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LIGHT

A JOURNAL OF SPIRITUAL PROGRESS & PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

"Light! More Light!"—Goethe.

"Whatsoever doth make Manifest is Light!"—Paul.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

LIGHT was Gawain in life, and light in death
Is Gawain, for the ghost is as the man.
—TENNYSON.

THE MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

C. V. W. T. writes us expressing his views on the Spiritualistic movement at the present time. He is not happy about it. There is too great a demand for financial security, and he considers that the reliance on material sources tends to weaken faith in the spiritual support on which the movement should mainly rely. He fully recognises the necessity for business-like methods in religious organisations as in secular, but, as he says, in religion it seems to be an eternal paradox:—

When we are struggling, filled with the consciousness of a great inspiring truth and ready to work in co-operation with the spirit-world, we are real brothers and sisters, joined by spiritual bonds of service. When we are "secure" in the worldly sense our spiritual consciousness seems to become dulled and we turn away from the source which gave us light and life.

It is even so. "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." C. V. W. T. holds up an ideal to which we are aspiring, but we can only reach it by degrees. Only a few rare souls can live up to it at present. It is only natural. Habit and heredity and tradition are not easily to be outgrown. But the Spirit will have its way in the end.

* * * *

RIFTS IN THE VEIL.

"Admiral" writes from Hampshire:—

One of my farm hands was kicked by a horse while grooming it in the stables, and was thrown violently against the back wall of the stable, sustaining concussion of the brain. He remained unconscious for three days, and yesterday, when he first regained consciousness, he turned towards his wife and said, "Oh, they're all around me." A little later he said, "I've been in a very beautiful place—I've seen the angels."

Our correspondent asks us, was this a dream, an hallucination, or was it in reality a vision of what lies beyond the veil, a vision which was only possible at a time when but a very frail thread held body and soul together? It is of course not possible to reply positively to such a question, but we can at least refer to the case as one of which there are many examples; instances where some person has fallen into a trance and on returning has a wonderful story to relate of celestial or supernal experiences. Doubtless there is some question of psychic faculty involved in cases of this kind. Judging from the instances which have come under our own attention, to say nothing of the large literature on the subject, we should have little hesitation in saying that our correspondent is correct in his idea that when a frail thread alone holds body and soul together the soul gains visions of what lies beyond the veil, but only in comparatively rare instances in any memory of it brought back to the waking life.

* * * *

HEAT DOES NOT COME FROM THE SUN.

The notion that heat is not a direct emission from the sun is not new. In early numbers of LIGHT startling views on this subject were published. It is natural for us unreflectively to think that as we are warmed in the sunshine, the sun's rays must be hot. Consideration of the fact that the nearer we can get to the sun the greater becomes the cold, leaves us more perplexed than stimulated to inquiry. Mr. Carol A. Cofman-Nicoresi intends shortly to publish historical and experimental evidence to prove that Matter is composed of two kinds of elements: "elements endowed with spontaneous movement, and immobile elements which move only when pressed by the former." All energy, reduced to its simplest expression, consists of movement, he says. (We prefer the term motion.) The cause of all movement is the impenetrability of matter. Energy possesses mass, and occupies space, or it could not produce movement. All chemical reaction and every physical action are caused by pressure. "The chief entity in a combustion remains a perfect mystery." All so-called elements at present are actually compounds of atoms of heat, light, and an immobile element. We cannot obtain unlimited energy from one atom only, increase of energy being due to the freeing of a large number of spontaneously-moving atoms from the mass of inert elements. Thus all transmission of movement is instantaneous through the universe, while the movement of material particles may be slower or faster. "It follows that the resistance of each and every atom is equal to the pressure exercised by the whole universe. Elements cannot change into each other, as the whole universe would be reduced to a homogeneous mass. . . . It follows that heat does not come from the sun."

THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN" INVESTIGATION.

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. CRANDON FURTHER DISCUSSED.

The "Boston Herald" continues to publish statements, comments and articles on the Crandon case. They are too extensive for us to do more than make excerpts.

We learn that Houdini's attitude throughout the affair was roundly criticised as prejudiced and unfair. It was stated on excellent authority that he had been removed from membership of the Committee.

This means, according to the "Herald," that but three members of the original jury remain, any one of whom may give the award to the Crandons by pronouncing "Margery's" feats to be genuine. "Incidentally, Dr. William McDougall, professor of psychology at Harvard, declared that the publication of the Crandon statement makes it imperative that the investigation be pushed to a finish."

We learn also from the journal that the Rev. Elwood Worcester, rector of Emmanuel Church, together with Dr. McDougall, has conducted separate investigations of Mrs. Crandon's powers within the last six weeks. The conditions under which these six sésances were observed were much more favourable than at the earlier tests, as efforts were made to avoid absolute darkness. Working under red lights and taking every possible precaution against fraud, results were obtained which both men say are inexplicable.

Dr. Comstock is quoted as saying, "Houdini appeared to be convinced in advance that the phenomena were fraudulent, and always reasoned from that basis. For instance, in discussing a certain test he said to me, "She did that with her hair!"

Dr. Comstock asked him how he knew that, and he is said to have replied, "Well, I have been thinking it over, and that's the only way it could have happened."

Dr. Comstock's comment on this is that Houdini "argues in a circle, and is entirely unwilling to admit the possibility of the existence of a new force."

Of Mrs. Crandon's control, Walter, we read:—

"Walter," her brother and control, who has been consulted by the examining scientists on intricate technical matters and conditions in the spirit world, has been identified as Walter Stuart Stinson, of Boston and Belmont, who was a fireman on the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad, when he was killed in a wreck near Chatham, 13 years ago.

From the "Boston Herald" of December 22nd, we learn that Houdini denied the statement that he was removed from the Committee, and renewed his challenge to duplicate by trick every psychic manifestation said to have been produced by "Margery."

A special dispatch to the "Boston Herald" from New York, dated December 21st, is worth quoting. It is as follows:—

Dr. Hereward Carrington, a member of the "Scientific American's" committee on psychic phenomena, replied last night to criticism of his connection with the recent investigations of the spirit medium "Margery" in Boston, made recently by Houdini, the so-called handcuff king, and another member of the committee.

He called Houdini a "pure publicist," and that he had no scientific experience in psychic investigations, but had had himself appointed a member of the committee purely because of the publicity it would bring him.

"Houdini makes some very specific charges against Mr. Bird and myself," Dr. Carrington said. "I don't acknowledge Houdini's right to take any such stand against psychical research. Neither does any other member of the committee. The reason I didn't go to Boston when he held his sittings with 'Margery' was that I knew he distrusted me and I know that anything he could not explain he would bring to my presence there. Nearly all the other members of the committee veer toward a belief that there were psychic phenomena at these sésances.

"The English society has been so impressed that they are sending over Eric J. Dingwall, their research officer, who will hold a series of sittings here. I have had several letters from England about Houdini's stand. Everard Feilding, honorary secretary of the society there, wrote that he had recently read Houdini's new book, and described his handling of investigations in the psychic research field as grotesque."

Dr. Carrington then produced a copy of Houdini's book, the margins of which were copiously marked, and said that these markings were corrections of inaccurate statements made by Houdini.

"We don't object to a rational degree of scepticism," Dr. Carrington said, "but we do demand that critics prove their points and that they shall be actuated by intellectual honesty."

MRS. VIOLET TWEEDALE'S STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

On the twenty-eighth of July, 1922, I was resident in my home in Torquay, leading my ordinary, very happy, peaceful life. My husband was also at home, and we had no guests at the time staying with us.

I came down to breakfast punctually at the usual hour, half-past eight, and from that moment until nine o'clock I never left the dining-room, nor did anyone enter it. I and my husband sat at a small table in the east window, breakfasted, discussed ordinary topics, and watched the birds enjoying their morning feed from the table erected for their use.

I felt nothing in the least unusual, and was, as far as I knew, absolutely normal and in excellent health and spirits.

At nine o'clock I left the dining-room and went into the kitchen to arrange the meals for the day. Afterwards I picked up "The Times" and going into the drawing-room I sat down to read.

At ten o'clock the telephone rang, and I went to it and picked up the receiver. Mr. Hill wished to speak to me. He is a well-known business man in the town, who has helped me greatly in philanthropic endeavours. He has discovered, somewhat to his dismay, that he is possessed of strong psychic powers, which he has no time to develop in a busy business life. The following dialogue took place. I give it in the exact words I wrote down immediately after I had replaced the receiver:—

"Hullo! Is that you, Mr. Hill?"

"Yes, madam. Might I ask what you were doing this morning between half-past eight and nine o'clock?"

I at once suspected some psychic happening was about to be confided to me and I answered his question at once. I ended by enquiring:—

"Now tell me why you ask?"

The reply was as follows:—

"The most extraordinary thing happened to me between half-past eight and nine this morning. I was shaving in my bath-room when suddenly you were present, though I did not see you, and you told me quite clearly that my maid-servant had just stolen a one-pound treasury note out of a pocket in my clothes in my bedroom.

"I at once jumped up and ran in there and found no one. My clothes were hanging over a chair, and I felt in my pocket for my money. I knew exactly how much I ought to find—four pounds, seventeen shillings and sixpence. Last night I went to the club with a five-pound note, which I changed. I spent half-a-crown. I brought home four pounds, seventeen shillings and sixpence. Of that I am certain. Now I could only find three pounds, seventeen and six. A one pound treasury note had certainly disappeared.

"The whole affair knocked me silly. I got dressed, then I boldly charged the girl with theft. This she stoutly denied, but the fact remains that I have lost a note."

I told Mr. Hill briefly, remembering we were talking through the phone, that later on I was sure the girl would confess, but I could throw no light upon the occurrence. I was quite certain of my movements during the half-hour in question, and I had no knowledge of having paid him this visit. I said I would like time to think over the affair before venturing upon an explanation. I did think the matter over, in fact it occupied my thoughts during the entire day, but as I had nothing to go on, no recollection of having left my body, and the certainty that I felt quite normal, I could make nothing of the mystery.

