rudest sod

Is thrilled with fire of hidden day,
And haunted by all mystery;

to recover the open-eyed wonder of the child and primitive man, to feel sudden awe at a common event, to look on mortal things with an immortal's eyes, is not this the secret of poetry, the secret of romance, and dwells it not nigh unto the heart of God's fools, the mystics of all the ages?

Did not one, who was poor but carried the aureole of gold wherever he trod, who lived in a London slum, but from there saw in a blaze of magnificence the gates of Jerusalem, did he not set forth the secret in that quatrain of immortal beauty?—

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in an hour.

It was one of our contemporaneous mystics who saw Jacob's ladder with its feet in Charing Cross and its head in heaven. And one of our living mystics, wandering through a modern city, a city stained and steeped in wrongs, ventured to say this of Dublin:—

Yet had I might to lift the veil, the will to dare,
The fiery rushing chariots of the Lord are there,
The whirlwind path, the blazing gates, the trumpets blown,
The halls of heaven, the majesty of throne by throne,
Enraptured faces, hands uplifted, welcome sung
By the thronged gods, tall, golden-coloured, joyful, young.

By revealing the hidden beauty of common things Science is truly a preparation for that mystic vision. 'Let anyone look into the work of atoms, learn how they always join and unite in certain definite proportions, and then deny the existence of the spirit of wisdom even in the realm of matter. Let anyone spend an hour with the microscope and view the cellular structure of plant tissue, bone, muscle, fibre, vegetation, and then deny, if he can, that there is a spirit of wisdom which has operated in them all.' ('The Universe of Ether and Spirit.')

You remember how in the days of the founder of Mahomedanism, the people asked the prophet for miracles, for signs. But his constant reply was: 'I am a man like unto you; I have not the treasures of the power of God; but as for miracles, they are always around you. Look at those clouds; they distil their dews upon the sand, and what was barren before becomes clothed in beauty. Look at the grass and then consider how it becomes transformed into milk. Think what human speech means.' He could not understand the crassness and stupidity of those who had lost their awe at the wonders of creation. He would rather believe with Whitman when he cries: 'I know nothing else but miracles, whether I walk the streets or stand within the woods. . . O amazement of things, even the least particle! O spirituality of things! Wonderful to be here, wonderful to depart. You paths by the roadside! You are latent with unseen existences. Why are there trees I never walk under but large and melodious thoughts descend upon me? I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars, and the running blackberry would adorn the parlours of

heaven, and a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels.'

Yet how is it that those who have so closely studied the leaf of grass and the mouse have often had their faith reduced to infidelity!

There was Darwin, who found it impossible to conceive this immense and wonderful universe as a result of blind chance or necessity, and felt compelled to look to a First Cause, having an intelligent mind in some degree analogous to that of man, but who confessed that after he wrote his 'Origin of Species' that conclusion weakened, and doubt seized him of the trustworthiness of man to draw conclusions, and he became content to remain an Agnostic.

Is it possible that the close study of the forms of Nature without heed to the spiritual principle that animates them really acts as a hindrance? In the notes Blake wrote on his copy of Wordsworth, the mystic said: 'Natural objects always did and do weaken, deaden, and obliterate imagination in me.' But that was the extreme end of the truth. For at other times he spoke of the inner and outer message that every object had.

For double the vision my eyes do see,
And a double vision is always with me.
With my inward eye 'tis an old man grey,
With my outward a thistle across my way.

And on one occasion when he repeated the assertion that the outward creation was a hindrance, he continued its advocacy in a splendid parable: "What!" it will be questioned; "when the sun rises, do you not see a round disc of fire, somewhat like a guinea?" "Oh, no! no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty!'"

For the normal mind to see through the form the thing the form sets forth to express, it should not look exclusively at it, and it should not put on first the coloured spectacles of some theory sought to be proved.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things:
We murder to dissect.

Probably, therefore, 'the man whom the trees loved,' as Algernon Blackwood portrays him, was not a botanist. Yet one can see that the time must come when scientific men, having reached the end of material vision, when the magnifying lens will take them no farther, and the minute examination of tissue and fibre and cell fails to manifest the informing spirit, and it is proved useless to run over the house looking for the inmate who escaped when the door was first forced open—that, recognising their failure to find by these methods that which they seek, they will try the other and bring the heart that watches and receives. Science is in every department proving the need of occult vision. The need of Science is becoming more and more acute, for what we want is knowledge of the dweller in the house, not the house, and its builder and planner. What we want is a knowledge of reality and not the veil of illusion it wears; and that need brings us into Mysticism.

This new knowledge will require not the scalpel but the soft touch of sympathy. It will require not merely acumen, but reverence and devotion and the celebrant's awe. We do not enter the temple with the knife of the butcher or the blade of the vivisector. We do not take with us a code with our definite demands set down. We take the holy desire and the passion of the soul stricken with infinite longing and the ideal love. And shall we come to His doors who resides in the grass and running blackberry and the stars with loud clamour and cruelty and greed, and expect to hear the answer of gentleness and compassion? Shall we come blinded with destructive lust and expect to see the delicate loveliness and the radiant spirit? Nay, Science shall put on a new robe, a robe of humility, as was urged in the Presidential Address of the British Association. Science was then bidden to recognise that there are other ways of exploring the multifarious depths of the universe than the way of the student of phenomena. Sir Oliver Lodge, a pioneer of a new race, the scientific mystic, pleaded for recognition of the deeper meaning involved in natural objects. The difficulty of

explaining things on merely mechanical principles was frankly avowed.

