

LIGHT

A JOURNAL OF SPIRITUAL
PROGRESS & PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

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SATURDAY, NOV. 12th, 1921

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MEETINGS IN NOVEMBER.

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Wednesday, Nov. 16th, 7.30 p.m. ... MR. ERNEST HUNT.

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MR. & MRS. LEWIS.
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LIGHT

A JOURNAL OF
SPIRITUAL PROGRESS & PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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

No. 2,131.—VOL. XLI. [Registered as] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1921. [a Newspaper] PRICE FOURPENCE.

What "Light" Stands For.

"LIGHT" proclaims a belief in the existence and life of the spirit apart from, and independent of, the material organism, and in the reality and value of intelligent intercourse between spirits embodied and spirits discarnate. This position it firmly and consistently maintains. Its columns are open to a full and free discussion—conducted in the spirit of honest, courteous, and reverent inquiry—its only aim being, in the words of its motto, "Light! More Light!"

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Stop not, dread not, walk aright;
All the dark ways end in light.
Mark the message, know it true:
"Go right on and go right through."

We have received during the last few days two letters that are rather typical statements of the difficulties that beset some persons in their dealings with psychical investigation. One of the correspondents, G. M. L., writes: "I have become lost in the maze of theories," and proceeds to refer to various books and articles which deal with different phases of Spiritualism but in what G. M. L. regards as a hopelessly contradictory fashion. There is "the terrible theory of reincarnation which contradicts everything else." In short, our correspondent finds bewilderment everywhere and asks if we can "straighten the path" for those who are confused by conflicting counsels. The other letter, from N. E. D., is very long and raises a number of questions. We therefore only quote one humorously-pathetic passage from it to indicate its general tenor:—

I have just finished reading a comparatively recent publication dealing with life after death. It is the seventh one of its kind I have waded through during ten years, and I do not think my mental constitution will be equal to the strain of another! They seem to me so irrational, so fundamentally contradictory, as to leave me wondering how much is discarnate inspiration and how much the operation of the subjective mind.

We could say a great many things, taking these two letters as our text, so many considerations arise out of them. But they can be quite briefly dealt with. In the first place, we cannot "straighten" anyone's path, since everyone should follow the law of his own being and not that of anyone else. We can only make the general issues clear with the hope of aiding those who are seeking their way. The difficulties which our correspondents find have been encountered and successfully solved by many others who early perceived that in some matters it is ordained that we must all earn our own living, so to speak, find our own way and stand on our own feet. Some people never feel these difficulties at all, either because they follow the simple

law of the Spirit, having no intellectual questionings, or because, not having any strong critical faculty they are untroubled by the contradictory or irrational nature of some of the matters put before them. When the mind is fully, and not merely partially, awake, it takes hold of the problem with a strong grip and pushes firmly aside all those questions which are not of the essence of the matter. Never was there in the world before a practical subject which is at once so divinely simple and so mysteriously complicated and confused as our own. It depends entirely on the side from which it is looked at. It is in this respect rather like Religion in which those who follow its simple rules find no perplexity, all the complications and disputes arising out of theological doctrines. But we will return to the matter later.

* * * *

It is distinctly curious that poppies should have been chosen for the symbol of sacrifice on Armistice Day. True, the idea of poppies would arise from the fact that they grow on so many graves of fallen soldiers in France and Belgium; but we see what almost seems a foreshadowing of the matter in the automatic script received by Mr. Bligh Bond and Mr. John Alleyne during the years from 1909 to 1912. In LIGHT of May 18th, 1918, we printed a portion of this script under the title "The Poppies." It commenced "*Fortuna fuit, Caelum ruit, Labor fruit in æternum*," a piece of monkish Latin indicating the passing of prosperity, the coming of calamity, and the eternal fruition of Labour. It went on to tell us that "war—horrid war"—was impending:—

Red world! Red Poppies of forgetfulness in the graveyard. . . . Red poppies in the graveyard, and then Red Poppies in smiling cornfields in the sun. . . . The "Poppies" cometh to pass before the Day of Christ.

It almost seems more than mere coincidence—this emphasis on the idea of poppies. It may be useful to add that the script predicting the Great War was copied and filed in the archives of the Society for Psychical Research. We give here one more line from the script, since it embodies the convictions of many of us who look undismayed to the future:—

Chaos—darkness—and a new dawn in crimson skies.

FOLLOW THE GLEAM.

The light we carry to guide our way must shine on the path of others,
And burn full bright against the night and the damp that dims and smothers;
And better the lamp that is small and clear than the flame that flares and scatters,
For it is not what men think of the light, but the light itself that matters. D. G.

ANOTHER deep human need is of the mysterious; and the conflict between the rational and the preter-rational, whether instinctive, æsthetic, or religious, is of the very essence of mystery. And from this same conflict comes the satisfaction of a contrasting, but very real, human need—humour. A machine-made world has room for neither. In that case it not only fails to meet human needs—it fails also to give an account of the world as it is,—*"The Hibbert Journal,"*

"Light" can be obtained at all Bookstalls and Newsagents; or by Subscription, 22/- per annum.

THE PROGRESSION OF MARMADUKE.

Being sketches of his life, and some writings given by him after his passing to the spirit-world. Given through the hand of Flora More.

(Continued from page 711.)

November 14th, 1915.

"I will continue the record of my experiences, or rather the ideas I have gathered of the spirit-world and its workings. In the first place, I was surprised at the different aspect in which various acts are regarded. Faults which I used to consider quite venial are here seen looming in gloomy proportions, and sins which I had thought would take a life-time to repent of are not judged as sternly as on earth. It is the old story of the Magdalen: because she loved much, much was forgiven her. I suppose that is why my gross sin was so lightly—I use the word advisedly—atoned for. I felt I had committed a crime past forgiveness, and yet, although it demanded repentance, it was not taxed as heavily as I had expected; whereas other sins of my sinful youth, which I had almost forgotten, started out and confronted me in terrible blackness. You cannot imagine what it means to a man to find his very inmost soul laid bare and open before those whose opinion he must respect, and from whose condemnation he shrinks! To find that my friends could read my thoughts, to find that even strangers knew all about me, was at first more than I could bear, but since then I have learnt the supreme wisdom of it. Some people—and I was one—are only reached by shame. Pity, mercy, and forgiveness are in earth-life but words to them; but the moment they reach this land of looking-glasses, and find that nothing is or can be hidden, then they recognise their neglected, wasted past. They would fain hide their heads and sink into nothingness if by that they could blot out their shame."

But you were good to animals?

"Yes, but *they* never stood in my way. Let a man or woman stand in my path and bar the way I wished to go, and I had neither pity nor mercy. It has helped me that I had sympathy for animals, and even in my time of dire trouble and disgrace I had the comfort of their love. Oh! the divine compassion here is a thing to wonder at! My sufferings were never met by a jeering or unkind word; and so, having had mercy dealt out to me, I never feel that I have the right to withhold it even from the greatest sinner, and before the war commenced I worked chiefly in the grey mists of the lower worlds, where the unrepentant dwell in their dreary waiting. You remember, *my* waiting was in pitch darkness, but then my record was even worse than that of these poor souls. I still go to them, but my time is also given to the battlefield, and there I learn lessons of moral bravery which I shall never forget."

November 28th, 1915.

"I must tell you a little about the general life here. There is no worry connected with our houses; they are homes, and if those on earth could approach more nearly to our ideal, they would be homes more truly. We have rest, but no sleep. In the lower spheres I had at first to sleep a good deal, and I was told that was to recuperate after the accident which killed my earth-body; but when once the spirit-body has got into good working order, we do not need sleep any longer, for we get the recuperation by change of employment and short periods of rest. Many people, I know, think that a life without sleep must be terrible, but all depends upon the sort of life it is. Where every minute is full of interest, one does not feel the want of oblivion. It is the worries of life on earth, more than its work, which cause the necessity for sleep, to rest the wearied and worn brain, tired with trying to get order out of chaos, and to fit in conflicting claims which are perhaps impossible to reconcile. Then as to clothing: you know that we make our spirit robes by thought. We can then follow out our own individual fancy; and as there is no such thing as fashion here, we do not need to think what anyone else is wearing or will wear. I was always rather fond of bright colours, and I often make myself a yellow robe, but every little part must be carefully thought out, and so it does take some little time to make a garment even in this way. Our bodies, when we first come over, are much denser than

they become later, as we progress. We can still imagine that we suffer pain, and so the hospital sanatoria for the reception of newly-arrived spirits who have been sick or suffering in earth-life, are much on the same lines as yours."

December 5th, 1915.

"I am going to tell you something about the poor fellows, the soldiers and sailors, who came over and whom we are helping. Some wake up at once after a short period of unconsciousness, and begin to gain knowledge and to progress. Others are dazed and stupid, and others again do not want to know: they only want to get back to earth again. All this makes various sorts of help necessary. What strikes me more and more as I go on is the different values ascribed to things here as opposed to the earth valuations. Virtues and vices wear such a very different aspect, and yet we know that virtue is not minimised nor vice condoned—it is only that we have not been able to weigh them properly on earth. You would not think a bad temper worse than a crime; yet it may be so, for the crime may have been a sudden impulse, and the bad temper has been the gradual growth of years, given way to without an attempt to check it; and it may cause more misery than an actual sin. So it is that things are judged in the spirit world more by their causes and results than by their apparent magnitude."

"The same rule applies to virtues. The amiable temper is looked upon in earth life as a desirable thing. Here it is not, if it leads to supineness, or to giving way where a firm stand should be taken. We have to learn to weigh and balance virtues and their opposites, and then we know whether it is best to console or exhort a penitent soul conscious of wrong-doing. Many, when they pass over, think they need no repentance, that their lives have been just ordinary—neither very good nor very bad; but some of them find that they had better have committed a sin, if urged thereto by love, than to have drifted through life without active part in it, a mere floating wreckage on the tide of events! And so I have been led to review my past life carefully, and I have come to the conclusion that, bad as it was, my greatest crime was not the worst one, but the innumerable small sins to which I gave myself up were really, in the sum-total, more harmful and more to be denounced."

December 12th, 1915.

"To-day I am going to write about atonement for past sins and errors. You know on earth you would have to make restitution if you had stolen from anyone, and wished to get the crime expiated. With us restitution has also to be made, but it cannot be done in exactly the same way as on earth. If we have when on earth by fraud gained possession of land belonging to another man who has since passed over to the spirit-world, he no longer wants land. What we can do is to influence another on the earth-plane who has committed a similar crime, and impress him to restore what he has unjustly taken. We can never atone to the persons on whom we have inflicted the injury. If they forgive us, it is out of their own forgiving nature; but the wrong endures for ever. We cannot make our deeds as if they had never been, and if all could learn this lesson, what a deterrent it would be! Then the vivisectioners, though they may finally gain the love of the animals they have tortured, can never make up to them for the agonies they have endured. Others have bound up the gaping wounds; others have stilled the heartrending cries; others have tenderly nursed those who have been barbarously made diseased and suffering for the sake of so-called 'science.' The man who did the wrong knows that he can never atone. He must bear the anguish of remorse as long as there is any trace of his former sin in him. There will come a time when, purged and purified, he will be able to forget his past life on earth: when all will be harmony and peace in his mind; but not yet! Lifetimes may pass, and he may still be suffering the results of his inhumanity, and he may call in vain for oblivion!"

(To be continued.)

MESSAGE FROM W. T. STEAD.

FOR REMEMBRANCE DAY, 1921.*

TRAMP. TRAMP. TRAMP. . . .
To the end of all form of physical life.
TRAMP. TRAMP. TRAMP.
That is the keynote of earth life . . . TRAMP. TRAMP.

Casting your minds back to the commencement of the late Great War, what thrills you all had at the sound of the tramp, tramp, tramp of your boys', your soldiers' feet. How proud you all were, and how you exulted in the glory of victory to come and the honour to be won by your own particular khaki one.