Later on I ascertained from Mr. Hill that when I paid him this visit he did not see me, but by some interior power he became aware of my presence. He did not even hear my communication. It was dropped clearly into his consciousness. He never swerved in his account of the mystery, and I did not attempt to enter into the realm of Psychology and begin a scientific argument. The treasury note was gone. The maid who had been accused denied the theft and there the matter rested for three weeks.

Then Mr. Hill rang me up again. He said:—

"To-day, when I was sitting quietly in the dining-room after dinner suddenly I felt that something was about to happen. Something did happen. The maid whom you said had stolen my treasury note came in and confessed to the theft. I forgave her and told her not to do it again."

There are certain interesting points about this story which is absolutely true. Firstly, I would never have become aware of this visit I paid to Mr. Hill had he not told me of it, and all three persons concerned in it are alive now and living close to one another. I have never, to my knowledge, been inside Mr. Hill's private dwelling. I did not even know where his house was situated till he told me the story. I have been in his office in the town many times on a matter of business, or about affairs in which we had a mutual interest, but of his private, everyday, family life, I know nothing. Beyond the occasional intercourse I have mentioned, we see nothing of each other.

—From "Phantoms of the Dawn," by VIOLET TWEEDALE.

FOR THE KNOWLEDGE SEEKER.

CONDUCTED BY F. E. LEANING.

III.—INSPIRATIONAL ARTISTS.

The question to be answered in this paper is: Have there been other inspirational artists of the type of Duguid, or any in other countries than our own?

It is a very interesting topic and leads us certainly into foreign parts, for there have been several French and Italian mediums of this kind, and in America the famous Thompson-Gifford case. Lombroso cites Sardou and Desmoulin; Herr Hoppener, Mme. Assmann, and Hélène Smith are also examples. In our own country Mrs. Alaric Watts in the last century, Miss E. B. Adams, and others now living, should be included. The enquirer may find in Professor G. Henslow's "Proofs of the Truths of Spiritualism," Chapter xvii., a good group of these mediumistic artists, or artistic mediums, whichever we prefer to call them, as well as reproductions of specimens of their work.

I select one of the less known of those I have named for a brief account, more especially as the information was issued in a number of the "Annales des Sciences Psychiques," which appeared irregularly during the war and has now ceased publication. The number in question is no longer procurable; it was one of the only two that appeared in 1915, and is out of print. The artist, Fernand Desmoulin, died just before the war began, leaving a prolific number of pictures to witness to the various stages of his development.

The beginning of it all seems to have been caused by his taking part in an ordinary table-turning séance. The curious movement, the intelligence of the responses, and the fact that responses came, set fire to the occult vein in his mind. He went home determined, as so many have done (and some to their cost) to "sit" by himself, and see what came of it. Naturally his artist's materials, a piece of Bristol board and a bit of charcoal, were at his hand, and his hand began to make a number of those odd, apparently meaningless, marks with which most automatic writers are familiar. Zigzags, ovals, nameless confused inextricable "griffonages" covered the surface. At the end of twenty minutes it ceased, the board blackened all over. Desmoulin examined it, seeing nothing of significance; but turning it round found it resolve itself into the drawing of a woman's head, executed upside-down to his position! In one corner were traced the words, "Je suis l'instituteur." The artist after this daily invoked his "tutor," and they became the greatest friends, but the rule was that no questions were to be asked, for this simply stopped the work. Desmoulin was very docile; he concluded that a higher will forbade the Being to give any information to mortals, and lent himself in turns to the wildest and most extravagant, or on the contrary to the most delicate and subtle designs, which were produced through his hand.

One night the unknown influence informed him that he (or she?) could no longer be his teacher, but added, "I yield the position to the Old Master." What "Old Master" the pupil was not told, but it was someone of a more refined type whom Desmoulin soon learned to love and obey, and under whose tutelage he produced several hundred drawings. They might be said to be more of the style of Watteau (d. 1721), and had the advantage of being executed in crayons of three colours, whereas hitherto the work had all been in black and white. This admitted of more delicate and beautiful effects. But a further change was to take place. The Old Master caused him to draw a head of a grave and thoughtful character, and wrote underneath it, "I present to thee Astarté; he will now assist thee; he knows more than I." Astarté at least had a name, and his appearance bore the resemblance of an Egyptian sphinx, with a shade of melancholy and bitterness in his look.

Desmoulin seems, however, to have felt that every change in his "control," or whatever the Unseen might be, was for the better, and the two were in immediate harmony. They worked in sympathy, and Astarté had a trick, shall we say—or, more politely, a talent, for making his friend paint landscapes the wrong way round ("à l'envers"), which would correspond, I take it, to the reversed or mirror writing that some automatists produce. These landscapes were beautiful things, suffused with light, sunshine, space; the trees were bent in the wind, the undergrowth bushy and verdant, the glades a living green. And they were produced with extraordinary rapidity, always the mark of supernormal agency. In a quarter of an hour Astarté would begin and end a little chef d'œuvre. He was able to work with greater rapidity than Corot. We have not here a comparison with Duguid, for the phenomena in which the medium's hand is used is in a different category entirely from that which is called "direct," but we have a comparison with that unnamed artist who succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds and turned out kit-cats by the hundreds in a year. Dr. Abercrombie, who records the case, ascribed this to the fact that the artist could see the sitter when he was no longer there, by sheer visualising power; but that very fact indicates mediumistic ability.

It is interesting to compare the methods of different mediums, and for that purpose I shall next deal with the

pictures of Hélène Smith, a famous subject about whom very little is known since the closing of her connection with Prof. Flournoy.

A VISION, AND A DREAM OF ST. CECILIA.

I was sitting quietly in the twilight, thinking of nothing in particular, when suddenly I saw a little circle of light before me, and in it, as if at a distance, the figure of a lady in shining white; behind her were the most beautiful colours, and I thought at first it was the rose-window of a church, but presently I saw the colours were quivering and vibrating, and I felt that really they were music, only my ears were too dull to hear its loveliness; and a small voice said, "Saint Cecilia." Then the lady in shining white smiled, and said, "I had to come like this, or you would not have known me, would you? Tell Marcia," and then she vanished.

Marcia is the seven-year-old daughter of a friend in Hungary. She is very musical. I wrote down what I had seen, but could not send it to Marcia's mother, as I had intended, because she was at that time moving, and I did not know her address. When her mother wrote to me, before I had an opportunity to write to her, she enclosed a letter to me "dictated" by little Marcia, who finds it difficult to write in English. After mentioning her doll, and her teddy-bear, and other childish matters, she says, "I dreamed I went up a long way into God's House, and saw all kinds of instruments of music, and St. Cecilia was there, tuning them, and I made the Sign of the Cross, but God said, 'Don't do that, for everywhere is My House; just do sing, for music is a holy prayer.'" There are splendid flowers all over this place, and the big brook Lubochna sings lovely tunes, and I tried to put them into the piano twice already, and I'll crochet a pink purse with the cotton you send me."—E. BLOMFELD.

SUGGESTIVE FACTS FOR INVESTIGATORS OF "PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPHY."

The Wolf Agency lately circulated alleged extraordinary proof of guilt in a murder charge, of which the particulars need not be repeated here. The eyes of the victim were wide open when he was found, and being photographed showed a picture of the murderer with an axe in his hand. Professor Bohner, discussing the matter in the "Kölnische Zeitung," says there is nothing improbable in this strange story. He states that the retention of an impression on the retina has been studied for some fifty years, and that in momentary great tension of the nervous centres the retina does not merely mirror an object but *photographs it, the image being preserved as long as the retinal substance remains unchanged.*

What may be the physiological action that converts the retina from a reflector to a sensitised plate—from a lens to a photographic film? And if the matter of which the retina is composed could be for a time prevented from undergoing the usual post-mortem changes, would the picture be preserved?

Supposing that the above report is substantially true, how is it related to alleged facts of lightning-photography? Accounts have been published of objects being instantaneously photographed upon other ordinary objects during a flash of lightning—not haphazard resemblances, but real photographs. There was no known sort of lens in the operation, no specially prepared surface of anything. Now if those two types of photographic action are not fiction, it is difficult to think of them and certain affirmed problems of "psychic photography" as unrelated. In the strenuous study and experimental investigation of *anomaly in natural law*, the most wonderful scientific discoveries take place.

W. B. P.

THE APPARITION OF MR. BOOTY.

Susan, Countess of Malmesbury, writes:—

In reference to Mrs. Leaning's interesting notes on the Booty apparition (LIGHT, January 3rd, p. 2), it is quite true that Mr. Underwood, K.C., had a search made among the recorded cases tried by Judge Parke, before whom the trial was said to have taken place, but found no mention of it.

The story, as it was told to me when I was passing through the Straits of Messina, was that a sailing vessel, trading between an Italian port and Sunderland, lay becalmed off Stromboli, with a crew of sixteen hands. On their return to Sunderland these men all swore that they had clearly seen Booty running up the side of the volcano with the devil after him, tail, hoofs, and horns complete. The two figures jumped into the crater and disappeared. Now Booty was a "ship's husband"—that is, he found ships in stores. These were very bad and the men were discontented. Booty's widow, who carried on the business, considered that her credit was damaged and brought an action against the sixteen men but could not shake their evidence.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

SIR,—I am glad to read "Lieutenant-Colonel's" gentle reminder to ardent Spiritualists to treat Mr. Harry Price with courtesy and appreciation. We need the sort of criticism illustrated in Mr. Price's article, which any seasoned Spiritualist could enjoy. Its humour was twofold, for it was distinctly clever in itself, and there was another humour of which Mr. Price was not conscious—its utter futility to shake the established facts which are vastly in favour of authenticated and genuine "extras" being obtained.

Mr. Price is decidedly right in insisting:—

1. On the facility for fraud offered by photography.
2. On the extraordinary gullibility of a large number of excellent people who have little idea of what constitutes sound evidence.

If his training in magic makes him unduly suspicious, well, let it go. We who know, *do* know; and we invite the public to shake off its lethargy and take the trouble to know for itself.

