

Light:



A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

We are printing elsewhere in this issue certain prophecies which have made their appearance in the past and which are regarded as bearing upon the momentous events of to-day. Without entering upon the subject of predictions of an occult nature, let us think of that mode of prophecy which reasons from cause to effect upon purely intellectual lines—that kind of prophecy which gives its possessor the name of a "far-seeing" man. For more than a generation we have witnessed in Europe the spectacle of men who openly acclaimed war and who boasted of the power of the sword. Beside every field of earth that the farmer planted with seed corn, every expanse of mind and soul upon which the moralist, the poet and the humanitarian scattered the seeds of peace, of kindness and fellowship, these misguided brothers of ours planted dragons' teeth; and now the harvest of hell has sprung up. The saying has grown almost trite from long usage, but it remains terribly and eternally true—as ye sow so shall ye reap. It needed no spirit of prophecy, therefore, to forecast the kind of harvest that would come of long years of devotion to the cult of war, preached in season and out of season, and upheld not only as a great ideal, but as a necessity of national life.

* * * * *

To what end, then, have innumerable followers of more advanced ideals of human life wrought with pen and tongue to promote the spirit of peace and fraternity, when always in their midst glared and gibbered this ghoul of warfare boasting and threatening? Because truth will out, no matter how full of fear and menace the air may be. The soul inspired with the vision of the world to come scatters its seeds under frowning skies, in storm and tempest, as readily as in peaceful lands beside still waters. It knows that nothing in the end will be lost. But to many of us it is a sad, sore problem why, after so much long and faithful toil, this devil's harvest should spring up as though in mockery of the good work. The reason is plain enough, however. Those who hold on a mischievous course may be induced to hear reason and turn back before the worst results are achieved; but there is a point beyond which there is no turning back until the evil is burned out with fire. And the fire, when it comes, may seem to be the final conflagration in which good and evil alike are utterly consumed.

* * * * *

The fire that rages around us to-day is truly a severe test of faith and patience, but its horrors mark not the limits of the law of Progress, but rather its power and its infinity. It will not suffer its way to be continually barred,

and when all the gentler forces of reason and persuasion have been tried in vain the obstacle is thrust aside by the resistless force of a world-convulsion. "When murdered Truth returns she comes to slay." Something had to be removed, a relic of an old dark past out of tune with the newer thought of the world, at utter and deadly variance with the age in which we are living. It might have been dissolved out of mortal life easily and rapidly, but alas! it was cherished and preserved by those who had steeled their minds against the influences of the time, and when at last it crystallised into a caste and a system there was but one dreadful way to expel it. The great Intelligence that directs the course of nations, rewarding each, as it rewards every individual soul, according to its work, did not shrink from the task, and the world was delivered over to its fiery purging.

* * * * *

The clock of world progress, we are told, has been put back fifty years. The clock of world progress, we reply, keeps its hour with the exactitude of the sun and the planets. It is because that clock is so exact that when the hour of doom has struck, the doom is never to be avoided. There is a time when it is not too late for us to repent and amend our ways, whether they tend towards war and barbarism or luxury and sloth. But always the worst of the judgment is visited upon those who most persistently obstruct the free course of the human spirit. Broad, free and flowing, it is tolerant of many abuses that have in them something of human kindness. It may smite the profligate and the prodigal, but the stony face and the stony heart it grinds to powder. To-day the judgment is heaviest against an iron tyranny, a mechanical war-demon, an organisation so pitiless and rigid that all the influences of the soul seemed to have been driven out of it. We have nothing but pity for those who fostered and followed it—the slaves of a machine. The work of destroying it has brought ruin, dire and terrible, on the world. That ruin is the measure of the evil it wrought and would have continued to work had not the Powers of the Unseen given the signal for its destruction. That is our reading of the tumult and terror of to-day. Amid all that wrings our hearts we may preserve not only the larger hope of world progress but the assurance that even for the individual soul all in the end will be well.

* * * * *

The following quotations will be of interest to those who agree with us that the causes of this terrific upheaval of the nations are part of the working of the unseen powers that direct the career of humanity.

Spirit—the creative essence of all that is—works in various forms, but always on an ascending plane, and it invariably rejects and destroys whatever interrupts that onward and upward progress.

The italics are ours, and the passage is taken from the works of Miss Marie Corelli. And here is a quotation from the great speech of Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons on the 3rd inst. Speaking of the cordial atmo-

sphere produced by the Entente between us and France, he said :—

I remember saying at that time that it seemed to me some divine influence had been at work to produce the cordial atmosphere which had made that result possible.

Again the italics are ours. Finally we take from a remarkable article in the "Figaro" by M. Charles Bonnefon an allusion to the Kaiser—bearing, no doubt, upon the prediction referred to elsewhere in these columns.

The crowned dilettante who has ever toyed with too many things to possess any one wholly, hesitated as he always does, torn between his desire for glory and the fear of disaster impressed on him by a mysterious prophecy.

UNIVERSAL PRAYER BEFORE WAR.

For the sake of its invaluable lessons, how I wish that all thoughtful persons would now try to formulate in words such a prayer as they conceive utterable with reverence and propriety before proceeding to battle! Thither are we not now *all* of us constrained to go in spirit, if not in arms—to commend to Heaven and support with the might of strong righteous desire the divine cause of Humanity?

If so, the prayer is a practical need: and, taking with us words, should we not consider what words we *can* take? Speaking for myself, I should say: Let the prayer be as universal as possible in its appeal, so framed as to rule out every dishonouring or gross war or warfare; in fact, any but a clear and immediately recognised *casus belli*.

Such prayers, not protective only, would become powerful war-deterrents, as no war could now be popular for which prayers were obviously impossible. I give below the result of my own effort, hoping to elicit better from other readers of *LIGHT* :—

Almighty and Everlasting God, Thou who overrulest for good all woes and strife of earth! We turn to Thee in this hour of trial, well knowing that, in every last extremity, Thou art the only Refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

Thou alone knowest the hearts of all, and without Thy permission none may vex or disturb our peace.

For causes dear and sacred to us as life itself, and in despair of better methods that have failed us, we find ourselves, alas! ranged in the serried ranks of war, with fell purpose to destroy others of Thy children, no less dear to Thee than we are ourselves!

Forgive, if by our own folly we are brought to this pass, and vouchsafe to us henceforth the desire for that guidance and inspiration which shall bring all Thy children to harmony with each other and with Thee. We would ask this Divine foundation for human welfare, even though it lead us to defeat in arms and to that fall which is mercifully prepared for pride and restless ambition.

We would stand only for truth and righteousness, that so, contending for Thee and not vainly against Thee, we may obtain the blessing which cometh to those who act in soberness and godly fear.

Help us to repress all grossness of hate and cruelty, to preserve life and decency to the utmost: fighting nobly, may we bring about that issue which shall be best for all. Turn the hearts of our enemies, that they also may take the path of honourable and lasting peace.

We ask all in Thy best name of Love, which as our Eternal God embraces blessedly all earth's needy children, who may never be at peace without Thee. Amen.

LAUS DEO.

"LIGHT" "TRIAL" SUBSCRIPTION.

As an inducement to new and casual readers to become subscribers, we will supply *LIGHT* for thirteen weeks, *post free*, for 2s., as a "trial" subscription, feeling assured that at the termination of that period they will find that they "cannot do without it," and will then subscribe at the usual rates. May we at the same time suggest to those of our regular readers who have friends to whom they would like to introduce the paper, that they should avail themselves of this offer, and forward to us the names and addresses of such friends, upon receipt of which, together with the requisite postal order, we shall be pleased to send *LIGHT* to them by post as stated above?

GROUNDLESS STATEMENTS EXPOSED.

We referred in "Notes by the Way" for the 25th ult. to some correspondence in "The English Mechanic," in which the Rev. Chas. L. Tweedale took part, on "The After Life." In the course of it doubt was thrown on the fact of telepathy, and allusion made to the offers of large sums of money for proofs of its truth. These offers Mr. Tweedale characterised as "bluff," while for the reality of after-death appearances he referred to the evidence of learned and careful investigators, mentioning among other names that of Professor Lombroso. Thereupon one of Mr. Tweedale's antagonists, "W. H. M.," not only raked up the old slander, so fully exposed in *LIGHT* last year (pages 345 and 387), about the special liability of Spiritualists to lunacy, but declared that Lombroso himself, before his death, was insane. To this Mr. Tweedale sent, on the 4th inst., a rejoinder which the Editor of "The English Mechanic" declined to publish. We give it below. After a few introductory remarks Mr. Tweedale said :—

As to "W. H. M.'s" statement that Lombroso went mad, and that this is well known to the members of the S.P.R., I have just received a letter from Mr. W. W. Baggally, one of the leading members of the Council of the S.P.R., and one of their most skilful investigators, who has spent much time among Continental scientists and investigators, and in Italy especially. He writes under date August 1st, 1914 :—

I personally can say that I am not aware that Professor Lombroso lost his reason before he died. I can also say that I have not heard that the members of the S.P.R. know that Professor Lombroso went mad.

This absurd cry of madness will only deceive the most ignorant. It is an utterly contemptible weapon. It originated forty years ago in America, and was promptly shown to be false by reference to the statistics available. Examination of the reports received from asylums showed that the bulk of the inmates were members of the orthodox religions or professed no religion at all, and that only very few Spiritualists could be found among the insane. The absolute futility of this charge is also shown by the fact that the Presidents of the Royal Society and of the British Association are both Spiritualists. Writing on this point, Professor Enrico Morselli, director of the Clinic of Nervous and Mental Diseases at the University of Genoa, says :—

As an alienist and neuropathologist, I ought to say that cases of "Spiritualistic" madness, or neurosis, are very rare. In my already long career, and among thousands of patients, I do not remember more than four or five.

I come now to money challenges. "W. H. M." says that "attempts at bluff are not made by those who offer large sums of money for proofs." Perhaps the following may be interesting in view of this remark.

In "Bedrock" for July, 1913, "A Business Man" taunted Sir Oliver Lodge for not accepting an offer of £1,000 for proof of telepathy. In reference to this offer Sir Oliver had previously written in "Bedrock" for April :—

"Business Man" offers a thousand pounds for proofs which will convince him. He has, of course, no intention of parting with the money and is quite satisfied that he can resist any temptation to be convinced.

Sir Oliver hit the nail squarely on the head, as was proved later, but this clever sizing up of the situation greatly annoyed the challenger, and he replied to the effect that the offer was made in all good faith, and followed it up by inserting this advertisement in the "Times" :—

TELEPATHY.