TRAMP. TRAMP. TRAMP.
Think of to-day. What a change of sound! What a difference of heartbeat and of pride you have each of you as you tramp, tramp, tramp to pay honour to the dead.

The Dead. Your dead, but why dead?

Are they dead to you—all of you? All of these thousands and hundreds of thousands? Are they dead as a whole? Dead as individuals? You say, "Yes, killed in the war," but you *know* they were not killed in the war. They changed their state and you have changed your dress—that is the difference. You have put on your GRIEF clothes, they have cast off their WORK clothes. They are not dead.

Can you hear the tramp, tramp this moment of all those men, *your* men? You can, you know you can. You hear them now beside you. You hear their voices. You see their faces. Is memory only a thing dealing with the past? Is it passed? You each one know in your hearts. I say you *know* in your hearts that Harry comes to see you—that dear old Bill is round about the place quite a lot still. You've told your neighbours so! You know it, and you know you know it, and yet to-day and all these days about this time you are sad—regretting that old Bill and Harry were killed in the war. I know you want them to be seen and you know they are with you although they are *not* seen, and yet you come here with hearts stupefied with grief. Instead of paying honour to them you come in the spirit of mourning your own loss—and call it honouring your own dead in spite of knowing that they are *not* dead.

Since the tramp of war began and since each individual changed his state by falling in the war, do you think they have individually lain dead? You know they haven't, and yet on your part what have you done, individually, to help them, to help yourselves and others?

Don't you hear the tramp, tramp—you people who know—don't you hear the tramp, tramp of the thousands who do *not* know? Why are you so deaf—so blind—so damnably selfish?

Your dead work hard for you. Why will you not work hard for them? You do not realise what disappointments you are to them. You know what a disappointment a child can be to its parents. You know the sting of that, too many of you know it. Can you, *do* you realise what the pain is to your dead who hear you tramp, tramp along the road of Make-Believe and Pretence? They suffer from your failure to realise them near you, from your total lack of understanding and sympathy. They suffer greatly from your terrible obstinacy and bigotry, and pathetic foolishness. You are so modern, so 1921, so up to all the arts and practices of *others*. But could you not turn a thought to yourselves, and say, "Perhaps I am in error. Perhaps my boys are really here—if so what do they think of my welcome—my welcome to my dead?" You know what they feel, but they think only with sorrow that you should be so unready to learn, so unable to grasp anything more than

the business which keeps you in comfort and enables you to buy these many flowers.

Waken up, all of you. Listen to the tramp, tramp of your soldiers, tramping in every house—one here, two there, four in another, and thousands in all. All tramping, tramping and in *real* glory this time, not your early war glory of polished up hate. That's what that glory was. This is not that. This is *Glory*. One word—Love. The tramp of lovers.

Oh, let my words be read. Take them home. Read them with your dearest—think of them. Be businesslike and give it a chance. Try it as a gamble. Not my words, but what I am talking about. Listen to it as a business deal . . . 'twill be your *best* business deal, my friends.

Your soldier dead have tramped along the road of

Learning. They have rested and learnt wisdom. Now let them help you—they want to—they can—but don't call them the DEAD. The dead are cold and have silent hearts. Do you think your Billie's heart is cold and still? You know it isn't. Then change your attitude—change your grief. A dear one, perhaps the dearest, has gone. You miss the touch, you miss the sight, but love is there still—a cord between you. Mourn not for his death. Be sorry he is not with you on earth, but thank God on your knees that your Billie is in a better, happier condition through his sacrifice, and is now near, very near you. Waiting to help you, wanting to prove to you that he is there. Open not only your hearts but your minds and be business-like and take a chance. Give him his chance to come to you. Think of him with thankfulness and pride that he has tramped to GLORY—to LOVE.

Be happier in the knowledge that love is 'all around you, waiting for you to receive it.

Listen this day and you will hear the tramp of your boy, your husband, your lover, he will come swinging along to meet you, to cheer you, and to help you. Be ready to understand and to receive him and so to help him.

Show him that you are holding the other end of the golden cord which binds you both, and all, and leads to

Lo.—through JESUS CHRIST.

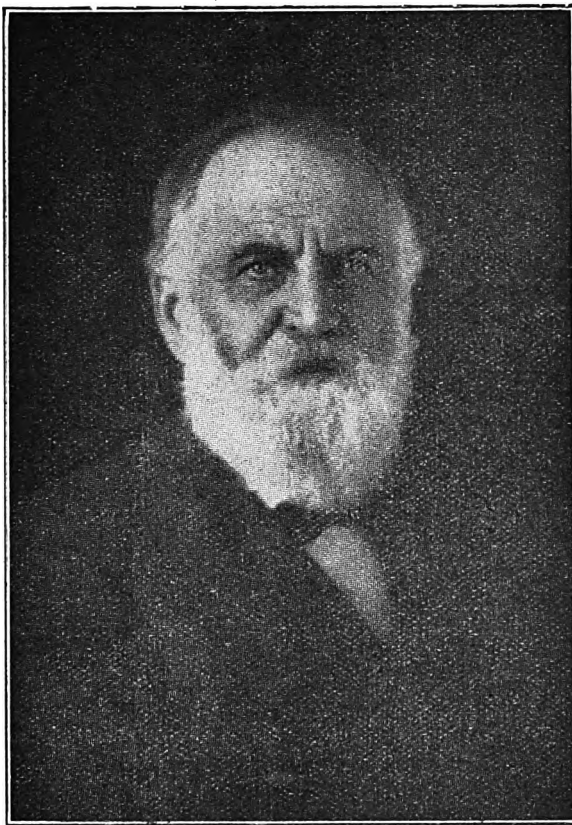
W. T. S.

(Given through automatic writing to E. P. W. and E. W. S. on the evening of November 3rd, 1921.)

MR. ROBERT KING] AT THE BRITISH COLLEGE.

On Thursday, the 3rd inst., Mr. Robert King gave one of his illuminating addresses, the subject being "The Etheric Body." Mr. King distinguished between the astral or body of feelings and emotions and the etheric body, which is midway between the astral and the physical. He used the analogy of a vessel containing shot, sand, water and gas, to illustrate the inter-penetration of the grosser elements by the finer. The etheric body he divided into four layers—the chemical, the vital, the sense, and the memory layer—each of which had a very delicate and particular function to play in relation to physical well-being. This etheric body was a physical thing not a spiritual, and had its nexus to the physical body in the physical organ of the pituitary gland in the head. Physical and mental phenomena, through mediums, were largely the outcome of a freer use of this etheric body than was possible with the ordinary person. A most interesting discussion followed.

* This message, and the one given for Armistice Day last year, are published by Miss Stead in pamphlet form.



THE LATE W. T. STEAD.

HOW THE SOLDIERS COME BACK.

THE STORY OF WILL LOWTON.

By the Rev. G. VALE OWEN.

When Will Lowton came to see me in October, 1918, he was cheerful enough. We sat in my study, talking about the other lads of the village who were on the various fronts. Like other home clergy during the war, I was a kind of general exchange for them. They enclosed letters to me, asking me to forward them to the chums whose addresses they did not know. They sent messages through me girding at some lad or other who had not replied to their last note. He had probably been moved from his old quarters; or he had lost the letter with the address to which the reply was to be sent. Perhaps he was in hospital, or had "got it in the neck." So I had to act as go-between and do what was necessary. When they came on leave these and similar matters had to be cleared up. I had all the information tabulated, and we straightened things out. That is what Will and I had been doing that morning.

I was just off on my rounds, so we walked to the top of the lane together. Then his whole demeanour changed. At we drew near the place of parting, he said: "Vicar, I have a feeling that I shall not come back this time."

I had heard that saying before. It was a frequent feeling they had when going back from leave. But in Will Lowton's case there was a difference. He had never been quite like that before. He was quiet and undisturbed, outwardly at least. But there was a certain something, a kind of reverence laid on a substratum of deep silence, which is hard to explain. He was always a thoughtful lad, but with a quiet humour which I had often felt would go far in his dealings with his men; for he had risen from the ranks to be Captain of his company.

Shortly after he had arrived in France the news came of his death during a charge. One more of the little band whom I had watched grow up from childhood had "got it in the neck."

So we altered the place of his name on our Prayer List, and put him among those "Within the Veil," as we called it, and carried on as usual with our prayers for him.

A few weeks later he came to me. It was a busy time with our little circle. We had among us at that time a trance sensitive. Through this lady's kind services, and also by automatic writing, we were able to keep in touch with these splendid lads after their passing. It was a great help to them, and no less a help to me and my family. It enabled us to get at their real selves in a way it had been impossible to do when they were in the flesh, on account of that reserve which is ever present when the talk turns on spiritual things and spiritual realms. They had broken through into that new life now, and found it real enough for natural and ordinary conversation. These talks with them enabled me to deal with their people at home here, in this world, in a way I could not otherwise have done. I cannot quite explain how that was; but I know it was so. Except in a few cases, I did not tell their people that their loved ones had come back to me. They would not have understood, and, in their bereavement, it was not a time to raise new and strange perplexities in their minds. But my knowledge helped me in rather strange ways to get home with a degree of comfort and conviction which was very real.

Will Lowton came to us one evening. Controlling the

medium, he stood up and gave the salute; but he could not manage to give us his name. So I fetched a Parish Magazine and read out to him the Prayer List. When I came to his own name he cried out, "That's it."

Then we had a talk together; after which he once again saluted and left.

He came several times after that, and told us how he met his death, and a lot more details unknown to his family and friends. But he was much worried about the lads whom he had met in the Spirit Land, many of whom were very unhappy. I suggested that he should try to come to his old Church and join in the service there. It might be he would get both comfort and strength for his work there among his spirit friends. He jumped at the suggestion, and asked whether he might receive the Holy Communion when he came. "Certainly," I replied; although exactly how he was going to manage it I had no very clear idea.

However, I left him to the "watchers" on his side of the Veil. I felt they would be able to deal with the matter in some way. I was not wrong. He came again and told me about it. He said it was a rather wonderful experience. He had never quite understood the reality of that Service before. And he added what pleased me more, that he had brought with him other spirits from the battle-field, among whom were some of his own Orford friends. The Armistice had now taken place, but, out there in France, fighting was still going on, he told me, between our own soldiers who had passed over and their late enemies. They could not divest themselves yet of the old hatred they had felt for each other when in the flesh. So he and other kindred souls were engaged in trying to lure them away from the dreadful conditions hanging about the scene of the late conflict in France and Belgium. Some of these they had managed to bring with them to Church, and there they joined in the service together, so far as their disturbed feelings would permit.

Knowing this, I always kept them in mind, and, as I read such passages as the Absolution and "Comfortable Words" in the Communion Service, I mentally directed them at this invisible congregation. I knew that the incarnate worshippers would hear the words, but it seemed as if an extra push was probably required to get them through to the others. They did get through, as I was told later on. I am afraid all this will seem a bit "Churchy"; but we have to use what means we have at hand and are familiar with; and these are mine. I have grown into them.

These spirit lads have been seen from time to time in Church, by various clairvoyant people. So they must be getting some help still. They continue to bring others with them, too. Our village congregation are very hearty folk. They let themselves go; especially on the hymns. We should hesitate to tackle oratorio. But we know how to "make a joyful noise," such a noise as those dear lads used to love. Perhaps that is why they still come. And our noise may be the more joyful in consequence of the presence of this invisible congregation. I rather think it has something to do with it. Don't you?

"SEEING THE AURA."

Dr. J. Barker Smith writes (November 4th, 1921):—

I have read what your correspondents have said with interest (pp. 705 and 711). In "The Medical Press" of the 2nd inst. I have advised readers not to use Fehling's copper solution as the equivalent of the Kilner Dicyanin screens. For I am left after a month with a blue spectrum which gives a blue halo to objects, not the aura, although it seems to add to the effect of the phenomenon of glistening particles. I have asked my medical colleague how far this phenomenon, which no doubt arises from particles in or about the eyeball, can be regarded as a demonstration of the radio-activity within the whole body.

