

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

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CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way	385	A Striking Test of Identity	389
The Eclipse of a Beautiful Vision	386	A World-Tragedy: The Larger	
Letters from a Living Dead Man	386	View	390
Providence and Divine Father-		Prayer in War Time	390
hood	387	Anna Kingsford	391
Human Affection, Bereavement,		Mrs. Wriedt in Ireland	392
and Consolation	388	Notes from Abroad	392
Dr. Hyslop and the Schrenck-		The Peasant and the Prince	393
Noting Experiments	388	Sidelights	394
Glimpses of God	389	A Vision of Christ	394

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
—SHAKESPEARE.

At a time when all the ordinary divisions of life—caste and creed and political opinions—are set aside, when all dissensions are sunk, in the face of the greatest calamity that has fallen upon our country since its beginnings, our words can be few and simple. Let us think first of the two things that, as the old rhyme tells us, "stand like stone":—

Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in our own.

Now is the time to carry into practice that brotherhood which in the far future will embrace the whole human family, but is now more directly called for as regards our own kith and kin—those who stand with us as fellow-countrymen knit together by the ties of a common cause and a common affliction. There are weak and timid to comfort and encourage, the needy to succour, the wounded to be nursed, the bereaved to be solaced. For such work, amongst the hundreds of thousands of persons who under one name or another affirm the spiritual nature of man—not as an abstract truth, but a living, solid reality—many are especially well-equipped.

Spiritualists—and we use the term now in a larger sense than that which it usually carries—have made the subject of healing in all its higher phases one peculiarly their own, and the consolations which they can offer to the bereaved are far more real and enduring than those which rest purely upon faith and doctrine. There is work for all of us here, for in essentials we are at one—man as a spirit with spiritual powers more or less developed—a being made to survive the war of elements and the crash of worlds. Many of us have sent our nearest and dearest to the great war, and the pain of parting has been wondrously lightened by the knowledge we have gained concerning the hidden realities. We have sources of comfort so abundant that we are able to share them freely. We have great anodynes for the visitations of death and pain. The world for all of us has been turned into an abode of horror and bewilderment during the last few days. European civilisation has shown signs of going down in blood and famine. We have gained the larger view, which brings the terrors of the time into a truer proportion.

We have learned something of the power and the meaning of prayer, and now, in the words of Archbishop Whately,

We must watch as if all depended on our own vigilance and pray as if nothing depended upon it.

We have gone to Emerson for our texts in the past. Let us do so again. Here is a passage from the Essay on "Compensation" very suitable to the hour:—

We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent where once we had beauty and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith "Up and onward for evermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins.

And the seer goes on to point out "the compensations of calamity," and how "the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts," how the things that work revolutions in our lives terminate old stages of growth and allow the formation of new ones opening the way to new influences that prove of the first importance to the years that follow.

* * * *

In the lines quoted above Emerson is writing of the smaller calamities of the individual life—"a fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends." But his remarks apply none the less to the disasters that overtake a whole people. He saw clearly that there are no accidents, that every catastrophe, however terrific, is part of a great chain of cause and effect working out some purpose in the Eternal Mind. We cannot think that even the earth-shaking calamity that has come upon us to-day would have tried his faith or blurred for a moment his clear vision. He would have seen beyond the almost infinite folly and infamy of it all, nor would he, we think, have thought the price too great for the breaking up of old evil conditions, the dispersion of festering humours in the life of the world, the fall of all the false gods which humanity has worshipped too long. He would, we are assured, have found in it the herald of a new time, even though it dawned in blood and tribulation, and the nations passed through fires that seemed as the fires of hell.

* * * *

When we are confronted with the dogmas of the determinist, who tells us that everything is a question of necessity, that we are the creatures of fate, we reply that if any Power dominates man he must himself be part of it. The Power—whatever it may be—is part without him and part within. Therefore he is not its puppet. Those who predict the events of life are, where they are thinkers, well aware of this—they know that Fate is never independent of man's will. Max Heindel, the occultist, has noted the point, for in some remarks on astrology and its failures he observes:—

The more evolved the man, the more liable is the astrologer to fail, for he can only see the tendencies; the will of the man, as a factor, it is beyond him to calculate. In the nature of things there must be this element of uncertainty. If conditions were so hard and fast that no mistake were possible, it would show that inexorable fate governed human life, and there would

be no use in making an effort to change conditions ; but the very fact that predictions do fail is an inspiration, for it shows that a certain amount of free will does exist.

Whether the stars impel or not, it is clear therefore that they do not *compel*.

* * *

A good deal, *pro* and *con*, has been heard on the subject of the Fourth Dimension. Some of our friends tell us that the next world is the four-dimensional world, and that the wonders of physical phenomena are only explicable on that theory. In the current issue of "Mastery" we find Miss Faith Chevallier writing :—

Many years ago I remember hearing the son of that wonderful author of "The Mystery of Pain"—James Hinton—give a parlour talk in Boston upon the Fourth Dimension. Speaking, as he said, in the very citadel of Transcendentalism, the Gibraltar fortress of Metaphysics, he frankly avowed that all his experimentations and conclusions had been made solely from the standpoint of the Physicist. "But," he added, "my researches have led me not only to the absolute scientific proof of the Fourth Dimension, but established Immortality as a scientific fact."

* * *

"Where We Christians have Failed," by Louie Stacey (Higher Thought Centre, 40, Courtfield-gardens, S.W.), is an unflinching rebuke of all who take the name of Christian without attempting to follow and obey Him whom they recognise as their Master. A man might, she insists, as well call himself an electrician because he has read something about electricity, though he knows nothing of it from experience ; or an artist, because he has studied the theory of art, though he has never applied it. The pragmatist test of truth is whether it will work, but, because they do not see the promised kingdom, men fear to put Christ's teaching to the test. In the domain of physics, Miss Stacey points out, we do not see electricity, but we can see the work it does, and therefore will take infinite pains to master the science about it, and having done so to generate the force and employ it. "Is it not strange," she exclaims, "that whilst we have done so much in that way, we cannot believe as much in the teachings of our Senior Wrangler as to will to prove his words about unseen powers, and unseen, undreamed of possibilities awaiting us?"

AN IMPRESSION OF M. MIJATOVICH.

M. Chedo Mijatovich, whose name is so well known in connection with his testimony to the reality of psychic phenomena, is the subject of an article in "T.P.'s Weekly" under the title "A Great Serbian." After alluding to his book, "The Serajevo Tragedy" and to the fact that its author was one of a brilliant gathering assembled in 1891 at the invitation of the Society of Authors to celebrate the signing of the Copyright Treaty between England and the United States, the writer (a lady who sat on his right) says :—

Mijatovich has seen some stirring events since then. . . . From his appearance a stranger would have said he had some strain in him of the southern Frenchman ; and the leonine head seems that of one born to command. With the easy suavity of the practised diplomatist he plunged at once into a talk, calculated to bring out the points of his neighbour and gauge her depths.

He told his listener that the proudest moment of his life was the signature of the treaty which made Serbia an independent State, when the engineering of years was thus completed ; adding that he still possessed the inkstand used on that memorable occasion. Then he spoke of his country and his aspirations for it ; and on hearing that the girl beside him was associated with publishing, he laughingly expressed the hope that when the book he was then contemplating should appear, she would be merciful to its demerits. On his left, Mme. Mijatovich, a handsome woman more characteristically Slav as regards features and with the forceful personality befitting the mate of such a man, threw in from time to time a few words supplementing her husband's remarks.

THE ECLIPSE OF A BEAUTIFUL VISION.

We take the following from an open letter sent to us by Messrs. J. Bibby and Sons of Liverpool, so well known in connection with "Bibby's Annual" :—

In times past we have sometimes had a vision of a United States of Europe, where each State was making its own laws, and carrying on its individual business much as at present—with this difference : that each State has become a part of a larger whole, and all working together for the common good, instead of regarding each other with suspicion, as at present.

In this vision, standing armies were seen to be unnecessary, and were accordingly abolished, save for police duty ; the big navies were also all but scrapped, and the enormous amount of money, time, and energy at present involved in their upkeep became diverted to the development of industrial enterprise, to the reconstruction of our cities, and to such measures as had for their aim the uplifting of the people.

Instead of our vision being realised, we are rudely reminded by current events that when the spirit of intolerance, selfishness, greed, and class hatred reaches a certain point, it generates a bad social atmosphere which, when it explodes, spreads destruction far and near.

The recent hard-earned uplift in the standard of comfort of the people of Europe will be worse than wasted in the mad scramble now going forward, and we shall all have to learn, through anguish and loss, a piece of wisdom which we might quite easily have obtained in a cheaper market.

It must be clear to the dullest intellect that no nation will be any better off when the hurly-burly is over ; rather, is it practically certain that the nation which wins is going to lose much more than it gains.

What makes the matter still worse is that each country professes to guide its life by the ethical teaching of the Man of Nazareth, whose words about loving our neighbours as ourselves embody not only true morality but true statesmanship.

We can only hope that the rude awakenings which such incidents leave behind them will bring home to the nations of Europe a full grasp of the fact that intolerance and lack of sympathy and good feeling are a form of ignorance ; and that national wars, like industrial conflicts, are criminal folly—a form of barbarism which we ought long ago to have left behind us.

"LETTERS FROM A LIVING DEAD MAN."

Among communications of late years from the other side none perhaps have caused more sensation than Elsa Barker's "Letters from a Living Dead Man." Mr. Ralph Shirley in his monthly notes in the August number of "The Occult Review" states that the veil of anonymity has now been withdrawn from the name of the communicant of these letters. He was Judge David P. Hatch, who was born in Dresden (Maine), on November 22nd, 1846, and died in Los Angeles (California), on February 21st, 1912. After giving an interesting account of the Judge's career, Mr. Shirley adds that he left a daughter and two sons—David P. Hatch, an attorney of Los Angeles, and Bruce Hatch, consulting engineer, now in New York—and that it is to the latter we owe the statement which appeared first in the American "World Magazine," expressing his conviction that the letters were undoubtedly genuine communications from his father's spirit. "I am compelled (he writes) to believe that this is my father's work. I was sceptical at first. . . . But the more I read the more they [the letters] sounded like father, not philosophising, but actually telling of his life beyond the grave. I am not a Spiritualist nor a Theosophist. I do not believe, and neither did my father, in accepting anything as truth unless there is ample evidence to support it. But overwhelming as the thought is, I cannot escape the conclusion that my father did dictate these letters, and that they tell of his actual adventures in another world. . . . I have not met Mrs. Barker, although I knew she was a great friend of my father, and a student of my father's book. . . . The first message came to her a few days before she knew through the mail that my father was dead."

Mr. Shirley reproduces in the "Review" a portrait of Judge Hatch. It shows a strong face—the face of a man of intellect and character.

