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Special Notice.

Christmas Holidays.

The Offices and Library of the L.S.A. will be closed from Thursday evening, Dec. 22nd, 5 o'clock, until Thursday morning, Dec. 29th.

Next Session of Lectures and Meetings will commence on Thursday, Jan. 19th, 1922.

All Members will be notified in due course of the Programme provided.

Marylebone Spiritualist Association, Ltd.,
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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25th, NO SERVICE.

MEMBERS & ASSOCIATES' MEETINGS, DENISON HOUSE,
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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25th.

At 11 a.m. ... MRS. GLADYS DAVIES.
At 6.30 p.m. ... MR. ERNEST HUNT.
Wednesday, Dec. 28th, 7.30 p.m. ... MR. HORACE LEAF.

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BROADWAY HALL (through passage between 4 & 5, The Broadway).

Sunday, December 25th, 11 a.m., Holy Communion Service, MR. R. A. BUSH
6.30 p.m. ... MR. A. VOUT PETERS.
Wednesday, December 28th, 3 p.m., Healing Circle. Treatment 4 to 5.
MR. & MRS. LEWIS.
7.30 p.m. ... MRS. BEAUMONT-SIGALL.

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MR. CARPENTER

will hold a small Devotional Meeting at 22, Harley Road, Hampstead (near Swiss Cottage), at 3.15 p.m., when those who are able to come will be welcomed.

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LIGHT

A JOURNAL OF SPIRITUAL PROGRESS & PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—*Goethe*.

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

No. 2,137.—Vol. XLI.

[Registered as]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 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 disembodied. 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.

In winter's darkness and dule
How shineth the light of Yule!
Under its spell the gloom
Is as a flower a-bloom,
And sadness is changed to song. —ANON.

We are about to celebrate what the old-world poet Wither called "our joyfullest feast," and certainly the conditions are far better than what we might have anticipated only two short months ago. There have been some political changes that justify optimism for the future. The healing of old sores and the opening of prospects of world-peace and a more humane social order—these are great things. But all is still far from well with the world, and it is hard to recapture the festal glow of Christmas as it was. Sometimes we are tempted to cast a "longing, lingering look behind" on days when life was more simple and homely, and before the telephone, the gramophone, the automobile, the submarine, the machine gun and the other triumphs of science and civilisation had come to light. But those are our weak moments. We know that all these things in their various ways mean power over our environment and are the blind and often misdirected struggles of the soul to pass the limits of Matter and Space and Time. It would annihilate distance and discover the telegraph; it would fly and find out the aeroplane. To-day it is face to face with the Unknown, and sometimes seems within an ace of touching forces that, handled with folly, might blow the whole planet about its ears. There is no real danger. The "Divinity that shapes our ends" is still active and vigilant. We can keep our Christmas Feast without qualms.

Before the war and its after-effects—especially the after-effects—shook some of the wealthy idlers of our civilisation into a sense of responsibility and reality, they delighted in "ghostly thrills." They stimulated a jaded appetite for artificial pleasure by contact with something that related to "goblins, graves and sepulchres." Spiritualism, in its *baser* aspects, provided some of them with opportunities of a "psychic debauch" of sensations for which they always paid very bitterly in the end, for it is ill trifling with things that in the natural order are sacred and august. Still, there is a legitimate literary pleasure to be

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derived from a ghost story artistically told. But that "delicious creepy sensation" which the fiction-monger can so deftly produce is not likely to be much sought after at this particular Christmas season, unless amongst the young, to whom—because they are young—we would grudge no such delights. These may well form food, of a kind, for the juvenile fancy and imagination. But most of the older folk will get all the "creeps" they need from a study of their Income-tax demands, "rate papers," and bank pass-books. And the more their happiness depends on these considerations the more "cold chills" they are likely to experience.

* * * *

But on this question of the "vanity of human wishes," and the contrast of physical comfort with spiritual tranquillity it is quite easy to be mawkish. In one of Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays a sour Puritan mother tells her daughter who is starving for the social joys of youth that she must find her happiness within herself. That is, of course, sickly cant in such circumstances. It is like consoling a hungry waif with a tract on holiness of life, a piece of smug hypocrisy which fortunately is now out of date. The manly (and womanly) view of the afflictions of penury is that they are something to be faced cheerfully and grappled with in a spirit of faith and courage. They are like the frost which numbs the shrinking soul, but which, when he goes forth to meet it, "warms more kindly than red brands." And there is another reflection which occurs to us here. It is the power and supremacy of the spirit. We are hardly at the fringes of an inquiry which will in time reveal to us its mastery over earthly conditions. There are many "miracles" to be outworked. Some of them we suspect have not "got through" yet because of that feebleness of modern faith and of the human will, which, confronted with material ills, can only turn away its head and maunder dismal platitudes about finding all one's happiness within, as though the physical world were some objectionable condition which had drifted into the Creator's design without His knowledge or consent. Physical life is a very important thing indeed. It is not everything, of course, but for us it is a very substantial half of our life and to be respected accordingly.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE IN THE PULPIT.

On Sunday evening last there was a long queue waiting for fully an hour before the opening of the Anerley Congregational Church, London, to hear Sir Arthur Conan Doyle preach a sermon from the pulpit on "The Life Eternal." Sir Arthur spoke for an hour, and the congregation of the crowded church displayed an intense interest in every word he said. In the course of his remarks Sir Arthur said that with regard to psychic phenomena these were admittedly in themselves a crude and ignoble form of manifestation, but they had nevertheless a very real meaning. They drew attention to higher things and appealed to minds upon which more elevated revelations would have no effect.

Before concluding his sermon Sir Arthur told a Christmas story of a dead son who talked to his mother, a Sheffield woman, for fifteen minutes.

"This is a beautiful land," he said, "and we can get Christmas presents here, but there are no Christmas presents like a mother's voice."

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 807.)

May 7th, 1916.

THE EXPRESSION OF THE DIVINE SPIRIT IN MANKIND AND ITS PERFECTION IN THE LIFE HEREFTER.

"All men have the divine spark within them and can develop it, more or less, as they will to do so. The ordinary human being is quite unconscious of this divinity in himself; it is there, but unfelt and hidden. What can quicken it? Love may do so, or sympathy with another's sorrow, or a great grief may kindle it to a flame; but alas! how often it lies impenetrably hidden during the whole of earth life, and only when the spirit leaves the body has it the opportunity of being recognised, and even then it may be long years before a man progresses sufficiently to allow the divine within him to reach any degree of perfection. If children were taught that all are divine in possibilities and that it lies with each one of them to become a living Christ-example on earth, then there would be a hope that the best in mankind might be brought out, and progress from generation to generation be noted.

"Alas! this war has taught us that mankind is only in its infancy: that although much humanity has been shown, and deeds of mercy and kindness have been done, yet revengefulness and vindictiveness are still flourishing on earth, and only need the chance of expression to show themselves in all their horrors. I am no pessimist, but I do say that until the earth wakes up to acknowledge itself only a part of the infinite whole, there will never be the true teaching given to the children who are to form the world's workers when the present generation has passed out of its sphere.

"Think what it would mean if the children raised their voices from their earliest years in favour of peace, mercy, and justice—if they looked on all nations as their brothers; if they knew of the results automatically awaiting good or evil deeds in the life to come! The adult population cannot be trained in the same way, and made to change the ideas so deeply rooted in them, but with the children there is productive ground to work on. First let the 'Spiritualists' (as they are called) come boldly forward and speak out. Let every Spiritualist be a propagandist in his own household and his own circle of friends and there would soon be a consensus of public opinion sufficiently large to exercise a powerful influence on the minds of the young. Not at once would schools be induced to give the teaching, but little by little it would permeate every grade of society, until at last it would be everywhere recognised, and would oust many of the ancient dogmas which have too long been preached without a living faith in them.

"Now when a man comes over here there is a stirring of the divinity within him, and although at first it may be only a pain, a pang at seeing himself known in all his crimes and viciousness, yet the pain itself is healing, and passes when false pride is cast away and he tries to remedy the faults and sins which have encircled him in earth life, and for which he is now suffering the tortures of remorse. Men do not at once recognise that this anguish is the struggling of the divine within to assert itself and break free; but after a time it is seen that the pain is associated with progression, and it is welcomed as an escape from the evil ways and tendencies which, unchecked in earth life, have clung to the arisen spirit and for a time have bound it with the now-detested chains of old habits and customs."

May 14th, 1916.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE SUB-CONSCIOUS SELF IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER.

"Deep down in the inner nature of every man I believe there is something higher and nobler than that which is usually shown to the world. It may lie dormant but there it is, ready to be awakened. That is why there is the possibility of progress for all mankind. Suppose that, while in earth life, we had no hidden sanctuary in ourselves where the best and highest in us lies concealed! Then there would be little chance for us if we had once taken to evil ways. The outer man would be eaten through and through with the diseases he had created in his own character. But inside the outer husk there is the germ of what the man should have been; and when it sees its outward self play-

ing so pitiful a part in life's school, it begins to awaken and assert itself, and to say: 'All of you is not there. I am a part of you, too. Let me act for you, think for you, plan for you, and I will take you out of your prison house: the walls of sin which you have built round you, and which are pressing out the life which God has given you.'

"I think there must be a time like this in every man's life; for even if not in the earth life, then it comes when we reach the spirit-world, and stand in shame and nakedness, watching the horrible spectre of ourselves as we really are; stripped of all that could hide our sin; ashamed of our own repulsiveness, yet defiant, and willing to cry out: 'Why was I made so? I have had no chance!' Then our inner self steps quietly forward and whispers: 'Have you not had a chance? Were you not warned by conscience when you did your first evil deed? You have neglected the warnings and wrecked your own life, yet here am I still—your inner self, which some men call conscience, and some recognise as the real man. All is not yet lost. Put yourself under my guidance and I will lead you to the better path; I will clothe you, not in shame but in honest self-esteem; and I will give you an outward semblance which will not fear to show itself to its fellows.'

"That is my idea of the inner self of man. There is the spirit-man contained inside the earth-body. Why should there not be the second mentality: the purer mind inside the grosser one? There is often a dual consciousness when we do things 'unthinkingly,' as we say. My belief is that all this unconscious action proceeds from the real self. 'A man awakens to his sins,' it is said. What awakens him but this inner self? Whence comes the prick of conscience after years of hardening sin? I think we are dual in every part of us, and if we could realise that there is always the better part, we should not fall such an unresisting prey to temptation as we do.

"Now may I say a word about myself? I am working more amongst the soldiers than ever, and I see a wonderful spiritual unfolding in these men when they realise they have left the earth and entered on the higher life. Rough and uneducated as many are, they have taught me valuable lessons of self-sacrifice and self-renunciation, and when they ask me for help and for my prayers I feel how utterly unfitted I am to place myself above them as a teacher. And yet I have learnt much through sorrow and suffering, and if only I can help them, whether fitted or not, I shall try to do so and to be worthy of the task entrusted to me.

"This life brings out all that is best in man: a best which I never thought was in me; but I must not rest and think that because I have conquered some of my faults I am therefore good. I am not, but I shall be, and one day you will not have to wonder, 'What is Marmaduke's attitude?' on any point of ethics, for you will be able to say, 'Whether he attains it or not, he is at least striving for the highest.'"

May 28th, 1916.

THE NEED FOR CONCENTRATION OF PURPOSE AS TO OUR AIM IN LIFE.

"Most people on the earth-plane get into a habit of drifting, and live from day to day without setting any definite aim before them. To 'take no thought for the morrow' is in one way right but not in others, for each day does not bring such men and women nearer the desired goal, but is lived as though the earth life were all, and there was no future to prepare for. More and more I recognise that everything fades into insignificance beside the great facts of immortality and responsibility. We are immortal—*ergo*, we are responsible beings: responsible for the use we make of our lives; and responsible for the help or hindrance we can be to others in their progression or non-progression. We should have one definite aim in view which is paramount, and to which all other desires and wishes must give place and that is the training of ourselves to be useful and worthy members of the spiritual plane.

"Character resembles the coral islands built by millions of tiny creatures which die and leave their shells behind them. Each one is so small, so infinitesimal, that it would not be missed, but together they raise up a mighty reef."

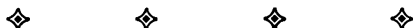
(Continued at foot of next column.)

The Christmas Festival in the Spheres.

FROM THE VALE OWEN SCRIPT RECEIVED BY THE VICAR OF
ORFORD ON CHRISTMAS EVE, 1919,

Communicated by "Arnel."

IT is Christmas Eve, my son. I wonder how many there are in the earth life who have any idea of the tremendous forces which gather about Christendom at seasons such as this. Of course, you know that the interaction between the earth sphere and these of the spirit-life is continuous. It varies in intensity also, in ratio to the amount of power yourselves generate by your devotions. In this word I include not alone your set prayers, either private or public, but the whole content of sentiment which, at certain seasons, hovers about the earth.



We here on this side keep our Festival of the Christ Child as do you, and with more certainty of knowledge and less hazard of speculation. For here we have the Christ Child in our midst—not more certainly or more powerfully than have you—but at this season, as at other times, He manifests to us His presence visibly, while on earth He is seen thus but by few. The time is ripening when such vision shall be open to many more than it is now possible it should be. But that time is not yet.