May I add another name to the long list of those who have attested to the Crewe Circle's honesty and success? I made a compact with a friend that whichever of us died should endeavour to prove to the other the truth, if possible, of survival.

My friend died and most loyally gave me such proof that I should be a fool of the first quality if I doubted the evidence.

He gave me this evidence while I was serving in France during the war:—

(1.) By an "extra" obtained from Mr. Hope by his wife, of such striking likeness that all who knew my friend have expressed astonishment. It was absolutely impossible for Mr. Hope to know anything of my friend or his wife, and he asked no questions. So the point is: How could Mr. Hope produce, not an extra (that might be a trick) but the absolute likeness of an unknown man? This is the point the critics keep ignoring.

(2.) To check this evidence my friend sent me a message through an unknown medium in language which was absolute rubbish to the medium but he was told "He will understand," and I should think I did. The message contained three separate pieces of personal evidence; meaningless to all but myself. I have never made this statement public before, but have all the evidence to offer to any serious but doubting persons, and I have no doubt there must be hundreds of people who likewise ponder their evidence in their own hearts but give no sign.—Yours, etc.,

T. W. WIDGERY.

School House, Longfield, Kent.

SIR,—May I be permitted to express the hope that the correspondence regarding Mr. Price's article on Mrs. Deane's Cenotaph photograph will not be permitted to extend to the inordinate length of the Price-Hope controversy.

The mere fact that Mrs. Deane purchased the plates for this year's Cenotaph photographs is quite enough to damn the arguments of her defenders, however innocent she may have been as to "faking" them. So what is the use of further argument? Let the pages of *LIGHT* continue to give us its usual interesting matter, and let further correspondence on the Price-Deane case be consigned to the *W.P.B.* or issued in a supplement.—Yours etc.,

January 3rd, 1925.

COLONEL.

SPIRITUAL HEALING.

SIR,—I was much struck by the sensible remarks of Mr. Stanley De Brath (*LIGHT*, November 22nd, 1924) in reply to the extraordinary statement of the Very Rev. Dean Inge in regard to miracles. The Dean says:—

Modern faith-healers usually disclaim the idea of bare miracle, a purely supernatural breach of natural law, and have recourse to semi-rationalistic explanations which are really more hopeless than the theory of a sudden intervention of Omnipotence. *There is no alternative between belief in miracle in its crudest form and reliance on scientific method. . . . The only safe attitude of the Church is to refuse to give any countenance whatever to miracle-mongering of this kind.* [The italics are mine.]

Now who is this Dean Inge who presumes to dictate to the Church what it is to do in regard to faith-healers? When that worthy and, I believe, perfectly sincere gentleman has knowledge of all the laws of the Universe we

shall be glad to listen to him, but until that happens, it would be wiser and more in harmony with scientific thought if he were to reserve his judgment. Professor Huxley, one of the most fearless and liberal-minded men I have ever met, once remarked, and confirmed it publicly in print, that

The day-fly has better grounds for calling a thunder-storm supernatural than has man with his experience of an infinitesimal fraction of duration to say that the most astounding event that can be imagined is beyond the scope of natural causes.

In another passage he remarks:—

Strictly speaking, I am unaware that anything has the right to the title of an impossibility, except a contradiction in terms. There are impossibilities logical, but none natural. A round square, a present past, two parallel lines that intersect, are impossibilities, because the ideas denoted by the predicates are contradictory to the ideas denoted by the subjects. But walking on the water, or turning water into wine, or procreation without the male, or raising the dead, are plainly not impossibilities in this sense.

In a beautiful passage he remarks:—

Sit down like a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abysses nature leads, or you shall learn nothing.

Huxley had a far greater reputation in the scientific world than our friend the Dean can ever hope to aspire to, and I am convinced the world at large will be far more likely to accept his opinions on this question than those of the Very Reverend the Dean of St. Paul's.

It is quite unnecessary to go into details regarding supernatural healing, but if testimony is worth anything I could quote the names of scores of scientists and medical men holding the highest posts in our Universities and hospitals who are prepared to go on oath, or even to the stake, in support of such supernatural or "miraculous cures," if you will accept the word in its wider meaning. I will only quote two gentlemen whose names are known to the whole medical profession throughout the civilised world: the late Sir William Osler, M.D., Regius Professor of Medicine of the University of Oxford, wrote in reference to the cures at Lourdes:—

The cures are often genuine, and the miracles are of the same kind and as well attested as are those of Epidaurus.

And Dr. Boissarie, one of the leading professors of medicine in France, wrote the following memorable words:—

Supernatural effects and nothing less than miracles have occurred there. There is no limitation in the character of the cases cured. Some of the cases recover after drinking at the spring of the grotto. Some after bathing in the pools there, some during the Eucharistic processions, others at or during Mass, or partaking of the Sacrament, and others again by praying quietly and in solitude.

Further evidence is useless. If Dean Inge is not convinced by the evidence of these gentlemen, nothing but the grace of God will ever do so. Let him follow Huxley's advice, and possibly he may learn something.—Yours etc.,

GEO. LINDSAY JOHNSON, M.D., F.R.C.S.

Isipingo Beach, Durban.

December 16th, 1924.

THE NATIVITY AND MODERN SCIENCE.

SIR,—The poetical and imaginative character of the legend of the Nativity contained in the first and second chapters of the Gospel according to Matthew and in the early chapters of Luke, but not noticed either in Mark or John, cannot be supported as a matter of history by present-day psychic experiences as attempted by Mrs. Toyé Warner-Staples in an article contained in *LIGHT*, of the 3rd inst. (p. 3). It is stated by the writer that the facts recorded "are quite true if tested by their kinship with the phenomena investigated and placed on a sound basis by the modern psychic science . . . and proving to us that the unproved faith of centuries has a good and sure foundation in fact."

When carefully examined by most honest-minded psychical investigators, the records of the Nativity are irreconcilably at variance and mutually exclusive and they are quite on a par with the many examples in classical mythology and other birth legends. Thus Plato, who passed as the son of Ariston and Perictione, is an illustrative example, for Ariston, immediately upon his marriage, was warned by Apollo in a dream that the son whom Perictione would bear was his. This story was supported even by the nephew of Plato just after his death. An equally extraordinary parallel instance is found in the legend of the Buddha, in which, as in the case of Jesus, two annunciations are made to the father and mother respectively: There was also a

rejoicing of the angelic host when the wonderful Siddhartha was born.

The star in the East seen by the Magi heralding the "King of the Jews" cannot be explained by any "psychic explanation." True, our modern psychic investigators can and do record luminous manifestations in séances, as I have myself frequently witnessed, but that is quite a different matter. Perhaps the writer of the article may enlighten us on this point. Contemporary history says nothing whatever about such a crime as the so-called slaughter of the innocents connected with one of the five recorded dreams of Joseph.

Most students of modern Spiritualism know that many of the recorded facts in the life of Jesus can only become more or less understandable by our knowledge of our present-day psychic experiences, but it is asking too much of us Spiritualists to undertake the explanation as history of such a manifest legend based on contradictory records as the Nativity of the Prophet of Nazareth.—Yours, etc.,

A CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.

"THE CHURCH AWAITS REVIVAL."

SIR,—I was very glad to see the letters of the Rev. F. Fielding-Ould and the Rev. Ellis G. Roberts in last week's LIGHT. As a Spiritualist and a member of the national Church, may I be allowed also to bear witness to what I owe to the many generations of the past, and to those in the present, of the Christian Fellowship to which I am privileged to belong. When I recall that debt I feel I can never be thankful enough for all the teaching and the inspiring influence which has trained and stimulated and strengthened me for so many decades of my life. I entirely endorse what Mr. Fielding-Ould says as to the relative importance of a knowledge of the conditions of our next life, and the infinitely greater truth that God is our perpetual habitation and "in His will is our peace," as Dante has said. The Church has many imperfections; those who have learned most through this channel are likely to be the most keenly alive to the errors of the Christian Church; but in spite of all faults the light of Divine Truth has not been extinguished and this nation owes more to the Church than can be easily expressed. Perhaps the best way to realise how much it owes would be to imagine that all the good work done by Christian people were cancelled, and all the indefinable present influence on morals and on all philanthropic and educational institutions were obliterated.—Yours etc.,

H. A. DALLAS.

OLD TRUTHS IN NEW GUISE.

There is a universal tendency among critics of Spiritualism to speak of the subject as a modern production, arising from the incident of the Fox Sisters, and the publicity given to their phenomena. As a matter of fact, these happenings have been sporadic as far as the history of the subject can be traced. Until printing became the means of popular information, these things were passed on from mouth to mouth, losing nothing in the process, but being moulded on the preconceived ideas of wizardry, until their evidential value was entirely lost.

Even after the time when newspaper and book publicity was possible, the question was made to turn on isolated reports of each case, without any attempt to correlate the different cases, each being taken as a local marvel, and not as a repetition of the same cause or method.

Even so, well-certified occasions, like that of the Wesley family, are capable of comparison in the light of modern knowledge, and they show the same method, and similar evidence of supernormal powers in action.

But there is a much more important record, in Biblical accounts of the same nature, which are accepted by the majority of people as indisputable; the curious position consequently arising that although the phenomena were accepted as happening at that period, it was assumed that they had ceased, and that all subsequent cases were unreliable, if not entirely fraudulent.

If a careful comparison is made between these records, and the more modern instances, a close resemblance can be found, and considering that these earlier records were made by men to whom they were wonderful events, without explanation and worthy of record for that reason alone, the resemblance is too close to be explained away as accidental.

In fact these Biblical records are the first reliable accounts of what are now known as psychical phenomena, although traces of the same can be found in the old oracles and mystery tales of ancient history.

The present-day phenomena are no modern productions, or simply the results of a reaction from the materialist tendency of last century; they have existed in all ages, and those of later days are but "old truths in new guise."

W. W. H.

CURRENT ITEMS.

