

Light:



A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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

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" 6.30 p.m.—The Mission of "Jesus of Nazareth" Not Understood. The Lies of the Churches.

JULY 25th, 11 a.m.—The Power of the Spirit.

" 3 p.m.—Spirit, Soul and Body.

" 6.30 p.m.—What is Hell or Heaven? And Who Makes Them, and How?

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CONTENTS

Notes by the Way.....	337
The Scientific Investigation of Physical Phenomena	338
The Direct Voice: Its Proofs and Problems	338
The Union of Opposites	339
The Science of Living	340
Strange Episodes of the War	340
A Lackless Experiment	341
Omar Khayyam as a Sufi Philo- sopher.....	341
Facts and Fallacies	342
In Time of War	342
Striking Evidence of Identity	343
From Worlds Unrealised	344
A Generation Ago.....	345
From an Altered Standpoint	346
Speaking Across the Borderline	346
The Prophecy of Johannes: A Promising Clue	346
Sidelights	347
The Ethics of War.....	347

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Long experience in the investigation of phenomena has convinced us that the inquirer may in some cases be as important a factor in the results as the medium. That consideration alone helps us to understand why some persons at the first onset obtain unassailable evidences in abundance while others gain only mixed and dubious results, or are sent empty away. As an old investigator declared to us recently, the sitter may represent seventy-five per cent. of the séance. Of course it is difficult to satisfy the unsuccessful ones, who are apt to take their own experiences as criteria of the whole subject. And really we cannot blame them. In this matter we cannot be quite satisfied with the experiences of others: we demand experiences personal to ourselves. But it does not follow that these are always unattainable in some other direction. The inquirer who receives cogent proofs through clairvoyance may find no satisfaction at séances for the Direct Voice, and *vice versa*. When we are ripe for them the proofs are never withheld. There is a law in this matter. There are those who have seen evidences of a higher world in the study of mathematics—there is at least one book on the subject—and to these the phenomenal side of Spiritualism might appeal in vain.

* * * *

To us all these diverse and conflicting methods of approach to proofs of a future life are evidence of the reality and humanness of the subject. We are dealing with the subtle and imperfectly understood manifestations of the soul. The faculties of perception and reception differ in all of us. Let us consider the case of a man known to us who has for many years had abundant evidence of spirit existence and spirit influence. At one time he was interested in the phenomena of hauntings and spent much time in places "troubled" by ghostly manifestations. Strangers to him and to each other who visited these places saw many weird things to which he was utterly blind. Yet he was a "believer," while most of the others were totally unacquainted with Spiritualism. If he had had to rely for these things on his proofs of a future life, he might have been excused for asserting that there were no evidences and that those who declared there were laboured under a delusion—were collectively hallucinated. We are so prone to take our own personal consciousness as the touchstone of reality—we feel that what passes our experience can by no possibility be part of the experience of others. In the trial of a case arising out of a street accident a witness declared that certain things, testified to by other witnesses, had not happened. "You mean," said

the Judge, "not that these things did not occur, but that you did not see them." That was the true view.

* * * *

Two small books dealing with the war have been issued by the Theosophical Publishing Society—"War Articles and Notes" by Mrs. Besant, and "The Spiritual Powers and the War" by Mr. A. P. Sinnett (1s. and 6d. *net* respectively). Of the justice of our cause, Mrs. Besant entertains no shadow of misgiving. There have been wars that were evil in their origin, wars begun for transient objects, but this war, she affirms, is none of these. In this war mighty principles are battling for the mastery. Of the two possible world-empires, that of Great Britain and that of Germany, the first embodies—though as yet but partially realised—the ideal of freedom, the second the ideal of autocracy founded on force; and she calls on all who are pledged to universal brotherhood to stand "for right against might, law against force, freedom against slavery, brotherhood against tyranny." To Mr. Sinnett the change in the German character, which the progress of the war has revealed as going on, is almost inexplicable by commonplace reasoning. Consequently we are asked to believe that this struggle on the earth plane is only the material outcome of a mighty struggle on the astral plane between white powers and dark powers, the latter being the harvest of certain evil germs brought over from the Atlantean period, and that the German people are the victims of a dark inspiration which has selected them to be the agents of its terrible will. This is an explanation which does not explain, for if inspiration from beings on the astral plane is necessary to account for the manifestation of certain unsuspected qualities in the German character, we are prompted at once to ask, "Who inspired the inspirers? How far back must we go to get at the original source of the trouble?" It is no use going outside man's own nature to find the origin of evil. Mr. Sinnett's "dark powers" are only the Devil of the old theology, omnipresent and almost omnipotent, in a new form.

* * * *

We think all Spiritualists will agree with Mr. Sinnett's wise protest against the mistaken conception that it can possibly become the duty of our troops, if they have the opportunity, to revenge on the German nation the cruelties perpetrated against the Belgians. He says:—

It would not only be un-Christian to think of such vicarious revenge, it would be foolishly unmindful of the fact that Nature can deal with the real criminals in these cases in a way which no human justice could possibly emulate. . . Just as love, kindness, and sympathy lead the soul infused with them to lofty conditions of happiness, so the perpetration of physical cruelty in this life drives down the author thereof to conditions of misery, the intensity of which imagination can hardly realise. Even if we could catch the actual perpetrators of some amongst the most horrible cruelties that have been perpetrated on women and children in Belgium, no punishments that human power could inflict would be comparable in their intensity with those developed by natural law as the consequence of such action. . . Vengeance may be left to a higher power than that which we can exert on the physical plane of life.

If this be true, Nature is indeed merciful, for the redemption of such souls can only come by way of suffering—suffering that must be at least equal to, though far different in character from, that of their victims.

In his little book, "Pacifism in Time of War" (Headley Bros., paper cover 1s., cloth 2s. net), Mr. Carl Heath asks, as other Pacifists have asked, whether, in the event of the victory of the Allies, German military power is to be broken in order to enthrone some other military power in its place. For if so, he holds that the result of the war will prove but a mere shifting of the evil.

To put a term to the rule of fear in Europe and the rule of the sword, it behoves all men of goodwill to unite in a universal insistence for a Conference of the nations at the end of this war, which, by general consent, shall reduce these stupendous and crushing weapons of murder in all the States without exception, and bind Europe in a common pact of freedom, peace and justice. Such a pact must, by some such plan as that proposed by the President of the United States for International Commissions of Inquiry, put it out of the reach, once and for all, of any group of statesmen of any nation, and of any sectional interests behind those statesmen, to plunge the world in war. . . . Hostile alliances and big armaments, the twin curses of Europe, must be swept from the world and their place taken by no Utopian dream, but by a strong union of the free States of Europe, a European *Entente* which, in due season, and with the active co-operation of America, shall presently become an *entente* of the world.

Some readers may be unable to agree with Mr. Heath that this proposal is "no Utopian dream," but they will find that at least he presents his case with great force and ability.

THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

ERRATA AND A FURTHER EXPERIMENT.

By W. J. CRAWFORD, D.Sc.

Owing to the corrected proof of Article III. not reaching the office of *LIGHT* until too late, the following errors require correction: In Experiment 2, the height of the table was given as 2ft. 7in.; it should be 2ft. 5in. The weight was given as 13lb.; it should be 10½lb. (as taken by calibrated spring balance and correct to ¼lb.). The psychic pressure is then $10\frac{1}{2} \div 408 = .025$ lb. per square inch instead of .032.

I wish to take this opportunity of recording another table levitation. On Sunday evening, June 27th, the circle held a demonstration séance in my house for the benefit of friends. The table, which is a square-topped drawing-room one with curved legs (four), was levitated many times, the longest period being certainly well over a minute (though I did not time it).

The weight of the table is 16lb.; its dimensions 20in. by 20in.; its height 2ft. 5in. The psychic pressure (assuming it to be uniform) is then $16 \div 400 = .04$ lb. per square inch. During one of the levitations I wished to make some rough calculations for some experiments pending. I entered the circle and pressed down upon the table (which was about 18in. up in the air) with all my strength, but I was unable to make it touch the floor. A friend then leaned over the circle and our combined exertion just caused it to touch the floor. The table then stood up on two legs and I endeavoured to depress the raised end, but I was quite unable to do so.

I would also like to mention that the experiments I am describing can be duplicated at any time, and therefore differ considerably from the usual run of psychic tests. The reason for this satisfactory state of affairs is the remarkably uniform psychic field presented at each séance. There seem to be no unequal results in this circle.

THERE are always in *LIGHT* certain articles that are worth reading, and ideas that you did not find anywhere else, except in a few books that are out of print. Certainly, among current papers, *LIGHT* and "The Occult Review" are unique in many of their subjects and methods of treatment.—"Healthward Ho!"

THE DIRECT VOICE: ITS PROOFS AND PROBLEMS.

Mr. Stanley Gordon, an old reader and contributor, writes:—

I observe in *LIGHT* of June 19th (p. 290) a letter by "L. A. C." in which he relates certain experiences he has had in connection with the Direct Voice, some of which he regards as unsatisfactory and perplexing. Like "L. A. C.," I, too, have been a student of Spiritualism for upwards of thirty years, and have only recently had the opportunity of testing by experiment the value of the Direct Voice. I interviewed both Mrs. Wriedt and Mrs. Harris, but I found more satisfactory results, as far as I am personally concerned, with Mrs. Harris. Invidious comparisons have appeared regarding these gifted mediums which I think are unfortunate. Each has her own distinctive sphere and each is rendering important service to the cause of Spiritualism. May such gifted ones be multiplied. As Mrs. Wriedt does not go into a trance, the results in her case may for the purely scientific mind be more satisfactory, but as I know that many of the most important communications from the unseen world have been given through mediums in a state of trance, the fact that Mrs. Harris goes into a trance does not disturb me in the slightest. And, further, I am convinced that the results depend almost as much upon the sitter as upon the medium. What we really are is to some extent revealed in these interviews.

It does not appear to me that "L. A. C.'s" difficulties are serious. The statement made by his mother at the séance with Mrs. Harris may seem wide of the mark, but it would be necessary before analysing it to have the exact terms that were used. Were the words taken down at the séance or reported from memory? And "L. A. C.'s" reference to the "ring" is surely hypercritical. When shown the ring, "Peggy" said, "Yes, I recognise it." "L. A. C." tells us that he expected the answer to be "Yes, it is my old ring." There is really not a great difference between these two statements. Does "L. A. C." imagine that he is to receive from the unseen world the answers which he conjectures in his own mind?

My own view is that if we are to appreciate the value of the Direct Voice it will only be after repeated interviews. In all I had about twenty interviews, two with Mrs. Wriedt and about eighteen or more with Mrs. Harris. I could reproduce many more absurdities than "L. A. C." seems to have experienced, but I made it my object to get at the truth, at some facts that would convince me that there was an intelligence at work on the other side. I will give two of these experiences.