"GREAT is he who enjoys his earthenware as if it were plate ; and not less great the man to whom all his plate is no more than earthenware."—SENECA.

PROVIDENCE AND DIVINE FATHERHOOD.

Arguments *re* "Special Providences," *pro* and *contra*, set forth, summed up, and followed by a hostile verdict, all by one and the same "spirit voice," through a girl of twenty, as quoted in *LIGHT* under the above heading on p. 368 (from "The Hindu Spiritual Magazine"), can hardly be accepted as a very serious canvassing of the subject. Nor can the five or six implied definitions of special providences, which in themselves beg the whole question of their possibility. One is reminded of Hume's famous essay "Of Miracles," in which miracles were first defined as contrary to the laws of Nature, and then pronounced "impossible."

The subject is of importance, as touching our understanding of the Divine scheme for man, and of constant interest to some of us. As sponsor for the recent article on "The Philosophy of Special Providences," in July 4th issue, a reply may be expected of me. That article was received in its original form by automatic writing from a spirit friend through my own hand. It therefore records the results of a reverent study in the light and life of the beyond. Inasmuch as thoughtful discussion is our best way of approach to the establishment of truth on controverted subjects, and as this inquiry is one of very large scope, perhaps I may best serve in presenting a *resumé* of my friend's "Philosophy of Special Providences," showing its answers to the questions raised by the "spirit voice."

1. It would be derogatory to the divine perfection of the Supreme Being to suspend or withdraw any of His plans of action (called by us "Laws of Nature") until the entire fulfilment of His purpose in them has been attained. Nor can He come any nearer to us than He always is, either to "intervene directly" for a special providence or in answering prayers. But He can and does inspire and aid His willing servants who are free for these things, to do them.

2. Special providences are brought about, and many prayers are answered by intelligent human spirits of our dear departed, and by other "ministering spirits" who may be attracted to us. These act to fulfil the law of love, or good, clear to them as the expression of the Divine mind and will; by means of psychic power influencing psychic people (and through them people not psychic) on the earth plane.

3. Special providences, arranged for an immediate object, do not affect normal or natural law at all. Possible from the moment when spiritual beings arose in the order of the Divine scheme of life, they operate when spiritual conditions favour the powers and methods of spirits who are able occasionally to produce them for those *en rapport* with themselves.

To consider shortly the opening question asked by "the voice."

"If you intended going on a ship that was burned at sea and all souls lost, but were prevented from embarking, and were thus saved from death, would you consider that a token of God's loving care over you? If so, how about those who were lost? It is absurd, for that would not be fatherly love at all, but jealous partiality towards His favourites."

Softly, friend. The question is how to determine in such a case whether a coincidence or a special providence is indicated. I have a friend who to every possible case of "special fitness," to all alleged miracles, or to Spiritualism in general, has one never-failing answer—"Coincidences." 'Tis "a short and easy method," but unconvincing. If the individual claimed passionately that a special providence had been wrought for him unasked, if he were plainly strongly psychic, apt to heed spirit impressions and not likely to be unfairly dominated from without, his deliverance might very possibly have been by a special providence; through the ministry of spirits *en rapport* with him who saw the danger beforehand, impressed him warningly and induced him to yield to their leading, to a degree and in a way that would prevent his embarking. Did he feel any such sense of danger and warning? Did he "reverse engines" and wait for the favouring gale of a sense of security in taking a different path? We should fancy so, as accounting for his confidence and gratitude now, and in the absence of any other adequate explanation of his failure to embark. Such occurrences have been reported time and again. To those familiar with the facts of

Mesmerism, which is but the psychic influence of mind upon mind, or with thought transference, telepathy and other recognised psychic phenomena of to-day, the possibility of such spirit guidance as we have pictured should not be hastily rejected. Some of my friends would attribute such (or some such) well-omened change of action (to avoid unknown but dreaded danger) as due to that paragon of convenience—the subconscious self.

On the other hand, if the fortunate being who alone escaped were scarcely psychic at all, nor yet accessible to spirit influence through surrounding psychics, it should be reckoned a coincidence; he would have no tale to tell of fear and yielding to the influence of another. Even a psychic, minus this "tale to tell," on account of perpetual mental activity and preoccupation sufficient to prevent spirit impression and "control," even he, if saved and alone saved, would represent only a coincidence.

The question is, Did the sensitive yield to the control of another and so take a course different from his original plan, under psychic influence? Out of many lost on the vessel, probably there would be others psychically fit enough to receive any warnings possible, but not to obey against influences to the contrary of many kinds. The fortunate sensitive who escapes has, like the wise virgins who provided oil for their lamps, only reaped the reward of living up to his opportunities or possibilities. 'Twere mere folly to regard his rescue as an "injustice" to the others. In his case it was possible, and there would have been injustice if denied on their account—which it was not. I remember a friend who refused to believe in mediumship because, if true, it would be "an injustice to those not mediumistic"; justice, apparently, requiring a dreary creation of all-alikes who, one would imagine, would soon be glad to die of ennui, for want of a difference. In ordinary life a man who attracts good friends around him will thrive all the better for their good offices; no one would think of regarding that as an injustice to those without such influential friends. So with regard to spirit friends; large numbers of people permanently shut out all thought of spirit presence. Scared at the very thought, or regarding it as a desecration of the sainted dead to be anything but prostrate before the Supreme, they are blind, deaf and dumb to all such appeal. Can they expect a special providence? Yet I much doubt whether they are altogether without them; such is the fidelity of love, and such, I believe, the scope afforded by the Supreme for its expression.

The Great Supreme, supplying the energy, the machinery, and the various planes of being, chooses to act for many of His highest purposes by means of agents. The human spirit is launched into life, cherished and equipped by parents who so teach him what love is, and so prepare him to know God who is Love pre-eminently. Our invisible spiritual helpers exemplify love to us in proportion as we allow them. From a higher plane they must see and know what is coming to us better than we do; and "if there is spiritual warrant for it," give us the benefit of their knowledge and love. It is our intellects, in the pride so characteristic of isolated intellect, that see so little that is spiritual; but the intellect is only a fraction of our make up, so that our higher faculties, our nobler affections, our imagination and our reverence should combine to rule. They will see wonders enough, and will make room for special providences, which may be visualised even here by the clairvoyant eye. Special providences are rightly attributed by their recipients "to the loving care of the Father," who in His psychic realm first made provision for them, and then permits, aids, and inspires them in the hearts of some of His children for the sake of others, whenever possible, without touching the necessary provision of perfect beneficence for all, seen in His fixed laws. They are attributed to Him also by those who work them, who declare all the praise to be His, and disallow prayer or inordinate gratitude to themselves.

In this exposition I have not contended for all that appears to me a legitimate outcome of the "Philosophy of Special Providences," nor for extremes in what I have contended for, deeming moderation more conducive to a patient hearing, and quite strong enough to substantiate the philosophy in question.

LAUS DEO.

HUMAN AFFECTION, BEREAVEMENT AND CONSOLATION.

A NOBLE LETTER ON A GREAT THEME.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose passing was exquisitely recorded by his friend Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, died half a century ago. To her many sympathising friends, Hawthorne's widow addressed the following beautiful letter, which we reprint for the benefit of such of our readers as may not yet have made its acquaintance; though even those who know it will be glad to read it again.

Monday night.

Beloved; when I see that I deserved nothing, and that my Father gave me the richest destiny for so many years of time to which eternity is to be added, I am struck dumb with an ecstasy of gratitude, and let go my mortal hold with an awful submission, and without a murmur. I stand hushed into an ineffable peace which I cannot measure nor understand. It therefore must be that peace which "passeth all understanding." I feel that his joy is such as "the heart of man cannot conceive," and shall I not then rejoice, who loved him so far beyond myself? If I did not at once share his beatitude, should I be one with him now in essential essence? Ah, thanks be to God who gives me this proof—beyond all possible doubt—that we are not and never can be divided!

If my faith bear this test, is it not beyond the utmost scope and vision of calamity? Need I ever fear again any possible dispensation if I can stand serene when that presence is reft from me which I believed I must instantly die to lose?

Where, O God, is that supporting, inspiring, protecting, entrancing presence which surrounded me with safety and supreme content?

It is with you, my child, saith the Lord, and seemeth only to be gone.

Yes, my Father, I know I have not lost it, because I still live. I will be glad. "Thy will be done."

From a child, I have truly believed that God was all-good and all-wise, and felt assured that no event could shake my belief. To-day I know it.

This is the whole. No more can be asked of God. There can be no death nor loss for me for evermore. I stand so far within the veil that the light from God's countenance can never be hidden from me for one moment of the eternal day, now nor then. God gave me the rose of time, the blossom of the ages, to call my own for twenty-five years of human life.

God has satisfied wholly my insatiable heart with a perfect love that transcends my dreams. He has decreed this earthly life a mere court of the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Oh, yes, dear heavenly Father! "I will be glad" that my darling has suddenly escaped from the rude jars and hurts of this outer court, and that when I was not aware an angel gently drew him within the palace door that turned on noiseless golden hinges, drew him in, because he was weary.

God gave to His beloved sleep. And then an awaking which will require no more restoring slumber.

As the dewdrop holds the day, so my heart holds the presence of the glorified free spirit. He was so beautiful here that he will not need much change to become a "shining one"! How easily I shall know him, when my children have done with me, and perhaps the angel will draw me gently also within the palace door if I do not faint, but truly live. "Thy will be done."

At that festival of life that we all celebrated last Monday, did not those myriad little white lily-bells ring in for him the eternal year of peace, as they clustered and hung around the majestic temple in which he once lived with God? They rang out, too, that lordly incense that can come only from a lily, large or small. What lovely ivory sculpture round the edge! I saw it all, even at that breathless moment, when I knew that all that was visible was about to be shut out from me for my future mortal life. I saw all the beauty, and the tropical gorgeousness of odour that enriched the air from your peerless wreath steeped me in Paradise. We were the new Adam and new Eve again, and walked in the garden in the cool of the day, and there was not yet death, only the voice of the Lord. But, indeed, it seems to me that now again there is no death. His life has swallowed it up.

Do not fear for me "dark hours." I think there is nothing dark for me henceforth. I have to do only with the present, and the present is light and rest. Has not the everlasting

"Morning spread
Over me her rich surprise?"

I have no more to ask, but that I may be able to comfort all who mourn as I am comforted. If I could bear all sorrow I would be glad, because God has turned for me the silver lining;

and for me the darkest cloud has broken into ten thousand singing birds—as I saw in my dream that I told you. So in another dream long ago, God showed me a gold thread passing through each mesh of a black pall that seemed to shut out the sun. I comprehend all now: before I did not doubt. Now God says in soft thunders, "Even so."—Your faithful friend,
SOPHIA HAWTHORNE.