For the information of enquirers we are asked to state that the addresses delivered by the Rev. G. Vale Owen at the County Hall will, it is hoped, be eventually published in book form.

Sir Oliver Lodge is announced to give an address on "Atoms and Ether" at The Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, S.W. 1, during the Sunday afternoon meeting on January 18th. These meetings, known as "Five Quarters," last from 3.30 to 4.45.

An article in the "Daily Express" is based on the proposition that "Dreams are not Prophetic." Anyone familiar with the literature of dreams, especially those recorded in the annals of the Society for Psychical Research, will know that is an impossible argument to sustain if one takes the whole field of dreams and visions instead of a small portion of it.

The "Scientific American" for January prints a full statement by Dr. Crandon, of Boston, husband of the medium "Margery," in which the matter is viewed from the standpoint of the medium. "It is done," to quote from the editorial note to the article, "not as a matter of controversy with the committee—or with anyone—but merely that all existing points of view concerning this famous case might be presented."

Miss Christabel Pankhurst, it seems, is also among the prophets. In an address delivered at the Ascension Memorial Episcopal Church, New York, Miss Pankhurst is stated to have proclaimed the near approach of "Judgment Day." The year 1925 she said, would see a great advance towards the final crisis of the closing age, but before the final crisis much would happen. A last vain effort to save the world by human means would be made.

"Psychic Science" for January devotes a considerable portion of space to the experimental side of psychic photography. Portraits of the "Crewe Circle" are given and reproductions of psychic photographs. Miss Estelle Stead contributes some notes on examples of psychic photography through Mrs. Deane. Articles also appear on voice séances at the British College, on "Dreams," by Helen Henderson, and "The Story of a Strange Experience" is told by the Editor, Mr. F. Bligh Bond.

An article in a Sunday paper is headed "Our Once Quiet Dead. May we Not Defend Them against the Spiritualists?" Without dealing with all the arguments contained in the article, it is worth remembering that as Spiritualists have so often pointed out, it was not they who sought the dead, but the dead who sought them, and anyone familiar with the history of the subject will know this was actually the case. "Unsought of us they found us," as a Spiritualistic hymn puts it. After all, the so-called dead are usually much more vital, alert and active than we who live in the flesh; and the idea of troubling their rest is now practically obsolete.

Sir Oliver Lodge gave the first of a series of fortnightly talks on the Ether from the British Broadcasting Station, London, on Wednesday evening, 7th inst. With that simplicity of expression, of which he is a master, he told his thousands of listeners something of the nature of the ether and its qualities, and there was a striking appropriateness in the circumstance of a "wireless" lecture on the Ether being delivered by one of the pioneers of wireless telegraphy. Intensely interesting was his description of how material atoms are held together by the ethereal fluid—"the stuff between the stars." There were persons who denied the existence of the ether. That was ungrateful. In the presence of the mysteries around us it needed more knowledge to deny than to affirm. The illimitable wealth of the Universe justified a faith in our highest possibilities.

A GHAZAL.
(PERSIAN VERSE-FORM.)

Farthest from Thee I depart, nearest I come to Thee,
Most forgetting Thee, most I remember Thee,
Rose of the world, whatever nightingale singeth,
Sing what it may that nightingale singeth to Thee.

—J. C. JOHNSTON.

L I G H T.

Editorial Offices, 5, QUEEN SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1.

TEL.: Museum 5106.

TELEGRAMS: "Survival, Westcent, London."

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"LIGHT" proclaims a belief in the existence and life of the spirit apart from, and independent of, the material organism, and in the reality and value of intelligent intercourse between spirits embodied and spirits discarnate. Its columns are open to a full and free discussion, its only aim being, in the words of its motto, "Light! More Light." But the Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by correspondents or contributors.

A CLEAR ISSUE.

The nobler and more perfect a thing is, the slower it is in attaining maturity.—SCHOPENHAUER.

A cynical observer remarked to us recently that Spiritualism was not so much a movement as a muddle. He lamented its lack of organisation, discipline and definiteness. There was no control, no co-ordination. The wise man could get up on its platform and speak wisdom, and the fool and the mountebank could utter foolishness and perform antics, each claiming to speak and act in its name. The criticism was true enough in its measure, but its application was very limited. The critic did not see that Spiritualism is a great thing in its beginnings—so great that it is necessarily chaotic, as all great things are in their early stages. It has yet to be evolved into shape and form, and to be worked into the general body of life.

To some it seems to be a complicated mixture of chemistry and philosophy, of religion and of folk-lore, of visions and verities, of facts and fallacies. They can, as they say, make neither head nor tail of it. That comes of trying to take in too much of it at once.

In essence it is extremely simple. It means the coming into the world of a new and larger vision of life. It is the message of multitudinous voices: "Death is not the end. There is a higher and a better world." That is a perfectly clear issue. All the confusion and clamour, all the contradictory counsels can be reduced to that simple point.

Sir Oliver Lodge some time ago put the matter admirably when he said that in psychic investigation we are discovering MAN. The psychic scientist is, so to speak, digging into and exploring humanity. It is a very vast field, so vast that he cannot get out of it. We are discovering man and the powers and possibilities of man, and they seem to be limitless. The sceptics and Sadducees—a dwindling band, but still very obstinate—who dispute and deny in indignation and alarm are in the position of a man who is trying to run away from himself.

Yes, there is a divine simplicity about it all, when it is regarded with the clear vision of the simple-minded (by which we do not at all mean the simpleton!). Is a man a creature of clay passing like smoke, or is he a part of the Eternal and the Infinite? We

know the answer of Spiritualism to that question. Man is a Spirit. It is a clear issue, and we abide the test of time with confidence and patience. We have for the world a great Idea and a true Idea, and the men of ideas are never in a hurry. They can testify quietly and bide their time, having the whole power of the Universe behind them.

SCIENCE AND THE FUTURE LIFE.

Be sure that Science will do its part in the work of demonstrating human survival, and it will do so in spite of, and not because of, some of its followers. It was a parson—and a very splendid one—who bade his congregation of Tommies during the war to go on believing in God in spite of what the clergy said! So may we say, go on believing in Science whatever the scientists may do or say. For what is Science? Knowledge, surely. And to enter on experiments in psychic science without recognising the human element in it is not to show knowledge. That is where some so-called "scientific psychic investigation" has blundered so badly, for it was not truly scientific. One may apply to the question the words of Lord Salisbury concerning our social system. It erred, he said, "because it was a hard, commercial, scientific, rather than a human relationship." We have heard scientific psychical research advocated because it "abolished the credulous, erratic, emotional methods of Spiritualists." It was "an exact system." Quite. It was so "exact" that in the end it drove out the human element and found itself minus its material, nor had it any glimmering idea of the delicate forces it investigated. And yet, lacking this knowledge, it impudently called itself "scientific." This arrogant system deserves all the castigation it has received of late from the intelligent Spiritualists who are now exposing its futilities. Science is knowledge. It is not supercilious book-learning.

MR. HANNEN SWAFFER AND THE NORTHCLIFFE MESSAGES.

We understand that most of the reserved and numbered seats for the meeting at the Queen's Hall on Tuesday, 20th inst., at 8 p.m., have been disposed of, and that as regards the unreserved accommodation early application is necessary, as it may not be easy to secure admission by payment on the night of the meeting. It is understood that Sir Arthur and Lady Conan Doyle will reach home from Switzerland in time to be present. Sir Arthur will be among the speakers who, in addition to Mr. Hannen Swaffer, will include Miss Louise Owen, Mr. Dennis Bradley, and the Rev. George Vale Owen. Sir Edward Marshall Hall will preside. Many leading persons in Spiritualism and Psychical Research will be in the audience, which will also number a large contingent representing the literary and journalistic professions.

A NOTE ON MR. HANNEN SWAFFER.

Mr. Hannen Swaffer began his association with the Northcliffe Press in the year 1902. He, as much as anyone, was the creator of daily illustrated journalism. For nine years picture editor of the "Daily Mirror," he obtained more photographic "scoops" than any other living journalist. When in charge of the "Daily Sketch" he invented the gossip column, now a feature of every daily paper; and after Lord Northcliffe for fifteen years had failed to make the "Weekly Dispatch" pay, Swaffer was appointed editor and instantly transformed it to such an extent that Sunday journalism was revolutionised. "Swaffer is a genius," Lord Northcliffe used to say, holding him up as a model to his staff. He trusted him as he trusted few men, but their personalities, bound as they were by ties of personal regard, frequently clashed. Mr. Swaffer left Lord Northcliffe's employ three times, but after he left in 1919 Lord Northcliffe made at least two approaches to him to return.

In an intuitive sense more than any other, Mr. Swaffer understood his chief, and it is to him and Miss Owen, of all living people, that Lord Northcliffe's surviving personality would express itself, for not only did they like him for himself without any selfish regard, but they were outside his business and therefore in no way bound by his successors.

SIDELIGHTS.

Selected Items from the Magazine and Newspaper Press.

The "Bath Chronicle" tells the following curious ghost story as having been related by an ex-sailor, a member of the British Legion of Bath, to "an interested party of listeners at the Club":—

In the year 1907 I was on the "Good Hope," a four-funnelled cruiser. She was the flagship of the First Cruiser Squadron, Admiral Sir Percy Scott. I cannot exactly remember the date; but, as we were coming through the Bay of Biscay, it was terribly rough, and there were two seas—one came over the port, and the other over the starboard side of the vessel, and they met in the centre. And when they parted, and washed off each side, it left the transparent figure of a man. This was in the middle watch, 2 a.m. The figure glided from the foc'sle right on to the fore bridge, and along the boat deck right aft to the stern; then came back again to the foremast and glided up into the fighting top. Two or three moments after it had disappeared there, we heard the cries of a man, and it sounded very much as if he was calling for help. But, owing to the wind blowing so much, of course, no one could be positive it was so. I suppose "it" remained up there for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour in the fighting top. Then it came in view again, glided down the foremast, on to the fore bridge, back on to the foc'sle and disappeared where it started from. At eight bells (4 a.m.), when the reliefs came up to relieve the middle watch men, the man in the fore fighting top was found dead.