At a séance with Mrs. Harris the intelligence claiming to be David Duguid, the Glasgow medium, manifested. It so happened that thirty-five years ago or thereabout I was in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Bowman in Glasgow, who were interested in Spiritualism, and I had a private sitting with David Duguid. A picture representing the eastern shore of Loch Katrine was painted. The picture was given to me, and I have kept it sacredly ever since. The intelligence claiming to be David Duguid reminded me of that incident. He said, "You have that picture now." I said, "Yes." He added, "You have it in your box in which you keep your most sacred things." I said, "Yes." No clue whatever was given as to the picture or where it was kept. I am absolutely certain the medium knew nothing of this, and the only explanation possible is that either it was my own intelligence speaking back to me through the medium, or that the intelligence of David Duguid was present.

The second incident occurred at a public séance with Mrs. Harris in Devonshire-street. There would be about ten persons present. German was being spoken, and I suggested that the German *Volkslied*, "The Mill," should be sung. No one present knew the words exactly, when from the trumpet came clear and distinct the words of the well-known song, and sung in a resonant voice:—

"In einen Kuhler Grunde da geht ein Muhlen Rad,
Mein Liebschen ist verschwunden das dort gewohnt hat,
Sie hat mir Treu versprochen gab mir ein Ring dabei
Sie hat die Treu gebrochen, das Ringlein sprang entzwei," &c.

The question that occurred to me was who sang the German song? I can vouch for it that there was no arrangement between me and the medium. The voice came from the trumpet. "Harmony" declares that she does not know German. The medium, Mrs. Harris, maintains that beyond a few phrases she does not know German. Who then sang this German *Volkslied*, at once, on my suggestion?

I had many more startling experiences convincing me beyond the possibility of doubt that there was an intelligence from the unseen world speaking through the trumpet. What has perplexed me is that many claiming to be the spirits of the most exalted personalities in history manifested at these séances, and left me stupefied and amazed. I wish to thank Mr. Mackenzie for his letter on this subject which appeared the other week in

LIGHT, as I have found it helpful. As yet, I know not what interpretation to give to these experiences.

But amidst these manifestations there was no lack of incongruities. Let me mention one. I went to Mrs. Wriedt hoping to get into contact with a brother who passed over when I was a boy. That is more than forty years ago. Sure enough he manifested but only for about two minutes, and with nothing very important to say. He told me he was busy assisting spirits at the war, which was possible enough. I had made a long journey to meet him. I had longed to come into contact with him for many, many years. And when we really met through the instrumentality of the medium he gave me two minutes of his time! This seemed to me incomprehensible. And yet before my investigations were ended I had ample proof that my brother had really spoken to me.

My view, therefore, is that we should not be discouraged by these seeming incongruities, but that we should persevere until we know what are the spiritual facts with which we have to deal. To the earnest inquirer abundant proof will be given.

Let me add that the severe strictures sometimes passed on our mediums might with advantage be modified. I have no brief to defend mediums. Doubtless there have been dishonest mediums. But where we have mediums who have given years of devoted service to the cause of Spiritualism we should hesitate to wound their feelings by the severity of our remarks. At least, let us be quite sure as to the meaning of the answers given before we condemn. As has been so well pointed out in your own leader on this subject, and in various other paragraphs in LIGHT, the conditions for the transmission of thought may often be unfavourable, especially at the outset of our inquiries. In my own case I soon forgot the incongruities and irrelevancies of expression in the genuine facts that I ascertained, and which have given a new intensity to the beliefs I have long entertained that the soul is immortal, and that life on the other side is as real as, if not more real than, the life with which we are familiar on this side of time. No words of mine can adequately express the gratitude I owe to the Rev. Mrs. Harris and "Harmony," and the other spirit guides who have helped me in this respect.

"L. A. C." writes:—

With the exception of a not very illuminating letter from "R. B.," my communication of a short time back has not borne the fruit I hoped. The whole value of Direct Voice phenomena rests on the question of identity. To read the published accounts one would think that one had only to secure a Direct Voice séance to obtain immediately convincing proof of the living presence of one's spirit relatives and friends. As a matter of fact, nothing of the sort is the case, and I expect those who are perplexed and disappointed outnumber those who are, or profess to be, satisfied. I am not exacting, and I should willingly accept such evidence as would convince me of the identity of an unknown voice speaking over the telephone; but when such evidence is totally lacking, and, indeed, rather tends to point the other way, I say I am entitled to ask myself if I am not being "spoofed" by personating spirits. It is certain we know even less about the Direct Voice phenomenon than we do about other psychic manifestations. We only know that it exists; but I assert that no "conditions" will account for a foolish and deliberate lie told by one spirit and confirmed by his wife, followed by a paltry and manifestly untrue attempt to "get out," nor for the inaccurate nonsense talked by my alleged mother.

Once again I ask the experts, what am I to think? And to resuscitate an ancient formula, "I pause for a reply."

"L. A. C." is evidently labouring under a sense of personal grievance. His remarks do not apply to the experiences of many inquirers in regard to the question of obtaining immediate evidence of identity. We have much testimony (which for one reason or another has not been published) of the most cogent kind that such evidence has been given again and again. The witnesses are persons of unimpeachable reliability, in some instances with the additional qualification of a legal training. At the very first sitting with one of the mediums to whom "L. A. C." refers, we gained the most convincing proofs of the identity of several of the communicators. We have met with failures and disappointments in the inquiry, but these in no way affect the value of the positive evidences.

LIFE has no smooth road for any of us, and in the bracing atmosphere of a high aim, the very roughness only stimulates the climber to steadier and steadier steps, until that legend of the rough places fulfils itself at last—"over steep ways to the stars."—F. H. ROSCOE.

THE UNION OF OPPOSITES.

NOTES ON "THE ORIGIN OF EVIL."

"N. G. S." says that what he writes amounts to "The Problem Re-Stated." Those who are interested in the views of "N. G. S." may find the problem considered at length many years ago by Wynwood Reade in his book, "The Martyrdom of Man."

But if we follow "N. G. S.," there would appear to be no problem. For the facts, as stated by him, are facts, and his line of argument is quite fairly and, I think, admirably drawn out from the facts. The only question is as to his premises. The lunatic who affirmed that he was the son not only of St. Peter but of St. John also, was logically correct when explaining that he was son to St. John by another mother. But there would appear to have been something shaky in his premises.

If "N. G. S." postulate a God of absolute goodness, he must also postulate a devil of absolute evil. For in our universe of contradiction good and evil both exist, and so if we make abstraction of the one for a Deity, we must make abstraction of the other for an opposing Deity also. This, till comparatively lately, was the attitude of Christianity; there was belief not only in a personal God, but also in a personal devil.

Now, however, that the form of belief tends to acceptance of a transcendent God, any personal devil is rejected. For God there is, therefore, transcendence of good and evil, as the Editor of LIGHT has suggested.

Does this get rid of good and evil in our universe? Undoubtedly not: they remain facts for us as human personalities. But, still, I would suggest, there is evidence in human experience of this transcendence of good and evil.

The martyr to religion suffers torture, even death, for principle: the nurse, the priest, the altruist ignore earthly pleasures and pains for principle. The seeker after truth ignores wealth, rank, all earthly joys, for strife to solve the riddle of the universe. Not only the sanest of men, but those we most honour and respect are the men who, forgetful of self and the pains and pleasures of this world, live for the benefit of others and the advancement of truth. They ignore good and evil, in fact. For if we dissociate goodness from pleasure and evil from pain, we open a new problem, which "N. G. S." does not touch.

I would suggest that, as time passes, the desire for self-expression has greater and greater weight with humanity quite apart from desire for earthly pleasure or pain: this desire for self-expression would appear to transcend desire for pleasure or care for pain as generally understood. It must search for that peace which passes understanding. Perhaps we may say that Gautama and St. Francis of Assisi, for instance, went far to attain self-expression. And did they not attain transcendence of what we term pleasure and pain? We all of us want something we cannot find in our human life, and many of us, seeking for this something, ignore pleasure and pain.

Perhaps all above written points to a God for whom there is transcendence of pleasure and pain, of good and evil: points to the peace that passes understanding.

But still we have no explanation of why God permits the appearance of evil. May I suggest the problem is insoluble, and that all we can do, as reasonable beings, is to accept as fact that which is beyond the purview of human thought and try to make the best of it?

But do not forget that, necessary as faith is for man if he would find self-expression, human experience tells us definitely that it has been his constant struggle against evil which has led to his evolution in goodness. Why God permits evil is beyond our imagination. But in our universe of contradiction it is a fact that no good can exist without evil. We have, indeed, the delicious contradiction that life in our universe would be unbearable without evil.

F. C. CONSTABLE.

It belongs to every large nature, when it is not under the immediate power of some strong, unquestioning emotion, to suspect itself, and doubt the truth of its own impressions, conscious of possibilities beyond its own horizon.—GEORGE ELIOT.

THE SCIENCE OF LIVING.

By J. HAROLD CARPENTER.

Personal testimony upon a subject of such vital concern to every living being as Spiritualism is sometimes of greater value than the most carefully written article which advocates or explains its principles; and it is in this belief that I find my apology for striking the personal note in that which I would fain express. For it is of what I have found in this mightiest of all revelations which God has made to humanity that I would write, and not of what I have read or believed; it is of the miracles that Spiritualism has worked in every day private life that I would speak, and not of the wonders of the séance-room. Of such we have ample records which attract the attention of inquirers; but what escapes their notice is the answer to the first question which I was ever called upon to face, "What good can it do you?"

That question was put to me in the early days by one who was near and dear to me, but who did not share the first flush of enthusiasm which followed upon my discovery that it was possible to obtain some definite idea as to the nature of that destiny which awaited me, amongst other mortals. To my mortification I was unable to reply. I knew next to nothing of my subject; I was only aware that those we love do not pass into silence and extinction. That was all, and I let the question pass. I did not know.

That happened several years ago. Death came twice and kissed the brows of loved ones; but my conviction remained unshattered. That experience, however, was but the foundation upon which a new heaven and a new earth were to be slowly raised.

To prepare a soul for the life to come is the avowed object of every religion, and in this respect I found Spiritualism far and away ahead of its contemporaries. The lofty ideals of ancient times, dimmed by the dust of ages, and disordered by the violent upheavals of struggling humanity, too often defied reason, and remained but the shadowy relics of bygone faiths. But with a firm, relentless, yet tender hand, Spiritualism swept aside the dust of time, and restored to a new life the ideals and traditions of the past. This raising of the dead proclaimed to me her divine origin; her teaching of the life to come, her divine mission. But even so, my first great question remained unanswered, and I had not yet discovered the good that Spiritualism was to do.

