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LIGHT

A JOURNAL OF SPIRITUAL
PROGRESS & PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

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"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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

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What "Light" Stands For.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

CONNAISSEZ-VOUS la joie de voir claire? C'est une des plus grandes que la vie nous donne. O lumière qui chasse les erreurs!

—MAURICE BARRES.

"AN EXPERIENCE IN SPIRITUALISM."

A clerical reader sends us a cutting from the "Church Union Gazette," in which, under the above heading, the original writer gives an account of communication with an only son who had "passed over." Visits were paid to many mediums with "truly marvellous results," his name was given, "incidents only known to the family" were recalled, and messages "so very characteristic of him" were obtained. In fact, the mother was completely convinced, while "very wonderful personal messages were given to friends present, which were correct and generally only understood by the ones to whom they were given." This continued for six months, when the mother heard a "real" message, when she was alone, in which her son stated that it had all been the work of evil spirits, and that he had been allowed one visit to tell her so. She was now satisfied that all her previous experience was false and evil. Considering that the account is introduced by an editorial comment that "spirit influences are more likely to be evil than good," the intention of the article is obvious. But as all the communications were of a religious character, why accept the latter as true, as against the more evidential former cases, especially as the former were comforting and of kind intention, while it would be difficult to claim the same for the latter? If the story is true, the writer must be a very hysterical, impressionable person, with little stamina, but one knows the house built with the greatest care of detail in order that it may make more impression by its demolition. Both the detail and the demolition appear too perfect to be convincing, more especially as it is asserted that this has been the experience of "many others."

TESTING THE SPIRITS.

We are familiar enough with such experiences as those recorded above, and also over-familiar with the facile criticism to which they are subjected by those unacquainted with the complexities of psychic communications and the difficulty of sifting them so as to determine with some approach to accuracy those which are illusory—the outcome of the personal psychology of the recipient—those which are mixed in character, and those which are genuine and evidential. "Testing the spirits" is rarely an easy matter, especially when, as sometimes, there is no clear evidence at all of spirit agency. Had we gone into the matter at the outset with a materialistic bias, we should speedily have found our scepticism scattered by the discovery that there *are* spirits. But we began the subject with no preconceptions whatever, and made the discovery for ourselves that not only is there a spirit world, but that it is a very human world, in the lower degrees of which the people are very much like the "poor humanity" here—some good, some not so good, some wise, and some not wise. After a time we realised that, whether in the flesh or out of it, we are all spirits and the "communal sense" grew up in us. We no longer regarded the spirit as a "foreigner." We overcame that amusing insularity of mind exemplified in "Punch's" well-known jest: "Here's a stranger. Heave a brick at him!"

A LARGER VIEW.

We observe that the "Church Union Gazette" (which was sent to us by a country rector) remarks that the danger of Spiritualism is found

in the fact that persons are induced to submit their minds to spirit influences which are more likely to be evil than good, and which are enabled, because of their wide range of knowledge of all mundane things, to impersonate successfully those with whom the deluded Spiritualist believes himself to be in conversation

Now, if this remark applied only to the spirit life and not to this, it might be a serious indictment. As it is, we could easily fit the admonition in a general way to the world in which we live and with equal validity. We find, after no brief acquaintance with mortal life in most of its phases, that people submit their minds to the influences of other minds which are more often harmful than not, and are consequently imposed upon and victimised sometimes by "impersonation." How often the rogue impersonates an honest man—the secret enemy masquerades as a friend. The remedy here is vigilance, purity of motive, judgment, good sense. That counsel applies in the case of each world with which we have to deal. We suggest a little more breadth of thinking and a little more faith in the Divine government of life.

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ONE man sailed westward till he found a world;
One found new worlds within the mind of man;
The cynic called Columbus, "Charlatan"
And burned Giordano Bruno, who unfurled
The heavens like a scroll, that men might know,

THE RELATIONSHIP OF SPIRIT TO MATTER.

Under this title there were dictated to Mrs. Hope Hunter a number of automatically written essays, of which we propose to print a few very much as they were given, following the account given by her soldier brother of the circumstances of his passing when killed in the Great War, which appeared in our last issue. The communications contain much that impresses us as truthful and instructive, and in view of the conditions in which they "came through" they are distinctly remarkable. We set aside considerations of their "scientific value" and literary quality to consider rather their application to the facts of a region of life as yet unknown to official Science.

The communicator set out as his themes, under the general heading above, the following:—

- (1) ITS VARIOUS USES TO MANKIND.
- (2) ITS ENERGISING QUALITIES.
- (3) ITS ULTIMATE PLACE IN THE LOWER SPHERE.

These will follow the introductory essay which we now present:—

THE RELATION OF SPIRIT TO MATTER.

A vast subject! The possibilities of spiritualised matter are simply enormous. Let us first try and define the phrase, "Spiritualised Matter." Any kind of matter with spirit for its driving force. Almost all you know of matter is that it cannot be destroyed. That your scientists now admit, and it is, of course, true. But here matter does not exist, yet we use it as a potter moulds his clay, for our designs, our many purposes by spirit energy. We can cause atoms of material substance to change shape, to re-distribute themselves, using spirit vitalism as the agent to work our will. To give you an instance: Your earthly body is a solid weight of matter. Your body must weigh several stones. Your brother weighs possibly, by earthly measures, a few ounces, yet his spirit vitality is such that he cannot only raise your arms and use your muscles but caused you to give little jumps as you know. We believe he will lift you with practice; should he do so the most critical must admit an unseen agency. No human can rise in mid-air of himself. Well, what must the vitalising power be which can lift a heavy body, a body hundreds of times heavier than the power which raises it? We will endeavour to explain the methods by which we work. Magnetising waves pass from the body of your brother galvanising by their intense vitality the mass of matter which you call your body. But first he must reach your spiritual organism and work through that, the physical muscles and sinews. To begin with the method of automatic writing. You know that you sense a sentence of a few words as the pen is used. The two combine automatically. Unless we can reach the spirit brain, which imparts to the material brain, the pen is useless. We can cause it to move with a scribbling ease, but of what use unless the sentence we wish to write has been received by your spirit brain from our spirit brain, imparted to the material brain, the two being in perfect accord and interbalancing? But once our and your spirit consciousness is in agreement and have combined to reach your material consciousness, it is easy to induce the muscles of your hand to work as we wish. But one does indeed use your hand. At the moment your cousin sits beside you, his hand covers yours, by means of his will and also by ours he actually uses the pen. You grip the pen, but his and our combined force enforce the grip. His personality predominates, therefore in each case the writing does bear a certain awkward resemblance to the writer's former style, more so now we are able to use fingers and are not obliged to use the whole arm. But without our combined vitality to draw upon, the unseen correspondent would quickly fail. The density surrounding the earth saps our strength. We are now unused to a material atmosphere. And you, through whom we work, are wholly, or almost wholly, of the material plane. Little wonder that things often go awry. The marvel is that so much of the truth is given. Would-be communicators would do well to remember what havoc mischievous spirits can work on occasions. So delicate are the means we use and of such manifest importance is it to give convincing proof of an after death existence, we suffer between the alpha of the scientist and the omega of the scoffer. The former accepts nothing without threefold proof, the latter, given undeniable proof, merely shrugs and declines to discuss the impossible.

Give us a reasonable mind which will accept reasonable proofs as a working hypothesis and investigate on lines indicated by us. In dealing with etherial matters some little latitude must be allowed, some little scope for imagination. The etherial world cannot be packed into real compartments and duly labelled. Latitude must be allowed for mind

creations. We do not work here with measure and rule but by creative thought, either individual or combined. A machine will turn out exact replicas of a certain object indefinitely, but in the etherial planes we work through spirit agency. No two spirits would mould a lump of ether to correspond exactly in form, though of both should be asked a like object. When newly arrived, spirits, finding how like these planes are to earth, will often long for some favourite object which they loved on earth. An inveterate smoker had a favourite pipe. He is unable to create it at first himself. He will describe it to his friends. To please him, perhaps two will make him a pipe. We know by many this little incident will be received with loud laughter and jeers. A pipe in Heaven! Incredible! What fools must these Spiritualists be. But most assuredly the greatest fools are still on earth. We knock. In Heaven's name open to us, if only to realise in part how far the soul must travel to reach Heaven's Gateway even. We do not pretend to a knowledge of Heaven by which we mean nearness to the presence of the Almighty. We humbly realise how far away most of us still are. But we do claim to have some knowledge of our own daily lives in these spheres, and to an utterly bewildered arrival a duplicate of his old pipe will help to steady him at first. He does not question what it is. It looks like a briar. As such he accepts it. It is a familiar object, and the small things make up the sum of life. But each pipe will be individual. Both friends will have heard the same tale, the same details. Each will first envisage the object. As each sees it he will create it. In our fourth essay we tried to describe how the workman collects the ether; he then plays about it with his thoughts which constitute an energising electric current, by means of which the pipe is built up. No two individuals think alike. Therefore the objects are unlike in some particulars. When finished, the pipe is solid in appearance. To spirits composed of ether a pipe composed of like material must look solid.

To materialised matter, material objects are solid. Like to like. This is important and is little credited by the majority. In the lower spheres there is a counterpart of all earthly passions. These first worlds through which we pass immediately after death are a rarefied edition of earthly things. Substitute ether for materialised atmosphere, spirit for matter, and the first great difference is defined. We do not suffer bodily. What we wear would not be recognised by you as a body. Yet we can suffer bodily torment mentally. We suffer in the spirit body as do you on earth. Any ailment begins first in the mind, in the consciousness, in the spirit body, which infects the material body. Christian Scientists have the germ of a great truth contained in their teachings. The first germ is absorbed mentally by the spiritual body and continued in the material body. An epidemic is spread mentally. Take influenza. The patient gives off a kind of nauseous mental gas, a depression wave. It spreads over the atmosphere, it affects all who come in its orbit insensibly. What affects the spirit body must also affect the material body, the two being perfectly balanced and interdependent. Keep the mind, or consciousness, or spirit, surrounded by waves of energy, hope, loving kindness, and illness would be lessened by one half. Each individual creates his own environment by his deeds and thoughts. Thought especially is most important. The thought is electric. It travels immense distances under good conditions. We do not mean good thoughts only, unfortunately bad thoughts can travel equally far.

"Good conditions" indicate the state of various etherial currents which eddy in the void. Like attracts like. The good will attract and re-distribute itself in other forms for ever. So also will evil until overcome by good. Here are the two great forces of Eternity. The origin of both we do not know. We may some day in the great future. But here and everywhere wages the battle, there can be nothing stationary. We advance or retire. We evolve by painful inches. Transition is slow, but steady progress is being made. The forces of the unseen, were they generally credited by mankind and universally acted upon, could, with proper use, become of immense value. Here let us warn you of the forces of evil which are nearly as strong. Natural laws are indestructible. They apply to both sides of this and every question. Were spirit aid invoked it would not apply to the good only, but also to the evil side. But the power of evil being recognised and steadily coped with, the balance would be for spirit aid and counsel. We know much good would result, sufficient to outweigh any evil which might and probably would result. No great

(Continued on next page.)

PHANTOM CATS.

AND THE SURVIVAL OF ANIMALS.

By F. E. LEANING.

A short article with this heading appeared a few weeks ago in LIGHT, and as the subject is one of recurring interest, it is not out of place to give it some special attention from time to time. More particularly is this the case since it is quite seven years since Mr. Coates gave us in these pages a short series of articles presenting a number of instances which, as he argued at the time, show that animal survival rests on a similar basis to our own. A criticism which is destructive of the one is destructive of the other, the chief difference between them being that naturally there is an overwhelming preponderance of numbers on the human side. There is also a corresponding discrepancy in the amount of literature, and it is much to be regretted that we are still waiting for the standard work on the subject. Ample data exist, but are scattered up and down in our books, many as single instances, or occasionally as little groups, and their accumulated force is thus disguised.

It is partly owing to this perhaps that some who are suffering from the

LOSS OF A PET

are taken unawares and find themselves without any definite ideas or knowledge which would soften it. Only those who have known and loved an animal intimately and have developed a close rapport with it, know how keen and deep is the pain of losing it. Let them not, in such an hour, listen to the Professor of Hypothetics, who will state on no better ground than his own love of theories that there is nothing in the animal that can survive; nor yet to the Theosophist, with his chill dictum that the fragment of being, clothed awhile in fur and looking through its faithful and loving eyes, has been re-absorbed into the group-soul of its kind. It is greatly to be desired that both these, and my fellow-Theosophists in particular, should lay their doctrine along the plumb-line of fact, and discover how it diverges from it. They need not fear discovery: "there is no religion higher than truth."

WHAT ARE THE FACTS?