DR. HYSLOP'S VIEW OF THE SCHRENCK-NOTZING EXPERIMENTS.

Of the July number of the "Journal" of the American Society for Psychical Research, thirty pages are devoted by the editor, Dr. James H. Hyslop, to a careful consideration of Baron von Schrenck-Notzing's report on his experiments with Eva C—, and of the criticisms which those experiments have aroused. While he discounts pretty liberally from the value of these criticisms, Dr. Hyslop says:—

The whole case does not stand out so clearly against doubt as it is necessary that it should do in order to make scientific converts. The reader can always say that the suspicious facts are so evident that, if we knew more, we should probably find no other perplexity in the phenomena than we find in those of hysterics.

The present writer, however, enjoys the situation which is apparent in the controversy so hotly pursued. It is a very just Nemesis for those who insist on looking toward physical phenomena for sustaining their interest in psychic research or in Spiritistic phenomena. Calling them "teleplastic" does not throw any light upon their explanation but only exhibits a tendency to ignore the issue, an issue that is perfectly clear to any man or woman of sense. The whole fault of Continental observers on this subject is that they turn to the physical phenomena of Spiritualism for their interest and investigations and appear totally to ignore the mental. They accept an entirely false conception of the problem which the Spiritualist has presented to the world. They assume that the proof for the existence of spirits must be some physical miracles, an assumption that is totally false to the present writer. Physical phenomena of the kind usually sought are not evidence of spirits in any respect whatever. They may be explained in that way some time, but not without other evidence that spirits exist and are associated with physical phenomena of the kind. The evidence of spirits must be mental phenomena, and when we have once established their existence we may then endeavour to associate the mental phenomena with the physical, as seems to be the case in many instances, and this will establish the right to suppose that spirits have something to do with the physical side of the phenomena, even though we still remain ignorant of the process by which they effect physical events of the kind. All this ought to be axiomatic, but it seems that mature men with a reputation for scientific intelligence attain no higher conception of the problem than those at whom they laugh. They rush into this field for evidence, and find only controversy and doubt as the result.

Denying the Spiritistic hypothesis, not only as a fact, but as one that, if supposed, would produce more difficulties than it solves, Baron von Schrenck-Notzing explains the results as the product of the medium's subliminal consciousness and memory pictures in the minds of sitters. "Now if that is not a thousandfold more complicated than any spirit could be, scientific method must," exclaims Dr. Hyslop, "be a very queer thing." The Baron's weakness is in offering any explanation or theory at all. "The Spiritistic theory is to be rejected, not on the ground that it would not explain, for it would explain as well as, and perhaps better than the author's complex 'teleplasty,' but on the ground that the evidence is not sufficient."

JOAN OF ARC AND THE DESTINY OF FRANCE.

We call attention to the remarkable passage in our "Notes from Abroad" this week (page 392) in which reference is made to communications attributed to Joan of Arc and received and published in "La Revue Spirite" by the Abbé J. A. Petit. It will be seen that long before the present troubles the Abbé received from Joan a forecast of a sudden and unexpected war between France and Germany, and that amongst the statements made was one to the effect that the hostile army would "try to pass through Belgium," which would "lead to further complications apparently disastrous to the German Empire."

GLIMPSSES OF GOD.

No one knows better than the instructed Spiritualist that the word "glimpses" is the only appropriate one when we speak of God. It is the Materialist who soon comes to the end of his tether and who thinks he knows—and who even sometimes thinks, poor man! he knows it all. For the Spiritualist, there is the ever-present knowledge of his unspeakable limitations, only surpassed by the unspeakable certainties which, though only inferences, are the greatest certainties of all.

We have not the slightest sympathy with the dogmatic theologians who draw up inventories of the Infinite and lay down programmes for God. For ages these have only dwarfed the illimitable and turned God into an exaggerated man. Our first necessity is to escape from them, and, in the sphere of the spirit, to be free. It is a great spiritual fact that the attempt to define and to rest in definitions always induces not only narrowness, but dogmatism. It is in the open that the mind is broad and receptive—that the heart is right for comradeship and charity. For one man amongst Spiritualists who has ever wished to dogmatise and persecute, Churchmen and theologians can show a hundred; and the reason is plain.

"Glimpses of God," then. The very phrase suggests humility, receptivity, charity, the sense of one's own ignorance, the sense of dependence, and bright and happy expectancy. Jesus said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you"—or "in the midst of you." As though he said, "You ask for the kingdom: you say 'Lo, here!' or 'Lo, there!'" but it is neither here nor there, because it is, in a degree, everywhere, though unseen." It is always the divine light shining in the human darkness, the heavenly leaven in the earthly meal, the heroism shaming the cowardice and converting it, the life curing us of death. It is where the martyr is, and where the confessor is. While men and women pray, "Let Thy kingdom come!" lo! it is here. The Jews thought that the kingdom of God would come "with observation," as a soldier's or a politician's kingdom, with sound of trumpets, and glare of banners, and clamour of tongues; just as some think that when God comes He comes with miracle, as though the daily and common things were not divine! And all the time He is here—in the growing grass, in buttercup and daisy, in May-blossom and honeysuckle, orchard and corn-field, in the love of justice, in the strength of the strenuous man and the laughter of the happy child.

The secret is in the sharp contrast between matter and spirit. Other kingdoms you enter, but this heavenly kingdom must enter into you. The man's presence is demonstrated by what you can see: God's presence is mainly demonstrated by what you can feel. "The kingdom of God," said the great Apostle, "is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit." What a mighty saying! How subtle, yet how sensible! how philosophical, yet how practical!

We find the same contrast in Religion—between the external and the internal—the human and the divine. The creeds and the priests say: "Lo, here!" or "Lo, there!"—in this opinion, in this sacrament, upon this altar; but, all the time, the shrine of Religion, the offering and the God are within. The spirit must everywhere hazard or find its own glimpses of God. Otherwise, nothing is seen, nothing done, in the sphere of the spirit: and the sphere of the spirit is the only sphere of Religion. The kingdom of God is within.

It must be so. The kingdom of God is everywhere a heavenly Ideal; and Ideals must be from within. Ideals are the only real sources of Inspiration, belonging, as they do, to the vital self. All Churches, creeds, priesthoods, are, at best, only expressions of Ideals; and they mark stages, insights, glimpses, beyond which mankind, on its ceaseless march, must pass. Ideals, too, are always in advance of the conventional, the fashionable, the so-called "established"; hence the "heretics," who are generally only the forerunners, are nearly always right.

It follows that it is unnecessary, misleading, wasteful, to look back upon the past alone for the presence of God. The past had its glimpses; and some of its glimpses, even as recorded in the Bible, were tragically limited, distorted, misunderstood. But He is here, as truly as ever He was; and, in a sense, more so, because we understand Him better.

We pray no more, like them of old,
For miracle and sign;
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common, the divine!

We turn from seeking Thee afar,
And in unwonted ways,
To build, from out our daily lives,
The temples of Thy praise.

Seekers after God often ask us what they are to do, what they are to believe, in these days of competing Churches and confusing cries. Our answer is always the same—Do not be over-anxious to believe, in the usual sense of having your little doctrinal house of cards neatly set up and covered in. Be content with a longing, receptive and open spirit. Know that you do not know, and do not mind it. But give all great thoughts, all spiritual leadings, all bright hopes, the benefit of the doubt. Get all the help you can from others, but go into bondage to none. Listen to what the Father is saying to you, and showing you through your own glimpses of God.

A STRIKING TEST OF IDENTITY.

Mr. Frank Pearce, of Lake-road, Portsmouth, an active worker in our cause, sends us a little sixpenny booklet giving a most interesting account of the life history of his wife, a lady whose talents as an elocutionist, joined with her practical and beneficent interest in social work, won for her not only widespread popularity, but a great measure of affection by no means confined to the neighbourhood of her home. Mrs. Pearce, who was herself an earnest and eloquent speaker on Spiritualist platforms, passed away in April, 1912. For some time after her transition her husband was unable to get any convincing demonstration of her continued presence with him. Early in the following year, however, he was invited to visit the Coventry Spiritualist (parent) Society. At the close of his evening address a lady clairvoyante gave him a description of a spirit present, which, though it did not quite satisfy him, he admitted would apply very well to his late wife. An invitation to supper at a friend's house followed. The lady clairvoyante was among the company and, after supper, asked him to hand her something he was in the habit of wearing. Now, Mr. Pearce had had his wife's keeper and wedding rings welded together and some stones inserted. The two rings had thus been practically made one, which looked more like a gentleman's dress ring than what they had formerly been. This ring was passed to the clairvoyante, who proceeded to give Mr. Pearce a few words of advice, purporting to come from his wife, which he alone in the room perfectly understood. After a little while came the exclamation: "The black silk dress! I keep getting those words—mention the black silk dress; he will know what it means—the black silk dress worn about thirty years ago." Turning to Mr. Pearce, the medium asked if he could understand the allusion.

"Yes, I can," he replied. "In a black silk dress, about thirty years ago, Mrs. Pearce was married when about eighteen and a-half years old!"

This was sufficient for Mr. Pearce. What greater proof, he asks, of his wife's continued existence could he expect than this? Had she been married in a white silk or satin, or even grey, and the fact been mentioned by the clairvoyante, it would have been regarded as a mere coincidence, for, as Mr. Pearce remarks, "nearly all young women, certainly all who can afford it, contrive to get any sort of dress, other than black, to wear at their wedding. One may know many lives and yet never hear of the like, more especially of so young a girl marrying in a black silk dress." Here he was, nearly two hundred miles from his own home, among strangers only, who knew nothing of his past life, and had only heard his name just previous to his appearance at Coventry. He had wanted proof of his wife's continuity of life beyond the grave. It was his at last. No thought-transference or telepathy could account for it, for he declares that nothing was further from his mind at the time than that black silk dress. We cordially congratulate our friend on such a remarkable and convincing experience.

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A WORLD TRAGEDY: THE LARGER VIEW.

We are impelled to say a few plain words on the great catastrophe. Lament it as we may, it had to come, for one great country in Europe, dominated by those ideas of the past which humanity everywhere else was rapidly outgrowing, stood in the way of the world's peace and advancement. The great fire which has been kindled is designed to burn up much accumulated evil. "But when the uprising has done its appointed work the bellows which have fanned the flame will scatter the ashes." All who have watched intelligently the course of events will see how wonderfully those who guide the destinies of our country have been moved to do the right things at the right time, to meet the dark plots, and, later, the ruthless forces, not of a nation or a people, but of a blind, arrogant *system*—a brutal materialism, a military tyranny that knew no law but that of Might. Intoxicated with the power conferred by the sword, and rendered temporarily insane by a pride like that of Herod, it made proposals so shameless in their disregard of every consideration of honour and right-dealing that all the rest of the world stood astonished and aghast. Truly those whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. A whole kindly people, our German neighbours, seeking for the most part to carry on the business of life, at peace with their neighbours and abhorring war and bloodshed, have been forced to leave their harvest ungathered and follow at the iron heel of a military despotism. But that despotism has lit a flame in which itself will go down in dust and ashes amid the execrations of millions whom it led to their doom.