'It is my function (he said) to remind you and myself that our studies do not exhaust the universe, and that if we say that we can reduce everything to physics and chemistry, we fall short of the richness and fulness of our human birthright.'

Here is the open door. And we know there is only one logical outcome to leaving it open. The exiled spirit will come back again into its own. We shall learn to see and know it by spiritual means. We shall learn to recognise our brotherhood with the humble things, and call them, with St. Francis, our little brothers and our sisters. In the holts new-flushed with May, we shall find that the fairies have resumed their dance and song. We shall know that the ancient gods and goddesses have come back to stalk upon the earth, crowned and victorious. We shall awake to find that, as of yore, 'Full of Zeus the cities; full of Zeus the harbours; full of Zeus are all the ways of men.' And the earth, in consequence, will become reconsecrated again. Contemporaneous with our rampant materialism was the growth of grimy cities and slums and sordid warrens, where the poor victims of aggressive and soulless industrialism soaked soul and sense in slime, the growth of incredible ugliness.

And contemporaneous with the rise of an expressed need for a spiritual interpretation of the universe come the beginnings of a social conscience, the recognition by the State of its duty toward the aged and infirm, the rise of garden villages, and all the humanitarian movements of our day.

For when Spirit comes into its own, its daughters, Beauty and Compassion and Love, will come into their own.

All common things shall recover a faded glory and become sacred once more. Our food, our clothes, our dwellings, even the harness of our horses (as an ancient seer, Zechariah, foretold), yea, and every pot and pan, shall be holy unto the Lord of Hosts. We shall begin to paint and to carve and do all humbler duty, as was said of Botticelli, on our knees. Amid the shadows of time we shall dwell with our eyes on the sun-bathed heights of eternity. Romance will come back and hallow every hearth and every homestead. And wide open will be the gates of death so that the light from beyond shall illumine our ways of earth, and our messengers pass freely from us to them, and theirs from them to us. And that time of oblivion in which one-third of our life is lost in sleep will become a time of unsealed vision and of communion with other worlds. And fears and dreads born out of the Dark of Ignorance shall vanish in the light of that fairer day, and some peace shall companion us in our incoming and outgoing until the time of going hence for us all, when God shall burn up the world with a kiss.

When the Shepherd of the Ages draws his misty hordes away

Thro' the glimmering deeps to silence, and within the awful fold,

Life and joy and love for ever vanish as a tale is told,
Lost within the Mother's being.

—(Loud applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN said: 'This eloquent, beautiful, scientific and poetical address has appealed to us in such a way that it would be impossible for us adequately to thank Mr. Davis. I feel that it has been almost too much to take in, and that when we read it in "LIGHT" we shall appreciate it even more. I could not help feeling, when he was talking, how some of our old friends would have rejoiced to be here. Then I felt: "It may be that they are here." Edward Maitland would have rejoiced in this lecture. He was one who believed there was nothing in the world but God—that while we were differentiated from the mass, we were still part of Deity, and I felt convinced that many others were here and enjoyed the lecture as we enjoyed it. So I simply ask you to unite with me in thanking Mr. Davis. I feel we may look far before we can get a lecturer who will appeal to us as he has done.'

MR. RITCHIE seconded, and the vote was carried by acclamation.

'I GREATLY admire your leader "The Test of Laughter" and your preference for the live swan. The world is getting automatically boring with its penny-in-the-slot machines. Are we trying to "quench the spirit"? Art seems to be imbued with this tendency, music especially.'—E. P. P.

WAS IT A DREAM?

By SARAH BUCKNELL.*

After a busy day, feeling quite worn out, I retired to rest, and quickly fell asleep. Almost immediately, so it seemed, I found myself in a new and beautiful country, my exhaustion all gone. Young and joyous, I was walking in a beautiful grove. My feet left no impress, every flower springing up as before and giving forth most delicious perfume. As I walked on I came to lovely bowers, some distance apart, on each side. These bowers were overarched with magnificent trees, whose drooping branches were laden with exquisite blossoms and fruit of many kinds. The air was wonderful—balmy, yet so exhilarating that I felt it would be quite easy to fly.

Then, suddenly entranced, I stood to hear the songs of nightingales and hundreds of other sweet songsters. The music of the birds, the distant rippling of fountains and waterfalls, the thousand perfumes of flowers and trees, made a dream of bliss beyond all power to conceive or describe.

Just then I observed some ladies coming towards me. I knew them immediately; they were dear friends long since departed from earth life. We were not at all surprised to see each other, though I knew that many years had passed since they had left me. We met as though no parting had ever been.

Together we moved over the lovely sward. The glad music of hosts of tiny birds, with their rare plumage of azure, purple and gold, was so enchanting that we ceased to speak, and for awhile just drank in the joy and glory of it all.

As we advanced the road widened, and a scene so grand, so exquisite, broke on our view that for a moment we halted. Alas! there are no words—they are far too poor to express any of the wonder and the glory of it all.

I was dumb from emotion, when looking up, I saw an Angel by my side. I knew immediately that he was an Angel—how, I do not know. Venturing to look up again at him, I faltered out the words, 'Where are we?'

With a world of joy in his eyes, he replied, 'Don't you know where you are? You are in Heaven!' 'What!' I exclaimed, 'am I dead?' 'No,' he replied. 'You will never die, but you have passed from the earth life to the heavenly.' 'Oh!' I said, 'how glad I am.' The joy and the rapture were almost beyond bearing, but I seemed to gather strength at every step.