The ideal of the Great Beyond became the ideal of the ever-present now. But to live in this world that one may truly know how to live in the next was a problem between the statement and solution of which there appeared to be a great gulf fixed. To live on earth and yet to live in heaven seemed a condition to which only a natural saint could hope to aspire. Spiritualism revealed the ideal; could it help in the attainment? Of what use to lay up for oneself treasures in heaven, when the wherewithal to live on earth might be wanting? Were the ideals of Spiritualism only fit to remain isolated in their spiritual glory, awaiting the spirit's coming, or would they admit of a material setting, and shed their benign influence upon the affairs of everyday life? Could the poor, the outcast, the uneducated grasp her teaching, and live it in spite of their environment? That seemed to me the crucial test, the one great test which only a true religion and philosophy could hope to withstand. Was Spiritualism of practical use for all sorts and conditions of men, or was it only for the chosen few? Did Spiritualism possess the knowledge requisite for the living of its ideals? Could it impart such knowledge to those who saw the ideal from afar off, but always failed to attain it? Or must it fall back upon the demands of its predecessors, declaring that such can be attained by faith alone? Was there a knowledge to be gained from Spiritualism that would be of practical service in everyday life, that would help every living soul not only to understand the meaning of life but to live it, not only to perceive an ideal but to attain it? If so, then indeed might Spiritualism be acclaimed the saviour of the world, in that it could accomplish what no religion had yet been able to do.

At last my first great question found its answer, and from

the wealth of intelligence in the Great Beyond came the response which I had sought. This is the real work which Spiritualism has come to do, to impart to all who seek it the knowledge the need that will enable them to realise the ideals that it reveals through the reunion of the living and the dead. That is but the foundation upon which the science of living may be reared, the infant school through which the soul of man may pass to the great colleges of life which lie beyond. None who graduate therefrom need be outcast, poor, lonely, or the victim of environment; for in Spiritualism lies the knowledge that will bring forth to each and all who seek to gain it a sane, healthy success in the material life, wisdom in the mental, and peace in the spiritual. God is no respecter of persons, and in Spiritualism may be found a practical knowledge for everyday life such as the world's wisest men can never exhaust, and yet which its simplest may understand. He who will drink of these living waters need know neither poverty, misfortune, nor material ills, for the true science of Spiritualism is the science of living, and not merely of communicating with the so-called dead.

And this is what my experience of Spiritualism has shown me since the day that I could not answer the question, "What good can it do you?" To answer it now I have but to glance back over the years of the past, and to trace in them the work of those invisible hands which, with boundless love and wisdom and patience, have shown to me, by experiences both bitter and sweet, a little of what Spiritualism means, and above all, the vast responsibility which those who profess its teachings bear. It is no light burden, this ray of heaven that has illuminated the world. Realising the mighty purpose which lies behind this sweet communion of the living and the dead, well may we pause to ponder awhile on the responsibilities which that communion entails, and the call which comes to us from beyond the grave to learn first, and then to teach, that which true Spiritualism offers to humanity, the great Science of Living.

STRANGE EPISODES OF THE WAR.

Mr. Reginald B. Span, whose name is widely known in connection with his writings on psychical phenomena, sends us the following account of two curious instances of the supernatural. They are the more significant as having happened outside the ranks of those who study the subject:—

A friend of my mother, a Mrs. W—, whose husband, Captain W—, is at the front, has a little boy aged five years. The other day she remarked to him, "Daddy is busy fighting the Germans." The child promptly replied, "No, he is not, he is lying in a tent, and he looks rather funny." A day or two later news came that Captain W— had been severely wounded, but they could not at once move him on account of the terrible fighting, and when they looked for him afterwards he had disappeared. This officer was officially reported wounded and missing a few days ago. The child could give no reason for his remark; he only knew it was so.

Another curious incident, which was reported in the "Daily Mail," refers to the strange death of Mr. Alfred Donnison, a well-known Hull manufacturer, a very patriotic Englishman who had served twenty-one years in the East Yorkshire Rifle Volunteers. Suddenly on a recent date this gentleman, who did not know a word of German, commenced talking volubly in that language (so it was alleged), and ended up by saying in English, "God bless the Kaiser." A woman called in two soldiers and eventually he was taken to the police-station, where he was taken suddenly ill and died.

My theory and explanation is that Mr. Donnison was temporarily "possessed," his organs of speech being controlled by the spirit of a deceased German, who spoke through him, a common phenomenon amongst Spiritualists. Mr. Donnison protested on the way to the police-station that he was not a German, had no German sympathies, and did not understand the language, but naturally he would not be believed in the face of the testimony of witnesses. I think my explanation should be sufficient to clear his character—at any rate in the eyes of Spiritualists.

ALL persons who are naturally drawn towards the ceremonial aspects of religion are really devotees of the higher magic; are acknowledging the strange power of subtle rhythms, symbolic words and movements, over the human will.—EVELYN UNDERHILL.

A LUCKLESS EXPERIMENT.

"Ah Love! Could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits—and then
Remould it nearer to the heart's desire?"

We tried it, my Love and I, in the dark night, when all the world lay sleeping. A stupendous labour it was to achieve, and a sad mess we made of it when the transformation was at last effected. We soon shattered everything to bits, and great fun it was so far, but ah, the reconstruction! How much easier it is to criticise than to create; to find fault than to discover the more excellent way!

As we gathered up the glowing fragments of the battered sun and the pounded pulp of the plastic earth, our first idea was to re-arrange the scheme of things so that the fury of winter and the fierceness of summer should no longer oppress mankind. We measured out the new orbit, we calculated the speed, and set the planet spinning round its central orb at such a distance and at such a rate of revolution that neither heat nor cold could gain ascendancy again for ever, but a perpetual spring reigned supreme over the whole earth.

Oh, the joy of it, as we watched the bright blossoms unfold and reach out from the verdant meadows and from the bursting woodlands beneath a sky of translucent blue flecked with little fleecy clouds! Soft showers alternated with glorious sunshine. Not a leaf faded or withered; all was bright, beautiful, young and gay; and vast continents of vernal life stretched from shore to shore of the peaceful seas.

But there was one thing we had forgotten—nothing ripened, nothing came to maturity. The buds appeared, the blossoms opened, and then—they were succeeded by new buds, new blossoms. The tender grass sprang up but never reached the fulness of haytime, and the eager young lambs soon cropped the short turf bare to the soil and roamed hungrily for food. There were no fruits in the orchard: there was no golden corn in the fields. The birds mated and built their nests and sang plaintively of the summer that was ever in promise and yet never came. And one by one their songs grew more and more sad, while the swallows wandered hither and thither in twittering perplexity till they sank exhausted, and in time all the birds drooped and died as if of weariness, and even the cuckoo at last ceased its hopeless cry in the woods, for its voice grew hoarse and faint till it had lost the power of calling its mate, and flitted lonely and silent from bough to bough.

No maturing!—we had learned our first lesson: perpetual spring was not, after all, a practicable ideal; it was not even nearer to our goal—the heart's desire—than the old time changes of season with all their vagaries.

"It will not do at all," said my Love.

"No," said I, "let us begin all over again."

Once more we took our universe and shattered it to bits and remoulded it yet again, reverting this time to its normal natural conditions. We found it even advisable not to vary the earth's orbit by a single mile, to alter its rate of revolution by a second, or to change the inclination of its poles by a degree.

It was not in natural form, we agreed, my Love and I, that the world needed modification. We would try next time a remodelling of the spiritual. So we built it all up as of old once more, but we left out pain and sorrow, and we banished sin.

Alas, our second venture was no happier than our first. As we rooted out the weeds of pain and sorrow we plucked up with them the flowers of sympathy and the love-plants that grew beside them, nor could we, with all our care and patience, out-root the one without sacrificing the other, for they seemed to grow together like the wheat and the tares in the parable. Even where we did succeed in destroying the weeds alone, we found to our surprise that the flowers of sympathy withered and the love-plants could no longer live when the weeds of pain and sorrow were not there.

And when we had banished sin, humankind, to our amazement, was humankind no longer, but a mere Frankenstein machine, virtueless, incapable of development, an automaton, who roamed with glassy eyes and unwavering steps, never

stumbling yet never mounting the hills, but treading round and round a dreary path of circles on the plains below.

Again we realised it would not do. Again we broke our universe to bits and once more remoulded it with changed ideals as to the abolition of the power to sin and as to the total prohibition of pain and sorrow. A hundred times we broke it up and remodelled it, now this way, now that. We tried adjustments—a little less of sin, a modicum less of grief, a few grains more of pleasure, a little larger proportion of joy, a few less tears, a diminished proportion of disease, a tempering of every ill as far as we could plan it.

Unfortunately with every fresh trial some unlooked-for drawback discounted all our efforts, and as we discarded first this, then that, and then the other of our innovations and improvements we found to our chagrin that our modelled and remodelled world was gradually reverting more and more to the very same conditions as those which it originally had before we began tampering with its economies. And just as the morning dawned, after our long night of fatuous toil, spent in doing and undoing and re-doing and re-undoing, we found at last that we had rebuilt the world exactly as it used to be.

Just then the sun rose, and the people woke and went out to their work, and it was day. We felt glad they had been asleep until we had restored the world to what it was, for so they never knew what hopeless bungles we had made that night, my Love and I.

OMAR KHAYYAM AS A SUFI PHILOSOPHER.

In the July number of the "Islamic Review," in the first of a series of articles on "The Psychology of the Persian (Mystic) Philosophers," Dr. A. N. J. Whyman declares that Omar Khayyám, though his romantic rubaiyat or verses are known, esteemed, and quoted all over Europe, is still to a great extent misunderstood. It is, in Mr. Whyman's view, incredible "that a scholar famed as a scientist in the three greatest courts of his time and honoured by scholars the world over should give himself up in the heyday of his success to an idealisation of wine and the pleasures of an unrestricted life of wanton indulgence." Omar, moreover, was a Muslim, and all kinds of intoxicating liquor are forbidden to the Muslim. But he was of the Sufis, and a common practice of that school was to express their tenets in a mystic form:—

A few years ago I received from a Sufi of my acquaintance a little-known work called "The Mystical Dictionary of Sufi Philosophy." It is an Arabic work circulating amongst Sufis. In it those Sufi expressions in use before A.D. 1000 are marked specially by my friend. I shall give the translations of some of these words and their equivalents to show how Omar may be read as a Sufi philosopher. "Wine" is given as meaning "love of God" or "devotion"; the "tavern" is "the mosque"; "beauty" is the "Perfection of Allah"; "the Loved One" or "Beloved" is Allah himself; "the Lover" is "man"; "sleep" is "meditation on the essence of Allah and His divine grace"; "the taverner" and "the saki of the tavern" is "a scholar," "a wise instructor"; "the Eternal Saki" is again "Allah"; "perfume" is "hope of Divine Grace"; "wantonness" is "absolute absorption in religious fervour"; and so on. It is not necessary for me to give any more examples. One may see by these few specimens that Omar, treated according to the rigid Western fashion from FitzGerald's translation, is very different from the same man in the true aspect of his Sufism. Read again his rubaiyat and see what depth of feeling and religious ardour are displayed therein.