Let there be no mistake about it. This thing had to come. The offence had grown rank. It smelt to heaven. There was no other way. That power which lives by the sword is destined to die by it. The Rule of the Sword must go, though its destruction shake the whole earth, and countless thousands of innocent lives are sacrificed in the working-out of the Laws of Retribution and of World-Progress. The fiat has gone forth. Despotism and the Rule of Might are to be utterly destroyed that the way may be made clear for better things.

Let none despair. It is the old shrines and the old gods that are perishing in the flame. The spirit lies beyond all reach of harm, "serene and inaccessibly secure." Before humanity can reach its ideals of Beauty the law of Justice must be served:—

No atom of this turbulence fulfils
A vague and unecessitated task,
Or acts but as it must and ought to act.
Even the minutest molecule of light,
That in an April sunbeam's fleeting glow
Fulfils its destined though invisible work,
The Universal Spirit guides.

The Spirit guides, through the fall of Empires and dynasties, blood, misery and tears, to its appointed end—the evolution of a higher and better social order, a clearer understanding of the laws of life, a regenerated humanity. The old order changes yielding place to new, and if we pass through the furnace it is to be purged of the dross of selfishness and base desires.

PRAYER IN WAR TIME.

While there is truth in Mark Twain's satire, quoted from "Reason" in LIGHT last week, it is not all the truth. Were it so it would imply that no nation could go to war from a right motive, and have therefore any right to pray for victory. (This is quite apart from the question whether or not Tolstoy's position is the true one, and the appeal to force is wrong all along the line.) War must needs bring awful suffering and misery to both victors and vanquished, but when a nation prays for the success of its arms its prayer is not for the incidents attending such success, but for what it hopes will be the end. That end may be vainglory, the crowning of ambition: it may be its own or another country's independence, freedom, or deliverance from oppression or from some long overhanging fear. We may disagree as to the method, or as to the likelihood of that method attaining the desired end—it may increase the evil it seeks to banish—but that end is not always and altogether ignoble, and prayer for its attainment need not therefore be a solemn mockery. The true attitude could hardly be better put than in the closing paragraph of the "Daily Chronicle's" noble "Appeal to the People," in its issue of the 5th inst. After a timely protest against "preaching windy hatred against the great peoples with whom an inscrutable Providence has brought us into collision," the writer says:—

Last week the Kaiser told a shouting crowd in Berlin to go to the churches and pray. We might in our turn remember that admonition of true manhood. Clever ridicule is sometimes poured on the prayers which opposite combatants offer to the same God; but the scoffers forget something, which simpler people know. It is that in this world of unplumbed mysteries, where frail, short-lived, short-sighted humanity gropes amid unmeasured forces, conflicts arise that are past our solving or averting or reconciling. Human wisdom is sorely limited at its best, but we believe that there is a Wisdom beyond it; and to that in the tremendous hour when the resources of human prudence have all been tried and tried in vain, we humbly commit our destiny, our lives, and the lives of our nearest and dearest. We can only make this prayer, as we can only make any that deserves the name, in the spirit of sincere and self-forgetting resignation to duty—the spirit that alone can give honourable victory, alone can found lasting greatness, and alone can ennoble even the darkest defeat.

D. R.

A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF AUGUST 16TH, 1884.)

When Reichenbach resolved to investigate certain alleged properties of magnets, he ranked highly throughout Europe as a chemist. He conducted his experiments by the aid of individuals of great acuteness of sensibility, and whom he called "sensitives." He found that to these sensitives, in a darkened room, peculiar flames were visible from the poles of an open horseshoe magnet. They described these from a magnet capable of supporting ninety pounds as beautifully mingled with iridescent colours flickering and wavering, shortening and again lengthening to seven or eight inches, yielding when blown upon, or on the hand being drawn through them. The objective existence of the flames thus described was demonstrated by the Baron enclosing two sensitised daguerrotype plates in boxes, one exposed to the poles of a large open magnet, the other alone. After sixty-four hours the plates were subjected to the action of mercurial vapour; the one with the magnet was found affected as if by light, the other was not affected at all. The boxes had been placed between the folds of thick bedding. Further, the rays of the light of the flames were converged by a lens upon the wall, like ordinary light, but a difference was manifested by the focal distance being greater.

ANNA KINGSFORD.

REFORMER, INTERPRETER, PROPHETESS.*

BY JAMES H. COUSINS.

The phrase that comes to the lips on turning the last page of the "Life of Anna Kingsford" is the well-worn one that "truth is stranger than fiction"; an aphorism that shares the fate of all epigrammatic expressions of the obvious in being echoed by everyone and believed by none, until some cataclysm of Nature by land or sea out-novels the novelist; or some vivid personality, disclosed in a deed, like Florence Nightingale, or a life, like the subject of this biography, throws into very low relief the average of human existence.

These two volumes in which the late Edward Maitland records the amazing career of Anna Bonus Kingsford, bear as their outstanding feature the stamp of clear-cut veracity. The events of that career, with the library of spiritual classics, such as "The Perfect Way," to which it gave life, are of the very stuff of romance, the quintessence of "fiction" in their strangeness, their enthralling interest, their organic unity, and their evolution to the close that is full of the spirit of Athenian tragedy in its inevitable march, its pathos, its nobility.

But unlike fiction of the romantic *genre*, this story, in its most strange happenings, as in its extraordinarily suggestive commonplaces, is brought continually to the test of a reasoning power so pellucid, and a sense of honesty so inexorable, that, while the "fiction" is glorified by its truth in attested fact, and in law demonstrably natural though unfamiliar, one is frequently moved to the ejaculation of a wish that the biographer would for refreshment throw reason and accuracy to the dogs, and plunge for a page or two into something like the fervour of a psalm of David or the abandon of a barrack-room ballad.

One would not, however, wish the interlude to be more than interlude: otherwise there would be lost something of the unflagging conviction that is the inspiration of this book on a subject who was inspired, if mortal ever was; and the loss of that sense of conviction in the writer would mean the loss to the reader of the supreme experience of transferred and transformed conviction, which is the sign of all great literature.

The necromancy by which that subtle miracle is performed will differ with each phase of the literary art—nay, with each artist. In the work under notice it is achieved by the renunciation of art, or rather by its exaltation into an act of telepathy. It is the story of a life plainly told; and its subject comes before us with all the vitality of the ponderous and garrulous lexicographer at the hand of Boswell, with just the difference that while that prince of biographers lived ever within earshot of the doctor, and never nearer than the spoken word, the biographer of this other doctor—Anna Bonus Kingsford, M.D., of the faculty of Paris—lived at the very centre of the life of his subject, "closer than breathing: nearer than hands and feet." Together they were drawn by irresistible spiritual gravitation, till their converging paths, through simple faith to complex doubt, became one onward to illumination and certitude; and it is the knowledge that they, as was commanded by the wise Christina of Sweden, "never believed what they had not dared to doubt," that gives special value to this record of psychic experience, ranging from the simplest phenomena of the séance-room to the highest manifestations of apocalyptic vision.

But while this progress from shadow to light is the main burden of these two handsome volumes—so lovingly edited by the author's literary executor, Mr. Samuel Hopgood Hart—it is very significant that in the details of their joint work as spiritual discoverers, they adopted a reverse motion to their general life: they recognised that, while the purified reason must be the final test of truth, it was necessary for the receiving of revelation from the inner degrees of Nature to perform an act of faith in the suspension of the superficial critical faculties, as the necessary preliminary to coming into possession of the subliminal matter that must afterwards be sifted and co-ordinated. In short, they knew that the shroud of truth moves both to left

and right; that the wisdom of Christina was only half-wise, and that if they should never believe what they had not dared to doubt, so also they should never doubt what they had not dared to believe; for belief is the essence of life, even though it be a belief in unbelief. The failure of many to obtain "results from psychic investigation is here explained. Antagonism and negation are poor bridge-builders; but sympathy and a free mind will cross many gulfs.

In their work, therefore, which, be it remembered, took place thirty years ago, before science had shattered the curious thing called scientific materialism, Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland brought together the two sides of consciousness that the religious recluse on the one hand, and the scientific recluse on the other, had held apart. The visions and experiences of Anna Kingsford, regarded even as merely things of imagination, are of the order of Francis and Teresa of saintly memory, even though she, their true sister of the nineteenth century, sought not the monastic cloister, but made for herself, or, rather, found made for her, a centre of repose in the midst of a life of battle against wickedness without and disease within.

But along with her rare faculty of seership, Anna Kingsford possessed the rarer faculty of detachment from her power. She took what came, when it came; and then surveyed it with a mind of high artistic and perceptive *timbre*, furnished richly with the wisdom of her day and all the days back to antiquity; and the progeny of this union of the receptive and critical faculties, reinforced and checked by her coadjutor, is a system of religious and psychological teaching that passes through dogma to the bases of the universe, and exhibits its exponent as no less a spiritual Scientist than a scientific Spiritualist.

And being both Scientist and Spiritualist, possessing knowledge special as well as general; possessing also that peculiar ability in the application of knowledge which "looks before and after," and which in one mind, such as Shelley's, expresses itself in creation, and in another, such as that of Anna Kingsford, expresses itself in procreation or prophecy, this wondrously gifted woman takes rank among the seers of all time. Whatever activity she took part in, such as the food reform and anti-vivisection movements, or the then young Theosophical Society, her vision was always turned towards the dawn of "The Day of the Woman." She was one of the pioneers of the movement for the freedom of women, and her clear utterance in poetry and prose of its coming triumph was not a thought fathered or mothered by the wish: it was rather the splendid articulation of her vision of the Cosmic Feminism, the Divine Duality that is the necessary condition of universal existence: aggressive, formative, masculine in the outgoing or generation; passive, essential, feminine in the return which is regeneration; yet rooted in the Absolute Unity.

In her enunciation of this her gospel, Anna Kingsford adopted the Christian revelation; but she lifted it from the level of a local creed to that of a universal signifier, and alternated with it an esoteric presentation of the Greek mythos. She paid her homage to the Virgin Maria, "the star of the sea": she paid equal homage to the sea-born Aphrodite; but to neither was her homage the idolatry given to a person: it was the reverence given to the immortal personifications of spiritual powers. Hence it was that in her work for woman she worked not for woman only, but for the purifying, nurturing, regenerating power of the Divine Motherhood in man as well as woman: hence also that in her experiences of deepest insight and most exalted emotion, she passed beyond the limits of sex and personality, and in her supremest moment beheld the Adonai as the Universal Father-Mother, One in Essence, twain in operation, whose right-hand with Will sends forth the stupendous Thought of the Universe, whose left-hand with Love recalls it to its Divine Source.