The Angel's presence was a source of strength and comfort to me. He led me on through scenes of wondrous glory. I felt that 'eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for those who love Him.' I am not permitted to speak of the unclouded glory then revealed to me. There are no words to tell it in. My whole being expanded, yet I was very sorry that my soul was so small—so little. I was much troubled that I was not great enough to take in greater draughts of joy.

The Angel very kindly brought himself down to my capacity and led me on and on to greater heights of bliss; instructing me all the way on the duties as well as the joys of my new home. So engrossed had I become that I had quite forgotten the dear friends who accompanied us. Yet there they were, just as sweet, just as pleased, though for the time in my great joy I had forgotten them. The conversation then became general, as on we went, exploring this delightful land, where 'there is no need of the sun, for the Lord God is the light thereof.'

After what seemed to me almost a day of this wonderful life, I asked, looking up at the Angel: 'Cannot you give me any work to do? We work where I come from. This is more than delightful, but surely you can find some work for me to do.'

The Angel replied, 'Take that road to the right and you will meet your work.'

Treading on air (so it seemed) I left the happy group, wending my way 'neath leafy trees, past lovely bowers and crystal fountains. Soft strains of exquisite music, mellowed by distance, from choirs unseen, seemed to follow my steps.

At this moment I saw, coming towards me, a beautiful young girl in flowing white robes and with wonderful golden hair.

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She threw herself into my arms weeping bitterly. 'Oh! I am dead!' she said. 'But I do not want to be dead; I want my mother. Cannot you take me back to my mother? I do not want to stop here without her. I have implored every angel I met to take me back home again. But "No!" they say; "that is quite impossible."' I drew her into the beautiful bower we were then passing. She laid her head on my shoulder, and with my arms clasped round her, I said:—

Do you not know the great honour our ever-loving Father has conferred on you? Supposing you had remained on earth, you might have married and gone to Australia. You could not then have seen your mother every day. Indeed, you might have lived a long time and have never seen your mother on earth again. Now, you will be in touch with her at all times. Are you aware of this great privilege that is yours? You, of all your family, are selected to be the guardian angel of those you love. You will be allowed to be near them in every hour of sorrow. You will be permitted to watch by their sick beds. You will know just what words of comfort will best soothe your dear mother and every other member of your family. You will be the angel whom the Master will send to guide their feet across the border. You will lead them to bathe in the River of Life and be the first to see them clad in white robes, 'The Righteousness of the Saints.' You will guide them to their beautiful home, the home which you, yourself, will help to make beautiful for them.

Oh! you will be very busy—no time for any childish regrets, but plenty of work, joyous, joyful work until they come. Then when you meet the Master, which will be very soon now, do not let Him have to remember that you were ever grieved to rise at His bidding to higher, nobler work than earth could ever have found for you.

The sobbing had long ceased, she lifted her head, and what a changed face I saw! The joy and peace shining through her eyes gladdened my heart. She said: 'Oh, how happy I am! how glad that I met you! I shall always love you, for you have cleared all the clouds away, and I am perfectly happy. Happy beyond all power of expression.'

With a warm embrace she inquired, 'Don't you think I ought to go back to my friends? How glad they will be to see me so bright and happy!'

'Yes,' I replied, 'and I also must return to my friends.'

With another embrace we parted. I watched her tripping along, a vision of sunshine and perfect beauty. Then, turning to retrace my steps, I saw the Angel coming to meet me. 'So you found your work,' he said. 'Oh, yes,' was my reply. 'She is quite happy now.' 'And you?' he asked. 'Oh, I am thankful to have helped her. She will never lose heart again.'

The Angel, looking at me with infinite tenderness, said: 'You cannot know what joy you gave me when you asked for work so soon. So many come here who think we all sit on clouds and sing. Everybody works here. Work is our joy, our life, and our reward.'

Just then, to my infinite sorrow, I awoke. Awoke! to what? Why, I had only just left one heaven to open my eyes upon another. From my open window facing the bay, I watched with joy the coming of the young day. As the beautiful shafts of light, ablaze with rosy colour, crept in silence o'er the waters of the bay, the clouds of night retired, abashed at the coming glory—weeping as they passed beyond what seemed a curtain held by some hand unseen. The waters of the bay blushed, trembled, palpitated beneath the divine caress of the coming day. Slowly, with overpowering beauty and grandeur, the new-born day, sun-kissed and glorious, rose in its golden mantle of rosy light.

When the first purple dawn of day
With glory steals across the bay,
When rose-red clouds like living fire
Come forth and bid the night retire,
When some sweet voice we cannot hear
Calls birds and bees to morning prayer,
When the glorious rising sun
Tells sleeping earth her sleep is done,
Then sea and sky in rapture meet,
Spread glory clouds for seraph feet.
Then angel hands the hours unroll
And ease the weary, burdened soul.
From harps unseen comes love's refrain,
And every soul is born again.

'THE DAILY CHRONICLE' 'PSYCHIC EXPERT.'