At this Holy tide He comes as Christ the Child, and is in many spheres manifest at one time. The number matters not. He has that power. He comes in Presence Form which, mark me, is Presence real. So when the multitudes are come together for worship then He is seen to gather visibility before them in such wise as is most meet for their help and uplifting. And at these assemblies to-night and to-morrow night and through the whole tide of Christmas many will be wooed from the earth life in their sleep time—and a few while waking—and will be taken to that heaven appropriate with their own degree, spiritually reckoned. There they will join with their compeers incarnate to worship the Child their King.



Thus it is, my son, that all that sentiment of love and goodwill and peace with one another, which you call the spirit of Christmas, is swelled in volume by our contributions sent to you from all the spheres. By you it is absorbed and enjoyed; and how few of you know how near we are at times of your aspiration such as this. Yet we are so near to you as were those who to the shepherds told the news of old. They were "with" the shepherds, says the Book. So are we also with you in very deed.

MUSIC IN THE NIGHT OF TIME.

By MRS. F. E. LEANING.

"The time draws near the birth of Christ,
The moon is hid, the night is still,
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist."

These lines, and the other stanzas of Tennyson's beautiful canto, come naturally to the mind at this time of year, as naturally as the robins and the holly. Although we know the actual birthday of that most lovable One, God's darling and ours, did not take place at this time of year, yet since it is His day for remembrance, it is well celebrated at the mid-point of the long starry Arctic night, the true birth of the year and of light. Again and again, of course, we have been told that the festival dates back as far as man can compute time, and as Mrs. Besant says: "The profound verities touching the divine and the human spirit were as much truths twenty thousand years before Jesus was born in Palestine as after He was born." That all the ancient solemnities and joys that have ever centred round a Virgin and her babe, in no matter what religion, should converge here, does not make our own less sacred but rather more so, "so that the Christmas bells are ringing throughout human history, and sound musically out of the far-off night of time." ("Esoteric Christianity," p. 164.)

There is a pretty legend of Christmas Eve, told by Kipling in verse, and coming down from Saxon times, about a priest of St. Wilfrid, named Eddi, and how he rang the bell at midnight, but no one came. The altar

candles were lighted, however, and the service proceeded, until "an old marsh donkey" came wandering in and stared at the flame, and then "a wet yoke-weary bullock" pushed through the open door. With Eddi himself, these made three gathered together; and to them he preached the good news, telling the ox "of a manger and a stall in Bethlehem," and the ass "of a Rider that rode to Jerusalem."

It is indeed a fair thought that links not only angels and sages and a mighty star, but the "lumber beasts" as well, with the coming of this little Child, who loved all living things. Possibly the giving, rather than the taking, of their lives, may come to be the means some day of celebrating Christmas. What a day that would be for them! And immeasurable sufferings of other kinds would also cease if men were everywhere minded to have it so, and to follow out the behests of a holy and loving spirit in all their world-wide dealings with each other. The kingdoms of this world are, we know, however slowly, moving nearer to their destined and inevitable redemption. We are at least nineteen hundred and twenty-one years nearer than before, and so, as these thoughts began with music, they shall end with it, in a carol written by G. K. Chesterton in 1912:

"The thatch of the roof was as golden
Though dusty the straw was and old;
The wind had a peal as of trumpets,
Though blowing and barren and cold.

The mother's hair was a glory
Though loosened and torn;
For under the eaves in the gloaming
A child was born."

(Continued from previous column.)

which can wreck and sink the largest ships. So with our faults: each one seems so little—a hasty word, a slothful impulse, an unkind thought: all so small that what effect can it have? If conscience pricks us, we say: 'Oh, it is only this once!' Yes, but the door has been opened for the twice, three times, four times, till the little fault becomes a habit, and one part of our character has an ugly smirch. Now think of the other side. We dislike a person, yet do him some little act of kindness. Next time it is easier to show him sympathy, for he does not repel us as he did, and everything we do to help him softens us more and more towards him. Think of anyone unkindly and you will feel so but kindness begets love, and love can never change again to hate.

"I know I have not the right to preach on conduct, but I have learnt so much since I have been here that I want to pass on my experiences to others, and all I have written does not mean that I have practised the virtues advocated, but simply that I have learnt how necessary they are, and how without them our lives are worse than useless, and

we have to pay, on this side, in suffering and sorrowful regret for our wasted opportunities on earth. Would that from every pulpit the truth could be thundered, that all beliefs, all creeds are futile, that deeds alone and our attitude of mind count in this world here, and that we shall bitterly regret it if we neglect the teaching we receive in earth life; for the schooling here is of a sterner sort, and automatically drives us before it as chaff before the wind.

"Happy they who attain to this knowledge while in the earth body: 'If I had known!' I cry to myself, even now, and that cry echoes through borderland and the gloomy spheres of greyness and mist: 'Oh, if I had only known!' Can we not stir up the preachers so that first they may themselves know, and afterwards pass on their knowledge? If only we could save mankind from the misery of a too late repentance, and the remorse of knowing that atonement is impossible, we should make of the earth a better place, and shorten the period of probation here for many who are now in gloom and darkness."

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF BETHLEHEM: ITS PSYCHIC SIDE.

ADDRESS BY DR. ELLIS T. POWELL

Before the Members of the London Spiritualist Alliance.



DR. ELLIS T. POWELL.
Author of "The Evolution
of the Money Market."

The final meeting for this year of the London Spiritualist Alliance, held in the hall at 6, Queen Square on Thursday, December 15th, was one of the most successful in its annals. There was an overflowing attendance, and an enthusiastic tone about the proceedings that speaks well for the vitality of the Alliance and the keen interest taken in its meetings. It had been intended to give a selection of Christmas carols, but this did not prove possible. However, those good friends of the L.S.A. and sterling musicians, Miss Dorothea Walenn and Miss Emmeline Brooke, came to the rescue with two beautiful violin solos with pianoforte accompaniment.

The Chairman, Mr. H. W. ENGHOLM, in introducing Dr. Powell, said that they had reached another milestone on their road. The year now coming to an end had been a year full of uncertainties and difficulties, but he was glad to say that the difficulties had been overcome. The London Spiritualist Alliance to-day was in a flourishing condition, its membership having increased by many hundreds. Mr. Engholm here took the opportunity to pay a tribute to the loyal services of the staff. The Alliance had week after week presented every phase of the great objects that they stood for, and he knew from the many letters he had received that the work had not been in vain. They had had on their platform practically all the best authorities on the subject, and in spite of the financial difficulties of the time the Alliance had been able to sustain its activities and give its services for the lowest possible fee. They had moved into new premises, which he anticipated would be the home of the Alliance for good, and had fitted up the place with every needful appliance for their work. It was their aim to make the Alliance eventually the greatest centre in the United Kingdom of the great truth they represented. Already they had members in every part of the civilised globe. That night they were to hear an address from Dr. Powell, who would give them some of the inner meaning of the Festival which was dear to the hearts of all Christians.

DR. POWELL said:—

I think we had better begin with a perusal of the ancient Christmas story itself, and I will endeavour to put it in such a form that it may make as nearly as possible the same impression upon your minds as it made upon the original hearers now nearly nineteen centuries ago. I spent last Sunday evening on an attempt at a revised translation for this purpose, and I give it below. Amalgamating the two records given by St. Matthew and St. Luke respectively, the story begins with the Annunciation, as told by St. Luke. (Luke i. 26-38).

"The angel Gabriel was sent from God to a town in Galilee called Nazareth, to a maiden affianced to a man of the name of Joseph, of the house of David. And the name of the maiden was Mary. The angel came into her presence and said: 'You happy woman, with favour heaped upon you! The Lord is with you.'

"She was greatly agitated at his words, and thought to herself, 'Whatever can this greeting mean?' So the angel spoke again and said, 'Don't be frightened, Mary, for you have found favour with God. You will conceive, and you will have a Son, and you are to call his name Jesus.'

"How can this happen?" said Mary, 'seeing that I have never been united with a husband?' Answering, the angel said to her: 'Pure spirit shall operate upon you, and the power of the Highest shall surround and envelop you: and therefore the Holy Offspring will be called the Son of God.' And Mary replied, 'Here is the Lord's bond maiden. Let it all be as you say.'

Observe the beauty and delicacy of the language, quite obviously chosen in order to convey the idea of Divine operation in a fashion wholly different from the normal process of procreation. But of that I will say more at a later stage. At this point we take up the narrative as given by St. Matthew, and Joseph comes on the scene.

"Now the birth of Jesus Christ was in this way. When His Mother Mary was affianced to Joseph, but before they were married, she was found to be pregnant by pure spiritual instrumentality. But Joseph, her intended husband, being a 'white' man, and anxious not to expose her, of all people, to scandal, was inclined to break off the engagement privately. While he was still worrying over it, an angel of the Lord appeared to him in a dream, and said: 'Joseph, you son of David, don't be afraid to make Mary your wife, for That Which is engendered in her is of pure spiritual origin. She will give birth to a son, and you are to call his name Jesus, for he shall save His people from their sins.'

"When Joseph awoke he did as the angel of the Lord had commanded him. He took Mary to his home as his wife, but refrained from all marital relationship until she brought forth her firstborn son, whose name he called Jesus."

JOSEPH AS A "WHITE" MAN.

You will have noticed that I have represented Joseph as being anxious not to expose "her, of all people," to scandal. There are no words in the original exactly corresponding to the expression "of all people." There is, however, a peculiar emphasis on the "her," which can only be brought out in English by means of a circumlocution. What the Evangelist wants to tell us is the fact that the girl was Joseph's first consideration. He did not care about himself, nor about anybody else, so long as he could protect her. Tradition represents him as a man a good deal older than his intended wife—a man probably nearing middle age, though she was still in her teens. All that we know of Joseph could be put into half a dozen lines of a newspaper. He played a humble but vital rôle in the most tremendous drama in the history of the world. It is to his eternal credit that when he found himself in one of the most difficult positions that a man can ever occupy, his first thought was for the girl, and this although he might quite naturally have supposed that she had played him false. He justified the Divine foresight which selected him for his task—a white man to his finger tips. Thank God, a contact with the Unseen tends to generate this charity, unselfishness, large-heartedness and unconventionality.

At a later stage Mary and Joseph travelled from the Nazareth home to Bethlehem, and there the child was born, according to tradition, in a cave, because there was no room for his parents in the khan or inn. We resume the story in St. Luke's words:—

"In that same country-side there were some shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night, under the open sky, when an angel of the Lord suddenly stood by them, and the glory of the Lord flashed all around them. They were terribly afraid. But the angel said to them, 'Don't be alarmed. This is good news I am bringing you—news of a great joy that is meant for all people. To-day there has been born to you, in the city of David, a Saviour who is Christ and Lord. And here is a token for you. You will find the baby wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger.'

"And all of a sudden there was with the angel a thronging band of the heavenly army, praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest: On earth peace towards men with their hearts in the right place.'

This last expression is perhaps a little colloquial. On the other hand "Peace towards men of goodwill" is altogether too tame as a rendering, and "Goodwill towards men" is wholly unjustifiable. We turn once more to the story:—

"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea, in the days of Herod the King, certain psychic researchers came from the uprising of the sun, saying, 'Where is the newly-born King of the Jews, for we saw his star at its rising, and we have come to do homage to Him?'

"Then Herod, sending for the psychic researchers, made particular enquiries from them as to the exact time of the appearing of the star: and sending them to Bethlehem he said, 'Go and make the strictest enquiries about the child, and when you have found him, send to tell me, that I also may come and do homage to Him.'

"And hearing what the King said, they departed, and, look you, the star which they had seen at its rising kept going before them until it came and stood right over the place where the child was. And when they saw the star they were in a perfect ecstasy of joy.

"Entering the house [to which apparently the Holy Family had removed from the cave] they found the Child with His Mother Mary. And prostrating themselves they did homage to Him: and unpacking their caskets, they offered presents to Him—gold and frankincense and myrrh. Then, having been taught as by an oracle in a dream not to return to Herod, they went back to their own country by another route. . . . When Herod found that the psychic researchers had fooled him, he was furious. . . .

I hope the psychic researchers of the world will go on fooling its Herods, until we reach the happy stage when there are no more Herods left to obstruct humanity on its upward path.

SPIRITUALISTS FIRST AT THE CRADLE.

Taking up my parable from that point, I think we may fairly say that we have the best of all titles to celebrate the Christmas season, for it was the Spiritualists who gave the first welcome to the Babe of Bethlehem. Before the Christian Church was founded, before there was Christianity at all, and while yet its Founder was but a few hours old (in the physical sense) three Spiritualist leaders knelt at the cradle in the Bethlehem cave, and offered their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh.

There is nothing in the least far-fetched or fanciful in the suggestion. The three visitors who came to the birth-cave are called in the original record "magoi," which is transliterated into Latin as "magi," and is the root of our words "magic" and "magical." The three visitors, called in our translation "wise men," were really psychic researchers, occultists, students of the deeper and higher aspects of nature and spirit, as all their scientific progeny are to-day. That, again, is not a fantastic idea, nor yet a piece of special pleading in the cause of Spiritualism. You can confirm it by consulting any Latin or Greek dictionary under the appropriate heads. The word suggests quite a pretty problem for the antagonists of Spiritualism. They are fond of quoting the fate of Elymas, the "sorcerer" (Acts xiii., 8-11) as a warning to Spiritualists to keep away from "sorcery." Elymas, we know, used his knowledge and power to withstand the preaching of St. Paul, and was smitten with blindness. But unfortunately for the exploitation of this episode as an argument against Spiritualism, the word here rendered "sorcerer" is the same as that translated "wise man" in the story of the world's first Christmas. Elymas, in fact, was a psychic researcher, an occultist; but he used his knowledge to hinder, instead of to further, the cause of God, and met with a well-deserved penalty. Incidentally, it is worth while to note that the New Testament allusions made to the three psychic researchers who came from the Far East to the Bethlehem cradle are wholly complimentary. In fact their knowledge of Spiritualism enabled them to receive a divine communication ordering them to give no information to Herod, but to return to their own country by another way; which accordingly they did. Next time you are told that psychic research is antagonistic to Christianity, remind the critic that the psychic researchers were first at the Bethlehem cradle, first to discern the tremendous significance of the event, at a time when there was not a single Christian in the world.

