

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

So may a man's soul be sure of vision when suddenly she is sure of Light; for this Light is from Him—and is He.—**PLOTINUS.**

THE MASTERY OF LIFE.

Long ago we reached the conclusion that true power in the direction of life should move from within outwards—that we should always seek to work from the centre to the circumference. We saw that—except in the physical world, for physical ends—the strenuous moving of things from without, the method of "push and drive," led nowhere; if, indeed, it did not lead to disaster. Thinking thus, we alighted with interest on the following passage in one of the later scripts in "From Beyond the Veil," by Mrs. Bruce Wallace, published in a recent issue of "Brotherhood":—

Work always from within. Never for one moment seek to place your hands upon outer events to move them to your bidding. Call to them from within; control them in this manner. You will find that they will gravitate to their right places more effectively and harmoniously than if you try to push them from outside. This is the way of the master: learn to become a master. Such a way may seem to be slower; but that is of no moment. It is a far more valuable gain to have advanced a little [in this direction] and it will equip the soul for a higher standard of work in the future.

* * * *

EVIDENTIAL AND OTHERWISE.

It is not easy for some people to distinguish between what is evidence and what is not. They are quickly satisfied and seem inclined to resent the rigid standard set up by those of us who desire that our faith and doctrine shall rest on firm foundations. Here are two examples from personal experience which strike us as illustrating the difference between things which carry conviction and things which have no evidential value whatever. On one occasion a famous clairvoyant from the United States was introduced shortly after her arrival to London to two people—a man and wife—who were present at a social gathering. They were complete strangers to her and she to them. It was not long before she remarked to the wife, who was accompanied by her little son, "Have you not lost a little boy younger than this one?" at the same time describing the figure of a small boy whom she saw clairvoyantly. The description was perfectly accurate and

was followed later by correct descriptions of other departed members of the family, one of whom gave a message relating to a matter so private that the man and his wife were staggered at its accuracy. It was a matter quite unknown outside the family. The messages and descriptions were accompanied by names—the actual names of the people concerned. Now that to us was good evidence. Some time later we met a gentleman who was much impressed by the fact that a clairvoyant medium had seen the spirit of a leading Spiritualist well-known to both him and the medium. The spirit gave a message stating that his new life was a vast improvement on the old one. Our informant thought this was wonderful; to us it meant very little. We knew that it was quite possible that the spirit had been seen and had given the message described; on the other hand there was nothing to prove that the medium had not imagined the whole thing. It is necessary to discriminate very severely between what is merely testimony which may or may not be true, and that which as evidence will endure the closest scrutiny.

* * * *

MANY BOOKS.

The number of books now being issued in connection with Spiritualism and Psychical Research is so great that we find it difficult to give adequate attention even to the best of them. The fact that our subject of late years has attracted many people of advanced intelligence, including a number of trained writers and thinkers, necessarily means that its literature is attaining a higher level. This is all to the good, although the fact remains that even a book of little literary merit may have a more substantial value than many volumes full of profound reflections or acute analysis, if it sets out convincingly facts and experiences. We have read lately several books in which the authors, with no great skill in authorship but having a story to tell, have related their experiences so simply and sincerely that their testimony alone, supported as it was by hosts of similar experiences, would convince any impartial reader. Two of these books, which we may mention without disparagement of the others, are "Au Revoir—Not Good-bye," by W. Appleyard, J.P. (Hutchinson) and "From the Other Side," by J. H. D. Miller (Williams and Norgate). Such books as these have a marked effect on the mind of a public which is not, as a rule, interested in the higher philosophy of human survival. That interest is limited to a relatively small class who seem at times to lose touch with simple facts and wander in intellectual mazes which lead nowhere in particular.

ALL HALLOWS' EVE.

Bogle and banshee, fetch and wraith,
Affright us not, nor do us skait—
Free be our minds from earthly taints:
It is the Vigil of the Saints.

Alert our souls, attuned our ears
To catch the music of the spheres,
And glimpses of that land of light
Whose benisons make sweet the night.

D. G.

CONCERNING KNOWING THINGS.

By PHILIP PRESCOTT FROST.

[Reproduced, with grateful acknowledgments, from the *Journal of the American Society for Psychological Research.*]

(Especially with reference to knowing things which aren't so.)

One of the compensations of slightly advancing years and of a reflective cast of mind is experience of the successive blowings up of popular fallacies, combined with the continuing childlike faith of the dear public in the fallacy which has not yet exploded.

It was the misfortune of the writer in the summer of 1902 to be an automobile salesman on a straight commission basis in the little city of Middletown, Connecticut. I had a little "sewing machine action" steam car which, without a whimper, would take four people where one would hesitate to go with a next year's model, and where the car would be pretty sure to hesitate if the driver didn't. It would not be a bad looker on the road to-day, with its somewhat stream-lined body and wire wheels. But did I sell any? Well, hardly!

They have all long since mortgaged their homes to buy devil-wagons of their own, but in 1902 they broke me and ran me out of Middletown and out of the automobile business, and the decision in 1902 was certainly with them. Yet, I insist, the automobile was practical and had come to stay.

Some years later the Silver-Tongued Orator of the Platte was negotiating peace treaties, the substance of which was that if either country jumped on the other the other would not declare war for one year—thereby making war impossible! A gentleman whom I knew well was a pacifist, and, like most pacifists, could not talk on the subject at all without growing violently angry.

"Do you mean to say that you really believe that there will ever be another great war between first-class nations? I've got too much faith in Christianity and in civilisation and in the enlightened common sense of mankind for any such foolishness. Why, you can't make war without money, and the bankers of the world have too much to lose to allow it to be done!"

I called attention to the fact, now so absurdly obvious yet not so obvious then, that the bankers would not be consulted, and asked him why Germany was piling a vast navy on a vaster army if it was not to fight. But it was breath wasted. When August, 1914, put an abrupt end to that sort of scrap-of-paper pacifism, he, of course, had to drop it, and fell back on the "war is murder," "all who take any part in war are murderers," line of nonsense. He stuck to this—with plenty of good company, don't forget—until the day his own son enlisted for immediate overseas service. Then a light did at last break. Not long since I had the pleasure of hearing this gentleman remark, with perfect seriousness and simple sincerity:—

"You know, those pacifists, some of them, actually used to believe that there would never be another war between first-class nations! They even used to call our brave soldier boys 'murderers!' " he snorted with derisive, resentful contempt. The last idea in his mind was that he had ever held such views!

For the dear public never in the world eats the dish of crow which it has industriously prepared for itself. It ridicules and jeers and abuses what its prejudice of the moment causes it to dislike—and the man behind the fact—and to-morrow adopts the thing, after a brief but significant silence, with joyous shouts of "I told you so!" I have no doubt that if anyone in Middletown remembers me at all, it is as a discredited crank with an automobile which absolutely would not go. I know that my friend, the ex-pacifist, vaguely thinks of me as a man who was all wrong on some important question or other back before the war—sincere, possibly, but visionary and lacking in judgment. The public not only thinks of itself as being infallibly right now, but as having always been right. It doesn't pay to have been right too soon. Your real leader of men is always the man who contrived to crawl under the fence exactly in that silent moment when the public was climbing over.

Now for about a quarter of a century (it sounds like quite a long time to put it so) I have had the diary habit. When anything makes me mad, or hurts me, or pleases me very much, I have to go and write it down. This is a bad habit, and I recommend it to no one, but in twenty-odd years it becomes enlightening. There are pages which one reads fifteen years after with a certain warm feeling of the cuticle and a gratitude for privacy. One was not always right. And then again, there are other pages—I have been right a good many times. Among other things which I think I have learned from my journals is to recognise the earmarks of a popular fallacy in that period before it is recognised as a "popular fallacy"—when it still poses

as resplendent and sacred truth, that voice of the people which is the voice of God.

The first characteristic of a popular fallacy which I have observed in browsing through my journals, then, is that it is popular. This sounds obvious, but is not so. Looking back upon a popular fallacy, it is almost impossible to believe that the really intelligent people did not see through it all the time. Nothing of the sort ever happened. Every right-minded and sane and intelligent person believed in that fallacy heartily and implicitly, in its time and place, without doubts or questionings. It was self-evident. It did not have to be looked into or investigated. The absurdity and even wickedness of any other point of view was universally recognised. To challenge it was to brand one's self weak-minded, "unsafe," or worse, and eliminate one's self from further consideration. The verdict was unanimous. To accept it without challenge or question was in itself the test of intelligence.

(Of course too much must not be made of this. Just now a healthy skepticism on the whole subject of "spooks" is very properly a test of a man's intelligence, and is generally recognised as such. A man who has allowed himself to be humbugged by the fraudulent mediums is universally looked upon as credulous and easy, if not a little unbalanced. And rightly so. To allow one's self to become too much interested in the subject, at least seriously so, is unwise. Indeed, it is a question if there is not an element of impiety in it. If God had wished us to know these things, He would undoubtedly have revealed them to us in His Word. There is reason in all things.)

But to return to our popular fallacies. As I go back in my journals and get into the atmosphere of other days and other ideas I find a second characteristic of the old exploded popular fallacy staring out at me. Again it seems absurdly obvious at the first glance, yet is not so. The popular fallacy is false.

The popular fallacy is not only false after it has been exploded, but it was equally false when everybody was accepting it as the self-evident truth. Even then, if a man could rid his mind of the preconceptions of the day and approach the facts with a really open mind, not prejudging them or colouring them, he had no difficulty in detecting the error in the popular attitude. It might be highly impolitic to call attention to the fallacy in the popular attitude, and profitless to be aware of it, but the only requisites to detecting it were a reasonable amount of intellectual honesty, a level head, and a little investigation of the subject. As I have intimated, I have not always been wrong. It is a comfort to come on the pages in which I sputtered impotently against some popular fallacy while it was still closed to argument and the facts and compellingly prejudged. One is denied the pleasure of actually saying, "I told you so!"—that is the privilege of the majority who didn't say so at all—but I do think it.

And there is another illuminating thing about this diary habit and what one learns from it of the popular fallacies of yesterday. It throws such light on the popular fallacies of day before yesterday. One is so prone to laugh—actually laugh—at the scientific men and ecclesiasts of the century following the discovery of America in their stubborn fight to keep the foundations of the earth in place and down the absurd heresy that the old world floated, a sphere, in space. In their day it was no joke. They felt about it exactly as we now feel so properly about the really absurd claim that the dead return and beat in the dark cabinets of mediums. The thing was obviously false. It did not admit of serious argument. When they did condescend to discuss it, they found themselves exasperated and put in the wrong through the extreme cleverness of their opponents and learned not to make the mistake again. The rack and thumbscrew were quite the proper arguments for dealing with it. Indeed, there were no others. They were the defenders in their day of common sense and truth—and the crowd was with them.

These old fellows who fought for their four-cornered earth were wrong, just as the men of a later time who fought for their six-day "creation" dated only six thousand years ago were wrong, and many others entirely wrong, absurdly wrong, always wrong in the jeering and contemptuous or frightened certainty of their conservatism. Looking back at them, that wrongness is what we tend to see, that absurdity, that unpleasant willingness to resort to the arguments of abuse, persecution and force. We know now that they were all the time vaguely aware of some fatal weakness among their syllogisms, and that was why they grew so instantly angry, insulting, abusive, violent, in the defence. To understand them as they understood them—

selves one needs to have had the very laws of nature go wrong and the impossible come to pass in his own cosmos, and have day by day written down his reactions to it in a very private and confidential journal, and have gone back to it and read it all over after it had been lived through and forgotten. These old fellows all the way along were just like us—just exactly like us.