'Fear hath torment' is a wise old saying. How terribly afraid our Roman Catholic friends have become that Spiritualism is winning its way and that people will dare to think for themselves, find the truth regarding spiritual things and win the freedom which knowledge of truth invariably brings, is again strikingly evident in the almost hysterical outburst by an alleged 'Psychic Expert' (we know these self-styled psychic experts!) in 'The Daily Chronicle' of Monday last. The writer frankly admits that Spiritualism is spreading everywhere, and, like Canute of old, he essays the vain task of commanding the advancing wave to stop. He cites Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert as his authority, and says that, while Mr. Raupert was a clergyman of the Church of England, he was an ardent student of Spiritualism; but he is discreetly silent regarding the fact that Mr. Raupert became a Roman Catholic, adopted the Roman Catholic views regarding communion with the unseen and recently went to America on a mission, with the sanction of the Pope, to endeavour to suppress Spiritualism there (see 'Items of Interest'). Mr. Raupert admits that spirits do produce marvellous phenomena—but declares that they are 'evil powers impersonating the spirits of the dead,' and protests against their domination over the minds of men and women. We also protest against domination, but we have no greater liking for priestly domination than we have for spirit governance. As to the character of the spirits who communicate, that is a matter for investigation, and each one must be fully persuaded in his own mind. We recollect that by the priests of his day Jesus was said to be mad and possessed of a devil.

A valued correspondent writes with reference to this article:—'The "expert" who writes it is an expert neither in truth, psychics, nor decent English. But it will stir up things. Mr. Raupert's real position as a Romish emissary, holding a brief, should be made clear.'

BELIEVE AND TRUST.

A childless widow, seemingly forsaken,
Gave words to wrath, rebellious, fierce, and wild—
Wrath that the gift The Giver gave was taken—
And would not pardon God who took her child.

She had a waking vision, saw a band
Of happy children; there she knew her boy.
Each held a lighted lamp in his young hand,
And, as they passed, each sang a hymn of joy.

All but one mournful child: his solemn tread
And face were gloom; his lamp—it had no light:
When, sobbing through her tears, the mother said,
'How comes it, dear, your lamp is dark as night?'

'Mother!' he said, 'you, mother, make me sad;
Your tears put out my lamp and stay my voice.
I must be mournful when I would be glad,
And silent where, in soul, I should rejoice.'

Up rose the mother from her knees, and smiled;
Her sobs were stilled; of tears remained none;
As, bending low her head towards her child,
She clasped her hands and said, 'His will be done!'

Out burst the lamp, with a wide-spreading light!
Out burst, from all that group, a joyful hymn!
'Twas as a change to perfect day from night,
When heard and echoed by the Seraphim.

July, 1879.

S. C. HALL.

ANCIENT WISDOM.—On the 7th inst. Mr. W. S. Bowers-Taylor lectured in Manchester on 'The Renaissance in Modern Times of the Ancient Wisdom.' After referring to Egypt as the home of pure religion, Greece as the home of philosophy, and Rome as the home of law and order and colonising genius, he showed that during the dark ages the lamp of the Ancient Wisdom had been kept burning by a few ardent followers and by secret orders. About one hundred years ago Thomas Taylor, the illustrious Platonist, translated Plato's writings, as well as those of many of the later Platonists, and to-day the 'Order of the Ancient Wisdom and Greek School,' by bringing out so much of the secret teachings as is permissible, is opening the door for those who are seeking the wonderful truths which had been the glory and joy of sages and initiates of times past.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

We hardly know which we are most tempted by in 'Tell Me a Story' ('The Animal's Guardian,' 22A, Regent-street, S.W. (cloth, 3s. 6d.))—the stories or the lovely pictures. Both stories and pictures are about animal life—about birds, donkeys, horses, dogs, kittens, foxes, bears, rabbits, monkeys, &c. The stories are by clever writers who are warm lovers of animals and have evidently made a close and sympathetic study of the creatures they write about, and the pictures, with the exception of a few drawings and two beautiful colour plates from oil paintings, are process reproductions of photographs showing the creatures under the most natural conditions. A capital present for a boy or girl.

A valued correspondent sends us the following interesting message, which was written automatically in answer to an inquiry why certain well-known spirit people had manifested at a small private circle instead of going to some of the leading scientific students of psychic phenomena: 'The spirit world communicates readily with those attuned and therefore able to receive their messages. These recipients must be earnest seekers after Truth for her own sake, and not for any desire to enlarge their views on scientific subjects. The recipients most suitable are the simple-minded and trusting, who have the courage to support the views they have been given, and to bear obloquy, contempt, scorn, derision, and even greater trials in order to spread a light which is able to benefit all humanity. These recipients are the bearers of great good to humanity, in spite of all obstacles, and will be eternally blessed.—M. H.'

In response to the invitation of 'The Christian Commonwealth,' eighty-four representative persons have 'confessed' the faith that they live by. Among them we observe the following: 'I am a Christian, and I endeavour to act up to the precepts of my religion. Of course, I believe in a future state, and I hope for peace and happiness hereafter. For evildoers I believe there will be no peace in the next world; especially so will it be for those who, for the sake of gain, concoct new religions and set up false Christs and mythical Mahatmas to impose upon and rob the unwary.—J. N. MASKELYNE.' We make no comment, and simply add the confession of Mr. Robert Hichens: 'One of the chief things I strive after is never consciously to do harm to others. I think sympathy is of immense importance in dealing with others—real, not pretended sympathy. For people always—or nearly always—know true sympathy from counterfeit. Without sympathy one can never come really to know and understand others. I hate the modern fashion of sneering at deep feeling and laughing at sentiment, but I greatly dislike sentimentality. Tolstoy, I think, is right, in saying that love is the basis of all true religion. It is often very difficult to love. But I find it even more difficult to hate any fellow-man, and hope I always may.'