Mr. MacIntyre is no doubt right in stating the phenomenon is visible without any Auric screen; it may relate to the ultimate products of food metabolism. Food fuel combustion by the body, after all, is not comparable to food combustion in a calorimeter.

TRUTH OR REPOSE.—God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both. He in whom the love of repose predominates will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets—most likely his father's. He in whom love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings, and afloat. He will abstain from dogmatism, and recognise all the opposite negations, between which, as walls, his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience, suspense, and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and respects the highest law of his being.—EMERSON.

PICTURES OF THE "INNER LIFE."—Miss A. S. Patterson, of Wellesley, U.S.A., is showing, at the British College, from November 7th to November 26th, a series of pictures which deal in a remarkable way with the journey of the soul in its expanding consciousness, both in and out of the body. The beauty of colour and line, and the effect produced of wonderful sweeps of space in the paintings, are as fine as anything yet seen in this kind of inspirational art, and have much to teach students of psychic law. Miss E. Power also shows a most interesting group of drawings of Nature Spirits and Music Forms. All interested are heartily invited.

THE DAY OF REMEMBRANCE.

A MESSAGE FROM THE VALE OF COMRADES.

(Communicated through a Medium.)

The tempest of battle had stilled. The din had ceased. And then came a great and noble thought from those who had passed on and who had wished that comfort should be given to their loved ones.

The form of a warrior rests in the dark sombre vault of a large chilly building. Yet a glorious light of trustful love shines full upon it.

THE MESSAGE.

Strife was raging. Hearts were being torn open. Loved ones were being sacrificed, as it was thought, and, as it is said, "to leave the beautiful world only to be plunged into darkness."

On the Day when one and all should realise what trust means we are going to help you to gain a lighter and more truthful knowledge of the so-called "plunge into darkness." Listen to those who appear to have left you! Trust in the Supreme! Realise, or try to realise, that although "dead to the world," *still we are living with you!* Until loved ones realise and know that there is no "death," no end, the nation cannot be at rest, at peace.

Take into your hearts and minds the Flower of Remembrance—your rosemary—and the Flower of Consolation—your scarlet poppy. Remember that the boys—and girls—who fell in the fight for a great cause are now struggling, with the help of Unseen Comrades (who have fallen in battles of times long past) for an even greater thing—to bring forth and make clear the Message that while you think of us as dead *we are living amongst you.*

Have faith in us and turn your thoughts away from the dark earth into which you placed our forms! Lift your minds to where we live in a Land of Flowers—in a Land of Love and Light!

Some of us are helped by you on earth, for you let us help you. Others are hindered by lack of trust on the part of their dear ones. Some are going through their work softly and happily. Others are having to struggle, wandering far, until helped by love and light from the world they have left.

Let the Flower of Consolation breathe its message of brightness to you! Console yourselves with the thought that we are happy! That although we are, as you think, "gone to rest," that rest, that sleep, is but a lighter and lovelier performance of the duties that are ours.

When taken so suddenly you thought we were not fitted for our journey. That *we* have had to make right, and with help, strength and guidance from The Unseen we have journeyed to our home.

While my form, lying in the grave, is looked down upon by you with sorrow, with tears, lift up your souls to those you love and think of them as with you! Let the tears you shed be tears of gladness, tears of joy!

The Flowers of Remembrance and of Consolation will then help us all, for we shall be comforted by the knowledge that you remember *we still live* and you will be consoled by the assurance that we live with you.

Soft pealing notes of heavenly music ran through and interwove themselves with the message, which ended with triumphant trumpet-like chords that seemed to rend the air.

A tall dark boy says he is one of four and all are now living with him. He is anxious to see his mother. He is anxious for his friends to know how happy he and his brothers are. He wants them to know that although two were maliciously killed and their bodies buried in a heap, the other two entered the Vale from a sick bed. He wants his mother to know that her real boys are still living a life, and after going through temptations and trials they sometimes find themselves at rest. Then they are sent out again on missions, and probably temptations and trials will come

again and so on. They have to fight their way through and win the day.

A GLIMPSE OF THE VALE OF THE COMRADES.

How hilly it all is. Up and down grassy slopes. Trees are dotted here and there. A stream is running quite down into the valley. Lovely flowers are growing profusely on all these slopes. As far as I can see are wide stretches of this beautiful land—of tiny hills, or gentle grassy slopes. There is no breeze to disturb the perfect stillness, not a sound anywhere; the freshness is lovely, the light is perfect. Still I wander on. It is just the same. I can now hear the little stream, gracefully flowing along, bubbling over the stones. As I go farther, there is a slight breeze coming along with me. It gets still lighter. There is a lovely bank or "cloud" of light in front of me. Oh! how perfect! What can it be over there? A wide stretch of land, a gorgeous place like a palace. How beautifully it is lighted. (A voice: "It is the sunshine lighting it.") Oh, how lovely! I can hear soft voices and some wonderful music—gentle, flowing melody. There are men and women grouped together. How lovely their faces look! How they smile!

(A voice: "Yet they are carrying other people's burdens. They are fighting for Right and Faith. They are fighting for One alone. They are comrades who fought side by side, who fell before they were called, whose minds were only bent on saving their country; who clamoured not for wealth, not for big names, but that their loved ones might be saved. They came to us in agony and now they are making full atonement for anything they may have done amiss. They are linking together others as they are linked together.")

ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF THE VALE.

I see no one speaking to me, but the voice continues: "You are to take a lovely little message." Oh, there are crowds and crowds of boys, but they are happy and I am ever so close to them. I am gradually getting nearer and nearer. Everything is so still. I must have been here a long time. Music is playing softly. I am still going into the Vale. How lovely the light! (A voice, "Do you find it too light?") No. Whose is that voice? Now I am amongst a group of boys and I am just one of the crowd. I am sitting on the edge of a slope and they are all around me. Their faces are lovely. "No, I am not a little dove. I am just one of you." Have I brought you messages? Why do you say that? Messages are written all over me. You are working hard and you are getting such a lot of pleasure out of it? Do you not live in this world of pleasure? Is it not all pleasure? Yes. You find it all pleasure to keep the flag flying? What flag are you flying? The Flag of Faith!

They have all left me but one. He has a fine face. You are away from your mother and sister? But only for a little while? You came here very tired? Did you come alone? Yes. You fell from a tree (in some sniping affair) and then you came through a dark, dark valley, but very soon light came and someone seemed to lift you along. For "times and times" you were wandering on through the darkness and then through the lighter part, until at last you were bathed in this beautiful light and sunshine. You were surrounded by faith. Will I put a little message "under my wing"? That is a strange way of expressing it. You wish me to take the message back to some mother and sister so that they may know their boys are living and working for Faith.

"PSYCHE" AND "MERCURY."

SPIRITUALISM AS A DETERRENT TO SUICIDES.

Mr. Leigh Hunt (Dollis Hill) writes:—

Is it not the opportune moment for some authoritative pronouncement to be made by prominent Spiritualists of the tremendous moral deterrent which a true and comprehending knowledge of Spiritualism should give to those unfortunate beings who contemplate suicide as a "way out" of their troubles? I am, of course, aware that many writers have, from time to time, referred to the matter, and have sought to emphasise the teachings of Spiritualism in that direction; but the times surely call for a forceful and pregnant statement conveying some clear idea of the terrible state of the suicide after he has forcibly freed himself of his

earth-body—of his finding that he has not escaped his troubles, but has added to them moral responsibilities which increase the difficulties of outworking his own salvation, apart from the limitations which surround him "over there," when he attempts reparation for wrongs committed by him against others.

"WHAT IS THE REAL WORLD?"—We regret that the concluding sentences of the penultimate paragraph of Mr. Tarr's article last week (p. 715) are barely intelligible as printed. They should read: "Yet there is a constant interchange and progression of individuals and communities, an infinity [not "affinity"] of degrees of expression and perception of reality. As in the wonderful phenomenon of materialisation a solid, living human being appears out of apparently empty space, so in the higher worlds," etc.

TWO SOLDIERS MEET.

FROM THE VALE OWEN SCRIPT.*

Communicated to The Rev. G. Vale Owen, December 7th, 1917.

OUT of the gloom which hovers over the earth sphere, and through which those who would come to you from these brighter realms must penetrate, emerges continually a stream of people.

We speak now not of such as fail to realise their high destiny but of those who, arriving to understand and fathom the meaning of Being, and of their part and lot in it, have shaped their earthly course by the compass of His love.

So they come higher somewhat prepared for the righting of what has seemed to be wrong and with trust in those who have helped to guide their steps.

This much surely. And yet few there be, or almost none at all, who do not lift their eyelids in surprise and wonder at the greater beauty and serenity of peace which is to their imagining as the living person is to the picture.

Yes, I can well believe all of it. But could you, please, give me a specimen instance of it? Something individual and definite, I mean.

Among so many it is hard to choose. Yes, we will tell you of one of those who came here lately.

It is not of the duties of our band at the present stage to go near the border and bring those who come over to their proper places. But we are ever in touch with those whose business it is to do this and their experience is for us to draw upon.

THE GREAT WALL.

He was a youth who came through the Wall but lately and was laid on the grass land by the roadside.

Would you mind explaining what you mean by the wall?

In your world of matter a wall is, we will say, of stone or brick. The stone of which the wall is builded is not solid in the sense of being coagulate absolutely. Every particle of which the stone is made up is in motion, as your science has but recently found. And the particles themselves are also constituted of denser motion than the ether, as you call that element in which they float.

Motion is consequent on will, and will is set in action by personality. It therefore results in this: a person or group of persons concentrate their will on the ether, which is set in vibration, and out of that vibration particles are the resultant.

These also, by the operation of the will of other groups—hierarchies, if you will—cohere in more or less dense formation, and the result is water or stone, or wood.

Every kind of matter therefore is but an outer manifestation of personality, and varied in composition and density according to the order of the personality, acting singly or in concert.

HOW IT IS FORMED.

Here there obtains a system of operative law very like this we have detailed to you as obtaining between the spiritual realms and your economy of matter. The wall we spoke of is produced and sustained in position by will-power operative in the sphere of earth.

This is met on this side by the will-power operative in the spheres above the earth, and, being beaten back, it becomes condensed and welded into a wall of thickness and substance quite palpable to us but which to you is recognisable only as a mental state of impenetrable density, and of which you speak of as a "cloud of perplexity" or some such like name.

When we say it is produced by the wills of you on earth, we speak in a literal sense of the creative faculty of spirit. All spirit is creative, and you in the flesh are each a focus-point of the Spirit Universal, even as we.

This cloud of vapour, therefore, which comes against our Boundary from earth is of spirit creation, even as that which proceeds against it continuously from these higher Realms, and keeps it constantly in its own place.

It is not a difference in nature or kind but only in degree. It is the meeting of the higher and the lower and, as one or other rises or falls in intensity, so is that wall produced forward or thrust back earthward. But it is fairly constant to its place and is never found far away from its mean position.

You set us a task, friend, by your question. It was to tell you in earth wording of one of those matters which are still ahead of science, as you understand the term among

you to-day. Some day, when your science has enlarged its borders hitherward, someone of yourselves will be able perchance, with words more familiar to you, to make plain more easily what we have found it hard to set down.

I think I catch the general drift of it. Thank you for your effort anyway.

FIRST QUERY ON AWAKENING.

So they found him [the youth] lying on the turf near the gateway through which he had entered; borne of those who had brought him hither.

Soon he opened his eyes and looked around him in much wonder, and when he had accustomed his sight to the new light he was able to see those who had come to lead him on the second stage of his journey to his new home.

His first question was a quaint one. He asked them: "What about my kit, please? Have I lost it?"

One of them who led the others replied: "Yes, my boy, I fear you have; but we can give you other and better kit in its place."