The star in the East, which these psychic researchers saw, was almost certainly subjective, discerned by them as a result of their possession of clairvoyant vision. Otherwise, if it were objective, it would have guided Herod as plainly as it guided the Magi, and there would have been no need for his crafty enquiries from them. This is a much more likely view than the theory that the star was objective, visible to the whole world, and was the result of a conjunction of three planets—Saturn, Jupiter and Mars. Such a conjunction did occur about the time of the birth of Christ, but to my mind all the weight of probability is against that conjunction being the ever-famous Star of Bethlehem.

WORLD-WIDE EXPECTANCY.

Anyhow, the Magi, far away in Persia, would certainly be on the look-out for some great episode in human history. Their occult studies would have reinforced the general expectation of the whole world at that time. We must revise our old idea that the first Christmas broke unexpectedly upon the human race. I suppose we get that idea because, at all events, with the great majority of people, their only acquaintance with the history of the period of the Nativity is drawn from the New Testament. They think of the birth at Bethlehem as a shaft of sudden

light breaking in upon the darkness of the Jewish and Pagan world. As a matter of fact, however, there had been ages upon ages of preparation. The work of all the great pre-Christian adepts, such men as Krishna, Moses, Hermes, Orpheus, Plato and Buddha, had been directed under the hands of the Supreme into preparation for the crowning event. And as might have been expected, the loftier spirits among mankind, breathing a higher atmosphere than the generality, sensed the coming of Christ, though in only a very few cases could they have put their own feeling into the shape of articulate language. One illustrative quotation I may well give. It is from the fourth Eclogue of Virgil, written about thirty-seven years before the birth at Bethlehem. The poem has been called one of the unconscious prophecies of heathendom, but I prefer to regard it as being neither unconscious nor yet as coming from heathendom:—

"Come is the last of the ages, in sibyl's song foretold.

Now is the world's grand cycle begun once more from of old.

Justice the Virgin comes, and the Saturn kingdom again; Now from the skies is descending a new generation of men.

Homeward at eve untended the goat shall come from the mead

Swelling with milk; flocks fearless of monstrous lions shall feed;

Even thy cradle blossom with tender flowers, and be gay. Every snake shall perish; the treacherous poison weed

Die, and Assyrian spices unsown by the way.

" 'Ages blest, roll onward!' the Sisters of Destiny cried Each to her spindle, agreeing by Fate's firm will to abide. Come to thy Godlike honours; the time well-nigh is begun; Offspring loved of immortals, of Jove great scion and son! Lo, how the universe totters beneath heaven's dome and its weight,

Land and the wide wastewaters, the depths of the firmament great!

Lo, all nature rejoices to see this glorious day!"

These are the glowing words in which one of the greatest poets of antiquity pictured his own sense of some great and auspicious crisis pending in the world's history.

THE VIRGIN BIRTH.

To us as students of the manifestations of life on many planes, Virgin Birth surely presents no difficulty. Of course, it is not unique to Christianity. Earlier religions, which have paved the way for the manifestation of the Christ, have been founded and propagated by adepts who were reputed the offspring of a virgin and some higher power than men. But even without entering into that vast field of psychic lore surely one may discern enough in biology itself to disarm much of the futile criticism which is aimed at the Virgin Birth. For birth in its ordinary sense results from the setting in motion of certain forces by human volition. Men and women can set them in motion but know not how they operate, nor can they control them when once the motion is begun. Hence we speak of the parents as agents in the procreation, not the creation of children. And if in normal circles these forces operate in response to one particular kind of stimulus, what is there inconceivable in supposing that He who made them and controls them should not for His own purposes occasionally set them in motion in some other way? What possible warrant have we for saying that there is no such thing as Virgin Birth, when as yet we know so little of the nature and operation of the multitudinous life forces with which we are surrounded? Remembering that ignorance, I am simply staggered at the poltroonery of certain Christian scholars who are ready to surrender a great truth like the Virgin Birth as a means towards a futile and superfluous effort at what they are pleased to call the "reconciliation" of religion and science.

In this connection I have not hesitated to make my translation speak of "pure spirit" instead of the traditional version which gives us "the Holy Spirit." The fact is that all the best ancient versions omit the article and speak of "pure spirit" where our translators have personified the agency, inserted the article, and given us the words, "the Holy Ghost." I suppose it is this misapprehension which has been the origin of the clause in the Creed, which speaks of Christ as being "conceived by the Holy Ghost"—and this in itself is a doubtful translation of the Latin original. The traditional view is objectionable for various reasons. One is that it deliberately isolates one of the aspects of the Trinity, making Him into a separate person and attributing to Him, as a separate individual, an active part in the generation of Mary's son. But since the three aspects of the Trinity are not disjointed "persons" in our sense of the word, this view is theologically false. Another objection, and an even stronger one, is the suggestion, almost necessarily involved in the traditional view, that there was something in the nature of a process of personal procreation leading to the birth at Bethlehem. This view is to my mind

totally excluded by the delicacy and restraint of the original, which, as I said, conveys the idea of Divine operation and envelopment, bringing the life of the Logos into time and space and matter through the medium of Mary's physical organs in a manner entirely different from that which normally sets the forces of generation in motion. We do not know what life is, nor where it comes from, except that spirit is its highest form, for "God is spirit" (not "a" spirit) and that from spirit in some way or other all life originates. Therefore the expressions of the Evangelists are infinitely more lofty than the ideas enshrined in the traditional belief. As a declaration of the tremendous energy and efficiency of pure spirit they must commend themselves to every earnest and reverent student of these mysterious but most potent forces.

I said briefly that the familiar words "goodwill towards men" were quite out of the question. The only possible rendering of the original, if we keep to those terms, would be "peace towards men of goodwill." But that does not bring out the full sense, and therefore I have ventured to render it "peace on earth towards men with their hearts in the right place." It hardly needs to be pointed out to such an audience as this that the indiscriminate outflow of goodwill from the Divine side of life would be contrary to what we know of the economy of that kind of power. Unless there were the desire and the inclination to receive the gift, its attempted bestowal by God Himself would be perfectly futile. Man must bring himself into an attitude of willing receptivity before the Divine grace can begin to operate upon him. What we have in the immemorial Christmas message is just a declaration that as a consequence of the Incarnation there will be a larger and deeper peace for men and women whose hearts are in the right place—that is to say, for men and women who try to bring their spiritual faculties into such an attitude as renders them capable of receiving the Divine gifts. But even at Christmas time there will be no attempt to force them down anybody's throat.

PSYCHIC SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CAVE.

You will notice that I have alluded to a cave as being probably the actual scene of the birth. We know that before the year 132 of our era, Bethlehem was the scene of Christian pilgrimage and worship as the birthplace of Jesus. Some years later, probably about the year 150, Justin Martyr describes the scene of the birth as a cave near the village. Certainly there were many ancient cave stables in Palestine, and caves are still used for stable purposes. We know also that the great St. Jerome went to reside at Bethlehem in the year 386. There he lived in a grotto near the cave of the Nativity, and there he is believed to have prepared the translation of the scriptures into Latin, which is the basis of the version still used by Roman Catholics and known as the Vulgate.

The fact of the cave, however, opens up a whole world of psychic suggestiveness. The possessors of the ancient wisdom of Egypt had three ways of expressing their thought. The first was clear and simple, the second symbolical and figurative, the third sacred and hieroglyphic. Thus, the same word assumed at their will either the literal, the figurative, or the transcendental meaning. One of the early interpreters very well expressed the difference between the three modes when he designated it as consisting of (1) speaking, (2) signifying, and (3) concealing—concealing, that is to say, from all but people whose sincere study had given them a title to know the inner truth.

These principles can be applied to the story of the Nativity. "The Cave of Initiation" is a very ancient phrase, signifying the gloom and darkness into which the initiate must plunge on his way to the higher knowledge. Even so does the Logos plunge into the cave as a result of His descent into space and matter for the sake of us men and for our return home. At the very outset of the great experiment we have the prefiguration of the adoration and dedication of the two natures of man to the Christ conception. He is born as in a stable among the animals of our physical nature. These animals and the sheep outside have all to be shepherded by dedication to Him. "All we like sheep have gone astray"—that is to say, our animal propensities are prone to wander all over the place. But even so our nature can be aroused by the Divine call, such as the angels gave to the shepherds, so that it becomes anxious to worship, adore and follow. There comes a point when the Divine summons operates upon our nature as the clarion call of the angels did upon the shepherds: so that we echo their words—"Let us be off to Bethlehem to see this thing that the Lord has told us of." In language congenial to psychic researchers, "Let us find out for ourselves what the Incarnation is and what it means to our eternal destiny."

But the worship of the ordinary physical nature will not suffice to round off the transaction. "Except a man be born from above he cannot see the kingdom of God." It will not suffice that he is merely born from below in the physical sense. His body, as the vehicle of spirit, springs from below, from the dust of the ground. To that it will return when at length it ceases to be capable of furthering the spirit's higher destiny. But to this birth from below

he must add a regeneration from above. And so it is that his higher spiritual powers, themselves functioning on a higher plane of existence, discern his struggles with his terrestrial environment and come from afar off to aid him. That is to say, his higher personality co-operates with the lower in order to aid the evolution of the perfect man. But this higher nature, which is in closer contact with the eternal realities, and knows far more about them, is represented by the Magi or the psychic researchers who come from the dwelling place of light, the uprising of the sun, in order to do homage in the cave of Initiation to the Logos whom they recognise. So that the story, while quite true in its literal sense, turns out to have a figurative significance; and that in turn leads us to a transcendental meaning, which is perhaps only capable of being fully comprehended by an audience such as the present, which knows something of the deeper psychic law.

AN INEXHAUSTIBLE MINE.

Concluding, Dr. Powell said that he had but touched the edge of the fringe of a subject which was an inexhaustible mine of psychic knowledge and suggestiveness, discerned as more beautiful every time that it was studied. For himself he did not believe that the interest of the Bethlehem story, for the eager and reverent student, could be completely unfolded even in ten thousand years, which was the very least time that he hoped to be able to devote to it. (Prolonged applause.)

Before proposing a vote of thanks to Dr. Powell, Mr. ENGHOLM said a few words about the outlook for 1922. The Council had decided to continue the series of classes carried on by Mrs. Leaning, Mr. Ernest Hunt, and Mr. George E. Wright, which had proved such a successful feature of the autumn session. It was proposed to hold an additional meeting for clairvoyance, on Wednesday evenings at eight o'clock. This was for the benefit of those who found themselves unable to attend in the afternoon. The new session opening on January 19th would be a long one, lasting for twelve weeks, with some fixture nearly every day. It would be the biggest programme the L.S.A. had ever presented to its members.

Referring to his own plans for the future Mr. ENGHOLM said that that occasion would probably be the last on which he would address the members in an official capacity as representing the L.S.A. He would of course be still associated with Mr. David Gow in connection with LIGHT, and at all times he would be only too willing to help and co-operate with those who would follow him in the administration of the L.S.A., as he would always have the affairs of the society very much at heart. The call had now come to him to go out into the world in connection with the Vale Owen Script. A great adventure lay before him, but he felt he had the prayers and the good wishes of all his friends on the L.S.A.

He might say that he had certain plans which would be completed immediately whereby LIGHT would be placed in such a position that every man and woman in the country would know of its existence. Looking forward to the growth of the Alliance he hoped that at this time next year it would be found impossible to hold one of their social gatherings in that hall, owing to the increased roll of members. (Applause.) In conclusion he asked the meeting to express its thanks to Dr. Powell for his fine address.

Dr. POWELL, in responding, said that he hoped in the future to travel with them again in some of those attractive paths in which they had wandered that night. Let them not only remember with profound affection all those who had shared past Christmases with them, but carry their minds forward to the Christmases of the future, when they would be reunited with those who had gone before. They would none of them be on this side in a hundred years' time.

Earth's empires rise and fall, O Time,
Like wrecks upon thy shore;
They rush upon the rocks of doom,
Go down and are no more.

The starry wilderness of worlds
That gem night's radiant brow
Will light the skies for other eyes
A hundred years from now.

Grant us Thy grace to win the fight,
Grant us at last to bow
Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
A hundred years from now.
(Applause.)

Everyone, standing, then sang "Auld Lang Syne," and a most successful meeting was brought to a close.

THE man-in-a-hurry leaves himself no time to do anything thoroughly, so we find him suffering from imperfect digestion, imperfect elimination, and imperfect everything else. The secretive man or woman, whose one aim is to prevent anything coming out, is specially liable to suppressed internal trouble; while worry and anxiety are well known to predispose to dozens of different diseases.—"The Influence of Thought," by H. ERNEST HUNT.

THE INVISIBLE HELPERS.

A FLYING MAN'S WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE.

As a testimony to the reality of the idea of unseen helpers I give the following account of a personal experience and the correct names of those who had any connection with the events here but inadequately described.