The evidence for the survival of animals is built up in ascending stages, which compare with, and match, those that apply to our own race. We begin with the study of psychic faculty, with the use of the brain to transmit and receive ideas telepathically, to see clairvoyantly, either what is at a distance or invisible to physical sight, to hear in like manner, to make use of a secondary or psychic body, in the event of the physical being incapacitated by sleep or sickness, or the imminence of death; finally to make known our presence after death by being seen, heard, touched, or more conclusively still, by selective mental tests and messages. Now the animal can, in its degree, give all these kinds of evidence of its apprehension of the psychic world. The cat, the dog, and the horse, all appear more or less frequently in the records of our subject. If they cannot exercise all the varieties of clairvoyance that we can, yet they sometimes see what a human companion cannot see; they react like sensitives to the thoughts and intents of the heart, and cannot be deceived; they can produce impressions on the minds of their owners at a distance, and procure help for themselves. The late W. H. Hudson, writing in the "Strand Magazine" of August, 1921, and February of the current year, on the topic,

"DO CATS THINK?"

gave some most interesting examples, and others could be added from older writers. Not only so, but the animal can produce a double, and, like ourselves, does so most frequently at the great crisis of death. Flammarion's pathetic case of M. Graeson's dog, destroyed unknown to him, but appearing in his master's study to give him a last lick of the hand, is not alone, and aligns exactly with the common appearance of the dying or newly-dead friend to some dear relative at a distance. But follow it across the threshold, and ask if the animal ever gives any sign of con-

tinued existence, and we shall find that it decidedly does. We cannot expect it to do more, of course, than is compatible with its nature; it cannot give book-tests. Neither could an illiterate man. But it can show itself, and be heard, and sometimes felt, and it can affect others of its kind in such a way as to make its own presence an inevitable deduction from their behaviour.

There is in addition to all this the testimony of many friends in the unseen that their dear animals are with them. In his series in the "National News," March 13th and 20th, 1921, Dr. Ellis Powell gave instances of both cats and dogs, and some readers will remember the amount of interest centreing round the wire-haired terrier Billy in Lady Troubridge's sittings with Mrs. Leonard. Anyone caring to do so could collect from the pages of LIGHT or from the Journals and Proceedings of the S.P.R., numerous cases of the sort. But such a search would reveal the fact that, like the human again, there are two orders of survival, or two kinds of ghosts. There is the genuine, living, understanding little furry person, and there is the automatically produced appearance. I think that it is this last kind to which the

PHANTOM CAT

really belongs. Poor animals that have been cruelly used and are seen haunting the place, correspond exactly to those ghosts of people which are seen reproducing a crime on certain anniversaries, the victim and the oppressor alike. Nearly all authorities on Psychic Research recognise this difference, and as it seems to be soundly based, we may with less hesitation apply it to the animal kingdom. It certainly seems more rational to accept this as the explanation than to suppose, for instance, that all the riders on horses, who have been murdered, or the wicked game-keepers who are seen with their dogs, have to be attended by the poor animals themselves. Be it as it may with the man, there would not be the moral justification for any suffering accruing to the animal.

In the series referred to above of Mr. Coates, a final touch is given by the inclusion of "extras" of former pets. One of these is Judge Mock's foxhound "Blood," also given in "Photographing the Invisible," p. 118 (new edition). Miss E. K. Bates also speaks of a fox terrier, "Bob," which came out on the lap of his owner, an Oxford Professor, when she herself was sitting to Mr. Bournsell.

PETER'S GHOST.

One of the most charming ghost stories of a dog is given in Andrew Lang's "Book of Dreams and Ghosts." He says the story was received in a letter from a lieutenant, who is no doubt the naval officer visiting the country house in question. "Several men were sitting round the smoking-room fire when he arrived, and a fox-terrier was with them. Presently the heavy shambling footsteps of an old dog, and the metallic shaking sound of his collar, were heard coming upstairs. 'Here's old Peter!' said the visitor. 'Peter's dead!' whispered his owner.

"The sounds passed through the closed door, heard by all; they pattered into the room; the fox-terrier bristled up, growled, and pursued a viewless object across the carpet; from the hearth-rug sounded a shake, a jingle of a collar, and the settling weight of a body collapsing into repose."

This "pleasing anecdote" as its editor, if not its author, rightly calls it, does not differ from many less picturesquely told, in its essence. And the idea of the old dog still seeking the enjoyment of human company and the social hearth, and finding it, is perhaps nearer the (unconfessed) ideal heaven of the superior being than he will readily admit.

If space permitted, a companion story of a home-loving puss finding his way back to his mistress's lap could be given, but readers may find that and others in Mr. Elliott O'Donnell's collection of "Animal Ghosts." Most are given at first hand by the owners themselves, and are well worth consideration by those who have sufficient love for animals to wish to have a definite opinion about their future.

The wish that of the living whole

No life should fail beyond the grave,

Derives it not from that we have

The likest God within the soul?—TENNYSON.

(Continued from previous page.)

truth can be given to the world undefiled. Evil spirits will see to it that no opportunity is lost to do harm and to give misleading information. But you do not allow bad accidents to curtail the development of any great industry. Danger and death do not deter adventurers. There must be pioneers. Well, in this instance, the bad must come with the good. But the knowledge gained is worth some sacrifice. To see the world so wrapped up in materialism when we know the spirit world is all important; to know the manifold uses to which spiritual forces could be put, in connection with material substances; to be able and ready to point the way and to be denied through sheer blindness and stupidity, makes us despair.

The spiritual forces are tremendous, but of what use to speak of them until people credit spirit life and work.

This foolish idea of eternal rest! We find our greatest joy in work for Humanity. Who could wish to rest, seeing the world in its present plight, and having our knowledge of what might be if the great God-given forces were turned to their natural uses? No one hesitates to make use of the latest scientific discoveries. Electricity for instance, wireless telegraphy is accepted by all. Many do not understand, but all know it can be done. Yet because the means we use to communicate with the world are so little understood, we are denied an existence. Believe in us. Later, when our circle of readers is established, we shall try to speak of many seeming incredible things, yet most natural did you realise the naturalness of the laws governing the spirit spheres. The animal kingdom would find your world not more incredible than you find ours. Yet both exist side by side. Merely a higher state of being.

A LIGHT INTO THE SHADOW WORLD.

THE LESSONS OF ALOYSIUS.

His name on earth he understood to have been Huggins. He had been so informed by those who knew, for, having quitted these lower realms in infancy, he had no direct knowledge of the fact. And now he was Aloysius, a youth of eager mind stored with much knowledge of the life of the Ethereal world in which he dwelt, but still almost pathetically inquisitive about the things of the earth on which he had spent so brief a time. True, he had observed much of its workings on the inner side—that had been part of his training as directed by his teachers. But he wanted to see for himself something of its external activities, and he confided his wish at last to his friend Mordaunt, a shrewd, masterful, but kindly spirit with whom, under the influence of the laws of attraction that prevail in Etherea, he had established a close relationship. The two had become near friends from the day of their first meeting, a day on which Mordaunt, the founder of a great business, a man of affairs, old in years and in knowledge of the world he had left, found himself a novice in the world beyond, and his best instructor in its mysteries the youth who had been drawn almost immediately to his side. The companionship had been mutually profitable, the two friends exchanging their knowledge and experience each of the life he knew best. A man of wide and quick intelligence, a penetrating mind, and of a dry humour, Mordaunt had soon adapted himself to his new conditions. But Aloysius remained hungry for more direct and personal knowledge of the earth than he could gain by converse with his friend. So at last Mordaunt, yielding to his friend's desires, the two returned to these lower levels of existence, coming as near to the surface of things as they might. To Aloysius in particular it was more like plunging as deeply as possible into the depths of some dim sea. He saw little of which he had not already been told by Mordaunt, but at everything he saw he wondered greatly. They viewed the life of great cities, riotous profusion side by side with famished want, men bored with endless leisure or chafing under a stress of work and responsibility that made them fretful and rebellious. To Mordaunt it seemed natural enough but a little piteous; but to Aloysius it appeared a chaotic welter with only here and there some gleam of intelligence and direction.

"Well, and what do you think of it?" said Mordaunt, with a mirthful twinkle, as they stood together on a terrace bordered with flowers that overlooked one of the peaceful plains of their own world, after a period of repose during which they had shaken off a feeling of weariness and depression—a "sense of sepulchres," as Mordaunt phrased it—the natural results of their experience.

"A dark realm of phantoms," replied his companion, "shadows fighting over shadows—a veritable shadow-world. Only here and there could I see that they had any hint of our presence. Those who responded to it were a little brighter and more substantial than the rest, but even these were curiously obtuse; when I approached them most of them merely shuddered a little. Their thoughts took a fresh turn, but it was generally an uncomfortable one. I spoke to a few but they ignored me altogether except one, who told his friends he thought he heard a voice speaking to him, and was advised by them to see a doctor immediately, as he was evidently ill."

"Very indiscreet of him," remarked Mordaunt, a grim smile lurking about the corners of his firm mouth. "He should have held his tongue."

"But it was the truth,"

"Quite so, but it is a truth for which they are not yet entirely prepared. I knew on earth many things which it was not wise to utter. I could only talk of them with friends who were like-minded. To have printed them or spoken them in public would have been rash. 'Children and fools speak the truth' is one of the proverbs amongst our friends on earth. That will give you a general idea of their attitude. It arises from something of which you have had practically no experience—worldly wisdom."

"A strange world, indeed," said Aloysius. "But one thing that impressed me curiously was the 'deadness'—there is no other word for it—of some of the earth-people. They seemed to have scarcely any life or intelligence. They were the darkest of all the shadowy crowd—mere pillars of dense fog."

Mordaunt eyed his companion with a droll expression.

"It may surprise you to hear," he observed, "that these people pass amongst some of their friends as being the most alert of all. They consider nobody but themselves, and concentrate their minds entirely on their own interests. They send out no radiations, and hence, to you, appear to be lifeless. But what is all this about shadows and phantoms? That is precisely what the earth-people say of us. Have you sufficiently considered that you and I are ghosts? Do you realise that if during our trip to earth we had become even for a moment visible to the people there we should infallibly have frightened them out of their wits? From their point of view they are the living people, and we are the spectral shadows."

"Then they are aware of our existence?"

"Yes, to a limited extent. The common people have many stories about us, although these are generally denounced as superstitions by those who are better educated (in the worldly sense). And there is a considerable section of people who maintain that we really exist, and that our existence can be proved. But there is a strong opposition to the idea, and you, my dear Aloysius, have been ruled out of existence many times. For example, it is urged that a human being cannot live after death without a brain and a body."

"But I have a brain and a body."

"Precisely, but it is not made of the same substance as the bodies and brains of those who dwell on earth, and from their point of view there are no others. Again, it is urged that even if there were ghosts of bodies there would not be ghosts of the clothes made on earth."

"Why need there be?" returned Aloysius. "My robe is not the ghost of anything made on earth."

"Quite so, and therefore as a self-respecting ghost you have no right to be seen in it. It proves you to be a mere figment of the imagination. The earth we have just left is the only repository of real garments or real anything. All of us that had any actual existence was left on earth when we made our departure from it."

"For me," said Aloysius smiling, "the sense of reality did not begin until afterwards. But if these people do not believe in us why are they afraid? Fear of ghosts, you tell me, is very general on earth."

"I will tell you," said the older man. "In the world below certain subjects are not popular matters of discussion. They are only glanced at occasionally, and then in a furtive kind of way. The existence of God, the soul, the spiritual world, and many other matters are more or less unfashionable questions. Except on special occasions they are hushed up by

general agreement. There is a widespread disposition to conceal uncomfortable facts, and to adopt disguises. The people not only fear ghosts, but are quite often afraid of each other. The man who dislikes you will strive hard to cloak his dislike, and will remain silent rather than utter any truths that may seem disagreeable to his fellows. It is a great place for covers and screens, and if these are thrown down by some rash innovator there is a loud outcry and a general rush for shelter. Personally I have nothing to boast of myself in this respect. Do you remember the panic I was in when I arrived here and learned for the first time that I had left my mortal form behind?"

"I do," said his friend; "you wanted to get back within it until you discovered that you were dwelling in another body more suited to your condition. But even then you were alarmed to find yourself introduced suddenly to a natural world with no possibility of con-

cealing yourself somewhere until you were prepared for the revelation."

"That," said Mordaunt, "came of my early education. All my ideas of the hereafter had been carefully shaped, trimmed and dressed-up by my religious teachers. The effect was to make the alter-death state, as a conception, as vague and indefinite as possible. The idea of a natural life beyond the grave would have horrified most of those who posed as authorities upon it. In later years I had my suspicions of the truth of these doctrines. Those who taught them were so fearful of being definite even in theory; the thing had to be carefully wrapped up in a veil of mystery. And now after what I have told you, perhaps you can guess the answer to your question."