The "Sunday Express" recalls the story of the spirit of an old lady seen some years ago at the Church of All Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower. When reading the account we remembered that the story appeared in LIGHT and other papers at the time; but we have not heard of any further appearances of the old dame since. It is noteworthy that the spirit was recognised as that of a woman who was an organist of the church some fifty or sixty years before.

The "Star" tells a curious story of how the title of a well-known play was changed through a dream. The play is "No Man's Land," an adaptation from the French, and the question of its title gave Mr. Greville Collins, who is associated with the play, a considerable amount of anxiety. The story runs that just before Christmas, Mr. Collins' mother, Mrs. Mary Campbell Collins, came to London on a visit to her son. While she was waiting for her son to return home from the theatre one evening she fell asleep and had a dream, which she described to the "Star" reporter as follows:—

"I seemed to overhear two men conversing and this is what they said:—

"First: Have you seen 'No Man's Land'?"

"Second: Yes.

"First: What did you think of it?"

"Second: Very good, except the title, which is wrong.

"First: What would you call it?"

"Second: 'Enemies.'

"At this I awoke as my son and his wife came in. When I told him of my dream he exclaimed, 'The very thing. I have racked my brains for weeks over a name for this play. This is an inspiration.'"

The journal states that so impressed was Mr. Collins that he is having the title altered to "Enemies," which everyone agrees is far better than "No Man's Land."

In some references to the late William Archer and his remarkable play, "The Green Goddess," which he said he had received in a dream, the "People" tells the following remarkable story of a séance at Mr. Dennis Bradley's house with Valiantine, the American medium, at which Mr. Archer was present:—

"During the evening, several spirit voices addressed us and carried on long conversations," said Dennis Bradley. "Among others was one spirit whose name I did not record, but who conversed with Mr. Archer in Spanish.

"The spirit voice of Mr. Archer's son, who had passed away some few years before, then spoke with Mr. Archer for some little time. The spirit discussed Archer's literary work and, during the conversation, Archer thanked the spirit for the ideas and help that he had been given by his son since he passed away. Archer also made the request to the spirit of his son that he would give him some new ideas for fresh dramatic work.

"On this particular night twelve different spirits spoke

with the various sitters. I may mention that the medium, George Valiantine, had never seen Mr. Archer; he did not know his name. Neither had he any knowledge whatever of the Spanish language."

This incident was not recorded in Bradley's book, "Towards the Stars," which contains a record of all the Valiantine sittings, because Archer expressed the wish that during his life it should not be mentioned.

From the "Daily Graphic," of 5th inst., we take the following:—

An engine-driver who works miracles in his spare time is reported from Sydney.

His name is William Sim, of Newton, and his first cure was a twenty-one year old girl, crippled with rheumatoid arthritis. He hypnotised her, and for half an hour suggested the absence of any complaint. A fortnight later the girl had recovered the use of all her limbs. Another cure, says the Central News, was effected by Sim in preventing blindness.

Sim learned how to hypnotise from a book, but nearly gave it up until he discovered his strange power.

The "Daily Mail" of the 10th inst. describes the remarkable theory of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh that the colour of light has much to do with the transformation of organic substances. Matter, it appears, according to this theory, can be transformed into "rays" of colour and cease to exist as matter. Lord Clifford calls these colour waves "colour electrons," and claims that all matter can be represented in colour electrons just as it can be in positive or negative charges of electricity, and that seven of the nineteen colours he has described can be of practical utility in medicine. Indeed, he claims that the rays have cured him of paralysis, and other cures have been made in cases of deafness, insanity and septic poisoning.

The Surrey Bourne, at Caterham, known as the "woe water," because it is supposed to prestage national calamity, has begun to flow. Believers will doubtless be impressed by the sign; unbelievers will simply attribute it to the recent heavy rainfall.

THE PASSING OF MRS. A. M. CRAZE.

PRESIDENT OF THE MARYLEBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.

As announced in our last issue, Mrs. Craze passed to the higher life on the 3rd inst. We are now able to state that although her illness was a long and painful one, she suffered no pain during the last two days, and her passing was most peaceful and beautiful. The interment took place on Thursday, the 8th inst., at the New Cemetery, Wembley, and was attended by a very numerous company of relatives and friends, including several well-known co-workers and mediums, amongst whom were the Council of the M.S.A. and many representatives from other Societies, the London Spiritualist Alliance being officially represented by a prominent member of its Council. The service both in the chapel and at the graveside was conducted by Mr. Percy R. Street, of Reading, in an impressive and sympathetic manner, and his address, which was fine and dignified, fittingly emphasised the consolations of Spiritualism. The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT ÆOLIAN HALL.

On Sunday last at the Memorial Service, held by the Marylebone Association, Miss Estelle Stead, in an address of great beauty and sympathetic expression, paid high tribute to the self-denying labours of Mrs. Craze; Mr. Fred Brittain and Mr. Leigh Hunt also made fitting reference to her splendid work for the cause. Mr. Waller, Vice-President, presided, and read a most suitable extract from Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan's "Trance Discourses," and Mrs. Brittain delivered an impressive invocation. At the conclusion of the service, Mr. George Craze spoke reverently of his beloved wife, and mentioned one or two notable messages he had received from her since her transition. The service was in every respect a memorable one, and created a deep impression upon all present.

"AVERNUS," by Mary Bligh Bond (Basil Blackwell, 7/6 net) is a remarkable book in which the re-incarnation of two girls renews a struggle between the powers of light and darkness; a struggle which, in the persons of these two, dates back to the time of Atlantis. A mystical account of this psychic war is given in the form of a trance-dream experienced by one of the girls, which, although it shows considerable literary talent, would not be advisable reading for a nervous person before bedtime.—H.

AN ANTIDOTE TO "BLACK MAGIC."

Sometime in October, I think, while walking towards the city, I was accosted by an elderly woman, poorly clad, who asked: "Is this Mr. Davis?"

"Yes," was my answer. "Do you wish for anything?" "I do, sir," said she, much agitated. "Be you a master of the Black Arts?"

"No! But why do you ask?" "Cause I'm a dyin' daily—dyin' by inches—'cause I've been bewitched by an enemy."

"Indeed! Do you know how it was done, and who did it?"

"Mercy to me, sir, I don't know nothin' who my enemy is. Some person, unbeknown to me, sent me this 'ere letter."

So saying she presented me a scrawled note, which read as follows: "Black cat, wild cat, cat:—This is to let you no that if you don't quit and clere out of the rume whare you liv' now I will torment you ev'ry day of ev'ry week an ev'ry hour of ev'ry day an ev'ry minnit of ev'ry hour an ev'ry second of ev'ry minnit till you clere out or die. (Signed) "t."

After reading the malicious note I folded it up and kept it in my right hand. The distance to the post office was yet considerable, and as my business then was urgent, I invited her to walk thitherward. "Where do you live?" I asked.

In reply she informed me that her room was in a tenant house which held several families.

"Has any person in that house ever requested you to move elsewhere?"

"No, sir."

But I felt, from the sphere of the letter, that some one in the tenement begrudged her the hired apartment she was occupying, and that the jealous party had taken this culpable course to frighten the superstitious woman away.

"How do you support yourself?" I asked.

"I go out washing and house-cleaning, sir."

"What do you eat and drink?"

"Oh, sir, since bein' bewitched I aint eat hardly nothin'. My stomic is gone, and I ain't no appetite for victuals, but just coffee for six weeks. Oh, sir, I'm so faint—I know I'm a dyin' by inches—I can't live long so. Oh, dear!"

Now I had resolved to do this woman good. I appreciated her weakness of mind, her belief in witchcraft, and her total ignorance of the fact that she was merely *psychologised* by Fear. Logic, persuasion, philosophy, religion, was none of them the remedy; nothing but a psychological power more positive, applied without explanation, would cure and save her. Of this I was morally certain.

Having reached the Unitarian Church, I stopped and said: "We will now part. Did you notice that I have carried this note in my right hand?"

"Oh, yes, sir," she answered with a look of mental relief.

"Observe," said I—taking my pencil and crossing the face of the letter, then breathing on it for a moment, and returning it to her hand—"observe that letter cannot now injure you. It is harmless. You must burn it as quick as you get home. Brush the ashes into the stove or fireplace, and think no more about it."

"Mercy to me, sir, won't them words of the letter bewitch me jest the same?"

"No, never fear the words," said I. "But I wish to ask you a question. Do you know that your coffee is just the colour of Night, when dark influences prevail?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, "though I never know'd it to hurt me."

But while she spoke a shudder passed over her, as if alarmed at the similarity of complexion between her favourite beverage and a certain cloven-footed celebrity.

"You mustn't drink a *black fluid*," said I.

"Mercy to me! what shall I do then? If you take away my coffee, sir, I shall die, I'm 'fraid. Oh, dear me!"

"Go right home," I responded, "and, as soon as you have burnt the letter, prepare for yourself a roast potato, and eat that with bread and butter. To-morrow morning, besides the potato and bread, you may take a tablespoonful of coffee, and so also for a month to come, but not afterwards. And, remember, never tell a human being that I gave you these directions."

She promised me, and departed, apparently full of faith. Little more than a year elapsed ere we met again. It was at evening twilight. Withdrawing to the outer edge of the sidewalk, in North Main-street, she whispered: "May the Lord reward you, sir."

"Are you quite well and happy now?" I asked.

"Never better, sir, in many years—what you told me to do was my cure. Nobody never disturbs my peace no more. Oh, sir, I know'd you was master of the Black Arts!"

"No," said I. "My art is *Nature* not understood. If we should meet again, when I have an hour to spare, you shall know how I drove the witches out of you."

"Oh, thank'ee, sir—I'm obliged to you—can you just tell me the name of your Art, sir?"

"Certainly, good woman," said I. "The name of the charm that cured you is *Psychology*."

"Skylolloge!" she exclaimed, "Skylolloge!"

"Yes," said I, "Psychology. But don't impart the word to others."

—From the "Magic Staff."