Prophecy is notoriously dangerous. Yet if the reiterated testimony of my journals is worth anything I think I can plot the curve of the past, so as to project it on a little way into the future. What has been will be. Undoubtedly some of the things of to-day that "go without saying," will be the grotesquely false, thoroughly exploded old popular fallacies of this time to the people of to-morrow. I am willing to go further. Find the subject which cannot be discussed without heat, upon which only one opinion is possible, which is much better left alone; find the subject in which authority, persiflage, repartee, innuendo, invective, suppression, perhaps violence, pass for argument—and your finger is right upon the sore spot. Investigate, and see if you do not find that such a popular axiom is out of touch with known facts. But unless you crave the martyr's crown, keep your findings to yourself. A John Brown has to hang before a Great Emancipator can ride to the White House.

(I must repeat, things should not always be taken too literally. I am advancing no argument for freak ideas or mere superstitions. We know, of course, that it is impossible ever to know anything about the spirit world, save what has been revealed to us in the Bible, until we ourselves pass through that great change after which all change is impossible. From this, of course, we know that any claim of spirit communication must necessarily be fraudulent. There is no ground for argument. Our common sense—if we have any—makes that clear. And because so-called scientific men like Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, William James, Alfred Russel Wallace, and others—most, in fact, who have investigated the subject—have been overcome by the delusion should not be taken as any argument for its truth. They should be a warning, rather, to turn a deaf ear to the whole subject. The great majority of the scientific world still maintains an attitude of contemptuous indifference to the whole matter, and in this case we can well follow their example.)

But we digress. We were speaking of popular fallacies. If it may be permitted to borrow a rather ancient and thread-bare old figure, I suspect that one of the reasons for our knowing so much that isn't so is the tendency to water-tight compartments in our thinking. And certainly in that respect the world has steadily been improving. The water-tight compartment of men's minds, which once contained only the first chapter of Genesis, has long been opened up to sun and air, and now contains a fine cargo of geology, biology, and so on—real knowledge, which no one is afraid to have looked at and handled. It took an awful fight to get that hatch cover off, but it's off now for good.

And then there's the hold where we are still stowing away our knowledge of geography, astronomy, and all that. Under that lid there rattled about a few misleading Bible texts and some of the knowledge upon which the old astrology was based. Men died to get that compartment open. (Other men killed them to keep it closed.) That fight has long since gone by. There are other hatches with the covers off and solid cargo going in. A few are still closed, and the covers battened down, with guards posted to see that they are not interfered with. Of course, no one objects to the proper safeguarding of the big hold of "human rights" where the Declaration of Independence and the Statue of Liberty are kept! The big steel cover of property rights is well screwed down on it, and the whole power of our modern industrialism and of the Army stands guard. It will be a very clever "Red" indeed who ever gets his nose in there!

Away up forward I have just been noticing another closed and sealed hatch cover around which an increasingly lively scuffle seems to be taking place. A considerable crowd of terribly agitated clergymen, aided by a large crew of angry and apprehensive college professors, defend the compartment with stinging volleys of mud, while their assailants, though badly outnumbered, keep coming on with the cry that they have facts in their possession which must go in that very place. I am interested. This thing has all the earmarks of a time-honoured popular fallacy in distress. If we could only get close without being hit by any of the mud, we might perhaps be able to see—

(I am sorry, now, that this thing happened. It is very odd how we keep running into it in an essay on this subject. I don't understand it. Getting nearer, I observe that the college professors have painted on the hatch cover in big letters the word "SPOOKS," but I know that this is the hold in which certain "miracles" are kept, too. That accounts for the agitation of the clergymen. The men with the so-called facts must be some of these "psychical researchers." Let us join the men on the hatch cover and throw some mud, too. There is plenty of it. After all, to abandon a good, live popular fallacy merely because it was false, would be almost as bad as to cling to it after it ceased to be popular.)

Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to cast the old aside.

After all, it doesn't so much matter whether what you know is so, as that it is the *right thing* to know, and that you know it without any weak doubts or misgivings. One can always change his mind.

And now, I think, I must go and write a little in my journal.

NOTE.

This article was sold to a weekly of national circulation, was paid for, was held for over a year, and was then returned with the following letter on their letterhead:—

DEAR SIR,—We have had your article, "Concerning Knowing Things," in type for a long time, but an opportunity to use it has not occurred. To speak frankly, we had not realised how much the latter part of the article was a discussion of Spiritism and a prophecy as to its acceptance. On consideration, we doubt the desirability of going into this particular subject in this way. The prophecy is problematical and hypothetical, and we really do not see much practical good in such a discussion. We have, therefore, decided to return to you the article itself, together with the two enclosed sets of proofs, and to assure you of our entire acquiescence in any other disposition you may wish to make of the article. You are, of course, in every way entitled to retain the sum sent you when we accepted the article and, indeed, we should much prefer that you should do so than otherwise. Yours sincerely,
—THE EDITORS OF THE —

As an illustration and example of the attitude which the article was written to criticise this seems rather good. The name of the magazine is withheld in consideration of its fairness and generosity, both in this case and others.—P. F.

THOUGHT-READING : ITS LIMITS.

By MARGARET UNDERHILL.

During a recent sitting with Miss Helen MacGregor, Pollyanna, her control, told me that she had been to see my home in Massachusetts, with my grandfather, who is in the spirit-world. He had given me many evidential tests of his identity at previous sittings.

Pollyanna was much amused, because, on his arrival at my home my grandfather wiped his feet on the door-mat. Having lived in primitive surroundings while on earth, she had never seen such a proceeding, and asked him if he were dancing. My grandfather explained his peculiar actions, and she scornfully informed him that as there was no dust on their plane his feet could not possibly need scraping. He apologised and said that he had wiped them from force of habit.

My family have lived for two years in an old farmhouse, the interior of which they have altered considerably. My grandfather, had never seen it during his lifetime. Much to my surprise, instead of describing the interior as it now is, Pollyanna gave an accurate picture of the house as it had been for nearly a hundred years before the alterations were made.

She saw the verandah which has been added lately, but on entering the house noticed directly opposite the front door a dark, steep, narrow staircase, with walls on either side. She spoke of a room at the left, and standing in a corner between two windows she saw a large round table covered with a red and white cloth. Many other details were given in regard to the original structure. Pollyanna also mentioned a stone wall, set into a bank in front of the house, and a steep bank about ten feet high behind the house, which provided for this agile young spirit a most delightful playground.

The staircase has been removed and the table no longer stands where our predecessors, with New England fixity of habit, had always kept it, covered by the red and white cloth. The wall and the bank still exist, but the latter has been cut away considerably.

All these facts were known to me, it is therefore possible that Pollyanna tapped my sub-conscious mind, presenting me with a picture of the house as I had seen it eight years ago. But both Pollyanna and I thought she was to describe my home. The instant she spoke of it I visualised strongly the house in its *present* condition, as I had last seen it. No thought of its previous state entered my mind; association of ideas did not connect that state with *home*.

There is another aspect of the matter which should prove of interest to the student of psychic science.

Some of those among us, who have personally contacted the spirit-world, believe that material objects as well as human beings have etheric doubles built of astral matter. Basing our argument upon this hypothesis we may assume that Pollyanna saw, not the actual house, but its etheric double, which, because of its age, had made strong impression upon astral matter. It, therefore, still retains its original form, while the recent structural alterations are not yet registered in the vibrations of astral matter. The verandah is the only reference to the changes which have been made in the house, and since this was an addition and not an alteration, made inside of the original walls, there were no existing vibrations which had to be reconstructed.

A PLAY FROM THE BEYOND.

MRS. HESTER DOWDEN'S ACCOUNT OF OSCAR WILDE'S WORK.

"You are the light that lets me peep again into the world," wrote Oscar Wilde through the mediumship of Mrs. Hester Dowden in June, 1923. In the same year, through the same gifted sensitive, he completed a new play. The members of the London Spiritualist Alliance were afforded an enjoyable experience on Thursday, October 22nd, when Mrs. Dowden told the entrancing story of how the play came to be written.

Wilde made a wise choice in his instrument. In addition to her high intellectual qualifications, Mrs. Dowden possesses a calm, logical mind, with an invaluable quality of detachment which enables her to view psychic problems from various aspects. She is not wedded to any hard-and-fast theory, but is prepared to weigh and consider alternative hypotheses.

When confronted with the remarkable fact of a play dictated by one who has passed from earth, psychic students will call to mind that Sardon, a medium, stated explicitly that all his plays came to him from a spirit source. And there is, further, Dickens' completion of his unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," given through the illiterate medium, T. P. James, of Brattleboro, Vermont, U.S.A. This book, which was published in 1873, is in the L.S.A. and S.P.R. libraries.

Those who have read Mrs. Dowden's book, "Psychic Messages from Oscar Wilde" (1924) are aware what an evidential case was made out. The writing, which came with extreme rapidity, was as far as could be judged a facsimile of the handwriting of this wayward genius, and the matter was studied with the epigrams, brilliant phrasing, and exotic fancies characteristic of him. If it needed it, the case for the communications proceeding from Wilde is greatly strengthened by the fresh particulars so instructively presented by Mrs. Dowden on Thursday evening.

She said:—

I have never been an admirer of Wilde's work, nor has his personality attracted me. I find my hand is writing what, so far as I can imagine, could not come from myself. Wilde flourished before my time, he exhales a different atmosphere from mine. I cannot go back into the 'eighties as he does; he never can get away from the manners and fashions of his own day, which I do not remember. This has been very marked throughout the script. He invariably addresses me as "Dear Lady."

In writing the play he asked sometimes for help as to the fashions and manners of the present day, but although I explained the changes which have taken place in the world, he drops back again into the period with which he is familiar.

Personally, I consider that the most convincing proof we can have of survival is *personality*. Facts and details are convincing, but these are open to the explanation that they may be conveyed to the medium from the mind or memory of the sitter. I do not in the least minimise the importance of facts. They are the basis and root on which a sitting may be carried on with confidence, and without these no case can be considered evidential. But if facts and details are the only proofs we have, we cannot contend that the personality of the communicator is there, or that mind survives. The mind is what we look for—the personality with which we are familiar, the turn of the phrase which is characteristic of the speaker.

The importance of personality as a factor in psychic communication has not been sufficiently emphasised by our writers. The admirable and laborious work of the Society for Psychical Research has dealt largely with cases in which correct information or "cross-correspondence" has been obtained, but so far as I know it has not laid stress on the necessity for carrying our evidence further, for demanding the character and mental outlook of the communicator.

The scripts were coming through pretty rapidly, when I asked whether Wilde could not do some original work again through my hand. I had not thought of a play, I had his Essays in my mind, which seem to me to contain his best work. The suggestion of writing a play came directly from Oscar himself. He said he could do it, he thought, and I rather scoffed at the idea.