The sum of one thousand pounds has during the past six months been offered privately to the leading authorities and writers of repute on this subject for satisfactory proofs of so-called thought-transference, but not one single case could be found, and it has now been decided to advertise publicly for the particulars required. Persons are requested to name their own terms for evidence that will stand cross-examination and to state whether or not their communications are to be treated as confidential.

"Business Man," referring to the result of this advertise-

ment, said that "though the replies were too numerous to acknowledge separately no evidence could be obtained."

The truth is that no proper attempt was made to utilise the evidence. How could evidence be obtained by him if he did not so much as reply to letters offering evidence? The attention of a person, a member of the S.P.R., was called to this challenge in the "Times." After looking over the advertisement, that person said: "If this money is honestly offered I will get it, and I will give five hundred pounds to the telepathists and five hundred pounds to some other psychic interest." As the result of this determination, Mr. E. R. Serocold Skeels, solicitor, of 55, Chancery-lane, London, W.C., sent the following letter in reply to the advertisement:—

September 6th, 1913.

DEAR SIR,—I have been consulted by clients with reference to your advertisement offering one thousand pounds to persons able to produce satisfactory proofs of thought-transference. My clients believe that they are able to do this, if satisfactory conditions are arranged. I shall be glad to know whether the offer is still open and also whether your client is prepared to place the said sum on deposit in the joint names of responsible persons, and further, whether your client is prepared to accept the decision of a committee of six persons appointed by some prominent independent scientific gentleman.

If there are any special conditions your client desires to attach to the test I should be glad to have the particulars thereof.

Referring to the enquiry in your advertisement, my clients have no wish that this correspondence shall be private.

Yours faithfully,

E. R. SEROCOLD SKEELS.

The following was the reply:—

September 10th, 1913.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of yours of the 8th instant, and beg to inform you that the clients for whom I was acting have decided not to waste their time with further enquiries into the question of telepathy. Neither they nor I ever advertised offering one thousand pounds, but persons were requested "To name their own terms for evidence that will stand cross-examination," as may be seen in an article, "Truth about Telepathy," in "Bedrock" for July, 1913.

This correspondence tells its own story. This one thousand pounds challenger's solicitor says that neither he nor his clients ever offered one thousand pounds in the advertisement!

Although I regard these money challenges for ascertaining truth as contemptible, "W. H. M." seems to think that they have virtue in them. He also says that he will help to bear the cost of investigating any reasonable evidence I may bring forward. The italics are mine. Of course, if the evidence I brought did not seem "reasonable" to him, the matter would fall through. I cannot afford to make any sensational flourishes of one thousand pounds, and, as before stated, I hold this sort of thing in contempt, but I have a few experiences which have occurred here, which if "W. H. M." can prove to have not happened, or to have been false, I shall be glad to hand him a five-pound note.

CHARLES L. TWEEDALE.

August 4th, 1914.

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE SPIRIT.

Can a senseless clod, or a witless malignant, or a wild beast, casually, or at its own sweet will, annihilate a Socrates, or a Jesus? Is that credible? Such consequences—from which the moral reason and the understanding alike shrink, staggered and appalled—which we cannot bring ourselves to think, though they may not precisely be arguments in favour of immortality, nevertheless are elements in that cumulative, converging weight of proof that pours in on us from all quarters, testifying to the absurd impossibility of unreason that lies hidden at the root of this assumption—that the phenomenon of sense, the rigid silence of the corpse, is to be accepted as its own sufficient and final interpretation, as the very fact and reality of death. Nay, the true man, like all Nature, is a Proteus, who, if you press him too hard, simply eludes you by changing his form.

(From "A Philosophy of Immortality,"
by the HON. RODEN NOEL.)

AN EPISODE OF THE SEANCE ROOM.

AN ASTONISHING DIALOGUE.

In Madame d'Espérance's remarkable book "Shadow Land, or Light from the Other Side," an autobiography of intense interest to all students of psychical phenomena, appears the record of a conversation between a materialised spirit and a visitor to one of her sésances. The episode described is so full of human touches, and throws such a light both on the extraordinary quality of the mediumship of Madame d'Espérance and incidentally on other-world conditions, that we have transcribed the account as given by the authoress herself. It will derive a certain appropriateness from the subject dealt with under the heading "A Generation Ago," elsewhere in this issue.

In the study of these manifestations one's orthodox ideas of the inhabitants of the heavenly spheres receive some severe shocks. So far as I could judge, none of our spirit visitors [with one exception] answered to my preconceived idea of angelic beings. They seemed as human as ever they had been in life; and another occurrence in which a long conversation took place between a visitor to the rooms and a spirit, gave me food for thought for a very long while.

It was at the usual bi-weekly meeting. Two strangers, friends of one of the members, had been by general consent invited to take part in the séance, when a spirit appeared to me—a tall man, rather well made, with black hair, black moustache and beard, and a forehead rather high and broad. As he was apparently unknown to us, we inquired whether there was anyone for whom he came, and the figure gave us to understand that he knew one of the strange gentlemen who was present. This gentleman at the time objected to having his name made public, and I will, therefore, in recording the conversation designate him by the letter B.

Mr. B.: "Who is it? Is it Phillips?"

Spirit: "No."

Mr. B.: "Is it Lynch?"

Spirit: "Yes, Emmanuel Lynch."

Mr. B.: "I never thought about Emmanuel. It was Frank I thought about, he died at sea."

Spirit: "No, I didn't die at sea, I died of consumption."

Mr. B.: "Yes, that's right; I meant Frank died at sea, but Emmanuel died at Hartlepool."

Spirit: "Yes, at Old Hartlepool. Do you know whether my father and mother are living? And is my wife alive? When do you say Frank died? Is Ralph still living? What ship was I in when you last saw me?"

Mr. B.: "I don't know which ship it was, but it was about 1867. I cannot answer positively your other questions, as I have not been at Hartlepool for some time."

Spirit: "I would like to see the old folks once more, or know if they have left your world. The old man was bad enough before I died; but, then, it was nothing fresh for him. To think he should have been so strong, and mother, too, and all of us boys to die—nine of us—of consumption!"

Mr. B.: "I have heard there were nine boys, but Emmanuel and Frank were the only ones I knew."

Spirit: "I wonder if Kate, my wife, is married again; but that doesn't matter. Did you know Brough, the ship's husband?"

Mr. B.: "No, I didn't know the ship's husband."

Spirit: "Did you know old Captain Wynn?"

Mr. B.: "Yes, he is alive. I was talking to him to-day."

Spirit: "I don't mean that one. He lived in Poplar, in London. He died long before me. He is here now, and wants to send a message to his wife. He wants to know if she is married again or has forgotten him, because if she has he won't bother her."

Mr. B.: "I do not know her address."

Spirit: "Write to John Fenwick, 44, Coal Exchange, London; he will give you Mrs. Wynn's address. Ask Emily M. if she remembers Manny Lynch. She wanted to marry me."

Mr. B. (to the circle): "Manny Lynch? Yes, we used to call him Manny. He got a sculptor to carve his bust when he was up in the Mediterranean."

Spirit: "Yes, Jack Rogers got his done, too, and passed it off for Garibaldi."

Mr. B.: "Is Jack Rogers alive yet?"

Spirit: "He left me and went off in the 'Iron Age,' and she was lost, but whether he was lost, too, I cannot say."

Mr. B.: "I know the name of the ship, 'Iron Age,' but I didn't know Jack Rogers went in her. Have you seen Captain W——y lately?"

Spirit: "No; I heard something about him just at the time

I was took bad, but I don't remember what it was. Is he dead?"

Mr. B.: "Yes."

Spirit: "He was a real fine fellow. So is M. Give my compliments to him, and tell him I'd be glad of a yarn with him. Give my love to Emily. I am sorry I could not accommodate the two of them. Come here often, and we will have a chat about old times and fellows."

I never saw the stranger again, but wondered very much what his ideas of Heaven were after this conversation.

Emmanuel Lynch was, as far as I could judge, as much interested in the things which concerned his earthly life as ever he had been. His friend told us that Emmanuel, or Manny Lynch, had been an engineer on board a steamer, and that there was not the shadow of a doubt but that the spirit was his very self, and no other. They were both, the visitor and the spirit, entire strangers to me, and, indeed, to most of our circle, and this conversation, which might have passed without remark among two friends meeting after years of separation, struck us as something eerie or uncanny. We had imbibed the idea that spirits did not need to ask such questions as did Emmanuel Lynch; but he seemed like one who had been on a long voyage, and was eager to know what changes had taken place during his absence.

At the beginning of the chapter ("Numerous Spirit Visitants"), in which the account appears, Madame d'Espérance writes:—

How many times have I thanked God for this wonderful gift [her mediumship] which enabled me to bring such comfort to aching hearts! And bitterly as I have suffered from cruel persecutions at the hands of ignorant and unbelieving men, I thank God still.

The account quoted well exemplifies the degree of evidential reality attained by the manifestations which took place in the days when Madame d'Espérance exercised her remarkable gifts. It was hoped that she would leave her home in Bavaria to visit England this autumn, but the great calamity which has befallen Europe may render this impossible.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT AND THE YEAR 1914.

Those who have given careful study to the history of Joanna Southcott know that, amid much that can only be classed as hallucination, her case presents many features of genuine psychological interest.

A box supposed to contain some of her prophecies is still in existence. She gave instructions that it was not to be opened until the present year—that is to say, one hundred years after her death, which occurred in London on December 27th, 1814.

It is said that she predicted the end of the world in 1914, and that the last King of England is to be named George, who will yield his kingdom up to God; and thus St. George overcoming the Dragon will have a new and unexpected meaning fraught with the greatest blessing to mankind. In 1793, when she was forty-three years of age, several of her minor prophecies were fulfilled.

She was probably an example of what Andrew Jackson Davis terms the "psychological state"—a queer blending of fantastic ideas and real inspiration. Many of those gifted with psychical powers of a high order show these curious vagaries, the result of an admixture of egotism and self-consciousness with the influx from interior states.

She believed that she was to be the emancipator of her sex, holding that a new Messiah was required for women. Her delusion that she was the destined mother of a world-redeemer is too well-known to need further reference here. She regarded herself as the Woman of Revelation "with the moon under her feet and on her head a crown of twelve stars." Her followers numbered a hundred thousand, some of them persons of distinction, and she still has a following. Some of the literature issued by her adherents was noticed in *LIGHT* not very long ago.