RAYS AND REFLECTIONS.

I have just heard of the case of a person whose health has greatly benefited by a rather frightening experience. It seemed odd, until I remembered how many people have been cured of various disorders by a shock of one kind or another. I have known such instances.

Ruminating on the matter, I began to contemplate fright as a remedial agent, scientifically applied. Fear is a most valuable thing (never mind what the philosophers say). If it were not for fear, life would be a chaotic experience. I have learned this by watching the career of those utterly fearless persons—so beloved of hero-worshippers—whose dauntless methods plunge themselves and their friends into terrible disasters. One of my recollections of the past is the number of times I had to intervene to save one of these dare-devils from the consequences of his lack of fear. His career indeed was a series of violent plunges into one disaster after another. A severe fright would have done him an immense amount of good. But he never got it. He was too thick-skinned, a quality which people of this type share with the ass and also with the wild boar, "the most fearless of all beasts," as we are told.

But to return to the question of the cure by fright. Let us imagine the head-quarters of the remedy. The patient is invited into the treatment room, and then the cure starts. As he opens the door a book or some other heavy object poised aloft immediately falls on his head—the cure has commenced.

He has hardly recovered from the shock when he treads on a concealed spring and immediately a frightful figure starts up from the floor and confronts him. He falls back into an arm-chair conveniently placed for his reception. Immediately the arms of the chair enfold him. His struggles to escape are by an artfully-contrived series of wires made to set all the furniture in the room in motion. There would also be an apparatus for giving the patient an electric shock when he least expected it.

That will do for a rough outline of the idea. I am certain it would work wonders in cases of melancholia, morbidity of mind and slothfulness of body, so noticeable in some persons whose health is below par.

For chronic cases there would be a specially constructed room where the patients would be shut up in company with a lively goat that would chase them round and round the apartment, out of which they could only escape by climbing a wall with a series of footholds, not too secure. Another chamber would have a revolving floor—not exceeding sixty revolutions a minute—which could only be stopped by discovering a secret panel in the wall and touching the necessary spring. There would also be a room with concealed trap-doors in the floor for the patient to fall through to the floor below.

I have known people, whose disease was a slow dull mind, and a heavy, inactive body, who would be immensely benefited by such modes of treatment. I think there is something in the idea. At any rate I present it to those enterprising medical men who are always keen on discovering new methods of cure. It might be called "The Remedial Shock System," or some such name. It would be excellent for hysteria and "blues."

P. S. There would be a special torture chamber for obstinate cases in which it was necessary that the patient should perspire freely.

The spectacle of a scientific disbeliever in telepathy disputing the reality of the subject in these days is funny enough. It becomes even funnier when, as happened lately, he is writing in a paper which gives in the same issue a remarkable case of spontaneous telepathy. I refer to the case in which a father and mother were unable to sleep because of the feeling that something was wrong with their son, a chauffeur, who was absent from home. Suddenly the mother in a flash of clairvoyance exclaimed, "He is at the garage." The father rose, ran all the way to the garage, and found the son there dead in a chair, suffocated by fumes from the engine of the car on which he had been working. We gave the story in brief outline in *LIGHT* at the time.

But there are still people miscalled scientists, who will confront a world in which such cases are abundant, and tell us there is no such thing as telepathy. Are they worth answering? Remembering that time is precious and that the opinions of the uninformed and obstinate opponents are not, my answer is an emphatic No.

D. G.

THE FAMOUS PROPHECY OF M. CAZOTTE.

First published in 1851, Professor Gregory's courageous and informed work on "Animal Magnetism" reproduces La Harpe's account of this celebrated prediction, "the most remarkable, because the best attested instance in modern times," says Gregory; who testifies that it was well known, in all its details, both in Paris and London, soon after its occurrence. The following astounding record is from the posthumous memoirs of La Harpe.

"It appears but as yesterday; yet, nevertheless, it was at the beginning of the year 1788. We were dining with one of our brethren at the academy—a man of considerable wealth and genius. The company was numerous and diversified—courtiers, lawyers, academicians, etc.; and according to custom, there had been a magnificent dinner. At dessert, the wines of Malvoisin and Constantia added to the gaiety of the guests that sort of license which is sometimes forgetful of *bon ton*: we had arrived in the world just at that time when anything was permitted that would raise a laugh. Chamfort had read to us one of his impious and libertine tales; and even the great ladies had listened without having recourse to their fans. From this arose a deluge of jests against religion. One quoted a tirade from *Pucelle*; another recalled the philosophic lines of Diderot:—

'Et des boyaux du dernier prêtre,
Serrer le cou du dernier roi.'

for the sake of applauding them. A third rose, and holding his glass in his hand, exclaimed, 'Yes, gentlemen, I am as sure that there is no God as I am that Homer was a fool'; and, in truth, he was as sure of the one as of the other. The conversation became more serious; much admiration was expressed on the revolution which Voltaire had effected, and it was agreed that it was his first claim to the reputation he enjoyed—he had given the prevailing tone to his age, and had been read in the ante-chamber, as well as in the drawing-room. One of the guests told us, while bursting with laughter, that his hairdresser, while powdering his hair, had said to him, 'Do you observe, sir, that although I am but a poor, miserable barber, I have no more religion than any other.' We concluded that the revolution must soon be consummated—that it was indispensable that superstition and fanaticism should give place to philosophy, and we began to calculate the probability of the period when this should be, and which of the present company should live to see the *reign of reason*. The oldest complained that they could scarcely flatter themselves with the hope; the young rejoiced that they might entertain this very probable expectation; and they congratulated the academy especially for having prepared the *great work*, and for having been the great rallying-point, the centre, and the prime mover of the liberty of thought.

A PREDICTION OF THE TERROR.

"Only one of the guests had not taken part in all the joyousness of this conversation, and had even gently and cheerfully checked our splendid enthusiasm. This was Cazotte, an amiable and original man, but unhappily infatuated with the reveries of the illuminati. He spoke, and with the most serious tone. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'be satisfied; you will all see this great and sublime revolution, which you so much admire. You know that I am a little inclined to prophecy: I repeat, you will see it.' He was answered by the common rejoinder, 'One need not be a conjuror to see that.' 'Be it so; but perhaps one must be a little more than a conjuror, for what remains for me to tell you. Do you know what will be the consequence of this revolution—what will be the consequence to all of you, and what will be the immediate result—the well-established effect—the thoroughly recognised consequence to all of you who are here present?' 'Ah!' said Condorcet, with his insolent and half-suppressed smile, 'let us hear—a philosopher is not afraid to encounter a prophet.' 'You, Monsieur de Condorcet, you will yield up your last breath on the floor of a dungeon; you will die from poison, which you will have taken, in order to escape from execution—from poison, which the *happiness* of that time will oblige you to carry about your person.'

"At first astonishment was most marked, but it was soon recollected that the good Cazotte is liable to dreaming, though apparently wide awake, and a hearty laugh is the consequence. 'Monsieur Cazotte, the relation you give is not so agreeable as your *Diable Amoureux*—(a novel of Cazotte's).

"'But what diable has put into your head this prison and this poison, and these executioners? What can all these have in common with philosophy and the reign of reason?' 'This is exactly what I say to you; it is in the name of philosophy—of humanity—of liberty—it is under the reign of reason, that it will happen to you thus to end your career; and it will indeed be the *reign of reason*; for then she will have her temples, and indeed, at that time, there will be no other temples in France than the temples of reason.' 'By my truth,' said Chamfort, with a sarcastic smile, 'you will not be one of the priests of those temples.' 'I do not hope it; but you, Monsieur de Chamfort, you will be one, and most worthy to be so; you will open your veins

with twenty-two cuts of a razor, and yet you will not die till some months afterwards.' They looked at each other, and laughed again. 'You, Monsieur Vicq d'Azir, you will not open your own veins, but you will cause yourself to be bled, six times in one day, during a paroxysm of the gout, in order to make more sure of your end, and you will die in the night. You, Monsieur de Nicolai, you will die upon the scaffold; you, Monsieur Bailly, on the scaffold; you, Monsieur Malesherbes, on the scaffold.' 'Ah! God be thanked,' exclaimed Roncher, 'it seems that Monsieur has no eye but for the academy—of it he has just made a terrible execution, and I, thank Heaven. . . . You, you also will die upon the scaffold.' 'Oh, what an admirable guesser,' was uttered on all sides; 'he has sworn to exterminate us all.' 'No, it is not I who have sworn it.' 'But shall we then be conquered by the Turks or the Tartars? Yet again. . . . Not at all; I have already told you, you will then be governed only by philosophy—only by reason. They who will thus treat you will be all philosophers—will always have upon their lips the selfsame phrases which you have been putting forth for the last hour—will repeat all your maxims—and will quote, as you have done, the verses of Diderot, and from *La Pucelle*.' They then whispered among themselves—'You see that he is gone mad'—for he preserved all this time the most serious and solemn manner. 'Do you not see that he is joking, and you know that, in the character of his jokes, there is always much of the marvellous?' 'Yes,' replied Chamfort, 'but his marvellousness is not cheerful—it savours too much of the gibbet—and when will all this happen?' 'Six years will not have passed over before all that I have said to you shall be accomplished.'

(To be continued.)

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A BIRD.

Mr. Claude Trevor, of Torrigiani, Florence, Italy, writes:—

A lady friend of mine was conversing with one of the leading physicians of Florence a short while ago. During the conversation she asked after his little girl of five, whom he simply adores. On replying to her enquiry he remarked on a strange occurrence which recently took place regarding the child. She loves little birds, and on the death of her grandmother a short while ago, the old lady, knowing this, left in her care a cage of several winged songsters. Ever since her death the little girl has looked after them entirely herself, feeding them, cleaning their cage, etc. A few nights ago she became very restless and suddenly awakened much agitated. Her mother (they share the same room) anxiously asked her what was the matter. "Oh! mummy, mummy," she replied, "I've had such a bad dream. I dreamt my Verdonecino (little greenfinch) was dead." Her mother quieted her, pointing out the fact that all the birds were in perfectly good health, and not to mind the bad dream. The little one was soothed and soon was asleep again. On waking in the morning she ran, as usual, to look after her pets, when, to her distress, she found the little greenfinch dead in the bottom of the cage. The episode has, from what I can gather from my friend, caused the Doctor to *think*, for, he says, he cannot explain it! Many believe in the astral body leaving its physical envelope during sleep, so does it not seem likely, if such is the case, that the child's last thoughts probably before sleeping were concentrated on her pets; that falling asleep her astral body may have been drawn to them and in it she saw the lifeless little form dead in the cage? Returning to the physical body this sad experience caused the restlessness and eventual awakening of the child, who put it down to what she called *sognaccio* (bad dream)?

