

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

"WHATSOEVER DOTH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT.—Paul.

No. 1,955.—VOL. XXXVIII. [Registered as] SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1918. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

6, QUEEN SQUARE, SOUTHAMPTON ROW,
LONDON, W.C. 1.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. F. W. South, the Manager, to whom Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable.

Subscription Rates.—Twelve months, 10s. 10d.; six months, 5s. 5d. Payments must be made in advance. To United States, 2dol. 70c. To France, Italy, &c., 13 francs 85 centimes. Wholesale Agents: Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Ltd., 31, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. 4.

L.S.A. GARDEN MEETING.

JULY 13TH.

See page 204.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

We remarked in the leader last week on the extent to which supernormal agencies are reinforcing the ordinary methods of treating the sick; it is a notable sign of the extent to which the finer forces are coming in to be placed at the service of life generally. We had an example of it recently when in *LIGHT* of the 8th inst., Mrs. A. Gibson, of 26, Haven Green, Ealing, W. 5, wrote of an "offer made by a band of spirit workers on the other side of life . . . to give healing treatment to patients during the sleep state." Now, as we believe in proving all things, we counsel that every such agency should be put to the test. A reasonable attitude is necessary, of course—something between the extreme of the obstinate mind which denies and repudiates and the other extreme of blind credulity and fanaticism. And the test employed should also be sensible. Only a fool would take a sledge hammer to try the strength of a pane of glass, although such absurdities are quite common in our subject when brawn without intelligence investigates the existence of intelligence without brawn. Healing of mind and body is one of the greatest needs of the times and if "the supernormal"—we use the term for convenience—can show itself to be, in Shakespeare's phrase, "body curer and soul curer," the conclusion is obvious.

* * * *

In the March issue of the "Journal" of the American Society for Psychical Research, the editor, Professor Hyslop, concludes an able article on "Philosophy and Democracy" begun in the February issue. We were especially struck with his remarks on the message of the philosopher to mankind. The primary duty of the philosopher is to furnish ideals and inspiration in place of "mumbling a ritual over the ceremonies of a dead past." He must be able to offer to the poor and ignorant some consolation and aid in the struggle of evolution; for the rich he must provide "some social and spiritual ideal as a substitute for the economic passion for wealth and station, which only excite the envy of those whom materialism has robbed of a better." He must offer "some meaning of this cosmos applicable to the daily lives of all of us, and not merely some intellectual culture that places one class above another, while it exploits the lower for the means of this self-indulgence."

* * * *

Truth, Professor Hyslop observes in the article under notice, "is convertible into law in aristocracies, but must be converted into logic in democracies." That is a deep saying; one aspect of it may be found in the idea that

while the born ruler may rule without understanding why he rules, the ruled, in a democracy, must understand why they obey. It is for the philosopher to supply a spiritual ideal for political power, and he must either do this or have no function at all in a democracy—"he will have to pass away as did the ancient priest. It is for him to find some spiritual conception of things, adjustable to the wants of society and the best instincts of the lowliest individual." And then we get these fine lines:—

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century;

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men.

* * * *

"It is not for me," continues the professor, "to decide just how each man shall effect this result. Everyone must choose his own message and his own method. But whatever they are, they must penetrate, directly or indirectly, to the lowest strata of society, which it is so necessary in a democracy to guide, to help, and to elevate." Here is a fine idea, plainly and definitely stated, for Dr. Hyslop is not a man who deals in that high-flown verbiage which is affected by some who appear to be labouring under a confused impression that the spiritual must conceal itself in the unintelligible. He is a practical mystic, and concludes his essay on a high note: "In this work the philosopher must reform the Church and give it a creed, and that creed must carry with it the power to make for righteousness. The men who will do this will rule the ages, and will instil the spiritual into other types of history. 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.' Any inspiration that evades this duty will be without the demanded service to the age."

STILL-BORN CHILDREN: EVIDENCES OF SURVIVAL.

Miss H. A. Dallas writes:—

I have recently come across several interesting records of cases in which still-born children have manifested in various ways after death. I think readers of *LIGHT* could probably supply me with many more. I shall be greatly obliged if they will send me accounts of such cases, stating, in each instance, whether I should be at liberty to publish their statements, and whether their names should be withheld or may be added. I cannot tell in what way I may use the collection I hope to make until I know how many cases will be available. The cases should be of a clear and convincing type—those in which the manifestation was quite unexpected and the existence of the still-born infant either unknown or doubted are, of course, the best for evidential purposes; but I do not want to limit the collection to these strongest instances. I should also like to receive cases of the manifestation of infants. The age limit might be under three years, as for the purpose I have in view a definite limit must be fixed. Cases should be sent to me addressed c/o Editor of *LIGHT*, and written on one side of the paper only and as clearly as possible.

We have received a charming view of a lawn and gardens at Caister-on-Sea, near Great Yarmouth and the Norfolk Broads, part of the scene of a Holiday Camp where the simple life can be lived either under canvas or in huts. Among the regular guests at the camp are several Spiritualists, and circles are often held. Particulars are given on the back page.

THE FADELESS FACE.

(IN REPLY TO A SHALLOW CRITIC.)

"Time cannot wither its fadeless bloom."—MRS. HEMANS.

Mr. Rupert Hughes' article "The Case against Spiritualism" in a recent number of the American magazine, "The Metropolitan," is a piece of smart writing, but it amounts to little more than the usual gibes at the discrepancies in professed descriptions of life in the Beyond, the old complaint of the undignified character of the methods of communication, and the old contemptuous reflections on Spiritualists generally and professional mediums in particular. Mr. Hughes is quite a master of the uncomplimentary adjective. Lady clairvoyants are "fat old women" (presumably Mr. Hughes' lady friends are all youthful and slender), and while some Spiritualists, including Sir Oliver Lodge, are "good, grave men of high standing in other fields" the temptation to allude to Sir Oliver commiseratingly as "the pitiful old father" is too strong to be resisted. (This allusion is associated with Sir Oliver's inability to conceive that his daughter was capable of playing table-tilting tricks on her parents.) For the rest, Mr. Hughes ignores all evidential matter. It does not exist for him. Messages must come in the way he dictates—not through the "jiggling table" or the "slippery ouija-board," still less through people who he has made up his mind are cheats and swindlers. They must be entirely free from the imperfections, mental or moral, of the human channel. Are there not inventions for measuring electrical currents to a nicety and using them for innumerable useful purposes? "The spirit that sincerely desires to communicate with the living world has a hundred delicate instruments waiting to serve him. But they wait in vain. A ghost that could tip a table could surely tap a telegraph instrument or a typewriter's keys. The ghost that could use Mrs. Piper's hand to write with could surely hold a pen without her assistance." Which is to say that because it is comparatively easy for people in the flesh to make use of mechanism connected with the material universe to which they belong, it must be equally easy for people out of the flesh, and that unless they employ such means no amount of veridical messages or other tests will convince Mr. Hughes that the claim that intercourse ever takes place between this world and the next can be anything else than humbug and delusion. The man who adopts such a mental attitude places himself outside the range of argument.