Admitting that the surface philosophy of the Rubaiyat is sensuous and far from spiritual, one fails to see why a man whose idea of earthly bliss—apart from the flask of wine (which, of course, was very wrong)—was a loaf of bread, a book of verse and the companionship of the woman he loved, "singing beside me in the wilderness," should be accused of idealising "the pleasures of an unrestricted life of wanton indulgence." At the same time we have never been convinced of any esoteric side to Omar Khayyám's philosophy. It seems to us frankly pagan.

EVERYTHING must pass: the memory of words, kisses, passionate embraces: but the contact of souls, which have once met and hailed each other amid the throng of passing shapes, that never can be blotted out.—ROMAIN ROLLAND.

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FACTS AND FALLACIES.

But for our recognition of the fact that progress is cumulative, that the farther we advance the easier and swifter becomes the victory over the obstacles still to be surmounted, we should be inclined to despair sometimes over the task of exploding out some of the hoary prejudices that surround the subject of a spiritual world and spirit intercourse.

Time and again have we listened to the objection that the next world—as presented by those of its inhabitants who testify to us concerning it—is a human world. Disgust has been expressed that human failings and foibles are perpetuated in the future life. Putting aside the question whether this is the case to anything like the extent which some suppose—a question that need not be discussed at the moment—it seems strange that the objectors should wish to import a supernatural element into the problem—that men should shrink so affrightedly from their own likeness. At the root of the objection is seen the influence of that false theology which, as Walter Pater noted, has distorted human thinking for ages. The idea that there must be some radical difference between the humanity carnate and humanity discarnate persists to some extent even amongst students of psychical science. The idea that a soul in the flesh may possess greater psychical powers than some that have passed out of it comes as a shock to these persons, and they express surprise, too, that people may combine remarkable psychic gifts with deficient moral qualities. To the seasoned Spiritualist it is a matter of regret rather than astonishment, for he has long known that some forms of mediumship are a matter of chemistry rather than of character. Nature in this matter is consistent with herself, and quite often endows with her finest gifts—painting, poetry, music, oratory and other powers—those who are sadly lacking in the quality of goodness. In the end, of course, the balance is made up, and character becomes the only passport to the highest rewards she has to bestow.

Another curious fallacy is seen in the theory that a spirit must *ex-officio*, so to speak, possess superhuman wisdom, including the power of prophecy. The genesis of the idea is not difficult to trace. Many of the most highly gifted psychics of the past were observed to be in communication with the unseen world. What more natural than to suppose that their uncanny powers of prophecy and divination were the result solely of this communication? Yet, as those who have studied the matter know, those supernormal powers were frequently innate in the

psychics themselves, and their intercourse with the other world merely incidental to the use of them. They were, in fact, exercising faculties of their own spiritual nature which related them to the inner side of life. They were often far superior in mind and soul quality to some of the discarnate human beings or "entities" (hideous world!) with whom they came into association. And that brings us back to the old proposition, none the less true for being trite, that the human being is a spirit whether in the flesh or out of it, and that his gifts may be no more or less potent in the one case than in the other. Some of those magical feats which are presented as evidences of spirit agency are and have been performed (by psychical methods) by certain gifted persons in the body, although they are rarely, if ever, willing to display their powers to casual observers. This does not at all weaken the case for spirit existence. It rather strengthens it by confirmation, as well as fortifying the case for the spiritual nature of man.

Another objection (the product not so much of hereditary ideas as of that modern spirit of intellectual inquiry which is so hopeful a feature of to-day) is that psychic phenomena do not absolutely prove a future life. We have never held that they do. The only absolute proof of a future life is the actual transition to that life. But taking the phenomena all round—mental and physical—and uniting with them all the higher and subtler tokens that reach us through the operations of reason and the intuitions—the problem is certainly settled as completely as any question can be settled in this imperfect world. We have observed that the average opponent of the doctrine invariably bases his argument on some part of the evidences and never upon the evidences as a whole. But even if these only made human survival a probability, they would be well worth all the pains of investigation they entail. The point to be remembered is that it is not so much a question of proving the existence of spirits as of demonstrating that man in the flesh has already powers which transcend his physical environment and which point to his fitness to exist in another and higher order of being. That has been proved and is constantly receiving newer and stronger demonstration.

IN TIME OF WAR.

"R. O.," an officer in the Army and an old reader and correspondent of LIGHT, sends us the following little "transcripts from life":—

I work in the East of London. I wear the King's uniform. Three women have stopped me in the street. The first told me she had lost her son in the war. She asked me if she should see him again and in what shape or form. I told her what I believe and, I think, left her convinced. But her poor old face (here the women age quickly) lit up.

The second told me her boy was safe—she knew because she never neglected to pray for him.

The third said she was sure her son would come through safely for her prayers had surrounded him with a wall of fire.

"No, not in all Israel."

Two sweet-faced nuns I met in the train, carrying lovely flowers given them at Covent Garden for their altar, told me they prayed continually for the repose of *all* the dead, killed in the war. And so do I.

And let me add that the English people do not pray enough.

ASTROLOGICAL FORECASTS.—From the July number of the "British Journal of Astrology" we learn that the planetary influences during the month are very unfavourable. A grave disaster affecting both Royalty and the City of London is foreshadowed. As regards the war, an arduous and hazardous campaign is indicated for our new ally Italy, with internal troubles in the near future. "Sephariel" calls attention to a curious Jewish legend, of which the nursery rhyme, "The House that Jack Built," appears to be a direct adaptation. "The Horoscopes of the Royal Family of Russia" are critically considered by Mr. E. H. Bailey, and "Aseshra" has an interesting paper on "True and False in Numbers, Dates and Superstitions."

STRIKING EVIDENCE OF IDENTITY.

By H. A. DALLAS.

Dr. Hyslop relates in the May issue of his journal a very instructive incident, which shows how careful we should be not to jump to the conclusion that a communication is meaningless merely because we cannot understand its bearings. He has recently been able to verify the appropriateness of a communication made to him nine years ago. Briefly, the case is this.

Shortly after his father-in-law's death in 1906, Dr. Hyslop had an interview with Mrs. Chenoweth, who, as readers of *LIGHT* know, is a medium with whom he has worked for a long time. There were indications that his father-in-law, or some member of his family, was trying to communicate. The control spoke of "a little toy vessel, like a little ship," and "a glass globe with one of these little ships in it," and added, "it seems to be familiar to these people. . . . You have seen glass ships, haven't you? . . . Were they blown by glass people?"

The control was evidently seeing as in a picture, and did not know whether the object was an image in glass or "a little thing in it, with a glass over it." Dr. Hyslop could see no significance in the matter, and no relative of his could throw any light upon it.

On April 6th, 1911, during a sitting, Dr. Hyslop received a long message beginning with the name of Carrie. At first he thought he might be able to identify the name, but he found that the person he was thinking of was evidently not the right one, and he says the whole message remained an enigma to him, though later it became quite clear.

In October, 1911, at a sitting, the control described Dr. Hyslop's wife and then referred again to "a glass globe over a glass ornament," adding, "it looks like a glass ship." This was followed by an attempt to write, which failed. Then the control changed. G. P. and Jennie P. intervened and told Dr. Hyslop that his wife, Mary, was trying to communicate, and that she came in relation to Carrie. Dr. Hyslop then asked whether it was Carrie who referred to the globe of glass, and he was told that it was. He said: "She, or someone else, referred to it several years ago, and I was not able to verify it in the family. Did it belong to someone else than Carrie?"

ANSWER: I think it did, and it was one of those things that glass-blowers used to produce at exhibitions of their work, and was coloured and decorated, and rather an intricate piece of work, and, I presume, left an impression on the owner's mind by its very oddity.

Dr. H.: Yes, it will be necessary to get the full name of Carrie or the owner in order to run down the incident.

ANSWER: Yes, and no one realizes that better than Mary and your father. Frequently a spirit unused to communicating will recall some incident or property which is so far removed that it is almost impossible to trace it, and they feel they have accomplished a great feat, but the communicator who understands his business will get incidents easily verifiable, but entirely out of the line of ordinary life. Now this Carrie is not able to do all that is wanted, and we want more time for her if you can grant it. If not, say so.

Dr. H.: Yes, I can wait, and she can be sandwiched in later.

ANSWER: That will be better, for a forced communication is often worse than useless. It is liable to have some egregious blunder.

Several points should be noted in this instructive conversation.

Firstly, the name of Carrie had not been identified. Dr. Hyslop may have been impressed to ask if she was connected with the glass globe, for he had no normal knowledge of such a connection, and he did not know who she was, or why she came in connection with his wife.

Secondly, we should observe that this was a case of a persistent effort on the part of an individual to use her recollection of a particular object, evidently for identification.

Thirdly, the control was not fully aware of the circumstances and only guessed that the object belonged to the communicator (we do not know if this guess was incorrect).

Fourthly, it is interesting to note the difficulty which may result from a communicator trying to be too ingenious. The attempt to find some object to describe which cannot be attributed to chance or to thought-reading may prevent its being identified at all.

Fifthly, inquirers often expect to get evidence straight away. The control points out that many cases require time, and that a forced communication results in confusion and blunder. It is not surprising that many inquirers are disappointed, considering how little time they allow.

The association of Mary with Carrie led to the identification of Carrie. Dr. Hyslop had no conscious recollection of ever having heard of her, but he learned that his wife had a half sister of that name who died in 1877 at the age of seven, seven years before Dr. Hyslop met his wife. After learning this Dr. Hyslop also discovered that a year before the child's death in 1876, a glass blowers' Centennial Exposition was held in Philadelphia, where his wife resided. No one could, however, recall having seen a glass ship among the exhibits.

On November 21st, 1911, the matter was again spontaneously referred to at a sitting with Mrs. Chenoweth. This was done at the entrance into the state of trance. She said: "I see a school room and I see two—your lady and a sister in spirit. . . . There is a very close feeling between them. . . . I don't know which went first. I rather think the sister went first."

Further remarks of interest were made concerning Carrie and her sister; then Dr. Hyslop asked, "Where did that glass ship come from?" and the medium replied that she did not know, adding, "I will see what I can do. It is not one of those things glass-blowers have, is it? (Yes.) Do you know anyone named David?"

The abrupt introduction of the name of David had no meaning for Dr. Hyslop at the time, but he ascertained on inquiry that it was the name of an intimate friend and partner of his father-in-law, and therefore it was not improbable that this David was his guest during the Exposition in Philadelphia. The connection with a glass ship was verified in the following manner.

Mr. Albert J. Edmunds, connected with the Pennsylvania Historical Society, recently discovered evidence that glass-blown ships were made at the Centennial Exposition of 1876. A lady in the MS. room of the library of that society told him that her family once had a glass ship spun in the Centennial Exposition. After this Mr. Edmunds discovered a volume which proved that glass ships were blown at the Exposition. When this was mentioned to a friend in Boston she replied, that she had herself seen a glass ship in a globe as described by Mrs. Chenoweth's control.