He was about to reply when he noticed the aspect of the landscape and said: "But who brought me here? I don't remember this country. It was not like this when I was hit." Then his eyes opened wider and he asked in a whisper: "Say, Sir, have I gone West?"

"That's what it is, my boy," was the answer, "you have 'gone West'; but not many realise that fact so soon. We have watched you all the while, watched you grow up, and in your office, and in your training-camp, and in your work in the Army till you were hit, and we know you have tried to do what you felt to be right. Not always, but on the whole you have taken the higher way, and now we will show you your home."

"GOING WEST."

He was silent for a time, and then said: "Can I ask questions, or is it against rule?"

"No, ask your questions. We are here to answer them."

"Well, then, was it you, sir, who came to me one night on sentry and spoke to me about going west?"

"No, it was not any of us here. That one is waiting for you a little farther up the road there. If you are strong enough we will take you to him. Try to rise and see if you can walk."

He arose quickly and stood to attention, from the habit he had formed, and the leader smiled and said: "My dear boy, all that is past. Discipline here is quite different from that which you have known hitherto. Count us as your friends and come along with us now. Commands you will be given, and you will obey; but not yet awhile. When that comes to pass such commands will be given by those who are higher than we, and you will obey them, not from fear of reprimand, but out of the greatness of your love."

He simply said, "Thank you, sir," and went forward with them, silent and in deep meditation.

They ascended the roadway and passed over the brow of a hill, on the other side of which was a coppice of very large and beautiful trees, with flowers growing by the roadside, and many birds singing amidst the green-gold-foliage.

HIS COMRADE'S GREETING.

And on a mound there sat another young man, who rose as they approached him. He came towards the group, and, going up to the young soldier, put his arm around his shoulders, and walked behind him in silence, the other keeping silent also.

Suddenly the young soldier stopped and, removing the arm of the other, turned and looked at him intently. Then a smile suffused his face, and he took both his hands in his own, and said: "Why, Charlie, who would have thought of this? Then, you didn't manage it after all."

"No, Jock, I didn't, thank God. I went west that night, and afterwards they let me come and stay with you. I went with you pretty well everywhere, and did what I could for your comfort. Then they told me you would soon be coming over here. Well, I thought that you ought to

* From "The Ministry of Heaven," Vol. III, of "The Life Beyond the Veil." By the Rev. G. Vale Owen. Published by Thornton Butterworth.

know; I remembered what you had said to me when you tried to get me out of it, and back to the lines again, after I had got it in the neck. And so I waited till you were quiet, and by yourself, and then I tried all I could. I knew afterwards that I had managed to make you see me, and partly hear what I had said to you about your coming west."

"Ah, yes, it's 'coming west' now, not 'going,' isn't it?"

"That's the size of it, old fellow. And now I can thank you for what you tried to do for me that day."

So these two friends went on ahead of the rest, who slowed their pace so that this might be so, and, in homely language such as their wont had been, made their friendship for each other articulate.

LANGUAGE OF THE TRENCHES.

Now we have chosen this incident in particular to show you several things; among them, these:

No kind act is ever passed by without note in these spheres. The one who does the act is always thanked here by the one to whom the benefit has been done.

Those who come over still use the language and manner of earthly speech. Some of you would be greatly shocked to hear the rather forcible phrases which drop from the lips of spirits when first they meet their friends of earth. I speak now more especially of the soldiers who have fought in the war, as these two had done.

Rank here keeps pace with true inner worthiness, and is affected not in the least either by earthly rank or by early education. Of these two, the one who came over first had been a labourer before enlistment, and of poor parentage. The other had come of a family not poor in worldly affairs, and had for some years been in an office of business in preparation for a responsible position in his uncle's house.

Their respective status was not of much account when the one had led the other wounded away from the enemy trenches. Here it was of no account at all.

So do friends meet here and begin their onward way. For they who are faithful in their duties of earth are made welcome when they come hither into these fields of beauty and rest, where no sound of war is heard, nor wounds nor pain can penetrate.

MR. JAMES DOUGLAS AND SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

Mr. James Douglas's article in the last issue of the "Sunday Express" is a model of restraint and of fair and frank treatment of a hotly-disputed subject. On a plate signed by himself, and on which appear the figures of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and himself, he obtained the distinct picture of a human face showing well above the heads of the two sitters. Any possibility of trickery appeared to him to have been ruled out by the conditions under which the experiment was conducted.

His concluding observation summarises the net result of his investigation of psychic photography so far:—

"At this stage of my inquiry I will only say that if spirit photography can be proved to be genuine it will be a conclusive answer to the riddle I am trying to solve."

Two reflections occur to us at this point. First, that the genuineness of the results in what is called spirit photography does not in itself prove human survival, unless they are accompanied also by evidences of intelligent action in producing them. Those evidences we have had in a considerable measure, so that both propositions are proved for us.

Second, we would direct Mr. Douglas's attention to the fact that psychic photography does not rest entirely on the results obtained by Mr. Hope or other public mediums. Much the same effects have been and are being obtained by private experimenters in their own homes. One specific and undoubted instance would, of course, be enough to prove the case. But it is well to have regard to the collateral evidence and testimony.

Finally, assuming, as we do, the actual existence of human beings in a supermundane region—spirits, in short—we use imagination in considering that they, too, have their difficulties, and are proceeding by laborious experiments—feeling their way, so to speak. We recall Sir Oliver Lodge's simile of the tunnel. Each side is tunnelling its way to the other, and in the meantime communication is kept up by signals more or less imperfect. The signals to-day are certainly growing louder, "nearer, clearer," and as regards materialism, "deadlier than before!"

TRANSITION OF MR. WALTER HOWELL.—Mr. Chas. Watson (Handsworth, Birmingham) informs us of the transition, at his home at Handsworth, of Mr. Walter Howell, another of the Old Guard of Spiritualism. He was unwell on returning from a lecturing engagement in Yorkshire on the 1st inst., and subsequently became much worse, passing calmly away three days later. Mr. Watson writes of him: "A kindly and peaceful soul, yet a doughty fighter in the cause of truth, he will always be remembered by all old-time Spiritualists who had the honour of his friendship." We understand that Mr. E. W. Oaten conducted the funeral service, at Birmingham, last Wednesday.

RAYS AND REFLECTIONS.

Writing in the "Referee," "Dagonet," whose other name is Mr. G. R. Sims, says that one night he took with him to bed Conan Doyle's "Wanderings of a Spiritualist," and read it until one o'clock a.m. Oddly enough, he refrains from making any fun of it. Are his powers of frivolity waning, or—? I wonder.

The ignorance and apathy of the public on certain questions are frequently denounced by reformers. Nowadays the public mind is being gradually lashed into action by the tribulations of the time. But if it is to remain ignorant, then it had better remain inert also, for, as a great sage of the past wrote, "There is nothing more frightful than ignorance in action." It is because the L.S.A. seeks to do its part in combating this ignorance that it has started the various classes for instruction in psychical matters, advertised in another column.

There still reach us occasionally complaints regarding some Spiritualistic services. The speaker is incompetent, the singing is wretched, the arrangements are vile, and so on. But could not some of the people who complain lend a hand to improve matters? Very often a great deal too much work falls upon one or two self-sacrificing people, who suffer not only from lack of means but from lack of efficient helpers.

Still, things are very much better than they were. I remember one of the old pioneer workers who had to undertake many rôles. He had to be his own manager, lecturer, and general factotum. He was hotel-keeper, editor, author, publisher. If he gave a lantern lecture, he made his own lantern slides for it. At home he did his own repairs, for he was something of a builder. His case was rather a typical one. It is impossible for one man to be equally efficient in several things. It is to his credit if he tackles all the forms of work that have to be done without assistance.

There is a story of a company of strolling players who were not able to afford an orchestra. It was necessary, in one play, that the hero should die to "slow music," and it is recorded that in the death scene the actor who played the part of the dying man accompanied himself on the clarinet! That was heroism indeed. I have known some of the old workers who, in like circumstances, would have done the same thing.

Someone tells me that the spirit of Dickens appears to hover over the pages of LIGHT. It may well be. One meets so many Dickens' characters amongst the followers of the Spiritualist movement. We have our Pickwicks—I know at least one—Micawbers, Chadbands, and Bounderbys. I occasionally meet Little Dorrit, Steerforth, Agnes, Nicholas Nickleby, Joe Gargery, John Browdie, Tom Pinch, and others from the Dickens portrait gallery. Also, we have a Mark Tapley or two. We could do with more of him.

Dickens, it is said, was a Spiritualist. The people who say that have apparently not read some of his scathing indictments of Spiritualism as it presented itself to him in his own day. Did they ever read his description of a train journey with a "spirit rapper," who translated the bumps of the train into "spirit messages" from Plato and other noble minds? One of the "messages" ran, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Dickens says that he pointed out that the last word of the message should be "bush." But the spirit rapper would have none of it. The message was too sacred to be tampered with. The spirit had said "bosh," and "bosh" it must remain! There was much justification for the satire in Dickens's time, and there are still some unwholesome vestiges of the old foolish credulity to be cleared away.

D. G.

SPIRITUALISM AND RELIGION.—Dr. Stanton Coit, we are told, lamented, at a recent meeting of the Second Conference of Modern Religious Thinkers, that no progress had been made in religious thought during the past thirty years, and instanced the Ethical Church, the Positive Church, and Spiritualism. Such a statement appears to us at variance with the facts on the general issue, for the changes now going on in religious ideas are clearly apparent to most of us. As to Spiritualism, which he instanced, we cannot see how this can be adduced as any criterion, as it is not a religion but rather a movement with both religious and scientific implications. As Miss Scatcherd said at Croydon the other day, Spiritualism is a sort of Religion of Science and Science of Religion, rapidly transforming both and leading to a union between them.

LIGHT,

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THE POWER OF THE SILENCE.

WAR AND ITS AFTERMATH.

The mind which can reason from cause to effect, or from effect to cause, can trace out with ease the train of events which led up to the War, its great and dismal aftermath, and that rite, tiny in itself, yet tremendous in its meaning, which we call the Two Minutes' Silence.

Let us start, since we must begin somewhere, with that particular intellectual analysis of the Scriptures which took its rise in the last century, when faith in the sacred records began to wane as a result of the discovery that they contained certain obvious mistakes, quite natural in any document which, however divinely inspired, had to be expressed in human language under human limitations of knowledge. Observation of these mistakes led to the conclusion that a critical investigation of the Biblical record might lead to the discovery of many more. Very naturally the plodding and analytical Teutonic mind was to the fore in these inquiries. It was not a creative or imaginative mind, and it set out to deal with things spiritual—of which, generally speaking, it had no glimmering idea—and of things psychical—of which it had no knowledge whatever—along the lines of purely physical fact and purely logical reasoning. In this task it was aided by other minds in other nations equally equipped or equally disabled for the task by the same qualities or absence of qualities. It was generally gathered that the miracles of the New Testament were matters of legend or superstition; that the story of Jesus of Nazareth was exceedingly doubtful. He was represented as a good but fanatical teacher who, with his disciples, was doubtless the victim of hallucinations. Paul on the road to Damascus (it seemed) must have had an epileptic fit or a sun-stroke, giving rise to his illusions of hearing and seeing Divine manifestations.

No need to do more than touch on these things. They are familiar to students of Biblical criticism. Many ministers of the Church studied the matter with mixed feelings. Some of them found their faith in their sacred records sorely disturbed, and were inclined to recede from the literalism of Scripture to certain transcendental positions. It was all very perplexing, because the evidences for human survival had been made to rest solely on the resurrection of Jesus, and when the critics got to work on the Resurrection story they showed how utterly incredible the whole thing was. There were no scholars of the type of Dr. Ellis Powell in those days to point out how wonderfully the Greek text confirmed the record in the light of knowledge obtained through psychic science to-day, and how the artless writers of the Gospel narratives of the life and death of Jesus had borne unconscious testimony to the truth of their own stories by setting down with great particularity certain incredible things and the manner of their happening. These things, as we know to-day, coincide so closely with what actually happens in psychic experimentation that we find the narratives generally true and accept them. But this is by the way.