It is noticeable, as a rule, in automatic writing, that short sittings are best. I, therefore, rather rejected the suggestion of the play as an impossible one.

I was entirely justified by the first half-dozen attempts. At all times Wilde was a difficult communicator, uncertain, self-willed, and sometimes very much out of humour. At these first half-dozen sittings he discussed the situation with me, telling me he had a plot in mind, and that I need not trouble as to the details, that he was still in a position to suggest settings, choose the names of his characters, and deal with all the usual technique of the drama.

I suggested that the traditions of the stage had altered considerably since his day, that the soliloquy had vanished. To all my remarks he made the same replies, reminding me that I was not a dramatist, and that he, having formed the pattern of the plot in his mind, could not depart from it.

On one occasion when he had been particularly halting and ill-tempered, the friend who was recording for me burst out suddenly with the exclamation, "I could kill him!" which restored us all to the humorous side of the situation.

From the beginning Oscar had a definite plot in his mind. That was evident, but he did not at first get on to the line of dialogue he adopted. I admit that was my fault to a great extent, through pressure of other work.

In June and July, 1923, the first rough draft of the play was discarded. I was then able to devote three or four evenings a week to Oscar, working from 11 p.m. until 1 a.m. as a rule. I say "discarded," but I do not mean that the actual *mise-en-scène* was altered. That seemed arranged from the beginning. The alterations consisted in treating the characters differently.

The system we worked on was a constant reading back. When an act of the play was written, my recorder, Miss Cummins would read it aloud to Oscar, and he would interrupt every now and then with corrections, which were always an improvement on what had been written before. His industry was amazing; it greatly exceeded mine. He would carve at a few lines in his work with such energy that sometimes sleep overcame me, and I found it very difficult to continue.

I made a point of not reading over what was written in order to prevent my mind working subconsciously on the plot. This course discouraged me much, for I thought there was no plot or coherence in the play, and but for Miss Cummins, who believed that it was shaping itself, I should have given it up in despair.

The play is called by its author, "The Extraordinary Play." Whether, if it is produced, that title will be adhered to remains to be seen. If it is altered, Oscar will have a good deal to say on the subject, I have no doubt.

He explained that he wished to give us the continuance of man's life and purpose, both before and after death, so the scene of the last act should be laid in the next sphere. Again, I was discouraged, because no subject in literature is so difficult to treat as the Beyond, or, indeed, any form of psychic phenomena. When the personal element is introduced psychically into literature it is almost invariably a failure. Thus I was apprehensive when he announced that the play was to leave this world in the last act.

You have all seen "Outward Bound." There are points of similarity between Wilde's play and Mr. Sutton Vane's. Wilde calls the souls who have just passed over, "Travellers." These are not travelling as comfortably as the passengers in the phantom ship in "Outward Bound." They are toiling along as a train of pilgrims might, through vast tracts of scenery, the brilliance of which oppresses them. They have no idea of where or why they are on this journey, their memories are gone, except for an occasional flash which vanishes as quickly as it comes. No kindly bishop comes to assure them, they must make their own experience through growth.

In this play of Wilde's there is no mention of the Deity, or of any but what he calls the "Four Greater Spirits." These appear vaguely between the two scenes of the last act, offering up a prayer that the newly dead may be given power to grow.*

On reading the play to a friend, who has wide experience of the drama, she interrupted me in the middle of the second act, saying, "He can't possibly bridge the gulf between the seen and the unseen, this is so absolutely mundane." But by the time she had heard the whole act she broke out in admiration and surprise at the ingenuity with which this was done.

There is no rift in the plot, though the first two acts are in the same manner and as airy as "The Importance of Being Earnest."

The play ends on a cheerful note. Love, as we know it here, may or may not be what is love in the Hereafter. There the passions drop away, and love becomes a seeking for the affinity which is the other part of ourselves. Completion is the aim and object of every soul. When that is accomplished our way becomes clearer to us.

All through the Oscar Wilde messages there had been references to the assurance and certainty we get after we pass across that we shall at some period, whether near or far, reach this completion.

"I know that I shall rise to ecstasy," Oscar says, after he has complained most bitterly of his sufferings in the dim sphere in which he is confined. This, if we are to take it literally, is a most consoling idea. It is a doctrine of hope, both here and in the Hereafter.

In conclusion, Mrs. Dowden read a number of passages from the play itself. It is indubitably Wilde, as we have known him. Were it published in book form, the play would cause a sensation.

Mr. Ernest Hunt presided over an intensely interested and absorbed gathering, and on a vote of thanks being proposed by Mr. H. Collett, Mrs. Dowden was accorded a hearty burst of applause.

L. C.

* As this invocation is couched, "Master of Souls, give these, the newly dead and newly born, the power to grow," it may be questioned whether Mrs. Dowden's interpretation is quite justified.—L. C.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

TELEPATHY.

SIR,—In your issue of 10th October, you speak of a time to come when *mind* shall communicate with *mind* without words. To my own personal knowledge this has existed forty years, and is used by certain of the community everywhere; it is a condition of some forms of clairaudience, and a species of that genus. I do not think it difficult to develop and by many methods. For example, any science carried on mentally, the mind at rest and the body in profound quietude, will often be successful, of we give space to our thoughts. On that plane we can intercommunicate; then it is that he who has ears (really "brain-hearing") to hear can hear. I went to the Horticultural Exhibition the other day, and made an experiment with the Stethophone, an instrument which, applied to the wrist pulse, gives the pulse stroke like the rumbling of thunder. Half a dozen listened to the heart sounds and then to head sounds. I tested a case of clairaudience—receiving voices. One hearer thought the patient was speaking, but he was really listening; another heard but explained it as conversation coming from the room below; another did not hear anything but the beating of the cerebral vessels. It was not a conclusive experiment on account of surrounding noise. I asked whether thinking made any noise, and the demonstrator said no. I found that out some forty years ago, when the late Dr. Stone, of St. Thomas's Hospital, brought into his class an electric audiphone, costing twenty pounds.—Yours etc.,

J. BARKER SMITH, L.R.C.P. (Lond.).

Herne Hill, S.E.

COMING CALAMITIES AND THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

SIR,—On every side to-day we are confronted with unrest, class warfare, forecasts and warnings of troubles and catastrophies. Messages purporting to come from the other side of life continually embody the same portents of disasters to come, unless a better spirit of brotherhood prevails.

How can we help to avert these troubles? Most of us recognise the wonderful power of thought. If all this great force is really a fact, could it not be used to combat the evils at work in the world to-day?

Could we not by our Thought Power help to do something towards averting these evils, opposing these antagonistic ideas and by concentration bring about a better feeling?

Many Churches, Chapels and other religious groups are praying for peace—but this is not enough. We have Healing Circles in some of our Churches, Spiritualist gatherings, etc., for the sickness of our bodies—why not Healing Circles for the sickness of our minds? If even two minutes of every day at a given time be set aside for such ideas, much might be done.—Yours, etc.,

ALICE M. WEEKS.

12, Highbury Place, N.5.

THE TRANSMISSION OF NAMES.

SIR,—It has not been my experience as it would seem to be the case with Miss Gibbes, that names are most easily obtained from mediums by their reading of our subconscious mind or by our conscious effort to impress the name on the medium's brain. Names are perhaps the strongest proof of survival. My son David and his friend Rosalind, who works with him as a control, have found a way of giving names which is above criticism. Descriptions of persons wishing to communicate have been given to me through Mrs. Leonard or other mediums, and the names of those persons have been given to strangers sitting with other mediums unknown to me. The link being that David and Rosalind have been helping the stranger with her own communicators.

Associations of locality and interests bring names in their train. On the 9th October, 1925, I got, through "Belle," Mrs. Brittain's control, the name "Norman" for which we had been trying three years. It came spontaneously in connection with the stranger, now passed over, through whose kind offices I got the previous names in 1921, which shows, not only her own survival, but her knowledge of the method used in our work.—Yours, etc.,

MAY McCONNEL.

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE AND PERSONAL BELIEF.

SIR,—I am much pleased to note your kindly reference to my letter printed by the "Patriot." I am getting old, and have long been crippled, but I do not mean to let unfair criticisms of one of England's greatest patriots pass without a protest. Who is a finer patriot than the creator of Sir Nigel Loring?

We are told that acceptance or rejection of the Spiritualistic movement is a matter of personal belief. Exactly so. What other belief is worth a circumstance? We have the belief of the official illustrated so admirably by the great ecclesiastical dignitaries of this present hour—"Whatsoever king may reign I'll be the Vicar of Bray, Sir." We have the belief of the theologian who rejects every line of the Catholic Creed and signs the Thirty-nine Articles to obtain rank and revenue. Then we have the belief of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who is quite prepared to sacrifice reputation, income, life and limb in defence of it. This is personal belief; what other belief is worth having?

It may be interesting to consider for a moment the character of what I will call the "personal believers." My own character is that of the man who requires facts. What appeals to me most is personal experiences. After this come matters attested on affidavit (see the Rev. C. L. Tweedale's volume), or on the solemn statement of honourable men. What I dislike is the utterances of sentimentalists, one way or the other. What I absolutely despise is the treatment meted out to honest men by the officials and theologians to whom I have already referred.

There is another aversion which is somewhat of a personal nature. I abhor bad logic. Mark Twain had written of a fine old backwoodsman who had come to understand the language of beasts and birds. Now this old gentleman shared the dislike that most of us feel to the noise of a crowd of argumentative cats. But unlike less gifted mortals he was able to analyse a feeling which is often perhaps scarcely understood. It is not, so he declares, the noise of the cats which is so objectionable to ears polite. It is the sickening grammar which marks their speech when their angry passions rise. My own attitude towards the crowd of clerical and journalistic felines is much the same. I do not mind the noise they make; I can smile a weary, helpless smile at their obvious humbug; it is their sickening logic that makes me ill.—Yours, etc.,

ELLIS G. ROBERTS.

Alberbury Vicarage,
Salop.

SPIRITS AND RACING "TIPS."

SIR,—It is matter of common agreement that gambling on racing, football and other sporting events, especially that form known as "street betting," so prevalent amongst the poorer classes, to the great detriment of their homes and families, is one of the greatest evils with which we are face to face to-day.

In conversation with a very intimate Spiritualist friend a day or two since, I remarked, "What a pity that our spirit friends cannot or do not send us the names of 'winners' from the Other Side."

The shocked reply was, "Surely, you of all people ought to know that our good spirit friends can never and never will lend themselves to giving any information that will tend to help our material gain, more especially in such a vile thing as this betting."

It did not occur to my dear friend that if the spirit people wished to put a stop to this great evil, the best thing they could do would be to "tip certainties" every time and to broadcast the information, as by so doing, betting would be rendered impossible!—Yours, etc.,

A. A. C.

Brunswick Square, W.C.1.

*. We print A. A. C.'s playful suggestion, but as the spirits are very human, we do not credit them with these powers of infallible prediction.—Ed.