Her selection of the year 1914 as a year of fate to be followed by the establishment of Christ's Kingdom on earth is certainly significant in view of current events. It will be interesting to know the contents of the mysterious box if it is opened this year according to her instructions.

A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF AUGUST 23RD, 1884.)

What that process may be which resolves an apparently solid frame into nothingness under the very eye of the observer, I know as little as I know of the method by which it was built up. What becomes of the matter of which it was composed I am as little able to tell as I am to explain the method by which it was first collected. It remains that this special test is one of the best conceivable. We shall find its value in cabinet séances. But when Mr. Williams, for instance, is held on either side while he forms one of a circle, and when the well-known head and bust of "John King" floats over the table, goes, lamp in hand, round the circle, soars to the ceiling and strikes it with that solid, luminous cake by which he shows himself, and then, in a moment, vanishes and is gone, this seems to me to furnish a test in many ways good, but especially so in respect of the dematerialisation.

I have quite recently come upon another case which I have referred to in my notes in *LIGHT* (April 26th, 1884). Though its bearing is not upon the class of séances now under notice, I may be permitted to use it here for the purpose of fixing attention on the value of this test. The recital is from a gentleman who had only recently set himself to the investigation. There was presented to him a tall, graceful figure, giving a well-known name, and an affectionate greeting. "The figure and general appearance were perfect, but the face did not resemble the one it claimed to be. I saw, or thought I saw, something of the medium in it, and yet it was not the figure of the medium by any means." The face pointed to the medium: the figure was far "taller and more robust." Here was a difficulty, not entirely solved by the fact that "this apparently living, breathing form before me, as I held both her hands, said things to me that no one in that room knew but myself." He would have gone away in perplexity, balancing probabilities, and deciding according to his mood but never quite sure one way or the other, when all doubt was at once removed. "As I let go her hand, she dropped directly in front of me to the floor, disappearing, and leaving for a moment a faint glow upon the carpet." This startling phenomenon, so astounding that the writer says he would have refrained from publishing it, if he had not seen it repeated many times since, effectually removed any lingering doubt.

I may give here a single specimen case. At a private séance held at Mrs. Makdougall Gregory's, 21, Green-street, Grosvenor-square, London, Mr. Eglinton, the medium, was held on each side by two of the ten or twelve persons who formed the circle. There were no persons in the room except those seated at the table. A light from the expiring fire was sufficient to define the outlines of objects in the room. The medium sat with his back to the fire. The account proceeds:—

"A form, of the full proportions of a man, rose slowly from the floor to about the level of the edge of the table; it was about a foot behind the right elbow of the medium. The form was covered with white drapery, but no features were seen. . . . It was seen by four or five persons, and thus was not the result of subjective impression. After rising to the level of the edge of the table, it sank down and was seen no more." Among those present were Mrs. Wiseman, Dr. Wyld, and other well-known Spiritualists.

From "Phases of Materialisation," by "M. A. (Oxon)."

"THE transition from sorrow to joy is easiest in pure minds, as the true diamond when moistened by the breath recovers its lustre sooner than the false."—JEAN PAUL.

"WHILE they are yet young, you may often notice in people who have had struggles, and especially victories, a sort of hardness which seems to have grown out of the conflict. The youthful warriors who have smitten their dragon have little mercy for poor feeble recreants who made no such resistance. But as we become older, and more sword-thrusts have pierced the joints of our own armour, there grows in us through the pain a faltering likeness to that pity which is Divine."

TOLSTOY'S REMARKABLE PROPHETIC VISION.

A NEW NAPOLEON IN 1915.

In LIGHT of May 17th last year we quoted from the American "Semi-Monthly Magazine" an account by the Countess Nastasia Tolstoy of an interview she had, some months before his death, with her grand-uncle, Count Leo Tolstoy, in which the Count alluded to a vision that had haunted him for two years, and which he was able to recall at will. On the Countess promising to write down whatever he might dictate, the old man, lapsing into an apparently comatose condition, gave utterance to the following remarkable prophecy, which we reprint in view of present events:—

This is a revelation of events of a universal character, which must shortly come to pass. Their spiritual outlines are now before my eyes. I see floating upon the surface of the sea of human fate the huge silhouette of a nude woman. She is—with her beauty, her poise, her smile, her jewels—a super-Venus. Nations rush madly after her, each of them eager to attract her especially. But she, like an eternal courtesan, flirts with all. In her hair-ornament of diamonds and rubies is engraved her name: "Commercialism." Alluring and bewitching as she seems, much destruction and agony follows in her wake. Her breath, reeking of sordid transactions, her voice of metallic character like gold, and her look of greed are so much poison to the nations who fall victims to her charms.

And behold, she has three gigantic arms with a torch of universal corruption in each hand. The first torch represents the flame of War, that the beautiful courtesan carries from city to city and country to country. Patriotism answers with flashes of honest flame, but the end is the roar of guns and musketry.

The second torch bears the flame of Bigotry and Hypocrisy. It lights the lamps only in temples and on the altars of sacred institutions. It carries the seed of falsity and fanaticism. It kindles the minds that are still in cradles and follows them to their graves.

The third torch is that of the Law, that dangerous foundation of all unauthentic traditions, which first does its fatal work in the family, then sweeps through the larger world of literature, art and statesmanship.

The great conflagration will start about 1912, set by the torch of the first arm in the countries of South-eastern Europe. It will develop into a destructive calamity in 1913. In that year I see all Europe in flames and bleeding. I hear the lamentations of huge battlefields. But about the year 1915 a strange figure from the North—a new Napoleon—enters the stage of the bloody drama. He is a man of little militaristic training, a writer or a journalist, but in his grip most of Europe will remain till 1925. The end of the great calamity will mark a new political era for the Old World. There will be left no empires and kingdoms, but the world will form a federation of the United States of Nations. There will remain only four great giants—the Anglo-Saxons, the Latins, the Slavs and the Mongolians.

After the year 1925 I see a change in religious sentiments. The second torch of the courtesan has brought about the fall of the Church. The ethical idea has almost vanished. Humanity is without the moral feeling. But then a great reformer arises. He will clear the world of the relics of monotheism and lay the corner-stone of the temple of pantheism. God, soul, spirit, and immortality will be molten in a new furnace, and I see the peaceful beginning of an ethical era. The man determined to this mission is a Mongolian-Slav. He is already walking the earth—a man of active affairs. He himself does not now realise the mission assigned to him by a superior power.

And behold the flame of the third torch, which has already begun to destroy our family relations, our standards of art and morals. The relation between woman and man is accepted as a prosaic partnership of the sexes. Art has become realistic degeneracy. Political and religious disturbances have shaken the spiritual foundations of all nations. Only small spots here and there have remained untouched by those three destructive flames. The anti-national wars in Europe, the class war of America, and the race wars in Asia have strangled progress for half a century. But then, in the middle of this century, I see a hero of literature and art rising from the ranks of the Latins and purging the world of the tedious stuff of the obvious. It is the light of symbolism that shall outshine the light of the torch of Commercialism. In place of the polygamy and monogamy of to-day, there will come a poetogamy—a relation of the sexes based fundamentally upon poetic conceptions of life.

And I see the nations growing wiser, and realising that the alluring woman of their destinies is, after all, nothing but an illusion. There will be a time when the world will have no use

for armies, hypocritical religions and degenerate art. Life is evolution, and evolution is development from the simple to the more complicated forms of the mind and the body. I see the passing show of the world-drama in its present form, how it fades like the glow of evening upon the mountains. One motion of the hand of Commercialism and a new history begins.

The Countess added that she submitted her report of Tolstoy's prophecy to the Czar, who read it with pronounced agitation, and promised to forward a translation to the Kaiser, and through him to the King of England. "The Czar," she said in conclusion, "has told me repeatedly that the Kaiser of Germany thinks it is one of the most impressive literary prophecies of this age."

VISIONS OF THE DYING.

It has been noticed (says Dr. H. W. Worthen) by many writers, physicians and clergymen, who have had opportunity of attending the dying, that in very many cases the vision of those about to die is sharpened to an unusual degree, so that they become, as they say, clairvoyant, and while apparently in perfect possession of their senses they see forms and hear words invisible and inaudible to the onlookers. Such an experience as this is here related by a clergyman of Vermont, U.S.A. He writes:—

I am a clergyman, and a few years ago was the pastor of a large church in a New England town, where I served for several years. One of the members of this church was a young woman about thirty years of age, of fine mind and character, whom we will call Alice. She was genial, beautiful, and greatly beloved throughout the community. One summer time she was attacked with fever of a malignant type, and this was followed by a lumbar abscess, of which she died after a sickness of several weeks. The night before her decease she sent for me, as her pastor—at about two o'clock a.m. I lived but a short distance away, and was soon at her bedside. I found three ladies with her, who gave me very little attention as I entered, and seemed to be under some strange spell which forbade speech. I felt very awkward under the circumstances, but finally seated myself in a chair near the bed where the sick one was lying. I inquired of her how she was, and she replied, "I am very weak," and then came a perplexing silence as before.

Finally one of the attendants said to me, "Alice has seen an angel," and I discovered that those women present were hushed by fear, and felt that they were standing upon the threshold of the spirit world, and that silence was more befitting than speech.

I made no reply for a little time, but thought the patient was insane. Finally I said to her, "Alice, have you had a heavenly visitant?" And she answered, "I have." I next inquired, "When did you have this experience?" She answered, "At midnight." I asked, "Where did you first see him?" She replied, "I seemed to possess new powers of vision, and as I looked out into space I saw a star that seemed to be coming towards me, and soon I saw in this a human form which presently entered my room."

"How was he dressed?" I inquired. She replied, "In spotless white." "Where did he stand?" I next asked, and she answered, "Between my bed and the piano," which occupied the opposite side of the room.

Her attendants said that she seemed to be conversing with someone at the time of the vision, and I asked, "What did this visitor say to you?" She answered, "He said a good many things, and among others he said that he would come again in twenty-four hours and take me with him." I then enquired of her, "Can you tell me what day of the week it is?" She replied, "It is Friday." (It was then about three o'clock Friday morning.) I then asked her, "Can you give me the day of the month?" She gave it correctly. She then cried out, "O pastor, you need not ask me those questions; I know what I am saying."

She now became very tired and I left her to sleep and returned to my home. I spent much of the next day in thinking of the events of that night, of the woman and her vision, and of what might prove the outcome of the matter.