Mr. Hughes is on more solid ground when he attacks the inconsistency of the ideas held by some among us who, granting that the body of the after-life is like in appearance to that worn here, would deny it like functions. He asks very pertinently:—

"Why should we have teeth if we do not eat? Why a tongue and palate if we do not taste? Why nostrils and lungs if we do not breathe? Yet if you take away from a man his useless eyebrows, ears, nose, lips, teeth, throat, and so on down to his toe-nails, how will you recognise him? How shall a mother recognise her child if the design is altered?"

So far, so good, though Mr. Hughes, earlier in his comments, appeared to find much food for amusement in Feda's assertion that this body, so similar to the earth body, is sometimes similarly clothed, and that its wearer is sometimes even inclined to the indulgence of similar habits to those to which he was addicted on earth. Are we to infer, then, that our author expects his tastes to be immediately altered when he passes over, and to find himself "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful"? Under such unfamiliar conditions might he not find a difficulty even in recognising himself? But let me continue the quotation:—

"Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will not have it altered, and yet he is no more satisfactory in having everybody reduced or advanced to the same age. What becomes of a family when father, mother, grandma, Uncle John, the big brother and the little sister are all alike?"

Perhaps it is necessary to explain that by "age" Mr. Hughes does not mean any particular tale of days or years in human life, but only its accompanying stage of bodily growth or decay; that "reduced or advanced to the same age" is only a slovenly way of saying that Sir Arthur believes that the psychic body grows up in the other life just as the physical body does here, but that when it attains maturity there is no "growing down"—no corresponding decline into "the sere and yellow leaf"—in other words that the process of waste will always be fully balanced by that of renewal. If this be a dream it is one which has not been confined to the thought of a future existence. Many have cherished it in regard to this life and sometimes the dream has seemed to come within hailing distance of realisation. There have ever and anon been those whom Time has

dealt with so kindly that, though at last, full of years, they have fallen on sleep and been gathered to their fathers, it could be said of them, as of Moses, that their eye was not dim nor their natural force abated. But the prospect held out by Sir Arthur presents a serious drawback to Mr. Hughes. It would be impossible to tell one member of a family from another! They would be "all alike." Now I do not know anything of Mr. Hughes or his family, but I will suppose—probably quite wrongly—that he is no longer a young man and that both his parents, after living to a ripe age, have passed away. I think I may safely presume that he possesses a family album, the pages of which he still occasionally turns. On one page is a portrait of his father, taken many years ago but as he best remembers him—for youthful impressions are usually more vivid than those of adult life. On the opposite page is one of himself taken but yesterday. There is a family likeness, but would he have us suppose that he experiences any difficulty in distinguishing one from the other? Side by side with his father's is another face. May I be so daring as to imagine that one night this face appears to him in a dream? (Such things have been, so no great flight of fancy is needed.) At first it is as he last saw it—grey-haired, worn, sunken, furrowed. Its owner begins to talk to him—he has only to listen. She talks quietly at first, though in the old tones, but there is so much to recall, so much to tell, that as incident, experience, reflection succeed one another, speech and look alike become more and more animated. He sees once more the old play of the features, the swift changes of expression, the familiar gestures, and in noting these he does not at first notice that through it all a gradual transformation has been taking place—that the hair is grey no longer, that the eyes glow with a brightness to which they had long been strangers, that some magic has smoothed out the furrows and given back to the wasted features the colour and warmth and roundness of a day long gone by. Again, it is the face as he best remembers it—

"Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

Does any sense of strangeness or of changed relationship occur to him? Not a bit. Only on the previous day his mirror repeated the assurance, which it had already often given him, that his own head is grey and that he has crow's-feet at the outer corners of his eyes, but such is the inconsequent nature of dreams that he has quite forgotten the tale told him by the mirror. He is conscious of no perplexity and very little surprise. Everything seems quite natural. For the face of his dream is not simply the face of the long past come back to him. It is *that*, but not *that only*. Something has been added which did not belong to it then—an indefinable something which speaks of a character sweetened and strengthened, and a wisdom which could not have been garnered in some three brief decades, or little more, of this mortal pilgrimage. Instead of vanishing with those vanished furrows, the claim on his filial reverence and regard is increased. Wrinkles and grey hair, he discovers, are but time's accidents. They have little to do with the soul's experiences and development, which, after all, are what really count in life, and there will always be subtle ways in which these will reveal themselves.

No, Mr. Hughes need not fear that the members of a family will be "all alike." If he is still dissatisfied with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's idea of the future, I would suggest that he bestow a passing thought on the alternative. What is it? A realm—unless death enters it—inhabited by countless generations of humanity distinguished from one another by countless stages of senile decay and decrepitude. Shakespeare's seventh age of man—"sans teeth, sans eyes," &c., wouldn't be "in it"! What would become of recognition under such conditions? The design itself, on the retention of which Mr. Hughes lays such stress, would be lost. Let him recall Swift's picture, in Gulliver's visit to Laputa, of those miserable immortals, the Struldbrugs. Would he transfer that terrible picture to the scenery and society of the other world? Would he people heaven with Struldbrugs? Yet that is the alternative. He will, at least, admit that Sir Arthur's is the more attractive prospect.

GERSON.

On Thursday, July 4th, at 5.30, Lady Glenconner will read a paper on "Symbolism" at her residence, 34, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W. 1; and on Thursday, July 18th, at the same hour, Mr. T. Bligh Bond, F.R.I.B.A., will give an address on the Glastonbury messages recorded by him in the well-known book "The Gate of Remembrance." Members and Associates of the Alliance who are inquiring into psychical research are invited to attend, applications for admission to be addressed to Mr. H. Fillingham Williams, secretary to Lord Glenconner, at the above address.