"ROBINSON AND SUBSTANCE."—Mr. Thomas Raymond writes: Mr. A. J. Wood's article in "Light" of October 24th is the very best of its kind that has ever come to my notice during half-a-century of earnest investigation in cosmic science. It should be invaluable for speakers introducing the subject to mixed audiences, as the writer has been trying to do for the last five years in the London parks. As most of us lose our eyesight, that is to say, its keenness, before our souls begin to see, I would like to see this essay printed in large type as a pamphlet. If students of Spiritual Science would study this essay until they have thoroughly grasped it, it would qualify them to teach the foundations of Spiritualism in a perfectly rational way.

LIGHT,

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THE AMAZING DISCOVERY.

A PROPHECIC FANTASY.

It was in the year 19— (the intelligent reader can fill in what year he pleases, provided it is well in the future)—it was, we repeat, in the year 19— that the discovery of a spirit world was made known to an expectant and startled humanity. The "Daily Drum" was the first in the field. It is true that the idea had been growing steadily some years previously and was held by many thousands of people who appeared to have gathered their knowledge from what were (contemptuously) known as "Spiritualistic practices," or from the study of obscure periodicals and books that were not exactly popular; but the belief had never received the confirmation of the "Daily Drum," and therefore could not be held to be valid. Moreover, it was important that the "Daily Drum" should come forth as the discoverer of the fact and lead the way.

The important step was naturally preceded by a solemn editorial council at which the oldest member, a grizzled veteran of fifty, expressed the opinion that it was a very risky proceeding and might seriously jeopardise the circulation and the advertising. But the younger men, including the editor, who was youthful and masterly, were strongly in favour of it and thought the time had come to say something, particularly as most of the readers were already aware of it. A smart leader-writer was accordingly set to work to prepare the way with an article, since the matter was hardly definite enough to put purely in the form of a news item. The scribe produced something that had careful reference to the findings of modern science, the growth of the religious sense and the trend of progress towards worlds unseen. The editor read it with a disapproving grunt. The article wanted more "punch," he said. It was too much "in the air" and some of the references were over the heads of the readers. So another man, who was an adept at dressing up sensational news, was put on to the task with instructions to put plenty of "ginger" in it, to avoid all references to Spiritualists and Spiritualism, and not on any account to say that there were "more things in heaven and earth," etc., because everybody was sick of that. The result was sufficiently striking. It still needed a certain amount of trimming and shaping at the hands of some of the sub-editors, but finally it was approved. There only remained the question of headings. Someone proposed, "Is there a Spirit World?" which was scornfully rejected by the editor. "This is an announcement, not a question," he said; "this is really in the nature of news." And one of his subordinates pointed out that this interrogatory method was out of date. In former days the paper had

attracted a large correspondence by a serious discussion on such questions as "Do mad people dream?" or "Should curates play poker?" but the public had now got a long way past that. So it was eventually decided to bring out the item under the title, "The New World: Amazing Discovery," with scare heads and a "streamer" of which the words "thrilling," "sensational," "awe-inspiring," "colossal," "stupendous" and "Daily Drum" formed the staple.

The effect on the public was not perhaps so staggering as had been expected, but still it was something of a "scoop," and a great many people bought the paper who did not usually read it. The "Morning Bugle," which was the "Daily Drum's" rival, was a little taken aback because it also had long been considering something of the same sort. It was clear that the "Daily Drum" had stolen a march on it. At first it was proposed to ignore the matter altogether; but eventually it was felt that the pressure of public opinion would make this unwise. It seemed that there were many thousands interested in the matter, which had gone too far to be burked any longer. Now there were some astute minds on the "Morning Bugle" and they were quick to notice that the "Daily Drum" had discarded all allusions to Spiritualists, Spiritualism and Psychical Research, which would, of course, have taken the edge off the discovery of a new world of which the "Daily Drum" aspired to play the part of Columbus.

Accordingly the "Bugle" diplomatically arranged a series of articles by leading Spiritualists and Psychic Researchers. The "Drum," on the other hand, turned to what were regarded as more impartial sources of support. It invited an article from (amongst others) the Bishop of Bangchester, who obligingly complied. His article pointed out that the Church had known of these things from the beginning although it had seemed to proclaim them to deaf ears. He also made allusions to Korah, the son of Ishar, and Dathan and Abiram and Jacob's ladder and the Hitites and the Amalekites. His contribution had to be politely refused. The editor said, in private, that the public would really not stand this sort of thing any longer. No wonder the churches were empty! A junior member of the staff suggested that opinions should be gathered from an eminent actor-manager, a leading film star, a famous footballer, a champion pugilist, and a leading Harley-street physician. This, he remarked, was the kind of thing to "hit the public"; but he was promptly extinguished. Even the oldest sub-editor knew that this method was out of date. So the "Drum" threw itself open to general correspondence with special articles from well-known preachers and medical men and any scientists likely to be favourable to the matter and who could be relied upon to make no allusion to Spiritualism or Psychical Research as having anything at all to do with it.

Between the "Drum" and the "Bugle" the country was soon flooded with the news. Any correspondents of the "Drum" who suggested that anyone had ever heard of the discovery before were naturally shut out. On the other hand, the "Bugle," by admitting a great many letters from people who said they had been familiar with the matter before the "Drum" was born, rather took the wind out of the sails of its rival.

Naturally the event received an immense amount of attention from the other journals. The "Sunday Muckrake" discussed the extent to which the subject was related to sex questions and introduced some spicy items of scandal in the private lives of mediums. The "Weekly Weathercock," which had previously welcomed any article indicating that psychic phenomena were the results of illusion or conjuring, turned completely round. It explained that it had never had any doubt in its mind from the first about "the inner core of reality" in the researches of Crookes, Wallace, Richet and others. The "Church Organ" said it really did appear that although most of the alleged messages from the next world were the work of evil spirits, it might be possible that the Supreme, in His wisdom, occasionally permitted some angelic communications. What we had to do was to be reverent and

preserve an open mind. Mr. Harry Ludini, the world-famous conjurer, attempted to say a few discouraging words but no one heeded him, he had so palpably become a back number.

The affair created something like a sensation for some weeks, and during its continuance several journals actually cut out portions of articles on bridge, dancing and the latest fashions, in order to make room for the prevailing topic. It was even said that one journal had sacrificed a quarter of a column of its advertising space in the interest of the subject.

After it was all over and had been shelved to make room for a new sensation, the world appeared to go on very much as before, but somehow the public was conscious of a new atmosphere. Nothing seemed exactly the same as before. The philosophers said that all which had been really accomplished was that a larger portion of the public who had been totally incapable of believing anything unless it had been made fashionable and popular by newspaper recognition, now found themselves able to take up a new attitude of mind. But philosophers are always stuffy and uncomfortable people, and the "Daily Drum" very properly took no notice of them.

SURVIVAL: ITS SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

MR. STANLEY DE BRATH'S NEW BOOK.

"PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, SCIENCE AND RELIGION."—By Stanley De Brath, M.Inst.C.E. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

In this, his latest book, Mr. Stanley De Brath has given us a work which in the future may become as notable as the volume, "Psychic Philosophy." That book, first issued by him some thirty years ago, has to-day become one of the classics of Spiritualism and Psychical Research. In a manner, the present volume might be described as "Psychic Philosophy" brought up to date, enriched with new facts, later discoveries and present-day conclusions. It is an almost perfect compendium of the subject as it presents itself to-day, well illustrated, clearly and attractively written, and full of passages of profound interest, some of which we may take the liberty of quoting hereafter, for it is not easy to do full justice to so valuable a work. Mr. De Brath has brought together the main issues and passed them in review in a manner that not only the young student but those familiar with the matter will not fail to appreciate. The book, which is dedicated to the author's friend, Dr. Gustave Geley, that great pioneer of Psychic Science, treats successively of the scientific aspects of the Supernormal, the Objective and Subjective Facts, the Scientific Inferences, the Evidences for Survival, the connection of the subject with Christianity and other matters of vital interest. It is the work of a man who adds to a thorough knowledge of his subject, sincerity, conviction and clearness of vision. His exposure of the deadly perils to civilisation threatened by scientific materialism is arresting in its array of facts regarding the devilish machines for the destruction of human life which the scientists of many nations are now engaged in preparing. Possibly it is a perception of this fact that has led in many quarters to a distrust of purely scientific psychic research and a tendency towards Spiritualism as a religious and humanitarian movement. But as Mr. De Brath's book goes to show, it is to a union between Science and Religion that we must look for a sane and orderly world-progress.

D. G.

MR. ROBERT BLATCHFORD AND THE "CLARION."

Those who have read Mr. Robert Blatchford's book, "More Things in Heaven and Earth," and remember his long series of articles in the "Clarion" narrating his experiences in Spiritualism, will be interested to hear that at the age of 74 he is returning to the editorial chair of that journal. We who were familiar with the "Clarion" in its earliest years and know how much self-sacrifice and devoted service to humanity went to the founding of the journal in 1891, can realise how much it means when the veteran after many years of work surrenders the leisure he had so well earned and returns to the fray. We know also that Blatchford is not only a great journalist, but in every sense of the word a great man. He gave all the best years of his life to unpopular causes, and when he turned his attention to Spiritualism and found it true, he spoke out fearlessly, and by his endorsement of the reality of psychic phenomena did much to correct the popular misunderstanding and to change the attitude of that part of the press which is content simply to mirror public ignorance and echo its prejudices.

THE TRUE STORY OF LITTLE BENNIE.

AS RELATED TO MISS H. A. DALLAS.

I have received the following letter from Mrs. Turner, the policeman's widow, whose narrative, "Through Death to Life," was printed in LIGHT of October 24th of this year.—H. A. DALLAS.

MRS. TURNER'S LETTER.

Now I must tell you about the little child I spoke of. He was a little boy and a cripple. Sad to say, he was crippled by a blow from his mother; she hit him and he fell on to the fender—hip disease the result. That happened when he was two years old. Shortly after that she went away, left him, and never returned. So you see he never knew a mother's love. After his mother went his grandparents took him to their own home, and there he was loved and cared for. He was nearly always in pain, sometimes terrible pain. His aunts have some nights carried him about the room for two hours; he used to say he was easier when he was carried about. After a bad night like that perhaps he would be better the next day, and would go out. He used to go out by himself with a pair of crutches. His grandparents loved him dearly. They had a London doctor down to him; his verdict was that the child would probably live until he was seven years old; but, of course, he was not told that. All the same, he seemed to know, and was always talking about the other world. To hear him you would think he had been there; in fact, he seemed to know more about that world than he did about this one; what he should do when he got there, how he should be looking for the others to come too.

One afternoon he went out and did not return at his usual time, and those at home got anxious and went to look for him. They could not find him, and when they came back home he was there. His aunt said, "Oh, Bennie, I have been so worried about you. Where have you been?" He said, "I have been to see Lady B—." I thought I would go and tell her what heaven is like. You know I think I ought to tell everybody; lots of people haven't any idea what it is like; and Lady B— liked to hear about it, she said, and she gave me some tea, so I was later than I should have been. You shouldn't have worried. God takes care of Bennie." He was just six years old then. Note the word "idea" he used, not like a child of six! I would like to tell you many of his sayings, but they would fill a book. A lady did write a little book about him and his death. The title was "Little Bennie."