Anna Kingsford died in February, 1888, at the age of forty-two; but Anna Kingsford is alive for evermore in this priceless record, and ageless in the sublime presentation of spiritual Christianity which is that record's justification.

* "Anna Kingsford: Her Life, Letters, Diary and Work." By her collaborator, EDWARD MAITLAND. In two volumes, third edition, Edited by SAMUEL HOPGOOD HART. (London, John M. Watkins.)

God sends great Angels in our sore dismay;
But little ones go in and out all day.

MRS. WRIEDT IN IRELAND.

[The writer of the following account is a barrister and retired Civil Servant, who lives in Dublin. He is over sixty years of age, an Associate of the London S.P.R., and an active member of the Dublin branch.]

I had two private sésances with Mrs. Wriedt during her brief stay here—an account of which may interest your readers.

July 23rd, 11 a.m.—Present: Mrs. H. B. and myself. Room dark. Mrs. H. B. sat a few feet to my left facing Mrs. Wriedt, who was four feet from my chair on my right facing Mrs. H. B. The trumpet stood nearly in the centre of the circle, but closer to Mrs. H. B. and myself than to the medium. Almost as soon as the light was extinguished I heard from the trumpet a vigorous man's voice, which at first I thought was that of "Dr. Sharp," but which turned out to be that of another visitor, who called himself Judge Murphy, an Irish County-Court Judge, whom I knew very well, and who passed out some few years ago. He addressed me courteously by name, and entered into a political discussion, characteristic of him; he spoke of the present condition of Ireland and the anxiety of those on his side of life about their many friends.

Judge Murphy was followed by Mr. J. Jordan, once Nationalist M.P. for Derry, who also talked of the present political situation for some time. After this several shadowy forms passed through the circle; they were not recognisable, but their movements were very distinct. Then I heard several voices purporting to be those of my wife and some friends long passed over. The communications were of a private nature, but of such a general character as not to be very evidential.

July 24th, 11 a.m.—Present, Mrs. H. B. and myself. The arrangement of the sitters was reversed, Mrs. Wriedt sitting on my left hand and Mrs. H. B. on my right facing her. This sésance was, to me, more evidential than that of the previous day. As on the 23rd, nearly all the attention of the visitants was directed towards myself. A man addressed me through the trumpet who said he was Martin P.—(a brother-in-law of mine). I asked him how he had got on in the spirit world; he said: "My dear chap, I am very well and I have not been idle on this side. You are interested in chemistry. Well, do you remember the last time I saw you in my private 'lab.' and the subject we talked about?" I replied: "I remember generally that it was about life, the ether, and the possibility of future development in the next life." "Well," he said, "I have worked up these subjects extensively since I came over." He then gave me a long dissertation on the influence of the several planets on the lives and destinies of mortals. It would be much too long if I related all he said on this subject.

Now came an interesting development. While my brother-in-law was speaking through the trumpet to me, Mrs. H. B. was addressed in the direct independent voice by a soft feminine voice, claiming to be a relative: the two voices were distinctly audible at the same moment. Mrs. Wriedt remarked, while the two voices were speaking simultaneously, how confusing this was; thus there were three voices heard together. Mrs. H. B. was satisfied of the identity of her relative.

After this incident we all three saw several distinct forms of varying substantiality and some patches of illuminated fleecy clouds pass through the circle. Then a tall form, which, though apparent to me was more plainly seen by Mrs. Wriedt and Mrs. H. B., stood in front of me, and said: "Did you see me, dear?" This purported to be my wife; she referred to a legal matter still *sub judice*, which has been giving me some anxiety, and gave me certain details which evinced her accurate knowledge of the facts of the case. Her information was correct.

Some of the phantasms at this sitting were most distinct, one especially—that of a very old stately man with pure white hair and long beard, who bowed to me personally several times. I could see his benevolent features clearly.

The foregoing is a simple record of a few of the incidents which occurred at my two sésances with Mrs. Wriedt. It is far from being exhaustive. I do not offer any explanation or theory to account for them.

C. J. WILSON.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

French and German psychic papers contain lengthy discussions on the recently published book, "The Fight about the Materialisation Phenomena," which Dr. von Schrenck-Notzing has written in defence of the genuineness of the materialisation phenomena witnessed by him and Madame Bisson.

According to the unanimous verdict of impartial critics the doctor has thoroughly succeeded in refuting his adversaries on all points, and it is to be hoped that this latest publication may bring to a close the controversy which has been extended over a somewhat long period. In some instances it has become rather heated, and lost much of its intended value by being too personal, not to say sarcastic, on the part of the doctor's—and specially Madame Bisson's—opponents. In France these hostile opinions have unfortunately led to a libel case, which is to be tried in the early part of next October. The plaintiffs will be Messrs. Chevreuil and Gabriel Delanne, both upholders of the genuineness of the materialisation phenomena produced by the mediumship of Eva C—, whilst the defendants will be Messrs. Darville, M. Jollivet Castelot, editor of the "Nouveaux Horizons," and Gaston Meunier, author of the incriminating articles. Madame Barklay, who, in a series of articles published in the "Psychic Magazine" was the first to throw doubt on the supposed phenomena, will not be directly involved in this case.

Meanwhile, as we have stated in a previous number of LIGHT, the two investigators, Dr. von Schrenck-Notzing and Madame Bisson, are quietly continuing their experiments. Last December and January the doctor seems to have obtained some remarkable results, an account of which he affixed to his recent publication. We shall refer to it later on.

In "Les Annales des Sciences Psychiques," M. de Tromelin addresses an open letter to M. Richet, proposing a new experimental method by which he thinks it might be possible to secure the mysterious substance emanating from Eva C—, or from any other medium endowed with the same psychic powers as Eva.

His idea is to use an empty glass balloon furnished with a stopple by which the mouth of the balloon could be closed. As soon as the substance begins to emanate from the medium, the stopple would have to be withdrawn in order to allow the substance to enter the balloon—that is if it should prove an ordinary material substance or, in any case, composed of such matter that it could be easily captured. The balloon would have to be weighed before and after having received the substance to ascertain if it is of a more or less heavy quality, provided, as M. de Tromelin points out, the emanation will not pass through glass. By the same means it could also be observed if the substance would dilate under the action of heat; in fact, M. de Tromelin affirms that all sorts of spectroscopic experiments could be carried on under his proposed novel method, but he refrains from expressing an opinion on what would seem an important point, viz., what effect the enclosing of the substance might have on the medium—injurious or otherwise.

In the same number of "Les Annales" one of our English mediums, Mr. J. J. Vango, is favourably mentioned. As a proof of his psychic powers the well-known incident of the late Servian King Alexander giving through him a message to M. Chedo Mijatovich is quoted at full length. The article is supplemented by a fine reproduction of a photograph of the medium.

In "La Revue Spirite" the Abbé J. A. Petit publishes some mediumistic communications attributed to Joan of Arc. The Abbé informs his readers that these messages were obtained through the mediumship of an almost illiterate woman who in her normal state could not possibly pen such messages, and he frankly admits that if the intervention of an invisible agency were disputed he would be at a loss to account satisfactorily for this phenomenon.

As there are circulating so many communications alleged to have been transmitted by Joan, but which in many instances are too contradictory to be reliable, the Abbé had naturally some doubt as to the genuineness of the messages he received through this particular medium. Therefore he asked Joan for an authentic proof of identity. This demand she seems to have at first resented, but finally she yielded to the Abbé's request, and after having imposed on him and the medium strict secrecy about that which they were going to hear she gave the desired proof, at the same time imparting a communication of such importance that the Abbé declares that even had he not given his word of honour, he would still feel bound not to divulge it.

On a previous occasion Joan had transmitted a description of the principal phases of a sudden and unexpected war between France and Germany, which, if the messages are correct, would prove one of the most sanguinary ever recorded in history. Joan promises to guide invisibly the French Army during this terrible

time. The French are supposed to meet at first with severe repulse, but finally the tide will turn and the enemy be defeated. The hostile army will try to pass through Belgium, which will lead to further complications, apparently disastrous to the German Empire. Commenting on this prophetic announcement, the Abbé wisely remarks, "Qui vivra verra"—"Time will show."

Joan's recent communications—a sequel to the first mentioned—deal with the primary causes of the calamity overshadowing her country. In her opinion these causes are of a moral character. She also announces a great political, social and religious evolution. Concerning the latter, she says: "The ancient religious forms have had their time: they have given all they could, but will now disappear to make room for better enlightenment and higher principles. Providence will raise heralds, or rather mediums, who will be inspired to proclaim the truth to the world at large." The communications in which Joan manifests anew her ardent love for her country are signed, "Your guide for France—*Jehanne d'Arc*."

F. D.

THE CURSE OF MECHANICALISM.

The loss in these days of factory labour of the old simple joy in work is one of the sad features of modern life, and we wish success to the Peasant Arts Fellowship in their endeavour to restore something of that joy. We have to acknowledge two interesting papers read before the Fellowship—"The Inspiration of Labour," by L. March Phillips, and "The Woman's Part in Peasant Life," by Mary Mudie (published by the Vineyard Press, 10-13, Bedford-street, W.C.). Were a stranger from another planet to arrive here, he would, Mr. Phillips imagines, report that for the most part occupation is mechanical, and exercises manual dexterity only, and that the salient feature of our industrial life is the strike: for, the work itself being a curse, it is natural that the workers' hatred of it should express itself in a demand for shorter hours and more pay. "With the emergence of the people into more power, must," he holds, "come back the old demand that labour itself shall once more assume a character consistent with human freedom." Miss Mudie has seen much of peasant life abroad. She contrasts the conditions of work of the tent-dwelling women weavers in the interior of Asia Minor with that of the girls in the hot oil-scented factories amid the roar and din of machinery where carpets are woven in Kidderminster or Glasgow. It is, however, from peasant life in Italy, especially in the province of Rome, that she has learnt most of the pride and glory of labour.

Once complimenting an old village washerwoman on the whiteness of the linen she brought home, I got this reply: "Don't praise me for that, Signora, it is my greatest delight. When I spread my washing on the grass to dry I like to think Our Heavenly Father looks down and says: 'Those clothes are so pure and smell so sweet, they are fit for my angels to wear.'"

'Tis that spiritual element we need to sweeten toil, and it is difficult to get it when that toil makes little call on either brain or heart.

PRINCESS KARADJA AND THE WAR.