The whole incident is of considerable interest and value. If we accept the obvious explanation the matter is intelligible and coherent. A child of seven would be likely to be impressed by what would be to her a pretty toy; she died soon after seeing it. Wishing to give evidence of her survival and memory she could recall very few things by which it would be possible after the lapse of more than thirty-five years to identify her; but she remembered this image seen in childhood and persistently tried to get it recognised; in so doing she revealed the fact that she had retained a loving association with her sister and, as Mrs. Chenoweth said, "had met her."

There is in all this much to instruct, much to cheer, much to encourage faithfulness and constant recollection of ties which some are apt to regard as broken by early death. It is one of many instances which show that when the young pass out of this world they do not forget the tender bonds which bound them; perhaps those bonds are all the stronger because they have been carried up into a purer life before the breath of this world's claims and interests has tarnished them and dulled their brightness.

ONE eye-witness is of more weight than ten hearsays. Those who hear speak of what they have heard; those who see know beyond mistake.—PLAUTUS.

THERE is light in the height, for the star is over the height, and there is hope in the depth, for the star is also in the sea.—A. E. WAITE.

FROM WORLDS UNREALISED.

PASSAGES FROM A PSYCHIC SCRIPT.

(Continued from page 327.)

You will be able faintly to realise, by a large effort of your imaginative powers, the meaning we had in mind when we wrote last evening of Him Whose Name is to us unknown and unknowable. So, when you worship the Creator, you have, I suppose, no very definite idea of the order of Creator you intend. It is easy to say you mean the Creator of all. But what do you mean by all?

Now, know this—for this much, at least, we have progressed to know—that you do right to worship the Creator and Father of all, whatever you mean, if you mean anything definite by that very inclusive word. Still, your worship passes first into the lower spheres and through them to the higher, and some worship goes farther and into higher spheres than other worship does, according to its worth and inherent power. And some goes very far indeed. Far above us is the Christ Sphere of glorious intensity of light and awful beauty. Your worship, then, proceeds to the Father through Him, that is through the One who came to earth and manifested the Christ to men.

Now, though all that we have said is true, yet it is truth expressed quite inadequately by reason of the limitations both of us who are speaking to you and of your own earth state. For you will understand that when we speak of proceeding through these spheres, we are really using phrasing of a local character, as of a journey from one locality through another to a third. And I fear, friend, that I can do little more at this present time than remind you that these states of which we have been thinking are rather better expressed as spheres than as zones. For, I would repeat, the higher include within themselves all the lower, and he who moves in any of them is present in all those inferior to his own. For which reason it is not without some degree of truth that we speak of Him Who is all, and in all, and throughout all, and of the Omnipresence of God.

Now, we feel that we have laboured this theme over long and should cease further endeavour to put into the little wineglass of earth knowledge and wisdom the vintage of these wide vineyards of the heavens. One thing is enough to know for you and us: The Husbandman and the Vinedresser both are sure in their power and in their wisdom to deal with us. Toward them is our journey set, and ours is to do the thing we find to hand, to do it thoroughly and well, and finish it quite, and then to reach out for the task set next in order. When that is finished another will be awaiting us. We shall never find that we have reached the end, I think. For, as one progresses, one comes to feel the possibility more and more of a truth beneath those words "for evermore," "world without end." But we doubt if you do yet, friend, and we say this with courtesy.

On Monday, October 27th, 1913, the following was written by another communicator:—

Once again we take up our tale of the Heavenly Life, and hope to be able to tell you a little more of the love and blessedness which we experience in these bright realms. Our Home is situate on the slope of a thickly wooded hill in a clearing, and our patients—for they are really such—are tended by us here in peace and quiet after their distressing experiences in one or other part of those lands where the light is dim and darkness seems to enter into their very souls. They come here more or less exhausted and weak, and are only allowed to go onward when they have become strong enough for the way.

You would, perhaps, like to know somewhat of our methods here. Chiefly these may be summed up in one word: Love. For that is the guiding principle in all our work. Some are so overpowered with the realisation of the fact that we do not seek to judge and punish but only to help them, that they are, from that very cause, ill at ease from its unfamiliarity.

One of our poor sisters met our Mother Angel a little while ago in the garden, and was turning down a side-path in order to avoid meeting her, not of fear but of reverence. But our bright Angel went to her and spoke kindly to her and, when she found that she could talk quite freely, she asked a question. "Where is the Judge?" she inquired, "and when is the Judgment to take place? I am trembling all the while with the thought of it, for I know my punishment will be a very dreadful one; and I would know the worst, and get it over."

To this the Mother replied, "My child, your judgment will take place whenever you desire; and from your own words I can tell you that it has already begun. For you own that your past life is worthy of punishment, and that is the first step in your judgment. As to the Judge, well, she is here; for you yourself are judge, and will mete out to yourself your punish-

ment. You will do this of your own free will by reviewing all the life you have lived and, as you bravely own up one sin after another, so you will progress. Much of your punishment you have already inflicted upon yourself in those dark regions from which you have lately come. That punishment, indeed, was dreadful. But that is past and over, and what you have now to endure will be dreadful no longer. All dread should now be past. Painful, deeply painful, I fear it will be. But all through you will feel that He is leading you, and this more and more as you go on in the right way."

"But," persisted the inquirer, "I am perplexed because I do not see the Throne of the Great Judge Who will reward some and punish others."

"You will, indeed, some day see that Throne, but not yet. The judgment you are thinking of is very different from what you imagine. But you should have no fear and, as you progress, you will learn more, and understand more, of God's good love."

That is what perplexes many who come over here. They expect to find all set ready for their dismissal from the Presence into torture, and cannot understand things as they are.

Others who have cultivated a good opinion of their deserts are much disappointed when they are given a lowly place, sometimes a very lowly one, and not ushered immediately into the Presence of the Enthroned Christ to be hailed with His "Well done!" Oh, believe me, there are many surprises awaiting those who come over here, some of a very joyful kind, and others the reverse.

I have, only lately, seen a very learned writer, who had published several books, talking to a lad who, in the earth life, was a stoker in a gas-works, and being instructed by him. He was glad to learn, too, for he had partly learned humility; and the curious thing was that he did not so much mind sitting at the feet of this young spirit as going to his old friends here and owning up his mistakes and his vanity of intellect in his past life. This, however, he will have to do sooner or later, and the young lad is preparing him for that task. It is also whimsical to us to see him still clinging to his old pride, when we know all about him, and his past and present status, which latter is rather low, and all the time he is trying to think he is hiding his thoughts from us. With such their instructors have to exercise much patience, which is also very good training for them.

And now let us see if we can explain a difficulty which is perplexing many investigators into psychic matters. We mean the difficulty they have in understanding why we do not give them information which they desire about one thing or another which they have in their minds.

You must try to realise that, when we come down here, we are not in our proper element, but hampered with limitations which are now strange to us. For instance, we have to work according to the laws which are in vogue in the earth realm, or we could not make you understand what we wish to do or say. Then we often find that, when anyone has his mind fixed on some particular person whom he wishes to hear or see, or some special matter about which he wishes to inquire, we are limited by the straitened means at our disposal. Other reservoirs of power in that inquirer are closed, and those only are open to us which he himself has willed should be open. And these are frequently not enough for us to work with.

Then, again, the activity of his will meets the activity of ours midway, as it were, and there is a clash, and the result is either confusion or *nil*. It is nearly always better trustfully to allow us to work in our own way, and afterwards to examine critically what we manage to get through. If information on any particular point is desired, let that point be in your mind at times as you go about your daily occupation. We shall see it and take account of it, and, if it is possible and useful and lawful, we shall find opportunity and means, sooner or later, to answer it. If you ask a question while we are with you manifesting in one way or other, do not demand, but just put your thoughts before us, and then leave it to us to do what we can. Do not insist. You may be sure that, as our desire is to help, we shall do all we can.

A man came to our colony a short time ago who had lately passed over. He was wandering about seeking somewhere to his mind, and thought this settlement looked something like what he wanted. You must not think he was alone. There accompanied him, but at a distance, a watcher who was ready to help when required. The man was one of those curious mixtures we sometimes get. There was a considerable amount of goodness and light in him, but that could not be used for furthering his development on account of its being checked and held in ward by other traits which he could not be brought to rearrange.

He was met on a path some distance away from the hill where our home is by one of the workers in another home, and the latter stopped and questioned him, for he noticed a strange

and perplexed look on his face. When he stopped he received a signal from the guardian, who was some distance away, and was informed of the problem, and so, all instantaneously, was equipped to deal with it. He spoke kindly, and the following conversation ensued:—

A. You seem to be not very familiar with this region. Can I help you in any way?

B. I don't think so, although it is kind of you to offer to do so.

A. Your difficulty is one which we might deal with here, but not so thoroughly as we would like to do.

B. I am afraid you do not know what that difficulty is.

A. Well, partly, I think. You are perplexed because you have not met any of your friends here, and wonder why.

B. That is so, certainly.

A. But they have met you.

B. I have not seen them; and I have been wondering where I could find them. It seems so strange. I always thought that our friends were the first to meet us when we pass over, and I cannot understand it at all.

A. But they did meet you.

B. I didn't see anyone I knew.

A. That is quite correct. They met you and you did not know them—would not know them.

B. I don't understand.

A. What I mean is this. When you came over here you were immediately taken charge of by your friends. But your heart, good in some respects and even enlightened, was hard and blindly obstinate in others. And this is the reason you did not recognise their presence.

The other looked long and doubtfully at his companion and, at last, stammered out a question.

B. What is wrong with me, then? Everybody I meet is kind and happy, and yet I don't seem to be able to join any party, or to find my own proper place. What is wrong with me?

A. The first thing you must learn is that your opinions may not be correct. I will tell you one which is at fault, to begin with. This world is not, as you are trying to imagine it, a place where people are all that is good or all that is evil. They are much as they are on earth. Another thing is this: Your wife, who came over here some years ago, is in a higher sphere than the one in which you will be placed when you have at length got the correct perspective of things. She was not mentally your equal in the earth life, and is not so now. But you are on a lower plane than she is, on general lines and all things considered. That is the second thing you have to accept, and accept *ex animo*. You do not accept it, as I can see by your face. You will have to do so before you can advance. When you have done so, then you will probably be enabled to communicate with her. At present that is not possible.

The man's eyes became dimmed with tears, but he smiled rather sweetly and sadly as he quoted, "Sir, I perceive that you are a prophet."

A. Quite right; and that brings me to the third thing you will have to accept; and that is this. There is one watching over you always, always at hand to help you. He is a prophet, or rather a seer, like me; and it was he who put that saying into your mind to repeat to me.