THE TELEPATHIC SENSE IN BIRDS.

INSTINCT, INTUITION AND THE SPIRITUAL IDEA.

The recent article by Mr. B. M. Godsall on the telepathic sense, as shown in bird migration (page 186), has created much interest amongst readers who study the deeper issues of psychical research. It has brought us several communications, and a copy of a book, published in 1916, "What is Instinct? Some Thoughts on Telepathy and Subconsciousness in Animals," by Mr. C. Bingham Newland (published by John Murray), which we find full of interest and suggestion. Meantime we give the following letter from the Rev. G. Vale Owen, Vicar of Orford, Warrington:—

The article on bird migration by Mr. B. M. Godsall goes shoulder to shoulder with the general trend of present-day science. Confining their investigations to things strictly material, scientists have during the last three decades been pushed, willy-nilly, over their self-determined border-line out of the material into the non-material region, from physics into metaphysics. The investigations into the properties of radium—the basis of electricity and the medium through which wireless telegraphy operates—exemplify this. Instinct in birds and other animals likewise seems to link up the spiritual senses with those which we have usually considered as resident in the material organs both of animals and men: sight, hearing, touch, &c. These latter would surely become inoperative on the elimination of personality, which is not of the material order but of the spiritual.

The conclusions of Mr. Godsall would seem to harmonise with the group-spirit doctrine, for which I believe we are indebted, in its more precise form, to the Theosophists who, apparently, have adopted it from the Rosicrucians of earlier times. According to this theory every department in Nature has a large executive company of spiritual workers, of ascending grades in power and authority, governed by one great Primate, operating in conjunction with his fellow Primates of other orders of creation, under the one great Overlord, the one Supreme Creator. Each class is in vital response with its Primate, or Group-Spirit, who infuses into it his own personality, which finds expression in the more or less automatic response of the individual units, and emerges in those acts which we are in the habit of saying are the result of instinct.

By this process the spider and the bee are enabled to compass their perfectly geometrical structures of web and comb, and the bird its nest. On these lines of ratiocination are explained the many marvels of animal life which, by reason of lack of appreciation of spiritual powers underlying the phenomena of life, science has dubbed "instinct." But this term has little meaning if divorced from spiritual realities. For if instinct is an "impulse to act," that given impulse must of necessity find its origin in some personality from whose mind it is projected into the organism through which it finds expression in act.

Now, this is a much more ancient belief than is usually supposed. It is found, clothed in customary Eastern phrasing, in the Bible, and that in more places than one. I cite two only by way of example. The "Song of the Three Children" appears in our English Prayer Book under the title "Benedicite." It was incorporated in the Septuagint version of the Old Testament from some older Aramaic source. It is a hymn calling upon all "Angels" and "Powers" to render homage to the common Lord-Creator. Then follows a list of departments over which these angels and powers are placed in the exercise of their authority. First come the "elements"; second, terrestrial animal life; third, mankind. In Revelation iv. we have a description of the four living beings (not "beasts") which Ezekiel also tells us he saw. Their appearance suggests their lordship over four great departments of creation; the wild animals, domestic animals, mankind and birds. They are present evidently to represent their several departments before the "Thrice Holy Lord God, Ruler over All" in the great *Te Deum* then enacting.

These powerful departmental agents, or group-souls, I take it, act as reservoirs of that life which, proceeding from the Source of all being, is by them intercepted in its outward flow, becomes tintured with their individual personality, infused with their wisdom, and passes outward into their own proper kingdoms for the sustenance and guidance (instinct?) of the members of which these kingdoms are composed.

It should be mentioned that C. E. B., who contributed last week to the symposium on Telepathy, is not identical with the Colonel C. E. B. whose donation to the Memorial Endowment Fund we acknowledged on the opposite page.

HUMAN SURVIVAL AND PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

By E. W. DUXBURY.

To those who doubt the possibility of spirit-communication, or of human survival of bodily death, the following line of argument is suggested. Whatever the fate of human beings at death may prove to be, it would appear to fall within one or the other of the following hypotheses:—

1. Human consciousness and personality may end at death, and cease to exist, just as the light of a candle ceases when it is blown out. This is the view adopted by Materialism.
2. Human consciousness and personality may cease at death, but an impersonal force or power may survive. This is practically the substance of Buddhistic teaching.
3. Human consciousness and personality may survive death, but may remain for a long period in a state of sleep or abeyance as, for example, until the Day of Judgment.
4. Human consciousness and personality may survive death, and exist in an active state soon after that event, but it may be quite impossible for the surviving spirit to effect any communication with those still living on the earth, or to give any indication of its continued existence.
5. Human consciousness and personality may survive death, and certain surviving spirits may at times be able to communicate with those still living on the earth, but only with great difficulty and subject to unknown laws.

If the truth were represented by any one of the first four hypotheses above mentioned, the result would apparently be the same as regards any psychical phenomena of a Spiritistic character. It would seem to be impossible that any such phenomena should occur, since there would be no *raison d'être* thereof, and the effect would be missing through the absence of its cause. It is true that the existence of such phenomena might still be alleged, as the outcome of superstition, credulity, fraud, illusion, or hallucination; but as there would be no basis of reality, a critical and scientific investigation of the phenomena in question would quickly reveal the true cause and character thereof. This process has, in fact, been attempted by such writers as Dr. Weatherly and J. N. Maskelyne in "The Supernatural?" (1891) and Frank Podmore in "Modern Spiritualism" (1902), but they have not succeeded in reducing the whole of the phenomena to these denominations. So far, indeed, have they failed in that attempt that upwards of thirty years' searching and critical investigation by men of eminent scientific attainments has resulted in placing the reality of psychical phenomena and the Spiritistic theory on a firmer footing than ever before, and in the production of such works as "The Unknown," by Camille Flammarion; "On the Threshold of the Unseen," by Sir W. F. Barrett, and "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena," by Dr. W. J. Crawford.

What is still more striking is the fact that several of the most distinguished investigators, after many years of patient and searching investigation, have definitely accepted the Spiritistic theory as the most satisfactory explanation of the phenomena they have encountered.

Now these facts of experience and history do not appear to be consistent with any of the first four hypotheses of human destiny above mentioned, but would be quite in harmony with the fifth hypothesis, and reason and logic would therefore require us to adopt that hypothesis, as the only one in complete harmony with the facts.