In the spring of 1918 I was invited by a well-known psychic, Mrs. Wood Sims, of Glasgow, an old and valued friend, to go with her to a "voice" séance which was being given by Mrs. Roberts Johnson.

At this particular time I was carrying out certain Army work which entailed my being attached to the Royal Air Force for the purpose of flying over a sea area. I lived in a billet close to the aerodrome at Penston, and had as an assistant a Lieut. G. V. Thom, R.G.A., who shared the same billet. Being interested in all things psychic, I had various books relating to the subject in my room, and my friend became interested through reading them and received a very lucid confirmation of the presence of the Invisible Helpers. At the séance I not only spoke to my cousin, who was killed earlier in the war and who confirmed certain conversations we had had when he was on a visit to my home many years previous to this meeting; but I also became interested in one of the controls, by name "Billie," a son of Mrs. Roberts Johnson, the medium; and his knowledge of my doings. Without wearying my readers with an account of all the wonderful things I experienced that evening, let me in short say that "Billie" said that if at any time I was in trouble I should just call for him and he would help me.

About a fortnight after this (it was about 5 o'clock in the afternoon) I was sitting in my billet playing various chords on the piano. Lieut. Thom was sitting away from me by the window on the opposite side of the room, reading a book, when to my annoyance, some water was thrown over me, wetting my face, sleeve and the keys of the piano. The washstand, the only place where there was any water in the room, was just to the right of me. I got up quickly and said, "What the deuce are you playing at?" thinking my friend was fooling, though it was an unlikely thing for him to do. He was still sitting in his chair, and the impossibility of his throwing water over me did not strike me. In the heat of my annoyance, he calmly said, "What's up?" I replied, "Just look at this." He crossed the room and saw the result of this miniature shower-bath on myself and the piano, and we both wondered. I suddenly remembered Mrs. Roberts Johnson saying that if "Billie" took an interest in anyone, he often played little jokes. It was one that did not appeal to me, however, and I said quite loudly, "Is that you, Billie?" Not a sound replied and in a few days the incident passed from my mind.

My friend's interest in things psychic considerably increased, and he made up his mind to attend one of the Spiritualist meetings in Edinburgh, and rather against my advice went, and returned quite excited to tell me that the medium had tried to address him about water but only stammered and was quite incoherent. At the time we did not attach any importance to this.

The week afterwards on May 2nd, 1918, when flying over the Forth, about three miles East of Inch Keith, the plane, a B.E. 2 E., dived into the sea. My pilot, being unstrapped and in the rear of the fuselage, got clear, but I was horrified when I realised that I was strapped in and like a rat in a trap, for a Lewis gun mounting was immediately at my back, and with the wires of the plane on either side and the wing over my head at an angle of forty degrees, my position was very uncomfortable. He did his best to unfasten my belt, but could not, and when I was well under water he gave me up for lost. I quite realised my position, and as I had striven in vain to undo or break my belt, I just sat quiet and wondered what my first vision of the other side would be, whether a landscape or a sea view! The time taken is much less than it takes me to describe it, but I was just beginning to feel everything dark and physically unpleasant, when I thought of "Billie," and I thought hard: "I wonder if you can help me out of this." No sooner had my thought been given when something seemed to grip me and I was literally shot upwards out of the water, to the utter amazement of my pilot who, at this period, was standing on the tail portion of the aeroplane up to his knees in water. Though I had on flying boots and a heavy leather coat, I somehow reached him, and in a few minutes we were picked up by a destroyer's boat and eventually landed upon the deck of H.M.S. "Valiant," where we both received hospitality and comfort such as the British Navy alone can give. Unfortunately, I had received damages to my back which kept me in "sick bay" for a few days, when I was removed to Leith Hospital.

The day after my admission my old friend Lieut. Thom came to see me; he had known I had "crashed," but not that I had been damaged or how I escaped. Here, now, is the crux of this experience. He came to my bed and said, "Well, old man, last night I went to the Spiritualists' meeting again, and the medium spoke this time direct and

(Continued at foot of next column.)

RAYS AND REFLECTIONS.

Yule fires, it is said, were lighted at the Winter solstice (December 25th) not only to celebrate the re-birth of the sun, but as an act of sympathetic magic to help the sun to be born successfully. How difficult it is to keep up this "poetry of Nature" when we look at the price of coals and the scarcity of logs!

* * * *

It is the season of ghost stories, and although the average ghost story of fiction bears no more resemblance to the reality than do Charles Lamb's twilight fancies of the phantom world, yet for those who love the "spiced event" there are some pleasurable sensations to be derived from a ghost story artistically told. I am thinking, for example, of the admirable yarns of Dr. James, of Cambridge, who once quoted as an excellent type of the "creepy" story, the tale of the lady who, on locking her bedroom door in a strange house, heard a thin voice amongst the bed-curtains say, "Now we're shut in for the night!"

* * * *

Some—I hope most—of us however prefer the humorous variety. There is the story of the prosaic old business man who, staying at an inn, is visited at night by an apparition which tells him in sepulchral tones, "I am the spirit of a man who was robbed and murdered in this house a hundred years ago." To which the old curmudgeon replies: "Very sorry for you, I'm sure, but it's no business of mine. You must apply to the proper authorities. Good night."

* * * *

Or the tale of the light-hearted young man who was on his first visit to a country house, and who in the grey of the morning prowled about the corridors intent on his "morning tub." He meets the ancestral ghost of the family, clothed in armour, with the usual bloodstains, who begins in awful tones: "I am the spirit of . . ." and is at once interrupted by the sprightly youth who says: "What luck to meet you! Perhaps you can tell me where the bathroom is."

* * * *

That is a curious story which is related by the Aberdeen correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle." A Highland gamekeeper seeing a hare in front of him pointed his gun at it, but could not fire as he had used up all his cartridges. On the instant the hare fell heels over head and was picked up dead, no wound or mark being found on its body. Why did it die? Perhaps of heart failure induced by fright; who can tell? If there were a number of similar cases of animals dying at the sight of a gun pointed at them one might develop a theory. But an isolated case like this gives us nothing to take hold of.

* * * *

The "Daily Mail" printed lately an account of a mysterious peasant boy in Hungary. Since his earliest youth, it seems, the boy's family have been "frightened to see furniture moving when he was in the room and to hear whispers from empty corners." And now he has become a "burning boy," mysterious fires having broken out in the house where he lived. The authorities put down the cause of the fires to evaporation of naphtha from the soil. But the "superstitious villagers" were not satisfied. The boy with his mother left the place and went to Budapest, but the fires went on as usual, and the Spiritualists of the city have taken up the investigation of the case.

* * * *

Now if this is a true story I am left to wonder why the villagers are described by the newspapers as superstitious. It reminds me of some curious applications of the word "credulous." If a psychic investigator or a group of investigators see something unfamiliar to the common man they are credulous. That is, they are credulous for believing what they have seen. But if Mr. Bounce and Professor Slapdash, who know simply nothing at all of what occurred, explain the happenings in some preposterous or impossible way, then they show a healthy incredulity, and the people who refuse to believe the explanation are described as credulous, or, as the "Daily Mail" writer put it, "superstitious."

D. G.

(Continued from previous column.)

quite clearly: 'Ask Captain Mac (the name I was called by "Billie") how he liked being shot out of the water.' My friend asked what it meant, and when I told him what had happened his surprise was intense.

On October 13th, 1921, I again attended a séance given by Mrs. Roberts Johnson at Mrs. Wood Sims' own house in Glasgow, and there had an opportunity of thanking my Invisible Helper, audibly and before some fifteen other people. I look forward to greeting my friend "Billie" when my time comes for a flight to another sphere.

IAN MACROBERT (Capt.)

LIGHT,

5, QUEEN SQUARE, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON,

W.C.1. Tel: Museum 5106.

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THE NIGHT OF STARS.

A CHRISTMAS CHAT.

Many years ago the Christmas number of a religious family newspaper printed an amusing story of a Christmas dinner "with the spirits." The meal was the subject of the strangest pranks. Various articles on the table vanished mysteriously, re-appearing in other parts of the room. Cruets and table-napkins conducted themselves in a most eccentric fashion, and at the close of the meal the table-cloth removed itself from the festive board and wound itself round a table leg. It was all very funny in its way. To us it has a kind of historic significance as representing a period when all that the public knew of Spiritualism was that it was simply a kind of "parlour magic." Even if the whole truth—which was of course rigorously suppressed by all the "vested interests"—could have been proclaimed to the public at that time it is a question whether any lasting effect could have been produced. Popular education was at a comparatively low stage. "Parlour tricks" was about as much of the subject as the average intellect could take in. Tennyson, Longfellow, Lowell and other great poets and seers were putting into splendid words some of the things at the heart of Spiritualism, and proclaiming truths, the reality of which was more apparent to the Spiritualists of the time than to the merely literary public, who doubtless regarded them as pleasant flights of the poetic imagination.

The position rather reminded us of the story of a certain celebrated novelist who, desiring to cultivate the "simple life," set up a farm and devoted himself especially to the breeding of ducks. An admirer of the author's work, going on a pious pilgrimage to the place, stopped to inquire the way of a rustic, mentioning that the man he sought was Mr. Blank, the great writer. "Why, he be on'y a varmer," said the yokel; "I never he'erd o' his writin' books—he on'y breeds ducks." So likewise the general public never heard of Spiritualism as a great spiritual revival—it was only something that did conjuring tricks.

We look from that Christmas in the late 'seventies to Christmas, 1921, and great indeed is the difference. The change in the public outlook is hardly to be measured even on the surface view. Below the surface the changes have been even more tremendous. Science and Theology have been moulded and permeated by the ideas of philosophic Spiritualism and the attitude of each towards the Unseen World has changed almost beyond recognition.

Some of the best intelligences of the day have begun to recognise the reality of "spiritual phenomena" and to see their bearing on the great problems of the modern world.

We are about passing another Christmas milestone on the way of life. It is not yet a "Golden Milestone," perhaps, except to the gaze of the sanguine and enthusiastic. But even to the most sober eye it marks substantial and satisfactory progress. We have "filled the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run."

We are entitled to rest and be thankful, turning our gaze for a time from the spectacle of a troubled world and its haunting spectres which have little relationship with our "affable familiar ghosts"—the men and women who have passed beyond the shadow of our night, and some of whom are to us splendid with the light of brighter worlds—ministering spirits and radiant presences.

There are indeed many lights in the darkness. There are signs of a coming peace and of a better world-order, and we can turn to the Yule fire and the Christmas merry-making with a cheerful heart.

The night without is still dark and stormy, but it is a Night of Stars.

MR. JAMES DOUGLAS IN A REALM OF SHADOWS.

Mr. James Douglas's latest article in the "Sunday Express" concerning his grapple with the "Unknown" will come as an acute disappointment to many people; to others it will occasion regret and perplexity. But to a very large number it will convey feelings of relief, and perhaps a malicious satisfaction—that kind of emotion which is usually expressed in the sentiment, "I told you so!"

On this occasion Mr. Douglas takes as his theme "The Raw Material of Ghosts," and he quotes from some of the many scientists—Schrenck-Notzing, Flammarion, Richet, Flournoy, Ostwald, Geley, and others—to show their generally indecisive attitude. Lombroso, Zollner and Sir William Crookes, who—amongst others—took up a decided position on the question are alluded to in connection with the attitude of Professor Richet, who has, "for the present, withdrawn from any dealings with the forbidden subject" by reason of the ridicule and reproach to which those three scientists were exposed. There is considerable significance about that allusion. It is very dangerous and uncomfortable to run counter to orthodox views. It has always been so, and for a long time it always will be so in every advance of human knowledge.

Mr. Douglas, who has much to say about the "childish fraud" of Eva C., concludes that "Journalism must not rush in where Science fears to tread," although we hardly relish the suggestion that the journalist is a fool and the scientist an angel! Further, he is of opinion that "to enter the magical paradise of the Spiritists you must have faith in everybody you meet and in everything you see and hear and feel." "Everything becomes elusive and evasive."

To us the whole article represents an "oft told tale." There is nothing in it with which we have not long been familiar, and nothing which at all disturbs our composure. So far as regards the supernatural facts—the phenomena—we have made the reality of their general content a matter of knowledge, and "faith" does not enter into the question. If all our faith concerning the essential divinity of life and the immortality of the soul had no other basis than psychic phenomena we should be living in a kind of "magical paradise," more appropriate to fools than sane minds. Psychic phenomena to us are incidental to, and confirmatory of, faculties in the nature of man which relate him to an order outside and above the physical order. Many of these matters are admittedly "elusive and evasive," as they were obviously designed to be, lest we should rest all our hope and faith on the things outside us instead of mainly on the things within. Mr. Douglas finds himself in a "realm of shadows." So do we, but then it requires a substance to cast a shadow, and we, finding them "shadows of realities," are undismayed by the discovery that they are often distorted, and sometimes formless and forbidding. That is the way with shadows.

There is a psychological world and there is a spiritual world, but they are not the same. One is the shadow of the other testifying to its reality, but offering not the only testimony. This is far too large a question to be dealt with by superficial surveys. It is essentially a question where a little learning is a dangerous thing.

FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE WINDOW.

A message of joy and goodwill this Christmas to all our readers who share with us a sense of that "deathless kinship" which links us together and adds a new and deeper meaning to life.