We learn that Princess Karadja has placed her castle in Belgium at the disposal of the Belgian Red Cross Society and the Governor of Liege has expressed his gratitude for the offer. She desires to go there herself as soon as circumstances render it possible, in order personally to assist in transforming the castle into a hospital. Surgeons and nurses with three years' hospital experience who might feel inclined to render aid are requested kindly to communicate with her. Funds for the purchase of additional bedding, linen and Red Cross equipment, and maintenance of wounded and staff are urgently needed. Donations will be gratefully acknowledged if forwarded to Princess Karadja's secretary, Red Cross Fund, 49, Onslow Gardens, S.W.

ALL the increasing knowledge, all the growth of morals can only be harvested successfully by those who, looking back to the past with reverence and respect, also look forward to the future with hope and confidence.—A. J. BALFOUR.

THE PEASANT AND THE PRINCE.

And so the Peasant and the Prince met on the very top of the mountain.

The Prince had been ill for a long, long time: they had given him champagne and *pâte de fois gras*, and made him lie on his back for weeks and weeks, thinking of nothing at all. And yet he was not one bit better. So, as a last resource, the physicians had engaged ten thousand men and made them cut a beautiful road, well tarred to prevent dust, straight to the top of the mountain. And the Prince had been motored up, gently, for fresh air. But, though the fresh air is always kind and helpful, it didn't help the Prince; for he was suffering quite as much at the top as he had been at the bottom of the mountain.

Then the Prince looked at the Peasant and said,

"I am very ill, Peasant. But you are strong and healthy. My face is pale and sad, yours is bronzed by the sun and, like the sun, is glowing with happiness. How did you do it?"

"Prince," replied the Peasant, "I came up the mountain the other side. There was no cut road, no motor. I have been a year on my journey, living on nuts and fruit, scaling precipices wading through swift-flowing streams, cutting a way with my hatchet through thick, cruel jungles."

Then the Prince called for a chair, and he got up from his soft couch and sat on the hard chair. And he put his elbow on the arm of the chair and he put his head on his hand, and then he thought for a long time.

At last the Prince stood up, and said:

"Good-bye, physicians; good-bye, courtiers. I am going to cure myself."

And then the Prince went with the Peasant to the very bottom of the mountain, and they walked round the mountain till they got to the other side—the side from which the Peasant had started to walk up—and, together, they started to walk up. There was no cut road, no motor. They were a year on their journey, living on nuts and fruit, scaling precipices, wading through swift-flowing streams, cutting a way with their hatchets through the thick, cruel jungles.

And again they both stood on the mountain top. But this time they had come up together.

And the Prince laughed, and said: "We'll wrestle! I'm as strong now as you."

So they wrestled and wrestled and wrestled, and then sat down panting, looking at each other. For they were weary, and neither could throw the other.

"Hurrah!" cried the Prince, at last. "I have it! We have both won!"

"We have both won!" echoed the Peasant.

When, arm-in-arm, they went back to the Prince's kingdom, everyone said the Prince had been cured by a miracle, and the Prince laughed, and did not disagree.

But the greatest miracle of all was that the Prince and Peasant became bosom friends. And when the Prince was King, his people grew strong and healthy, although they never grew rich, consequently they never ate or drank too much—none of the women swaggered about in silly clothes, and none of the men sat in pits with tobacco and whiskies and sodas, sometimes killing and sometimes missing birds that came near them. And when the King had reigned fifteen years, the people boasted a writer greater than Dickens, a poet equal to Shelley, a scientist who eclipsed Darwin, and even a metaphysician who put Emanuel Kant in the shade!

GERALD TULY.

I stoop
Into a dark, tremendous sea of cloud;
It is but for a time: I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendours, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge some day.

—R. BROWNING.

WORSHIP.—"The Romans, I have heard tell, veiled their faces in prayer; that was fear. The Greeks stood, with eyes fastened on the earth; that was meditation. The Christians kneel; that is entreaty. There were but the poor Peruvians who bowed low, lifting their eyes to Heaven and showering kisses in the air; that was rejoicing, thankfulness and adoration, all in one."—OUIDA.

SIDELIGHTS.

With reference to the remarkable letter of Mr. Arthur Scott Craven quoted on p. 356, "E. P. P." writes: "Perhaps Mr. Craven's experiences are unique for this reason. He says, 'One simply knows' beyond all question that the dropping of the physical body at death is an event that we have undergone a hundred times before.' Admitting this, it would be interesting to know if the consciousness extends with every fresh reincarnation—a doctrine apparently without any plausible foundation. I wonder if we really know what consciousness is. It may be beyond our ken. Perhaps generally we regard it as intuitive perception. Can man-consciousness become God-consciousness after long lapses of time?"

"C. H.," writing to the "Manchester Guardian," says: "I was never really convinced that the influence of suggestion could do all the things that have been attributed to it, until I visited a London eye specialist the other day. Now I can believe anything. For five years, I learned from the specialist, I had been wearing spectacles just plain glass. The salesman of plain glass had assured me I had astigmatism badly, and that such things as headaches would visit me no more. Nor did they. 'The influence of suggestion,' said the specialist, who prescribed tinted glasses for daylight and another kind for artificial light, to counteract the damage the plain glass had done. Now I am wondering if the specialist is curing me by suggestion."

New words continue to be sprung upon us. The latest is "glossomancy." According to the "Daily Mail's" Paris correspondent, this is the name of the newest "science," which consists in reading people's characters by the shape and size of their tongues. "Thus, according to glossomancers, a long tongue shows frankness; a short one, dissimulation; a broad one, unreservedness; a narrow one, concentration. When the tongue is long and broad, it is a sign that its owner is inclined to be a gossip; when it is long and narrow, that he is moderately frank and open. Those who possess short and broad tongues are untruthful; those whose tongues are short and narrow are sly as well as bad-tempered." With all new acquaintances we shall evidently have to adopt the doctor's formula, and say "Put out your tongue!"

A new theory of genius is propounded by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe in "T.P.'s Weekly." All the theories offered up to now only apply to great genius and are therefore in Mr. Fyfe's view unsatisfactory. He puts the matter thus: "Any real explanation of genius must help us to understand not alone its striking manifestations, but its lesser workings as well. In short, we want to know what is the root-cause of success. I use the word 'success' in its broadest sense. I mean by it the doing of whatsoever our hands find to do with all our might. I intend it to cover every kind of activity. I suppose we have all been puzzled at times to understand why, in their various occupations, some men attract attention or amass fortunes while others remain obscure and never earn more than a bare living. We cannot explain this by saying that the successful men are superior either in learning or character, in wisdom or industry, in morals or in mind."

"Cicero was more intellectually nimble than Cæsar. Ben Jonson had more learning than Shakespeare. Babeuf's intentions were better than Bonaparte's (he lost his head for them). Sir Harry Vane was a far more logical revolutionary than Oliver Cromwell. What was there in the four great men I have named which brought them to the front? Had they any gift or quality in common, setting them apart from other men? Yes, one, and one only. Not deep insight, not high moral purpose, not desire for fame. They did not become super-men by studying for the position, not by taking thought and laying careful plans. They came to the front without appearing to make any effort to get there—because they were more alive than other men. The cause of greatness, of genius, whether on the small scale or on the great is, I am sure, abundance of vitality. . . Men of abounding vitality cannot be still. There is a demon of activity within them which obliges them to be always doing."

"Notes for the Month" in the August number of "The Occult Review" are largely devoted to a study of the teachings of Anna Kingsford. Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove has an illustrated article on "Hindu Mythology." He corrects the mistake sometimes made of attempting to maintain that Eastern and Western systems of thought and religion are essentially the same, and points out that the Indian outlook on life, Nature, and God is almost totally different from that of the European. "Voo-

dooism on the West Coast of Africa" consists of several narratives by an eye-witness, edited by Irene E. Toye Warner (of the British and French Astronomical Societies). They are gruesome reading, and would seem to leave little room for doubt as to the reality and effectiveness of the practice. Lady Archibald Campbell introduces us to the lore of brownies and fairies in her account of "Mary Bell," an old Highland woman of her acquaintance. Vera D. Sturt recounts "Some Highland Legends and Beliefs," and Fielding Ould discusses the question, "Is Martyrdom Painful?"

A VISION OF CHRIST.

In our issue of the 25th ult. (p. 353) we quoted a remarkable story from the "Daily Mail" of the 13th concerning the appearance on the wall of a mission hall in Llanelly of the face of Christ, during a service. The Rev. C. L. Tweedale, who has been in correspondence with Mr. Stephen Jeffreys, the minister who was preaching on the occasion, kindly sends us a copy of a letter from him, from which we make the following extracts:—

In answer to your inquiry concerning the wonderful vision we have had, I am pleased to inform you that it was more real than can be described. The face of our Blessed Lord stood out boldly on the wall, representing the Man of Sorrows. It was so plain it could have been photographed had we thought of it, but it was such a wonderful experience we hardly knew what to do. It remained on the wall for hours, and great fear came upon the unbelievers! . . . There was another occurrence of the vision last Saturday [18th ult.], and a number again witnessed it.

It is noticeable that this vision (assuming it to have had a psychical origin) differed from most of the visions recorded in connection with modern religious experience, inasmuch that it was apparently seen by a whole congregation at once. Visions of Jesus Christ, the Virgin and the Saints are usually limited to an individual seer, and, therefore, readily dismissed by sceptics as cases of self-hallucination.

THE UNFAILING GOOD.

Life should be for all men complete in its harmony, for it is a manifestation of the Creator. All He has ever done, or ever will do, is good, very good, for He knows not evil. He turns not back from His original plan, and all the planets, as they go spinning on their majestic ways, are a perfect manifestation of His will. In Him there can be no darkness or shadow of turning when darkness or error arises in any plane of creation. We may take it as an error of the creature, and not the Creator. If He failed us in one little particular, think of the chaos that would result to countless constellations. Imagine for one moment a universe ruled by a power that had two sides (good and evil); think of the countless planets wiped out in a moment of caprice of such a ruler, and tremble at the thoughts that sometimes arise within us of the justice of the Omnipresent One. We are encircled by good, upheld by love; all our mistakes on our way to perfection are but sign-posts to us on the journey home.—From "Man's Hidden Being," by ANNIE PITT.

SOUL AND SPIRIT.—The human structure is trifold instead of dual, and there is as much difference between "soul" and "spirit" as there is between the body and the soul. The "soul" is compounded of all the motive forces, life-principles, and sensational elements which may be found, to a greater or lesser degree of perfection, in all the lower organisations of matter. But the "spirit" is the divine part—the essence of all motion, the master of all life, the lord of all sensations, and the immortalising crown of all intelligence in man. "Spirit" is the fountain of every sublime aspiration—the flower of immortal fragrance in the middle of the heart of man's life—the indwelling "image and likeness" of whatsoever is holy, beautiful, lovely and eternal. "Spirit" is the source of love and wisdom—"soul" is the source of passion and knowledge. "Soul" is the life of the outer body—"spirit" is the life of the soul. After physical death, the soul or life of the natural body becomes the form or "body" of the eternal spirit; and hence, in the spirit land, the spirit is surrounded by the physical imperfections of the "soul." But the soul (or spirit body) is ultimately purified by the "spirit," which is King.—ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

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.