"I understand now," said Aloysius. "What the earth people are so afraid of is Reality."

D. G.

"THE SCIENTIFIC SEARCH FOR THE SOUL."

DR BERNARD HOLLANDER REPLIES TO "LIEUTENANT-COLONEL."

To the Editor of LIGHT.

SIR,—In your issue of the 16th inst. appears a letter by "Lieut.-Colonel," in which my recently published work, "In Search of the Soul" (Kegan Paul, 2 vols.) is spoken of as "amusing" and containing "well-known and exploded arguments." It is further stated that I "insist that we can only look for the soul through materialistic spectacles and probe for its existence with scalpel and calipers" and that "the phenomena of mind can be explained by chemical formulæ."

Now, sir, these critical remarks contain exactly the opposite of what I have argued and tried to prove in my work, which, it is perfectly evident, "Lieut.-Colonel" can never have even looked at, not to say read. Will you allow me by a few very brief extracts to demonstrate the utter recklessness of his damaging criticism.

In chapter XXXIX. on "The Spiritual Nature of Man," p. 317, I claim to have shown that "It is only the elements of our mental qualities which have definite areas of the brain as their physical basis." . . . "It has also been shown that man can under certain conditions manifest capacities above the normal, that by taking thought or following definite aspirations he can control his inherited tendencies and acquired mental habits, and that he even has the power to initiate, arrest, and change physiological functions. From this fact the conclusion may be drawn that the physical mechanism of the brain and body can be subjected to spiritual influences under certain conditions and by appropriate training."

Further, I say in the book under quotation: "The wonder of man's spiritual nature has not grown less with the years which have brought increasing knowledge. Modern science has swept away many superstitions, but it has brought the infinite mystery of things still more clearly home to our human hearts."

Page 319: "The human body has been represented as a machine, but it is a machine only in a certain sense. It is a living, automatic, self-reproducing, self-regulating, self-repairing machine, unlike any other. Behind every other machine there is a living being who has made and started it, without whom it would not exist or go. Nature repairs; man can only guide the repair and hasten it. As vitality decreases, so the tendency to repair diminishes. One other distinction: the human body profits by experience; no machine does so."

"The human body has also been represented as one great laboratory, in which the most varied processes go on harmoniously to maintain a unity of being, though each is liable to incalculable disorders. Man's life undoubtedly consists of vast chemical and physical processes, but not entirely so. Death does not stop these processes, for they go on more briskly than ever in the corpse after the withdrawal of that something that held together and harmonised them and kept them in check. When this process, which we call life, ceases to act, the body or bodily organ resolves itself into its natural, inorganic elements, and the tendency to individualisation is destroyed. We can buy pepsin at the chemist's and digest beef with it in an egg-cup; but the human mind can retard or accelerate the same bodily process, and this is an element which eludes chemical and physical investigation. The physico-chemical formulæ do not suffice for a complete description of the vital function. They have explained, no doubt, separate processes, but they have not explained the way in which they work into one another's hands, so that a unified effective life results."

"Just as the soul has been lowered from its spiritual conception to something that can be pulled to pieces in a dissecting-room, so chemists have tried to produce life and

have failed. If life is solely a chemical process, how is it that we can by mere thought retard its physical and chemical actions or accelerate them, by cheerfulness raise and prolong its activity, and by gloominess depress and shorten it? A thought, an emotion, may prostrate a man as effectually as a blow on his head from a hammer."

Page 320: "Biology does not explain either the cause or purpose of life. The biologist describes physical and chemical action, but that is not the life itself. The physicist may make the dead man kick, as he may make little fragments of iron dance—in both cases by the excitation of electricity—but the action is not life in either case. He can increase or he may stop life's actions; but he, so far, has failed to manufacture life."

"When life becomes purely chemical it is no longer life, for life is not merely a growing and decaying; it is a struggle against adverse forces—degradation from within and destruction from without. Altogether, there is more in life and mind than can be discovered in the laboratory."

Page 326: "The products of thought are unlimited and therefore purely spiritual. If mind were limited; if it were an entity, it would have dimensions; but however much is put into the mind, there is always room for more. Inventions originate in ideas, so do artistic creations. They have at first no external existence. Physical and chemical activity may have a part in it, but do not explain it. The brain elements for such conceptions must be in existence, but the result is a spiritual conception . . . The synthetic product of our thoughts is not the same as the elements; as little as water is identical with two elements of hydrogen and one element of oxygen. It is neither the one nor the other, but a new product. The mechanistic conception of life and mind is like regarding a symphony as vibrations of atmospheric waves. So it is, but that is not all. The mechanistic conception of life and mind does not explain the spirit which animated the heroes of science, who refused to submit their reason to authority, the political leaders who contended for the rights of man, the philosophers who championed liberty, the religious enthusiasts who fought for the right of private judgment and the freedom of the individual conscience. If such a wonderful synthesis as Shakespeare's literary creation is simply the result of physico-chemical mechanism, then we ought to have many Shakespeares, but there has only been one such genius."

"No physical or chemical fact can explain man's conception of an Almighty Father. True, human beings with arrested brain growth may be incapable of such a conception; a blow on the head may destroy the capacity in another; still, the conception is spiritual. The brain element has the same relation to it as the eye has to sight. The eye is an essential organ to seeing, but there is no limit to what we may see with our eyes or may conceive with our brains. Moreover, man has the power to change purely animal instincts into refined and lofty qualities; for example, the sexual propensity into the spiritual affection of love. Man is therefore a spiritual as well as a material being. By the power of his spirit he can, to some extent at least, elevate, control, and direct the mental, physical, and chemical elements of his being, can modify heredity, influence his environment, and shape his course towards a definite good of existence."

I am afraid I have already exceeded the limits of space that is permissible in a reply, and cannot quote what I have said in my work on "The Problem of the Soul." For this, as well as for other arguments and evidence that science has not touched what is called the "higher" nature of man, I must refer the reader to the thousand closely printed pages of my work.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

BERNARD HOLLANDER, M.D.

57, Wimpole-street, W.1.
September 15th, 1922.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH THE CREWE CIRCLE.

By JAMES COATES.

This circle has been the subject of criticism on the one hand, and, on the other, has given undoubted comfort through its mediums to thousands in Great Britain and Ireland, during the last twenty years.

Mr. William Hope has been tested more than any other medium photographer in this country; nay, more, he has willingly submitted to be tested by expert photographers: The late Mr. Walker, of Buxton, Major Spencer, Dr. Lindsay Johnson, F.R.P.S., of South Africa, the late Sir William Crookes, F.R.S., O.M.; a leading official of Kodak, Ltd.; Mr. Fred Barlow, of Birmingham—an ingrained sceptic and investigator—Mr. J. P. Skelton, of Belfast, and the present writer. Mr. Hope has been well-tested, but, as a psychic, he cannot command the phenomena—the appearance of extra faces and figures—that come on the plates, and he is not always in good form for the work.

Of his co-worker Mrs. Buxton, nothing but good can be said about her, and both extend freely to investigators their services, within the limits of physical strength and possibilities.

In my opinion, the *crux* of psychic photography is not diamond-marked plates, the investigator's camera, or the elimination of the medium photographer's work, etc., but a supernormally produced picture of a departed person of whom the psychic did not or could not know. I could give many instances of this veridical proof, meanwhile I refrain.

Another phase is the production of a picture presenting features—such as those prior to death—which the medium photographer could not know, although he might have seen the original in life, or a photograph representing the original of "the extra," taken in the fullness of health.

With the persons mentioned I can aver that William Hope can get supernormal photographs of the departed—not "smudges," but clearly-defined pictures for recognition by those who knew the originals in life.

Receiving an invitation to attend a conference of various Lancashire societies in Burnley, on Good Friday, 1921, I left London for that purpose, breaking the journey in Stourbridge, where I stayed a few days with Mr. Walter Jones, J.P., at the Uplands. Mr. Jones proposed to join me, and we motored over to Crewe on Thursday, 24th of March, where we might have a sitting. We purchased a packet of medium rapid quarter-plates from Mr. Selleck, High-street, Stourbridge.

Ours was a surprise visit, no intimation that we were coming for a sitting had been sent to the Crewe Circle. Mr. Jones entering the dark room, opened the packet, selected two plates, marked them, and put the slide into his pocket.

Meanwhile I examined the camera in the "lean-to" which passes for the studio. Mr. Jones was posed handing me the slide; that slide was put into the camera. Mr. Hope timed the exposure. The slide was closed and removed and passed by me to Mr. Jones.

I was then posed. The procedure was followed on the refilling of the slide, and we sat again. I need not go into the details further. On the marked plate exposed on Mr. Jones was a high light representing a man, which has not up to the present been recognised. On one exposed on me, there was the figure of a woman. On the remaining two plates developed, only Mr. Jones and myself; there were no "extras."

I may mention that Mr. Jones developed the four plates, which Mr. Hope did not handle till they were washed.

On my plate the extra or picture of a woman proved to be a clearly defined representation of the late Mrs. Coates, and was easily recognised by those who knew my dear wife in life. Fortunately, Mr. Jones was able to recognise the photograph—as different from the original as water is from wine or illness to health, but thoroughly evidential. I am not out to convince anyone, I merely state the facts. It is not the testing but the picture that matters.

Mr. Walter Jones is in full agreement with the foregoing in so far as it deals with our mutual experience in Crewe on the 24th March, 1921.

LETTER ON THE HOPE CASE.

THE REV. C. L. TWEEDALE AND THE "INDIAN MISSIONARY."

To the Editor of LIGHT.

SIR,—I have known the gentleman described as an ex-Indian missionary for some forty-years. He became a missionary and went out to India, and I lost sight of him for a long time. A few years ago I was surprised to receive a visit from him, and he informed me that he was interested in psychic phenomena, especially psychic photography. He afterwards called on me several times, and we had long talks together. He told me that he was anxious to prove the truth of survival, but I found him full of philosophical arguments and objections which had no direct bearing on the case. I soon came to the conclusion that he was far more concerned in endeavouring to refute the modern evidence for survival than he was to prove it, and that his interest did not present a *bona fide* attempt to utilise and

assimilate the modern evidence, and this impression was strengthened by his visit. He told me of his experience with Hope, and informed me that although he himself did not recognise any of the extras, yet one of the party did recognise one of the forms as that of a deceased relative or friend. This important point does not transpire in the published account.

I asked him whether he would be satisfied if he had evidence of the obtaining of recognised pictures under good evidential conditions, and he said, "Yes." I then showed him three recognised cases: first that of my father-in-law, whom there is no photo similar in detail in existence; another of a little girl of whom there was never a photo or drawing made during her mortal life, and another splendid evidential one of a young soldier killed in the war, obtained by his mother, who entered and left Hope's studio without giving her name, and was entirely unknown to him. He started somewhat on seeing them, as though they were un-welcome testimony, but, quickly recovering, he calmly laid the three psychic and the two comparison photos aside in a little heap, saying, "Well! that's that!" There was no acknowledgment of the evidence which a few minutes before he had said would satisfy him. This still further confirmed the very strong impression conveyed by his previous conversation and general attitude that he was more concerned in attempting to disprove the modern evidence than to utilise it as evidence for survival; and this desire to disprove is still more apparent in the furnishing of the story as evidence against Hope. He seemed to think that the story of his own failure (though he acknowledged that one of the party obtained a recognised picture) discounted all previous successes, many of them obtained under conditions rendering all fraud or trickery impossible.

Yours, etc.,

CHARLES L. TWEEDALE.

Weston Vicarage,
Otley, Yorkshire.
September 22nd, 1922.

A BOOK TEST.

Mrs. Barbara McKenzie, of the British College of Psychic Science, send us a letter recently received by her from a lady, H. A. T. (whose full name and address are given to us privately), recounting a book test. The following extracts contain the account:—

On August 18th last, after a sitting with Mrs. Cooper, I informed you that I had received a book test from my daughter, and you requested me to let you know the result.

I should here state that my only daughter passed on about four and a half years ago with consumption, after a very lingering illness, and during that time we tried various remedies, one of them being the remedy prescribed by Dr. Alabone, of London.

Now for the test. On August 18th at twelve noon, we were sitting with Mrs. Cooper for direct voice phenomena (my wife, myself and two friends) when we conversed with probably seven or eight spirit-friends, one of them being my daughter mentioned above.

During the conversation with us, she said, "I have something to tell you about 'sixteen,' Nada is going to help me, I am coming back again." Nada is the control. Soon after she returned and said, "The fourth up, third book from left to right, page sixteen, read to the bottom and if you find nothing there reverse the figures, as figures are so difficult here; turn to page sixty-one, and you will find something which concerns we three" (meaning herself, her mother and myself). I replied, "Do you mean our own bookcase at home?" She answered, "Yes."

