

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.

RISE, Morning Star, lead on the kindly day.
—VIRGIL.

THE UNION OF OPPOSITES.

Quoting from the messages given by Johannes (in Mr. Dennis Bradley's "Towards the Stars") a correspondent refers to Johannes' statement that "The ultimate end is to realise oneself," and that the root law of life is self-realisation. We are asked to contrast this with the self-sacrifice preached by the apostle Paul. But we see here only an example of the duality of truth. To some the path of self-realisation lies only through self-sacrifice. Every perfect truth represents a union of two apparently contradictory ideas. We could give many instances, but we need now only refer to one of an inclusive character—that opposition of two forces which keeps the whole Universe in being—attraction and repulsion, perfectly balanced. In human life they are expressed as Love and Wisdom. Love would draw and be drawn, but Wisdom selects and discriminates; it represents the repelling force without which there could be neither balance nor harmony. It is the counter-action of these two principles which "keeps our little lives in equipoise." The real evil is in extremes—whether in living for self or in living for others. The ideal life represents a more or less just balance of both, and it is the combination of the two which results in true self-realisation.

SLOW BUT SURE.

Until quite recently we observed a rather muddled idea at the back of much of the criticism of psychical phenomena. It seemed to be assumed that the resources of conjuring and *leger-de-main* could explain most of these. It is only within the last year or two that the public has gained a clearer understanding of the subject, largely owing to the efforts of some distinguished writers in the Press. It is now seen that by far the greater part of psychic evidences are of a mental kind, and that physical manifestations form so small a portion of them as to be almost negligible. When a sitter goes to a medium who is a complete stranger and receives messages from departed friends in which their habitual phrases, turns of thought, characteristic handwriting and other individual peculiarities are reproduced—and this is continually occurring—the sceptic has to take another line of theory to account for the happenings. We do not object to these theories, although some of them are more incredible than the spirit theory itself. It is so clear that every alternative explanation must be thoroughly exhausted before we have a firm basis for the general acceptance of the "spirit hypothesis."

To those of long experience or of quick perception the process may seem tedious. They must be patient. In the old days of the Navy it was said that the pace of a convoy must always be that of the slowest ship. It must be the same with our movement. It may be slow. It must be sure.

"CONCERNING KNOWING THINGS."

In the clever and satirical article, "Concerning Knowing Things," which we reproduced last week from the Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research, it would be observed that the author, Mr. Philip Prescott Frost, appended a note to his article indicating that it was accepted by a weekly journal of national circulation, paid for, and then returned on the ground that the editors of the journal had not realised "how much the latter part of the article was a discussion on Spiritualism and a prophecy as to its acceptance." This is the kind of objection we have heard hundreds of times over. It has made us wish sometimes that we had amongst us to-day, some modern Socrates who, by a series of acute questions could speedily reduce his opponents to mental confusion; because when it is urged that some society cannot accept a paper or some journal cannot accept an article because the paper or article shows a leaning towards Spiritualism, they are apparently never taken to task by a series of questions intended to bring out the real reason for the denial. It would always be a difficult task, we admit, because in many cases the objector would shrewdly limit himself to the statement that he objected to Spiritualism, without stating his reason. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the motive is *fear*, and that motive is one of the last things which the average mortal would be induced to admit. It is not so necessary nowadays to shake people out of that mental apathy which accepts without question any statement of the kind; but next time such an objection is raised it would be an excellent thing for those who know what Spiritualism really stands for to "heckle" the objector and obtain, if possible, a statement from him as to the real motive behind his attitude. This would, in many cases, reveal a state of mind not creditable to any thinking person.

FOR ARMISTICE DAY.

Do not yield your hearts to sadness,
Nor your minds to dull despair—
Surely there is room for gladness
In the honoured names you share?

Was it not to save you sorrow,
Degradation, bondage, strife,
Fighting for your safer morrow
Each so freely gave his life?

They have earned the greater knowing
Your despondency would hide,
Death is but Life's fuller growing—
Even now they're by your side.