The arm of the Church was palsied. Its reliance on physical fact and written record was substantially weakened. It could not arrest the materialism of the age in which Intellect rode triumphant, with its message that Life was a phenomenal accident, that the survival of the fittest meant that the fittest were the physically strongest, the most intellectually acute. What else could be the warrant for existence of lumps of animated mud produced by the blind machinery of a blind Cosmos?

War being obviously the only way to settle any great quarrel in these conditions, we got the Great War. Thousands upon thousands of good and true men, spiritually awakened enough to loathe such doctrines, were engaged on both sides. For them it was a horrible necessity. Yes, we had the Great War, and during its terrible course the spectacle of multitudes of bereaved fathers, mothers, wives, sweethearts, sons and daughters seeking consolation and finding none. The Churches had no message, nor had Science and Philosophy.

Such information as could be gathered concerning the fate of the dead came from "unofficial" sources, very much under the ban of censure. Many people, mostly humble and simple, had the knowledge and gave it forth. It was classed generally and roughly under the head of Spiritualism, and suffered accordingly. When the cabin boy in the old story gave the correct interpretation of a mysterious sound at sea which the captain and his officers mistakenly attributed to a ship in distress he received a cuff on the head for daring to be wiser than his betters. That little story gives the history of Spiritualism in epitome.

The Great War brought a Great Tribulation. The world which had previously shelved consideration of the Problem of Death now found itself faced by the Mystery of Life. That the Mystery of Life includes also the Problem of Death, has not yet dawned on the general mind. The great Vision of Life has yet to be unfolded.

But deep in the soul of humanity are pulsations and tremblings. The truth which could not penetrate its head is reaching its heart. All the findings of the sceptics and the critics have not killed out its reverence, and if it salutes the memory of the dead as of those who have gone into silence and the dark, still it shows the dim sense of eternity, and into reverent and waiting souls strange and beautiful secrets may be born. That a whole nation shall be still and silent if but for two brief minutes has in it the promise of greater things. Many splendid achievements for the future happiness of a pain-ridden world are being wrought out with much crying of voices and the din of machinery. These are preparing those chambers of the soul that shall yet hold the gifts that are wrought in the rich silences. To these ends have tended all the forces that made for war; destruction, bereavement, poverty. But all the ways lead to the same goal. That goal is Life, endless and inextinguishable.

Great is the power of the silence, for it is in stillness that Life works its chief miracles. The old words come back to us to-day full of richer and newer meaning: "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

THE MESSAGE.

We lie in no "poppied sleep,"
For lo, we have risen again;
Grieving we see you weep,
And seek to tell you in vain.

Here, we have life anew—
How can we tell you so?
Only by aid of the few
Men and women who know.

Sleep? It is you who sleep,
Waken, and know it true:
So long as your grief you keep
For us, we must grieve for you.

LUCIUS.

FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE WINDOW.

It is announced in the newspapers that Lady Glenconner is to marry Viscount Grey of Falloden.

Soon after the appearance of Lady Glenconner's book, "The Earthen Vessel," in January last, we reproduced the statement made therein by Mrs. Osborne Leonard with regard to her mediumship, "I am much better and stronger in health since I developed than I was before." We find similar testimony in "Dr. Beale," by E. M. S. (J. M. Watkins), just issued, being a continuation of the wonderful healing experiences related in the same author's book, "One Thing I Know." Speaking of the medium concerned, Miss Rose, the author says, "Her health has steadily improved since I first knew her: her mentality is stronger, her will power more developed, and she is a stronger character in every way." We offer this evidence to our critics. We hope shortly to refer more fully to this interesting book.

E. M. S. relates a case of a friend who obtained a psychic "extra" of her brother, who was living on earth, separated from her by a considerable distance, and she afterwards learned that he had known nothing of the occurrence. The author adds, "This incident seems to contradict the theory that these forms must necessarily materialise before they can be reproduced on a photographic plate."

Poor Mumler, in the 'sixties, came to grief over this problem. His spirit photographs had been endorsed by open-minded investigators, who had put him to the strictest tests. But when he produced an "extra" of a person living on earth, even these supporters had to admit sorrowfully that he had resorted to fraud. Since that day the phenomenon has occurred a number of times.

The truth or otherwise of psychic photography should be exercising many minds as the result of the widely advertised article by Mr. James Douglas in the "Sunday Express" (November 6th) entitled, "Is Spirit Photography Genuine?" Mr. Douglas describes and gives an illustration of the photograph of himself and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, with a psychic "extra," obtained through Mr. Hope and Mrs. Buxton. He says, "The mystery seems to me unfathomable, and I do not pretend to have fathomed it." He invites any expert in photography who claims to be able to produce a photo like Mr. Hope's to do so under the conditions of his (Mr. Douglas's) experiment. "If he can produce such a photo by a normal process, then it will be necessary to consider whether Mr. Hope should be invited to submit to a stricter test than I was able to impose—that is to say, a test which would be absolute."

The Bishop of Kensington, in the course of an address at Nottingham on October 28th on Christian Healing, said that it was part of the mission of the Church to heal the sick. There could be no doubt about that in the mind of anyone who accepted the message of Christ. For centuries the Church had almost entirely ignored this subject, and in all probability that was one of the reasons why the Church had been so weak. The Church would not have been given a mission unless, at the same time, power had been given to carry the mission on.

The Bishop reminded his hearers that the Lambeth Conference had urged upon the clergy to be the leaders of their people in this work and to engage in the many-sided enterprise of prayer so that the corporate faith of the Church might be renewed, and that the gifts of the Holy Spirit might be more manifest in the lives of Christian men and women and that so the power of Christ to heal might be recognised. "We do believe that the power of Christ exists and that the power is there to-day, to be realised as it was realised when He was on earth, when we co-operate with Him," said the Bishop in a closing sentence.

Dr. Ellis Powell contributed to the "Daily Express" (November 4th) a communication he had received from a Welsh clairvoyant prior to the trial for murder of the boy, Harold Jones. The clairvoyant stated that the spirit of the little girl had appeared to her and had indicated that the boy was guilty of the crime to which he afterwards confessed. Dr. Powell remarks, "This is not a case of wisdom after the event."

In connection with a recent tragedy at Streatham, much publicity was given to the fact that some of the victims were said to be Spiritualists. This caused Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to utter a protest. In a letter to the "Daily Express" he said that as many thousands in this country professed a belief in Spiritualism, there must be weaklings among them. This particular case, he added, showed no connection between

the belief of the parties concerned and the deed which was pathetic rather than wicked.

The "Star," in its notice of the death of Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson (announced in our last issue), recalls the fact that the novelist, in 1919, in a contribution to a newspaper correspondence, declared his belief in Spiritualism. "I can speak," he wrote, "as one who was for more than 25 years a hard-shell agnostic, but whom the careful and prolonged study of the phenomena at last converted. My faith rests on a solid base of ascertained facts."

The statement by Dr. Barker Smith (p. 689) that a Swedish scientist has succeeded in photographing the aura has excited great interest, and further details are awaited. Dr. Kilner, in his book, "The Human Atmosphere," wrote: "Occasionally the aura has been photographed to a slight extent, but not by any means satisfactorily, nor have the necessary conditions for obtaining the impression been determined." He added: "Nevertheless, I am certain that a photographic picture of the size, shape and condition of the human aura is not only possible but will shortly be made, thus enabling the aura to become a still greater assistance in medical diagnosis."

Evidence of the great amount of work covered by Dr. James Hyslop has been seen in the appearance from time to time since his death of many articles and reviews written by him. One of his articles appears in the current issue of "Psyche," and in the October number of the journal of the American Society for Psychical Research are to be found the last of the book reviews to be printed from his pen, twenty-two in number.

Among the reviews Dr. Hyslop left is a laudatory notice of Mr. Horace Leaf's book, "What is this Spiritualism?" He says, "It is a very sensible production, and shows unusual intelligence for a Spiritualist, as the term is understood here in the United States. . . . It is a good book, and might be read with interest even by scientific sceptics. But that class is so saturated with the belief that no one is competent to discuss the subject but disbelievers, that the book will probably limit its influence to open-minded people."

Dean Inge, addressing a Men's Meeting at Christ Church, Westminster, on Sunday afternoon last, spoke of the discarded belief in hell. "I know that anyone who wants to be popular thinks of hell as something entirely discarded. The good-natured belief that all will be saved if they give God time enough is not to be found in the New Testament. There can be no firm belief in heaven unless there is also a belief in final rejection, whatever that may be. I do not want you to believe in tortures, but in finally losing that which God intended us to gain."

The Dean, apparently finding it impossible to keep away from the subject that is now in all men's minds, had one of his customary jibes at Spiritualism. He said: "The theories of our modern necromancers and Spiritualists have no religious value. I do not believe that they are true, and if they are they are no substitute for the blessed hope of everlasting life." Surely the Dean should know that human survival and eternal life are quite different things, and that one is not regarded by intelligent Spiritualists as a substitute for the other. We do not confuse psychical facts with spiritual verities.

At a meeting of the Society for Psychical Research, held on October 27th, Mrs. Salter, Editor of the Proceedings, read a report on the recent Congress at Copenhagen, at which fourteen countries were represented and four languages used. The absence of an interpreter, the short time (half an hour) allowed to each paper, and the large number of papers accepted, were, the report stated, defects which it was hoped future Congresses would remedy. The papers read were divided into theoretical and practical, the latter again into studies of the physical and mental phenomena of psychic research. Of these the former preponderated, as a larger number of Continental students have paid them attention, whereas in England and America the mental methods have been more studied.

M. L., in the "Occult Review" (November), in the course of an article, "Dreams which have Come True," relates this experience: One May she dreamed of a cousin who had been in South Africa for nine years, and with whom she had not corresponded. He related to her in the dream that he had come home without telling any of his family, had gone to a flat which he found shut up, and so had spent the night at an hotel. "On August Bank Holiday of the same year my aunt drove up to the house with this son. My mother and I were sitting in our garden. They came in, sat down, and he at once began to tell us he 'had come home and told no one he was coming, had gone to his sister's flat, which he found shut up, so spent the night at Bailey's Hotel.' "

WONDERS OF PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

ILLUSTRATED LECTURE BY MR. JAMES COATES.

That fine veteran, Mr. James Coates, in his seventy-ninth year, braved a cold and wet night to lecture to the members of the London Spiritualist Alliance, on Thursday, November 3rd, and his courage and endurance were rewarded by the numerous assembly which came to hear him. From the wealth of his experience he gave a most interesting account of many and varied results in psychic photography. Nor did he shirk the discussion of baffling aspects of the subject. Some of those results, for which there was no adequate explanation, were shown on the screen, but while the lecturer did not pretend to be able to explain them, he stoutly maintained that they had been obtained under test conditions which precluded all possibility of fraud. Mr. Coates is the author of "Photographing the Invisible," which is the standard text-book on the subject, and many cases which he was compelled to touch lightly upon will be found given at length in this book. His address was keenly appreciated.

Mr. H. W. ENGHOLM, who occupied the chair, introduced Mr. Coates as the "grand old man of psychic photography." He knew so much about the subject that he would be only able, in the short time at his disposal, to show them a facet of it. To the speaker it was one of the most important branches of psychic study, affording the most evidential proof of life after death; it was so for this reason—that photographs were obtained under every possible test condition, the negative showing, on development, portraits of persons on the Other Side, which, in nine cases out of ten, they could recognise—persons who used that particular method to let their friends here know that they were still alive. But the process employed remained still a great puzzle, so it was necessary to keep on with their investigation. There were very few mediums who possessed the peculiar gift needed, but many private people had come to him and shown him the results of their experiments. A vicar had come up from the south of England to show him a photograph he had taken with his little Kodak of the window of the room in which his wife had died. On it appeared a remarkable cloud effect, with just a faint face in it. It was not clear, but there was enough to indicate that his wife was trying to show herself. So we might find that another great wonder would come out of the Church.