I repeated the test to be quite sure I had got it correctly, and she replied, "That is it."

I may say here that I had not the slightest idea of the arrangement of the books in the bookcase mentioned.

Now there are three shelves in the bookcase containing books placed in a perpendicular position, and on the top of those on the third shelf are three stacks of books laid horizontally. Taking these books to be the "fourth up," the third stack from left to right, and the bottom book I found to be "The Cure of Consumption," by Dr. Alabone. Page sixteen gives nothing in particular, but on page sixty-one is a detailed account of the symptoms and progress of the disease in its later stages (as experienced by my daughter before passing out) "until the end comes to relieve the weary sufferer."

If anything could concern us three, surely this would. We think this was a fine test, and it is one more link in the chain of evidence for survival.

At the same séance, our daughter correctly described some of our movements on the previous day.

If God had meant that you should follow each other like a flock of sheep through a gap in the hedge, then He would not have taken the trouble to create you each as separate entities, but would have had one mould for every two or three hundred, instead of a mould for each—"Teachings."

STRANGE EXPERIENCES IN A HAUNTED ROOM.

By ROBERT WHITMORE, M.A.

In the month of December in the year 1889, having just previously taken my Bachelor's Degree at Cambridge, I was staying with several other men at the Palace of an East Anglian bishop.

The reason for our presence there was the fact that his Lordship was holding his examination for Holy Orders, and I was at that time a candidate for the Diaconate.

It was my first visit to the Palace as a guest, but several of the men there had been before as they had been deacons for a year and were now endeavouring to pass the examination for priests.

All the men were perfect strangers to me, and when I was shown by the very imposing old butler into an enormous old-fashioned bedroom, and given to understand that dinner would not be served for some little time, I must confess that I looked forward with no very great pleasure to a week or more in such very austere surroundings.

Before leaving me the old retainer informed me that if I desired to do so I could go into the bishop's drawing-room and there pass away the time till dinner—and he hinted that I might possibly meet some of "the other gentlemen" if I did so.

That particular butler was a representative of a class which is rarely met with in the present day, and in some respects seemed to fancy himself a sort of lay-bishop, for he is credited with having gravely told a visitor to the Palace that "We" (himself and the bishop!) "never plow men for Priest's Orders"! The dear old bishop himself was quite one of the—well-nigh extinct—"Palmerstonian" School, and, of course, objected to smoking. Indeed, his old servant was like him in that respect, but a hint was given me with regard to the same worthy individual, that he was unable to smell tobacco smoke after receiving half a sovereign!

After a short time spent in unpacking my belongings, I adjourned to the drawing-room, where I met one man—a candidate for Deacon's Orders, like myself—and a fellow Cambridge bachelor. We had never met at the University though we were contemporaries, and we had both been at the fatal Lent races when poor Campbell, of Clare, was killed by the prow of the Trinity Hall boat.

We had just ascertained these facts when dinner was announced, which finished, we almost at once were told our candles were lighted, and it was intimated politely that we were expected to retire for the night.

I may mention, as it is rather important, that my Cambridge friend was to occupy a bedroom on my immediate right. A Highbury man, up for his "Priest's," was on my left hand side, and Archdeacon P—, our examiner, was occupying one of the end rooms. Nobody slept in the great bedroom over our heads. I was told it had not been occupied since Archdeacon O— stayed at the Palace some time since. Why, I know not. In the attics above there were several other men.

As it was still far from late I stirred up my fire (for we were all well looked after) and drew a small table and a chair in front of it and began to make notes of the subject for the morrow's examination. I remember it all as well as yesterday. The subject was "The Pastoral Epistles," and I had begun to write and penned the words: "The duties of a Deacon are firstly"—but I never finished the sentence or the notes, for at that moment a sound entered the room. I don't know how else to express it. It began all at once, and it is exceedingly difficult to describe. Perhaps if one compared it to some very primitive plain-song chant, mournful and slow, continually rising and falling and with an indescribably weird effect, one would not be far wrong, and yet there was with it the sound one would associate with some enormous gnat. One thing, however, struck me at the time with a strange chill, it was undoubtedly in the room, and the uncanny feeling almost overpowered me that the sound, whatever it was, might "materialise" at any moment, and I hurriedly set light to almost all my stock of candles, of which, fortunately, I had plenty. However, scared as I own I was, I tried to find out if some material cause was producing this strange phenomenon. I poked the fire in case some gas escaping from the coals might account for the noise, but no! the droning evidently was more in the middle of the room. I opened the window and looked out. It was a bright, star-light, somewhat frosty night, and everything was as still as could be. I even thought of gnats, but remembered that it was December, and, moreover, the sound was much too loud. Literally shivering with fright I finally got into bed, and after fervently praying that I might not see something terrible, I propped myself up with pillows, and with open eyes staring at nothing, and yet every moment expecting to see something, I became oblivious of all things at about 2 a.m. Next day I awoke feeling anything but fit for my examination, and after slipping on a few clothes, with the freedom common amongst "Varsity" men, I knocked at the door of my next door neighbour on the right-hand side and entered his room. (The reader will remember that I made his acquaintance on the previous

night.) He was shaving, and as I at once noticed, regarded me with a puzzled look, and answered my question as to how he had slept, etc., in a very abstracted way. At last he said: "My dear fellow, we are very new friends, but I hope you will forgive a plain question: Is it a matter of principle with you to *intone* your prayers for an hour or two before you go to bed at night? As a matter of fact you kept me awake till the small hours!"

Needless to say, after the explanation I gave, he was thunderstruck and said, "Well, I could have sworn you, or somebody in your room, was singing and praying half the night, and the only other possible contingency I could hit on was that the Archdeacon was walking in his sleep and fancying he was conducting a service!"

After finishing our toilette we both descended to the bishop's breakfast room. By the big fireplace stood the Highbury man (up for "Priest's") who slept on my left-hand side.

Directly he saw me he greeted me very unceremoniously: "I say, I wish you High Church fellows would have a little regard for other people's feelings. Why on earth can't you *say* your prayers like sensible beings and not kick up an awful row late at night and give nobody a chance of sleeping!" Of course this made the mystery still more extraordinary. Here was my next-door neighbour on the other side prepared to swear that intoning and singing had gone on in my bedroom on the previous night, and it will be remembered the room above us all was empty! I found it very difficult to convince this man that I had not made the noise, but at last he was convinced, and said, "Oddly enough, I heard the same sounds coming from that very room last Advent, when I was up for my "Deacon's," but I took it for granted that they were made by the fellow who then occupied it, and he was the sort of fellow one couldn't question as one can you, and so I held my tongue!"

What was the sequel to all this? Well, first I spoke to a member of the bishop's family, who thanked me for giving him the information, which seemed to cause him no surprise, for he only said: "Thank you, Mr. —, for having told me. I don't think you will ever hear that noise again."

Then I spoke to the veteran butler. At first he was most reticent, and said, "His lordship would be very angry if I agreed with what you say. I don't think, sir, there can be anything wrong with that room." However, I could see he was keeping something back, and I begged him to tell me. After a solemn promise not to let the bishop know he had spoken, he said, "Well, sir, there was a young gentleman there once, a fine young fellow, not one likely to be scared much at anything, and perhaps, poor young man, he had eaten too much supper, for he came to me with tears in his eyes and said, 'O! Mr. T—, if you can't find me another bedroom I shall sleep in the street to-night, for an awful female figure came to my bedside in the night and looked at me. I can never forget it, and I wouldn't sleep there again for thousands.'" Needless to say I did what that other man did, I begged for and obtained a smoky attic. The occupant, a German gentleman, said he was only too glad to change quarters, but added, "I hope, sir, you are not superstitious!" That very night my German successor was taken ill—biliousness he declared. He called up my Cambridge friend to sit with him, and left the first thing in the morning, giving up his examination! I put my own construction on his action.

Have I ever heard an explanation? Yes, in fact, several. Old friends of the bishop (he, the Archdeacon and the old butler have all passed to their rest) told me that one bedroom in the Palace had for years been regarded as haunted. Apparently though, it was only on certain nights in each year that manifestations occurred, and no doubt this is what the bishop's relative meant when he said I should not hear the sounds again. Tradition said that some old monk in years gone by neglected to say his offices, and could be heard repeating them in that room once a year—I suppose as a sort of penance. Another story told how a lady visitor woke up in the night and saw by the side of the fireplace in that selfsame room a female in a rocking-chair nursing a baby. Naturally she was very startled, and still more so when, on jumping out of bed, the whole thing—mother, child and chair—vanished!

Fortunately for me I had no idea there was anything uncanny about the room at the time I occupied it, but what *did* take place there, vouched for by three living witnesses, was quite sufficient to make me resolve never to pass a night in that awful room again!

THERE is no end to spirit-life. There are changes, no doubt, but there is no end. I was Jan Steen when I entered into this life: I am still Jan Steen, and will be for ever—so far as I can see. You may be sure you will be yourself, and not someone else, in the life of the spirit. You will never lose your individuality.—"Hafed."

Mrs. M. H. WALLIS completes her fifty years of public work on Sunday next, October 1st. It is hoped that her many friends will avail themselves of the opportunity of meeting Mrs. Wallis on that day, when she will deliver an address at the Eolian Hall, New Bond-street, London, at 6.30 p.m., under the auspices of the Marylebone Spiritualist Association.

LIGHT,

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"BY ANY OTHER NAME."

Some time ago we saw allusions to what was called a "new religion" bearing the name of Immortalism. We took but little notice of the matter, feeling that it was probably some flimsy device designed for sensation-hunters. Besides, we did not like the name. It seemed to belittle a great idea.

But the affair was rather more serious than we supposed, and the "Pall Mall and Globe" of September 18th furnishes some interesting particulars. It seems that the "new religion" is the invention—we use the term in the classical sense—of Dr. Samuel Fallows, Reformed Episcopal Bishop of Chicago, who, in speaking of it to a newspaper man, summed it up as "Spiritualism with the Fake Left Out." There is something pithy and pungent about that description. And here let us quote from the account given:—

Bishop Fallows says that the first principle of Immortalism is that the human spirit survives the bodily death and retains its personality. Before long it will be common to receive messages from the world of spirits.

"Have you ever seen a spirit yourself?" the Bishop was asked.

"No, I never have," he answered frankly, "but members of my own congregation in Chicago—persons whose word I cannot doubt—have told me of messages they have received from loved ones who have gone before.

We read that the Bishop was at first sceptical, even when one of his best friends told him of a message which he had received from a long-deceased brother. Why, this was Spiritualism, that rank heresy, and the Bishop tried to discourage his friend. To-day the Bishop realises that he made a great mistake. "Had I listened to him I should undoubtedly have come into possession of information which would have been of incalculable value."

Perhaps—perhaps not! We are strong believers in times and seasons. There are some revelations which are useless and even mischievous to a man until he is ripe for them. But, however that may be, the revelation came to the Bishop in the fulness of time, and now he admits his belief in "the visibility of spirits to material beings, and that spirits may talk with and influence a material mind." There are "well-authenticated cases on record" of important actions of noted men being influenced by some supernatural communication.

Of course there are. The Bible, which has doubtless come under the attention of the Bishop, is full of such instances, to say nothing of the lore and literature of all the ages. We can take up a score of volumes in our own little library and read the testimony to a spirit world of great writers who lived long before Modern Spiritualism was ever heard of. It was the life and soul of early Christianity.

And now let us quote again from the remarks of the Bishop:—

"These were men who were not believers in Spiritualism nor acquainted with the devices of mediums. Their standing in the world does not permit their statements to be ques-

tioned. Their experiences plainly indicate that Immortalism has a founding in fact.

"Telepathy is an established fact, and it is closely allied to Immortalism. In recent years great strides have been made in the explanation of psychic phenomena, and in years to come the science of communicating with the departed will be made a part of the curriculum of great educational institutions.

"As its study becomes systematised and more widespread greater advances will be made, and some day we shall talk with the spirits as we now converse with our friends in the flesh."

Generally we are in cordial agreement with the Bishop. We might object, in reference to the last quoted remark, that the two states of being—the earth and spirit life—seem designed by universal laws to be kept distinct, so that the life of one shall not invade the other to the confusion of the respective orders of existence. A marked separateness is clearly ordained, a fact which has apparently not yet dawned on the minds of some over-enthusiastic Spiritualists.

The Bishop's remarks are interesting and significant. We will not say they are a little belated, for we believe, as we have said, in "times and seasons," and are suspicious of precocious and premature growths. This is a great thing—this later revelation—and it is well that it shall come "slowly to its stature and its form."