Dare we wish them back to see them
Growing old and scant of breath?
Surely love would rather free them
Who in youth have conquered death!

E. HALL HAINS.

THE RETURNING "DEAD." FOR RECOGNITION AND REMEMBRANCE.

By THE REV. G. VALE OWEN.

We who are Spiritualists know how our soldier lads return to earth on Armistice Day in great numbers. They are glad to realise that they are remembered. They crowd our Services of Remembrance, in church or hall, and gather about the cenotaphs in the various towns where the tribute of gratitude is made to their memory. All this gladdens them. And yet there is one thing nearer to their hearts than this, and not always, nor perhaps often, is it offered to them. It is the closer communion of their own kith and kin, who are dearer to them than ever and who, alas, too often, are unable to realise that the most loved spot on the old earth is the home they left behind.

It has been my privilege to keep, more or less, in touch with some of these lads since that first Armistice Day in 1918. At first I found most of them still very much in the state of unrest in which they went over.

One young officer, who had been killed in France, I well remember. He had been one of my own parish lads in South Lancashire. He could not find an opening in his own family, so came to the Vicarage as a kind of substitute. It was better than nothing, anyway. He had company in plenty in the Spirit World. But his heart still longed after his friends on earth. So he used to come to us for a few words of greeting and a chat about his own people. He was one of the more enlightened ones, and was much troubled at the state of his fellow soldiers who could not tear themselves away from the battlefield.

The first time he came to us was through a trance medium. He stood up, saluted, and tried to tell us his name. He could not get this through. So I read to him the list of those for whom we prayed in church. When I came to his name, he cried, "That's it; that's it." He was evidently much pleased that he had been able to make himself known. This was six weeks after his death.

I asked him if he had met his brother who had been killed previously, and he replied, "No, not yet. It seems as if I had been asleep a long time. I've been through an awful time, Mr. Owen; and even now they are still fighting, fighting, fighting everywhere." He was referring to those soldiers who had passed over. He continued, "Ah yes; we want God. We used to come to church, and you prayed; but we didn't think so much about it then, Mr. Owen. But now we begin to see how small we are."

We had a little talk, and he departed. A week later he was back again. He had now got his bearings a little better and had been able to look around him with some composure. But what he saw rent his heart. He was still the officer and felt his responsibility to his men in that fatherly way which the best of our young fellows showed in their own charming manner. He had rallied a few of the lads who had served in his company and had organised them into a rescue party. They visited the battlefields, from time to time, and used their endeavours to enlighten those spirits who still imagined they were in the flesh.

"We go to the battlefields," he said, "and try to get them to come away. 'Come away; come away out of it!' we cry to them. Poor lads, poor lads! And then we return for more strength, and go back again. It is very terrible here still; and sometimes revenge still lingers in our hearts against those who used to be our enemies."

Others came and told me the same thing. Gradually, however, through the exertions of such as these, things began to mend. In some cases the unenlightened fought on until they were exhausted. Then they were borne, by parties of what on earth would be termed "stretcher bearers," to "Field Hospitals" prepared for them. Here they were tended and slowly nursed back to health.

One of these field hospitals, with which I am acquainted, was in use at so late a date as February of this year. In that month the last patients were released and the hospital demolished. This was, I think, one of the last to go—to the great relief of those who superintended the work there.

So, to-day conditions are improved and the lads have been allotted work of one kind or another, according to their qualifications and choice. They find plenty to occupy their time. But all work and no play has the same effect there as here. They have periods of rest in between. It

is in these intervals that their thoughts turn towards the old earth and their own folk at home. And when there is no greeting for them their disappointment may be imagined. The fact that such unkindness is only apparent, and based on ignorance, mitigates the poignancy of their grief somewhat; but not much, as the following instance will show.