Mr. COATES, with characteristic modesty, began by saying that he knew just enough about Psychic Photography to realise that we were on the verge of great discoveries. The subject had been before the world for some sixty years, and during that time no man of science or photographer of ability who had investigated it thoroughly had found it to be based on fraud. Every means had been taken to ascertain the method by which these pictures were obtained, and the only conclusion thus far reached was that it was by no normal process. Psychic photographers, in the past, were not, as a class, sufficiently skilled in their art to make the explanation of fraud at all a feasible one. For the most part, they were people of little education. He had hardly any patience with those who, not having given as many minutes to the study of the subject as he and some others had given years, were ready with a verdict of fraud. (Hear, hear.) Alluding to the complexity of psychic photography, Mr. Coates said that investigators were continually faced with results which suggested normal action, but when it was proved beyond all doubt that the pictures were obtained under absolutely fool-proof conditions, it was seen that that explanation was not satisfactory. This was the conclusion arrived at by those who had carefully examined the subject, as, for instance, the members of the London Psychological Society and the Society for the Study

of Supernormal Pictures, as well as many able photographers before them.

The first portrait shown by the lecturer was that of Sir William Crookes, which was greeted with applause. He said that Sir William was the first man of science in Great Britain to investigate psychic photography. He was, too, one of the first men in this country who suffered contempt from his fellow members of the Royal Society, and from others; but, in spite of this, he proceeded with his examination of the subject. (Hear, hear.) Many years later, when he had lost his wife, he journeyed to Crewe and obtained a thoroughly identifiable psychic picture of her, through the mediumship of the Crewe Circle.

The appearance on the screen of an excellent portrait of Dr. Abraham Wallace, whom he referred to as "a chiel from the North," afforded the lecturer an opportunity of speaking of the work of the Society for the Study of Supernormal Pictures, of which Dr. Wallace is the president. A photograph was shown of a group of the Society, taken at its Conference at the British College, in June last, in which was to be seen a psychic "extra." Twenty members certified to the taking of the picture.

Mr. Coates showed once again a familiar picture, which he described as one of the oldest psychographs. A full account of it appears in his book, "Photographing the Invisible" (pp. 354-359). He also dealt at some length with the problem picture entitled "The Cyprian Priestess," which likewise appears in his book. This "extra," which it was claimed, was obtained under test conditions, and which appeared with different sitters, was afterwards found to be the same as a picture entitled "Night," executed by a German artist. With reference to this, and some similar cases, which were referred to later on, the lecturer said that here he and other investigators found themselves in troubled waters. They could not by any means say that they knew all about the subject, but at least he could say that they knew something more than the man who had not investigated at all. There was still a big field of inquiry.

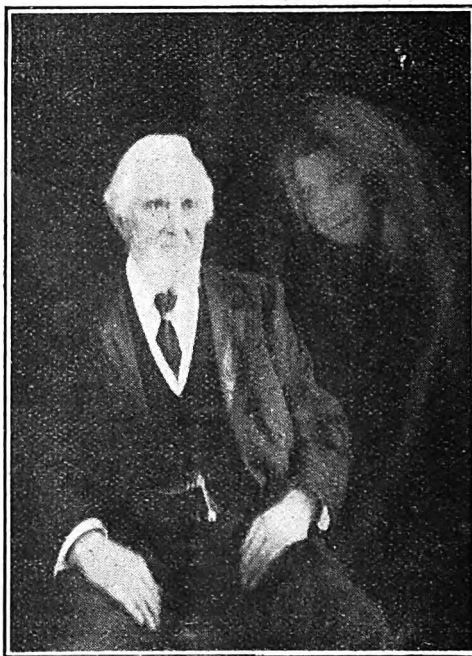
A succession of extremely interesting pictures followed, showing all phases of the remarkable phenomenon of psychic photography. Among the most arresting were some specimens of psychic extras in colour.

Mr. Coates briefly enunciated the theory to which he had come as the result of many years of study and investigation, namely, that what appeared on the photographic plates were not the photographs of spirits as they actually were, but portraits impressed by them, representing themselves, for the purpose of recognition, in the form and garb that had been theirs on earth.

References were made to the early investigators in psychic photography, as well as to the recent important researches of Major R. R. Spencer. At the close, the lecturer was heartily applauded.

Dr. ABRAHAM WALLACE, in seconding a vote of thanks proposed by the Chairman, called attention to the fact that a new edition of Mr. Coates's important book, "Photographing the Invisible," had just been issued. Recalling his early days of scepticism with regard to psychic photography, when he, together with a friend, offered £100 for a genuine spirit photograph, Dr. Wallace said he was heartily glad that the offer was not accepted. (Laughter.) It was the experiences of Mr. William Jeffrey, of Glasgow, which led him to lay aside all his doubts. Now he knew something more of the laws underlying the phenomena.

Mr. COATES, in reply, said that that night's lecture was not his "swan song." He hoped, after a holiday in the North, to return to work once more. (Applause.)



MR. JAMES COATES.

A recent photograph of the veteran Psychical Researcher and Spiritualist, taken by the Crewe Circle on March 24th of this year, showing spirit extra of Mrs. Coates, who died on July 16th, 1918.

THE EVIDENCES FOR SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

A SITTING WITH MRS. ANNIE BRITTAIN.

By EINAR H. KVARAN
(of Reykjavik, Iceland).

I.

I went to Mrs. Brittain's house, at 28, St. Stephen's Road, Bayswater, together with my son, on October 21st, 1921, at 6 p.m. Mrs. Brittain had absolutely no means of knowing anything about me. I had come to London from Iceland ten days before, and there is not a man in London who knows anything, so far as I am aware, about my family affairs. I am making this report from the notes my son took on the spot.

After sitting about a minute, silent, with closed eyes, so far as I understood in prayer, Mrs. Brittain tells us that there are two spirit-ladies with us, both very lovable. One of them is rather old, she does not know how old, but at least more than fifty, though looking younger than she really was. "Medium height, rather broad, but had got much thinner before she died. The face round, blue eyes, rather long nose, the cheeks red. Very active and orderly. Well dressed. Whatever she wore it always looked neat. She has lacework on the dress about the collar. Now she has put on another dress with some sort of stripes on the skirt. She was fond of lace. She is strongly built, with broad shoulders. She had a brooch, rather a large one. She suffered much internally before she passed away. She died very suddenly, and sooner than she or others expected.

"The other lady is young, taller, more slender, with a longer neck, good-looking. She calls the elder lady 'mother.'"

Now Mrs. Brittain tries to get a name. She harps on "Mar," "Mary," but does not get it. She tells me that she is trying to catch the first name of the young lady. "She has two names; she died in childbirth."

She says the young lady parted her hair at the side.

"There is a boy-baby with her. There is also another boy with her, much bigger."

I ask her if he is very much bigger.

Mrs. B.: "He seems to me to be grown up. She passed away across the water. She tells me she has met your friend who was drowned. His hair is curly. Fine forehead, straight nose, good-looking. The hair parted and long, and looking like an artist's hair. She says she has known him in the earth-life. Rather strongly built, but not fat. Who is Edward? That is your friend."

"There is an anniversary in connection with her now, or about this time. It is either a birthday or an anniversary of someone's death."

Mrs. B. tries to give the name of the young lady; she says that it sounds very much like Matilda. "But she has another name, shorter, only three or four letters, but I cannot get it. There are three children with her, all boys, and one of them grown up."

"Karl or Charles is a relative of hers."

Mrs. Brittain then says she will try and give the name of one of the boys. "Sig—Sigurdur." She has some difficulty in pronouncing it, but at last it comes quite distinctly. "The name of another of the boys begins with M."

"There is something about a cup of tea."

I ask her if she is sure it is tea.

"No, I don't know. She just shows me a cup and a saucer, and there is something in it. Something smoking-hot and white, as if there was cream in it. It may be tea, and it might also be coffee."

"Joseph sends his love."

Mrs. B. then tries to get the name of the old lady, but cannot catch it. "Katrin" (with the accent on the first syllable). "Can it be Catharine?"

"You are going away from London, but you don't know where you are going. Something unsettled."

I ask her if she thinks I am going home the direct way. "No; you are going a roundabout way, stopping at some places before you get there."

"Peter—there is someone by the name of Peter. It is an old man. Now she is saying, 'Poor Peter,' and she laughs. She is laughing so much at Peter. She is laughing all the time."

"Einar." Mrs. B. gives the name without any explanation, so I ask her:

"What about Einar? Is he one of the boys?"

"Yes. She is speaking about some book in connection with her that you have got. You do not read often in that book. And now she laughs."

"Now she is saying she was sorry to go away. She could not help it. It is all right now; she has her work to do there. She really could not help going, but she knows that, in a way, it was her fault. She is very happy

(Continued on page 738.)

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SUPERNORMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

A LETTER AND A FEW FACTS, WITH THE OBJECTIVE PROOF IN PICTURES.

CONDUCTED BY H. W. ENGHOLM.

The story told by Mr. James Douglas in the London "Sunday Express" of last Sunday of his sitting with Mr. Hope and Mrs. Buxton, the Crewe mediums, is a perfect description of the procedure witnessed by hundreds of people who have had sittings and investigated supernormal photography with the Crewe Circle. I went through a similar experience with these mediums a year ago. It was my first meeting with them, and the sitting took place at the British College of Psychic Science, Holland Park. I very keenly observed the mediums during the whole of the proceedings, and neither Mr. Hope nor Mrs. Buxton touched the plates until these were developed. One of the two extras I obtained was that of my little son. He had been on the "Other Side" some nine years, and the face that was given to me on the negative, although unmistakably like him, was that of a boy a few years older than when I last saw him on earth.

Many of the critics, among whom are Mr. William Marriott, Mr. Edward Bush, Mr. Vincent Patrick, and Mr. Whately Smith, have inferred the possibility of the Crewe mediums being able to produce an extra by trickery. Let us see what these mediums would have had to do in order to give me a photograph of my little son. Giving them every opportunity to trick me, they would first have had to find out that I had a little son in the spirit world, and to procure a photograph of him. Next, by some artistry, they would have had to produce a photograph making him look older than when I knew him. Assuming that they could have done all this, they would also have had at some particular moment, and under my very eyes, to superimpose their production of my son upon this plate. If it is contended, by those who are convinced that Mr. Hope and Mrs. Buxton are capable of all this cleverness, then I, who have some considerable knowledge of photographic technique, would be forced to confess that these mediums are the most wonderful photographic conjurers in the world.

The evidence I obtained on the occasion mentioned above convinced me absolutely of the fact of supernormal photography. Since then I have had evidence of this from men and women of all stations of life.

On the opposite page are given some concrete examples of psychic photography. In the case of Mr. George Smith, whose story I give below, we have an unvarnished tale, and an honest statement. In two other cases which I give we have portraits in one instance of a son and in the other of a dear friend who both made the great sacrifice.

Supernormal photography is amongst the sciences one of the most important, and I sincerely hope that in the near future it will obtain the recognition that is due to it from men of science, and the Churches in particular.