Now I will tell you the end. He was just seven years old. One night he went to bed at his usual time, and when the family were having supper he called to them. One of his aunts brought him down and his grandfather said, "Is the pain bad again, Bennie?" He said, "No, grandfather, I want to have supper with you." His grandfather said, "But I don't think supper is good for little boys." Bennie said, "Yes, do let me, just this once." So they put him in his chair, and he ate some supper. After he had finished he said, "There! Grandfather, that is the last supper I shall eat in this world. To-morrow morning, at 9 o'clock, I shall die." His grandfather said, "No one knows when they will die, Bennie." The child replied, "Yes, they do, if they are told. An angel told me so, to-night." "When?" "Just now, upstairs; he said, 'Bennie, you will die to-morrow morning, I am coming for you at 9 o'clock.' Won't it be lovely, grandfather? The angel told me I shouldn't want crutches any more. I should be able to run like other little boys, and I shouldn't have any more pain in my leg. Won't that be lovely? You won't cry, will you? Because I shall be so glad." Then he went again to bed, and had a fairly good night, for him; and he was brought down to breakfast the next morning at half-past eight o'clock. He made no reference to what he had said the night before, but ate his breakfast of bread and milk, sitting in his high chair at the table. After he had finished he was playing with his spoon, as children do; one of his aunts was in the room with him. The clock began to strike nine, and at the first stroke his little head fell back and he was dead.

* I have suppressed the name, which I recognise as that of a resident in the place where Mrs. Turner lives. I do not feel justified in using it without the bearer's consent.

H. A. D.

LAWS HIGH AND LOW.

As there is a will of God for our higher nature—the moral laws—so also assuredly there is for the lower—the natural laws. If you would know God's will in the higher, therefore, you must begin with God's will in the lower. The law of moderation, the law of sleep, the law of regularity, the law of exercise, the law of cleanliness—this is the law or will of God for you. This is the first law, the beginning of His will for you.

And if we are ambitious to get on to do God's will in the higher reaches, let us respect it as much in the lower; for there may be as much God's will in the minor things—in taking good bread and pure water, and in discharging faithfully the everyday duties of our station in life, as in keeping a good conscience or living a pure life.

—From "The Ideal Life," by HENRY DRUMMOND.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF SLEEP.

A REGION OF HEALING, VISION AND INSPIRATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

"I have an exposition of sleep come upon me."—
 "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" (Act IV., Sc. I.).

To me sleep has long ceased to be something vague and formless, mere nescience and inertia, and this quite apart from those embroideries of dream and vision with which for some of us it is embellished as by frescoes limned on grey walls. I studied the subject from within more than from without. I saw that the psycho-analyst and psychometrist arrived at conclusions which were highly correct, but by what struck me as a very circuitous route. With a mind bent upon the exploration of the sleep state at first-hand I early found that during slumber I had developed a kind of interior consciousness that left me alert to note the many subtle changes of experience during sleep, and even while sleeping to compare them with the experience of waking life. I became at last—to myself at least—a kind of connoisseur of sleep, distinguishing one grade from another as a clothier distinguishes between qualities of fabric by touch, or as a vintner one grade of wine from another by the colour and bouquet. Sleep, in short, became a state of existence with a great variety of grades, ranging roughly from the obtuse and log-like variety to those finer expressions in which is unfolded the life of intuition or vision and inspiration—a state distinguished as trance, although it is broadly comprehended in the term "sleep."

It became apparent that there is a sleep in which little more is accomplished by Nature than the mere mechanical repair of the waste of cell and tissue caused by the day's activities, and that even this task, owing to the wholesale disregard of natural laws which prevails to-day, is performed only with difficulty. This kind of sleep is not confined to the grosser types of civilised humanity; it prevails to a large extent among the finer grades—the intellectual and artistic—who sleep but are unrefreshed, and whose verdict on their night's rest, if it is ever elicited, would be somewhat to the effect that although they felt no better for the repose, they might have felt very much worse without it—which is true enough, but a sorry conclusion. It means that the polarities of life have not been completely changed. During the daylight hours, the waking consciousness should be positive; during the night, sleep should be the positive condition. Yet, as I have shown, sleep may be positive and beneficial, even though the sleeper is conscious of his condition, enjoying the wondrous panorama of many-coloured life which in the shape of dream is unfolded before the inward vision.

I have heard it objected that to be perfectly healthy and beneficial all sleep should be dreamless. But this argument is only true in a limited measure. There are many people to whom it applies, but it overlooks the infinite variety of mind and temperament in humanity and the infinite resourcefulness of Nature as applied to the peculiar quality of experience needed, if she is not stupidly balked for lack of that co-operation which she demands from all her children. Even with the most obstinate and intractable of them, however, she has her way in the end, but it is a hard and painful way for the persons concerned. They are brought low and have at last to yield to implacable coercion if they will not surrender.

Sleep, then, may be cultivated. Indeed, it is far more worthy of cultivation than many of the pursuits to which men and women devote or degrade the best powers of their mind. The cultivation of sleep is the cultivation of life, it nourishes health, deepens happiness; it is the true form of cultivation as proceeding from within rather than from without. It leads the way through a mass of external pre-occupations which are alien to the life of the spirit and which bring nothing but a short-lived pleasure followed by dismal reaction. Sleep in such conditions may become nothing more than a sour anodyne, an unquiet interlude in what for the sufferer appears to be a long disease—the "disease of life."

So soon as one makes public any discovery of observation regarding the direction of life the almost invariable question is how one should go to work in order to gain its benefits. Should there not be a handbook of directions, a guide, a manual, a set of exercises? Now these things apply more or less to everything relating to mechanical processes even when they go as deeply into the interior realm as wireless telegraphy; but the further one penetrates into the mysteries of soul-life the less do systems and manuals count. If from a rank weed sleep is to be cultivated until it becomes a healing and fragrant plant, it must be by a kind of celestial botany, the secret of which is beyond all botany of earth, not because it is more abstruse, but because it is so divinely simple. We are forever baffled by a mystery until we discover that certain things may be too simple to be understood or too obvious ever to be noticed. This is the penalty of the perversity which Swift satirised in his fable of the Laputans who were always looking into distant space for the things which lay at their feet.

As to sleep, then, there are no codes, no systems. The

power is in each, to be unfolded at the very moment the mind is sufficiently interested to entertain it. It lies within a world whose order is so much in advance of this that the slightest change of outlook, the most infinitesimal shifting of the consciousness, can work changes more revolutionary than the labour of centuries in the physical world, along purely physical lines. It is a state especially for those who are "artists in life," and who can most fitly appreciate the rules of the new realm to be explored. It is full of practical good and use, notwithstanding the delusion that it is something cloudy and impractical; full of the highest possibilities of life and consciousness, in spite of the view of the unawakened man that it is the very negation of all these. It is supposed to be a realm in which life and consciousness go out—are temporarily extinguished—whereas it is a region in which by turning inwards they may find entrance into higher worlds.

It is in sleep that the soul becomes most truly awake, until the coming of the "last sleep of all"—Death—which by a *divine* paradox is not sleep at all and has nothing essentially in common with it except by a pious fiction which even the poets and romanticists are now beginning to outgrow.

Cultivate sleep! It is a word to the wise. To the less wise a sermon might be addressed and yet fail to achieve the same results. To a generation distracted by false ideals of the true nature of wakefulness and of sleep, knowing of nothing but material values, I present the idea and leave it to do its own work.

To those (if there are any) of the type of the sleepy Fat Boy in "Pickwick" I have nothing to say, but to the rest I would suggest that "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep" has a work to do in the unfolding life of humanity beyond our highest imaginings.

NAMELESS.

By C. V. W. TARR.

I am often privileged to hold conversations with spiritual beings through a medium of high and holy living whose soul I cannot help thinking is a natural magnet to the lofty spirits who have long since departed from the earth. There are many men, of course, who would scoff at the very shadow of a suggestion that such communion is possible. But, for my part, I know when I am in the presence of what is divine, of what is altogether above me, and I know, too, what my soul is drawn into the orbit of mightier sun-like beings from the spirit-world, whose presence is a sweet benediction. But often when messages of great power and strange beauty are given, so that one's eyes seem opened to the unspeakable depths and glories of the unseen universe, and hope in spiritual ideals is rekindled in the soul, I, being mortal, would all of a sudden ask for a name, so that so sweet a flower of memory should not fade. And back comes a soft rebuke, minding me that their work is of the Father in Heaven, and a name is a very little thing. Nameless descends the divine presence in our midst, and nameless it ascends unto the home of the immortal gods. The rebuke of Heaven is the voice of wisdom. Not caught else could it be? For nameless though the spirits of God may remain to us, they are of the nature that binds souls and worlds together in a spiritual destiny. What is Life itself but the Name baptized of our ignorance? Yet it is an Immortal Presence, for the Nameless ones reveal it so. But more. It is Immortal because it is Truth, Goodness and Beauty—blessed trinity in the divine living Unity of Reality. The top of Life is in the divine worlds, the apex of humanity is the stronghold of indestructible spirits, eternal mind. Shall we ask a name of the Lover when the Presence is here? Look out into great-opening space. Is it the Empty void between the numberless hosts of stars? The Nameless Presence, the Great Lover is there like the soft wind in the trees, like, too, the mighty rushing of waters on the shore, preparing the kingdoms of spirit, leading the arisen hosts of earth. There is a veiled Presence with the world, a strong divine, never-failing Spirit. The nameless immortals speak of its wisdom and eternal love. The Invisible Heavens clothe its unutterable splendour in worlds that cannot see death. I keep my trust with the Great Lover, under the stars, in the cleansing Night. Nameless? Veiled? Let the name pass. Life is divine and Divinity is Life.

TIME, SPACE, MOTION.—Both time and space are strictly correlated to our ordinary matter. Space is the distance between masses, whether the walls of a room or the fixed stars. We are cognisant of its measurement in three rectangular directions only. . . . However, we define time, we cannot get away from its dependence on matter. . . . In normal physics, matter and energy are in strong contrast; in the higher physics they would seem to be one and the same; and then Einstein comes in and tells us things that make the non-mathematical man dizzy—that there is really and finally no matter and perhaps no ether, but only motion; and we ask, motion of what?—From "Predictions," by STANLEY DE BRATH, in the "Journal of the American S.P.R."

FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE WINDOW.

The prosecution of "Estelle" for fortune-telling has produced a number of Press comments not at all favourable to the action of the police. Thus we find the "Referee" saying that it endorses to the full Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's protest. It proceeds:—

If "fortune telling" is a crime, the conduct of the policewomen who tempt the medium into committing it by representing themselves as mourning women in need of comfort is reprehensible in the highest degree. The "agent provocateur" is a detestable figure in any country, and in England the employment of such a person is contrary to the whole spirit of our laws. Further, it seems to us that the persons who procure the commission of an offence are guilty equally with their victims, and should receive the same punishment.

The journal remarks that the whole thing is the relic of a narrow and ridiculous age, and to label perfectly respectable mediums as "rogues and vagabonds" is as absurd as would be the enforcement of the shilling fine for neglect to attend Divine service. It calls attention to the fact that serious investigations are being carried on into the most profound problems of life and death, and that some great names in modern science are concerned in the investigation. "It is monstrous that these inquiries and experiments should be at the mercy of any ignorant police-woman or a muddle-headed magistrate." So says the "Referee." Times have changed indeed!