There are two brothers among my young friends over there. One died in a hospital in one of the Balkan States. The other was reported missing. These two lads came to me with their mother who had preceded them into the Spirit Land. They told me of their delight at finding such a lovely country as their future home. They had been exploring, with their mother as guide. Then they mentioned the fact that they had "been home." I detected a note of sadness there. I led them on to tell me of their visit and the reason soon became apparent. They found their father and sister there; they listened to their conversation; they looked into their faces hoping they themselves would be seen. But they were ignored. Yes, they said, they understood the reason. "But," they continued, "it's jolly hard."

Well, we are not all clairvoyant and clairaudient. What is the remedy? To my mind the remedy is simple. It is one we adopt in my own home, and it answers very well. We keep our dear ones in mind frequently through the day. We do not use any strenuous endeavour to realise their presence. We take that for granted. We know they are with us daily, for they have told us so many times. We know further that, if we think of them when they do not happen to be present in person, our thoughts are always carried to them wherever they are in the Spirit Land.

From time to time they signify their coming by tapping on some resonant piece of furniture; such as a bookcase or wardrobe. When this occurs we find ourselves thinking at that moment of some member of the family, or some other friend who has passed on. Subsequent enquiry has shown us that, in nine cases out of ten, that was the one who knocked. So we give them a "God bless you," and a welcome home. It is almost pathetic to know how much pleasure this gives them.

Now, on Armistice Day, they will be paying a visit in force to the earth environment. They will be present at our Services in the different centres where these are held, either in churches or in the open air. We know, from the Cenotaph photographs of previous years, in what numbers they muster in Whitehall. Clairvoyants at our great Service in the Queen's Hall have seen them there in their thousands.

Last year on Armistice Day I was at Barry Dock, Glamorgan. In the morning, I went, with my hostess, to the Service at the parish church. There she described to me a vision which she saw as the Service proceeded. On the north side of the altar were a company of soldiers in khaki. They were ragged and wounded and mud-bespattered. On the south side of the altar there was another company. They were clad in radiant apparel, bright and shining, their faces lighted up with happiness. In the evening we had a sitting and they came to us and told us that, among those she had seen, were some of my own friends whom she, of course, did not recognise, not having known them in the earth life. All they could do was to give her a few Christian names. They had arranged that tableau, they said, for my benefit.

In the evening, after the celebrations were ended, they were free to go where they chose until it was time to return again to duty in their own sphere. So they came to me, with their word of greeting, before they left.

What I am driving at is this. I would urge all who love these splendid lads to give them a thought on the evening of Armistice Day. Thus they will supplement, with their own individual remembrance, the more general devotions held during the day. They may take it that wherever such thoughts are there will some of these soldier lads be. For no such kind remembrance goes unnoticed. If my readers will do this they will give much pleasure to those who have done so much for us. And, it may be depended upon, the joy will be mutual. It may be "more blessed to give than to receive," but some of the blessing remains with the giver also.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY CLAUDE TREVOR.