A thought for Christmas—remember in our prayers the inmates of the four great hospitals that fringe Queen Square.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, speaking at the Anerley Congregational Church, on Sunday last, said he thought he might well call the Congregationalists his friends, for it was at a Congregational Church, the City Temple, that he first addressed a religious body on Spiritualism. In introducing the speaker, the Rev. Walter Willis said he hoped Sir Arthur would have no hesitation in telling them all that was in his mind, for that church was a place of free speech. We need more of the sturdy Mr. Willis type.

The death is announced of Mr. Henry Stead, eldest surviving son of the late Mr. W. T. Stead, and proprietor and editor of "Stead's Review," Melbourne, Australia. He was on his way to the Conference at Washington and had reached Berkeley, in California, when an illness from which he had suffered in Australia took a serious turn. The local doctors advised his immediate return to Australia, and he died during the return voyage.

Mr. Horace Leaf has booked his passage to sail for Australia on February 1st in the steamer "Euripides." He takes his wife with him.

On Sunday last the "Weekly Dispatch," the "Sunday Express," and the "Referee" published articles on Spiritualism—which is something of a record. In the last named, Mr. George R. Sims gives his impressions of a Direct Voice séance, and gives a very fair statement of what occurred.

Mr. Sims concludes: "But how the direct voices were produced, if they were not genuine spirit contributions to the programme, I cannot imagine. Ventriloquism on the part of the medium has been suggested, but no woman could possibly produce from any part of her anatomy the strong ringing voices of the Scot or the two Lancashire lads, or sing the songs in the robust manner in which they were given." He adds: "A female ventriloquist who could go through such a performance as that would be able to command a princely salary and tour the world as a star artist." The medium was Mrs. Roberts Johnson.

Mr. James Douglas's article will make the judicious grieve. They had expected better from him. It is an ill-digested resumé of the views of Continental psychic investigators, and in many cases these are presented in quite a distorted way. His want of knowledge on the subject on which he has chosen to speak is distressingly apparent. For instance, his remarks about the French medium, Eva C., show very plainly that he has not studied the evidence. At times, too, he verges on the offensive, as when he says of Eva C.: "The cream of the joke is that these faked faces are accepted as evidence of survival after death by Spiritualists in this country. They are gravely presented by Spiritualist lecturers on lantern slides to credulous audiences who are not told that their fraudulent nature has been demonstrated." There is a double misstatement of fact here. These faces have not been accepted by Spiritualists as evidence of survival, and their fraudulent nature has not been demonstrated.

The Rev. G. Vale Owen in the "Weekly Dispatch" (December 18th) concluded his splendid series of articles which was begun on July 17th last. He gives an arresting account of the effect which his own investigation into psychic science has had upon his opinions in regard to religion. Mr. Vale Owen writes: "I do this not because my opinions are of much moment to those great scholars who are studying the question. I give my conclusions as those of one of the ordinary plain, everyday men who are trying to get the hang of things. I suppose we all feel that, so long as a man lives up to his beliefs to the best of his ability, he will not be left out of the count when the prizes are distributed at the end of the race. But if we are really trying to do this, we shall lose no opportunity of getting as near the real truth as it is possible to do down here in this very foggy mental atmosphere which surrounds our planet at the present time."

Lyceumists should note with pleasure what amounts to a commendation of their work in the section of the communications from Marmaduke which appears in another part of this issue. As he truly says: "The adult population cannot be trained in the same way and made to change the ideas so deeply rooted in them, but with the children there is productive ground to work on."

Mrs. Roberts Johnson held a series of successful sittings for the Direct Voice in London last week. At one of them a sitter, a young man, to his amazement found himself enveloped in ectoplasm. Early in the new year he intends to have regular sittings for development, and may possibly prove to be a strong medium for materialisation.

We learn that M. Emile Coué greatly appreciates the article on his system of conscious auto-suggestion by W. T. P., which appeared in *LIGHT* of 3rd inst. (p. 784), W. T. P., at M. Coué's request, is translating the article into French for the "Bulletin de la Société Lorraine de Psychologie Appliquée."

The "Weekly Dispatch," commenting on the interest aroused by M. Coué's lectures and demonstrations, as well as by the frequent instances recorded of faith healing, says, "Two things clearly emerge from these discussions. First, nature plays a much larger part in curing disease than the physicians of the past were willing to admit. The drugs which are of most value are not those which are themselves held to be curative, but those which create the conditions in which nature can best do her healing. The second conclusion which can be drawn is that in all mental and nervous cases the state of the patient's mind, and in particular his will to live and be well, is the vital factor in a cure." The significance of the above is the recognition in a popular journal of the power of the mind in healing disease.

The "Daily Mail" has been publishing ghost stories sent by correspondents. Here is one from "J. J. B.": "In ancient days there lived at Swaffham, in Norfolk, a tinker who was charged by a ghostly visitant to repair the parish church. The tinker could not see how to do this and was not disposed to worry overmuch about what he deemed an impossible project. But the ghost was of another mind and declined to let the tinker rest. 'Where am I to get the money from?' asked the annoyed wielder of soldering-irons. 'Go to the middle of London Bridge and there you'll meet a man who'll tell you where to find it,' replied the ghost. 'Bosh' rejoined the tinker and turned him to his rest again. But the ghost came round night after night with the same old story until for the sake of peace the tinker decided to test the truth of it. So he went to London Bridge and there met a man who told him that every night for long past he had been worried by a spirit who kept telling him that if he went to Swaffham and dug in a certain field he would find a lot of money. But he did not know where Swaffham was and he had no inclination to go there treasure-hunting. 'I'll do that part of the business,' decided the tinker, who went home, dug up the money, and repaired the church. As a proof of the truth of this particular story I am told that the tinker and his dog, 'all done out in stone,' stand in Swaffham Church to this day."

Mr. E. F. Benson has shown his interest in psychical research in more than one of his novels. In the current "Pears Annual" he has a story entitled, "The Psychical Mallards," in which the subject is treated with delightful humour. The tale of the boy, Timothy Mallard, who was "gifted from childhood with a variety of supernatural powers," which brought dismay into his staid family, and of his subsequent psychic career as a student at Eton, is related in excellent comedy vein. In the same number is a fine story, "Nephele," by Algernon Blackwood, with a characteristic mystic atmosphere.

In "John Bull" last week there appeared an article headed "Amazing Spirit Camera Frauds," and posters with these words were widely shown. From the point of view of the uninitiated it doubtless looks like a convincing case. A sitter was given by Mrs. Deane a box of "magnetised" photographic plates to take away and use in experiments with a camera. Instead, this suspicious individual at once developed them and discovered a psychic "extra." As the plate showed signs of double exposure the conclusion (to the sceptic) was obvious. It is useless to attempt to explain to such a one that psychographs (without a camera) are of frequent occurrence, and that apparent double exposure has been a feature in psychic photography for many years. He knows nothing of the theory of the psychic screen used by the unseen operators, and would not believe if he were told.

PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE REAL AND THE UNREAL.

BY FRED BARLOW.

When I read in the "Sunday Express" the account by Mr. James Douglas of his experiment with Mr. Hope and his challenge to photographers, I immediately realised what would happen. Some conjurer, or photographer, would foist a fake on Mr. Douglas and the inference would be drawn by the general public that all psychic photographs are fakes.

This time it is the expected that has happened. Mr. Douglas and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle have been duped by Mr. Marriott's clever conjuring. As apparently none of those present, apart from the conjurer, was an experienced photographer, it would have been very surprising had Mr. Marriott failed. It is possible that a skilled photographer who was not a conjurer would have been equally successful under similar conditions, which no stretch of the imagination could describe as "test conditions." It is also possible that both experienced photographers and experienced conjurers could have done nothing to prevent trickery under such simple conditions.

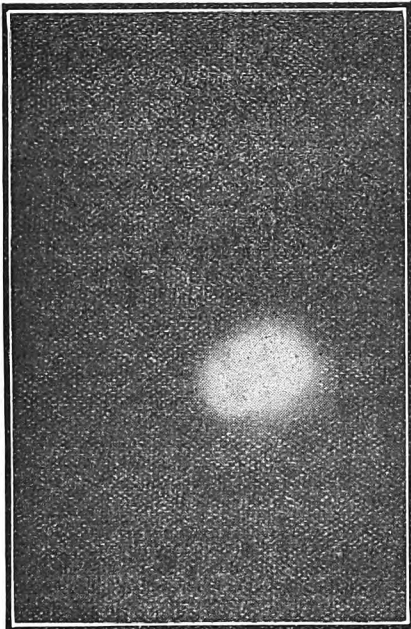
Fakes can be produced in so many ways. Early this year I experimentally faked the very same fairies as those Mr. Marriott managed to print on the same plate as that containing the photograph of Sir A. C. Doyle.

In anticipation of what would occur, the Saturday after

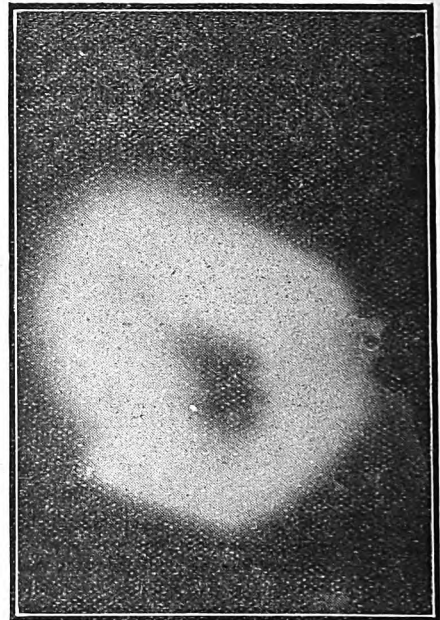
camera, without immediate detection and the grave risk of ruining all the plates. During no part of the proceedings was Mr. Hope or anyone else afforded the slightest possibility of printing a faked result on the plates. The control stipulated that when I developed the plates Mr. Hope should be allowed to take hold of the wrist of my right hand as I dropped each plate into the developer. The idea was that it was only in this way that the force producing these supernormal effects could flow from the sensitive, through my hand, on to the plate. A further stipulation was that the development should take place in total darkness.

From what I know of photography and trick methods I am convinced that Mr. Hope had no opportunity whatever to deceive, and I do not think there is a conjurer or photographer extant who would undertake to fake results under the same conditions.

Employing Mr. Hope's camera, the same afternoon we secured two clear psychic faces. I wonder whether our critics realise the trouble one would have to go to in order to produce even four faked results? First of all, the bogus medium would have to drape and trim a normal photograph. From this he would have to make a negative, and in order to get a negative image on to the plate he



A supernormal result obtained by Mr. Fred Barlow at Crewe, when Mr. Hope and Mrs. Buxton had no opportunity of producing the result by trickery. The figures of the sitters are visible in the original photograph, but they are too indistinct for reproduction here.



The above result was obtained in a magazine camera by Mr. Fred Barlow at Crewe under the most stringent conditions. He states that faking was quite impossible on the part of the Crewe mediums, Mr. Barlow developing the plate himself.

reading Mr. Douglas's article I took to Crewe a 3½ in. by 2½ in. "Pilot" magazine camera which I had loaded beforehand at home, with six specially marked plates. It has been a common criticism that supernormal photographic results have never been secured at Crewe on plates already loaded in a box-type camera, which obviates the use of dark slides.

When I got to Crewe Mr. Hope refused point blank to have anything to do with my suggested experiment. He said he was absolutely "fed up" with tests—and I could quite believe him. It would have been foolish to have pressed him and, in fact, I did not even remove the camera from my bag at the time. During the séance, however, he became entranced and whilst the sensitive was in that state we got into touch with one of the controls. This control definitely stated that my magazine camera was to be used and that they would try their best to secure some result. This was directly opposed to the wishes of the medium, but it is not the first time I have known the same kind of thing to happen.

Under most stringent conditions we obtained supernormal effects on two out of the six plates (see illustrations). Photographers will realise that it would be impossible to fake a result on the plates, whilst in this

would have to make another positive—unless he substituted the plates. As a commercial proposition the thing would never pay.

On one occasion accompanied by two friends, both photographers, I took to Crewe a brand new camera never before used. We loaded this ourselves in the dark room, Mr. Hope not being present. All that the sensitives did was to hold their hands over the camera during the exposure and over the loaded slides for about a minute during the séance. Mr. Hope was not present in the dark room when we developed the plates. On one plate we secured three supernormal images, one of which was immediately recognised by us all as a likeness of the father of one of my friends.

It is this question of recognition that proves a hard nut for our critics to crack. They cannot deny the facts because so many people have secured recognised likenesses of their loved ones, sometimes differing from any normal likeness. On many occasions investigators have sprung a surprise visit on Hope and Mrs. Buxton and have secured recognised likenesses. The mediums have never met the sitters previously and knew nothing of them. That is an experiment that no one would dream of attempting to imitate—it is the supreme test.

THE MARRIOTT TEST.