Here is an illustration of how Spiritualism helps. 'I am indebted to Mrs. T. B.'s kind mediumship for messages of unspeakable comfort from my own beloved. The tears may still fall when I hear "Lead, kindly Light," but there will no longer be any bitterness in them. I myself have been frequently sustained and filled with joy with some message or even one word. I also have found solace in "LIGHT," and at every available opportunity I steep myself in its deep wells of consolation. I am becoming more and more conscious of spirit presence.'

Identical, or almost identical, incidents of a remarkable nature have an odd trick of happening to different people at different times! When we read the 'Daily Mirror' account of the strange experience which a Kensington rector related recently to his congregation, and of which we gave a brief outline in our last issue (page 597), we had an odd impression of having read it before, but could not be certain whether the impression was founded on fact. A member of our home circle, however, felt no uncertainty about the matter. 'Why,' she exclaimed, after perusing the story, 'I heard this tale years ago! It was exactly the same except that, as "taxi" had not then come into existence, the vehicle employed was an ordinary horse-cab.' Can it be that a Kensington rector, in order to keep awake a somnolent congregation, allowed himself to revive an ancient yarn and pass it off on his unsuspecting flock as his own personal experience? If so, his unwillingness to have his name mentioned is quite comprehensible. Or was there something amiss with the auditory nerves of the persons who were present in that church in Kensington on Sunday, November 30th, and who imparted to the representative of the 'Daily Mirror' the marvellous tale which they imagined they had heard the minister relate? The whole thing, as Artemus Ward would say, is 'wropt in mystery.'

The aim of Beatrice Wrey in 'Gipsy Girl' (cloth, 2s. 6d. net; of the author, 59, Bank Chambers, 329, High Holborn, W.C.), appears to be to convey the idea of God's loving care over and training of His children, through the medium of a simple parable, told in snatches, as opportunity offers, by a mother and father to their two little girls. The author informs us at the close that the gipsy child of her parable is intended to typify every soul born into this world, and she expresses the conviction, with which every Spiritualist will sympathise, that the lessons which the soul cannot or will not learn in this life it will learn in another. The wonder of the small listeners as the story unfolds itself, and their questions and comments, are done sweetly and naturally. It is in the parable itself that we feel that the writer's achievement falls far short of her aim. We do not blame her for this. To give an exposition of the being and attributes of Deity, suitable for a child's intelligence, is a task that might make any of us pause. What strikes us as a further defect in the book is that it seems to suggest some lack of sympathy with boy nature, as the only references to the brother of the two girls are to his 'naughtiness.' We are pleased to note the author's very earnest and sensible protest against the wearing of black as a token of bereavement.

Mr. Daniel W. Hull, writing in 'The Progressive Thinker,' says: 'The obstacle we are now up against is an organised effort to suppress mediumship entirely. This proceeds from the Roman Catholic Church, which has never favoured anything calculated to uplift humanity. About five years ago there came with considerable acclaim to this country a man claiming to be an envoy from our present Pope, Dr. Raupert, whose mission was to head off and check the onward march of Spiritualism. And immediately the ensuing winter there appeared simultaneously in all the legislatures then in session and a number of our city councils bills framed almost precisely alike, bills for the suppression of mediumship. No other organisation in the world is so well equipped to enter a war against an institution as the Catholic Church. Whatever decree proceeds from the Pope passes down through the archbishops, the bishops and finally the priests, until it reaches the membership, and is by them executed as subjects of the Pope of Rome. The Church dominates our politics, and nearly every politician, whether he belong to that Church or not, is the Pope's vassal, and is expected to do his bidding. No tyrant ever governed with a more relentless hand.' Can this be the explanation of the recent police raid on palmists, and the attacks on Spiritualism which have been made all over the country by preachers of different denominations? Can it be that the latter take their cue from Monsignor Benson?

The following poem, which appeared in 'The Southend Telegraph' on the 14th ult. under the heading 'Communion with the Living,' was received inspirationally by Mr. Gurnett during a lecture at a Spiritualist meeting:—

Though the wise men deem me dead,
I can see a little bed;
On the pillow lies a head
Peeping from the covers red.

Fairer than the harvest moon,
Stronger than the sun at noon,
Sweeter than the reddest rose,
Purer than the whitest snows,
My ethereal love that reads
All my son's unfolding needs;
Watching unseen, strong and near,
Holy vigil, honour dear.

All his shy, sweet thoughts I know,
See his soul with beauty glow,
Daily see the fair limbs grow,
See him check the big tear's flow!

When the empty years and fleet
Have enmeshed his eager feet,
When the winds of rude fate's stress
Have unmasked his loneliness.

Then my mystic love shall be
As a sacred litany;
Chant of courage to his soul,
Bear him onward to his goal!

Though the wise men deem me dead,
I can see a little bed;
On the pillow lies a head
Peeping from the covers red.

JOHN J. GURNETT.

THE POWER-BOOK COMPANY, 329, High Holborn, W.C., asks us to correct the statement made on page 585, that the price of their 'Perpetual Calendar,' there noticed, is 1s. It is 1s. 6d.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents, and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views which may elicit discussion. In every case the letter must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Greetings from Mrs. Everitt.