An apparently quite reliable case of psychic photography happened lately in the South of Italy. An account of it appeared in the Roman paper, "Il giornale d' Italia," and subsequently in several other journals. At Laurita, a very unimportant little place in the province of Salerno, a young employé of the Italian Government, by name Signor Peretta, is an enthusiastic amateur photographer. A short time ago he was asked by two of his friends Passarelli (a blacksmith) and Nicola Guerrieri (a shoemaker) to take their photos, which he consented to do, the photograph being taken almost at once. Far into the same night Signor Peretta, in the quiet of his room, proceeded to develop the negatives; the first, that of Passarelli, coming out quite normally. When he examined the developed negative of Guerrieri he found to his astonishment that besides the likeness of his friend the plate seemed suffused with a white mist which, in the high left-hand corner, became much denser, and in the middle of it appeared a face with an expression of intense suffering. The eyes were wide open. Terrified, Signor Peretta felt that it must, in some unaccountable way, be the reflection of a figure behind him. Realising at once the impossibility of this, he rushed to the window and flung it open, when by chance he saw two persons passing along the then otherwise deserted street. He begged them to come up, which, very much bewildered, they did. They proved to be Professor Carelli and Dr. Filippo Lia. Their amazement was as great as that of Signor Peretta on seeing the extraordinary photograph. The next day, on its being shown round, some of the elder people of the little town professed to recognise in the "extra" the likeness of an old parish priest who had been the owner of the house where the photo was developed. Signor Peretta says that for quite a good while he had been disturbed by strange occurrences, so much so that he had several times decided to leave the house; but the difficulty of finding other quarters, and the fact of his not being, generally, of a timid nature, made him postpone his decision. He has now moved to an inn. A curious and interesting particular about the mysterious head is that the bone of the nose appears to be smashed. Those who profess to recognise the face as that of the dead priest recall the fact that some time after his burial, for some reason or other, the slab that covered his grave had to be removed, and, in so doing, slipped and fell on to the coffin, shattered the lid and striking the face of the dead man, broke the nasal bone. The account in the Italian papers ends with these words: "Taking into consideration the unimpeachable character Signor Peretta bears in the place where the phenomena occurred, and above all the resemblance of the phantom photo to the former owner of the house where it was developed, it seems scarcely necessary to exclude any idea of trick or fraud, the fact leaving a profound impression on the mind concerning the mystery of the hereafter."

IN A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

The following letter which I lately received from Mrs. Turner, the policeman's widow, of whom I have previously written, will, I think, interest readers of LIGHT. I send it with her permission for publication.

H. A. DALLAS.

LETTER.

I would like to tell you a little experience of my own after my first real sorrow, my mother's death. She was in bed six months with a stroke, which affected the brain, and the nights were terrible; she made so much noise. One night when I was sitting with her I spoke sharply to her; and after she died I grieved about it. I could not sleep at night; and I used to lie and think if only I could see her, and tell her I was sorry; and I prayed sometimes that God would let her know that I was sorry I spoke crossly. Night after night I would lie awake; I could not sleep. Well, one night I had not been in bed very long, and I was crying with my head in the bed clothes, a hand touched me and a voice called me by name. When I looked up it was my mother who stood there, looking just the same as she did before she was ill. I could not say what she was dressed in, but it was white or shiny. I called out: "Mother, oh mother! Say you forgive me!" Then she stooped and kissed me and said: "I forgive; sleep now." I wanted her to stay, but she said, "No, I must not stay." And then I cried, "Tell me, mother, before you go, are you happy?" She said, "Oh, so happy," and kissed me again, then vanished. She did not go out by the door. It was a bright moonlight night; I could see everything in my room; she vanished without moving from where she stood. I cried again; but this time the tears were of joy and thankfulness. I did not tell any of my people next morning. I knew they would say I dreamt it. But it was no dream; I had not been to sleep. It is several years now! I was about twenty then. I have never seen her again. But I do know she came that night, and I did not grieve any more.

THE DAY OF THE POPPIES.

BY F. BLYTH BOND.

The Flanders Poppy is now adopted nationally as our Emblem of the Great War, and Armistice Day is "Poppy Day" by general consent. The flower with its blood-red petals, growing as it did in such profusion on the battle-fields drenched with the blood of our nation's sons, symbolises with perfect fitness the soul of the great tragedy. It is interesting to look back to the years before the war and to see how this symbol in a prophetic manner was suggested in the script of John Alleyne written in 1909 and the two following years. The Mind that guided the pen of the automatist was that of one whose function is to follow and influence in a spiritual sense the destinies of this land and the wills of her statesmen. He is one of the "Watchers of Anglia" and signs his missives "Imperator." It is fitting that one who took part in the conquest of this land by imperial Rome should maintain his care of the race which holds so strong an infusion of the blood of the conquerors.

During October, 1909, there broke into the script concerning the Loretto Chapel (not then found) at Glastonbury this quite unexpected communication. First, in Latin:

"Fortune hath been. The heaven falleth. Work hath its fruit in the Eternal."