The Hon. Everard Feilding writes:—

As one of the witnesses to Mr. Marriott's successful attempt to evoke an "extra" under the vigilant eye of Mr. Douglas, I ask your permission to express some surprise at the effect which this feat has produced in the minds of certain of your correspondents. No logical person will suggest that Mr. Marriott's performance has any specific bearing on Mr. Hope's claim to produce genuine "spirit extras." It was not intended to have any, but merely to show that the precautions taken by Mr. Douglas were insufficient to prevent fraudulent manipulation. But when it comes to Mr. E. Wake Cook, "speaking as an expert," saying that it immeasurably strengthens his faith in spirit photographs, the logical process is indeed hard to follow. Mr. McKenzie goes so far as to claim that Mr. Marriott failed altogether, on the ground that he thinks he discovered the trick. Now this is purely hypothetical, and I for one, with some general knowledge of Mr. Marriott's methods, believe Mr. McKenzie to be entirely mistaken; and so, obviously, does Mr. Douglas. An observer at a Hope sitting might just as reasonably claim that Mr. Hope had failed to produce an extra for the sitter because he, the observer, thought he knew how Mr. Hope might have done it. But in any case, this is beside the mark. The point of the whole experiment was to see if Mr. Marriott could deceive Mr. Douglas under the same conditions which prevailed at his previous sitting with Mr. Hope, which Mr. Douglas admits he did. Mr. McKenzie further claims that a medium is justly entitled to refuse test experiments with ultra-critical opponents because a harmonious atmosphere is necessary. Critical opponents need not, however, be in-harmonious, as Mr. McKenzie himself proceeds in the very next sentence to admit, when he says that Mr. Marriott could not have had a more harmonious circle than the one with which he sat, which included the genial, though unquestionably ultra-critical opponent, Mr. McKenzie.

If a conjurer can succeed in producing extras under the conditions imposed on a medium, but a medium is entitled to refuse the conditions imposed on a conjurer, viz., to sit with ultra-critical opponents, it is difficult to see how any evidence can ever be obtained of the genuineness of spirit photography.

THE BONA-FIDES OF MRS. DEANE.

Mr. Fred Barlow writes:—

On more than one occasion certain investigators, in the interest of truth, have at the last moment substituted a brand new packet of plates for those Mrs. Deane has had for "magnetising." In each instance Mrs. Deane has been none the wiser and yet supernormal results—good, clear faces—have been obtained on the unmagnetised plates. *This has occurred several times.*

I have carefully experimented with Mrs. Deane on several occasions in my own home, using my own apparatus, and have absolutely satisfied myself as to her bona-fides. If further proof was required this was forthcoming during a visit Mrs. Deane paid us some months ago when I secured an excellent supernormal photograph of my father, whom Mrs. Deane had never seen and about whom she knew nothing. The likeness is unlike any photograph in existence, and could not have been copied from such.

Many phases of Mrs. Deane's phenomena are very puzzling, not only to those who have investigated her work but also to herself. Were she a fraudulent medium, she certainly would not produce some of the troublesome results she gets which under such circumstances could be easily avoided. Why we should get some of these results is as puzzling as to how we get them, but such problems are not going to be solved by people who rush into psychical research like a bull into a china shop.

PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPHY: FURTHER EVIDENCE.

Mrs. Barbara McKenzie, Hon. Secretary of the British College of Psychic Science writes:

During the recent visit of the Crewe Circle to the College, a Mr. Robinson, of Brisbane, who came indirectly through Sir A. Conan Doyle's visit to Australia, carried out an experiment. He brought his own camera and plate already in the carrier, in addition to an unopened packet of plates. The carrier containing the plate was magnetised with the packet of plates at the preliminary séance, and was then placed in his own camera by Mr. Robinson, who made an exposure at the same time as that made by the Crewe Circle camera. Both had results; the face in both seems the same, but that of the Crewe camera shows the face draped, while that of Mr. Robinson's own camera shows it undraped. Mr. Robinson's negative is very thin and clear while Mr. Hope's is much denser. This is another answer to those who claim that Mr. Hope can only get results in his own camera.

PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

NEW EDITION OF A FAMOUS BOOK.

Mr. James Coates has done well to issue a new and revised edition of his valuable book, "Photographing the Invisible" (L. N. Fowler and Co., 10/6 net), and it comes at a very opportune time, for now the question of psychic photography is exercising many minds. As Mr. Fred Barlow, the able Secretary of the Society for the Study of Supernormal Pictures, well says, "Psychic photography, so called, probably more than any other phase of psychic phenomena, appeals particularly to the scientific mind because of the fact that the human element is so little in evidence in the completed result."

Mr. Coates presents a comprehensive survey of the investigations conducted since the first spirit photograph was obtained by Mumler, in Boston (U.S.A.), in the year 1861. In this new edition he brings the results right up to date, and so considerably enhances the value of his researches.

The author has some interesting remarks on the genesis of the pictures about which he is writing. He says that the term, "spirit photographs," which has been used for convenience, is neither accurate nor the best term, for the bulk of pictures are obtained independently of the lens and of the camera. He says, "To assume that they are portraits of spirits in discarnate states is as absurd as the vacuous conclusion that they are fraudulently produced." There is no evidence, he adds, that these photographs of departed persons are those of spirits, but there is abundant evidence that they are pictures of the departed as they were on earth.

In the modern section of the book, considerable attention is given to the splendid results obtained by the Crewe Circle, as well as by Mrs. Deane. A number of first-rate evidential cases with these mediums are considered in detail.

The book, which is profusely illustrated, will be found invaluable to all students of psychic photography.

THREE DIMENSIONAL PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE REV. CHAS. L. TWEEDALE SUGGESTS AN EXPERIMENT

The Master of Lindsay, in his evidence before the Dialectical Society, records how on one occasion he saw the apparition of D. D. Home's wife *en profile* at the same time that Home saw it full face, the two observers being at right angles to each other.

On several occasions the psychic figures seen in my vicarage at Weston have been seen reflected in the mirrors, showing the profile, while the observer has seen the full face; and on one occasion, the figure appearing in front of the mirror of the wardrobe, the observer saw the reflection of the *back* of the figure at the same time as the face was seen! All this is very good proof of objectivity. Now it occurs to me that this principle might be applied to ordinary psychic photography—that is to the photography of figures invisible to normal human sight as distinguished from the photography of solid ectoplasmic structures. As applied to the photography of figures invisible to normal sight, this constitutes a new departure and experiment, though I am aware that the employment of cameras set at different angles in the case of the photography of materialised solid ectoplasmic forms dates back to the experiments of Sir William Crookes. The idea, however, as applied to the photography of normally invisible forms is new, and I should like to see it carried out by means of two cameras set at *right angles* and exposed by two photo psychics *simultaneously*. I suggest that Mr. Hope and Mrs. Buxton make the experiment with two cameras, the sitter to have a "background" both behind him and on his right side: one camera to face him, the other to be at right angles and on his left. I am confident that most interesting results would ensue, and that in some cases the figures would be found to be three-dimensional and objective. I am communicating with Mr. Hope and also with Mr. Barlow, of the S.S.S.P., with a view to this being done.

CHARLES L. TWEEDALE.

Weston Vicarage, Otley, December 5th, 1921.

£5 PER CENT. INTEREST—FREE FROM INCOME-TAX DEDUCTION—can be obtained on your Savings. Dividends paid Half-yearly in full. Easy Withdrawals without expense or deduction. SECURITY ASSURED. Total Assets over £1,000,000. Reserve Funds exceed £40,000. Full particulars from WESTBOURNE PARK Permanent BUILDING SOCIETY, 136, Westbourne Terrace, Paddington, London, W. 2.

THE CHRISTMAS VISITS OF SCROOGE AND MARLEY.

By D. G.

It was Christmas Eve, and the stars shone frostily in the cold blue skies. Meres and pools glazed with ice glowed in the light of the moon with a weird lustre made the more vivid by the black boughs of leafless trees and the dark expanse of moor and ploughed lands. But the carollers were out, and the houses of the country-side glowed with light and rang with merry voices. In the town the streets, shops, and taverns were a-throng with jostling crowds, exchanging good wishes as they passed to and fro, some laden with Christmas gifts and others gathering in groups to celebrate the season over the cup that cheers and sometimes inebriates.

Something in the nature of a subtle echo of all this earthly merry-making ascended to that home of progressed humanity which we may call Etheria, and made itself known to Scrooge and Marley. Scrooge and Marley—the names seemed to fit them no longer. Benevolent of face, erect, dignified, clothed no longer in the attire of earth, they sat together in one of the “homes of the hereafter,” and talked of work in which cash-box and counting-house had no longer any part.

It was Scrooge who first responded to the faint vibration that ascended from earth, and he looked keenly at his old partner with a twinkling eye.

“A merry Christmas, Jacob!” he said. “Dear heart alive, it has just occurred to me that it is Christmas Eve down there. Strange how the old memories come back to one.” Marley winced perceptibly.

“True, Ebenezer,” he replied, “the old chain that I dragged so painfully has dropped from me for ever, but the thought of it still gives me a twinge. It is one of the shadows of things that have been. I try to forget it in a changed nature, in an altered spirit, in another atmosphere of life. And yet, why should I not remember? There are other Scrooges and other Marleys who have yet to learn their lesson. A merry Christmas, Ebenezer! You are right. We do well to remember it.”

“You were always a good man of business, Jacob,” said Scrooge with a sly glance at his partner. “Suppose, now, you make it your business to celebrate this festival with me by paying Christmas visits to—”

“Our friends?”

“Yes, Jacob, our friends, the other Scrooges and Marleys—down there.”

It was as though a gleam of summer had entered the dark and dusty room in the ancient house at Lincoln's Inn Fields. The cold moonlight revealed it as the office of a lawyer, with its tin boxes bearing the names of clients and old Chancery suits, its tables littered with bundles of papers endorsed in the formal script of the law writer, its wafers, quill pens, and legal forms. All the mortal occupants of the place had left for the day, but in one of the chairs sat a spectral old man with a forlorn, bewildered expression.

“Mortgages, bills of cost, subpoenas, writs, summonses,” he was murmuring to himself, “wills, leases, abstracts, conveyances—and that is all—all I can remember. Something happened—what? And when? A day, a month, a century ago? Heaven only knows. And these papers and parchments, who has bound them around and about me like this, choking and suffocating me? And it is all so dark, and nobody comes. Ah, who is that?” His voice rose in a thin wail. He was conscious of shining presences with him, but he feared them.

“Friends, to wish you a merry Christmas, eh, Marley?” said Scrooge, and the two partners, beaming benevolently, took each a hand of the darkened spirit, who seeing dimly through the mist about him two friendly faces, was reassured.

“Leave your fusty papers,” said Marley “and come with us for a little consultation on your case, the best consultation you ever held, and no fees to pay.”

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE ATTITUDE.

Mr. Chas. W. J. Tennant, District Manager of the Christian Science Committees on Publication, writes:—

“As reported in your issue of the 3rd inst., Miss Lind-af-Hageby, in an address at 6, Queen Square, W.C., on November 24th, made mention of Christian Science as though it were the recognition of the power of mind. From the Christian Science point of view this might be mislead-

“But, gentlemen, I cannot get away.”

“Tut, tut—all nonsense,” replied Scrooge, heartily, “a Higher Court has intervened with an order for your release. See,” and he waved his hands, “we have cut through that mesh of miserable documents. You are free. Come and spend your Christmas with us. What! we are spirits, man; free as air, and to-morrow is Christmas Day.”

As the housekeeper below stairs opened the great oaken door of the house to take in her marketing, the three spirits passed out very lovingly together, silent, invisible. The good woman might have felt a slight coldness in the air as they passed her, but the open door would have explained that.

In a dismal office on an upper floor of one of the great city markets, sat a man, hard-faced, wrinkled prematurely old. With eyes that gleamed cunningly, he was casting up the figures in a book whose brass lock and jangling revealed it as a private ledger. He mouthed the figures fondly as he cast them.

“One thousand, seven hundred and sixty pounds, sixteen shillings, and —”

“Nonsense!”

This unseemly interruption came from Scrooge, who, with Marley, stood beside the earth-bound spirit, for such the man was, although himself quite unaware of the fact.

“Consignment of hides and tallow —”

“And a Christmas tree and a boxful of toys for the children.”

This time the interjection came from the flippant Marley.

“There's something wrong with me,” said the man, glancing round sharply. “I don't usually suffer from mind-wandering. I shall have to go over that column again,” and then in some odd way he seemed to become aware of the presence of intruders.

“Go away,” he said hastily, adding a needless oath. “I will not be interrupted. Time is money with me.”

The two partners looked at each other, and shook their heads sorrowfully.

“Poor soul,” said Scrooge. “Nothing for us here—yet. We must come again, Jacob.”

It was no “ghost,” but a soul in the flesh, to whom their next visit was paid. He was a prosperous young merchant, who, with an unwilling clerk, had overstayed his office time by some hours to arrange the details of a financial speculation. The two partners bent over him and whispered of the better business on which they were engaged—of the Christmas spirit of joy, benevolence, and fraternity, of the sorrowful results of hardening the mind against the promptings of the soul.

“It's Christmas Eve,” said Marley, placing his hand lightly on the head of the unconscious man. “Think of me and the chain I carried.”

“And of me,” said Scrooge. “Think of what the Spirits did for me ‘all in one night.’ You've read all about it, my dear boy. A merry Christmas to you—bless you!”

For some time nothing happened. The young man bent over his papers with knitted brows, while his clerk cast rueful glances at the clock. Then there was a change.

The merchant rose, and with a hearty thrust sent his papers flying across the desk.

“Why, ‘pon my soul,” he said, “I'm getting a regular old Scrooge. Too bad to keep you here on Christmas Eve, Jenkins. But, never mind. Here's a little cheque for you—something for the children. Off you go, and a merry Christmas to you. Good night, and thanks.”

“A splendid fellow!” said Scrooge as he and his old partner followed in the wake of the merchant and his clerk.

“Aye, Ebenezer, the chain will never be forged now” replied Marley. “A merry Christmas to us all. everyone!”

ing, as Christian Science draws a very clear distinction between the Mind that was in Christ Jesus and the human mind or will. It acknowledges God as divine Mind, and its practice is the subjection of the human or carnal mind to this divine Mind. Our Master made this distinction when He said, ‘not my will, but thine, be done.’”