Now the stranger's face became grave and thoughtful. He was trying to get the right and true view of things. He asked, "Is it vanity, then, that is my fault?"

A. Yes, but vanity of rather a difficult kind. In many things you are sweet and humble, and not without love, which is the greatest power of all. But there is a certain hardness in your mind rather than your heart, which must be softened. You have got into a mental rut, and must get out of it and look farther afield, or you will go about like a blind man who can see—a contradiction and a paradox. There are some things you see clearly enough, and to others you are totally oblivious. Learn that to change your opinions in the face of evidence is not weakness or backsliding, but is the sign of an honest mind. I tell you this, further: had your heart been as hard as your mind you would not be wandering here in the fields of God's sunshine, but in darker regions yonder, beyond those hills—far beyond them. Now I have explained, as well as I am able, your rather perplexing case, friend. The rest is for another to do.

B. Who?

A. The one I have already told you of, the one who has you in charge.

B. Where is he?

A. One minute, and he will be here.

The message was sent, and the guardian stood beside his charge, who, however, was unable to see him.

A. Well, he is here. Tell him what you want.

B. looked full of doubt and anxiety, and then said, "Tell me, my friend, if he is here why cannot I see him?"

A. : Because in that phase of your mind's activity you are blind. That is the first thing you have to realise. Do you believe me when I say you are, in some directions, blind?

B. I can see very well, and the things I see are fairly plain, and the country quite natural and beautiful. I am not blind in that respect. But I am beginning to think there may be other things just as real which I cannot see, but shall see some day, perhaps, but—

A. Now, stop there and leave the "but" alone. And now look, as I take your guide by the hand.

He then took the watching guide's right hand in his own, telling B. to look intently, and tell him if he saw anything. He could not be certain, however. He thought he saw some kind of transparent form which might or might not be real, but was by no means sure.

A. Then, take his hand in yours. Take it from me.

The man held out his hand and took that of his guide from the hand of A., and burst into tears.

Had he not progressed so far as to make that action, he would not have seen his guide nor have been able to feel his touch. The fact that he put out his hand at the command of A. showed that he had progressed during their conversation, and he immediately received his reward. The other held his hand in a firm grasp for some time, and all the while B. saw him and felt him more and more clearly. Then A. left them together. Soon B. would be able to hear, as well as see, his guardian, and, no doubt, he will go on now from strength to strength.

This will show you what difficult cases we sometimes have to deal with—light and gross darkness, humility and hard, obstinate pride all mixed up together, and hard to separate or to treat successfully. But such problems are interesting, and, when mastered, give great joy to the workers.

(To be continued.)

A GENERATION AGO.

THE SLATE-WRITING MEDIUMSHIP OF MR. EGLINTON.

We take the following from the Editorial Notes in *LIGHT* of July 18th, 1885. It follows a comment on a scoffing reference which had appeared in a Society journal, the "*Whitehall Review*," to the remarkable slate-writing phenomena obtained through the mediumship of Mr. William Eglinton:—

Since writing the above another issue of the "*Whitehall Review*" has appeared, and "One Who Knows the Truth" writes as follows to the editor: "I have just seen a copy of a recent issue of your paper, and I much regret to find that you sneer, in an ignorant way, over the wonderful gifts that Mr. Eglinton has received from his Maker. I say 'ignorant' advisedly, because you have no right to sneer at anything that you know only by hearsay. Now I who write to you went to see Mr. Eglinton by appointment. I took with me my mother, my sister-in-law, and my wife. I bought two new slates at a shop, and my sister bought a double slate. We four sat in Mr. Eglinton's drawing-room in full daylight, a common deal table before us, with no cloth on it. I wrote a question on one of the slates, and then fastened the two slates together face to face with a piece of string, putting inside a tiny piece of slate pencil. Mr. Eglinton held the slate just under the flap of the table, in my full view. In about thirty seconds I heard—so did my friends—the gentle scratching of a slate-pencil, and then it ceased. I untied the slates very carefully, and there saw an answer written under my question, and the tiny point of pencil remaining at the last line of the last word. The same thing occurred with my sister and her own double slate. She had an answer that the person she sought to find in the spheres could not be found at once, but that the intelligence or spirit would seek for him. Then came a test that would have satisfied even you. I lashed the two slates as before together, having previously cleaned the slates, and asked another question, and put in the same crumb of pencil. Mr. Eglinton then held the slate high up over the table with one hand, and my sister held the other end. Longer time was taken now before an answer came, and Mr. Eglinton seemed much distressed. In about two minutes the pencil began writing, and, as before, suddenly stopped. I opened the slates and there was a distinct answer to my question, written on closed and tied slates, held in the air by my sister as well as Mr. Eglinton. There has been, and will be, plenty of humbug in the Spiritualistic phenomena, but that does not in the least affect the facts, absolute facts, such as I have just roughly laid before you, and you will make a strange mistake if you allow your paper to sneer at the marvellous, yet most simple, acts of communion that are daily occurring between the spirit world and our own. . . ."

FROM AN ALTERED STANDPOINT.

The following passage from Professor James's "Varieties of Religious Experience" is of special interest just now in view of the great war which will doubtless effect some reforms in the outlook on life to which Professor James refers:—

What we now need to discover in the social realm is the moral equivalent of war—something heroic that will speak to men as universally as war does, and yet will be as compatible with their spiritual selves as war has proved itself to be incompatible. I have often thought that in the old monkish poverty-worship, in spite of the pedantry which infested it, there might be something like that moral equivalent of war which we are seeking. May not voluntarily-accepted poverty be the "strenuous life," without the need of crushing weaker peoples?

Poverty, indeed, is the strenuous life—without brass bands, or uniforms or hysterics, popular applause or lies or circumlocutions; and when one sees the way in which wealth-getting enters as an ideal into the very bone and marrow of our generation, one wonders whether a revival of the belief that poverty is a worthy religious vocation may not be "the transformation of military courage," and the spiritual reform which our time stands most in need of.

Among us English-speaking peoples especially do the praises of poverty need once more to be boldly sung. We have grown literally afraid to be poor. We despise anyone who elects to be poor in order to simplify and save his inner life. If he does not join the general scramble and pant with the money-making street, we deem him spiritless and lacking in ambition. We have lost the power even of imagining what the ancient idealisation of poverty could have meant; the liberation from material attachments, the unbribed soul, the manlier indifference, the paying our way by what we are or do, and not by what we have, the right to fling away our life at any moment irresponsibly—the more athletic trim, in short, the moral fighting shape. When we of the so-called better classes are scared as men were never scared in history at material ugliness and hardship; when we put off marriage until our house can be artistic, and quake at the thought of having a child without a bank account and doomed to manual labour, it is time for thinking men to protest against so unmanly and irreligious a state of opinion.

THE REAL FRANCE.

One consequence of the welding together of men as the result of the war is that we are beginning to understand our Allies. In an article in the "Vahan" for July, in which he contrasts the French and English national characteristics, Dr. Haden Guest expresses the view that the French "are in themselves more formed, more definite than we, better co-ordinated, less swayed by impulse from unknown regions. And so they can play with life. . . . And we have mistaken their play for the real man underneath."

It is the real France that this war is showing. With all the resources of the world's greatest Empire, we, the British Empire, are holding a line of thirty miles in France and Belgium. Our papers are full of it. Our hoardings shout out to everyone to "do his bit." We ask "girls" to urge on their "best boys" to join. We reproach slackers in advance by asking in the name of their future children, "What did you do in the Great War, daddy?" We publish columns and columns of description of our brave deeds, of the stand made by this or that regiment, of the exploit of this or that man. It is all true. It is all fine and noble. But—the French are keeping a line 300 miles long and in their own country. And they are silent. . . .

Our greatest English quality is our power of assimilating the good of other nations. Let it be hoped that we as one result of this war understand and assimilate the strength, the equipoise and the beauty of France.

MR. A. V. PETERS will hold meetings for clairvoyance at the rooms of the Alliance, 110, St. Martin's Lane, at 3 p.m., on Tuesdays the 20th and 27th inst. and Fridays the 23rd and 30th, as announced in the advertisement on the front page of cover. These meetings are not connected with the programme of the Alliance.

"SPEAKING ACROSS THE BORDERLINE."

From F. Heslop, whose well-known book, "Speaking Across the Borderline," is about to pass into a third edition, we have received the following communication which she thinks may be both interesting and consoling to many:—

LETTER RECEIVED JUNE 28TH BY F. HESLOP FROM HER HUSBAND IN SPIRIT LIFE.

At this critical time, when the whole nation is passing through a period of distress and apprehension, what you and others must do is to dwell in constant prayer for Divine intervention in this war.

Divine intervention will assuredly come to the nation which dwells in this attitude of prayer. Earnest, believing prayer prepares the way for God's armies to work. It is the forerunner of His vast army, clearing the atmosphere, and adding to the power of the invisible hosts.

I want you to grasp this thought, because you and others naturally ask, "What good can my feeble prayers do before such enormous strength as that which is now arrayed against England?" Well, each true prayer, each appeal to heaven, each effort you make to become blended with the Divine Power strengthens the forces of good against evil. You know this is a war between Good and Evil, a battle of invisible forces, of which the European war is the outward expression.

What you must also pray for very earnestly just now is that the eyes of the German people may be opened to see the horrors of this campaign. When once this is accomplished the end will be swift and sure. Already there are indications that this is coming. The military party in Germany cannot always blind the people, and so I would bid you pray, without bitterness in your heart, and in absolute faith, that the war may thus speedily come to an end.

Britain has been godless and careless and self-confident in the past, and she is suffering in consequence; but she must arise from her apathy and call upon God for her protection. When she acknowledges in her innermost being that without God she is helpless, and with Him she is all-powerful, then will she pass from victory to victory and the end will be peace.

THE PROPHECY OF JOHANNES: A PROMISING CLUE.

A correspondent who does not wish her name to be published writes that, while visiting a friend in Norfolk, she learned that the gardener of her hostess had brought to the house a newspaper cutting which appeared to have been taken from the "Independent Express," an Eastern Counties paper, of the year 1855. Our correspondent's hostess copied from the cutting as follows:—

END OF GERMANY.

The "Figaro" recently published this curious prophecy of Brother Johannes written in 1600 in Latin. Its terrible predictions seem likely to be fulfilled.

Our correspondent informs us that the prophecy which followed is the same as the one published in LIGHT. She also sends us another paragraph, copied from the same paper, in the form of an appeal for recruits for the Crimea. This paragraph contains at the end the words, "Yarmouth Independent, 1855." This is a little puzzling. Possibly it means that the "Independent Express" was quoting from the "Yarmouth Independent," or that the "Yarmouth Independent" was part of the title of the paper. We are following up the inquiry, and possibly those of our readers who are interested in prophecy may be able to assist us in tracing the paper.

"God reveals Himself to every individual soul; and my idea of heaven is the perpetual ministry of one soul to another."—TENNYSON.