"What is impending?" I asked. The answer came (in English):

War: horrid war: Mars is king. Brother's blood! Before the great Feast of the Christ, the Nazarene, cometh. The weak must suffer: the strong must die . . . chaos—darkness—and a new Dawn in crimson skies. Bow to the storm. Leave the strong to break it and be broken. Be like the holy men of old in the sanctuary of your inner selves. Strike not, and ye will be stricken not, and they of a true heart among the people will give you shelter. Among them ye have no foes.

Not long the conflict. The fury burns fierce and fast: and then the calm on a red world. . . . Red world! Red Poppies of Forgetfulness in the graveyard of the past-and-gone-for-ever. . . .

Red Poppies in the graveyard: and then, Red Poppies in the smiling cornfields in the sun. Read, learn, and fear not: all is well, and all has been ordained.

Just three years after the receipt of this script there was given again a solemn warning in which we were reminded of the mysterious "Poppies." It was given on October 26th, 1912, and runs as follows:—

That which we spoke of, know we. The "Poppies" cometh to pass before the Day of Christ. Note what we have said. Poverty, Hunger, and the war-lust in every land on which lieth the shadow of the Cross. They who would be at peace shall not be able, for Peace reigns no more. War with their neighbours is better than war at home: so the cause must be made for quafrels. Then, when Europe is exhausted, the reign of Asia will begin: for there the sun is rising. So we say.

These extracts are made from the general collection of war-scripts published in 1919 under the title, "The Hill of Vision"; but as this book had but limited circulation, it is as well they should secure more general knowledge. There was, in addition, a remarkable prediction of the Armistice which was not published at the time, as it was in difficult Latin and written in a crabbed hand like so many of John Alleyne's. I had not then a sufficient opportunity of studying it thoroughly and was not fully aware of its purport. Since then I have made a careful translation which I now give. The occasion was a meeting at Gloucester (date, the 12th October, 1918), where J. A. was doing war work.

The counsels of wisdom have prevailed. The War is ended. Peace cometh in all the Chanceries. Men of goodwill on earth have already signed it. It cometh at the waxing of the moon, to the glory of God. The terms of Peace will be settled in 1919. The proof of (these) matters is complete. We have done well. The new way lies open to you. Blessed be ye.

The full moon in October, 1918, was on the 21st. The full moon of November was on the 19th. The Armistice was declared on the 11th. Thus the November Moon was crescent and in her first quarter. There followed this beautiful passage in English, which was as a valedictory address to ourselves from Imperator and reflects the emotions of triumph and praise:—

In the mists of the Spiritual, where Matter mergeth into Spirit, ye have traced the silver thread: which follow as a clue for the great Mystery of the Infinite. Follow the Clue: the gates are opening on a New Dispensation wherein Vision shall take the place of Faith and the things which have hitherto been unseen shall be open to the spiritual eyes of mankind. Behold! The Majesty of the Lord cometh and is even now in your midst; and the Sun of Righteousness shall dispel the clouds which cover the face of the earth and the waters. All is done. Glory be to God in Heaven. I, Imperator, have spoken; I, Imperator, here in your midst. *Vale, atque vale, atque salve!*

FOR THE KNOWLEDGE SEEKER.

CONDUCTED BY F. E. LEANING.

XXIV.—MALVINA GERARD (*continued*).

When a person is hypnotised, it is well known that the earliest and lightest level of the subconscious so reached is extremely suggestible, and this was, of course, the case with Malvina. When she could not, however "see" what Drouin wished about some detail of his still future success, he would exclaim, "Deeper!" and with a little pause and an inclination of the head, this was accomplished. From the state "Malvina II.," she would pass to that of "Malvina III.," and at this deeper level greater powers awoke. She was no longer the obedient echo of all that was told her; on the contrary she looked with contempt upon the credulous nature of that simpler personality, speaking of her in the curious way that these personalities do, as "that chitterling." All that was known to her in her normal state, and that of the first level was known to her in this. The genuine mark of hypnosis was there, in the total ignorance which her waking consciousness held of all that passed in the other states. An effort to get at fourth and fifth levels was made, and though she passed into these, there was a strong tendency to revert to the third, where apparently her own creative imagination had fullest expression. No doubt, if she had been in Spiritualist circles these states would speedily have been named as "Guides," but this idea not being suggested to her, it never entered her head. She had heard that mediums could see spirits, and if the subject were mentioned, not to be behindhand, she claimed to see them too. She said they looked like white balls, but brilliant; they never gave any names, but under pressure would occasionally give a couple of initials.