HAVE faith an' ye'll win through,
For ev'ry blade of grass has its ain drap o' dew.
—BURNS.

SPIRITUALISM AND SUICIDE.

A BOOMERANG ARGUMENT.

The Rev. Percy Hobson, a Leeds Vicar, having written to the "Yorkshire Post" against Spiritualism "in anticipation of the harm that Sir A. Conan Doyle's visit would do," and having given an account of the suicide of a Spiritualist in support of his action, the Rev. Charles L. Tweedale, who supported Sir Arthur on the platform, replied as follows:—

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE AND SPIRITUALISM.

Sir,—I think it would have been the better and more reasonable course if the Rev. Percy Hobson had waited until Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had given his lectures in the Albert Hall, before endeavouring to "anticipate" matters by his story of the suicide of a Spiritualist. He would probably have learned that Spiritualism holds out the most solemn warning against suicide, and that the action of the person he described no more represents or reflects the tendency or the teaching of Spiritualism and modern psychical research than the suicide of a Churchman illustrates the tendency or reflects on the teachings of orthodox Christianity.

Mr. Hobson has given us one case. Here is another. A few years ago a curate of the Church of England was found groping his way about a piece of waste ground with both his eyes torn out, and blood streaming down his face. In literal obedience to Christ's injunction, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out," he had torn out both his eyes with a piece of bent steel wire, and this and the eyes were found close at hand in a clump of nettles. A full account appeared in the papers at the time.

Now, Mr. Hobson says, "If Spiritualism leads even only one to destroy the life which God has given, we should do all we can to stem its tide of error," and applying his own argument, we should be compelled in strict logic to say: "If Christianity leads only one to tear out the eyes which God has given him, we must stem this tide of error." What an act of folly and injustice, of utter unfairness, it would be to condemn orthodox Christianity for the misguided actions of some of its adherents. Had the world not been able to discriminate between the teachings of Christianity and the actions of many calling themselves Christians, Christianity would have been discredited long ago. For every case of suicide among Spiritualists there are a hundred cases among orthodox Christians. The newspapers present us with cases nearly every day, but no sensible man would dream of using this fact as an argument against orthodox Christianity.—Yours, etc.,

CHARLES L. TWEEDALE.

Weston Vicarage, Otley, December 3rd, 1921.

THE HOLLY BOUGH.

Ye who have scorned each other
Or injured friend or brother
In this fast fading year;
Ye who by word or deed
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here.
Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning
And join in friendship now;
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast fading year;
Ye with o'erburdened mind,
Made aliens from your kind,
Come gather here.
Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue your night and morrow;
If e'er you hoped, hope now.
Take heart, uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the Holly Bough.

—CHARLES MACKAY.

A SUCCESSFUL "SOCIAL."—On Saturday, the 3rd inst., the North London Spiritualist Association, Grovedale Hall, Highgate, held a tea and "social," attended by over 150 members and friends, the arrangements being in the hands of Mrs. Pulham, supported by willing lady helpers. This "ladies' effort" (the outcome of a challenge by the gentlemen, who held a similar effort in October) has added the substantial sum of £10 3s. 8d. to the building fund. Warm thanks are due to those talented artistes who kindly gave their services, and to all the ladies concerned,

DR. BEALE: A HOME FOR HEALING.

Those acquainted with Dr. Beale will be interested to hear of a new development in connection with his work. About seven years ago Miss Rose was shown, psychically, a picture of a house standing in its own grounds, and told by her helpers on the Other Side that she was looking at what would one day be Dr. Beale's Home on earth. She described it in detail and said she believed it to be in a foreign country as the view did not look English and peaches were growing out of doors in the garden. She spoke of it many times during these seven years and had herself become convinced that it would be in California. Her parents live in America and she had always been attracted by what she had heard of the Californian climate. Accordingly she made plans for going west this spring with a view to settling in California and starting a healing centre there. Last August, however, she happened to accompany some friends, who were house-hunting, when they went to view a house about a mile outside Exmouth. The moment she entered the drive she exclaimed, "But this is the house I was shown years ago as Dr. Beale's Home, and as she advanced towards the house she noted various details described by her so many years before, and amongst them the wall where the peaches grew and the beautiful view from the grounds, which did indeed look almost more foreign than English. She was naturally very excited, and this excitement was increased when she saw the owner and recognised him as the man she had been shown years ago as living in the house. She consulted Dr. Beale about the matter, and he in his turn referred to higher spirit helpers for advice and guidance. He was told that this was indeed the place chosen as a centre for his work upon earth and that preparations had been going on there in spirit for a long while but they had been hidden even from him. On the strength of this, after much careful consideration and earnest prayer on the part of all concerned, enquiries were made, negotiations carried through in a few weeks, and the house with four acres of ground was secured by Dr. Beale's workers. It is a delightful modern house commanding distant views of the bay, and its sunny situation and peaceful surroundings are peculiarly suitable for those needing quiet and inspiration. One room is set aside as a prayer-room until such time as a chapel can be built. Almost all Dr. Beale's former patients have made some personal contribution to its equipment. Some of the very poorest have given what to them must have involved real self-sacrifice. The furnishing has been carried out in accordance with a scheme of colour arranged by those on the Other Side, bearing in mind the influence that colour plays in the healing both of body and soul. The rent of the place is high and a Guarantee Fund is being raised to cover both rent and taxes for seven years. More than half has already been guaranteed, and it is hoped that the remainder will soon be promised. It is intended that the Home shall be self-supporting, but the spirit helpers are anxious to be able to carry out new ideas in their work of healing, involving coloured screens, special baths, electric apparatus, etc., all of which will necessitate expense. Hence there is ample scope for voluntary contributions. Arrangements have already been made for a children's ward containing six beds, and Dr. Beale looks forward to the day when he can open a free ward for patients unable to pay for treatment. Any donations towards this will be most warmly welcomed by him. He asks all readers of *LIGHT* to give their prayerful sympathy and help to this new enterprise. The address of the Home is Hulham House, Exmouth, and further information can be obtained by sending an enquiry with a stamped envelope for reply.

E. M. S.

"A CHRISTMAS CAROL."

Under the auspices of the Marylebone Spiritualist Association, a performance of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" was given at the Margaret Morris Theatre, Chelsea, on Saturday, the 17th inst. The play, which was produced by Mr. A. A. Mowbray, was an original dramatization, and although scenic effects were dispensed with, owing to the cost of scenery, the performance, which was given to a crowded theatre, was highly successful. The author of the version himself took the principal part of Ebenezer Scrooge, while Mr. Harry Downes represented Bob Cratchit. The philanthropic gentleman was played by Mr. Plummer Ratcliff, and Mr. Walter Mowbray represented "Old Joe." Scrooge, as a young man, was effectively rendered by Mr. Chas. Dimmick, and "Belle" (Scrooge's former fiancée) in the person of Miss Amy Rogers was not without merit. Mrs. Thomas as charwoman and Mrs. Oliver (laundry-woman) vied with each other for the favours of "Old Joe." The ghosts were Dr. Cooke, Mr. Ralph Barnard and Mr. Eric Rogers, Miss Elsie Finch making a capital Mrs. Cratchit.—P. S.

MRS. ALICE JAMRACH, on behalf of the distress fund connected with the Little Ilford Society of Christian Spiritualists, desires to acknowledge with deep gratitude the receipt of two useful parcels from Mrs. Hudson (Huddersfield).

SURVIVAL—IDENTITY—MEMORY.

EXCAVATED POTTERY BRINGS EXPLANATION FROM AN IRISH ANCESTOR AFTER 270 YEARS.

By R. H. SAUNDERS.

In Co. Armagh, Ireland, in the barony of O'Neilland West, there lies a small lake called Lough Gall, and in it is one of those artificial islands called "crannoges." On August 23rd and 24th, 1921, trial excavations were started on this island by Colonel Berry—whose family has been established in the vicinity for centuries—during which certain sherds of pottery, bones and traces of fires were turned up at varying strata down to the timbers.

At a sitting with Mrs. Wriedt, at Newcastle, County Down, held on September 9th, 1921, Colonel Berry produced a piece of this pottery and gave it to the medium who held it in one of her hands. To the untrained eye, the few inches of material might, or might not, have been of human workmanship, but the Colonel is a keen student of archaeology, being a Fellow of the Royal Society of Archaeologists and a member of the Royal Irish Academy, and he saw there was a crude "stud" design on it. To the surprise and delight of the Colonel, an ancestor of his (Sir Phelim O'Neil) came, and, speaking in the direct voice, explained all about the crockery in such an interesting manner that I think it well to give the actual words of the spirit taken down as he uttered them. The notes have been submitted to Colonel Berry and other sitters, and they consider them to be accurate.

The ancestor to whom Sir Phelim refers was Con, the first Earl of Tyrone, from whom was descended Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, one of the most successful "rebels" the English had to contend with. His successes over the English forces spread over Ulster, Connaught and Leinster. Elizabeth sent over Essex with 20,000 men, and a truce was made. But Lord Mountjoy, who succeeded Essex, subdued the country and Hugh had to flee. He died in Rome in 1616. The records of the doings of this "arch rebel" makes fascinating reading. Unfortunately, the harshness of the English rule of those days has entered deep into the hearts of a great many of the Irish and has been the seed of the unhappy harvest now being reaped.

In a contemporary print, Sir Phelim O'Neil is thus described: "Sr. Phillom O'Neal Chief Traytor of all Ireland." Of course this is from the English point of view. The print shows him dressed in the cavalier style, with breastplate and baldrick. His hair is long, beard and moustaches after the fashion of Charles I.

He was educated at Lincoln's Inn, and at one time professed the Protestant faith. He was executed in the barbarous fashion of those days—beheaded and quartered, and the quarters set up in the cities of Ireland—at Lisburn, in memory of his burning that town—at Dundalk, which he had taken—at Drogheda, which he had besieged, and at Dublin.

EXTRACT FROM NOTES.

A voice to Colonel Berry: "Robert Berry."

COLONEL: "Who is it, please?"

The voice repeated a name several times.

COLONEL: "Did I know you in life?"

VOICE: "I'm a connection of your family, and a friend of the family now."

After several more attempts we caught the name of "Phelim O'Neil."

COLONEL: "Oh, you're an ancestor of mine—Sir Phelim O'Neil?"

O'NEIL: "I am. I said so. It is Danish."

COLONEL: "What is Danish?"

O'NEIL: "The crocker" [or more likely "proca" (Irish), meaning a crock]. The Colonel realised that the spirit was sneaking of the small piece of crockery the medium (Mrs. Wriedt) was holding in her hand. The spirit went on: "Yes, the bowl [pronounced bo—ull] was made during the Danish reign in Ireland. Now do you understand?"

COLONEL: "I do—please go on."

Mrs. W.: "Were any Danes really in Ireland?"

O'NEIL: "Plenty, plenty. I was friendly with the Danes. My people for centuries were friendly with them—up to the time they took the Orkneys. It's correct what I'm telling you. My people are here."

COLONEL: "Had you intercourse with the Danes?"

O'NEIL: "My people had—not I—your grandfather's grand ancestors had. There were great mixtures

after the Danes came into Scotland. That was buried with the Britishers—buried with the Britishers, I say. Then the country was not called Ireland. It's called Erin now. One of the names was Iarann [Irish, pronounced Erin], Tir-iarann [the iron country, i.e., the country from which iron came]."

COLONEL: "Do you mean Erin?"

O'NEIL: "No."

COLONEL: "The country was called Eiru Fodla and Banbha."

O'NEIL: "Yes, that was long ago, and not what I mean—it was called Tir-iarann, meaning iron, i-r-o-n [spelling it]. Prior to that it was called Eiru. The Irish were driven back by Finnish and the country taken from us. There were three languages spoken in the country then—Danish, Irish and Finnish. The Danes owned the country—they had establishments everywhere in the land. You understand I'm speaking of the time before the Rebellion. Robert—look—you remember Con O'Neil, one of my people?"

COLONEL: "Do you mean Colonel Con O'Neil? [one of Sir Phelim's officers] I've been reading of him lately."

O'NEIL: "No—he was before me."

COLONEL: "Hugh O'Neil?"

O'NEIL: "It was his grandfather I was speaking of."

COLONEL: "Hugh O'Neil was Earl of Tyrone."

O'NEIL: "I said Hugh O'Neil—he was Earl of Tyrone too. When the Danish came he was the one holding the proca there. That is a crocker [or proca—crock] of the Danish period, made for the purpose of the O'Neil family. Armagh was the biggest place in those days."

COLONEL: "But you did not live in the time of the Danes."

O'NEIL: "I did not say that. I say the plates came into the family through the Danes—plates! plates! I say. They are cracked now, but before they were good. That was before the trouble [obviously of 1641-52.] They put them there and buried them in the soil. The clay was so moist and the crocker (or proca) so hard, it broke, it cracked. You'll find more pots, you call them now—pota."

COLONEL: "You use a Gaelic word, you speak Gaelic! Here succeeded fluent Gaelic, but too quick to follow."

COLONEL: "Were you at Castle Row?"

O'NEIL: "I was there."

COLONEL: "You lived there?"

O'NEIL: "Yes. Clan-na-gaine ["Children of laughter," or it may have been clan-na-gairm, "assembly place of the clans"]. He was chief of the O'Neils. But we go quietly. When the trouble came, we buried them deep under the hut, but covered so that you could not miss it."