Like all others, the day passed on, and as it closed in the midnight hour Alice ceased to breathe and changed the earth life for immortality. I attended the funeral on the following Monday in the home. A sweet smile rested upon the pain-worn face of the clay in the casket, but she had gone out from us. The house was crowded with friends of the deceased, many of whom seemed to think that they were permitted to occupy a place made holy by an angel's presence and a true woman's beautiful life."

"EVIL in its nature is decay."—A. A. PROCTER.

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INNER ASPECTS OF THE GREAT WAR.

It is not easy amid the prevailing tumult and distraction to resist the infection of a disordered world, to assume the mood which inspired the lines of a little-known poet:—

Now let us thank the Eternal Power: convinced
That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction,
That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.

"Let the world slide" is no fitting motto for those who are citizens of it and would do their part manfully.

What shall we say? That clash and clamour belong only to outward things, that under the surface there is tranquillity, the silent and majestic working of unalterable law? That, indeed, is a consoling thought, something that should help us to "sprinkle cool patience" on our fevered lives, and we may well hold it in our minds.

In the meantime let us take stock of the situation as it affects us in the more practical side of things. For the last generation and more there has gone on in European countries an accumulation of poisonous gases. National and racial jealousies have been nourished, and side by side with the piling up of armaments and all the preparations for machine-made war there have flourished like evil weeds low standards of life and conduct. We can point the finger at none in this matter. Our terrible civilisation held us all as in a mesh, and Militarism, Luxury, Poverty, Parasitism, Capitalism, Greed and FEAR—to mention but a few of the foul brood that squatted hideously amid the cities of Christendom—were always with us. All the advanced minds of the world did their utmost, many of them giving their lives to the task of expelling these monsters, or at least curbing their tyranny. We have mentioned Fear especially, because Fear is perhaps the greatest of the ogres that held us in their chains, compelling us to things which we loathed and at last bringing upon our heads the greatest of all calamities. It was Fear that strengthened the hands of Militarism, urging it ever to further preparations lest it be outpaced in the general scramble for national safety. It was Fear that inspired the soul of Luxury, telling her that this being the only life, and sensual happiness the only form of delight, no time should be lost in getting the "best" out of the world *now*. It was Fear more than Greed that led to the horrible inequalities of the means of life. Terror of poverty led to the scramble for wealth, which meant that while some

gained far more than they could ever need, the rest went short.

There is, on the whole, in Life very little *deliberate* cruelty and injustice. They are mainly the accidents of the situation. We do not want others to suffer, but we *must* save ourselves. We are sorry if our desire for our own safety and well-being entails misery and injustice to others, but it is a regrettable necessity. That about expresses the position of those at the top towards those at the bottom. And it is good to think of it. For it is very much the custom of some of our political and social reformers to denounce as ogres and tyrants those whose ways they would reform. People who reflect and observe know well enough that the majority of those whose acts injure their fellows take no pleasure in such results of their actions. They would be relieved if they could carry out their purposes without doing mischief to others. Even in the awful carnage now going on very few of the men engaged have any personal animus against others whom they are maiming and slaying. But a few days ago many of them were fraternising together—fellow-workers.

Heroism there has been and will be in plenty in the great strife, but Fear was the greatest of the motives which inspired it. The irony of it all! Fear is the nursing mother of injustice, rapacity and war!

But Fear and its leprous company have struck a blow that will recoil upon themselves. Civilisation will come out of the melting-pot the purer for its fiery purging. It could have taken a better means, but Fear and Folly were too much for it. It chose war as the only way. A complex and artificial civilisation has been thrown violently back on first principles—the elementary things of life. The way to sanity lies through frenzy and delirium, the return to health through the critical stages of violent sickness.

Meantime we who take the spiritual view of life must do our part by act and word and by those greatest of all human powers—the subtle forces of the soul expressed in the influences of thought and will, silent and unseen but very potent when they have behind them the strength of faith, courage and persistence. All of us are doomed to suffer in mind, body or estate by the great madness that has seized upon a neighbouring nation. This is part of the lesson of Unity. None of us can live to ourselves, we are all members of one body. If we can be elements of health, our influence will have its sure effect in helping the expulsion of the disease now running its fearful course.

"LIGHT" AND THE WAR.

TO READERS.

So far LIGHT has not, like the majority of its contemporaries, reduced the number of its pages. But it is impossible to say whether this may not shortly be rendered temporarily necessary by the scarcity of paper, quite apart from the need for general retrenchment in every direction. If that happens we shall have to crave the indulgence of readers until the return of more normal conditions. In the meantime we ask that all who value our journal and would support us through these trying times will become regular readers—if they are not so already—and obtain their copies, so far as possible, either from this office or by a standing order through their regular newsagents. In that way we can reduce to a minimum the waste arising from the unsold copies which are thrown on the publisher's hands.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Those who contribute to our columns may aid us not only by observing the request made above, but by forwarding matter which, while appropriate to our subjects, is at the same time likely to be of interest and consolation to those who at this time are in dire need of every word that can uplift, illumine and encourage.

SPIRITUALISM AND FRIENDSHIP.

BY HORACE LEAF.

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel."
—SHAKESPEARE.

Many great men and women have spoken of friendship with deep reverence, regarding it as the highest and purest form of love. "Friendship," said Cicero, two thousand years ago, "is the only point in human affairs concerning the benefit of which all, with one voice, agree."

Love is more or less a mystery. Like the wind, "it bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh." But perhaps of all its forms the love of friendship is the most easily to be accounted for; yet even that cannot be fully explained. Montaigne, when endeavouring to explain the great affection he entertained for his friend Steven de la Boetie, could do no better than this: "Because it was he, because it was myself." In the main it sprang from their hearts by force of nature. He writes:—

We sought one another before we had seen one another, and by the reports we heard of one another . . . I think by some secret ordinance of the heavens, we embraced one another by our names. At our first meeting, which was by chance at a great feast, a solemn meeting of a whole township, we found ourselves so surprised, so known, so acquainted, and so combinedly bound together, that from thenceforward nothing was so near unto us as one unto another.

Such deep friendships are very rare, and seem destined only for great souls. Most people have friends rather than a friend, and Aristotle said, "He who has many friends has no friend." A friend in the true sense is one of the most precious of gifts, for he "loveth at all times." He is part of oneself, with certain advantages all his own. Francis Bacon well expressed one of the most important of them thus: "There is no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend." But Bacon allowed that his friend not only saw his faults, he saw his good qualities also, and advocated his cause in consequence. Such "things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own."

The love of friendship, unlike most other forms of love, must be accompanied by respect. Certain characteristics must persist in the parties concerned, that cement it and give it lasting strength. Probably this was why Confucius counsels us to have no friends not equal to ourselves; and indeed this quality of respect is always traceable in the histories of great friendships. Montaigne could not help admiring Boetie: "For he was so conscientious that no lie did ever pass his lips, yea were it but in matters of sport or play," whilst Montaigne was in this respect also an exemplar. No wonder then that, lamenting his friend's decease, he complained that he was but half himself, the other having left him.

Love of friend is without passion; it is this that raises it above the love of parents, offspring, brother, wife and lover, for it is free from the instincts and glimmers that are attached to and often mar them. Necessity demands love of offspring and parent, and they do not permit the freedom essential to friendship. Duty requires the child to honour its parents, and the parent to control, check, and punish the child. Neither, therefore, can well expose the faults of the other as boldly and effectively as a friend; and if a friend is to be a mirror of oneself it cannot be otherwise.

A friend should always desire his friend's best interest, and for that reason should "approach him with a telescope, never with a microscope"; a child can hardly do that to its parents, and all too frequently the parents' dotting affection prevents them from doing it to their children. True friendship must be reciprocal.

One of the principal qualities of friendship is sympathy. Some savages believe that objects worn by people become impregnated with their influence so strongly that whoever possesses those articles will become impregnated in turn, and that this is even more the case if the object be part of the individual's body. In a similar manner the sympathy of friendship impregnates and influences friends. It is this mutual transference, as it were,

that makes them so in harmony with each other. Montaigne declares Boetie seized all his will "and induced the same to plunge and lose it selfe in his, which likewise having seized all his will, brought it to lose and plunge it selfe in mine, with a mutual greediness." Bacon realised this when he wrote: "No man imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man imparteth his griefs, but he grieveth the less." Only oneness of soul can accomplish that.

Intellectual agreement is essential to true friendship. Not necessarily agreement on all points, but at least in aim and method. One who takes life seriously and endeavours to understand its real meaning could never love as a true friend one who treats it lightly, content to live for the moment. Some of the sweetest moments of friendship are spent in the exchange and discussion of opinions, with the earnest desire to understand and help each other—not to agree with each other, but to aid in the discovery of truth. Some great friends have differed extremely from one another's views; the link has been their intellectual equality and honesty of purpose. Plato gives serious advice on this: "The friendship which arises from contraries is horrible and coarse, and has often no tie of communion; but that which arises from likeness is gentle and has a tie of communion which lasts through life." Nearly two thousand five hundred years later Carlyle enunciated the same fact by stating that friendship is possible only "in mutual devotion to the good and true."

Spiritualists sometimes speak of people whom they call "open doors," meaning that, because of some psychic peculiarity, they have no spirit-guides to develop them and guard them when development has occurred. They are therefore open to the interference of whatever spirit cares to influence them. The reason for this strange condition is believed to be the absence of affinity, arising from some eccentricity on the part of the person. In a similar manner some people never make deep friends, although they may long to do so. It is a great loss to them and a source of sorrow. Others never find their affinity, much as they may wish to. This is a grave misfortune, but Nature has not failed to supply a kind of remedy. "If you cannot make a friend, be a friend," said a wise man; whilst Emerson declares "The only way to have a friend is to be one"; an important fact often overlooked. All the world loves a lover, especially if he be a friend. Lack of friendship frequently arises from smallness of soul, but sometimes it is due to largeness of soul. Such men and women cannot limit even their dearest affections to one person, the field is too small; they make the whole world their province and love all humanity—indeed, all things. Of this kind are the Christs and Buddhas, world-lovers. They are even of one family with all men. It was for that reason Buddha set out in quest of the truth that would make all free; and it was for that reason Christ lived and died. This was what Christ meant when, in answer to those who told him his mother and brethren sought him, he looked "round about on them which sat with him, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren." There is no friend superior to him who thus loves all, and it is towards that sublime state all mankind should aspire, for it is akin to the love of God, a love without passion, springing from the understanding.