That the inherent difficulty of spirit-communication must be very great will be evident when it is remembered that the total population of the world has been estimated at some 5,000 millions, which mainly disappear by death in the course of a century, yet the total number of alleged spirit-communications would not appear to be relatively numerous.

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES'S BIRTHDAY.—On Monday, June 16th, at his home in Kensington Park-gardens Sir William Crookes celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday. Messages of congratulation were received from many of Sir William's comrades in science, including Sir Norman and Lady Lockyer, and in the afternoon he presided over a little birthday party of relatives and friends. The "Times" of the following morning contained a brief account of a visit paid to the venerable scientist during the day by a correspondent, to whom Sir William showed his laboratory in which he has been engaged of late in investigating by analysis and photography the cause of the sound made by the Goodwin Sands under the pressure of the foot. "Such an investigation," wrote the interviewer, "is a pleasant example of the unquenchable passion for truth. Sir William listens to the 'music of the sands' as though he were penetrating for the first time a secret of nature."

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GREAT THOUGHTS FOR GREAT DAYS.

"The Coming Dawn," which is a war anthology by Theodora Thompson, just issued by Mr. John Lane (The Bodley Head) at the price of 5s. *net*, is a treasury of fine ideas on the problems and portents of the time. It is dedicated to President Wilson and the Foreword is by Sir Oliver Lodge. Some citations from its pages may well take the place of a leader this week.

We may take first some observations by a man whose work is known to many readers of *LIGHT*—

PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES.

So far, war has been the only force that can discipline a whole community, and until an equivalent discipline is organised I believe that war must have its way. But I have no serious doubt that the ordinary prides and shames of social man, once developed to a certain intensity, are capable of organising such a moral equivalent as I have sketched or some other just as effective for preserving manliness of type. It is but a question of time, of skilful propagandism, and of opinion-making men seizing historic opportunities.

The martial type of character can be bred without war. Strenuous honour and disinterestedness abound everywhere. Priests and medical men are in a fashion educated to it, and we should all feel some degree of it imperative if we were conscious of our work as an obligatory service to the State. We should be owned as soldiers are by the army, and our pride would rise accordingly. We could be poor then without humiliation, as army officers now are. The only thing needed henceforward is to inflame the civic temper as past history has inflamed the military temper.

PROFESSOR HENRI BERGSON.

The moral energy of nations, as of individuals, is only sustained by an ideal higher than themselves and stronger than themselves, to which they cling firmly when they feel their courage waver. Where is the ideal of the Germany of to-day? The time when her philosophers proclaimed the inviolability of right, the eminent dignity of the person, the duty of mutual respect among nations, is no more. Germany, militarised by Prussia, has cast aside those noble ideas, ideas she received for the most part from the France of the eighteenth century and of the Revolution. . . . Her moral force is only the confidence which her material force inspires in her. And this means that in this respect she is living on reserves without the means of replenishment. Even before England had commenced to blockade her coasts she had blockaded herself morally, in isolating herself from every ideal capable of giving her new life. So she will see her forces waste and her courage at the same time. . . . To the force which feeds only on its own brutality we are opposing that which seeks outside and above itself a principle of life and renovation. While the one is gradually spending itself, the other is continually re-making itself. The one is already wavering, the other abides unshaken.

LIEUT.-GENERAL THE RIGHT HON. J. C. SMUTS.

Remember greater forces are fighting for us than our armies or the armies of our Allies. The unseen forces are being mobilised all over Christendom. . . . The spirit of freedom is on the wing, the Great Creative Spirit is once more moving among the nations in their unspeakable anguish. Let us be strong and confident with the inspiration which comes from the cause for which we are fighting, and when the end comes—and it cannot now be far off—let us in the hour of victory recognise that it was not so much the valour and strength of our armies, but far greater and deeper forces that have carried us to victory.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

We were on the point of forgetting the heroic virtues, the unfettered thoughts, the eternal ideas that lead humanity. To-day not only do we know that they exist; we have taught the world that they are always triumphant, that nothing is lost while faith is left, while honour is intact, while love continues, while the soul does not surrender, and that the most monstrous of powers will never prevail against those ideal forces which are the happiness and the glory of man and the sole reason for his existence. . . . Everything seems to tell us that man is approaching the day whereon, seizing the most glorious oppor-

tunity that has ever presented itself since he acquired a consciousness, he will at last learn that he is able, when he pleases, to control his whole fate in this world.

MR. T. HENLEY, M.P. (NEW SOUTH WALES).

It is just now when the seven times heated furnace of national affliction is fiercely burning and the molten metal of a united sacrifice and sympathy is running freely that we can cast a band that shall be strong enough to bind the nations to a lasting world peace. . . . The fact is, we have evolved, we are growing up out of the darkness of barbarism, we stand more and more erect towards the light of a more perfect day.

SIR OLIVER LODGE.

I believe that the outcome of the war will be to make people realise the fact much more vividly than before, that death is not annihilation, nor even severance, it is a change of condition but not of personality. Bullets and shells injure the body, but they are not amongst those evil things which assault and hurt the soul. The soul continues after death, its memories and interests persist; and we, by expressing our continued affection and our faith in their activity, can give some joy to those on the other side who still have their lives before them, a different life from ours, but as helpful, as useful and more happy.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

What shall we say if one day the moon rises upon our spiritual world, and we see close at hand, ready to hold the most intimate communion with us, those spirits whom we had loved and mourned as lost to us? We are like the blind men by the wayside and ought to sit and cry, "Lord, that we may receive our sight!" And when we do receive it, we shall perhaps find that we require no transporting into another world to become aware of the immediate presence of an infinite Spirit and of other lesser ones whom we thought gone.

The quotations we have made represent but a skimming of the surface of the fine body of thought in the book, but they will serve better than a critical notice to give the reader a taste of its quality.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

SUMMER MEETINGS.

We would again remind our readers that next Friday, July 5th, clairvoyant descriptions will be given in the hall attached to the rooms of the Alliance, at 3 p.m., and will be followed at 4.30 by answers to questions through the mediumship of Mrs. M. H. Wallis. The meeting for clairvoyance will be confined to members; the other will be open to both Members and Associates, who can also introduce their friends on payment of 1s.