The "Morning Post" has a leading article on the same subject in much the same strain:—

Is not the majesty of the law rather disserved by fussy prosecutions of this kind? If everyone who makes pretensions to know more than another, and who talks what Treasury counsel calls "balderdash," is to be prosecuted, there will be no end to the business and no time for anything that matters. As a fact, the law recognises this truth, and avoids the consequence by turning a blind eye to most of these technical and trumpery offences. But that wise forbearance makes the more anomalous these selective prosecutions, which achieve nothing except to excite impatience with obsolete enactments and a fitful and futile attempt to enforce them. No one in these days thinks of indicting women for witchcraft. Why then, for "professing to tell fortunes"?

From a report in the "Daily Telegraph" (19th inst.), we gather that by the acquittal at Bernburg, in Anhalt, of the schoolmaster, August Drost, "German occultists have won a great victory over their critics and deriders." Drost, it seems, had a great local reputation as a "Spiritualist detective." The report continues:—

Drost worked with mediums. When he had thrown them into a hypnotic trance they were allowed to touch some object connected with the crime under investigation. Then they at once described in great detail the circumstances under which the theft had been committed, including the names, addresses, and personal peculiarities of the perpetrators. A striking success of this kind in a murder case did much to establish Drost's fame, and brought him the official patronage of the police, who assisted at his séances and certified the genuineness of the results attained at them.

It seems that this famous "Spiritualist detective" after a time fell under suspicion through the activities of a rival who resorted to fraudulent imitation. This rival practitioner (who was exposed as an impostor and put into gaol) operated with one of Drost's favourite mediums, who was shown to be a party to the fraud and as an indirect result Drost himself was arrested, and two years after his arrest he was put on trial. We again quote from the "Daily Telegraph":—

At the hearing nearly 150 witnesses were examined and between forty and fifty cases investigated in which Drost and his mediums had exercised their esoteric powers. As an adept in the sphere of occultism, the prosecution called the Potsdam judge, Dr. Hellwig, who is one of the most prominent and active opponents of modern seers. The defence cited a Munich savant supposed to be sympathetically disposed towards occultism, and a "neutral" expert was found in the person of the head doctor of Bernburg Lunatic Asylum. A great preponderance of evidence more or less supported Drost's pretensions. Cases were sworn to where his mediums had given a mass of correct information about persons and places of which, so far as could be discovered, neither he nor they could have had any previous knowledge.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in the "Fife Herald," thus begins a characteristic article on Spiritualism:—

Although so much has appeared in print in the last few years on the subject of Spiritualism, I am afraid the Press of this country has not yet realised the true inwardness of the movement. Accustomed for long to treat it as something of a comic matter, it has not realised that it is dealing with the biggest thing in the last two thousand years, nothing less than the end of the Dark Ages. For the first time it is established by irrefragable evidence—evidence which satisfies Sir Edward Marshall Hall, who ought to be a good judge—that we have established communication with something outside our own material planet.

In his concluding paragraph, Sir Arthur says:—

Spiritualism, then, is rooted in fact. It does not end there, for it advances up from science to religion. It has been foolishly stated that Spiritualism leads to insanity. . . . Insanity, I believe, is commoner among the general community than among Spiritualists. Why should a religion of hope, which teaches that death is the gateway to an infinitely happier existence, be a cause of madness? It can make only for health. To teach men that they are predestined to hell may well be unhealthy as well as untrue. Spiritualism is both true and healthful.

Mr. J. Arthur Findlay, Vice-President of the Glasgow Society for Psychical Research, recently addressed the members of the Birmingham Society for Psychical Research, on personal experiences during some years of psychic investigation.

The "Birmingham Gazette," the "Leicester Mercury," and other newspapers, in reporting Mr. Findlay's address, print the beautiful story of what they call an amazing séance drama, for which there is not space on this page. The "Gazette" says of Mr. Findlay:—

He has recently completed seven years of investigation, during which time, he said, he had heard 77 separate spirit voices and 271 separate psychic facts had made themselves apparent to him.

Referring to the "fool-proof or AI cases," in which no connection whatever could be established between the medium and the phenomena, he said that, owing to the precautions taken, fraud was absolutely excluded.

And, he declared, a prominent mathematician had calculated that the odds against chance being the cause were five billions to one.

As many of our readers may be in some doubt about the truth concerning the Davenport Brothers, even at this late day we print an excerpt from a letter by them, published in "The Davenport Brothers, Their Biography, and Adventures in Europe and America," and now quoted by E. E. Dudley in "The Banner of Life." Dealing with the reports that the Davenports had "given up all pretensions to being Spiritualists," and simply claimed to be skilful jugglers, Mr. Dudley cites a letter written by the two brothers in 1868, the latter part of it as follows:—

It is singular that any individual, skeptic or Spiritualist, could believe such statements after fourteen years of the most bitter persecution and violent opposition, culminating in the riots of Liverpool, Huddersfield, and Leeds, where our lives were placed in imminent peril by the fury of brutal mobs, our property destroyed, and where we suffered a loss of seventy-five thousand dollars, and all because we would not renounce Spiritualism, and declare ourselves jugglers, when threatened by the mob and urged to do so. In conclusion, we have only to say, that we denounce all such statements as base falsehoods.

Concluding a fine article on "The Larger Purpose of Spiritualism," our contributor, Mr. W. H. Evans, in "The Two Worlds," writes:—

In the stressful days before us the Spiritualist Movement may well become a shelter for the maimed and broken in spirit. It can become a source of real comfort to a world wandering in misery and filled with pain and suffering. It can, by insistent emphasis upon the great principles of being, be a means of helping humanity forward to a new day, when all shall realise the power of the spirit to heal and bless and give refreshment to the weary heart.

W. B. P.

ERRORS IN PSYCHIC MESSAGES.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

BY MRS. PHILIP CH. DE CRESPIGNY.

It is sometimes said that in the vast flood of psychic literature published during the last decade or so, there is too much reiteration of the same type of incident, too much repetition in the communications from dwellers on the other side that lead no farther. But in almost every new book given to the public there is at least one case to be found that throws a little light on obscure circumstances, or may give a clue to some of the baffling experiences with which most investigators are at times confronted.

In "Au Revoir, Not Good-Bye," by Walter Appleyard, we find a notable instance in point.

The author is an ex-Lord Mayor of Sheffield and a Justice of the Peace; these civic honours are a recognition of his abilities in administering British justice, and it must be assumed he is capable of recognising evidence when it comes his way—and a great deal that is both interesting and arresting has come his way.

There is a foreword to the book by the Rev. Dr. Frank Ballard, an interesting although brief review of the services rendered by Spiritualism to the world; it is a valuable introduction to a collection of experiences that are simply written and within the understanding of the beginner; a plain and direct account of observed facts, always welcome in the region of psychic literature. Many examples of phenomena are given where not only the usual defences of the sceptic, such as telepathy, fraud, or the subconscious mind are put completely out of court, but that also illuminate some of the problems and discrepancies that so often confuse the honest investigator. Mr. Appleyard is to be congratulated on the patience and persistence which led him to follow up and disentangle threads that in less persevering hands might easily have been abandoned as leading nowhere.

One of these instances is the case of "Arthur Eame," and it is worth while describing in detail, as from it we may get helpful suggestions on some of the perplexing and apparently inaccurate information from spirit communicators which most of us have encountered at some time.

A stranger came to Mr. Appleyard at a séance and gave the name "Arthur Eame." He said he had died of pneumonia three years previously, at the age of twenty-three, at a local hospital; that he had been engaged to marry a girl named Carroll who lived at 229, Flint Street, and that he himself had lived at 18, Clive Road. He asked that she might be told he was not dead.

On the following morning Mr. Appleyard telephoned to the doctor in charge of the hospital and learnt that three years previously a man had died there of pneumonia whose surname was Eame, but that he was over forty years of age, with a different Christian name, and he had not lived at 18, Clive Road. Naturally the investigator was puzzled; he visited 18, Clive Road, in the east end of Sheffield, where he found the name of Eame was not known. This for the moment further discouraged him, and it was not until after his return from a holiday abroad that he decided to resume his enquiries. On mentioning the subject to his medium, he was told that during his absence she had continually heard clairaudiently the name *Fraser* repeated, although having no idea what it meant.

He then went to 229, Flint Street, and a girl opened the door to him who admitted her name was Carroll. His hopes rose; he had traced the name Carroll successfully through the address given by the spirit-communicator. But they were rudely dispelled when on asking her if she had ever known a man called "Arthur Eame" she said she had never heard the name in her life!

Mr. Appleyard on one of those impulses so hard sometimes to account for, then asked her if she had ever known Arthur Fraser; she at once replied she had been engaged to him, but he had died in hospital of pneumonia three years previously.

At his next séance he asked for elucidation, and why it was that Arthur Fraser had said his name was Eame. He was told that directly Fraser had given his Christian name the man Eame had interposed his own surname, and Mr. Appleyard, not noticing any difference in the voices, believed he was speaking to "Arthur Eame."

His next move was a visit to the doctor at the hospital, and going through the register together they found that Arthur Fraser, 23, and James Henry Eame, 46, had died within a few hours of each other, of pneumonia.

In explanation of having failed to notice a change of voice, the author tells us that a few days previously he had been speaking through the telephone to the operator at the Exchange and until some remark of his was greeted by a laugh at the other end he had imagined he was still speaking to the operator, whereas a subscriber had been switched on without any apparent alteration in the voice speaking. Most of us have had experience of the difficulty in recognising voices through the telephone, and when it comes to "telephoning" to the next plane it is only reasonable to suppose the difficulty may be immensely increased.

This case alone would make the book a valuable addition to psychic literature, as affording a clue to experiences that have perplexed most investigators. If everyone would display the patience and persistence of the author of "Au Revoir, Not Good-Bye" when faced with problems of a like nature, instead of relinquishing the chase when the tracks become obscured, we should be a step nearer an understanding of the law and order which we know must govern all extra-inundane communications equally with those of the physical world.

ROMAN HOSTILITY.

BY THE REV. F. FIELDING-OULD, M.A.

Thus Mr. P. E. Hallett, on page 129 of the September "Dublin Review":—

"Spiritistic teaching, we say deliberately, stands in direct opposition to Christianity. Super-natural grace, the fall, sin, the Redemption, repentance, heaven and hell—spiritism repudiates them all. It has no definite knowledge of God. To it, as to our poor mortal agnostics, God is the Great Unknown. It denies the divinity of Christ, the prerogatives of the Church, the supernatural efficacy of the Sacraments, the powers of the Christian priesthood, and with particular insistence, the Church's teaching as to Satan and the wicked spirits who wander through the world for the ruin of souls."