"True friendships," said the greatest orator and man of letters of ancient Rome, "are eternal." And it is generally agreed they ought to be.

He has the substance of all bliss
To whom a virtuous friend is given;
So sweet harmonious friendship is,
Add but eternity, you'll make it heaven.

For what is more worthy of being everlasting than sincerity, truthfulness, faithfulness, nobleness of sentiment, courage, sympathy, assistance in adversity, good sense, and virtue? All these qualities, and more like them, have been ascribed to the love of friendship by the greatest minds. Yet death has frequently marred the bliss, leaving only memory and a sense of loss behind. Faith appears to have failed many great lovers, who, missing the presence of their friends, feared they might have gone for ever. In this mood they have often lamented in bitter anguish. Who can read without sorrow the beautiful passage written by John Stuart Mill in his autobiography concerning

the death of his wife and friend? He was an agnostic, and could do no more than live near the place where her body reposed, that he might have a deeper sense of her dear presence.

Montaigne was deeply troubled at the loss of his friend, and could find no adequate consolation. He thought of—

the four years I so happily enjoyed the sweet company and dearest society of that worthy man; it is nought but a vapour, nought but a dark and yresome light. Since the time I lost him,

"Which I shall ever hold a bitter day,
Yet ever honour'd (so my God t' obey),"

I do but languish, I do but sorrow: and even those pleasures, all things present me with, in stead of yielding me comfort, do but redouble the grief of his loss. We were copartners in all things.

What a boon and joy Spiritualism would have meant to these and similar great lovers: to know that death does not end the association or break in any real way the golden bond. Then could they cry, "My friend is dead. Long live my friend!" For by establishing this truth Spiritualism bestows a bounteous gift upon all friends.

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.

Spiritualists can appreciate the vision of Walt Whitman, when he saw the city of Friends:—

I dream'd in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth, I dream'd that was the new city of Friends,

Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love, it led the rest,

It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city,
And in all their looks and words.

WAR'S AFTERMATH AND THE ONLY HOPE.

The first article in the "Christian Commonwealth" for the 12th inst. was an interview with Professor D. S. Jordan (President of Leland Stanford University, U.S.A.), who has just returned to America after having travelled for six months in Central and Eastern Europe, and spent much time in Germany and in Paris lecturing on the Peace Movement. After giving his impressions of the events which led up to the present war, he alluded to the misery and wretchedness caused by the Balkan War. Nothing had been settled, and the nations were seething with discontent and hate. The Treaty of Bucharest was sheer robbery, and at this moment a million people were wandering refugees who had lost all their property save what they could carry on their backs. In his journey through the Balkans he had passed through one hundred and seventy-five miles and did not see a single house which was left unburned, except by accident, on the outskirts of a village. The sights he saw were too horrible to be described. Asked whether anything could be done to meet these horrors which threatened our civilisation, Professor Jordan replied:—

What can be done? Let us remember that the real war is between Humanity on the one hand and Privilege on the other. The only hope left is that evil forces will be sated and exhausted in this war, and our human impulses will triumph. Treaties are of no avail. There is no mechanism that can be depended on; the only power is the moral and spiritual education of the people—the moral and spiritual education of the individual man in the collective ideals and experiences of the people. These have been growing for a long time, and have received a terrible shock by the unprecedented calamity which has fallen upon the Western world. War has retarded their development, but they can never be killed. They will revive when the nations of Europe have become exhausted by the passions and ravages of war. Then the peoples of Europe will return to those ideals which are common to all, true to all, and good to all.

THE Little Ilford Society of Christian Spiritualists, meeting at Third Avenue, Manor Park, appeals for aid in an effort it is making to relieve cases of distress in and around the district. A ladies' working party has undertaken to make, mend, or darn articles of clothing. Gifts of money or of cast-off garments can be received at the hall, which is open every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 3 till 7 p.m., or can be sent by post to the president of the society, Mrs. Alice Jamrach, at the same address.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

I observe that in "Notes by the Way" in LIGHT of the 15th inst. appears a reference to the hypothesis of the existence of a fourth dimension. When people talk of "dimension" it is just as well to have a definition of what they mean. The word comes from "demetior," to measure off from a thing; one dictionary defines it as "space contained in any thing; length, breadth, or thickness; bulk"; another as "extension in a single line or direction." If I remember rightly, Dr. Abbott, in his clever book, "Flatland," asks us to conceive of a two-dimensional universe, and then proceeds to show by a supposititious conversation with an inhabitant of that universe that it would be impossible to convey to such a person any idea of three-dimensional objects or persons; thence he deduces the proposition that the fact that we cannot conceive of a fourth dimension is no proof that such a dimension does not exist. But it must not be overlooked that the argument starts by asking us to achieve an impossible task. It is as impossible to conceive of one dimensional or two dimensional beings or objects as of four. Just as, though we can think of any colour, we cannot conceive of it as *existing* apart from some object of which it is the colour, so in a visible and tangible universe, though we can think separately of the three dimensions of length, breadth and thickness, we cannot conceive of any one of them existing apart from the other two, or from the object to whose qualities of visibility or tangibility—or both—all three are necessary. Take away visibility and tangibility and with them goes also the conception of space and dimension.

A friend, whom I recently heard discussing the subject very fluently, seemed to think that everything was made quite clear by describing the fourth dimension as "throughness." But if length, breadth, and thickness do not complete the possible measures of space and objects in space, the fourth measure is something outside our conception, and it is no use giving it a name drawn from our present knowledge of things. Dimension *through* an object is either its length, breadth, or thickness. He alluded to the phenomenon of the passing of one apparently solid body through another, but I cannot see what that has to do with dimension. We need not import any new dimension to explain the fact that substances of equal bulk, but of differing density, may exist simultaneously in the same space. If we go any further than this and postulate as a fact that substances of the same quality and density can, unchanged, occupy the same space, that would argue not an extension of our present ideas of space and matter, but that nothing is really what it seems to be, and that we do not quite know the laws which regulate that seeming. It would bring us, indeed, to the point of view of the idealist. Let us in thought leave the physical universe for a moment. Jesus said, "I am in the Father and the Father in me." Suppose we take that affirmation and widen it to apply to all spirits. "We are in the Father and the Father in us; *ergo*, we are all in one another." If any conceivable meaning can be attached to such a statement, what would it imply? The existence of another dimension of space? Nay, but rather that, to spirit, space is *non est*—that time and space (and therefore dimension), form, colour, solidity, and all the phenomena that we associate with the visible and tangible universe have no independent existence of their own, but exist merely as sensations or ideas of the mind—sensations and ideas, the laws of which we do not yet quite understand—and that the only real existence is spirit.

D. ROGERS.

MR. S. LEO, photographic artist, of Notting Hill Gate, whose name will be known to some of our readers in connection with his articles on psychic portraiture, has devised an ingenious system of "thought" photography which, however, has nothing distinctly psychic about it. At a time when so many persons are bidding farewell to friends going to the front Mr. Leo gives them an opportunity of being photographed in company. Thus a mother and her soldier son will be photographed together, the mother standing in a thoughtful attitude in the middle of the picture and the son's head appearing in the corner with a cloudy surrounding to represent her thought of him.

JOHN RUSKIN AND SPIRITUALISM.

BY L. V. H. WITLEY.

Apropos of the article appearing in *LIGHT* a few weeks ago on "The Witness of Great Names," and specially referring to the testimony of John Ruskin, that that which he found so interesting in Spiritualism was the evidence it offered of a life independent of the body, it may be of interest to reproduce a passage from "The Life of John Ruskin," by W. G. Collingwood, from which it will be seen that with the great word-artist it was not a matter of remote or impersonal concern merely, nor of the accumulation of psychical evidence, but something touching the affectional springs of his life. This development of faith in the after-life through the passing on of dear ones is not, of course, by any means confined to those bearing "great names"; but it reminds us once more that, in relation to communion with and ministry from the Unseen, there is nothing so real or so effective as personal experience, and, as in Ruskin's case, we see that the highest and best result is not intellectual conviction simply, important though that may be, but the consciousness of the uninterruptedness of life and of memory and of affection, and the revival and evolution of faith in the spiritual—with all that that may mean, not only in and for the individual life, but in its relationships with and influence upon other lives.

At the age of fifty-three Ruskin became deeply attached to a lady who had been his pupil. She was far younger than himself, but his attentions and intentions met with the approval of his friends, who hoped that the projected union might bring him great happiness. But alas, this prospect was shattered at one blow, as the lady, while reciprocating his affection, finally decided that, owing to incompatibility of religious beliefs, marriage was impossible. She held firmly to the evangelical creed—so firmly that she felt she could not be unequally yoked with an "unbeliever." Ruskin, in his way as conscientious, of course, as the lady, was naturally unable to recant or to bring his belief into agreement with that of his fiancée. In bitter despair he sought refuge, if not consolation, in hard labours. The lady survived for three years, and as her death drew near he was as full of work as ever, knowing all the time that she was dying under most tragic circumstances, while he was forbidden to approach her.

It is affirmed (on Ruskin's own authority, although the affirmation has since been denied) that as she lay dying he begged to see her once more. She sent to ask whether he could yet say that he loved God better than he loved her, and when he said "No," her door was closed upon him for ever. The lady died at the end of May, 1875, and the significant and suggestive fact is that, despite "the door being closed for ever," her spirit appeared to him some six or seven months later, and as time went on he became convinced, not simply of immortality, but of contact and communion with those in the next world.

Here is the paragraph from Ruskin's "Life," as written by Mr. Collingwood:—

Christmas Day was a crisis in his life. He was attacked by illness, severe pain, followed by a dreamy state in which the vividly realised presence of St. Ursula mingled with memories of his dead lady, whose spirit had been shown him a year before by a medium met at a country house. Since then he had watched eagerly for evidences of another life, and the sense of its conceivability grew upon him in spite of the doubts which he had entertained of the immortality of the soul. At last, after a year's earnest desire for some such assurance, it seemed to come to him. What others call coincidences, and accidents, and states of mind, flashed for him into importance; times and seasons, names and symbols, took a vivid meaning. His intense despondency changed for a while into a singular happiness—it seemed a renewed health and strength; and instead of despair he rejoiced in the conviction of guarding providences and helpful influences.