On the afternoon of Saturday week, July 13th, a garden meeting will be held, by the kind invitation of Dr. and Mrs. Powell, in the grounds of their residence, "Rosedene," Christchurch-avenue, Brondesbury Park, N.W. Members of the Alliance who desire to be present are asked to send in their names to the secretary as early as possible. Tea (at 4 o'clock) will be provided, but guests are expected to bring their own more solid refreshments, including, of course, sugar. Stations: Brondesbury Park (not Brondesbury) North London from Broad Street; Kilburn Brondesbury, Metro. Bus 8 passing corner of Christchurch Avenue.

CONCLUDING, in the "Daily Chronicle" of the 17th inst. a highly appreciative review of Sir Arthur Conan's Doyle's "The New Revelation," Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson says: "The courage and large-mindedness of this book deserves cordial recognition. Sir Arthur was never a dogmatist, but having come to certain conclusions after thirty years of experiment, he honestly and freely states them unflinchingly in public. The prejudice against these phenomena is still enormous, but work like this is sapping it slowly. In another generation the truths embodied in 'The New Revelation' will be accepted as a matter of course."

We occasionally refer to coincidences for which there seems to be no explanation but a psychic one, but the following, narrated in "Under the Clock" in the "Daily News" of the 18th inst., does not belong to that category: "Mrs. Benson, just deceased, was extremely short. At a huge party at Lambeth Palace I happened to be standing by her while she was receiving her guests, who almost overwhelmed her; and, looking up to me, she said: 'On these occasions I should be thankful to "add a cubit to my stature."' As the words left her lips the announcing servant proclaimed: 'The Right Hon. Mr. Cubitt, Mrs. Cubitt, and the Miss Cubitts,' and Mrs. Benson said, 'Four cubits added at a stroke! What were the chances against that happening?'"

TELEPATHY: ITS NATURE AND FUTURE POSSIBILITIES.

X.—MISS FELICIA R. SCATCHERD.

[Miss Scatcherd is editor of the "Asiatic Review" and an ardent worker in social reform, international politics and psychical research. To great intellectual gifts she adds the possession of psychical powers which give her statements on the nature of such faculties additional force.]

I have few, if any, suggestions to offer as to the nature and future possibilities of telepathy, but as one who has had considerable experience in spontaneous telepathy and that far rarer phenomenon, induced telepathy, I may perhaps be able to add something to the discussion now in progress.

The most telling instances can seldom be given on account of their personal and sometimes intimate nature. Others have to be withheld because people object to their names being used, but for the purpose of a public discussion only those instances of which full corroborative testimony exists can serve the end in view. Here, for example, is a well-attested case of spontaneous telepathy between myself and a then unknown person.

I was invited to tea one afternoon at the Theosophical Rooms in Albemarle-street by a Swedish friend, Baroness Barnekow, "to meet a Russian diplomatist interested in mysticism."

I started off and found I was an hour too early. So I suddenly thought I would go to the S.P.R. and buy Professor (now Sir William) Barrett's presidential address, which I had promised to send to a friend in France—Mr. Hopkins, whose daughter, Miss May de Witt Hopkins, is one of my intimate friends. I made my purchase, and then, meaning to post it on my way to Albemarle-street, I asked for an envelope, and on receipt of one directed and stamped it. While doing so, something seemed to say, "Buy a second copy for Siri's (Baroness Barnekow's) friend." "Indeed! no," I mentally answered. "Buy a book for a Russian millionaire—a man whom I have never seen! He would think me crazy!" and I walked away. At the bottom of the three flights or so of stairs the "urge" was so insistent that I actually went all the way up again, but at the door turned back, refusing to yield to such whimsical fancies.

But I did not post that book, arguing that I was late already (the post-office was only a few steps away), but instead walked straight into the lecture-room, and almost automatically into the row of seats where the Baroness was sitting, with a grave, distinguished-looking man on the other side of her. Without a greeting I tapped her on the shoulder with the book, saying, "Give this to your friend."

They looked at each other in amazement and went immediately into the drawing-room, whither I followed. I then learned that Mons. M. de M. had been to the S.P.R. half an hour before my visit and had been refused that very number of the "Proceedings" on the ground that it could be sold only to members.

On his recounting the incident to the Baroness she had replied, about the time I first thought of buying the book:—

"Never mind! Miss Scatcherd is a member, and will get you anything you want. She will meet us at tea this afternoon."

Why did I suddenly think of sending the President's address to Mr. Hopkins, about the time that Mons. M. de M. was telling the incident to our mutual friend? Was the impulse an "impact" from them, or did I get it from standing where Mons. M. de M. had stood half an hour before—a sort of "psychometric" perception? Was the impulse sent to me through my own friend, or did it reach me from the stranger himself?

Subsequent experiences seem to imply that Mons. M. de M. was himself the unconscious agent. Some months later about midnight I was awakened with acute pain in the eyes, and this pain was associated with his name. In the morning I asked the Baroness if she had had recent news of Mons. M. de M. and told her my experience. She had not heard from him, but to satisfy me wrote to an address that would find him. The letter reached him in Montenegro. Eight weeks later his answer arrived, telling her that he had resigned his diplomatic post in the Balkans on account of acute inflammation of the eyes.

So much for spontaneous telepathy. Now as to the induced type where the percipient is unaware at the time of the agent's attempt.

A former member of the S.P.R., now in the Unseen, asked my permission to telepath to me, he making a record of the attempt in the presence of his secretary. The experiments succeeded so frequently that I protested, for the reasons brought forward by Sir O. Lodge (p. 171). Then it was agreed that the attempt should be made only if he were unable to

reach me by other means. One day, when we were lunching together, he said:—

"Do not come to the office next week. I shall be away on holiday."

The following week I suddenly thought of going there as usual "in order to buy a book," as I explained to myself. Then I thought, "Why, how stupid! Wait till he comes back. Then you can buy the book and see him at the same time." But in spite of this sensible resolve, somehow I went there after all, and was startled to hear him cry out:—

"There's Miss Scatcherd! and on the stroke of the hour too! Now what have you to say?" (to his secretary).

He was intensely interested when I explained how surprised I was to see him, being sure he was away, and we both became very serious while discussing an influence that could operate in defiance of the data in the conscious mind of the percipient. The strange thing was that we could reverse the rôles, and he would receive even unspoken thoughts in the very words I should have used, and thoughts which had never got beyond the thought realm would often reach him as facts. One day I feared that a passing bicycle would have knocked me down in the muddy street near the Martyrs' Monument at Oxford, where I was spending the day. My friend, in London at the time, wrote in a letter that afternoon that Miss Scatcherd had been knocked down by a bicycle and her white dress was covered with mud!