But it is not new and it is not a religion. Nor is it at all disguised by the name Immortalism. But that does not matter in the least for all practical purposes. A name, except in a very deep mystical sense, is of very little moment. It is, as Byron said, at once a "Glory" and a "Nothing." If the whole civilised world rose up and accepted the fundamental idea of Spiritualism under some other name—Immortalism, for example—we should raise no objection. But it will not, for the time is not yet. Meanwhile our compliments to the Bishop.

THAT WHICH REMAINS.

He whom I love is dead; and nought remains
But wooden cross inscribed by alien hand
With date and name. He lies where those he loved
Can never tend his grave . . . in foreign land.
And nought remains.

His life was such that all who strive might envy.
He died, as many died, to save a soul.
In dying, he epitomised his service;
Proclaimed his fealty; localised his goal.
Yet nought remains.

Stay. Is it nought? Does soul and body still so
Close unite that soul becometh dust?
The soul I knew was spirit; more, 'twas love.
Love is divine. So we believe it must
Be strong as death.

"Fear not, my child, for many, many waters
Have failed to quench this attribute of God.
Possessing love, thou canst not fear the future;
Arise, and lift thy gaze athwart the flood.
'Tis Death should fear. He meets a dauntless rival
Who claims a kingdom, falsely held too long.
Let faith and hope becalm thy troubled spirit
And sing, in very gladness, life's song.
For, what is death? An opening of the portals.
By God's Own Hand, enabling men to see
That hopes shall be fulfilled in greatest measure;
That Truth does set the suffering spirit free.
For where Love is, is God. However lowly,
However poor that love, yet it constrains.
Then bow thine head in thankfulness for knowledge
That all remains."

MARY E. MONTREIL.

EVERYTHING is considered here, even the things which seem so casual and transitory in the earth life. They are all registered and viewed in their relation to one another, all the seemingly casual talks or chance meetings, a book read, a hand shaken in the street for the first time and never again, a few friends meeting, in the same way, at a mutual friend's house and never meeting again—everything, and every item, is registered, considered, coordinated and used when, and if, occasion offers. Be, therefore, not remiss to weigh well all you do, and every word you say, not in anxiety, but rather by cultivating a habit of will to do good always and everywhere to radiate kindness of heart—Vale Owen Script.

THE OBSERVATORY.

LIGHT ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

That well known Church of England weekly journal, "The Guardian," could not resist giving an expression of opinion on "The Coming of the Fairies." In the last week's issue of that paper its critic says:—

"If the pretty creatures in the photographs had been entirely different from all the familiar pictures, credence would at least have been a trifle easier."

Of course it would have been so much easier to believe in the photographs of the Cottingley Fairies if the little creatures had been quite unlike fairies. How stupid of us all not to have realised this before! The very fact that the fairy pictures are like fairies must now be accepted as proof that they are not. Perhaps the critic will tell us what fairies should be like when they are not, or rather, when is a fairy not a fairy?

The exhibition of psychic photography, promoted by Mr. George Garscadden, and being held just now in the McLellan Galleries, Glasgow, is attracting considerable notice in the Scottish Press and interesting large crowds of the public. It is to be hoped that the promoter may be able to make arrangements to tour such a valuable collection of psychic photographs, and hold exhibitions in other big centres.

The "New York Globe" publishes the following story relating to psychic photography:—

Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, chief investigator of the Psychical Research Society, recently identified a ghostly face appearing on an ordinary flashlight photograph as that of the late Professor James E. Hyslop, of Columbia, the founder and for many years president of the Psychical Research Society. In the photograph, taken Monday, August 14th, 1922, at a meeting of twelve physicians and writers interested in spirit phenomena, in the home of Dr. Edward F. Bowers, 255, West End Avenue, a trained nurse, Miss Marie Haviland, of 1603, Gravesend Avenue, Brooklyn, is shown lying on a couch, surrounded by those who took part in the experiment. Major Carl M. Ramus, a physician at Ellis Island, is shown in the group. In the upper left hand corner of the photograph appears the faint outline of a face. This Dr. Prince at once declared was Dr. Hyslop. "I cannot positively affirm this to be a material manifestation of Dr. Hyslop without full investigation, which I intend to make," said Dr. Prince, "but this photograph bears a striking resemblance to him. It is the kind of picture which a spirit should make, and if it is a fake, it is a most adroit one."

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D., of whom we are glad to hear such favourable news of his return to health after his recent serious illness, writing in "John Bull," in its issue dated September 23rd, on the question, "Is Man Immortal?" says:—

It has been proved that the mind can act at a distance from the body in certain abnormal conditions. Telepathy, clairvoyance, clairaudience, and the like, are demonstrated facts. They have been called the mind's wireless, which, of course, might have a purely physical basis. But there is one important difference. Distance does not lessen the power of their operation in the slightest degree. A sailor boy drowning in the South Pacific has made himself both seen and heard at that very instant by his mother in Scotland. There are thousands of such cases well authenticated. They do not prove the immortality of the soul, but they do prove that man is more than his physical body. The greatest evidence for the existence of the soul and its superiority to all earthly conditions is of a kind that physiology cannot touch. It is the witness of the highest religious experience, and it is always the same. This is a most impressive fact of which science will have to take account. It is the saints and mystics who are the best authorities concerning eternal life.

The "Daily Express" and the "Sunday Express" have, during last week-end, given considerable space to reports on mysterious knockings heard by the dwellers in a cottage at the village of Stanley, near Crook (Co. Durham). The report on Monday last states:—

Three Spiritualists swear to me that a white woman with blazing eyes, unbound hair and the left sleeve of her blouse torn to shreds has twice beckoned to them at midnight in the ghost house at Stanley. Tales more gruesome and considerably bloodthirsty are current here about the lonely cottage in this mining village, from which mysterious rappings have driven two families. Both the Hutchinsons and Wilkinsons state that before they fled this knocking kept them awake all night. It shook pictures and beds, and once the notes of the piano were touched by an invisible hand. Worse than the knocking was the terrible feeling of indescribable evil. The result of these stories has been to make the house the talk for

a radius of twenty miles. Charabancs bring loads of sightseers. Last week five hundred waited outside till 3 a.m., kept back by eight policemen. During the holding of the séance not one of the 12,000 hefty miners in the neighbouring town of Crook would spend the night there. Shifts going to work in the small hours hurry past in terror. . . . Among the Spiritualists who have sworn to exorcise the ghost are a mother and daughter who live at Crook. The daughter is famous locally as a medium. "We have found," she told me, "that fifty years ago the cottages were built on the site of a public-house and cow sheds, and a strange death occurred there. Whether it was a murder or a gun accident we cannot say at present, but twice a terrible woman, with a white face, flowing hair, and torn clothes, has come downstairs and stood beckoning. There were other ghosts about which I would rather say nothing except that we have seen re-enacted parts of a tragedy which we think was one that took place years ago." "What is the Spiritualists' theory of this haunting?" I asked. "A ghost with a something to confess," she replied. "It will not have peace till the secret is revealed. Our séance was a great success. I never felt such a black atmosphere in my life. Already, as we learn things, the atmosphere is less evil, and I have no doubt that in two weeks' time we shall have learned all, and that the bad influences will depart for ever, making the house fit for human habitation."

In the "Pall Mall Gazette" for September 20th last, a story is related by Dr. J. A. Harker, F.R.S., who made a sensational speech at the recent meeting of the British Association at Hull, which shows how Sir Oliver Lodge anticipated Signor Marconi in the invention of the transmission of wireless signals. Dr. Harker said:—

"I remember the British Association meeting in Liverpool in 1896. At the end of the meeting on the last morning Sir William Preece, who was then chief electrician to the Post Office, had been describing in the course of a debate on transmission of wireless signals, the fact that a young Italian had come a few months previously to his laboratory at the Post Office, and had succeeded in showing what then was an extremely novel thing, that wireless signals could be transmitted over a distance of about a mile. That young man was Marconi. After the morning's work was done I was clearing away my apparatus in the preparation room attached to the Physical Lecture Theatre, where the meeting was held, and was having a word with Sir Oliver Lodge. As we were talking, Lord Kelvin came in—came up to Sir Oliver just like a schoolboy let out of school. For the programme was over, and he felt, like the rest of us, that we had done our work. He said: 'Let's see, Lodge, weren't you on with something of this sort, with Hertzian waves?' 'Yes,' said Sir Oliver, 'and under the circumstances I'm sorry that I didn't show this experiment myself. I have been so busy as General Secretary of the Association that I haven't had time to do what I had planned to do during this meeting. I have been telegraphing by wireless signals between my house and this laboratory, and I intended to have had the installation fixed up to demonstrate to the members of this section.' Kelvin asked with enthusiasm: 'How far is it to your house? How far have you succeeded in getting good signals?' 'Oh, about two miles,' said Sir Oliver. 'I shall never forget the reply of Lord Kelvin. He said: 'That's right, Lodge. If Mr. Marconi can go a mile, surely you can go two miles!'"

The third instalment in "Lloyd's" last Sunday of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's adventures in the United States during his recent lecture tour proves more interesting than ever. The series is attracting great attention, and in his story this week he makes a reference to the Thompson séance, on which a good deal has been written in the Press of America in consequence of subsequent arrest and conviction of the medium for fraud. Referring to his meeting with these persons Sir Arthur wrote:—

Both my wife and I, together with two friends whom I took to the Thompson séance (one of them Mr. Stefansson, the famous Arctic explorer), were of opinion that the proceedings were very suspicious, and we came away deeply dissatisfied, for there were no test conditions, and no way of checking such manifestations as we saw. Some days afterwards these two so-called mediums were seized by the New York police in open fraud. I do not think that any punishment could be too severe for rogues of this kind. The old saying that the unforgivable sin was the sin against the Holy Ghost seems to me to apply exactly. I trust that the American Spiritualists will not condone or try to cover up such scandals. The rotten twigs must come off. When the man was doing the direct voice I put my hand on his larynx, and could say with confidence that it was working, and that beyond all doubt the voice was coming from himself. I am so distrustful of direct voice phenomena, and so convinced that the natural voice can be projected without apparent movement, that I should never be impressed by the mere voice alone, but only by the information which it conveyed.

LIKE TO LIKE.

A SYMPOSIUM.

BY STANLEY DE BRATH.

[In the following sketch Mr. Stanley De Brath resumes a series which he contributed to LIGHT a year or two ago, the characters in each symposium being the same.]

There is one thing that perplexes me greatly, said the Chaplain, and I do not see that Spiritualism has any solution. It is this: so many men are what they are by mere force of circumstance and up-bringing; they could not be otherwise. There is no hard-and-fast line between the good and the bad. Once men thought that "the bad" would be cast into a lake of fire. Then Dante extended the imagery of the mediæval hell; but his version revolts us as much as the other; and Aquinas' plea revolts us even more.* Dante makes some attempt to fit the punishment to the crime, but it is just as revolting to plunge the violent into the Stygian marsh; the sullen and the proud into boiling slime; the fraudulent, the panderers and the seducers immersed to the mouth in the loathsome filth of Malebolge, as to throw them all into flame. An eternal penalty for a few brief years of crime!

SOLDIER: Shakespeare is a truer poet:

"I am thy father's spirit
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night;
And for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burned and purged away."

CHAPLAIN: Shakespeare is just re-phrasing "Purgatory," before it was condemned by Article XXII.

S. Well then, here is another quotation:—

"Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud—
Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!"

C. I can quote a better one, from the Bible. Do you remember Isaiah's description of the descent of the King of Babylon to Hades?

"Sheol is moved to meet thee at thy coming; it stirreth up the dead for thee, and they shall say unto thee, Art thou become weak as we? How art thou cut down, thou that didst weaken the nations! How art thou fallen from heaven, O day-star, son of the morning! All that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms!"

PHYSICIAN: Dreams, poetic dreams, all of them.

S. But dreams have much resemblance to what modern communications tell us.

C. They are no answer to the question. Why should any be punished for what he could not help?

WRITER: Dreams! Ah, no one really knows anything about them, especially poets' dreams. At one extreme are those that are obviously woven from the threads of daily consciousness, and such are palpably meaningless; but at the other are those that are real revelations.

C. Are dreams that are real revelations ever given nowadays?

W. I do not know why they should not be. Spiritual law must be as constant as physical law.

C. But have you ever known an instance?

W. I will tell you one as it was told to me by one who was convinced of its truth. I cannot give names, for it was one of those confidences that it would be treachery to reveal; but the man who told it me was by no means a visionary; and his dream, if dream it were, impressed me by his accents of conviction, as well as by its consistency. His wife was an automatic writer, and through her he had, conversations with his "guide," who certainly was to him as much a real person as Stainton Moses' guide "Imperator." He showed me some of these writings, and certainly there was much in them that could hardly be referred to subconscious knowledge on the wife's part. For instance, on one occasion the writing instructed him to look in a box of papers long since put away, for certain letters that had assumed unlooked-for importance. He was quite sure that the wife did not know of their existence, he had family

reasons for keeping them from her; but their position among other papers was quite correctly described.