SIR,—I gave Mrs. Everitt the many kind messages so warmly expressed at her reception given by Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Cooper at the Arts Centre on November 22nd, by our worthy host, Mr. J. J. Moore, Mr. Ernest Meads and Mr. E. W. Wallis. She remembered all these friends and begs me to give to each of them her kindest and warmest regards.

It may interest her many friends to know she is keeping fairly well both in health and spirit and able to get downstairs occasionally. She is now in her eighty-ninth year. This proves her vitality has not suffered from her mediumship.

She begs me give to all her old friends loving and warm greetings, with good wishes for the coming season and the new year.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED J. SUTTON.

'Aberavon,' 22, Guilford-street, Russell-square, W.C.

December 9th, 1913.

'That Objectionable Film.'

SIR,—With reference to the idea of the suggested preliminary slide, we have decided to watch the advertising matter of the picture halls in Leicester, and should 'Fraudulent Spiritualism' be announced as a coming feature film, to interview personally the managers with a view to inducing their house to show a slide with the inscription referred to on page 578; and if in each town a representative body of Spiritualists will do likewise, we shall at least make an attempt, if not an achievement, to remove the baneful influence such a film will create upon the minds of thousands of people who will witness it, and help to banish a wrong impression of a beautiful philosophy which carries so much joy and so much promise to the whole world, which dries the mourners' tears and brings the grand knowledge of the continuity of life beyond the grave to all who understand it aright. Thanking you for your very helpful co-operation in this endeavour.—Yours, &c.,

STELLA SKETCHLEY.

Leicester.

An Appeal for Help for the Children.

SIR,—The Little Ilford Society of Christian Spiritualists are desirous of providing a good meal for one hundred of the poorest children in the district and, if possible, supplying each child with a sensible present, such as a warm scarf, stockings, &c. We have many willing workers, but funds are needed to carry the scheme through successfully. This is a very poor neighbourhood and we are often asked 'What do you do for the poor?' Hitherto we have had regretfully to admit that we have done very little, but we feel that it is time we remedied this. I am sensible of the fact that at this period our friends have many additional calls upon their charity, but I trust this letter will appeal to the sympathy of all earnest Spiritualists who recognise the need of social work in our cause. In addition to monetary contributions, I may say that articles of warm apparel will be welcome and will be distributed among the most needy. All donations, which will be gratefully acknowledged in 'LIGHT,' can be sent to the treasurer, Mr. S. Sept Noyce, 6, Colvin-road, East Ham, E., or to myself.—Yours, &c.,

MRS. JAMRACH (President).

11, Sheringham-avenue, Manor Park, E.

Stones that Some Christians (?) Cast.

SIR,—The following are a few, from a conglomerate mass, of the 'brotherly' epithets being bandied about in North-West Durham by vicars, curates, and others concerning our glorious movement: 'Dark Movement,' 'Pernicious Heresy,' 'Insidiously Evil Thing,' 'False Religion,' 'Unhealthy Belief,' 'Moral Impurity,' 'Fortune-Telling,' 'The Trail of Spiritualism,' 'Arch-Imposture,' 'Wizards and Charmers,' 'Spirits—Fallen Angels,' 'This Wicked Traffic,' 'Demonologists,' and 'Devil Dealers.'

The Bishop of the Diocese says: 'I shall ask them to restrain their words.' The Archbishop of the Provinces says: 'I cannot intervene.' The Primate of England says: 'I have no jurisdiction.'

Surely three lamentable admissions of impotency! But, in a little way, to redeem this sad situation, a northern mayor, writing to the president of a local society, says: 'I am pleased to know of the good your society is doing in the town,' and he encloses a cheque for £1a. towards the building fund.—I am, &c.,

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

JAMES LAWRENCE.

SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, DEC. 14th, &c.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Owing to the Christmas Holidays, the next issue of 'Light' must be sent to press THIS week. We shall therefore be unable to print any Society Work in that number.

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.—*The Arts Centre, 23, Mortimer-street, Langham-place, W.*—Mr. Percy R. Street gave an illuminating address on 'The Morality of Spirit Teachings' 8th inst. Mrs. Jamrach gave successful clairvoyant descriptions and helpful messages. Mr. Leigh Hunt presided at both meetings. Sunday next, see advertisement on front page.

LONDON SPIRITUAL MISSION: 13B, Pembroke Place, Baywater, W.—Morning, address by Mr. E. W. Beard on 'Heaven.' Evening, Mr. E. H. Peckham spoke on 'Heaven's Searchlight on Some Popular Hymns' and Miss Pickles sang a solo. For next week's services see front page.

CROYDON, GYMNASIUM HALL, HIGH-STREET.—Mrs. M. H. Wallis gave a splendid address on 'Life in the Spheres.' Sunday next, Mrs. A. Jamrach.—G.

HAMMERSMITH.—89, CAMBRIDGE-ROAD.—Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., public circle; at 7 p.m., address by Mr. Karl Reynolds on 'The Beyond,' followed by circle.

BATTERSEA.—HENLEY HALL, HENLEY-STREET.—Earnest address by Mr. J. Wallace on 'Brotherhood.' Sunday next, Lyceum Union Officers. Thursday, clairvoyance; silver collection. 27th, at 7, Misses Hough, Christmas 'Social' and Dance. Tickets, 6d.

CHELSEA.—SIDNEY HALL, POND-PLACE, NEAR SOUTH KENSINGTON STATION, S.W.—Mrs. Beaumont gave excellent descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., psychic descriptions by Miss Florence Faircloth. Silver collection.—J. D.