Sir Oliver Lodge is cautious in regard to predicting the future possibilities of telepathy. Sir William Barrett, however, is quite confident in his assertion that telepathy is not the result of "some form of radiant nervous energy." In his opinion it is a "purely psychical process, an action of the mind freed from the body," whatever that may mean. Has he ever had personal experience of telepathy?—suddenly received a blow (producing physical, visible effect), or heard a cry, or seen a form, to discover later that the blow had been dealt, *in thought*, the cry had been uttered *mentally*, that the form had clothed itself in intention as seen by the percipient? In many cases, in my own experience I was actually dressed as was the apparition. To attempt to fathom the nature of the phenomenon of telepathy, the testimony of those who generate or receive telepathic impressions should be carefully correlated. I myself have collected sufficient evidence to show that, in nine cases out of ten, the recipient gives the *form* to the emotion felt towards him by the agent—that thoughts of sympathy and help not received by those towards whom they were focussed have been registered by others, sometimes strangers, just as wireless messages may be picked up by those for whom they were not intended.

Since writing the above I have read Dr. Ellis Powell's contribution (June 15th), and I should advise him to beg Mr. and Mrs. Zomah to experiment with him with a view of proving the feasibility of the transmission of the Pitman symbols from mind to mind. They are the only people I know who might be able to do this; but it might prove difficult and tedious, and they would have to learn the symbols.

As Dr. Powell rightly says, there is no doubt as to the enhanced possibilities of telepathic and other psychic faculties now that these latter are fostered rather than repressed as formerly. I have completely lost faculties I possessed as a child, others are so atrophied that they barely survive, and many persons far more gifted have suffered proportionately. On the other hand, psychic faculty exercised in unsuitable surroundings is often acute torture, equally harmful to the victims and their friends. Undue "psychic osmosis" (see LIGHT, p. 181) would certainly be most inconvenient and highly undesirable—how undesirable only those who have suffered in that direction can fully realise.

We are glad to find that, though we were not alone in our reading of C. E. B.'s contribution under the above heading last week, our comments in "Notes by the Way" were founded on a misapprehension. C. E. B. writes us that he is at a loss to see how anything in his remarks "could be construed as implying that the dwindling of telepathic powers under stress of the artificial complexities of civilisation is an 'advance.'" On the contrary, he regards it as "a regrettable sign of the degeneracy wrought by materialistic substitutes that higher faculties should have been atrophied. It is by no means the only instance of decadence following as the result of what is called 'civilisation.'" The clumsiness of the language which civilisation has produced is, he thinks, well suggested by the fact that his words should have been taken to imply almost the very opposite to his ideas. "Had I been able to communicate in primeval fashion *without language*, probably this would have been otherwise. I think this illustration will satisfy you that I am not a Philistine on the subject of thought-transference."

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS AGAIN.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA BY THE EDITOR.

The Looking-Glass Room looked very much as it did on Alice's first visit years before. The differences seemed to be mainly due to lapse of time. The White King and the White Queen looked older and whiter. The Bishop was bowed—quite warped, Alice thought. The Castles looked a little weather-stained, and the Pawns, although they were still kicking, seemed to be stiffer in their joints. The clock grinned at her as he had done before, but the marks of time were visible on his enamelled face.

"Why, she's back again!" he said, chiming out the words loudly.

"I don't believe it," said the Bishop. "I never believed in her. She's just a reflection from the outside." But as he was staring intently at some books, Alice wondered how he could know. He never turned round.

"I was real enough to you when I first came," she said. "You recognised me then."

"That," replied the Bishop, "was in the days when we were superstitious enough to believe in you." And then, as though he had made a false step, he whispered sharply to the others, "Don't notice her. Don't talk to her. She's wicked! She happened once, but she can't happen again. Besides, she doesn't exist. She's from the outside, and there is nothing real outside this place."

Everyone at once commenced to talk of something else, as though Alice were not present. But a few of the pawns stole longing glances at her as though they would have liked to know more.

"How absurd!" said Alice and ran downstairs into the garden, where she found the Red Queen, who had grown more than ever from being in the fresh air.

"You need not curtsy this time," said the Queen graciously. "I have begun to have a great respect for you since we last met. Only remember you're not everybody." "Why, of course not," said Alice good-humouredly, "I never said I was." "No?" answered the Queen a little doubtfully. "But last time I had to tell you to remember who you were. You are nearly real, you see, but not quite. Strictly you are a kind of projection from the subconscious mind with some pretensions to ideation, and quite possibly some intelligence operating from another sphere of being." After that she paused to recover her breath, and before Alice could reply her old friends Tweedledum and Tweedledee came rushing up arm-in-arm.

"Hooray!" said Tweedledum, "she's come back. Now she can help weed the garden."

"Fiddlesticks!" said his brother, "she can only talk. She can't do anything. She's only a kind of phantom—something in a dream."

"She isn't," screamed Tweedledum. "She's a real person, and I'm going to make her push the garden roller."

Then they began to shout at one another, and after fighting with their schoolbags began to throw books at each other.

They were separated at last by the Mad Hatter, who after knocking their heads together threw himself at Alice's feet with a declaration of love. She had so filled his mind, he said, that he was unable to carry on his business. Since he had known her he was inspired and had become a great poet and prophet, and was doing a grand work.

"Listen!" he said solemnly, and drawing out of his pocket a scrap of paper, he read the following lines with impassioned gestures:—

"Her spirit comes and makes me write,
And gives me eloquence and keeps me right,
Fills me with bliss beyond comparison
And calms my mind when hats are harassing."

"It's better than Shakespeare!" said the Hatter, "and Shakespeare was inspired too. You inspired it," and he sobbed aloud.

"I hope not," said Alice gravely, for it seemed rude to laugh. "The lines don't scan, and how bad the rhymes are!"

At this the Hatter wept more than ever. "That's merely logic," he blubbered. "Think of the feeling in this noble poem—the intensity, the spirituality of it!"

"Ridiculous creature!" thought Alice, and made her way to the court to watch the trials.

Even here there were changes. As she entered, a case was being tried by the Red King. In the dock were two people from her own world—one a suave gentleman in a frock coat and of very commanding presence, the other a brisk-looking, sharp-featured man not quite so well dressed, with a book and a bundle of buff forms under his arm.