P. That was thought-transference from his subconsciousness.

W. Perhaps, though there is no evidence that it was.

S. More probably as Swedenborg's case, when he told the widow where the goldsmith's receipt would be found.

W. Yes, more like that. He was entirely convinced that he was in communication with an unseen personality, and the rest of his story looks like it if you admit (on other grounds) that such unseen personalities exist. He was, he told me, in great perplexity on just the same question that the Chaplain has stated, and his guide promised to enlighten him if he would wait. Some days later he was alone in his library, no other person being in the house. He fell, he said, into a kind of doze between sleeping and waking, in which his surroundings seemed to vanish. I will give the rest in his own words, as well as I can remember them:—

"I heard a voice speaking as it were internally to myself. It said, I cannot show you actualities, and you must remember that all you are about to see is only a representation, but it is a representation of real states of mind.

"There opened before my vision a scene. I was in the midst of a drifting cloud of souls, men and women much as they were in earth-life. My guide told me to watch and observe, but not to question them; he said, 'You will hear no words, but their thought will be open to you; I have quickened your soul-senses.'

"One of these spirits paused before me, a man looking the picture of dejection and despair. Lies, all lies, he seemed to be saying: there is no truth, there is no God. What have I done to be in this hateful place? I was no worse than others. I did as others did. If I sought to push my interests, did not all others do the same? How could a man get on if he were always thinking how his acts may influence others? Every man for himself was the rule of the world and the weakest to the wall. Here there is nothing, no work, no pleasure, nothing but these wretches each absorbed in himself—aimless life and aimless death. I used to think that death ends all. Even the Bible said so—"The dead know not anything; there is no work nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave." But that is a lie too; I can't die and I can't forget. Lies, lies, all lies. And he drifted away. Who is he? I asked.

My guide replied, He is a man who shut his eyes to all he did not want to see. He expected to have all his thinking done for him, but rejected everything that was not to his taste: he lived for ease, for position, for riches, and success. He got all his wealth out of others, and used every trick of sophistry to justify his acts. He made use of his fellow men and women just so long as they could serve his ends, and then cast them off. Now he has lost the power of seeing truth.

For ever? I asked.

No, not for ever, said my guide, but till he can cease to think of himself alone.

How long will that be?

There is no time here; he stays as he is till he ceases to repel those who try to help him. He might change at once if he would. Sooner or later he will listen to one whom he has deeply wronged, and then he will begin to change.

Another passed holding his hands to his ears. Around him was a cluster of faces full of hatred. They seemed to shriek at him; their remembrance of desolated homes, of fatherless children, of misery and poverty leading to a seemingly endless vista of crime and degradation in some cases; to ruined lives and broken hearts in others; to spreading infection of hatred in all. "It was by superior orders," he seemed to be saying again and again. *Spiritus versenken* was the order; I could not help myself.

I looked an enquiry.

He was the man who sank the "Leyden," and rammed her boats, I was told.

Why is he here? I asked. Has he done so much worse?

He is essentially the same as the other, was the reply; he would do anything whatever for his own advancement. The other would have done the same as this man did, had he been in the same position. They are alike in mind.

But those round him? Why should they be here?

They are but few now; most of those he has injured have forgiven him and are gone higher; these will go when they have come to the same mind. Then he will go too, eased by forgiveness. As yet they are as self-regarding as he is. It is not what they have done, but what they are that keeps them in this state.

A woman drifted up to us. Take me from these wretches, she wailed. They are the lowest of the low. I am a respectable woman; I had a husband and children. Where are they now? Gone, gone. What have I done to be here? And she, too, drifted on.

Surely, I said, this woman has done nothing to deserve such punishment.

There is no punishment, he answered; it is not what she has done, but what she is that puts her here. She lived for herself alone, she made her home ugly with vanity and temper. She neglected her children; she disregarded every duty; she embittered her husband; she lived for her own whims. She continues to excuse herself and she is here by her own choice.

How can that be? I asked. She wants to get away.

* St. Thomas thus explains the feelings of the Saints towards lost souls: "A thing can be a joy in two ways: (1) For itself when one rejoices in the thing (*per se*) as such, and in this way the saints do not rejoice in the sufferings of the wicked. (2) Indirectly (*per accidens*) on account of something else joined to it; thus the saints will rejoice in the sufferings of the wicked, considering in them the order of Divine justice." S. Supp. q. 94. a. 2. (Quoted from "Dante's Divina Commedia, Its Scope and Value," translated from the German of Franz Hettinger, D.D., Professor of Theology at the University of Warzburg, by Henry Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory. Burns & Oates, 1887.)

She can go whenever she ceases merely to wish to get to greater ease, he replied. All these people, when new-born to this life, were met and shown how to redeem their past. The first was asked to help one of the families he had despoiled by his schemes; but he would not, and in this life, where all character is open, he saw pitying contempt wherever he turned. He hated the pleading of those who would have helped him to larger vision. He "only wanted to be let alone," he said; so he drifted to those who do let him alone. The woman is the same; her husband met her and would have given her comfort but that could be given only by changing her outlook, and that she would not have. She, too, wanted to be let alone; and she is alone. She is sick in mind, and will soon be helped.

Terrible! I said. But what has she done? Perhaps she could not help her character. Is not any allowance made?

Every allowance, he said, if we must call it so. It is not the deeds but the motives that determine destiny. The deeds are the result of circumstances, the motives show the character. There are many that you do not see here who have done worse things than cling to these idle selfish lives; but they sinned in ignorance; they were open to pleading; they desired to undo their mistakes; some of them fell through mistaken trust; some by force of circumstance; all that is asked is that one be willing to learn. There is no penalty here other than consequence, and no time as you know it; years mean nothing to them, their time is measured by sensation and change of mental state. Look carefully, you will see the messengers pleading with them, but always repulsed. We here scarcely know the meaning of "guilt" or "merits": we see the actual state, irrespective of what may have caused it; and we blame none, but we know that only by consequences can they ever learn. We see the presence or absence of Love, and therefore of spiritual life. These people are not really alive as we understand life. And I awoke, if it can be called waking for I seemed to be half-conscious the whole time, and every line was graven on my memory.

That was his tale. What do you think of it?

P. Hysteria.

W. You would hardly say that if you knew the man, he is one of the most level-headed of my friends, and very practical. Is hysteria usually so logical?

C. It is very graphic, and if it could be relied on it solves my question. But is it true?

W. You mean—Was it an actuality? Was there really a "guide"? Were there actual spirits there?

C. Yes. Was it not all fancy—an excited brain?

W. I should say that it is an exact parallel to the visions of the Bible prophets. (Turning to the Chaplain): Do you seriously believe that Jeremiah saw an actual seething pot set in the north and an almond branch to show him that there would be an invasion from the north and that its coming would be early in the spring? Do you really believe that Micaiah saw a council in heaven and Jehovah accepting a lying spirit's offer to lure an insignificant king to his death? Do you seriously believe that Ezekiel saw in Babylon, in the sixth year of the Captivity, through a hole in a wall, the actual men and women engaged in the idolatrous Syrian rites at Jerusalem before the siege? Are not all these things symbols according to the mentality of the time; symbols of the actualities?*

C. But these do not claim to be actualities, this does.

W. Those read just as much like actualities as this. I think: and this scarcely claims to be an actuality, it is expressly stated to be a representation. And are we not bound to use our judgment in every case how far the representation is likely to be correct? Are not actualities and symbolism always intertwined?

P. (turning to the Engineer): What do you think about it?

E. I think the guide was a real person because I am quite convinced of real unseen personalities. I think the spirits were pictures impressed on the seer's subconscious faculties, because of the similarity to other visions where actuality is out of the question. But my real ground for belief in the story is that it shows sequence of cause and effect just as in the physical world. That is just where the ecclesiastical presentments fail. "Purgatory" is an arbitrary *ad interim* hypothesis pending an arbitrary final decision. In neither case is there an organic connection by consequence.

P. That is at least reasonable, given that there are "guides."

E. I accept that on the general psychic facts that show directing intelligences.

P. But if your friend had access to the Unseen, why did he not put such questions to them?

W. He did; through a medium who knew nothing of the vision till told of it, and this is the answer he showed me. I brought it with me because I meant to tell this story to-night:—

Q. Is this a true representation? Is the vision one of realities?

A. I think it was a real vision—an object-lesson, and probably destined to be given-out through you. It is mainly true, but often as in the woman's case, ignorance of God's Love keeps her dead in life, and even causes her to be ill,

as it were, in mind; and she is kept and treated, so that when she wakes again she begins really to live.

Q. Have you nothing to add to qualify it but what you have said?

A. No, except that those who come over having believed that death ended all, have, some of them, had it suddenly all revealed, and are very zealous to get to work to prove their sincerity. . . . I have received many who have been freed, or have come to one of us whose business it is to seek, to answer, or to help in some way all who are in distress; and in missing them they relapse as it were in dreams and seem very unhappy.†

P. Those messages may very well have been from the medium's subconsciousness.

W. I do not say it was not, though the form of the message would make it a deception if it were; but even if it were, might not the subconsciousness be guided aright?

P. Yes, but we want proof that it was.

E. Is not the only possible proof firstly from the facts showing discarnate personality; and secondly from the harmony with that conclusion of invariable law which is the great achievement of the physical and natural sciences?

HOSTESS: The wild rose has all the latent potentialities that are developed into garden roses. It seems to me that it is the same with undeveloped mankind. Why should not that development come through guided subconsciousness? We make subconscious interpretations of that which we perceive or seem to perceive objectively. The whole world is to me an objectification of spiritual power; and it means to each of us just as much as intuition can interpret.

P. You have been reading Geley's "From the Unconscious to the Conscious," I perceive. That is his idea of continuous interchange between each.

H. Certainly I have read the book, and I think he has the root of the matter; but surely if the facts have proved to me that there are real faculties of the soul I may draw my own conclusions without being accused of borrowing from anyone. What Geley's book did for me was to clarify my vague ideas.

P. Well; I am afraid I must repeat Brewster's words, "Spirit is the last thing I will give in to."

S. You will think differently some day.

P. Like your Quetta chaplain, eh?

S. He threatened, I don't.

P. (with a laugh). Well, perhaps I shall. "One world at a time!"

C. That may be impossible if in point of fact we belong to both worlds.

† An actual message on this vision (*verbatim*).

"CAROLS OF SPIRITUAL LIFE."—We have received a copy of the second edition of this hymn-collection consisting of 53 numbers compiled by the Literary and Musical Committee of the Marylebone Spiritualist Association, and issued by the Stead Publishing House. The book as now enlarged furnishes a sufficient repertoire for general use, as every item is really useful. All the added tunes, except one, are old favourites and, in their choice, the aim has evidently been to cater for congregational singing. We note the inclusion of Richard Baxter's "He wants not friends that hath thy love" (41), and "Ye holy angels bright" (50), the former being the late Dr. Ellis Powell's favourite hymn, also Bishop Mant's "Bright the vision that delighted" (a special favourite with the Rev. G. Vale Owen), and items by the brothers Longfellow, Whittier, Ellerton, Tutiett, Hosmer, as well as other more recent work of which we think F. T. Read's "Carpenter of Galilee" (30), and Lizzie Lovell's brotherhood carol (29) are both likely to be much in demand. The booklet is nicely printed in clear type of good size and, at the price of sixpence, is now excellent value.

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* Jer. i, 11; I Kings, xxii.; Ezek., viii.

CAMEOS OF SPIRITUAL LIFE.

THE MESSAGES OF ANNE SIMON.

(Continued from page 604.)

FLOWER-LIFE AND SIGNIFICANCE.

Flowers, once more! I stop with them, and begin again to help you to sense their spirit-life here. Their fragrance! it becomes accentuated, glorified, so that one kneels before it as a devotee at the shrine. A rapturous delight here! Not heavy like from swamp-flowers, tainted, maybe, as growing from muddy and unclean waters, but suggestive as I have told you like the wild flowers of early spring-time. So with fragrance there is the exhilaration and that peculiar quality of awakening that one senses in spring-blossoms. Always the radiance of a perpetual youth and happiness and buoyancy, and what the mortal calls hope, that brought new energy and stimulus to do even laborious things, that made the eye look upwards through the green branches filled with singing birds to the great blue of the sky, God's dear Spiritual Eye looking down on mankind. And so flowers and fragrance exist here, and our spiritual eyes see great expanses of these, with colours of delicacy unknown to mortals. For with an increased glory of perception and assimilation comes the spiritual object infinitesimally glorified to be perceived. So even to the mortal this principle holds. If he wills it, the influx is limitless and he will see heaven while yet on earth. And so the flower-world speaks to us through gentle essences and its colour glory. Speaks to us, as we spirits of light converse with each other through emanations. The flower soul! God has given it a high place. They do not die on earth, except to come here again. Some of certain species appear again on the earth-plane with each new springtime. God leaves them for the earth-man. Others seemingly die, but come to us. So tell mortal man to quiver the nostril and drink in the flower-spirit, to open wider the man-eye and admit their tints and delicate grace so they may rest in the human heart, for it prepares them for the glorified flower-life that is here.