She had also heard of other gifts possessed by clairvoyants, and as she soon conceived a great opinion of her "supernormal" powers through hearing them discussed in her normal state, nothing would do but she must diagnose diseases, see the interior of the body, and so on. In these things she had no success, her information being about level with that of her investigator in the matter of anatomy, so that no test arose. Her really brilliant and interesting work lay in the production of the dramas or scenes which she and Drouin both firmly believed to be his, but not yet in being. It was a curious situation. She did not, for instance, read "Cornichonnet" as one would read a printed play. When told to do so, she asked "Where?" There was no copy in existence, but one cannot help admiring the ingenuity with which Drouin supplied the lack. He told her to go (in imagination) to the prompter's box, *when he was out*, and read the MS. copy which would be used at rehearsals. This she did, but it was the rehearsal she witnessed and heard, and from time to time, by automatic writing, she would write a couplet or set of lines, beginning with the rhymes, and writing in "mirror writing." The faculty grew until she obtained longer and longer portions of dialogue at a time, and then sometimes the urge would come, and she would depart from the piece in hand and dictate or write completely new scenes, belonging to some other whole, of which this was the sample and intimation. In her normal state she had not the faintest ambition to write poetry; she was not, as M. Sage says, "bitten by that tarantula." Neither could she act. But as Malvina II. she could act admirably any character assigned her, provided that she had any previous material in her knowledge of life at large as to how to do it. Thus as a barrister pleading in the Courts, or a beggar at the church door, she could do well, for she had seen both, but as an inhabitant of Mars, she could only make grimaces and remain motionless. Her dramas also dealt with vigorous primitive passion, for neither she nor Drouin had handled life with gloves on, and we may allow, under the conditions, for a certain amount of pooling of their respective experiences.

There are several points about Malvina, as will have been seen, that relate her instructively to that class of psychic where native automatism is a more probable and rational explanation than spirit-control. The latter, where it exists, gives evidence in such abundance, and of such quality, as to need no other argument for its defence; but there is also the alternative type, quite as valuable and more in need of just examination. The writing of rhymed verse backwards, from the end of each line to its beginning seems to resemble closely those psychic drawings where disconnected parts of the design are drawn first, or separately. The subconscious cannot get its product through as it would, but must do it as it can, sometimes by writing, sometimes by a vision, sometimes by audible words.

There is a division of labour, and sometimes gaps and friction, where interior correlation has failed, or a faculty is weak.

But the story of Malvina is not finished yet.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MATERIAL PHENOMENA: A LETTER AND A REPLY.

SIR,—Mr. J. Arthur Hill, in the preface of his book "Spiritualism," asks the indulgence of his readers who are convinced of psychic phenomena which he "dismisses too lightly" because of his want of opportunity to examine. One could understand his "dismissing lightly" such phenomena as had never come under his scrutiny, but there is a vast difference between "dismissing lightly" and damning lustily, and it is this latter function he performs when he states on page 87 of his book, "Spiritualism," that in reference to Materialisations, it "cannot be considered to be established as beyond the range of trickery; helped out by vivid imagination excited by sitting in darkness and expectancy," and further, that it is "quite likely that sitters pass into a mental state not quite normal, and closely analogous to hypnosis." After spilling this black paint he mildly concludes, "that the question remains open." One would wish a writer on Spiritualism and psychic research to be ever on the conservative side and never to overstep the bounds of his own actual knowledge, but to blast a phase of phenomena that he has not so much as seen with statements negative and absurd, as he does materialisation, is ill-considered and irrelevant.