COLONEL: "Do you mean under the hut, as deep down as the timbers?"

O'NEIL: "No. It's sunk a bit with time. We put pota (pots) in a buicead—what you call a water pail. We filled it with things, but we had not much left to keep from being taken away. We made—what you say?—a 'dug-out,' and put them carefully down and covered them with clay." [Here two words were used sounding like 'strar-r' and 'roses'. Probably 'strare' and 'rosan', meaning "We wandered in the woods of bushes, or across the causeway to the Island"]. The spirit continued: "because the English came over and raided everything and drove us into the moss."

COLONEL: "Was that the time of the last battle?"

O'NEIL: "It was the last—all was taken from us."

COLONEL: "That is by Munroe?"

O'NEIL: "Yes, it was [a pause]. I am tired, I am cold. Yes, yes, I say it is Danish pottery, made of fine clay, but buried so long it has turned black. It wasn't black when made."

COLONEL: "Was it painted?"

O'NEIL: "Not painted—it was glazed."

The spirit ceased speaking and was heard breathing heavily and sighing. The voice, when speaking English, was laboured, with a slight foreign accent, but with no trace of the Irish accent.

A striking feature of the conversation was the spirit's reference to being "cold," and "I am tired." We have so often been told that spirits do not feel atmospheric vagaries, and that they are never tired. It may mean this return to earth, after so long a sojourn in the spheres, produces psychic conditions analogous to our cold and weariness.

The spirit said we should find more, and further excavations by Colonel Berry have produced a large quantity of broken crockery.

"THE LIGHT SHINETH IN DARKNESS."

"M" sends the following:—

Lying awake, ill and weak and lonely and unable to pray, I began to think of my mother and precious friends on the other side. I put out my hand in the dark and I cried out, "Why, if they are really alive and loving me still, cannot they give me a test when I need it most?" I looked into the dark room and saw nothing, and I opened my hand hoping to feel some presence near, but was dis-

appointed. Suddenly in a flash I received a vivid mental picture. I saw a very steep, black mountain peak sharply outlined against a dull leaden sky. It was a terrifying peak, but on the topmost right edge I saw a line of intensely vivid silver. It seemed molten and quickly flooded the whole side of the mountain. It was so bright and came towards me so swiftly that I called out, "How wonderful!" and then it all vanished. Whatever the interpretation of my experience, I feel that it was sent as a direct answer to the soul's appeal at a time of trouble and distress.

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.

CAUSES OF MISUNDERSTANDING.

"BAFFLED."—If you take all that is told you as being in the nature of orders or commands you may well be "in a fog," since they are often so utterly in contradiction. It is the law of life that in our way through the world we must think for ourselves, and not rely on others for instructions as to what we shall think or believe. Now, as to this particular source of confusion of which you write, think it out for yourself. It stands to reason that there must be some link or intermediate between the lives of those in the flesh and those out of it, or there could never be any communication between the two, nor, indeed, could man the mortal ever become man the spirit. It is in that borderland mental region the confusion arises. The mind of the spirit has to be brought into relation with the mind of the mortal, and unless there is clear understanding and close sympathy, the possibilities of misconception and mistake are immense. It is just the same in this world where misunderstandings between spirits incarnate arise from precisely the same causes. But it is too wide a question to go into exhaustively here. We can only give you a general hint, based on our own experiences. Reflect that with some of the persons you meet mutual understanding is instant and precise, almost without words. With others, where the link of sympathy is absent, there is never any true understanding. Each party is "in a fog" regarding the character and intentions of the other. But the fog need not baffle the mind which can rise above it.

MENTAL MEDIUMSHIP.

W. PARKINS.—Yes, we had noted Mr. James Douglas's statement that vague as were the physical evidences of Spiritualism, those of the mental order were still more vague. This is not to be wondered at considering that even amongst Spiritualists the true inwardness of the matter is not too well understood. There is, no doubt, even yet a tendency to put down to spirits much with which they have no special concern, and of which they are frequently quite unaware. We have to keep clearly in view the connection of the mind of the medium and the minds of the sitters with everything which occurs. Here mainly is where the elements of confusion and perplexity come in. But in innumerable cases where the conditions are right, the personality of the communicating spirit is quite clearly evident as something wholly distinct from the other personalities concerned. It is not a matter of faith but of evidence, and the evidence has convinced thousands of people who have approached the matter in a reasonable way. If the evidences are vague, then do not accept them, but wait until they become clear and definite. Even literature and mathematics are very vague matters to the untrained mind, but they are clear enough to those capable of understanding them and seeing through their mysteries.

WHAT SPIRITUALISTS BELIEVE.

EARNEST INQUIRER.—Spiritualists belong to all faiths, but there are some convictions, besides that of the possibility of communication between this world and the next, which they all hold in common. They believe that the human spirit survives the death of the physical body by a natural law and not by any special Divine decree, that existence hereafter is no more a reward for good conduct than is existence here. They believe, too, that everything is under a beneficent guidance which cannot and will not suffer itself to be thwarted; and, believing this, they are assured that, however far off it may appear to be, and however hard and painful to reach, good is the final goal of ill for every soul God has sent into the world. This does away with any idea of conditional survival or conditional immortality or what Baldwin Brown truly called "the miserable doctrine of annihilation"—a doctrine which dishonours the Deity by picturing Him as so short-sighted and helpless as to be perpetually coming to the end of His resources and compelled to unmake His own work. All wickedness is three parts blindness and the rest madness, and madness and blindness are curable if we only knew how to cure them. Did not Jesus say of His own murderers: "They know not what they do"? Read "The Confessions of Marmaduke" for an illustration of the possibility of the redemption hereafter of an utterly selfish soul. His story could never have been written if conditional survival were true.

THE PUZZLEDOM OF SPIRIT MESSAGES.

"ELLIOTSON" asks why it is the messages from the next world are often so contradictory? Why are they so puzzling to the average inquirer? Simply, one supposes, because in this world, dealing with all kinds of contradictory things, whether in the way of newspaper opinion, friendly advice or conflicting verdicts on the same thing, people use their own judgment, and have not yet learned to apply the same healthy practice to the things which come from the other world, which, of course, is equally human. On this question we may well quote a letter recently received from Miss Ruth Canton, who writes: "Supposing that a 'message from Mars' came to us asking for particulars of our surroundings, aims, occupations, etc. Do the puzzled ones realise the difference there would be in the answers received from, say, a Western sovereign, a slum child, an Eastern philosopher, a Chinese merchant, an emancipated woman, her slave-sister, an African chief, an Esquimaux fisher, and our ten thousand and one different types that might puzzle the Martian who forgot that this world did not consist only of that section to which he happened to address himself?"

PAMPHLETS THAT WILL HELP YOU

Post Free at Prices Quoted.

Office of "Light," 5, Queen Square, London, W.C. 1.

Spiritualism, Its Position and Prospects.

By David Gow (Editor of Light). - - - 5d.

The Relation of Spiritualism to Christianity

and of Spiritualists to Christ. By Rev. F. Fielding-Ould, M.A. - - - 7d.

Some Practical Hints

for those Investigating the Phenomena of Spiritualism. By W. J. Crawford, D.Sc. - - - 7½d.

Some Practical Aspects

of Spiritualism. By Stanley De Brath, M.Inst.C.E. - - - 4d.

Present Day Spirit Phenomena and the

Churches. By Rev. Charles L. Tweedale. 3½d.

What Spiritualism Is:

Hints for Inquirers and Students. By E. W. Wallis. - - - 4d.

Death and Beyond:

A Spirit's Experiences. Trance Addresses by E. W. Wallis. - - - 4d.

Is Spiritualism Dangerous?

By E. W. & M. H. Wallis - - - 3d.

Death's Chiefest Surprise.

Trance Address through E. W. Wallis - - - 4d.

Forty Years of Mediumship.

Interesting Incidents, by E. W. Wallis - - - 4d.

Spiritualism, Its Principles Defined.

By Richard A. Bush, F.C.S. - - - 3d.

The Larger Spiritualism

By R. A. Bush. - - - 5d.

Wonderful Psychic Experiences.

By Horace Leaf. - - - 7d.

Spirit Teachings

Some Chapters from the Writings of M. A. Oxon (William Stainton Moses). - - - 2d.

Some Psychic Experiences.

By Mrs. Philip Champion De Crespigny - - - 5d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. HUDSON.—Thank you for the flattering commendation. The other lines to which you refer had a purpose and meaning rather apart from literary quality. By a curious coincidence, we had already received a copy of "Ex Ore Infantis" from another reader, and hope to find space for it ere long.

H. HASLAM (Sheffield).—You are right. "All reformers are Spiritualists"—using the word "Spiritualists" in its large sense; that is they are led of the spirit, consciously or unconsciously. But that does not affect our contention that humanity will never be saved by any "system."

J. G. (Shoreham).—No, it is simply an effect in the printing of the process block. There are many of these fancied resemblances to faces in the light and shadow of newspaper illustrations.

V. F.—Your letter to the newspaper in question is certainly a vigorous answer. As to your other long letter on music, it raises too many speculative questions for these busy and practical days.

E. F.—The experience you relate has very much significance for those concerned, but very little for others. It looks very like a signal from "the other side," but of course we cannot pronounce upon the real nature of the raps.

A. CONSTANT READER.—You give neither name nor address. We have already given an account of the matter, with a long extract from Dr. Crawford's letter to us. The tragedy was caused by overwork.

E. P. PRENTICE.—Thank you. The verses are in hand, but in the press of matter we have not yet had time to consider them.

L. S. COLEMAN.—The offices of the British Mediums' Union are at 37, Shakespeare Street, Stockport Road, Manchester.

E. JAS. HOBBS (Purley).—Thanks for the newspaper cuttings, the matter of which has been noted.

WALTER GATH (Nottingham).—We acknowledge, with thanks, the parcel of newspapers sent by you.

H. A. D.—Thank you for your good wishes, which are heartily reciprocated by all. We are forwarding the letter to Miss Whiting.

E. R.—Thank you for the cutting. Your answer to the paper, arising out of the questions asked in the case under notice, strikes us as excellent, although we are unable to make allusion to the matter in these columns.

G. F. OLDHAM.—We know nothing of Keeler beyond the various conflicting statements made about him. Discussions on such points are usually interminable and never reach any definite conclusion. We have very little time except for those things which are practical and immediate. We will, however, put the question to an American authority.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

"Dr. Beale: or More about the Unseen." By E. M. S., with a preface by S. De Brath, M.Inst.C.E. (J. M. Watkins, 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Night Land," by Wm. Hope Hodgson. (Holden and Hardingham, 2/6 net.)

"The Finding of Shiloh: or The Mystery of God 'Finished.'" By Rachel J. Fox (Cecil Palmer, 8/- net.)

"A Grammar of Freethought." By Chapman Cohen. (Pioneer Press, 5/- net.)

"An Encyclopædia of Religions." By Maurice A. Canney, M.A. (Routledge, 25/- net.)

"Gods." By Shaw Desmond. (Duckworth, 8/6 net.)

"La Télépathie." By R. Warcollier. With preface by Prof. Charles Richet, and 62 diagrams. (Librairie Felix Alcan, Paris, 20fr.)

"The Focus of Life: The Mutterings of Aaos." Written and illustrated by Austin Osman Spare. With an introduction by Francis Marsden. (The Morland Press, 21/-.)

"Re-Incarnation: True Chronicles of the Re-birth of Two Affinities, recorded by One of Them" (Cecil Palmer, 10s. 6d. net.)

WANTED A CHRISTMAS TREE.—Miss Stead would be very grateful for the gift of a Christmas Tree, as she is giving a Christmas party for poor, lonely children at the Stead Bureau, 30a, Baker Street, during the coming week.

THE Church of the Spirit, Croydon, sends us its revenue account and balance sheet for the year ended 31st October, 1921, showing expenditure of £183 0s. 11d., and revenue of £169 18s. 3d. The balance sheet shows, amongst other items, investments of £183, and cash at bank and in hand £47.

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These notices are confined to announcements of meetings on the coming Sunday, with the addition only of other engagements in the same week. They are charged at the rate of 1s. for two lines (including the name of the society) and 6d. for every additional line.

Lewisham.—Limes Hall, Limes Grove.—11.15, open circle, Mr. Cowlam; 6.30, Mr. T. W. Ella. 28th, 8, musical evening.

Croydon.—Harewood Hall, 96, High-street.—11 and 6.30, Mr. Percy Scholey.

Church of the Spirit, Windsor-road, Denmark Hill, S.E.—11, koral service. No evening service.

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

Holloway.—Grovedale Hall, Grovedale-road (near Highgate Tube Station).—To-day (Saturday), whist drive in aid of Building Fund. Sunday, addresses and clairvoyance: 11, Mr. G. A. Sharpe; 7, Mrs. Mary Crowder; 3, Lyceum. Monday, 8, developing circle (members only). Wednesday, 8, Mrs. Alice Jamrach, address and clairvoyance. Friday, 8, free healing.

Brighton.—Athenæum Hall.—11.15, public circle; 7, address and clairvoyance. Monday, 8, healing. Wednesday, 8, Mr. E. C. Cager.

Peckham.—Lausanne-road.—No Sunday meeting. Thursday, 8.15, Mrs. Mary Gordon.

St. John's Spiritual Mission, Woodberry Grove, North Finchley (opposite tram depot).—Christmas Day, closed.

Worthing.—Tarring Crossing.—6.30 p.m., service.

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