Those who would shrink from telling lies orally seem to write them with a heady recklessness. The Church herself has suffered and suffers so much from the blind butting of goats who have never troubled to find out what she really teaches that one would expect her champions to be more careful. Mr. Hallett reminds me of an artist I knew in the Quartier Latin, who spent all his time in painting scenes in Venice, a town which he had never visited. Many people believe everything they see in print and will be confirmed in their errors about Spiritualism by this misleading article. The Church of Rome has ever been too ready to call down fire from Heaven; she burned Jeanne as a witch. "Thou hast been on the subject of thy pretended divine revelations and apparitions, lying, seducing, pernicious, presumptuous, lightly believing, rash, superstitious, a divineress and blasphemous towards God and the Saints, a despiser of God himself in His sacraments," etc. (From the sentence of Excommunication.) How Rome has changed her estimate in our own day one need not recount. Mr. Hallett seems to be suffering from the fact that, as he himself says, "a Holy Office decree of April 24, 1917, lays it down that no one may take part in any spiritistic manifestation—neither put questions to spirits nor listen to answers, nor assist even as a protesting spectator." If Roman Catholics wish to turn their backs and cover their ears let them do so, the truth might seriously interfere with some antiquated superstitions they cherish, but let their complacency and self-satisfaction prove its genuineness by showing fair dealing towards their opponents.

DAME NELLIE MELBA AND THE AFTER LIFE.

Amongst the various experts and authorities on the nature of the life after death, who are instructing the readers of the "Weekly Dispatch" every Sunday, it is pleasing to find Dame Nellie Melba, the world-famous Prima Donna, who on Sunday last contributed an excellent article containing some arresting passages. Referring to those illuminations which come to the soul, assuring it of its immortality, she writes:—

Music can light the torch for me. In my memoirs I have told of an occasion when, listening to "Parsifal," I was thrown into a trance from which only the stopping of the music awakened me. During that trance, whatever may have been my physical state, I am quite aware of my spiritual condition. I was not on this earth. I was in another existence. What that existence was, I know not. I only accept the fact.

Many have had these experiences. Meanwhile, there was one passage in Melba's article which we found a little puzzling. She refers to the "abstract deductions of the Spiritualists." Surely that is the reverse of the fact. The "deductions of the Spiritualists" are so concrete, positive, definite, that they frighten most of the editors, who prefer to approach the question by way of theory and opinion.

STERN Lawgiver! Yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon Thy face;
Flowers laugh before Thee on their beds
And fragrance in Thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient Heavens, through Thee, are fresh
and strong.

WORDSWORTH.

SPIRITUALISATION AND THE BUILDING UP OF THE SPIRITUAL BODY.

By THE REV. S. STEWART STITT, M.A.

What we read concerning Materialisation, whereby spirits can build up a visible and tangible form by which to express their presence, leads us to think and to ask ourselves whether from it we can derive an analogy concerning the building up by us while on earth of "that body that shall be," which we may term the spiritual body. In fact, we should like to discover whether there is not only an analogy, but an actual balance between the two processes. The process of materialisation is said to consist of the deliberate building up of a bodily form by spirit-agency from a plastic substance called ectoplasm issuing from the body of the medium, and in a lesser and varying degree from those sitting at the séance with him or her. If we can project our thoughts to the Other Side we can see how it is done. Given the presence of the ectoplasm, a conscious will is necessary in order to build up the form already existing in the consciousness behind the will. Such a process is not always what one would term a complete success; but it is always, at its worst, an *experiment*, largely dependent on conditions for its ultimate realisation.

As the artist draws himself away from his partly-completed picture on the canvas in order to study the effect from a distance, and to make alterations or correct errors, and as the sculptor does the same with the half-formed mass of clay which is gradually approaching completion under his fingers, so, I take it, is the process of materialisation.

Again, if the supply of ectoplasm is insufficient or incomplete, so will be the result, a partial or uncompleted form; and on the other hand, if the supply (or "power") is ample, more materialised forms will be produced.

May we not, therefore, infer that the process of materialisation teaches a deeper lesson than merely that of survival? Does it not instruct us how to build up our own spiritual body so that it may become complete and perfect in all its parts?

As the ectoplasm is drawn from the earthly body, is there any corresponding substance to leave us here to build up a spiritual form? Surely, yes, if the doctrine of correspondence is an accurate guide to us in our research.

That substance has been termed by theologians, Grace—"the Grace of God." Can we not define it as creative thought conscious of affinity with the Great Over Soul, a consciousness of our real nature, mixed and adulterated as it is at present with lower essences? The consecrated or awakened will endeavours to separate and direct that spiritual ectoplasm into some definite, and, from the point of view of the Other Side, tangible form.

If we grant this, the result is interesting, if sometimes discouraging. We, too, can, like the artist in our former illustration, step back and look at the uncompleted form in order to make adjustments or correct errors. But if we regard the process of materialisation as "the pattern shown us on the Mount," we are encouraged to persevere, knowing we are on the right path.

With most of us the supply of spiritual substance is incomplete as the conditions are not good, and we are still inexperienced. But we can also understand that once the secret of Ample Supply is acquired, that possibly a Master Builder may be able to project to the spiritual realm not one but many forms of perfect harmony and beauty, and rejoice in the joy of active participation in God's creative work.

THE UNEXPRESSED.

Beautiful thoughts untold,
Beautiful words unspoken,
Make richly a store, of wealth galore,
If the silence remain unbroken.

If only the power to speak were given
To the many as well as the few,
Would a glorious force come right from the source
All hearts and minds to renew?

The seething thoughts of the many
Would pour with the force of a torrent,
Scattering spray, as they made their way
In speech that might be abhorrent.

For thoughts of ill, and thoughts of sin,
Of envy and hate and malice,
Might come right through, some false, some true,
To fill to the brim Life's chalice.

Say, shall we welcome the thoughts of good
And make them by right our own;
Each holding a store of wealth galore
To use, and thus make known?

Beauty of joy to be told,
Beauty of truth to be spoken,
The glorious force, Divine in source,
To be for ever Man's token.

—M. H. WALLIS.

RAYS AND REFLECTIONS.

In the article on "Fortune-Tellers and the Law," by Mr. E. P. Hewitt, K.C., in the "Daily Mail," recently, there was a passage which I found peculiarly interesting. It was that in which he points out that Section 6 of the Vagrancy Act makes it lawful "for any person whatsoever to apprehend" anyone offending against the Act (which, says Mr. Hewitt, would include a person honestly purporting to tell fortunes) and "forthwith to take and convey" the offender before a Justice of the Peace to be dealt with, "or to deliver him or her to any constable to be so taken and conveyed."

Now how far does this power extend? If it means what it appears to mean, it conjures up amusing possibilities. For instance, let us imagine the case of some genuine and reputable medium prosecuted as a fortune-teller by means of some disreputable police-trap, to the great joy and loudly expressed satisfaction of the Rev. Benjamin Backbite and the Rev. Father Chadband, as conveyed in sermons and parish magazine articles reeking with the ignorance and superstitions of the Middle Ages. Then let us imagine the two reverend gentlemen afterwards holding bazaars to defray their church expenses, and including fortune-tellers amongst the attractions. They are often quite unscrupulous in these matters.

We next proceed to conjure up in the same imaginative way, the vision of little groups of public-spirited men who, as a protest against social hypocrisy and injustice, proceed to these bazaars and, having proved the fortune-telling, take it upon themselves to apprehend the offenders against the Vagrancy Act and forthwith "take and convey them" before a Justice of the Peace, and into the care of the police. Why not? What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. It might bring the law to its senses.

Alas! I have referred the matter to a friend with much experience of fortune-telling prosecutions and legal medium-baiting. He says it is a pleasant little picture, but if these reprisals were taken, the police might refuse to prosecute—it is in their power. I thought there was a "catch" in it somewhere! But it is really time that something was done to remedy a crying scandal, of which even eminent lawyers are now painfully conscious, and on which they are making public their views.

There comes to many of us a time when we cease to be irritated by the humbug and hypocrisy of the day, and are merely amused by it. It is often so thin that any child would see through it. Take, for instance, some of the statements in newspapers which have with suspicious suddenness discovered the importance of Spiritualism.

We are told that the subject involves "questions which none can ignore." I don't know. The general Press has managed very successfully to ignore these questions for many years, and that it is only now awaking to the importance of them is simply due to the self-devoted and heroic struggles of a handful of men and women—some of them journalists—who set their lives and fortunes at risk for the sake of the truth, and woke up the public which is now proceeding to wake up the newspapers.

Yes, the truth is beginning to break through at last, and the world is falling into line to join the great procession to discover the new world; only the dullards and the blockheads will be left behind. Houdini will no doubt stay to amuse them with his world-famous conjuring tricks.

An Icelandic writer suggests that our inner life is involved with the thoughts and activities of people living on other planets. Well, if there are people on the other planets—as probably there are—there may be a certain amount of unconscious telepathic exchange. But we are not to suppose that this explains away the finer worlds of human life in realms beyond the physical. That reminds me of a very matter-of-fact old business man who became convinced of human survival, but who was much exercised over the question where departed human beings could live. He told me he had come to the conclusion that they dwelt on the other planets because otherwise they would be merely floating about in the air, with nothing solid to put their feet on!

D. G.

THROUGH MATTER TO SPIRIT.

ADDRESS BY MRS. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY.

The strength of the advocacy of Spiritualism lies in the diversity of the appeal and in the presentation of the philosophy by the many cultured thinkers from as many points of view.

MRS. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY, in her thoughtful address on Sunday evening last at the Grotrian Hall, under the auspices of the Spiritualist Community, presented a closely reasoned argument showing the evolution from matter to spirit.

Sir Oliver Lodge had said, "Of ultimate origins Science knows nothing. Its methods enable it to infer, with more or less accuracy, what will be, from what is." So they had to try to infer from what they had been obliged to do in the past, what would be expected of them in the future. That is, they had to show how man, having been forced to evolve his physical body by his own effort, must equally evolve the body through which he would work in the next stage of existence. It was a task that he must accomplish himself, it would not be done for him.

The speaker traced first the evolution of matter working blindly in obedience to physical law, made by God; next the evolution of matter in obedience to consciousness and man's free will; and finally the evolution of spirit itself. It was difficult to differentiate between spirit and matter, but she would say that matter was the expression of energy, while consciousness was the expression of spirit. It was necessary for matter to have progressed before it could come into contact with spirit, that is, matter (the lower aspect) had to reach a certain vibration before it could unite with spirit (the higher aspect).

Every single sense of man had had to be gradually evolved through long and laborious processes, at the instigation of an earnest, eager consciousness. Finally came free will, and the mastery of self, the most important steps in his evolution. Humanity had had to make its own windows for widening and extending its consciousness.

Just as there had been this slow evolution of the physical body, so they had to evolve gradually the spiritual or psychic body. They must build it through will and desire, just as the sense-body had been built. Our earth life was the training for our spiritual body. We had to develop the things of the spirit—love, self-sacrifice, sympathy. Direct spiritual evolution must come from the realisation of God within us. Every effort counted. Our Spiritualism could be as spiritual as we chose to make it. It rested with ourselves, no medium could help us.

We must make contact with the divine spark within us, when we should know beyond all doubt, all clamour of materialism, that the consciousness that was in us was one with that of all Humanity, and one with the consciousness of God Himself.

The Rev. G. Vale Owen, who presided, conducted an impressive healing service.