One would have thought Mr. Hill had heard of Dr. Gustave Geley's private investigations with Eva C. in Paris. These materialisations, though incomplete and partial, were materialisations just the same, and his explanation of them would be well worth reading. Dr. Schrenck-Notzing, too, I believe, has a little to say on the same head.

Ectoplasm is a fact, whether its acceptance hurts or not, and I was reading recently that its acceptance did cause Professor Richet actual pain!

It has been my good fortune during the last two months to examine closely, in fact in my own way, fully-formed materialisations through the mediumship of Mrs. Elizabeth Allen Tomson, of Chicago.

I believe I am right in saying there is no other living medium who produces such perfect phenomena, such well-developed spirit forms, ideoplastically, as does Mrs. Elizabeth A. Tomson. She has had this gift for thirty-eight years and is controlled discarnately by her father, the late Major W. A. Shook, a soldier of the Civil War. Her method is that of deep trance, a cabinet being used, phenomena usually occurring in from five to fifteen minutes. I suppose I must credit most of my excellent results at her sésances to the absence of hostile sitters, for most of the physicalised spirit forms have had much power, being able to walk, speak to and embrace their friends. Of course all this will appear preposterous to most persons as it does to Mr. Hill, but the truth of the evidence of my senses remains, and I should have to be burnt at the stake before I would relinquish the reality of its truth.

On August 30th, 1925, at a public hall in the Capitol building, Chicago, the fifth spirit to materialise was my mother, the recognition being completely mutual. Since that time my mother has appeared five times, called my name (Jack) before coming out of the cabinet, walked from the cabinet to where I was sitting, placed her arms about me and kissed me. My father came through on the evening of September 6th, and with uplifted right hand, slowly moving a monitorial finger, just as he was wont to do in life, he said, "Jack, I am going to help you!" The sublimity of this assurance still has me walking on air.

On the evening of September 4th I was distinctly puzzled by a spirit form which materialised three times during the evening, and at each time she insistently brought me to her side. Her features were perfect in contour and quite stereoscopic; she was most anxious for me to examine her face. The only symbol of recognition she could give me was the "sign of the cross."

I could plainly see that she was a woman of Russian type and it occurred to me later how strongly she resembled a friend of mine, George Lapkoff, a Russian. At the next sésance on September 6th she came through again and very early; her joy was complete when I gave her recognition by name (Anna Lapkoff). She has since then thanked me by direct voice and I have delivered a message to her son.

My wife's sister, Margaret Alice d'Alcorn, who passed over at the age of one year and eight months, comes through at every sésance, and also her grandmother, the latter usually complaining that she cannot walk far because she has not her cane with her (she used one in later years before passing over). Mabel Brookes, another friend of my wife, was delighted and surprised to meet her at the sésance room, the last place in the world she expected to find her, she remarked.

These are just the high-lights of the many happenings that I have experienced in company with many friends, since last August, all as true as the fact that I now manifest here in the body in Chicago this Sunday morning, the drizzling rain keeping me in, thus enabling me to write you these notes.—Yours, etc.,

JOHN JOSLING.

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Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

(MR. HILL'S REPLY.)

SIR,—Thank you for sight of Mr. Josling's letter I need hardly point out to careful readers that the "damning lustily" exists only in his own imagination. I have never denied the actuality of genuine materialisations. I neither deny nor affirm; I merely wait with open mind for evidence which shall be convincing. Moreover, Mr. Josling quotes me as referring to materialisation in general, whereas the truth is that I was referring to one medium only. This is what I said, on p. 59 of my "Spiritualism: Its History, Phenomena and Doctrine": "I have had accounts from friends who have certainly had curious and in some cases convincing experiences with him; but, on the whole, his phenomena cannot be considered to be established as beyond the range of known means, helped out by vivid imagination excited by sitting in darkness and expectancy." I still say the same, regarding the phenomena of this particular medium, whom I did not name.