AFFILIATION OF SPIRIT-CREATION.

We are spirit-essences, but I wish to draw some finer differences. All who are in the same Mansion are bound to each other in golden love as we are to those of other Mansions, as we are to mortals on the earth-world and to all creatures, yes, of all the worlds of all creation. Not only the man-creatures, but all creation, even the inanimate stones that lie scattered over earth's meadows and that man has sensed as spiritless. One sees God's light in certain stones. Men call them "precious stones." You remember how the gleam and varied colours of precious stones intoxicated me with the beauty-sense? But in the dull and inert rock there is God's love. Yes, say this! They have their communication. Who will say, except mortal man through his yet slumbering sensibilities, that these are lower creations? They are not. They are by man unrecognised in their fineness. The outward apparel which

hides the God-essence is infinite in variety. It is the divine wish that there should be affiliation among all creation, that its members and varieties should work for each other and stimulate in some not understood way.

UNITY THROUGH LOVE.

Nothing is soulless. Even there is animation in inertia. So tell mortals to be kind to the other creations besides man, and to look on them, now I have given the revelation, with interest and awe and wonder. A spiritual essence! So will the entire world be drawn together by the higher links of love and understanding. I am trying to improve the conditions of our more exalted existence on material man, so that earth may reach its highest perfection through love.

"THERE IS NO DARKNESS HERE."

There is no darkness here. I sensed the question. The quality of the light is softness (yes, that is right!) and effulgence, the light of serenity and happiness. The spiritual flower-life and the green are always with us. It is always like the first green of spring-time. There are no snows and piercing winds. There is no darkness nor gloom. These were earth's phenomena that hovered over care and earth troubles. An all-pervading serenity! Our emanations are never hurried, not fluttering, but like a floating bird with quiet wings. The serenity of heaven is never disturbed. Yes, you have written all as it exists.

THE HOUSE OF HEROES.

I hear you asking of the heroes who have fallen in battle. Heaven's serenity has not been disturbed. I have told you of the Many Mansions. The soldier who has given up his earthly life gloriously has gone beautifully to his own, and there is the House of Heroes in this heavenly Realm, the souls of daring, brave and venturesome men, who have helped to win the battles of the world, or who have been overcome in trying to win them. This House of Warriors is so different from our own, that I can scarcely sense it. We rarely ever give our characteristics to them, or at least they seem to need these just so very little; but they will grow to our appreciation. On some soil our little seeds do not thrive so well, and yet, they have glorious, noble, big traits—these heroes. It is the man-power. We are more towards the sensitive type, feminine, the earth-word. And yet this element of the soldier-soul is with us also, the soul of idealism that has grasped the sword and fallen in battle. Their sword had always the glint of gold through it. I speak in the language of spirits, though with your earth words.

Such fighting souls, too, are in many other Mansions, where they would have gone had they "passed over" under more normal conditions. So each Mansion will have its soldier-souls. But the warrior, the hero type, the patriot-heart whose sword flashed under spirit-vitality, inspired, and with the virility of genius, such a one will go to the Mansion of the Heroes.

Every soldier who falls in battle is not a hero. His attitude of approach would decide.

(To be continued.)

GLIMPSSES OF THE UNSEEN.

SIR WILLIAM BARRETT AT BREDDON'S NORTON.

Under the title "The History and Mystery of the Divining Rod and other Glimpses of the Unseen," Sir William Barrett, F.R.S., gave a deeply interesting lecture on Wednesday, the 16th inst., in the Old Tithe Barn, Breddon's Norton, the scene of so many interesting gatherings. The large audience listened with absorbed interest to the lecture, illustrated by lantern slides, on these subjects, which Sir William Barrett has made so peculiarly his own. He began by stating that in old times, every unusual event, such as earthquakes, eclipses, meteoric stones, etc., were thought to be supernatural. But nothing perceived by our senses is really supernatural—all life is governed by the laws of nature, though we do not understand them all yet, and simply because a thing is extraordinary, or inexplicable (at present) we have no right to reject such events as either impossible or diabolical. Our daily lives are in fact daily miracles and only the ignorant will deride the miraculous—that is the marvellous or the supernormal.

Within ourselves we each have a second self, ruling our involuntary actions, with powers transcending our normal conscious self. This hidden life is revealed by unconscious muscular action—such as blushing, the beating of the heart and by such mysteries as the so-called divining rod, automatic writing, etc. The divining rod or forked twig, first used in finding metals is spoken of as far back as 1520, from the 17th century onwards, it has been used in finding water or "dowsing." The twig—usually a forked hazel twig is only of value as revealing the effect of hidden water upon the dowsing or water finder. Sir William Barrett mentioned various places where well sinkers and geologists had failed to find water, but where it had been successfully located by dowsers—showing illustrations in several cases. Though a complete explanation of this mysterious gift may be difficult, it undoubtedly is an instinct, like the homing of pigeons and the intrusion of reason or conscious

volition is fatal. Some supernormal perceptive or sensory power is given to some and is thus manifested.

Similar supernormal power is illustrated when ideas, drawings, words, etc., thought of by one person, are drawn or written down by another person—called the percipient—who is often in quite a different country. Illustrations of this faculty were given by the lecturer and photographs shown on the screen. A still more singular power is given to some people who draw unseen objects or faces, sometimes in the dark, persons otherwise quite unable to draw at all. Pictures of some of these drawings made by the late Mrs. Shaw and Lady Darley, were shown.

All these faculties belong to our supernormal self, which corresponds to the unseen actinic rays of the sun, for the visible rays of the sun are but a small part of the energy it sends out. In like manner our conscious self is but a small part of our whole self. To our subliminal self and our supraliminal self the source of these transcendental powers forms a large part of our personality. It is to investigate and to record these powers that the Society for Psychical Research was founded some forty-five years ago by the lecturer together with the late Mr. F. W. H. Myers, Professor H. Sidgwick, and Mr. Dawson Rogers, the S.P.R., as it is usually called, has proved that mind can act upon mind without the intervention of a material brain, and has thus destroyed the very foundation of materialism. Its work should therefore be welcomed by religious teachers. In the past many have shown hostility to it, but the value of its work is being more and more recognised. Spiritualism is not, and should not be made into a religion, but it is a valuable handmaid to faith and has brought comfort and hope to many a sorrowing soul. A corner, but only a corner, of the veil hiding the life beyond this world has been lifted. Just as the sun reveals the beauties of the earth, but hides the wonders of the vast firmament of heaven—so our senses reveal to us the wonders of this world, but conceal from us the great spiritual world; though as Milton truly said: "Millions of spiritual beings do walk this earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."—The Worcester-shire Standard.

"FACTS AND THE FUTURE LIFE."

By THE REV. ELLIS G. ROBERTS, M.A. (OXON.).

The publication of Mr. Vale Owen's unpretentious volume* meets one of the most pressing needs of the religious world at the moment. Nothing can be more painfully evident than that the churches have almost completely lost their hold on the "wayfaring man"—the man and woman who, handicapped by ignorance and beset by cruel doubt, are stretching out lame hands for help along the steep and thorny path that may lead them out of the City of Destruction. What have the theologians to offer them? For month after month I have been following a correspondence in the great Evangelical organ, the "Record." It would seem that, in the opinion of most of the writers, religion itself must stand or fall by the authenticity of Psalm 110. And according to bigots of another school the salvation of countless thousands of souls must turn on the question whether or not a certain bishop was duly ordained by episcopal hands. Is it marvellous that, according to one of the most able scholars among modern Churchmen, thoughtful men have ceased to be interested, not simply in the churches, but in religion itself?

Mr. Vale Owen is in a high and real sense "a man of the people." He has lived year after year among the toilers, those who rise up so early, and so late take rest, those who work at dull mechanical occupations week in week out from one end of life to another, those to whom the Christ Himself referred as His "little ones." To such as these the Future Life is no matter for academic conjecture, no sport for the unvarnished self-advertising conjurer: it is in literal sense a matter of Life or Death. Mr. Owen understands such people as the academic can never do; he has shared their lives and stood by their dying beds. He loves them and they love him; they loved him for his faithful service in days long past; most of all they love him now, because he has brought right home to their hearts and minds the message of Him, Who, when He had overcome the sharpness of Death did open the kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

It must not, however, be supposed that Mr. Owen's book is suited only for the comparatively uneducated. It is, for one thing, a handy little book of reference, containing brief but very lucid descriptions of the varied classes of Spiritualistic phenomena. Those of us who have regarded Mr. Owen as a mystic dwelling in some sphere too lofty for our personal habitation will be agreeably surprised to find that the seer is a man of sound common-sense and possessed of quite a pretty turn of humour. As a student of Scripture, he has the same invaluable gifts as the late Dr. Powell, and the Rev. C. L. Tweedale; he is their worthy fellow-labourer in a mine of inexhaustible wealth. Even the older students of LIGHT will find in this book much to repay their study. I have turned to it myself from the perusal of Dr. Geley's "From the Unconscious to the Conscious." To these the most valuable portion will be the personal experiences of the author, who, time after time, brings in some first-hand evidence not hitherto familiar even to those whose reading has been both extensive and varied. But what has impressed my individual self most deeply as I read the book is the tremendous necessity for the message it contains. Read the unspeakably touching letter on p. 35 of the volume: it is typical of many others which Mr. Owen has received. "The only excuse I can make for troubling you is a broken heart . . . of your godness, if you can, help me."

Many and many a pain-wracked soul has been kneeling at the feet of the churches, as did the poor father in Bible story at the feet of the Christ. Their cry has been like his, "If thou canst do anything at all . . . help me." And alas, over and over again the suppliant has been sent empty away; he asked for bread and the churches offer him a stone.

There is no longer any excuse for the ignorance and the resulting impotence of the churches. This little volume will place the truth within the reach of thousands and thousands of those who ask for facts, not theories, on which to base the conduct of their lives. If the hierarchies continue to disdain the new knowledge that is come to the rescue of the time-worn faith, then the doom of these hierarchies cannot be far away. Mr. Vale Owen is probably now the best-known man in the ranks of the far-spread Anglican Church; how indeed could it be otherwise for he has his message for us all, "high and low, rich and poor, one with another." And as he goes out from long familiar scenes, guided no doubt by the Unseen Hand, like the patriarch of old, yet, like him, "not knowing whither he goes," may God speed him on his way!

In the stage of life immediately following earth experience there is a longer or shorter period of darkness and unconsciousness, but as soon as an individual is awakened he perceives the new conditions surrounding him and faces his past and realises that his conscious life is in its infancy.—"Messages from Melson."

*"Facts and the Future Life," by the Rev. G. Vale Owen. Hutchinson and Co. (4s. 6d. net.)

A PRETTY HARVEST FESTIVAL.

A large congregation attended the harvest festival held at St. John's Spiritual Mission, Woodberry-grove, North Finchley, London, on Sunday evening last. The church was beautifully decorated, and the gifts of fruit, flowers and vegetables, and all manner of products of harvest time, given by members of the congregation as tributes of thanksgiving, made a wonderful display round and about the altar. Mr. H. W. Engholm conducted the service and gave the address, which he based on the text from St. Luke 12: "But God said unto him, thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." In the course of his remarks Mr. Engholm reminded the congregation that there were two harvests always to be considered. One produced by



Man, in the course of his work in the spiritual fields of labour here, and he should endeavour to improve every hour the quality of the harvest of deeds and words he had to offer God. The other harvest was God's. The spheres of light were His garner. The harvest He gathered in was that of peace, love and purity. What is man doing now to add his quota to such a harvest? During the course of the service a chapter was read from the Vale Owen Script, volume one, which refers to harvest festivals beyond the veil. The choir rendered the harvest anthem in a beautiful and finished manner. After the service the harvest gifts were distributed by members of the Church Council to the poor of the district.

NOW READY.

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RAYS AND REFLECTIONS.

More than once LIGHT has referred to Sir Oliver Lodge as the pioneer of wireless telegraphy, a remark which seemed to provoke doubt in some quarters. I am glad the point is now settled by a statement made by Dr. J. A. Harker at the British Association the other day, from which it is clear that at the time Mr. Marconi first visited Sir William Preece, who was then chief electrician at the Post Office, to speak of his discovery that wireless signals could be transmitted, Sir Oliver was making his own investigations into the subject. He had indeed telegraphed by wire over a distance of two miles, twice the distance that Marconi had found possible. But he had been too busy to give demonstrations so that he lost the chance of being first in the field.