LORD RAYLEIGH AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

Writing to Henry Sidgwick, Lord Rayleigh said:—

I have now seen a good deal of Spiritualism with Mrs. Jencken and a little with Mrs. Guppy, but hitherto nothing to my mind absolutely demonstrated. At the same time my impression (which is pretty strong though very variable!) is in favour of the genuineness of the phenomena.

If you could come to Terling, I think we could come to a conclusion satisfactory to our own minds, but if that conclusion were in favour of the spirits, I doubt if we should move the outer world.

I am quite amazed at the little interest most people take in the question. A decision of the existence of mind independent of ordinary matter must be far more important than any scientific discovery could be, or rather would be the most important possible scientific discovery.

Mrs. Jencken seems to me to be rather a fool, and if this be so, the phenomena must be genuine, as no fool could do them as tricks. As one inquires among one's friends stories multiply, and many of the most weighty come from unbelievers.

—From "The Life of Lord Rayleigh," by his Son.

CONCERNING THE DEVIL.

The devil acquired his name from the Egyptians and has his worshippers. The old French represented a good devil. The good devil was lost because theologians have always done their worst to vilify preceding religions. Here, as elsewhere, certain natural facts were first symbols of goodness, and afterward changed into things of horror, and gave birth to hell. In the book of Job, which is held to be an Arabian work, Satan is one of the sons of God, and goes forth to be the tempter of man. As we go further, we find a satanical influence lying behind the serpent. This is a poor and wretched devil of our Christian theology. Imagine a spiritual being who would seem to be created by God expressly to torment humanity! The devil of our most ancient traditions, in which nature in her darkest moods was personified and portrayed, was pretty much played out until it was revived by the theology of Luther and Calvin. The devil of the Middle Ages is poor enough, indeed, and has become a grotesque image, for the poor ignorant peasant was cunning enough to outwit him. Jack always triumphed over the Giant then, and, indeed, both Devil and Giant had one origin. Our forefathers, the Norsemen, had very little respect for the devil and thought of hell as the next best place to heaven. The Norsemen knew nought of a hell of everlasting fire. If they had heard of it, it might have proved the more attractive place of the two.

IN THE WRONG LATITUDE.

A good man once went out among them to enforce that theory, but found himself in the wrong latitude. When he had pictured the burning lake and the fire and terror of the place, he looked about him and was amazed at the result. Instead of seeing tears of anguish and expressions of dismay, he discovered they were blubbering in quite a different fashion, for their faces had brightened into full moons of happiness, and they sat rubbing their hands as if spiritually warming themselves at the fire which was warranted never to go out. For the picture was a delightful change from the life they led in their inclement climate. They were ready and willing to go to such a place at once.

It remained for Luther, Calvin, and Milton to resuscitate the devil, and this they did with a vengeance. Perhaps they overdid it, for they certainly doubled the devil by putting one in hell and the other in heaven. The effect of their doctrines might be understood pretty clearly from the dialogue between a coloured preacher and his flock: "Remember," said he, impressively, "dere are two roads only open to you, one leads to destruction and de other straight to perdition." "Hold on, Brudder," cried one of his hearers, "Do dey bofe lead dat way?" "Yes," was the solemn response. "Den," said the frightened man, "under dose perplexing and difficult circumstances, dis nigger makes tracks for de woods." It is not the religion of theology. Swedenborg and others, who have been, I believe, as familiar with spiritual life as with that of earth, never saw the devil in this way. The devil there is one that does not need to be killed, but only needs ripping in order to show the sawdust. I can imagine people who are not at all sure of their souls who would feel the world to be rather a hollow affair if there were no devil in it. The truth is it is as necessary for humanity as for blighted and barren fruit trees to get certain rotten roots of this kind in the past cut away. Christianity has been so much debased by false interpreters that it has almost become necessary, as has been said, not to be a Christian in order to appreciate the beauty and significance of the life of Christ.

NOT A SPIRITUAL CREATURE.

We have talked of the devil long enough. We have a far more terrible way of realising the hereafter than any abstract idea of hell and the devil can offer. The real devil is alive, working with a most infernal activity and playing the very devil with this world of ours. We have been following the phantom of faith, and the devil has been dogging us indeed. It is not a spiritual creature created for the purpose of dragging us down, but the devil is to be realised in his likeness to ourselves—a devil bequeathed to us by the accumulated gains of selfishness. The evil shadow of self is the devil, and we have the blasphemous impudence to cast the blame of an existence of a devil like that on God. There is no doubt of His responsibility for certain natural conditions which inevitably result in much that we call evil, nor will He shirk His responsibility in that matter. We are apt to look on things at first sight as evil, which we finally find to be blessings in disguise. The moment we recognise evil and the consciousness of its existence the responsibility becomes ours. Here is a problem for us to solve by way of education. Here is a foe to fight to the death, no matter whether it be in an individual or a nation. Here is something to be turned into good. Pain, mental or corporal, is essential to the perfecting of conditions. It is God's reminder that there is something wrong, therefore something to be remedied. The loftiest pleasures of our spiritual life continually flower from a rootage in the deepest pain. Pain is a passing necessity, and as the imperfect conditions pass away it follows that the pain must pass away.

—From an Address by the late GERALD MASSEY.

SENSITIVE AND SITTER.

BY DENIS GRINLING.

A flood of verbiage is poured out continually, relative to mediums, their faults and foibles, their idiosyncrasies and limitations, their genuineness or unreliability. But concerning the functions and attributes of sitters a discreet reserve is the order of the day. Perhaps a few words upon this aspect of psychic science will not be valueless.

It is well to remember frequently that those mediums, whose power has been weighed in the balance and found genuine, by investigators with many years of experience to qualify them as competent judges, have attained their high standard by dint of rigorously ordered lives, by self-effacement, self-denial and self-sacrifice.

The aim of the good sensitive is to make of himself a perfect instrument vibrating readily in harmony with the finer extra-mundane forces, and capable of responding to, and manifesting the thoughts of those who are no longer clothed in the garment of flesh. To keep this instrument attuned to the right pitch of delicacy demands a careful preparation and a constant watchfulness.

No fine faculty is preserved without assiduous fostering and spiritual striving; the psychic faculty is no exception to this law.

It has been remarked by all those who have had the opportunity of studying mediumship at first hand, that any given medium does not produce the same standard of evidence with sitters of diverse character and temperament. One sitter may obtain precise evidence of the identities of departed friends, another, under apparently similar conditions, will receive obscure and faltering messages.

It is also a matter of common knowledge to Spiritualists that some people almost unfailingly obtain good results with mediums, whereas others, with the same regularity, are the recipients of negative results. It is clear that the former possess something in their mental make-up which the latter lack. What is this elusive quality which distinguishes the "good sitter"? It cannot be defined with precision, its complexity is proof against successful analysis, but an indication may be given as to some of its components.

Sympathy with the medium, eager responsiveness to the controlling spirits, the desire to create a light and natural atmosphere, the adoption of an open and unprejudiced mental outlook, the ability to fit oneself into the medium's conditions, and not expect him to fit in with yours, adaptability, tact, quick intuitive perception; these and other traits go towards the composition of the perfect sitter.

The perfect sitter does not exist on this planet, but he represents an ideal to which we may aspire with great benefit.

Since results are admittedly so dependent on the sitters' attitude of mind, it seems to be a matter of importance that more attention should be paid to the cultivation of the right attitude. It is, in so many cases, flagrantly unjust to inculpate the medium for failing to give evidence, or giving false messages, when the blame should rest upon the hard, unsympathetic, prejudiced sitter.

When judging of results through mediums, let us be scrupulously fair. Our enquiry must not stop at the medium's credentials; it must extend to those of the sitter.

Preparation for a sitting is a duty equally incumbent upon medium and sitter.

If spirit communion is a reality, and of that there is no doubt in the minds of a great number, it is one of the most beautiful facts in life; therefore let us approach it with reverent and unclouded minds.

It is an undeniable fact that we are given very much what we deserve through mediums, let us then deserve well. Even as it is the object of this life to evolve human spirits worthy of survival, so it should be the object of all true Spiritualists to evolve sitters worthy of our best mediums.

MR. E. P. HEWITT AND PSYCHIC MESSAGES.—A remarkable article entitled "Threshold of Death: Phenomena of 'Spirit Communications,'" by Mr. E. P. Hewitt, K.C., LL.D., appeared in last Sunday's "Referee." Answering the contentions of another writer, Mr. Michael Temple, Mr. Hewitt claims that the telepathic theory as the explanation of all psychic communications is inadmissible, since facts "are sometimes stated by the pencil which were unknown to the medium or any of the sitters," and which are afterwards found to be correct. Mr. Hewitt denies that most spirit communications are confined to trivialities. He says, "The fact is that those who desire to receive frivolous communications will get them and nothing else; they attract frivolous persons on the other side."

OBITUARY.—We regret to announce the sudden passing of the husband of Madame Bishop Anderson, on January 2nd. The funeral took place at Finchley Cemetery, on January 5th, the service being conducted by the Rev. J. W. Potter, of St. Luke's, Forest Hill. Will all friends please accept heartfelt thanks for the many expressions of sympathy and floral tributes.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Sailors' Wives." By Warner Fabian. Stanley Paul & Co., Ltd. (7s. 6d. net.)
 "Thirty Years Among the Dead." By Carl A. Wickland, M.D. Published by National Psychological Institute, Los Angeles, Cal. (3 dols.)