In another paragraph the author indicates how these experiences of Ruskin not only brought faith and happiness to himself but influenced profoundly his message to mankind:—

Readers of "Fors" had traced for some years back the re-awakening of a religious tone, now culminating in a pronounced

mysticism which they could not understand, and in a recantation of the sceptical judgments of his middle period. He found, now, new excellences in the early Christian painting; he depreciated Turner and Tintoret, and denounced the frivolous art of the day. He searched the Bible more diligently than ever for its hidden meanings; and in proportion as he felt its inspiration, he recoiled from the conclusions of modern science, and wrapped the prophet's mantle more closely round him as he denounced with growing fervour the crimes of our unbelieving age.

On his eightieth birthday a great address, inscribed upon vellum, was presented to him, in which it was said:—

Year by year, in ever-widening extent, there is an increasing trust in your teaching, an increasing desire to realise the noble ideals you have set before mankind in words which we feel have brought nearer to our hearts the kingdom of God upon earth. It is our hope and prayer that the joy and peace you have brought to others may return in full measure to your own heart, filling it with the peace which comes from the love of God and the knowledge of the love of your fellow-men.

Who shall say how much of this "joy and peace" brought to others was due to the coming into his own life of the conviction and the experience that between the here and the hereafter, the seen and the unseen, the material and the spiritual, there were links unseverable and influences ethereal and eternal?

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM TEBB.

The name of Mr. William Tebb is known and honoured amongst the older Spiritualists who remember the active part he took in the movement in earlier days. Of late years his activities have been largely associated with the anti-vivisection movement, and hearing but little of him we made an inquiry of Mrs. A. Palmer Tebb, who under date of 9th inst. writes:—

I am glad to tell you that, notwithstanding many sorrows and such bereavements as necessarily occur when a person has lived to the age of eighty-three, he maintains a fair amount of health. He lives in retirement, and both his family and his nurse take care that his quiet shall not in any way be disturbed. Mrs. W. Tebb was interred at Burstow on June 18th, and an obituary notice was inserted in the local paper which (if any of her old friends have survived her) Spiritualists might be interested to see.

My own opinion is that with the passing away of one after another of those with whom she was associated during her residence in Albert-road, she lost active interest in Spiritualism, and then took up local work among the poor. This, with her devoted attention to her husband's health and the interests of her children and grandchildren, filled her life (a beautiful life it was), but her letters to me show that she never lost her faith in the presence and influence of those who have gone before us into a higher life.

Her demise was published in the "Times," and no other intimation was given. Nevertheless, there was a considerable gathering at her funeral.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Tebb were associated with the London Spiritualist Alliance from its early days, and Mr. Tebb is still a member.

A PARALYSING INFLUENCE.—The other day we came across a fine Yogi saying—"There is nothing to fear but Fear." If more people would realise the truth of that, life for them would become a braver and better thing. So many of us go about weighted with fear and apprehension of calamities that may never happen; which, even if they do happen, need not really be regarded as final and catastrophic. And the disease from which we are all most liable to attack is fear of life itself. Fear of things strange and unfamiliar; fear of change from our too-settled habits; fear of adventure that may involve us in pain and danger; fear of inconvenience in any form—these constitute the fear of life, which is the most limiting and paralysing influence in the world. Yet if the experience of others can teach us anything, there is nothing more certain than that there is no form of suffering or calamity that cannot be, and has not been, borne bravely and well. Even fear of death is but a common form of the fear of life. "It is not these things themselves, not death or pain, that are truly terrible, but the fear of them," says Filsen Young. That man would find his capacity for life increased a hundredfold who could really grasp and make his own the truth—"there is nothing to fear but Fear."—*The Health Record.*

SPIRITUALISTS UNAWARES.

A valued contributor who has just completed the perusal of a very interesting book, "Memoirs and Correspondence of James T. Fields," sends us the following quotations. The two headlines under which he has arranged them are, of course, his own. Living in days when the prejudice against Spiritualism and anything connected therewith was even stronger than it is now, the people whom our friend has quite rightly classed as "psychics" would probably have resented the term as an aspersion:—

APPARITIONS IN PASSING OUT, &c.

In the early part of February (1860) as I had taken my seat in the College Chapel (Cheltenham) a little before 3 p.m., I had a mental vision that Sir William Napier was at that moment dying. Next morning I said "Mark my words, Sir William Napier died yesterday afternoon while I was in chapel." . . . Tuesday morning brought a letter saying that Sir William died on the Sunday without a sigh. Two other instances in my life have occurred of this spiritual communication with me of departing friends, so that I can have no doubt of the intercourse of spirits in this nether world; and I think we may see from Holy Writ that even departed spirits have held communion with those not yet glorified. . . .

Sir William said he had a second self following him continually and essaying to be joined to him. I have no doubt that the second self of whom Sir William spoke was the one, to use the words of the sermon (F. W. Robertson's), attendant on a life of high spirituality: "a living Redeemer stands beside him, goes with him, talks with him, as a man with his friend."—Extract from letter to J. T. Fields from Captain Robertson, the father of F. W. Robertson (p. 66).

PSYCHICS.

It was in the spring of 1863 that Forceythe Wilson first became known as a poet. The two poems, "The Colour-Sergeant" and "In State" chiefly gave him his reputation.

Wilson had the singular power of reading character by the touch of the MS. There was something almost weird at times in his presence and conversation. (pp. 102-3.)

Fechter spoke with enthusiasm of Fredk. Lemaitre: "The second-class actors were always arguing with him (only second-class people argue) and saying, 'Why do you wish me to stand here, Frederick?' 'I don't know,' he would say, 'only see that you do it.'" (p. 126.)

Ole Bull was like a fine strain of poetry. . . . I wish it were possible in a few words to convey the refinement and charm of Ole Bull's presence to those who have not known him. The childlikeness of his nature was admirable, and endured to the end. It was not necessary when he was to give his friends the favour of a visit to suggest that he should bring his violin. He never failed to remember that he could find his fullest expression through that medium, and when the proper moment arrived was always ready to contribute his large share to the pleasure of the time. There was a generosity about bestirring himself in private for others which was delightful. He was proud to give what he possessed. His friends cannot forget his manner of going and standing with his violin in one corner of the library with his little audience at sufficient distance, when drawing up his fine figure to its full height and throwing back his head he would stand silent until he was prompted to begin. (p. 131.)

Dr. Putnam preached one of his noble discourses—touching, heroic, yet so reticent! . . . The text was from St. Paul, "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." The encompassing cloud of witnesses urging us to new struggles and further heights had been seen by him in clear, spiritual vision. He could tell us of them, of the heroic and the lovely; of our own dear ones; how they were standing and calling to us, surrounding and inciting us.

He rose to a height of eloquence of which he himself was totally unconscious. He had been listening to his beloved, who had gone before, and they had taught him what he should speak. He recalled the noble verse:—

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

He said our witnesses not alone regard but report our ways, and teach us distinctly the one lesson that we should live uprightly, dutifully, kindly, humbly; for our days are few; and what can any worldly good avail if we forget to listen to the loving ones who beckon us to come their way? (pp. 132-3).

SOME PROPHECIES RECALLED.

Our "Notes from Abroad" for February 10th, 1912, contained the following paragraph:—

In the January number of the "Neue Metaphysische Rundschau" it is stated that the late German Emperor Frederick, when still Crown Prince, had the following facts foretold to him. The prophecy is based on cabalistic calculations: The clairvoyante took a piece of paper on which she wrote the date of the Prussian revolution—1849. Underneath, in a vertical column, she put down the figures of that year and added the whole together. This gave the year of the Franco-German War, 1871, which she predicted would see the birth of the German Empire. Again she wrote vertically the figures underneath this last date, and thus got the year 1888. For this year she predicted the death of the Emperor. Then the Imperial visitor asked one more question: "How long will the German Empire exist?" The clairvoyante then added the figures of the last mentioned year together, as before, and the sum total amounted to 1913. So far the clairvoyante has proved correct. But, of course, time alone will show whether she has given an equally correct answer to the last question.

Two weeks later—in LIGHT for February 24th—appeared a letter from a correspondent, L. Collings, giving a rather different version of the same prophecy, which he stated he had received about twelve months before from someone who had been in Germany. According to this version it was made not to the Emperor Frederick, but to the old Emperor William, who went to a clairvoyante in 1829 and asked the question, "Will there be anything special happening to me to attract European notice?" Adding together the figures of that year, she said, "Yes, in 1849." That was the year of his attempted assassination. The two next predictions resembled the parallel ones given above, but the last differed considerably. The question was, "Will Germany be menaced?" to which the clairvoyante replied, "Yes, in 1913, unless Germany enlarges her borders."

Miss Mack Wall writes:—

I spent from September, 1887, to May, 1888, in Berlin. During that time it will be remembered that the Crown Prince was passing through his *Via Dolorosa* of agony at San Remo, that the old Emperor died, and that the Crown Prince returned to Berlin as the Emperor Frederick to pass his last days at the Castle of Charlottenburg, too ill really to reign.

Throughout the whole of that period that frenzy of Anglophobia which absolutely ravaged the German mind left scars which have never been effaced from it, and brought every topic of national interest into prominence. It was this fact, probably, which caused the prophecy now recalled to my memory to emerge from the obscurity in which it had hitherto lain, and to be passed from lip to lip. I certainly did not hear of it, although I had chiefly lived in Berlin from 1874 to 1882, until I revisited the place in 1887. I must also mention that, after hearing it, I asked almost everybody upon whose word I could have any reliance, who spoke of the prophecy to me, when they had first heard of it, and from most received the assurance that they had done so long before any symptoms of the Emperor Frederick's fatal illness could have shown themselves. Amongst those persons was a German countess, who was absolutely one of the most truthful and accurate persons of any nationality whom I have ever known. She, after carefully thinking back, assured me that she had known it for, at the very least, five years. Unfortunately, I could not learn the two dates at which the prophecy had been uttered.

The story ran that the old Emperor who, when I heard the prophecy first, was still living, had been twice told—once by a countess in a ball-room, once by a gipsy in the hunting-field—that he would live to be a year or two older than he then—1887—was (my memory now fails me as to the exact number of years), that he would be succeeded, not by his son, but by a cripple, under whom the German Empire would attain to its apex of power and glory. This was all I heard from anybody, except some Jewish acquaintances. By the latter it was added that during the reign of the cripple would also come a fall from that apex of glory. There is a hint of this pessimistic note even in the apex being attained and, afterwards, the silence. But I have no doubt

that the majority of my friends and acquaintances refrained from giving words to it to an Englishwoman, even one with whom they had been for long on a friendly footing.