STRATFORD.—WORKMAN'S HALL, 27, ROMFORD-ROAD, E.—Interesting address by Mr. Karl Reynolds on 'The Spiritual Philosophy'; Mrs. E. Bryceson presided. Sunday next, address, Mr. H. Carpenter or Mr. Trinder.—W. H. S.

CLAPHAM.—HOWARD-STREET, WANDSWORTH-ROAD.—Address by Miss V. Burton; Mr. Underwood presided. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Miles Ord, address and clairvoyance. Thursday, 8.15, public meeting.—F. C.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—Mrs. F. G. Clarke gave uplifting addresses. Sunday next, at 11.15 and 7, Mrs. E. Cannock, addresses and clairvoyance; also Monday, at 8. Tuesday, at 3, private interviews, Mrs. Clarke; at 8, circle.—H. J. E.

BRIGHTON.—WINDSOR HALL, WINDSOR-STREET, NORTH-STREET.—Mrs. Mary Gordon gave excellent addresses and descriptions. Sunday next, 11.15 and 7, the Rev. Susanna Harris; Christmas Day, public circle, at 11.15; only meeting. December 28th, Mrs. Neville.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HAMPTON WICK.—Mrs. Neville gave address and descriptions. Sunday next, Mr. E. W. Wallis, trance addresses: 11 a.m., at 14, High-street, Teddington, on 'Spirits: Their Nature and Powers'; 7 p.m., at Assembly Rooms, Hampton Wick, on 'The Herald Angels.'

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—SURREY MASONIC HALL.—Both services conducted by the members, owing to Mr. W. E. Long's indisposition. Sunday next, Mr. W. E. Long: 11 a.m., circle. 6.30 p.m., address on 'The Star of the Magi' New Year's Eve, 'Social' and Watchnight Circle. Tickets 1s.

BRISTOL.—CLOSING SERVICES at 144, GROSVENOR-ROAD.—Addresses by Mrs. Baxter on 'The Light of the World' and 'Paul the Medium.' Sunday next, opening of new Spiritual Temple by Mr. Horace Leaf at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Note the new address: 26, Stokes Croft, Bristol.—J. S. R.

STRATFORD.—IDMISTON-ROAD, FOREST-LANE.—Morning, Mr. Stidston on 'The Attraction of Spiritualism'; evening, Mr. J. Wrench, address and descriptions. 11th, Mrs. E. Neville gave successful descriptions. Sunday next, 11.45 a.m., 'Fellowship'; 7 p.m., Mr. R. T. Jones. 31st, Watchnight Service. January 1st, Mrs. A. Keightley.

GOODMAYES AVENUE (almost opposite Goodmayes Station—trams from Ilford to Barley-lane).—Morning, Mr. Grant read a paper on 'Spiritual Healing'; afternoon, annual conference with the Union of London Spiritualists, Mr. G. Tayler Gwinn chairman; Mr. R. Boddington's paper on 'The Nature of Spirit' was well discussed; the receipts from the tea, provided by Mrs. Smith, were given to the funds; evening, an enthusiastic meeting. Mr. C. E. Sewell presided; Mr. R. Boddington gave an inspiring address and Mr. Tayler Gwinn answered questions; duet by Mr. and Mrs. Alecock Rush, who were assisted in a trio by Mr. G. Tayler Gwinn; Mrs. Podmore kindly gave well-recognised descriptions; organist, Mr. T. Brooks, president. Sunday next, 11.15 a.m., Study Class; 7 p.m., Mr. Macbeth Bain. Tuesday, 8 p.m., Mr. H. Wake. 28th, Mr. L. I. Gilbertson, F.J.I.

HACKNEY.—240A, AMHURST-ROAD, N.E.—Morning, address Mr. Hawes; evening, Mrs. J. Neal spoke on 'The Purpose of Life' and gave descriptions. Sunday next, 11.15 a.m., Mr. Russell; 7 p.m., the president will relate experiences. Monday, 8 p.m., Mrs. Sutton. Circles: Tuesday, 7.15, healing; Thursday, 7.45, members'.—N. R.

HOLLOWAY.—GROVEDALE HALL, GROVEDALE-ROAD.—Morning, a friend spoke on 'Why I Became a Spiritualist'; afternoon and evening, addresses by Mr. T. Olman Todd; also on the 10th. Sunday next, 11.15 a.m., open service; 3 p.m., groom; 7, Mrs. Mary Gordon. 28th, Mr. Macbeth Bain. 1st, 'Social'.—J. F.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL, LAUSANNE-ROAD.—Morning, Mr. Freeth spoke on 'The Inspiration of the Spirit of God'; evening, Mrs. Gillespie gave an inspiring address and answered questions. Sunday next, morning, Mr. G. T. Wooderson; afternoon, Lyceum; evening, Mr. D. J. Davis. 28th, morning, Mr. Blackman; evening, Mr. G. Tayler Gwinn. 27th, Lyceum and 'Social'. Tuesdays, at 8.15, healing.—A. C. S.

WHITLEY BAY.—Address by Mrs. Convey on 'Spiritual Life', and descriptions.—C.

WISBECH.—PUBLIC HALL.—An enjoyable musical evening; chairman, Mr. David Ward.—W. G. H.

SOUTHSEA.—LESSER VICTORIA HALL.—Addresses by Mrs. Mitchell and Mr. F. Pearce.—J. W. M.