Does Life Really Develop?

SIR,—“Passer-by” asks (p. 369): “How far, if at all, has life in its essence attributes, characteristics: does its content change, does its quality improve, is it continually adding to itself, does it benefit by accumulated experience, does it develop in any real sense?”

The question, as put, appears to confuse life itself with its content, just as we so frequently find confusion between self-consciousness and the content of self-consciousness. But, apart from any such objection, life is a principle of which we know nothing: we know it only in its various manifestations. The life animating a lobster, for example, is the same life as that which animates a man; we only know its difference in manifestation. When a man or a lobster dies we cannot hold that life (in quantity or quality!) is affected in any way. The only change is that life is no longer manifest in the particular man or lobster. Destroy all living things; even then we could not hold that life as a principle would be affected.

But probably what “Passer-by” wanted to ask was whether we have any evidence in support of Bergson's theory of “Evolution Créatrice.”

I attack that theory, of ignoring a Creator, elsewhere; there is no space now for attack. But I would call “Passer-by's” attention to what I think is a common error in human reasoning—an error which affects the question put. When we reason, even metaphysically, we assume that in considering evolution or change in the universe, or even in the Ego, there must be either evolution or non-evolution; change or non-change: we cannot think outside the limits of motion and its contradiction, motionlessness.

But these contradictions for thought exist merely because thought is relative: they cannot exist in the ultimate.

When, then, we consider life, matter, substance, which are outside the boundaries of thought, we cannot condition them in the contradictions of our realm of thought.

The Devanta shows us the way out of our difficulty. There is a power in man transcending thought; and, beyond the boundaries of thought, we must hold that all the contradictions of our universe are subsumed under something we are aware of, but which cannot be thought.

It is this power in man which makes possible experience akin to that of Sir Humphrey Davy, set out on page 356 of LIGHT.

The intelligence of man evolves always, and, in evolution, holds always stronger sway over the sensible universe: man's intelligence creates—creates, as Darwin says, even new species. So man thinks evolution into the sensible universe itself. But the principles—life, substance, matter—must always remain unknown, and, so, unconditioned in change and non-change. The only reality for man is continuity of self-consciousness. This, being a reality, is beyond the boundaries of thought.—
Yours, &c., F. C. CONSTABLE.

The Direct Voice; How is it Produced?

SIR,—Although the “voices” most in evidence at the present moment are those which proceed from the cannon's mouth, and many of our fellow men are being unceremoniously dispatched to where beyond these voices there is peace, I cannot forbear a word on the subject with which “N.G.S.” deals so acutely in the present issue of LIGHT (p. 383). Your correspondent is quite justified in his attitude of criticism. But a word in his ear: He and all the rest of the disputants are dealing with a mode of life outside the range of the mortal brain. Hints and analogies they may gain, but a clear explanation—by no means. Let us take another example of the “direct” order—I mean “direct writing.” It is within the experience of some of your readers that, in the presence of specially-gifted psychics, written messages covering some hundreds of words have been produced in a few seconds. One of your predecessors—I refer to the late Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, a most reliable and level-headed investigator—testifies to a case in which nine hundred words were written in six seconds, i.e., “sixty times as fast in longhand as a stenographer could do it in shorthand.” It was a written message, not a “precipitated” one. The pencil was heard at work and its point was afterwards found to be worn down. Moreover, the point had been jagged at the beginning of the work and the writing showed by its appearance the effect of the jagged point. If your correspondents

want something craggy to break their heads against they might try to “explain” this. If they succeed they can return to the subject of the Direct Voice with the sure and certain hope of reducing that also to an exact science. One is about as simple as the other. My own private opinion is that none of them will arrive at the solution until in the fulness of time they are translated to the region in which the phenomena originate. And then—great are the mysteries of life—they will be beyond the possibility of conveying any intelligible explanation to their friends in the flesh. Whatever the description they may manage to “get through” to mortal investigators there is bound to be amongst the latter some “N.G.S.” to poke fun at it!—
Yours, &c., R. HARTE.

SIR,—You doubtless print much with which you do not agree, thus following a policy of broad-mindedness and a desire to stir up discussion, which we can all approve.

I cannot think, then, that you can endorse the communication on p. 329 purporting to “explain” the method by which the Direct Voice is produced. It is obviously at variance with the accounts given by many of your correspondents and your own representatives who have attended circles for the Direct Voice, especially those held by Mrs. Etta Wriedt. “All the voices are standardised,” is one of the assertions that directly challenge criticism. So, too, is the comparison of the process to a gramophone and its records. From my own experience I can testify to instant replies to questions asked, to fluent conversations, to a multitude of accents, and a variety of tones, differing with each of the unseen speakers asserted to be in communication—emotional voices, strident voices, tremulous whispers, broken and agitated tones, deep basses and clear trebles—the whole gamut of the human voice, in fact.

Whoever it was that set out to explain the *modus operandi* was evidently equipped with that “little knowledge” which is such “a dangerous thing.”—Yours, &c.,

August 1st, 1914.

ROTHESAY.

The Psychic Experiments of Sir Wm. Crookes.

SIR,—It has been asserted and denied that Sir Wm. Crookes has withdrawn the statements which he originally made with regard to his experiments with the sensitive, Florrie Cook.

In Mr. Gambier Bolton's books, “Psychic Power” and “Ghosts in Solid Form,” he has given the gist of these experiments, and in the “Occult Review” of May last appears an article by Mr. R. B. Span regarding them. From these it would appear that Sir Wm. Crookes adheres to his original statements, withdrawing nothing. But in a rationalistic work by Mr. Joseph McCabe, “The Religion of Sir Oliver Lodge,” he states on p. 52 (quoting Mr. Harold Begbie) that “he (Sir Wm. Crookes) had come to a brick wall”; also that “there is no bridge between the material and the spiritual world.” He further quotes LIGHT of May 12th, 1900, in which Sir William states that he has never once had satisfactory proof of spirit identity.

How can we reconcile these statements with those of Mr. Bolton and Mr. Span regarding these experiments as being final and conclusive?—Yours, &c.,

GEO. A. J. MONIE.

Bombay, July 12th, 1914.

[Is not Mr. Monie confusing two issues? It is not a question whether the phenomena recorded by Sir William Crookes really happened but whether they were of a character to afford what he considers to be sufficient proof on the general question of spirit identity. There is no question of the fact that Sir William has of late years reaffirmed the statements he originally made as to the results of his psychical experiments. In the year 1874, in a letter quoted in the issue of LIGHT to which Mr. Monie refers, Sir William appears to have written to a Russian lady to the effect that he had not then gained sufficient proof of the actual identity with departed human spirits of the “invisible intelligent beings” of whose existence he had satisfied himself. He adds that nevertheless some of his friends had declared that they had themselves received such proofs. We may return to the question next week. In the meantime some of our readers may like to contribute their views.—ED. LIGHT.]

Genius and Inspiration.

SIR,—I must still differ from Mr. E. Solloway. If F. W. H. Myers quotes a specific statement for the sole purpose of enforcing his own, and to disprove the other, how can they be said to agree? The term “degenerates” does not necessarily imply criminals. Criminality does not necessarily imply degeneracy. It rather implies antagonism to sociological law and order.

To the scientist's mind, inability to grasp a first theorem might be classed as degenerate, yet a perturbation from such

source might mask an evolution, and not prove connection between genius or criminality and a "reader subliminal communion."

The results of hypnosis substantiate purity of spiritual uprush, with an intensity in degree to vigour of either criminal or degenerate, and though genius can be initiated, criminality cannot.

"Rubbish heaps" may be necessary to the metabolism of this sphere, and may be to the subliminal what detritus is to the alluvium. Which (ignoring commercial values) is of most importance in the action of Nature—the gold, or the detrital residuum?

Genius appealed to Myers (p. 78), as there described, for the reason that he considered "genius" man's true norm, therefore making selection narrow among abundant other "phenomena."

I think criminality and degeneracy are resultant from existing sociological ineptitude, and consequent suppression of subliminal personality.

Should conditions here be conducive to the impress of higher levels of the subliminal into our waking service, must we, for classification, include that action with that of the "degenerate" or the "criminal"? As I read Myers—No.—Yours, &c.,
B. P. M.

War Prayers.

SIR,—While reading the appalling war news, the ludicrousness of the situation from one viewpoint arrested attention. The Kaiser sends his soldiers to church to pray for protection and guidance in the deadly feud; his enemies do likewise, placing God on the horns of a dilemma (humanly speaking). How grand is Ruskin's assertion that "both peace and war are noble or ignoble, according to their kind or occasion." We must beware (as a nation) of "buying our peace." He adds, "No peace is ever in store for any of us but that which we shall win by victory over shame or sin."

"The peace that passeth understanding" is not that which accrues from martial conquest of earthly foes, but from an altruistic regard for the rights of others and a righteous self-government, for he who ruleth his spirit is "greater than he who taketh a city" or buyeth it with the blood of the slain.—Yours, &c.,
E. P. PRENTICE.

A World Crisis: Miss Katharine Bates Explains.

SIR,—Will you allow me a little space to explain a sentence in my paper on "A World Disaster" in *LIGHT*, which might otherwise lead to grave misunderstanding? When I say "Now is the time and the only time for helping in one of the grandest efforts," &c., it must be remembered that I refer only to the possibility of war being averted at the eleventh hour. My paper was written three days before war was declared between England and Germany. No one could have supposed it possible that any sane nation would arrange to be at war with four other nations within three days! But I trust no one will suppose for one moment that I was attempting to put a time limit to the efficacy of our work on the spiritual plane through the great thought forces. More than ever are they now needed to heal the disease of nations by throwing thoughts of calmness and strength and faith and love into the world atmosphere, so overcharged with fear and discord and hate.

If everyone who reads these words would resolve at once to give up even twenty minutes a day to thinking on these lines in spite of all appearances, sitting if possible with congenial friends and neighbours for the purpose, but holding the thought for himself at all hours; and if each one would feel bound to enlist others in the same service, there can be no doubt that God will be faithful to His promises to those who obey His laws. These mental laws and their results are new to some of us, but their efficacy has been proved again and again, even in the last few years.

There is a story of some popular and earnest though eccentric parson, who, when pleading, after his sermon, for a charity, simply read out a verse from the Bible "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and added, "Now, my friends, —there's your security. If you are satisfied with it, down with the dust."

Emperors may tear up treaties and repudiate their obligations, but the King of Kings abides by His laws and by those who obey them. He has shown us that we are all one big family and that we can and do, consciously and (even more strongly) unconsciously, influence each other on the mental plane. Therefore, let us make one mighty and persevering effort to do so at this great crisis.