I should have sent the prophecy to *LIGHT* before this, had I not hoped to do so by an account I wrote of it at the time to a cousin living in Ohio, which was sent by her for publication to an Ohio paper, of which I have a copy. Alas! search has not brought that to view. But my memory I know to be accurate upon all points, except that of the age at which the Emperor William I. would pass over, which he not quite attained.

MARY MACK WALL.

A correspondent who signs himself "Joseph, Bristol," calls our attention to three prophetic utterances. The first is contained in a message from the unseen, received on January 3rd, 1910, and printed in *LIGHT* of the 29th of the same month. It rebuked England for no longer holding up before the world the standard of Christ, and warned her that "unless she repents and turns again to the Divine source of all purity and goodness, she must fall from her high estate. . . . England stands between two perils at present—one from within, one from without." On which "Joseph" remarks, "We have seen how wonderfully the peril from within was met and bridged over by the peril from without—a country on the verge of civil war being united within twenty-four hours and becoming as one man." Unfortunately, however, for its application to present events, we find, on turning up the message, that it seems to point to occurrences then close at hand, as it begins: "This will be an eventful year in every way." The other instances given by "Joseph" are much more striking. He says:—

In October, 1911, in a booklet called "The Tree of Life," issued by "The Light of Bethlehem," the following words occur: "Next year and until 1914 the tribulation will become worse and worse, and will reach its climax at the end of 1913 or at the beginning of 1914. . . ."

Again, in "The Healing Heart," a book already referred to in your columns, it is stated that "The sword will fall in 1914." Again, "1914 is the beginning of the restitution of all things," and various other messages from the unseen, all pointing to but one meaning.

Miss Edith K. Harper sends us a striking quotation in French from Madame de Thebes' Almanac for 1913 which we may roughly translate as follows: "Germany menaces Europe in general and France in particular. When the war breaks out she will have willed it, but after it there will be no longer either Hohenzollern or Prussian dominance. I have said, and I repeat, that the days of the Emperor are numbered, and after him all will be changed in Germany—I say his days of reign; I do not say his days of life."

"Raphael's Almanac" for the present year, in an article on "The Crowned Heads of Europe," has the following interesting prediction, penned over a twelvemonth ago, regarding the German Emperor:—

The Kaiser of Germany is under very adverse directions, and danger both to health and person is indicated. The year opens with Mars in square to the radical Sun, and with Uranus transiting the Sun's place at birth, and Mars passing over the Ascendant, the indications of war and disaster are strongly marked. The Moon is opposed to Uranus in January, a further indication of trouble. A crisis is apparent in the history of the German Empire. The spring seems more favourable, and both the summer and the autumn promise a better outlook, but the terribly evil array of influences at the commencement of the year will leave their mark for many a long day to come.

THE NEMESIS OF MATERIALISM.

The following extract from a leading article in a daily contemporary appeals to us as showing a true insight into the situation:—

The fatal mistake of William II., as of Napoleon, is that he is at heart a materialist. He believes that the battle goes always to the strong battalions; of spiritual forces he is contemptuous or ignorant. He has enlisted against himself in Belgium that very passion of nationality which in Spain proved the destruction of Napoleon. Yet whatever the bloodshed, whatever the agony, through which Europe has now to pass, the spiritual forces will crush the Kaiser's ambition in the end. Not with impunity can the despot defy the moral laws on which Christianity and Western civilisation depend.

SIDELIGHTS.

Prophecies concerning the present war are being recalled just now. Several of them have the merit of having been on record long before the present outbreak. Here is one quoted in a daily paper: "It is recalled at this stage of the European conflict that a long time ago German newspapers gave an account of a supposed interview of the Kaiser with a gipsy, when he was a young man. 'Germany,' she told him, 'will have a great war in 1914, and,' she added, ominously, 'Germany will go under' when she is ruled by an Emperor who mounts his horse on the wrong side. His heir will perish on the scaffold." It is significant, if one be at all superstitious, that the Kaiser, owing to his lame arm, has to mount his horse on the off-side."

The above prediction is very well known, and, as will be seen in the quotation from the "Figaro" in "Notes by the Way" in the present issue, it is believed to have had its influence on the mind of the Kaiser.

The many friends of Mr. James Macbeth Bain will be interested to learn that he is at the Brighton Food Reform School, St. Michael's, Hove, till September 7th, and that he is speaking every Sunday at the Brighton Spiritual Mission. The attendance at the school, he informs us, has fallen off somewhat owing to the war.

Referring to the terrible conflict now proceeding on the Continent, Miss Harper, who was so closely associated with Mr. W. T. Stead in the work of Julia's Bureau, writes: "In a very recent message Mr. Stead described the horror of the re-born souls thrust so terribly out of their bodies. They do not realise that they have passed over, but think they are still fighting and in the midst of the awful carnage. Spirit helpers are at hand in great numbers, to draw them from the earth-conditions and to prevent their following the struggle in which they think they are still taking part. His message was most pathetic and characteristic, and, as usual, he asked for our prayers for these 'new-born souls.'"

In view of the present state of affairs, it seems an almost ironical coincidence that the "character sketch" in the August number of the "Review of Reviews" (63., Bank Buildings, Kingsway) should be of that earnest worker for peace, the Baroness von Suttner. It is accompanied by two portraits of the Baroness. Something of unintentional association is also suggested by the appearance at this juncture of a notice of Sir Thomas Barclay's "Thirty Years of Anglo-French Reminiscences (1876-1906)," with its references to the history of the *entente cordiale*. The magazine devotes more space than usual to its survey of the leading articles in the reviews, and illustrates it by excellent portraits of various writers. The cartoon section is also very comprehensive.

"Current Opinion," a high-class American illustrated magazine, has an excellent portrait of Sir William Crookes, whom it describes as "one of the great physicists whose devices have enabled the modern world to penetrate the mysteries of spectroscopy and radiant matter, his results so far confirming the wave theory of light which some scientists suspect to be superseded."

We learn that "Tennessee Lady Cook is setting a fine example of patriotism by offering to provide funds for the equipment of women regiments to protect their homes and children while their male kindred are at the front." She is the widow of Sir Francis Cook, who was born in 1817 and died in 1901. The present baronet, Sir Frederick Cook, the second son of Sir Francis, is head of the firm of Cook, Son and Co., of St. Paul's Churchyard.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Two Practical Suggestions.

SIR,—As a Spiritualist I would like to suggest to all readers of your valuable paper how intensely helpful it would be if each home during this great calamity of war had a war relief fund money box in which the members of the family could drop their odd pennies, and even farthings, to help relieve some of the suffering and desolation during the coming winter months; also if churches, say at Christmas time, combined their donations and helped those in need closest to hand. In these ways we should be expressing our belief in the common brotherhood of man, which we talk and preach so much about, in a very practical way at a very little cost.—Yours, &c.,

JULIE SCHOLEY.

Consciousness: Human and Divine.

SIR.—It may interest Mr. Constable to know that one of the chief principles of what Royce calls the New Philosophy is that the spirit of man is only partly manifest upon this plane of being. He must transcend the time order and reach the eternal to be fully conscious.

"God's life is simply all life, and it is not concealed, but revealed by our own lives. (Jacobi has expressed the same thought: 'Nature conceals God; man reveals God.')

"God lives in every kindly friendship, in every noble deed, in every well-ordered society, in every united people, in every sound law, in every wise thought. He has no life beyond such rationality. His personality is just this—the communion, the intercourse, the organisation of all finite persons. The new doctrine declares that the infinite one pervades the whole finite world of spirits, and simply lives by constituting, by unifying, and by enjoying, this very life of ours and of all our brethren, the rational beings, wherever and whatever they may be.

"Thus, indeed, we are limited, and may be even transient embodiments of God's life; but we ourselves, in so far as we make for unity and for righteousness, are in nature one with Him.

"New is the doctrine, I say, namely, as a reflective speculation in modern thought. But in one sense, as these idealists are never weary of pointing out, it is a very old doctrine; it is the very core of Christian faith.

"When Paul said to the faithful, 'Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God'; when the fourth Gospel makes the Logos say, 'I am the vine, ye are the branches,' what doctrine was this but the very teaching upon which rests the new philosophy?

"And what better revelation of a divine order than a world where spirits can commune and can work together?" ("Spirit of Modern Philosophy," p. 144.)—Yours, &c.,

A. K. VENNING.

Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.,
July 10th, 1914.

Friends of Belgium Relief Committee.

SIR.—Though we all keenly realise the urgent need of help in this country and the priority of claims for service here, the magnificent bravery of the Belgian army in resisting the invaders will, I feel sure, command the widest sympathy for the sufferers in that valiant country. With the co-operation of the Belgian Red Cross Society, Princess Karadja is transforming Bovigny Castle, situated in the very theatre of war, into a hospital for the care of the wounded, and the Governor of Liège has written to her expressing his gratitude for the help offered. With the approval of the Belgian Legation, the Friends of Belgium Relief Committee has been formed to-day with the object of assisting in the equipment and maintenance of Bovigny Castle as a hospital for the wounded (which may include British soldiers), and of offering financial assistance and personal service for the relief of Belgian distress.

Any donations for this object will be gratefully received by the Princess Karadja, 49, Onslow Gardens, S.W., or by myself at 170, Piccadilly, W.—Yours, &c.,

L. LIND-AR-HAGEBY,
Chairman, Friends of Belgium
Relief Committee.

August 12th, 1914.

National Fund of Benevolence.

SIR.—The following kind donations to the above fund have been received during July: Mr. Asman, 10s.; Miss Boswell Stone, 5s.; Four Friends, 4s.; Mr. Smith, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Rush-ton, 2s.; Yorkshire Union, 3s.; Mr. Widdows, 1s.; Conference collections, £5; Bookstall, £1 5s. 4d. Total, £7 12s. 10d.

I wish to thank Mr. Delmon and others for kindly taking charge of the bookstall during the Conference. May I ask our generous subscribers to endeavour to keep up their donations during this great national trouble, as the needs of our old people during the coming months will certainly not be less than in times of peace and plenty.—Yours, &c.,

MARY A. STAIR.

14, North-street, Keighley.
August 13th, 1914.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.

—LONGFELLOW.

SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, AUG. 16th, &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.*—Mrs. Cannock gave many cheering messages and most interesting detailed clairvoyant descriptions to a large meeting. The collection was taken on behalf of the Prince of Wales' National Fund. Mr. W. T. Cooper presided. Sunday next, see advt. on front page.