EXETER.—DRUIDS' HALL, MARKET-STREET.—Addresses by Mr. C. V. Tarr and Mr. H. Lockyear.

TOTTENHAM.—684, HIGH ROAD.—Mrs. M. Davies lectured on 'Angel Ministry', and gave descriptions.—N. D.

NOTTINGHAM.—MECHANICS' LECTURE HALL.—Mr. Geo. F. Douglas gave addresses and messages, morning and evening.

PLYMOUTH.—ODDFELLOWS' HALL, MORLEY-STREET.—Mr. Prince gave an address and Mrs. Trueman descriptions.—E. F.

EXETER.—MARLBOROUGH HALL.—Addresses by Mr. I. E. Williams, of Torquay, and descriptions by Mrs. Letheren.

BIRMINGHAM.—DR. JOHNSON'S-PASSAGE, BULL-STREET.—Mr. Tetlow gave addresses and psychometric readings. 15th, Miss Randall.—J. R. C.

BIRMINGHAM.—30, JOHN-STREET, VILLA CROSS, HANDSFORTH.—Addresses by Mr. Toser and descriptions by Mrs. Harris much appreciated.—J. R.

PORTSMOUTH.—MIZPAH HALL, WATERLOO-STREET.—Addresses and descriptions by Mrs. Spiller; solos by Miss A. Little. 10th, Mrs. Spiller.—P.

SOUTHPORT.—HAWKSHED HALL.—Mrs. W. Collier spoke on 'Freedom' and 'Prayer'. Descriptions by Mesdames Collier and Scholes, and on Monday.—E. B.

KENTISH TOWN.—17, PRINCE OF WALES'-CRESCENT, N.W.—Mr. Kent gave address and Mrs. Kent descriptions. 12th, public circle, Mrs. Cornish.—J. A. P.

STONEHOUSE, PLYMOUTH.—UNITY HALL, EDGUMBE-STREET.—Address by Mr. Clavis on 'Prophecies'; soloist, Mrs. Joachim Dennis, who also gave descriptions.—D.

BOURNMOUTH.—WILBERFORCE HALL.—Mr. F. T. Blake gave addresses and descriptions and answered questions. 11th, address and descriptions by Mr. H. Mundy.

SOUTHEND.—CROWSTONE GYMNASIUM, NORTHVIEW DRIVE, WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA.—Mr. D. J. Davis spoke on 'Knowledge', and the President gave descriptions.—S. E. W.

FULHAM.—COLVEY HALL, 25, FERNHURST-ROAD.—Mr. Boddington addressed the Liberty Group on 'Hypnotic Suggestion' and also spoke in the evening.—H. C.

CHATHAM.—553, CANTERBURY-STREET, GILLINGHAM.—Mrs. J. Miles Ord, at short notice, kindly gave an address on 'Whittier's Trinity', and descriptions. 21st, address by Mrs. Maunders.—E. C. L.

BRISTOL.—THOMAS-STREET HALL, STOKES CROFT.—Mr. Watkins, of Cardiff, gave striking addresses, answers to questions and descriptions. Monday, Mrs. Trueman, of Plymouth, gave descriptions, &c.—W. G.

PORTSMOUTH TEMPLE.—VICTORIA-ROAD SOUTH.—Mr. Horace Leaf gave addresses and good descriptions, and on the 15th conducted two sances. 10th, address and descriptions by Mr. Arthur Linsley.—J. G. McF.

MANOR PARK, E.—THIRD-AVENUE, CHURCH-ROAD.—Address by Mr. Brown on 'The Spiritualists' Martyr'. Descriptions by Mrs. Brown. 8th and 10th, addresses and descriptions by Mrs. Marriott and Mr. Sarfas.—E. M.

SOUTHEND.—SEANCE HALL, BROADWAY.—Morning, Mr. Rundle gave a reading, with comments, from Stainton Moses' 'Spirit Teachings', followed by descriptions. Evening, stirring address on 'Love—Physical and Spiritual'.—B.

MANOR PARK.—CORNER OF SHREWSBURY AND STONE-ROADS. Morning, healing service, conducted by Mr. Geo. F. Tilby; evening, address by Mr. W. Smith and descriptions by Mrs. Smith. Thursday, address by Mr. Stevenson, 'What I Think of Christ'.

READING.—NEW HALL, BLAGRAVE-STREET.—Mr. A. Punter spoke on 'Light' and 'We Spend Our Years as a Tale that is Told' and gave fully-recognised descriptions. 10th and 11th, a very successful bazaar, opened by Mrs. A. Boddington, was held for the funds of the Mission.—M. L.

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE.—Mr. J. H. Cousins lectured, on the 9th inst., on 'The Universal Law of Spirit Mediumship', in masterly style, all the students and friends being delighted. We hope for a return visit next session. Mrs. Smythe (the good wife of our arisen founder, Mr. A. J. Smythe), has generously presented to the Institute about one hundred works on Spiritualism, and other scientific and philosophic subjects. This is a good start for a library, and if any reader of 'LIGHT' has a book to spare we shall be pleased to receive it to add to the collection. Mrs. and Miss Smythe, who were very anxious that Mr. Smythe's desires might be accomplished, thought that it would be his wish that the books should be used for the benefit of Spiritualism, and not allowed by being left in a bookcase for years untouched. The committee are arranging the programme for next session, and hope to have the philosophic and religious aspects of Spiritualism considered.—R. A. O.

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