Thousands of volunteers are going forth to carry arms for their country. Let us go forward, with equal loyalty, to cancel evil thoughts of destruction by God's thoughts of love for all nations of the earth.—Yours, &c.,

Boars Hill, Oxford.

E. KATHARINE BATES.

August 10th, 1914.

SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, AUG. 9th, &c

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

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.—*The Arts Centre, 93, Mortimer-street, Langham-place, W.*—Mr. E. Haviland's remarkably interesting experiences were greatly appreciated. The meeting was opened by the singing of "God Save the King." Mr. W. T. Cooper presided. Sunday next, see advt. on front page.—D. N.

LONDON SPIRITUAL MISSION: 13B, *Pembridge Place, Baywater, W.*—Addresses by Mrs. M. H. Wallis on "Spiritual Advancement" and "Life's Fulfilment." Sunday next, at 11 and 7, Mr. Horace Leaf. Thursday, at 7.45, Mr. Maskell.

WIMBLEDON.—Meetings temporarily held at 42, *King's Road*.—Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Madame Stenson, address and clairvoyance.

CRYSDON.—GYMNASIUM HALL, HIGH-STREET.—Mr. G. R. Symons' inspiring address on "Crowns" was much appreciated. 6th, at 8 p.m., short service and circle. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Miles Ord, address and clairvoyance.—G. S.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HAMPTON WICK.—Mr. Miles gave an interesting address. Mr. Seller's violin solo was much appreciated. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. A. Boddington, address on "The Eternal Verities," followed by clairvoyance.—M. W.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—SURREY MASONIC HALL.—Morning, meeting conducted by members. Evening, Mr. W. E. Long, who as "Timothy" gave an excellent address on "Familiar Spirits by a Familiar Spirit." Sunday next, 11 and 6.30, Mr. W. E. Long.

HAMMERSMITH.—89, CAMBRIDGE-ROAD (adjoining Waring's Depository).—Sunday next, 11.15 a.m., public circle; 7 p.m., address by Mr. H. Fielder; clairvoyance and public circle. We believe in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Christ.

STRATFORD, E.—WORKMEN'S HALL, ROMFORD-ROAD.—Mr. G. Tayler Gwinn gave an interesting address, "The Gifts of the Spirit," followed by very able answers to questions submitted by the audience. Sunday next, Mrs. A. Jamrach, address and clairvoyance.—W. H. S.

CLAPHAM.—HOWARD-STREET, WANDSWORTH-ROAD.—Mrs. Alice Jamrach spoke on "Is God Responsible for the War?" and gave clairvoyant descriptions. Miss Dimmock sang a solo. Sunday next, at 11.15, public circle; 7 p.m., address and clairvoyance. Friday, at 8, Mr. Moncur, address and clairvoyance.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—Mr. Horace Leaf gave excellent addresses on "Life After Death" and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15, public circle; at 7, Mrs. F. G. Clarke and Mr. J. Macbeth Bain, addresses. Tuesday, at 3, interviews; at 8, also Wednesday, at 3, circles.—H. J. E.

BRIGHTON.—WINDSOR HALL, WINDSOR-STREET, NORTH-STREET.—Mrs. Mary Gordon gave addresses and descriptions. Sunday next, 11.15 a.m., public circle; 7 p.m., Mrs. G. C. Curry. Tuesdays at 8, Wednesdays at 3, Mrs. Curry, clairvoyante. Thursdays, 8.15, public circle.—A. C.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL, LAUSANNE-ROAD.—Morning, Mr. G. T. Wooderson gave address; evening, Mrs. M. E. Orlowski, address and descriptions. 6th, Mrs. Clempson gave address and descriptions. Sunday next, 11.30 a.m., Mr. G. G. Brown, trance address; 7 p.m., Mr. and Mrs. Roberts. 16th, at 8.15 p.m., public circle. 23rd, 11.30 and 7, Mr. A. V. Peters.

HOLLOWAY.—GROVEDALE HALL, GROVEDALE-ROAD.—Mr. Alfred Vout Peters gave addresses on "Spiritualism and the War" and many convincing descriptions and messages. 5th, an address and descriptions by Mrs. Maunder. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., Mr. J. Abrahall; 3 p.m., Lyceum; 7 p.m., Mrs. S. Podmore. Wednesday, Mrs. Evelina Peeling. 23rd, Mrs. Mary Gordon.—J. F.

BRIXTON.—143A, STOCKWELL PARK-ROAD, S.W.—Mr. Payn gave a stirring address to an appreciative audience. Good after-circle. 6th, Mr. Horace Leaf spoke on "The After-Life," and gave clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Beaupaire, address and clairvoyance. 23rd, Mr. and Mrs. Kent. Circles: Monday, 7.30, ladies'; Tuesday, 8.15, members'; Thursday, 8.15, public.—H. W. N.

HACKNEY.—240A, AMHURST-ROAD, N.E.—Morning, Mr. Hawes conducted the meeting; evening, Mrs. H. Bryce read a paper and Mrs. Longman gave clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Mr. Emms; 7 p.m., Mr. G. T. Brown. Monday, 8 p.m., Mrs. Sutton. Tuesday, 7.45 p.m., healing circle, Mr. H. Bell and Mrs. Brichard. Thursday, 8 p.m., members only.—N. R.

WOOLWICH AND PLUMSTEAD.—Mr. Kent gave splendid address and Mrs. Kent clairvoyant descriptions. Large after-circle by Mrs. Peeling. 5th, Mr. Smithers gave address and clairvoyance. Sunday next, at 11.15 and 8.30, public circles; 3 p.m., Lyceum; 7 p.m., Miss M. Woodhouse, address and clairvoyance. Wednesday, Mrs. Maunder, address and clairvoyance.

STRATFORD.—IDMISTON-ROAD, FOREST-LANE.—Morning, Mr. A. A. Hayward led a discussion; evening, public discussion, "Do We Die Like Dogs?" Speakers, Mrs. Hayward, Messrs. Connor, Hayward and Wrench. Clairvoyant descriptions by Mrs. Hayward. 6th, Mr. Taec, address. Sunday next, at 7, Mr. and Mrs. Hayward; 20th, Mrs. Bradley; 23rd, Mr. Walker; 30th, Mrs. Mary Davies.—A. T. C.

BRISTOL.—SPIRITUAL TEMPLE CHURCH, 26, STOKES CROFT.—Morning and evening, able inspirational addresses by Mr. and Mrs. Baxter on "Not Might but Truth" and "God With Us," followed by answers to questions from the audience. The great world-crisis was naturally the theme of most of these. Clairvoyant descriptions were also given, the hall at each meeting being overcrowded. Sunday next, 11 and 6.30, public services, also on Wednesday, 3 and 7.30. Circles: Monday and Friday, at 8.—J. L. W.

PORTSMOUTH.—54, COMMERCIAL-ROAD.—Mrs. F. E. Mitchell gave addresses, both morning and evening.—J. W. M.

PAIGNTON.—LOWER MASONIC HALL.—Address by Miss Mills on "Spiritual Gifts," followed by clairvoyant descriptions.

STONEHOUSE, PLYMOUTH.—UNITY HALL, EDGUMBE-STREET.—Service conducted by Mr. Arnold; trance address and clairvoyant descriptions by Mrs. Short. Solo by Mrs. Bateman.

BATTERSEA.—HENLEY HALL, HENLEY-STREET.—Address by Mr. Parker on "The Continuity of Life." Mrs. Parker gave clairvoyant descriptions, all recognised.—A. B.

FULHAM.—12, LETTICE-STREET, MUNSTER-ROAD.—Evening, Mrs. Laura Lewis (of Cardiff) spoke on "Spiritualism: What it has Done for Humanity."—H.C.

EXETER.—MARLBOROUGH HALL.—Addresses by Mrs. Letheren and Mr. Elvin Frankish; clairvoyant descriptions by Mrs. Letheren.

BOURNEMOUTH.—WILBERFORCE HALL, HOLDENHURST-ROAD.—Addresses by Mr. D. Hartley, descriptions by Mr. F. T. Blake. 6th, address and descriptions by Mr. H. Mundy.

PLYMOUTH.—ODDFELLOWS' HALL, MORLEY-STREET.—Address by Mr. Blamey; clairvoyant descriptions by Mrs. Trueman. 5th, address by Mr. Clavis and clairvoyant descriptions by Mesdames Summers and Trueman. 7th, members' circle.

MANOR PARK, E.—THIRD AVENUE, CHURCH-ROAD.—Mrs. Maunders gave an address and clairvoyant descriptions. 5th, address on "Is God Responsible for the War?" also descriptions and messages by the president, Mrs. Alice Jamrach.

PORTSMOUTH TEMPLE.—VICTORIA-ROAD SOUTH.—Morning service conducted by Mr. Mountstephen, Mr. McFarlane, Mrs. Few, and Miss Jerome. Evening, address by Mr. Lamsley. 5th, clairvoyant descriptions by Miss Fletcher and Miss Jerome.

BRISTOL.—THOMAS-STREET HALL, STOKES CROFT.—Morning, address by Mr. Bottomley on "Hypnotism"; evening, address by Mr. Eddy, clairvoyant descriptions by Mr. Bottomley. Other usual meetings.—W. G.

SOUTHEM.—SEANCE HALL, BROADWAY.—Morning, inspirational address by Mr. Rundle, "Is War Justifiable?" Evening, Mr. Habgood, interesting discourse on "Driving out the Devil"; descriptions by Mr. and Mrs. Rundle. Mr. Rundle conducted after-circle.—C. A. B.

EXETER.—DRUIDS' HALL, MARKET-STREET.—Morning, inspirational address by Mrs. Grainger on "Watch and Pray," followed by clairvoyant descriptions. Evening, address by Mr. C. Tarr on "Is there a Purpose in the Universe?" and descriptions by Mrs. Grainger.

MANOR PARK.—CORNER OF SHREWSBURY AND STRONE-ROADS.—Morning, healing service, Mr. Geo. F. Tilby; afternoon, Lyceum; evening, Mr. W. F. Smith spoke on "Duty"; clairvoyant descriptions by Mrs. Smith; anthem by the choir. 6th, Mrs. Miles Ord, address and clairvoyance.—A. L. M.

BIRMINGHAM.—DR. JOHNSON'S PASSAGE, BULL-STREET.—Morning, public circle, followed by address by Mr. Phillips, of Smethwick; evening, Mr. Phillips spoke on "The Attitude of Spiritualism to War," and afterwards gave clairvoyant descriptions. 10th, Miss Coleman, Birmingham, conducted ladies' circle and addressed evening meeting.—F. A.

PEOPLE are just as you like to see them; look at them with kind eyes and all will be well with you and with them, too; it will make them still better, and you too. It is very simple.—MAXIM GORKY.

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