SUNDAY'S SOCIETY MEETINGS.

Lewisham.—Limes Hall, Limes Grove.—January 18th, 11.15, open circle; 2.45, Lyceum; 6.30, Mrs. L. Brookman. Wednesday, January 21st, 8, Mrs. Podmore.
 Croydon.—Harewood Hall, 96, High-street.—January 18th, 11, Mr. Percy Scholey; 6.30, Mr. Robert King.
 Camberwell.—The Central Hall, High-street, Peckham.—January 18th, 38th Anniversary Service: 11, Mr. A. Vout Peters; 6.30, Mrs. A. De Beaurepaire. Wednesday, 7.30, at 55, Station-road.
 St. John's Spiritualist Mission, Woodberry-grove, North Finchley (opposite tram depot).—January 18th, 7, Rev. G. Nash. January 22nd, 8, Miss Fillimore.
 Shepherd's Bush.—73, Becklow-road.—January 18th, public circle; 7, Mr. and Mrs. Kirby. Thursday, January 22nd, 8, Mrs. Haddelsey.
 Peckham.—Lausanne-road.—January 18th, 7, Mrs. E. Marriott. Thursday, 8.15, Mrs. B. Stock.
 Bowes Park.—Shaftesbury Hall, adjoining Bowes Park Station (down side).—January 18th, 11, Mr. F. L. Brown; 7, Rev. J. M. Mathias. Wednesday, January 21st, 3, Miss Rogers Pearson at 54, Whittington-road.
 Central.—65-66, Chancery-lane, W.C.2 (Holborn end).—January 16th, 7.30, Mrs. Golden. January 18th, 7, Mrs. Clements.
 St. Luke's Church of the Spiritual Evangel of Jesus the Christ, Queen's-road, Forest Hill, S.E.—Minister: Rev. J. W. Potter. January 18th, 6.30, service, Holy Communion and Address. Healing Service, Wed., January 21st, 7 p.m.
 "The Brotherhood of Light," 97, Ledbury-road, Bayswater, W.11.—January 18th, 7, Mr. E. H. Bailey; subject: "What is Astrology?"

REV. G. VALE OWENS LECTURE TOUR, 1925.

DATE	TOWN OR DISTRICT.	HALL.	LOCAL ORGANISER.
Jan. 18	London.	Old County Hall.	Miss Phillimore.
" 25	Chiswick.	—	Mr. R. B. Hawthorn, 29, Althorp Road, S.W.17.
" 28	Eltham.	Public Hall, Elm Terrace, Eltham.	Mr. P. P. Buxton, 38, Phineas Rett Road, Well Hall, Eltham, S.E.

OBITUARY.

MR. WILLIAM COWELL-PUGH.

We are informed of the decease of Mr. William Cowell-Pugh, which took place on Monday, the 5th inst., from heart failure. He was long associated with Spiritualism in the Midlands and was known as one of the best-read, most earnest and intelligent advocates of the subject. His great knowledge and experience made him a centre of information and advice, for he was one of those who never weary in well-doing. He was closely associated with the question of psychic photography in which he did much valuable work in conjunction with some of the principal experimenters. Although for some years he suffered from blindness, due to overwork, this affliction did not extinguish his activities. He bore the deprivation cheerfully, and his assistance was always willingly given in every case of difficulty. We join in the condolence extended to his widow, Mrs. S. A. Cowell-Pugh, and add our tribute of admiration to a good man and true who has passed to a world more beautiful, leaving as his monument the record of a well-spent life. The funeral, which took place on Wednesday afternoon, the 7th, at Middlesbrough, was attended by a large number of Spiritualists from Darlington, Newcastle, Stockton, Grangetown, etc.

A CORRESPONDENT is trying to obtain a copy of "The Spiritual Harp," words and music, of date previous to 1875. Anyone who has the book for disposal should communicate with E. E., c/o LIGHT, 5, Queen Square, W.C.1.

SOME APHORISMS.—Love is the divine magnet which draws all human effort for good to it. Light is not bounded by what the eyes can see, the most beautiful visions come to us in sleep. Love is not dependent upon words; when it is deepest it has no speech. The ears do not hear the sweetest sounds, unheard melodies are too subtle for human translation. Travel does not need a human vehicle, the Soul travels at will.—ELEANOR GRAY.

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Miss Archer, interviews Mondays and Tuesdays, 12 to 7, fee 2s. 6d., or by appointment for Spiritual, Psychic, and Material Advice.—4, Grove Green Rd., Leyton, 2 minutes from Leyton L. & N. E. R.

Wanted, as assistant to Medical Herbalist, lady, capable of consulting and dispensing. A good opening for a Medical woman with view to partnership.—Apply Box 65, Hutchinson & Co., 34, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.

Mrs. ALICE JAMRACH, of 8, South Park Crescent, Ilford, desires to acknowledge, with sincere thanks, parcels received during December from Mrs. Forbes, Mrs. Alexander, Miss Liddell and Mrs. Fielder (Clacton-on-Sea) for the benefit of the Little Ilford Distress Fund.

"THIRTY YEARS AMONG THE DEAD," by Carl A. Wickland, M.D. (National Psychological Institute, Los Angeles, price 3 dol.) is a book regarding which the sceptical reader who glances through it hastily and concludes it to be a work on obsession by one obsessed by the idea of obsession, ought not to be judged harshly. There are pages that for a time seem unending, all on obsession of one kind or other, the names and circumstances differing but the general characteristics similar to a degree that is monotonous. Almost throughout, the medium of the experiences recorded was Mrs. Wickland, whose "psychism is that of unconscious trance." We cannot pretend to deal with these three hundred and ninety pages. Towards the end of the book we have spirits who were distinguished on earth condemning themselves for false terrestrial teaching, e.g., Madame Blavatsky and Dr. Anna Kingsford repudiating the doctrine of reincarnation, Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy denouncing her "Christian Science"; all of them busy undoing the injury they inflicted on their "victims."—W. B. P.

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OPENING OF SPRING SESSION.

QUEEN'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE, W. 1.

Tuesday, JANUARY 20th, at 8 p.m.,

MR. HANNEN SWAFFER

will discuss the question,

"IS LORD NORTHCLIFFE DEAD?"

supported by:

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, Miss LOUISE OWEN,
Rev. G. VALE OWEN, Mr. H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

Chair: Sir EDWARD MARSHALL HALL, K.C.

TICKETS: 3/., 2/., reserved and numbered; 1/- unreserved;
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NOTE. All the reserved seats are sold. Many good seats at 1s.
remain. Any reserved seats returned will be placed in the
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Gen. Sec. not later than midday of Monday, January 19th.

Wednesday, Jan. 21st,

4 p.m. Discussion Class. preceded by tea.
Members, 1/- Non-Members, 2/-

Leader: Mr. Alain Raffin: Healing.

7 p.m. Clairvoyance and Psychometry, Circle
limited to six. Members, 5/-; friends introduced by
Members, 7/6.

Mr. C. Glover Botham.

Thursday, Jan. 22nd, at 7 p.m.

Mr. A. Vout Peters, one of our leading English
mediums, will lecture on "Finland: the Country,
its People, Myths and Magic."

Chair: Mr. H. Ernest Hunt.

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THE MEMORIAL ENDOWMENT FUND.

This fund which is now re-opened was started in order to acquire for the Alliance a commodious headquarters which should also stand as a memorial to the departed relatives and friends of the contributors, and it was proposed that a room in the house should be dedicated to this purpose, where photographs of the departed might be displayed.

All who realise the need of the day, and who are in sympathy with the L.S.A. in its desire to meet that need, are asked to subscribe.

Donations should be forwarded to the Hon. Treasurer, The Viscountess Molesworth, "Shalimar," Chertsey Lane Staines, Middlesex.

BAZAAR and FETE.

At CAXTON HALL, WESTMINSTER, Wednesday and Thursday, May 20th and 21st, 1925 (in aid of the above).

All persons believing in and desirous of helping the work of the L.S.A. are asked to support this effort in any way convenient to them.

Tickets (including tax): Day, 1/2; Season, 1/10.

All communications to be addressed to the General Secretary.

BOOKS THAT WILL HELP YOU

Ancient Lights, or The Bible, The Church, and Psychic Science.—By Mrs. St. Clair Stobart. Cloth, Post Free, 8/-. (3168).
The Case of Lester Coltman.—By Lilian Walbrook, With an Introduction by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Cloth, Post Free, 4/10. (3192).
Spirit Teachings.—By Rev. W. Stainton Moses (M.A. Oxon.). Cloth, Post Free, 6/6.
Silhouettes of Spirit Life.—By "Amicus." Post Free, 2/2.
Ghosts I Have Seen.—By Violet Tweedale. Cloth, Post Free, 8/-.
What Happens After Death.—By the Rev. G. Vale Owen. Post Free, 1/9.
Rupert Lives.—By the Rev. Walter Wynn. Cloth, Post Free, 1/-. (2870).
The Way of Attainment.—By Sydney T. Klein. Cloth, Post Free, 5/4.
The Harmonial Philosophy.—By Andrew Jackson Davis. Cloth, Post Free, 11/-. (2802).
The Wanderings of a Spiritualist.—By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Cloth, Post Free, 6/6. (3056).
Through the Mists.—By R. J. Lees. Cloth, Post Free, 4/10. (906).
The Life Elysian.—By R. J. Lees. Cloth, Post Free, 4/10. (1903).
Towards the Stars.—By H. Dennis Bradley. Cloth, Post Free, 8/-. (3194).

Making of Man.—By Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S. Cloth, Post Free, 3/9. (3185).
Facts and the Future Life.—By Rev. G. Vale Owen. Cloth, Post Free, 4/10. (3103).
Paul and Albert.—By the Rev. G. Vale Owen. Cloth, Post Free, 4/9.
The Blue Island.—Communicated by W. T. Stead. Cloth, Post Free, 3/9. (3109).
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