From George Smith, of Abram, Wigan, Lancashire:—

I am sending you three "extras" of my dear wife, together with two life photographs for comparison. Here is my story:—

On April 14th, 1920, I lost a devoted wife of only two-and-a-half years. We had known each other from childhood, and were much attached to each other. We were brought up in the same Baptist Church, and though she almost ignored the idea of a continued existence after death, I always believed there was something more than what our church taught; so I went to Spiritualists' meetings fairly often. Having these ideas before her death, I realised when she was gone that I might have an opportunity to prove continuity of life after death. I believe we are twin souls, and if there's a life beyond the grave, her dear soul will be ever near me and give me proof. After having her described to me perfectly at Spiritualists' meetings, I decided to write to Mr. Hope, of Crewe, whom I had heard of, but had never seen, and he invited me to go there on August 31st, 1920, four months after her passing over, but he gave me no guarantee of any result whatever. I bought my own plates in Wigan (Messrs. Wilson & Co., Darlington Street), and went to Crewe on the above date. I am an amateur photographer, and know how to load a carrier and handle a camera. Whatever photographs of my wife I had in my possession before August 31st I left at my home, and

arrived at Crewe, a stranger in a strange place. Mr. Hope nor anyone else in Crewe knew anything of me, whether I was a widower or not, and I did not tell them. However, after the usual little service, a thrilling one, singing hymns and praying, I took my own and sealed packet of plates from my pocket, and, letting them go out of my possession for a second, they were magnetised by being encircled with my hands, Mr. Hope and Mrs. Buxton's. I then went into the "dark" (under the stairs) and opened my packet of plates, took out two, and, after a strict examination of the camera, loaded it. I then examined the camera and the ground, which Mr. Hope forced me to do, and being satisfied with everything, I put the plates into the carrier for exposure; the only thing Mr. Hope did was to remove the cap. After exposure, I again took possession of my plates, and then developed, fixed, and washed them myself. On examining the plates, I immediately recognised the features of my dear wife beside me. I was jubilant. The print I enclose marked No. 1 [see opposite page] is a beautiful portrait of her as she lay in bed during her last illness. Her upper lip is sunk through being without her false teeth during her illness. I was deeply impressed with the simplicity of the mediums' entire behaviour, and more so by their apparent honesty.

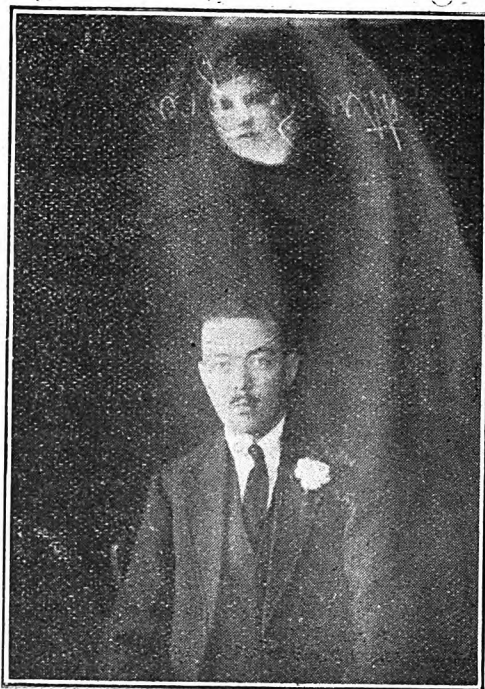
On September 8th last I again went to Crewe, and this time I intended to take my own camera and slides, but I never told Mr. Hope so. There were also two ladies with me, who didn't know they could go until the night previous to one, and the same day for the other, and Mr. Hope and Mrs. Buxton did not know they were coming. I don't know if Mr. Hope would like to use my camera, or not. I took the risk, because there are a lot of people who would be at present in my own district. I, with the two ladies, arrived at Crewe, with my camera, slides, and plates, on the same day. After the service similar to the one mentioned above, I filled the carriers (two) from the unsealed packet, wrote my name on all the plates, put them in my pocket, fixed up my own camera, and focussed the sitter, put one carrier in, drew the slide of the carrier to expose the first plate, and then took my seat in place of the other lady whom I had forced to sit. Keeping my eyes all the while on Mr. Hope, I watched him remove the cap, and replace after the exposure. I then went and shut the slide and changed it round for the second exposure, on one of the ladies, never leaving Mr. Hope at all. After the second exposure I took charge of the first carrier, and put in the camera the second carrier. The other lady then sat, and, in this case, all that Mr. Hope did was to hold my wrist while I removed the cap for the third exposure. For the fourth plate we all three sat, and I can safely say that all that Mr. Hope did in this case was to remove the cap and replace it. I took possession of carrier No. 2, and went and developed all four plates myself, fixed them and washed them, and all four but the "extras" on. I have great pleasure in enclosing herewith the print from plate No. 1, which I shall call "Photograph No. 1," and plate No. 4, which I call "Photograph No. 2." This latter one is exactly like my dear wife as I always knew her in full life and vigour. In the words of her father, who is not a Spiritualist, "It is impossible to have a better photograph of my daughter, either living or dead." No one as to the essence of fraud which some people say is the actual state of affairs at Crewe, I can safely say that my own life was the forfeit if fraud or any other sub-material means were to be proved, I would willingly forfeit it. Would to God every person in the world were as honest in their endeavour as Mr. Hope and Mrs. Buxton are in Psychic Photography. I do know that, as far as I am concerned, they are absolutely honest in their work. It matters not to me now what anybody else may say. I consider myself very deeply indebted to them. Through the fact of them giving me proof that the one I held dear in this world is still alive and patiently awaiting our happy re-union "across the border," I have been saved from suicide's grave. I have now a beautiful light shining through the darkness guiding me home.

[The reproductions given on the opposite page were direct from the photographs sent us by Mr. Smith, and numbered 1, 2, 3, and 4.]

EVIDENCE FOR SUPERNORMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

*For Comparison.*

A normal photograph of Mrs. Geo. Smith taken during life and submitted to us by her husband for comparison with photographs Nos. 1, 2 and 3

*Photograph No. 1.*

The first photograph obtained by Mr. Geo. Smith at Crewe on August 31st, 1920. The spirit extra is recognised by him as his wife, whose death had occurred only four months previously.



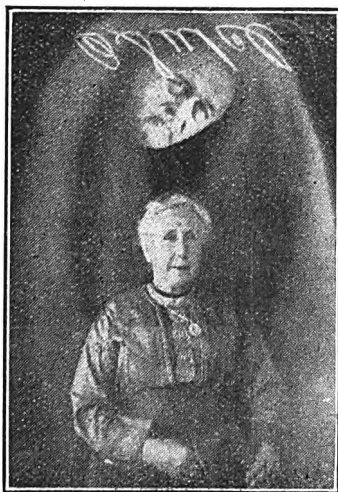
Miss G. Randall, Wimbledon, London.

I am sending you the spirit photo of a very dear friend of mine, who fell in the Great War in October, 1916:

As I did not possess a photo of him, he wished me to have one, and assured me that if I would sit for him, he would manifest. At his desire I arranged for a sitting at the "W. T. Stead" Studio on July 20th last, and Mrs. Randall was the operator. It was under "test" conditions, and a face (which is a splendid likeness) appeared on the first plate.

*Photograph No. 3.*

The result of the second exposure at the sitting at Crewe on September 8th, 1921.



A Spirit Extra of Mr. John Sutcliffe.

Mrs. C. Sutcliffe (Spiritualist), of Slaithwaite.

May last my husband proposed to try and build up very fully, if I would go to Crewe. I told you I was delighted with

Photograph No. 2.

The photograph taken at Crewe on September 8th, 1921. Mr. Geo. Smith used his own camera and slides on this occasion. The spirit extra is clearly recognised by all who knew her, as that of Mrs. George Smith.



From a Mother whose son fell in the Great War.

The lady to whom we are indebted for the above photograph stated to us that the supernormal extra that appeared on the negative she obtained at Crewe early this year is a remarkable likeness of her son who fell in the Great War. In fact, she affirms that the extra is a better portrait of her boy than any taken before he made the great sacrifice.

the fulfilment of his promise on September 1st, 1921. The psychic extra is a good likeness of my husband, who passed into spirit life on July 16th, 1919. The photograph was taken under strict test conditions,

THE EVIDENCES FOR SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

(Continued from page 735.)

now, and although she has her work, she has really never left you, and she is always with you.

"She sends her love to a lady here, a very fair lady, nice-looking, round face, not very old, but the hair is getting grey. She is trying to give me the name."

Mrs. B. cannot catch the name, but at last she exclaims, "Mamma—Matta!"

"Mamma is not well; she is worried and anxious. Her leg is very tired."

"There is something being parted with. A house—but that will be all right, and no need to worry on that account."

"There is someone by the name of Percy. He is not on the other side; he is alive. She sends her love to him. She sends also her love to Matilda. She is getting on fine. There has lately been a change for her for the better. She wishes her much happiness."

"She says that you got a picture of herself after she passed over, and she is very satisfied with the place in which it is, but she thinks the picture is rather too smart-looking."

Now Mrs. B. says that she does not see the spirits as clearly as before, as the power is vanishing. And the sitting closes at seven o'clock.

II.

There cannot be any doubt in my mind that the two spirit-ladies whom Mrs. Brittain told me of were my first wife and her mother.

The description of the old lady was strikingly correct in every detail. Only I do not know about her brooch, nor her dresses, nor her aversion for dark colour. It may be all correct, but I cannot tell. Her name was *Karen*. Mrs. Brittain could not come nearer to it than "Katrin." The description of my wife is quite correct, so far as it goes. She parted her hair on the side, at the time we were married. She went with me to Canada ("across the water"). We had two boys, *Einar* and *Matthias*, and she died, at the age of 25, in Winnipeg, Manitoba, of puerperal fever, after having given birth to the younger one. Both the boys died in their first year. Her names were *Maren Matilda* (or *Mathilde*, as the Danish form of the name is, for she was a Dane); but she was always called by the last name.

I had a boy by my second wife, whom we lost at the age of 15. His name was *Sigurdur*. I have frequently been told by mediums that he is much with my first wife. These three boys are the only children I have lost.

"Edward" I knew very intimately. We shared rooms for two years when we were both students at the University of Copenhagen. The description of him is absolutely correct. His second name was *Edward*. He used to be called by his first name, *Bertel*, but, as a matter of fact, he was rather fond and proud of his second name. My first wife was acquainted with him.

About the "anniversary" there is this to say, that the sitting was held on, the 21st of October, and my first wife passed over on the 21st of November.

So far as I know, my first wife has no relative by the name of *Karl*. The name of one of her brothers is *Michael*. When I first met her I did not know that brother, and when she mentioned him the first time I did not catch the name, and thought she had said: "Min Karl" (meaning "My man-servant"). The misunderstanding was soon cleared up, and we laughed over it. I certainly do not affirm that an allusion was made at the sitting to that misunderstanding, but when this name of "Karl" was given the incident instantly came to my mind, and I am rather inclined to think that the name has been given as a kind of joke.

The allusion to the "cup and saucer" is rather touching, if I understand it rightly. Sometimes, at the time we were living in Winnipeg, we had no servant. In the cold of the Manitoba winter I used to get up in the morning, make coffee, and bring it up to my wife in bed. She appreciated this very highly and wrote to her mother in Denmark about it. Many years afterwards I made a visit to my mother-in-law. One of the first things she mentioned was the coffee that I had brought to my wife in the mornings. It seemed to me that she made ridiculously much of this simple fact. But the old lady took it as an evidence that I had been kind to her daughter. She was offering me coffee at almost any hour of the day, and usually at the same time made a mention of the coffee that I had myself been making in Winnipeg.

My brother *Joseph*, a clergyman, died in Iceland some years ago. It is quite correct that I do not know where I am going from London. It is "unsettled" if I go home the direct way, or if I am going the "round-about-way" to the south of Europe.

The name of my first wife's father was *Peter*. He was an old man when he passed over. But the "Peter" she was laughing at seems to be another man. She had a brother by the name of *Peter* who was a young boy when

(Continued on page 740.)

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(contributor to the *Occult Review*, *Westminster Gazette*, *Chambers*, etc.) who has, during twenty years' residence in the tropics, studied Negro Psychology at first hand, will be in Britain throughout the greater part of next year. He is now booking dates for two Sunday Lectures, on various aspects of Occultism from February to October, 1922. Single Evening Dates during the week not objected to.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Conducted by the Editor.