UNION OF EAST AND WEST.—Two romantic Indian plays—"Savitri; or Love Conquers Death," and "The Maharani of Arakan"—will be performed at the Hampstead Conservatoire, Swiss Cottage, on Friday, the 23rd inst., at 2.30 and 8.30 p.m., in aid of the wounded Indian troops. Mr. Martin Harvey will speak in the afternoon. Tickets can be obtained at the Conservatoire, or of the Union of East and West, 59, Egerton Gardens, S.W.

SIDELIGHTS.

Mr. Ralph Stewart, of Sheffield, writes to ventilate the idea that something on the lines of mobilisation of the material forces should be done in the direction of mobilising the subtler forces in which students of psychology profess to believe, that there should be "a world-wide combination on the part of the friends of progress in the body, to assist the efforts of the progressive powers on the other side"—though the hour does not yet seem to have produced the man who shall engineer such a combination.

Mr. Stewart owns to having no definite scheme in view, and we should be surprised if he had. Physical mobilisation is accomplished by the submission by individual soldiers or workers of their wills to the will of some one man or group of men, so that the former become simply the instruments of the latter. It involves mechanical obedience. But the very essence of the power wielded by thought and emotion lies in their absolute freedom.

"The Mystery of Lucien Delorme," by Guy de Teramond, translated by Mary J. Safford (Appleton & Co., 6s.), will hold much fascination for students of the occult. It turns on the clever idea of a young man who, under an eye operation, received a minute piece of radium into his eye and brain, with the consequence that his eyes became X Rays, with the same powers of penetrating matter and viewing what lies inside. Human beings in the flesh appear to Lucien Delorme as skeletons. He unravels crime, has hairbreadth escapes, and is able to surpass the powers of Sherlock Holmes, without at first realising what had happened to him. The whole book seethes with movement and incident, and the author has the gift of portraying his characters almost entirely through their conversations, the effect being very pleasing and easy.

The striking paper entitled "The Enigma of Death: a Solution?" read by Mr. J. J. Morse at the morning meeting of the Annual Convention of the Union of London Spiritualists, held at South Place Institute on May 29th, has been issued in its complete form as a penny pamphlet and can be obtained from "The Two Worlds" Publishing Co., Ltd., 18, Corporation-street, Manchester. Its appearance at the present juncture is particularly timely. Mr. Morse demonstrates, in our view, very clearly and convincingly that, when it is once looked at in the right light, the enigma ceases to exist, and death is seen to be neither a judgment nor a calamity but part of the order of being.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

Photography and the Unseen World.

SIR,—I was interested in the article by "Explorer" in your issue of the 19th ult. (p. 293), "Photography and the Unseen World," in which an account is given of Lady Shelley, of Boscombe Manor, and the ring which she had psychometrised by a medium.

Being Sir Percy's adopted daughter and a niece of Lady Shelley, I have the best possible claim to know the circumstances, and my perfect acquaintance with them enables me to point out a few particulars in which "Explorer's" version of the incident is not quite right. The medium in question was not a woman living on the estate; she was Mrs. Wagstaffe, who, I believe, was a well-known medium in the 'fifties, and, if I mistake not, was at the time at Malvern Wells, where Sir Percy and Lady Shelley were staying and going through the water cure. Mrs. Wagstaffe used to diagnose for doctors; she had just done so for Lady Shelley, when the latter, wearing the intaglio ring in question, gave it to her to see whether she could see the poet Shelley in connection with it, as he had bought it in Rome. (Sir Percy

never wore the ring; he never wore any ring all his life, nor any jewellery but his watch.) This ring Mrs. Wagstaffe was doubtful about at first, as she said she only did medical diagnosis and knew nothing of psychometry, which then appears to have been little known. The vision of ancient Rome was very unexpected and extremely interesting. I may say the intaglio was the portrait of Nero and his mother, Agrippina, the two heads facing one another, but there is no proof that the ring was ever in the possession of the Emperor.

The above is the correct account of the trial of the ring, and Mrs. Wagstaffe deserves to be credited with a very remarkable reading, for I am told that she was a person of slight education, so that it was an excellent test.—Yours, &c.,

B. FLORENCE SCARLETT.

Penenden House, near Maidstone.

July 4th, 1915.

The Origin of the Soul.

SIR,—The recognition of one life in a diversity of grades from protoplasmic cell to man does not, I fear, solve (as "Lumen Sequor" imagines) the question as set forth by myself and others—which is, how is this "individual soul through which spirit looks out on the universe" individuated?

Nor do I think that there has been any confusion in the use of the term soul—notwithstanding that it has been used with varying shades of meaning. I presume the word amongst Spiritualists means, when strictly used, the spirit or etheric body of man *plus* the ego or spirit. This spirit body cannot exist without the spirit; and the ego is certainly not the body *minus* the spirit. So that soul, as commonly employed, really means the spirit-man separated from the flesh. If one desires to refer to any special part of the soul the necessary qualification is made.

Has "Lumen Sequor" any rational theory, based on some recognised facts in Nature, of how the individual spirit-man is individuated; or, put in another way, how spirit becomes individualised? If so, may we please have it?—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD A. BUSH.

Morden, July 5th.

The Ethics of War.

SIR,—I thank Miss Mildred Duke for her courteous criticism, but find it difficult to reply without repeating all I said in my articles. She speaks of Love as the essence of Christianity, but that term is as wide as "Life," and may mean love of war and conquest, or of justice, freedom, or of our fellows. I was speaking of the conjugal aspect of it; but Miss Duke is doing what I protested against, in taking a phase as if it were the whole. Christ said He came not to bring peace, but a sword; He came to disintegrate families by setting one member against another. He did *not* bring peace, but *did* bring a sword, as one sees by the blood-stained track of Christianity through the ages. The nearest approach to what is supposed to be Christ-like action was our treatment of Germany before the war. Again and again we held out the hand of friendship, offering to reduce armaments or stay their increase, but again and again Germany dashed it away with scorn, regarding us as decadent, cowardly poltroons, who only cared for ease, luxury, and football matches. We "prepared for peace" by reducing our army, especially our artillery, which takes longest to train. We discharged our most valuable workers from Woolwich, who were eagerly snapped up by Krupps, and have been making the munitions which are slaughtering our brothers at the front. Every "Christian" move on our part but confirmed Germany's belief in our decadence and cowardice, and made her redouble her efforts to crush us under her ruthless heel, and to erect her Satanism, her anti-Christism, over our own Christianity. Will Miss Duke say we ought to have meekly allowed her to do this? If, on the other hand, we had followed the advice of that wise and great soldier and true Christian gentleman, Lord Roberts, we should have prepared for war and have maintained peace. So paralysed was our Government by the war-provoking Pacifists that our great statesman, Sir E. Grey, dared not speak out until war had begun and Belgium was invaded. Had he not feared

the Pacifists and had said at once that we would stand by France if she were attacked the war might have been avoided. So on the short-sighted but well-meaning Pacifists rests a terrible responsibility. But we are really all Pacifists, or peace-lovers, now; we only differ as to the means. The writer in "The Forum" is capable of making a phrase, but not of understanding these great problems, which he mis-states.

The main object of my articles was to show that mankind is a brotherhood; that isolated advance to the higher civilisation is impossible; while barbarism exists civilisation is tainted by it and held back. We must realise our responsibility to our backward brothers, and bring them into line. This we Britons have done in greater measure than any other peoples have ever done; and it would have been a criminal betrayal of the trust Providence has placed on our shoulders to see all this work undone and a third of the world plunged back into barbarism. Let Miss Duke ask herself what she would have done if she had direction of affairs, when faced by these terrible problems? Would she have been content to see Christianity, truth, justice, and all she holds dear crushed into a mire of blood and tears?

The truth is that Christ, one of the greatest of God's sons, sufficed for His period as regarded its religious, moral and healing problems; but on the great national or Imperial problems He uttered no word; and when we now see His servants throwing off the cassock and putting on the khaki, we get a fair indication of what He would have done were He here and faced with the destruction of His work. God has not been silent for two thousand years; He sends His teachers unto every age; and the greatest He has sent to us Spiritualists. We bow to no authority that conflicts with wisdom, or our natural sense of justice.—Yours, &c.,

E. WAKE COOK.

20, Acton-lane, Chiswick, W.

Animal "Ghosts."

SIR,—The following incident, which occurred in my home some two years ago, will, I believe, interest your readers:—

We had a dog and a cat, both much petted and spoilt, and the dog died. Being much upset at the loss of a favourite we did not hurry its funeral, and the little body, duly laid out in a nicely lined box, was left in a spare room till the following day. According to unvarying custom, the cat met me on the stairs next day, mewing "good morning," when it occurred to me to take him for a farewell visit to the spare room. He appeared puzzled and suspicious, opened his eyes wide and very cautiously sniffed all round the box and its contents. He then hurriedly got out of the room, preceded me down the stairs, and instead of waiting as usual for his breakfast of warm milk went to the French window. As I opened it for him he surprised me by growling vigorously and standing aside while evidently "something" pushed unceremoniously past him. It had been the dog's habit to be let out at that hour and to rush through the window when opened, and I have never doubted but that its spirit body departed then and had been waiting the opportunity to do so, for I had been disturbed by its familiar bark on the landing outside my door during the night when it was, so to speak, lying in state in a room.—Yours, &c.,

E. S.

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How wearisome the grammarian, the phrenologist, the political or religious fanatic, or indeed any possessed mortal whose balance is lost by the exaggeration of a single topic. It is incipient insanity.—EMERSON.

SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, JULY 11th, &c.

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

MARYLBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.—*Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour-street, W.*—Mrs. Mary Davies gave an address on "Spirit Guidance," followed by well-recognised descriptions. Miss E. Emmess kindly sang a solo. Mr. W. T. Cooper presided.—77, *New Oxford-Street, W.C.*—On the 5th inst. Mrs. Cannon gave successful clairvoyant descriptions. Mr. Leigh Hunt presided. Sunday next, see advt. on front page.—D. N.

CHURCH OF HIGHER MYSTICISM: 22, *Princes-street, Cavendish-square, W.*—Mrs. Fairclough-Smith spoke impressively in the morning on "The Mother Side of God," and gave a very stirring trance address in the evening on "The End of the World." For Sunday next see advt. on front page.

FOREST GATE, E. (FORMERLY STRATFORD).—EARLHAM HALL.—Mr. McIntosh gave an interesting address, "The Use and Abuse of Progress." Mr. G. Tayler Gwinn presided. Sunday next, Mr. G. R. Symons, address.—W. H. S.

WOOLWICH AND PLUMSTEAD.—Address by Mrs. Orłowski on "The Power of Thought," followed by clairvoyance. Sunday next, 3 p.m., Lyceum; 7 p.m., Mrs. Neville, address and clairvoyance; 8.30, public circle.