The opposition to psychic phenomena is not only bitter but may also be described as stout, as witness the statement of M. Paul Heuze so ably satirised by Mr. G. E. Wright last week. If M. Heuze really believes that ectoplasm is simply the froth from a bottle of stout, by what right does he class other persons as credulous? The episode lends point to an old argument of my own, that it is sometimes better to let our critics have plenty of rope, for when they are allowed to proceed unchecked they usually reach at last some conclusion so idiotic that it covers them with ridicule, to say nothing of the newspapers in which their lucubrations are permitted to appear.

I met some time ago a man who at times appears as a rancorous opponent of Spiritualism, usually under some kind of disguise. He lamented that for many years he had investigated the subject with a view to solving his doubts as to what would become of him at death; but always he was disappointed. He had heard the evidence of those who had experimented and who had gained proof. Why was it denied to him? He was quite lachrymose about it. Evidently these others had been deluded. The more he thought of it the more he was convinced that the whole business was delusion and imposture; and yet if all the Spiritualists said were true, there must be something in Spiritualism.

I did not say all I thought about his position. But it seemed to me that there was a great deal of vacillation in the nature and something of that interior feebleness which continually baffles its victim in his pursuit of anything whatever. If a man really believes that any subject he pursues is a delusion, let him shun it manfully and betake himself to something more profitable. How much more dignified is the position of the man who stands firm and forthright on one side or the other, than that of the mere dangler in the camp of each party alternately—pitifully unable to make up his mind under which flag he will serve.

D. G.

MRS. JENNIE WALKER: THE INTERMENT.

Manor Park Spiritualist Church, and Wood Grange Cemetery, Manor Park, were on Wednesday, 20th inst., scenes of inspiring services, conducted by Mr. Frank T. Blake, Bournemouth, on the occasion of the interment of Mrs. Jennie Walker. Favoured by splendid summer weather, large numbers of Spiritualists, and some others, assembled. The floral tributes were very many and beautiful, the atmosphere delightful, and the addresses of Mr. Blake, the invocation by Mr. Maurice Barbanell, the sympathetic singing, both in church and cemetery, together with the striking committal with flowers instead of earth, all made a strong impression on all present. After the service many invited guests met again in the church, the guests of Mr. Walker's brother, at a simple tea meal. Numerous churches were represented—some by official delegates—as London Central (Mr. Barbanell and Miss Thomas), North London S. A. (Mr. Ellis and Mr. Pulham), Dalby Hall, Liverpool (Mrs. Wells), and others by many individual members.

The wreaths were particularly numerous and lovely, again churches as well as individuals being represented, amongst the former being London Central, N.L.S.A., Marylebone, Manor Park, Little Ilford, Bournemouth, and Dalby Hall, Liverpool. The personal floral tributes were too numerous to be given in detail.

It may be added that Mrs. Walker's fatal illness was of fully two years' duration; its origin and nature so obscure that many specialists of many sorts, entirely failed to diagnose it till within five weeks of the end. The outstanding disease proved to be that of Tuberculous caries of the spine, one which hardly ever attacks people of age, and before it was discovered its deadly work was fully done. There never was any "nervous breakdown," and the illness was in no way traceable to Mrs. Walker's erstwhile strenuous psychic work.

I BELIEVE that old people grow younger here until they reach their prime again, and that then they may hold that for a long time.—"Letters from a Living Dead Man."

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.

NOTE.

Will intending enquirers study this page in order to see that any question they propose to send has not already been answered. We are always glad of comments or of information that may usefully supplement the answers given.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

H. H. (Godalming).—We have read and heard much concerning the nature of prayer and many theories regarding it. But we do not feel any great interest in the academics of the subject, seeing that as with all other questions of a metaphysical kind there are many different views, some of them quite irreconcilable. Experiences concerning prayer and answers to prayer vary endlessly. Our own view is that the supreme factor is Faith. George Müller supported his orphanage by faith and prayer, and sometimes the aid he received came as by miracle. We believe but for his splendid faith his prayers would have availed but little. Again, there is the quality of unselfishness in prayer. Most of the answered prayers are those offered for the welfare of others. We quite agree with you that printed prayers tend to degenerate into mere empty forms, as mechanical as the Thibetan praying wheel, and the supplication which affirms that "there is no health in us" is not very helpful. We prefer the study of prayer on its practical side rather than on the side of theory. Answered prayers are many. They seem, as we have already said, to prevail by reason of the faith and devotion of those who pray.

EVIL SPIRITS AND THEIR POWERS.

CYMRU.—Perhaps you will be able to understand our position better when we say, as we have said so many times before, that although we admit the existence of evil agencies, that is to say, misdirected or undeveloped spirits, we do not regard them as any more to be feared than the men and women of similar nature whom we meet daily in this world. Therefore we do not accept the lurid stories we sometimes hear of banded hosts of devils who threaten the existence of the human race. We cannot reconcile such things with the existence of Supreme Intelligence, and positively refuse to accept these extravagant ideas of the powers of diabolism in warring against the Omnipotent Good. In our experience the evil-disposed discarnate spirit exists just in the same way as the evil-disposed spirit in the flesh, able to do certain mischief but by no means unchecked by the eternal laws. There are definite limits to the powers of mischief inherent in humanity—either on this side or the other. In any case, frantic fear is foolish. We should keep our heads and go fearlessly (but not blindly) in our researches into the Unseen.

METHODS OF COMMUNICATION.

STUDENT.—We are certainly of opinion that inspiration and impression are more natural modes of communication from spirit realms than the physical methods. Indeed, it seems self-evident, for clearly the communication along interior lines is more in accordance with spiritual laws. But we do not on that account deprecate the ordinary practice, for we must take the means nearest to hand and only the few are sufficiently sensitive to respond to the more delicate signals. None the less it would be wise for all to "reach up," and try to develop a receptive attitude, so as to gain impressions and those "inner counsels" which are available for all who seek the highest forms of guidance. All the more external forms of communication tend in this direction when they are followed by those desirous to progress. Your comment on the term "spiritual" reminds us that it is one that escapes all definition. It represents an ideal rather than an idea, but we must perforce use it as it has become an accepted term usually as implying something higher than the meaning which we attach to the term "material."

CRYSTAL GAZING.

H. McL.—The crystal has, as you say, rather a bad name, owing to its association with fortune telling. But it seems to be an aid to clairvoyance in some cases, and has some very respectable names associated with it. The late Mr. Andrew Lang, who was much interested in the subject, gave the following directions for the use of the crystal: "It is best to go alone into a room, sit down with the back to the light, place the ball on the lap, at a just focus, on a dark dress or dark piece of cloth; try to exclude reflections, think of anything you please, and stare for, say, five minutes at the ball. If after two or three trials you see nothing in the ball . . . you will probably never succeed." This period of probation is probably too short, for in some persons who practise "scrying," as it is called, the power is often absent for weeks together. Miss Goodrich Freer (Mrs. Hans Spoer), who has written on the subject, once gave the following instructions on the use of the crystal: "Look carefully at some part of the room in front of you, avoiding anything likely to be reflected in the ball. Shut your eyes, and try to visualise something; then try if you can see it in the crystal. If you have any gift of visualisation at all this ought to be acquired with ease after half-a-dozen experiments. When you can do this you may go on to visualise, with closed eyes, some scene that you have lately witnessed—and this, too, can be transferred to the crystal." Such visions as may come are not always referable to spiritual sources, but may simply represent the "weavings of the sub-conscious mind." Consequently it is well to proceed with care and discretion, remembering that where the visualising faculty is absent the crystal is useless.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. M. WILSON.—We are using the examples you kindly send us. They are better described as "Messages from the Living." The verses are noteworthy, but their original source seems to be doubtful.

E. P. G.—The quotation is a little mixed as you give it. It should run, we believe, as follows: "Acquam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem." It is a "tag" from Horace conveying the admonition to preserve an equal (or even) mind amid difficulties, and that, of course, is a difficulty in itself!

SUNDAY'S SOCIETY MEETINGS.

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 8d. for every additional line.

Lewisham.—Limes Hall, Limes Grove.—Sunday, Oct. 1st, 11.15, Mr. Cowlam; 2.45, Lyceum; 6.30, Mr. T. Austin. Croydon.—Harewood Hall, 96, High-street.—Oct. 1st, 11 and 6.30, Mr. Percy Scholey.

Brighton.—Athenum Hall.—Oct. 1st, 11.15 and 7, Mr. T. W. Ella; 3, Lyceum. Monday, 8, healing. Wednesday, 8.15, Mr. Cager.

Church of the Spirit, Camberwell.—The Guardian Offices, Havil-street, Camberwell Town Hall.—Oct. 1st, 11, Mrs. Finch; 6.30, Miss Violet Burton.

Holloway.—Gravedale Hall, Gravedale-road (near Highgate tube station).—Saturday, 7.30, whist drive in aid of building fund. Sunday, 11, Mr. Leslie Curnow; 7, Mrs. E. A. Cannon, address and clairvoyance; harvest festival. Monday, 8, developing circle (members only). Wednesday, 8, Mrs. Maunder. Free healing on Thursday, 5-7, children; Friday, from 7, adults. Membership earnestly invited; subscription, 6/- per annum.

St. John's Spiritualist Mission, Woodberry-grove, North Finchley (opposite tram depot).—Oct. 1st, 7, Mr. Harold Carpenter. Wednesday, Oct. 4th, 8, class for spiritual healing, Mr. Harold Carpenter. Thursday, Oct. 5th, 8, address and clairvoyance, Mr. Dewhurst.

Shepherd's Bush.—73, Becklow-road.—Oct. 1st, 11, public circle; 7, Mrs. Golden. Thursday, Oct. 5th, 7, Miss Roscoe.

Peckham.—Lausanne-road.—Oct. 1st, harvest festival; 11.30 and 7, Mrs. Tina Tims (Cardiff). Tuesday, 8, Thursday, 8.15, Mrs. Tina Tims.

Bowes Park.—Shajtesbury Hall, adjoining Bowes Park Station (down side).—Sunday, Oct. 1st, 11, Mr. Ernest Meads; 7, Mrs. Redfern.

Worthing Spiritualist Mission.—17, Warwick-street.—Oct. 1st, 6.30, Mrs. C. O. Hadley. Thursday, Oct. 5th, Mr. R. Gurd.

St. Leonards Christian Spiritualist Mission (bottom of West Hill), St. Leonards-on-Sea.—To-day, Saturday, psychometry. Sunday, services at 11 and 6.30. Monday, 3, clairvoyance.

Central.—144, High Holborn (entrance, Bury-street).—Sept. 29th, 7.30, Mrs. Maunder. Oct. 1st, 7, Mr. and Mrs. Pulham.

Forest Hill Christian Spiritualist Society.—Foresters' Hall, Raglan-street, Dartmouth-road.—Sept. 1st, 6.30, speaker, Miss F. Newton; clairvoyance, Miss V. Lippy.

Richmond Spiritualist Church, Ormond-road.—Sunday, Oct. 1st, 7.30, Mme. De Beaurepaire. Wednesday, Oct. 4th, 7.30, address and clairvoyance.

Mrs. JOY SNELL, author of the "Ministry of Angels," will minister to the sorrow-stricken and others in need of spiritual help, at 37, Westbourne Park-road, between 3 and 6 p.m., Wednesday and Sunday excepted, by appointment only.

AN IN MEMORIAM MEETING to commemorate the passing to the higher life of Mrs. Jennie Walker, will be held on Tuesday, October 10th, at the Mortimer Hall, Oxford Circus, W. Owing to the limited seating accommodation early application for tickets (price 2s.) is deemed advisable, and should be addressed to Maurice Barbanell, 36, Bell-lane, E.1.

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AUTUMN SESSION.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 7TH.]

Tuesday, October 3rd, 3.15 p.m.—Clairvoyance, MRS. CANNOCK. 7 p.m., MRS. F. E. LEANING; the first of a course of 10 lectures on "The Principles of Psychological Research" (Introductory—What Psychological Research Includes—How distinguished from Spiritualism and Psychology—Its Extent—Difficulties of Classification—Methods of Study—Main Principles.)

Wednesday, October 4th, 4 p.m.—Discussion Class conducted by MISS PHILLIMORE. The Meetings commence at 4 p.m., when tea will be served. The charge for each Meeting, including tea, will be One Shilling.

Thursday, October 5th, MR. H. ERNEST HUNT, "Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion."

Friday, October 6th, 4 p.m.—"Talks with Mrs. WALLIS's Spirit Control." Subject, "Control, from a Spirit's Viewpoint." Preceded at 3 p.m. by Conversational Gathering.

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