"The charge, sire," said the White Knight, who was wearing a wig and gown, "is fortune-telling."

Alice stared. These were not the kind of people she connected with such an offence. But the White Knight went on to show that the principal offender was a politician who had, when his country was at war, predicted great victories and the ignominious defeat of the enemy at certain times and places, so that his fellow-countrymen were misled and great harm was done, because the predictions were not fulfilled. Not that that was the offence, the White Knight pointed out. The politician had clearly predicted the future, which in itself was illegal. As for the other prisoner, he was an Inland Revenue official who had connived at, induced, encouraged, aided and abetted a species of fortune-telling. He had compelled people to prophesy the amount of their incomes several months in advance. What was that but telling their fortunes and predicting the future?

There were great arguments on both sides, but in the end the jury found both the prisoners guilty, and the King sentenced them to be shut up in the Looking-Glass Room and left to their reflections.

"How queer!" said Alice to herself, as she left the court. "They seem to be getting quite sensible."

But in the garden a disappointment awaited her. A little group of the Wonderland creatures surrounded and began to huddle her, at the same time calling on the Gryphon, who was ridiculously attired in a constable's uniform, to arrest her for fraud. The Sheep said she had tried to fleece him, and the Goose hissed that he had been plucked by her. The Knave of Hearts declared that an attempt had been made to play with him, and that she had tried to use him in carrying out a trick. Someone on the outside of the crowd threw a clod at her, which, however, missed Alice and knocked off the hat of the Mad Hatter, whose head had swelled to such an extent that the hat had long ceased to fit him, and was balanced insecurely on his cranium. Then chaos ensued, and all the creatures struggled and fought madly with each other, till the Red Knight and the White Knight, each on his war horse, galloped to her rescue, wielding instead of lances sharp pens, with which they pricked her enemies mercilessly, driving them right and left, surprised and panic-stricken.

Alice fled in terror back through the Looking-Glass into her old room. All she could remember of the rest of her dream was a confused recollection that the White Bishop who lingered at the edge of the crowd had, on seeing that her friends were triumphant, given her his blessing, upon which the pawns had given her three cheers; that the Red Queen had kissed her and expressed the conviction that she was quite real, and that the Knights bade her come again when peace was restored, when everybody would welcome her.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. McJ. (Glasgow).—Your questions would be more conveniently dealt with if sent direct to our contributor, whose address was given at the head of the article.

IGNOTUS.—You "thought Spiritualism was all table-rapping." But you did not think Science was all test-tubes, or Religion all "pulpit-pounding," or Politics all "tub-thumping." However, you have thought again, so you are excused.

CROM. H. WARREN.—We read your "friendly criticism" with interest, and quite understand your point of view. But you give no address—that is an omission which disqualifies.

HUSK FUND.—Mrs. Etta Duffus, of Penniwell, Elstree, Herts, acknowledges with thanks the following contributions: "Emma," £2; "A Friend," £1; Mrs. Osborne Moore, £1 17s. 6d., the last-mentioned sum being part of the proceeds of the sale of copies of some of Admiral Moore's works.

HER SON'S VOICE.—A representative of the "Evening News" has received from Mrs. D. Parker, of Braughing, Herts, confirmation of the truth of the incident we quoted in our last issue (page 199). She informed him that she was whitewashing her bedroom ceiling when she plainly heard the voice of her son, a private in the Middlesex regiment, call "Mother!" It sounded as if he were in great pain. A few seconds later it was repeated. She at once went downstairs and was much startled when, on searching the house, she could find nobody. Then her son's letters home ceased and she felt that her worst fears were only too well justified. Afterwards she and her husband received from the War Office notification that the boy was missing as from April 24th, the very day she heard the voice. Much later another soldier in the same regiment wrote home to his parents that an Australian battalion had found the body of young Parker and given it a military funeral.

TWO NEW BOOKS.

In spite of the air of extreme naturalness, as of a narrative of actual fact, which characterises the telling of the story, we were repelled rather than attracted by the opening chapters of Mr. Algernon Blackwood's "The Garden of Survival" (Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net). We could not believe in his heroine nor in the incident of her recalling in the moment of death some evil she had wrought her husband in a past incarnation, and for which she needed his forgiveness. The spell of the book began for us with the man's subsequent consciousness in times of emergency of a special guidance, accompanied by a sudden opening of his spirit to a sense of beauty—of moments when he "stands aware of power, wisdom and love," which are his "to draw upon and use, not in some future heaven; but here and now," and of which the woman's self-less love opens the connecting channel. But this must not be "confused with some commonplace experience of ghostly return. . . The dead do not return." Mr. Blackwood evidently expects us to disagree with him. In a strictly literal sense we do not. Since sympathy constitutes spiritual presence, and is unaffected by space conditions (what is telepathy but the touch of spirit with spirit?), it follows that those in the unseen who were united with us here by close spiritual ties have never gone away, and therefore have no need to come back. What we call "return" is merely *manifestation*—which is necessarily imperfect. One conviction of the author's which makes a strong appeal to us is that no beauty; either in Nature or in human life, is wasted. It is harvested somewhere and somehow. "Those who loved beauty and lived it in their lives, follow the same ideal with increasing power and passion afterwards—and for ever."

"The Drift of Pinions," by Robert Keable (Skeffington, 6s. net), is a collection of short stories, taking its title from the well-known stanza of Francis Thompson:—

"Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars!—
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors."

The title is made the keynote of the book, the tales in which enforce the idea of unseen power and guidance ever at work in the mazes of human affairs. In a dedication to "Stephanie," the author, who is obviously a soldier writing in France, remarks that the "drift of pinions" against his own door has grown with the years. They are true stories, he says, adding, "I would not dare to play with 'the traffic of Jacob's ladder.'" But they are "very thoroughly disguised." However it be, they are all well told—stories of miracles, mystery and vision, they show reverence, reticence and a delicate craftsmanship. The darkness of the dark places of the earth, with their black magic and their weird superstitions, is shot through as with altar lights, and there are touching pictures of self-devoted missionary work in savage lands. The author is evidently a devout Catholic who aims at the upliftment as well as the entertainment of his readers. There are sensational episodes, but they are touched in a spirit of faith and piety. There is no sensation-mongering, and noting this we hark back to the dedication before mentioned and read: "Trust me; I tell you that I know, that the land that is very far off is very near, and that the King may be seen there in His beauty." This book is far removed from the type of novel against which we have long set our face—those books which are intended to pander to unhealthy imagination—and we welcome it accordingly.