HACKNEY.—240A, *AMHURST-ROAD, N.E.*—Mr. A. H. Sarfas gave a thoughtful address, descriptions and comforting messages. Sunday next, 7 p.m., address by Mr. W. F. Smith; descriptions by Mrs. Smith. Circles: Monday, 8 p.m., public; Tuesday, 7.15 p.m., healing; Thursday, 7.45, members.—H. B.

CROYDON.—GYMNASIUM HALL, *HIGH-STREET.*—Mr. Horace Leaf gave a convincing address on "Spirit Manifestations," also clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, 11 a.m., service and circle; 7 p.m., Mr. R. Boddington. Thursdays, at 8, address and clairvoyance.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—SURREY MASONIC HALL.—Morning, interesting address by Mr. Bailey; evening, inspirational address by Mrs. Checketts. Sunday next, 11 a.m., Mrs. Thomson, "The Power of Thought"; Miss Shipman will recite; 6.30 p.m., Mr. Lonsdale, healing medium, personal experiences.

CLAPHAM.—*HOWARD-STREET, WANDSWORTH-ROAD.*—Mr. Symons gave an address on "The Ministry of Song"; Miss Dimmick and Miss Heythorne sang solos. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., public circle; 7 p.m., Mrs. Maunder, address and clairvoyance. Friday, at 8, public meeting. 25th, Mrs. Neville.

BRIGHTON.—*MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).*—Morning, a helpful public circle; evening, good address by Mr. F. G. Clarke. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mr. Hanson G. Hey (Secretary S.N.U.), addresses. Tuesday, 3 p.m., private interviews; public circle 8 p.m.; also Wednesday 3 p.m.

BRIGHTON.—78, *WEST STREET, FIRST FLOOR (LATE WINDSOR HALL).*—Mr. A. Vout Peters gave very good addresses and well-recognised clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 and 7, Mr. Douglas. Removed to Windsor Hall, Windsor-street (off North-street). During week services as usual.—F. V. C.

PECKHAM.—*LAUSANNE HALL, LAUSANNE-ROAD.*—Morning, Mr. C. J. Williams gave an address and answered questions; evening, address and clairvoyance by Mrs. E. Neville. Sunday next, at 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m., anniversary services. 22nd, Mrs. Mary Gordon, address and clairvoyance. 25th, 7 p.m., Mr. H. J. Stockwell.—T. G. B.

GOODMAYES AVENUE (opposite Goodmayes Station).—In the absence of Mr. L. I. Gilbertson, answers to questions on her previous address, "How Can We Help?" were given by Mrs. A. Henry. 6th, address and clairvoyance by Mrs. E. Peeling. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Miss C. D. L. McGrigor, F.T.S. Tuesday, at 8 p.m., Mr. H. Wright. Mondays, 3 p.m., ladies' meeting.

WIMBLEDON (THROUGH ARCHWAY, Nos. 4 and 5, BROADWAY).—Mr. Geo. Prior gave a powerful address, and Mrs. Grace Prior successful clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Mary Gordon, answers to written questions, followed by clairvoyance. Wednesday, 21st, at 7.30, special visit of Rev. Susanna Harris, address and clairvoyance.—T. B.

BRIXTON.—143A, *STOCKWELL PARK-ROAD, S.W.*—Mrs. Maunder spoke on "Mediumship" and gave clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, 2.45 p.m., Lyceum Flower Service; 7 p.m., Mrs. A. Boddington, address and clairvoyance. 25th, Mr. Prior. Circles: Monday, 7.30, ladies'; Tuesday, members'; Thursday, public.—H. W. N.

BATTERSEA.—*HENLEY HALL, HENLEY-STREET.*—Morning, circle conducted by Mr. Ashley; afternoon, Lyceum session; visitors, Mr. and Mrs. Foll, Miss Smith and others; evening, Mrs. Annie Boddington gave a splendid address on "Life-Revolution" and described spirit friends. Attendance reached forty. Sunday next, at 7, Mr. George Prior, address. Thursday, 8.30, Mrs. Beatrice Moore; silver collection. 17th, 8.30, Mr. Goodwin, address and discussion, "The Law Governing the Mind."—P. S.

FULHAM.—12, LETTICE-STREET, MUNSTER-ROAD.—Visit from the London District Council, who conducted the Lyceum in the afternoon; Messrs. Drury, Boddington and Connor addressed the evening meeting. The summer outing will take place at Ruislip on Saturday, July 24th. Members of other societies cordially invited. Tea in the gardens attached to the bungalow.—V. M. S.

HOLLOWAY.—GROVEDALE HALL, GROVEDALE-ROAD.—Morning and evening, Mrs. E. A. Cannock gave addresses on "What all the World is Seeking" and "War in the Heavens," also descriptions; anthem by choir. 7th, address and descriptions by Mrs. Alice Jamrach. Sunday next, 11.15 and 7, Mrs. Mary Davies; morning, answers to written questions; 3, Lyceum. Wednesday, Mrs. M. Maunder. 25th, 11.15 and 7, Mr. A. Vout Peters.—J. F.

STRATFORD.—IDMISTON-ROAD, FOREST-LANE.—Afternoon, Lyceum, conducted by Mr. J. Tae; evening, trance address on "Is Spiritualism a Religion?" and splendid clairvoyance by Mr. A. Trinder. 8th, Mrs. Hayward, on "The Influence of Spiritualism," followed by clairvoyance. Sunday next, at 7, Miss Woodhouse. 22nd, Mr. J. Dewar, address on "Spirit Photography," illustrated by photographs taken by himself. 25th, Mrs. Orlowski.—A. T. C.

PORTSMOUTH.—311, SOMERS-ROAD, SOUTHSEA.—Addresses by Mr. S. Pulman; clairvoyance by Mrs. Preece.—P.

SOUTHEND.—CROWSTONE GYMNASIUM, NORTHVIEW DRIVE, WESTCLIFF.—Mr. A. Punter gave a trance address, following with clairvoyant descriptions, fully recognised. Large after-circle.

TOTTENHAM.—684, HIGH ROAD.—The spirit guides of Mr. Percy Beard answered written questions from the audience. The answers were greatly appreciated.—N. D.

SOUTHAMPTON SPIRITUALIST CHURCH, CAVENDISH GROVE.—Good address by Mrs. M. H. Wallis. 8th, Mr. Jepp, address; Mrs. Spicer, clairvoyance.

BRISTOL.—THOMAS-STREET HALL, STOKES CROFT.—Evening service conducted by Mr. Bottomley, who gave an address on "Is it Worth While?" Other usual meetings.—W. G.

BOURNEMOUTH.—WILBERFORCE HALL, HOLDENHURST-ROAD.—Addresses and descriptions by Mr. H. Mundy. 8th, address by Mr. Taylor, and descriptions by Mrs. Taylor.

SOUTHPORT.—HAWKSHED HALL.—Mrs. May Lloyd gave addresses, "We have All our Angel Side" and "God, Man, and Immortality." Clairvoyance by Mesdames Lloyd and Chainley.

PORTSMOUTH.—54, COMMERCIAL-ROAD.—Mrs. J. Miles Ord gave an address on "The Pearl of Great Price," followed by clairvoyance.—J. W. M.

STONEHOUSE, PLYMOUTH.—UNITY HALL, EDGCOMBE-STREET.—The meeting was conducted by Mr. Arnold. Mrs. Gale gave the address; clairvoyance by Mr. Dennis; soloist, Miss Endicott.

TORQUAY.—Address by Mr. E. Rugg-Williams, who also gave auric readings. 8th, an address by the president, followed by recognised clairvoyant descriptions by Mrs. Thistleton.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HAMPTON WICK.—Mrs. de Beaurepaire gave an interesting trance address on "A Spirit's Discoveries in Spirit Life," followed by good clairvoyance.—M. W.

PLYMOUTH.—ODDFELLOWS HALL, MORLEY-STREET.—Morning, address and clairvoyance by Mr. F. T. Blake, of the Southern Counties' Union; evening, address by Mr. Newton, also of the Union. Conductor, Mrs. Farley.—S. S.

READING.—SPIRITUAL MISSION, BLAGRAVE-STREET.—Mr. Percy R. Street gave addresses on "The Consolation" and "Theism, Pantheism, and God Belief." 5th, Mrs. Street gave clairvoyant and psychometrical descriptions.—C. S.

BIRMINGHAM.—PRINCE OF WALES ASSEMBLY ROOMS, BROAD-STREET.—Mrs. Harris, a local worker, addressed two meetings, her addresses being much appreciated. She afterwards gave successful clairvoyant descriptions.—T. A.

MANOR PARK, E.—THIRD AVENUE, CHURCH-ROAD.—Morning, healing service; afternoon, Lyceum; evening, uplifting address on "What is Man?" also descriptions and messages by the president, Mrs. Alice Jamrach. 12th, ladies' meeting, address and clairvoyance by Mrs. Lund. 7th, Mrs. Maunders gave an address and clairvoyance.—E. M.

PORTSMOUTH TEMPLE.—VICTORIA-ROAD SOUTH.—Mr. Douglas gave two interesting addresses on "The Open Vision" and "The Survival of Bodily Death" as well as impromptu poems on subjects selected by the audience, and followed each address with psychic demonstrations. Good attendances 10th, Mr. Geo. Douglas gave a series of psychic readings.

EXETER.—DRUIDS' HALL, MARKET-STREET.—Morning, Mr. G. Hill, address and discussion; afternoon, address by Mr. Hartley, of Bournemouth; clairvoyance by Mr. Squires; evening, Mr. Hartley spoke on "What we Learn from the so-called Dead." Successful clairvoyance by Mrs. Grainger. Very large audience.

EXETER.—MARLBOROUGH HALL.—Addresses by Mrs. Letheren and Mr. Frankish; clairvoyance by Mrs. Letheren.

SOUTHEND.—SEANCE HALL, BROADWAY.—Mr. Rundle spoke on "The Proximity of the Two States of Being: Their Respective Missions." Evening, Mr. Habgood's reading, "The Continuity of Life," was followed by an address from Mr. Rundle, "The Condition of the Souls who Pass Over to the Summerland." Good clairvoyance.—C. A. B.

MANOR PARK, E.—CORNER OF SHREWSBURY AND STONE ROADS.—Morning, spiritual healing service, conducted by Mr. G. F. Tilby; afternoon, Lyceum; evening, a beautiful farewell address on "The Spirit's Unfoldment," by Mrs. Roberts; descriptions by Mr. Roberts (a veteran of early days in Manor Park); anthem by the choir.

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"A Friendly Talk with Socialists and Others." By JOSEPH BIBBY. Paper cover, 6d. net. The P.P. Press, Liverpool.

"The Meeting of the Spheres, or Letters from Dr. Coulter." Edited by CHARLOTTE G. HERBINE. Cloth, 7s. 6d. Arthur L. Humphries, 187, Piccadilly, W.

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