LONDON SPIRITUAL MISSION: 13B, *Pembroke Place, Baywater, W.*—Addresses, morning and evening, by Mr. Horace Leaf. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Mrs. Gordon; at 7 p.m., Mr. G. Prior. Thursday, 7.45, Miss Burton.—W. B.

CROYDON.—GYMNASIUM HALL, HIGH-STREET.—Mrs. Miles Ord gave a beautifully inspired address on the theme, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills" and helpful descriptions. Sunday next, Mr. W. W. Love.—G. S.

HAMMERSMITH.—89, CAMBRIDGE-ROAD (adjoining Waring's Depository).—Sunday next, 11.15 a.m., open circle; 7 p.m., Mrs. Podmore, address and clairvoyance, followed by public circle. All are welcome.

WIMBLEDON.—(AT PRESENT 42, KING'S ROAD.)—Mrs. Stenson gave an address and recognised clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Gerald Scholey, of Croydon. Circle after service, by Mrs. T. Brown.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HAMPTON WICK.—Mrs. Boddington gave an interesting address and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., visit of the London Lyceum District Council.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—SURREY MASONIC HALL.—Mr. W. E. Long; morning, spirit teachings; evening, splendid address on "Peace and War." Sunday next, Mr. W. E. Long; 11 a.m., mystic circle; 6.30 p.m., trance address.

WOOLWICH AND PLUMSTEAD.—Evening, Miss Woodhouse, address and clairvoyant descriptions; after-circle, Mrs. Rainbow. 12th, address by Mrs. Jamrach. Sunday next, 11.15 and 8.30, public circles; 3, Lyceum; 7, Mrs. M. E. Orłowski, address and clairvoyance. Wednesday, 26th, Mrs. Podmore.

STRATFORD, E.—WORKMEN'S HALL, ROMFORD-ROAD.—Mrs. A. Jamrach's stirring address, "Is God Responsible for the War?" was much appreciated by a large audience. She also gave clairvoyant descriptions. Mrs. E. Bryceson presided. Sunday next, Mr. G. R. Symons, address.—W. H. S.

CLAPHAM.—HOWARD-STREET, WANDSWORTH-ROAD.—Mrs. Mary Clempson gave an address and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15, public circle; at 7 p.m., Mrs. Podmore, address and clairvoyance. Friday, at 8, public meeting. 30th, Mr. Clegg.—F. K.

BRIGHTON.—WINDSOR HALL, WINDSOR-STREET, NORTH-STREET.—Morning, good circle; evening, Mrs. G. C. Curry, address and descriptions. Sunday next, 11.15 and 7, Mrs. Jamrach; also Monday at 7, 1s. each. Tuesday at 8, Wednesday at 3, Mrs. Curry, clairvoyante. Thursday, 8.15, public circle.

BRISTOL.—SPIRITUAL TEMPLE CHURCH, 26, STOKES CROFT.—Mrs. Baxter spoke on "The Evolution of the Soul," "Why do the Wicked Prosper?" and "God and the War" (subjects chosen by the audiences), and gave descriptions. Sunday next and during the week, all services as usual, conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Baxter.—J. L. W.

BRIXTON.—143A, STOCKWELL PARK-ROAD, S.W.—Mrs. Beaurepaire gave an address on "Inspiration and Revelation" and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, Mr. and Mrs. Kent, address and clairvoyance. 30th, Mrs. Miles Ord. Circles: Monday, 7.30, ladies'; Tuesday, 8.15, members'; Thursday, 8.15, public.—H. W. N.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL, LAUSANNE-ROAD.—Morning, Mr. G. Brown gave address and answered questions; evening, Mrs. Roberts gave address and Mr. Roberts descriptions. Sunday next, 11.30 and 7, Mr. A. V. Peters. Thursday, 8.15, Master Turner will give address and answer questions. 30th, at 7 p.m., Mr. Huxley.—T. G. B.

HACKNEY.—240A, AMHURST-ROAD, N.E.—Morning, Mr. Emms addressed the meeting; evening, Mr. G. T. Brown spoke on "The Value of a Right Ideal." Sunday next, 11.15 a.m., usual meeting; 7 p.m., Mrs. J. Neal, address and descriptions. Monday, 8 p.m., Mrs. Sutton, clairvoyance. Tuesday, 7.15 p.m., healing circle, Mr. Bell and Mrs. Brichard. Thursday, 7.45, members only.

STRATFORD.—IDMISTON-ROAD, FOREST-LANE.—Morning, Fellowship meeting; evening, Mr. Hayward gave an uplifting address on "War," and Mrs. Hayward followed with well-recognised clairvoyant descriptions. 13th, Mrs. Orłowski, address and psychometric readings. Sunday next, 11.45 a.m., Mr. Attanach, "Mental Evolution"; 7 p.m., Mr. Walker. 27th, Mrs. Greenwood. 30th, Mrs. Mary Davies. September 5th, tea and social.

HOLLOWAY.—**GROVEDALE HALL, GROVEDALE-ROAD.**—Morning, Mr. J. Abrahall gave an inspirational address; evening, Mrs. S. Podmore an address on "Spiritualists' Duty during Crisis"; descriptions at both meetings. Retiring collection on behalf of Prince of Wales' Relief Fund, 20s. 12th, Mr. H. M. Thompson spoke on "Psychology" and answered questions. Sunday next, 11.15, Mr. H. M. Thompson; 3, Lyceum; 7, Mrs. Mary Gordon. 30th, special visit of Mr. Frank T. Blake. Wednesday, 26th, Mrs. S. Fielder.—J. F.

WHITLEY BAY.—Mrs. Scott spoke on "Some Aspects of Spiritualism" and conducted an after meeting.—C. C.

NOTTINGHAM.—**MECHANICS' LECTURE HALL.**—Mr. W. J. Leeder gave addresses and descriptions, morning and evening.

PORTSMOUTH.—54, **COMMERCIAL-ROAD.**—Addresses by Mrs. F. E. Mitchell, both morning and evening.—J. W. M.

STONEHOUSE, PLYMOUTH.—**UNITY HALL, EDGUMBE-STREET.**—Address by Mrs. Gale; clairvoyant descriptions by Mr. Dennis. Mrs. Dennis sang a solo.—E. E.

EXETER.—**MARLBOROUGH HALL.**—Addresses by Mr. Elvin Frankish and Mrs. Letheren. Clairvoyant descriptions by Mrs. Letheren.—E. F.

BATTERSEA.—**HENLEY HALL, HENLEY-STREET.**—Mr. H. Boddington gave an address, "Our Plan of Campaign." Mr. G. R. Symons presided.—A. B.

BRISTOL.—**THOMAS-STREET HALL, STOKES CROFT.**—Address by Mr. Bottomley; clairvoyant descriptions by Mr. Eddy. Other usual meetings.—W. G.

FULHAM.—12, **LETTICE-STREET, MUNSTER-ROAD.**—Address by Mrs. Orlowski on "There is No Death," followed by clairvoyant descriptions.—H. C.

BOURNEMOUTH.—**WILBERFORCE HALL, HOLDENHURST-ROAD.**—Addresses and descriptions by Messrs. Blake and Mundy. 13th, address by Mr. Blake; descriptions by Mr. Mundy.

PORTSMOUTH TEMPLE.—**VICTORIA-ROAD SOUTH.**—Mrs. Mary Gordon gave good addresses on "Prayer" and "The Art of Living," also recognised clairvoyant descriptions.—J. McF.

SOUTHEND.—**CROWSTONE GYMNASIUM, NORTHVIEW DRIVE, WESTCLIFF.**—The president gave an address and clairvoyant descriptions and messages. Large after-circle.—W. P. C.

SOUTHEND.—**SEANCE HALL, BROADWAY.**—Morning, address by Mr. Rundle on "Life's Mission and Goal." Evening, Mrs. Beaumont spoke on "Universal Love" and gave good descriptions. Mr. Rundle conducted after-circle.—C. A. B.

SOUTHPORT.—**HAWKSHED HALL.**—Fine addresses by Mr. Hanson G. Hey on "Harmony in Nature," and "Mors Janua Vitae." Special reference was made to the transition of Mr. W. Johnson. Clairvoyantes, Mrs. Emmeline Scholes and Mr. Eastwood.—E. B.

MANOR PARK, E.—**THIRD AVENUE, CHURCH-ROAD.**—Evening, address on "The Popular Fallacy of Orthodoxy" by Mr. Elliott; clairvoyant descriptions by Mrs. Marriott. 10th, ladies' meeting, Mrs. Bryceson gave psychometric readings. 12th, address on "Know Thyself" and descriptions by Mrs. E. Marriott.—E. M.

MANOR PARK.—**CORNER OF SHREWSBURY AND STONE-ROADS.**—Morning, healing service, Mr. Geo. F. Tilby; afternoon, Lyceum; evening, Mr. Karl Reynolds on "God, Man, and Evolution." Anthem by the choir. 13th, address by Mrs. Podmore, "Onward," followed by clairvoyance.—A. L. M.

READING.—**SPIRITUAL MISSION, BLAGRAVE-STREET.**—Morning, address by Mrs. Lawrence on "A Simple Philosophy"; evening, Dr. Ranking, on "Signs of the Times"; afternoon, Lyceum. 10th, Mrs. A. Boddington, clairvoyance and psychometry.—G. L. R.

EXETER.—**DRUIDS' HALL, MARKET-STREET.**—Morning, address by Mrs. M. A. Grainger on "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," followed by clairvoyant descriptions. Evening, Mr. Millman spoke on "The Value of Religion" and gave descriptions.—C. T.

BIRMINGHAM SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY.—**DR. JOHNSON'S PASSAGE, BULL-STREET.**—Services were conducted and clairvoyant descriptions given by Mr. Frank Hepworth. Subject of evening address, "Some Aspects of Spiritualism." 17th, ladies' tea circle and evening meeting were addressed by Mr. Hepworth, clairvoyance, &c., being also given.—T. A.

AN APPEAL.—The friends of the Battersea Lyceum Church are desirous of giving the children an outing on August 26th and ask for financial assistance. Any help in this direction will be received with thanks by the secretary, Mr. Alex. Brooking, 17, Geneva-road, Brixton, S.W.

When men are rightly occupied their amusement grows out of their [work], as the colour petals out of a fruitful flower.—**RUSKIN.**

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