L. C.

LONDON LYCEUM DANCE.—The Autumn Social and Dance of the London Lyceum District Council was held on October 24th at the Caxton Restaurant, Westminster. About 250, representing fifteen Lyceums, attended, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. Many appeared in fancy dress, the lady's prize being won by Miss Nancy Ellison (as a Spanish lady), from Clapham Lyceum; and the gentleman's by Mr. Ted Baker (as Monsieur Beaucaire), of Clapham Lyceum. During the evening a "Love Gift" of £54 and an illuminated address were presented by Mrs. K. M. Barnard (President of the London Lyceum District Council) to Mr. and Mrs. Myers Clegg, old and honoured workers in the Lyceum movement.

SPIRITUALISTS' UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA.—We have received a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Eastmuir, of Krugersdorp, who are visiting the old country on a well-earned holiday. Mr. and Mrs. Eastmuir are foundation members of the Krugersdorp Church and have done valuable service in bringing it to its present satisfactory position. Attached to the Krugersdorp Church is an excellent library of which the fullest use is made.

M. EMILE COVE is shortly to visit England on a "flying tour" extending over a fortnight, when he will visit the chief English and Scottish towns. On Sunday, November 8th, he is to lecture and demonstrate his method at the Royal Albert Hall, when to ensure everyone hearing distinctly, loud speakers are to be installed by the Marconi-Phone Company.

SCIENCE seems to me to teach in the highest and strongest manner the great truth which is embodied in the Christian conception of entire surrender to the will of God. Sit down before fact as 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. I have only begun to learn content and peace of mind since I have resolved at all costs to do this.—HUXLEY, in a letter to a friend,

THE AFTER-DEATH BODY.

The "resurrection of the dead" means that at the death of the physical body there emerges from it the real man, the essential personality, who continues to exist in another form. The "resurrection of the body"—if by that be meant the physical body—is an untenable thesis. You should speak of the resurrection *from* the body, and then your statement will be quite in accord with the actual experience. At the moment when man—to use a familiar phrase—"gives up the ghost" there slowly issues from his physical organism a whitish cloud—invisible to earth vision—of soul substance, which forms itself into an exact replica of the material form from which it has arisen. This, then, is the soul body through which the dead one will function on his new plane of being. It is the exact counterpart in appearance of the old earth body, but without any of its blemishes or defects. The newly-formed soul body is perfect and beautiful in every detail. Though this be literally the fact, yet curiously enough for some while any physical disability from which the dead one suffered in the earth life, is seemingly reflected in the new spirit body.

But this is only an illusion, the defect does not exist in reality. It is another and potent illustration of the fettering effect of an idea in the mind. For instance, a person prior to decease, may have been minus a limb or have suffered from some bodily deformity, and this disability in the earth life, has perhaps unconsciously dominated the mind, and the idea is so deeply graven on the mentality that some period elapses here before it is finally eradicated. There is, and can be no defect in the spirit body, but the consciousness of the existence of such a defect comes with the personality across death and creates for a short while in the soul organism a semblance of the original reality; but it finally disappears as the individual gradually realises that it has no actual existence other than in his own mind, and then the soul body is seen to be absolutely perfect in every detail. Now, if the person who has died is young, the soul body will grow gradually up to perfect maturity and then remain at that point. There is no further growth similar to that on earth towards an old age.

When an old person dies, the growth is reversed, for it is backward, as it were, towards a perfect maturity. When this is attained there follows a wonderful development of latent soul powers and dormant faculties, which endow the possessor with an amazing range of activity, wonderful powers of achievement, and vast spiritual capacity.

Though the spiritual body is externally like unto the earth body, the correspondence almost entirely ceases there, the similarity is in externals only. The soul body is constructed for the soul life. The five physical senses have their correspondences and these are supplemented by other—what I will call—sense channels, peculiar and necessary to this state of being and of which an explanation is not possible.

—From "The Morrow of Death," by AMICUS.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

- "GHOSTLAND."—By Elliott O'Donnell. (Cecil Palmer, 6s.)
 "PSYCHE."—October.
 "THE FACTS OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY."—By A. Campbell Holmes. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. (25/-)

NEW MUSIC.

- "THRENODY."—By Carlyon de Lyle. (2s. net.)
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 "RENUNCIATION."—(Ballade Pathetique).—By Carlyon de Lyle. (2s. net.) Published by Swan & Co., 24, Great Pulteney Street, Golden Square, W.1.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. D.—We should say that the explanation given to you by your son conveys the general idea, but it is always difficult to give an accurate description of the phenomenon inasmuch as we are limited by terms of time and space which do not apply in the same way to spirit beings.

J. G. FALKENRATH (Brazil).—Many thanks for your letter. We cordially agree with you that Spiritualism is growing and permeating the thought of the time in every direction.

M. M.—We are told that deception is very difficult, if not entirely impossible, in the next world, because the physical veils which in this world enable the unscrupulous to practise deception, have disappeared, and a man is known for what he is; but it is too large a subject to be dismissed in a few lines, and we may have something more to say about it later.

D. DELOBEL.—Thank you. We commend the effort, although we are unable to make use of it.

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Syllabus on Application.

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- "What is Mediumship?"** ... MRS. KELWAY BAMBER. Thurs., Nov. 5th, at 3.30 p.m. Members free. Non-Members 1s.
- Discussion Class.** All inquirers welcome. THE HON. PRINCIPAL. Thursday, Nov. 5th, at 8.15 p.m.
- Outija Beard and Automatic Writing.** Appointments. MRS. DOWDEN and MISS D. OUMMINS.
- Direct Voices.** Private appointments. MRS. BLANCHE COOPER. Groups. Wednesdays at 8 p.m., and Fridays at 5 p.m.
- Trance Mediumship and Psychical Development classes.** MRS. BARKEL. MRS. VICKERS.
- Clairvoyance, and Individual Development.** MRS. VICKERS.
- Diagnosis and Treatment of Disease.** ... MR. W. E. FOSTER.
- Public Clairvoyance**
- Fri., Oct. 30th, at 8 p.m. ... MRS. BARKEL.
- Fri., Nov. 6th, at 8 p.m. ... MR. G. BOTHAM.

NOTE.—The College has occasional accommodation for Students or interested visitors from the country and abroad. Residents are highly appreciative of such a privilege.

Vol. IV. **"PSYCHIC SCIENCE"** No. 3.
 Ed. MR. F. BLIGH BOND.
October Contents.

Remarkable Case of Sustained Poltergeist Phenomena at the College, etc., etc.
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- Wednesdays, 3 p.m. Circle for Clairvoyance. Nov. 4th, MRS. KINGSTONE.
- Thursdays, 3 p.m. MRS. NEAL. Study Class. Subject: Nov. 5. "The Value of Evidence."
- " 6 p.m. Devotional Group. MISS STEAD.
- Wednesdays and Fridays. MRS. DEANE. Sittings for Psychic Photography. (By appointment.)
- Fridays, 2.30 to 5 p.m., Library "At Home." Members and all interested to talk on Psychic Subjects cordially invited. Tea 6d.

SUNDAY'S SOCIETY MEETINGS.

- Lewisham.**—Limes Hall, Limes Grove.—November 1st, 11.15, open circle; 2.45, Lyceum; 6.30, Mr. A. Vout Peters.
- Wednesday, November 4th, 8, Mrs. Mary Clempson.
- Croydon.**—Harewood Hall, 96, High-street.—November 1st, 11, Mr. Percy Scholey; 6.30, Mrs. Julie E. Scholey.
- Camberwell.**—The Central Hall, High-street, Peckham.—November 1st, 11, service; 6.30, Mrs. Mary Crowder.
- Wednesday, 7.30, at 55, Station-road.
- Shepherd's Bush.**—73, Becklow-road.—November 1st, 11, public circle; 6.30, Mrs. Golden. November 5th, 8, Rev. Geo. Nash.
- Peckham.**—Lausanne-road.—November 1st, 7, public meeting. Thursday, 8.15, Miss Mary Mills.
- Bowes Park.**—Shaftesbury Hall, adjoining Bowes Park Station (down side).—November 1st, 11, Mr. Ernest Meads; 7, Rev. J. M. Mathias. Wednesday, November 4th, 8, Mr. G. W. Coleman, at 54, Whittingdon-road.
- St. John's Spiritualist Mission, Woodberry-grove, North Finchley (opposite Tram Depot).**—November 1st, 7, Rev. G. Nash. Thursday, November 5th, 8, Mrs. Boddington.
- Central.**—144, High Holborn, W.C.1.—October 30th, 7.30, Mrs. M. Goode. November 1st, 7, Mr. M. Barbanell and Mrs. Tyler.
- London District Council.**—144, High Holborn, W.C.1.—November 2nd, 8, Mr. John Lewis, "Soul and Spirit." Admission Free.
- Richmond.**—Free Church, Ormond-road.—November 1st, 7.30, Mr. Horace Leaf, address and clairvoyance. November 4th, 7.30, Mrs. Roberts, address and clairvoyance.
- St. Luke's Church of the Spiritual Evangel of Jesus the Christ, Queen's-road, London-road, Forest Hill, S.E.**—November 1st, 3.30, clairvoyance in the hall; 6.30, Service, Holy Communion and Trance Address, Mrs. Annie Johnson. Healing Service, Wednesday, November 4th, 7 p.m.

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- Monday, November 2nd, at 3 o'clock
 Psychometry: MR. GLOVER BOTHAM.
- Tuesday, November 3rd, at 7.30
 Clairvoyance: MRS. GLADYS DAVIES.
- Wednesday, November 4th, at 8 o'clock.
 Lecture: MR. ERNEST HUNT.
 "Multiple Personality."
- Thursday, November 5th, at 7.30.
 Clairvoyance: MR. W. A. MELTON.

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- At 11 a.m. ... MR. GEORGE PRIOR.
- At 6.30 p.m. ... DR. W. J. VANSTONE.
- Wednesday, November 4th, at 7.30 p.m. ... MR. ROBERT KING.
- Sunday Services at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.
- Wednesday Services at 7.30 p.m.
- Wednesday Concentration 3.30 p.m. (Members only).
- "At Home," on Monday, November 2nd, from 7 to 9.0 (Members only).

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

- Sunday, November 1st, 11 a.m. ... MRS. A. J. BEAUMONT-SIGALL.
 Address, Spirit-Descriptions and Messages.
- " " 3 p.m. ... Study Circle. Open to All.
- " " 6.30 p.m. ... MR. H. GILLESPIE.
- Monday, November 2nd, 7.30 p.m. ... MR. R. A. BUSH.
 Holy Communion
- Wednesday, November 4th, 7.30 p.m. ... MISS L. GEORGE.
 Address, Spirit-Descriptions and Messages.

Healing, Tuesdays, 7.0 p.m. Wednesdays, 3.0 p.m.

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Tuesday, Nov. 3rd, at 3.15 p.m.

Clairvoyance, Public Demonstration. Members Free; Non-Members, 2/-

Mr. T. E. Austin.

Wednesday, Nov. 4th.

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

Leader: Miss N. Tom-Gallon.

Subject: "Has the World progressed sufficiently to recognise the next coming of a Great Teacher?"

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

Mrs. Clegg.

Thursday, Nov. 5th, at 7 p.m.

Lecture at 6, Queen Square, 7 p.m.: "Experiences, Direct and Indirect," by MAJOR R. A. MARRIOTT, D.S.O.

Chair: Lt.-Col. W. Belk, C.M.G.

* Places may be booked in advance. Apply to Gen. Secretary.

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