G. AND R.

TRANSITION OF LADY TORRENS.—By the transition of Lady Torrens, who we regret to learn passed away on the 2nd inst., both the London Spiritualist Alliance and its organ, *LIGHT* (to which she was a subscriber from its commencement), lose an old friend and most liberal supporter. We desire to convey our respectful sympathy to the bereaved family and relatives.

THE "Union of the East and West" is doing what it can to help the West to understand the East. Under its auspices the Indian Art and Dramatic Society presented last Saturday afternoon, in Lord Leverhulme's beautiful garden at Hampstead, a play by Mr. K. N. Das Gupta, entitled "The Pearl Necklace," adapted from "Ratnavali," written by King Harsha Deva in the seventh century. The actors entered thoroughly into the spirit of their parts; and the representative of *LIGHT*, who was present, carried away the pleasant impression of a charming old-world love story, of soft Indian music and plaintive songs with dying cadences, of graceful Indian dances, of a vision of lovely dresses as many-coloured as Joseph's coat; and lastly, through it all, the sound of the wind rustling the beech-leaves overhead.

A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF JUNE 30TH, 1888.)

The Emperor Frederick died on a Friday; so did his father, the old Kaiser Wilhelm. The Emperor Frederick died on June 15th; so did the Red Prince, Frederick Charles. Exactly one year from the day when he left for the Queen's Jubilee, in which he was so conspicuous a figure, Sir Morell Mackenzie announced to him the impending close of his agonised life. The Emperor was buried on the anniversary of Waterloo . . . and now an ancient prophecy is verified (nearly enough for all practical or even prophetic purposes) that a one-armed man should sit on the throne of the Hohenzollerns and do most doughty deeds. The present Emperor has one arm partly paralysed, or rather atrophied.

One of the Tibetan Grand Lamas is dead and an official has discovered three young boys into one of whom "beyond a doubt the spirit of the late Lama has passed." At the last advices the massed authorities were sitting on these poor little boys!

—From "Jottings."

"LIGHT" SUSTENTATION FUND, 1918.

To the lists of donations given in previous issues, amounting to £159 1s. 11d., we have now to add the following, with grateful acknowledgments:—Mrs. Oakshott, £2 2s.; Guy Heaton, 10s. 6d.; L. G., 5s.; H. H. M., 4s. 6d.

TO-MORROW'S SOCIETY MEETINGS.

Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour-street, W. 1.—6.30 p.m., Mr. A. Vout Peters. July 7th, Dr. W. J. Vanstone.

The London Spiritualist Mission, 13, Pembroke-place, W. 2.—11, Mrs. Mary Gordon; 6.30, Mr. Walter Howell. Wednesday, July 3rd, at 7.30 p.m.

Spiritualist Church of the New Revelation, 131, West End Lane, Hampstead.—11, Mrs. Mary Davies; 6.30, Mrs. J. Stannard.

Cambervell.—Masonic Hall.—11, Mr. H. E. Hunt; 6.30, Mr. R. Boddington. July 7th, 6.30, Mr. E. Meads.

Woolwich and Plumstead.—Perseverance Hall, Villas-road, Plumstead.—3, Lyceum; 7, Mr. Wilkins, address.—J. M. P.

Reading.—Spiritual Mission, 16, Blagrove-street.—Addresses by Mr. John Jackson.—T. W. L.

Kingston-on-Thames, Bishop's Hall.—6.30, address and clairvoyance by Mr. H. Leaf.—M. W.

Brighton.—Windsor Hall, Windsor-street.—11.15 and 7, Miss V. Burton, addresses, descriptions by Mrs. Curry; 3.15, Lyceum. Wednesday at 8, public meeting.

Battersea.—45, St. John's Hill, Clapham Junction.—6.30, Mr. Connor. Thursday, Mr. J. Macbeth Bain on "The Great Service of Healing: Its manifold Modes and Means."

Brighton Spiritualist Brotherhood.—Old Steine Hall.—11.30 and 7, and Monday, 7.45, Mrs. Jennie Walker. Tuesday and Thursday, 7.45, enquirers. Friday, Young People's Guild. Lyceum every Sunday at 3. Visitors invited to all meetings.

Holloway.—Grove Dale Hall (near Highgate Tube Station).—11.15 a.m., Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Jones; 3, Lyceum; 7, Mrs. E. Neville; tenor solo by Mr. Snowden (wounded soldier). To-day (Saturday, 29th), 7.30, monthly social. Wednesday, at 8, Mr. Brookes, on "Healing."—R. E.

OUR SO-CALLED "LEARNED."—"I conversed with the spirits of another planet respecting the manner in which philosophy is conducted on this earth, stating that when our so-called learned describe spirits, souls, and similar things which are invisible, they remove all things, such as place, parts, figure, form, &c., in which human ideas can be fixed, so that they have no ideas, and consequently no terms left by which those things which relate to spirits, and to spiritual things, can be expressed, calling such things immaterial, and thus involving them in mere terms, and also in occult qualities. At length they doubt whether there be anything within those things which the senses understand, which many deny. Thus they deny the existence of spirits and of spiritual and celestial things, and they think that they still die like other animals from which they know not how to distinguish themselves, and still they desire to be called learned. Moreover, they connect mere terms together, and thereby bundle up many things which are mere scholastic terms but which, if evolved, exhibit a simple sense which cannot be easily expressed."—Swedenborg's "Spiritual Diary," 591.

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THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MISSION, 18, Pembroke Place, Bayswater, W.

SUNDAY, JUNE 30th.

At 11 a.m. MRS. MARY GORDON.
At 6.30 p.m. MR. WALTER HOWELL.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3rd, at 7.30 P.M.

THE CHURCH OF HIGHER MYSTICISM, 22, PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W. 1.

SUNDAY, JUNE 30th.

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Evening, 6.30, Service MRS. MARY DAVIES.

WEDNESDAYS.—Healing, 3 to 5. From 5 to 6, Mr. Richard A. Bush attends to give information about the subject of Spiritualism. Enquirers welcomed. Next Wednesday, 7.30 (Doors Closed at 7.30), Mr. W. S. HENDRY, "Health and Righteousness."

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