Our readers are asked to write us on all questions relating to Psychic and Spiritual Matters, Phenomena, &c., in fact, everything within the range of our subject on which they require an authoritative reply. Every week answers will appear on this page.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for manuscripts or photographs unless sent to us in registered envelope, and all communications requiring a personal answer must be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

THE PERISPRIT.

J. A.—The Perisprit is a term used by French psychic researchers M. Gabriel Delanne uses it to indicate the spirit body or inner organism which he says is composed of matter more rarefied than ether. He points out that the existence of this Perisprit—this double of the physical body—was known to the Greeks, who called it Eidolon; to St. Paul, who called it the spiritual body; to the Egyptians, who named it Ka or Bai; and to alchemists and others. "The Perisprit is the model of the body, and contains the immutable design of every part of the organism, the nervous force being precisely the intermediary by which the sensations act upon the Perisprit." M. Delanne further adds: "To-day, science has established an intimate, an absolute co-relation between physiology and psychology and Spiritualism, and by demonstrating the existence of the Perisprit has shed an intense light on the problem of the soul. Thanks to this imponderable fluidic envelope, all recollections are fixed in this imperishable body."

POINTS ABOUT "CONTROL."

INQUIRER.—It is a mistake to suppose that "mortals" are controlled by spirits in any absolute sense. This would offend the spiritual law by which no man's free-will can be taken from him, unless he voluntarily surrenders it. Everything is under Divine law. Rest assured of that. Spirit influence is no more wonderful or unnatural than the influence of people in the flesh over one another as we see it in everyday life. "Like attracts like" and "birds of a feather flock together." So in mediumship we find the spirit guide or control is one who is temperamentally in sympathy with his medium. If he is high and wise there must be something in the nature of the medium to form the link, and *vice versa*. To hear and read some of the wild statements on the subject of spirit influence one would suppose that the earth was abandoned to a disorderly invasion of spirits all regarded as evil. The people who utter such opinions can be no true guides for their fellows, since they clearly have no perception of, or belief in, an Intelligent Deity.

PSYCHIC TELEGRAPHY.

E. ALFORD.—We have always to subordinate theories to facts. We can usually give plenty of reasons why something or other should not occur, but when we find that it actually does occur, there is no more to be said. At the same time, we agree with your view that it is at least very improbable that any system of telegraphy between this world

and the next can be purely mechanical in its nature, like ordinary telegraphy. Experience goes to show that there is always the biological element necessary in psychic telegraphy. In other words, we must use human mediumship in some form. Still, we have been told by a scientific student of the subject that he sees no *a priori* reason against some system of psychic telegraphy analogous to that we use in everyday life. That remains to be seen. But we feel convinced that whenever such a system is developed, some form of plasma or ectoplasm will be as necessary as the metallic granules in "wireless."

SPIRITS AND EARTHLY EXPERIENCE.

VIATOR.—The question regarding the career of spirits who die in infancy and consequently lose the education of earth-life is one we have dealt with in *LIGHT* several times in the past. It is not always necessary that these children should be brought into contact with earth in order to gain this training, because the great concourse of humanity passing from this world to the next brings with it a sufficient amount of experience to be an abundant source of instruction for the younger spirits. From this numerous band of men and women, some of whom have grown old and grey in the knowledge of life in the flesh, the wise administrators of the spirit world select guardians and teachers for the young. These take the younger souls in charge and educate them in those matters which, had they not been prematurely ejected from the mortal stage, they would have learned at first hand. In short, the resources of the spiritual world are more than equal to overcoming all the defects and deprivations of our imperfect world.

TRANSITION IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

E. A.—True, death as we know it is unknown in the spirit world. Even here, as we have discovered, death is simply a change from one condition of life to another. But there is something similar to the idea of death, we are told, in the transition of a spirit from one of the states of spirit life to another. There is, of course, no sickness, no disease, and yet there is an absolute removal from one condition of spiritual existence to another. It is always a happy event, for it means that the subject of it has grown in goodness and intelligence to a point at which he has earned and receives "promotion." As a spirit communicator explained in describing such a transition, it is a process of throwing off the cruder elements and taking on a condition of higher refinement. It is usually accompanied by a brief sleep from which the spirit awakens to find itself translated to a new and more beautiful plane or region of the spiritual realm.

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THE EVIDENCES FOR SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

(Continued from page 738.)

she died. She was extremely fond of this brother and she was always joking about him. She laughed almost every time she mentioned him.

The only book which I have got and can connect with my first wife is a cookery-book. She brought that book with her when we went away from Denmark, and I have it still. It is quite right that I do not often read in that book, and I understand her laughter.

Her utterance that she knows that in a way it was her fault that she passed over so early is highly suggestive. She would not have a doctor, and a midwife was called to attend her. The physicians asserted that the midwife had brought with her the infection of which my wife died.

There can be no doubt that the lady to whom my first wife wished to send her love is my second wife. The description is correct, so far as it goes. She has a rather difficult Icelandic name, and Mrs. B. could not get it. But at last she gives the word: "Mamma." I have never called her anything else for many years, and that is what my whole family calls her. I do not know that she is "worried and anxious" now, but last summer she hurt her leg, and when I went away she complained of being tired in that leg.

I have a daughter by the name of Mathilde. She is called after my first wife. But her relatives always call her Matta. As seen in the report, Mrs. Brittain gave both these names. The utterance about the change in her life is very much to the point.

So is also the allusion to the "house." In Reykjavik there is a great scarcity of houses. Attempts have been repeatedly made to get us out of the house, which we have rented for the last seven years. I suppose we shall have to leave it before long, although I do not know where to get any other.

The last months before my first wife passed away we lived in the same house as a little boy by the name of Percy. She was exceedingly fond of him.

It is correct that I got a picture of my first wife after she had passed over.

III.

If the reader will take the trouble of reading my report carefully, he will find that there are about seventy points that are recognised as either absolutely correct or highly suggestive. Amongst these points are ten names given in full, two approximately, and of the thirteenth name the first letter is given.

As I said in the beginning, there is no possibility of Mrs. Brittain knowing anything of my people. Neither do I think there can be any question of guess-work or chance coincidences. There was no "fishing" at all, and the correct points are too many for that explanation.

I certainly cannot prove that Mrs. Brittain has not somehow got it all out of my own mind, but it seems to me an extremely improbable explanation. I was not consciously thinking of these points, except that I desired that my first wife and my "grown-up" son should be able to manifest themselves. I had no thought of how they should do it. Most of the points came as a surprise. As a matter of fact, many of them were without meaning to me, until I read my son's notes after I had returned to my hotel.

It seems to me a much more likely explanation that my first wife has really communicated with me through Mrs. Brittain.

SUNDAY'S SOCIETY MEETINGS.

Lewisham.—Limes Hall, Limes Grove.—11.15, public circle; 6.30, Mr. G. Prior.

Croydon.—Harewood Hall, 96, High-street.—11, Mr. Percy Scholey; 6.30, Mr. T. W. Ella.

Church of the Spirit, Windsor-road, Denmark Hill, S.E.—11 and 6.30, Mr. G. W. Sharpe, addresses and clairvoyance.

Brighton.—Athenæum Hall.—11.15 and 7, Mr. H. J. Osborn; 3, Lyceum. Monday, 8, healing. Wednesday, 8, the president, Mr. H. J. Everett.

Shepherd's Bush.—73, Becklow-road.—11, public circle; 7, Mr. R. H. Sturdy. Thursday, 8, Mr. E. W. Whitman.

Holloway.—Grove-dale Hall, Grove-dale-road (near High-gate Tube Station).—To-day (Saturday), 7.30, whist drive in aid of Building Fund. Sunday, 11, Mr. T. W. Ella; 3, Lyceum; 7, Mr. A. Vout Peters (return visit). Monday, 8, public circle (members only). Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, special visit of Mr. Rex Sowden, of Newcastle: lecture and clairvoyance each evening at 8; silver collection. Friday, 8, free healing.

Peckham.—Lausanne-road.—7, Mrs. E. A. Cannock. Thursday, 8.15, Mrs. Mary Crowder.

St. John's Spiritual Mission, Woodberry Grove, North Finchley (opposite tram depot).—7, Mr. T. Austin. Wednesday, 8, Mrs. Podmore.

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Those of the children who have so far resisted the famine by existing on incredible rubbish, dried roots, tree bark, thistles, and even rats and other vermin, cannot possibly hope to face the rigours of the Russian Winter. Their weakened emaciated bodies are not proof against penetrating winds, and their terrible hunger can only reach its climax in dread death, as the heavy snow comes and blots out even the withered roots and fallen leaves which are practically their only food.

It is terrible to know that more than 8,000,000 helpless babies are writhing in the throes of hunger. Their bodies are emaciated, and their tiny bones twisted and deformed. Pestilence has already claimed tens of thousands of helpless victims during the Summer, but its toll of child life will be appalling when the starving hordes are driven into dense masses for warmth. Then they must die in uncountable numbers, and their bodies will become a further source of danger.

THE PORTS WILL SOON BE ICE-BLOCKED.

Then disaster immeasurable will surely sweep through Russia. Delays will and must occur in overland transport, and thousands who might have been saved will meet an untimely and deplorable death. **HELP, TO BE EFFECTIVE, MUST BE SENT IMMEDIATELY!** Get the food into the country while the Ports are open—have on the spot, the necessary supplies to carry on whilst the difficulties of overland transport are overcome! That is the only way to ensure child life being saved when Russia is in the grip of Winter.

A PITIFUL AND AWFUL SIGHT!

The indescribable condition of the children will be better understood when it is realised that when any food at all is obtainable from official sources it consists of about 3 ounces of black bread (made from earth, thistle leaves, husk and possibly a small proportion of rye) and a plate of thin watery stuff called "soup," the chief ingredient of which is generally sunflower seeds! Can anything more unappetising or less satisfying be imagined?

One eye-witness, writing from Russia, says:—

"I know of one case in which a child who had collapsed from sheer inanition, caused by persistent starvation, was eaten by dogs in the market place!"

Fortunately such terrible instances are rare, but it demonstrates only too vividly the terrible plight of the starving hordes of Russia! Children die in the streets, in their beds at home, in hospital, and even in the black surging waters of the Volga, because food is practically non-existent, and those who could relieve them delay in their giving!

One day's delay may mean the death of hundreds of helpless infants. It is unthinkable—unbearable—that tiny children in arms and little toddlers should be condemned to die because prompt help is not forthcoming. **THEY MUST NOT DIE!** They are the men and women of tomorrow, and their existence is essential for the betterment of the world.

Children are dying hourly! Talking politics, raising bogies, and discussing old prejudices are nothing short of

sentencing to death many more helpless little ones. **—IMMEDIATE AND ALL EMBRACING—** is necessary and vital—if valuable child-life is to be saved!

A TRAGIC BALANCE SHEET.

| | |
|---|------------------|
| Starving Children threatened with death this Winter (minimum figures) | 10,000,000 |
| Relief Work in Russia:— | |
| Americans | 1,000,000 |
| *Save the Children Fund | 250,000 |
| All other European Societies (actual and promised relief) | 45,000 |
| | 1,295,000 |

Children left to Die

8,705,000
*The Save the Children Fund is also feeding over 30,000 children, Anti-Bolshevik Refugees in the Border States and Constantinople.

To-day 250,000 stricken children in Saratof and 30,000 refugee children in the border states have actually been fed by the Save the Children Fund. They will be fed to-morrow and the day after. Above all they will continue to be fed while donations last. America is feeding 1,000,000 children on a similar scale. **ALL OTHER ORGANISATIONS LUMPED TOGETHER ARE ONLY FEEDING OR PROMISING TO FEED 45,000 SUFFERERS.** The Save the Children Fund is therefore definitely succouring **SIX TIMES** the number of children all other Funds (except America) even **HOPE** to save! The moral is evident. Give of your heartfelt kindness to the Save the Children Fund and know that your mercy gift will bring immediate and certain help to the starving bairns.

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