The evidence at least for ectoplasm has become stronger since I wrote the above-quoted words in 1918, but I should hardly say even yet that it is an "established" fact. On the other hand, I have never denied it. Mr. Josling does not distinguish between suspense of judgment and disbelief.—Yours, etc.,

J. ARTHUR HILL.

Claremont, Thornton, Bradford.

A CASE OF ANIMAL SURVIVAL.

SIR,—We had a very dear bull-dog, "Rags," which had to be put to sleep last January, much to our grief, for he had grown into our lives for over eleven years.

A friend of mine, a Spiritualist like myself, Mrs. Kinsey (Purley) holds a circle every fortnight at her house. During one of these sittings in April she was very cold, "but strangely enough," she said, "my left hand feels warm."

One of the circle (Mrs. K.'s companion, L.), who is very mediumistic, said: "No wonder your left hand is warm. There is a big bull-dog licking it." "But I don't know any bull-dog, except Mrs. Parker's," replied Mrs. K., "and that I only saw once (he was then sitting up in an armchair in a dark corner of the room)."

Mrs. K. asked, "What is it like?" "It is a very large bull-dog, light brown, mixed colour—brindle, I think, it is called," answered L.

Mrs. K.: "Anything else about it?"

L.: "Yes, there is a round dark mark on its side, here, and they seemed to turn him round purposely to show it to me."

Mrs. K. tells me that on hearing this she felt very disappointed, as she was hoping that Lizzie (her companion) would say that he had a white chest and a dark lump (wart) on his leg, which Mrs. K. remembered seeing, but knew nothing of any dark mark on his side.

Mrs. K. then asked: "Who brought him?" And L. gave a very good description, as far as it went, of my mother, who is on the other side and whom I have always felt would have our pets with her.

Then a rather curious thing happened. Mrs. K. has a little dog, "Kim," who usually lies asleep on a settee during these seances; but on this evening he got down, walked restlessly about and suddenly caught L. by the ankle, just when she saw and felt "Rags" come between her feet.

"Kim" had never done such a thing before.

In conclusion I may say that L. had never been to our house and knew nothing about our bull-dog, and that my mother passed over about fourteen years ago, and was quite unknown to any of the sitters; also, that the description of "Rags" is true in every respect. I have never sat in Mrs. Kinsey's circles.—Yours, etc.,

GERTRUDE S. PARKER.

Normanton,
Avenue-road, Wellington.

"RADIO MIND."

SIR,—Referring to the thought-compelling Editorial in your issue of October 10th, it may interest you to know that for over two years I have been working on precisely the lines indicated. Results have been so satisfactory that I have thought other investigators may care to take the matter up, and to that end I have now in preparation a card and pendulum which may be used either for receiving messages from the Spirit World, or for transmitting and receiving—by Mental Radio—communications between minds in sympathy.

I have called the device "Responda," and hope to have it ready for all who may be interested within a week or two.—Yours, etc.,

R. A. ROBSON.

21, Fairfax-road, W.4.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

SIR,—"I want to think that the great spirits who have 'gone across' are at peace: that after life's fitful fever they sleep well."

I have quoted these words from Sir Hall Caine's letter (see LIGHT for October 17th) not because I have the slightest personal feeling against the writer, but because they are typical of the mental attitude prevailing in the majority of people at the present day. They "want to think" this or that; they would "like to believe" the other; something else "conflicts with" their "long-cherished beliefs," and they do not trouble to ascertain what the facts may be. Hence most of our troubles.

The present age is peculiarly the age of quackery; the quack has his remedy for all our diseases, and the fact that his patients usually die of the treatment does not affect his sublime confidence in it. And this is the fault of the public. The law of supply and demand acts here, as elsewhere, and if the public wishes to be gulled, gulled it will be. It is not altogether the fault of our contemporaries, for, during the last century, the nation became incapably drunk upon sentiment, and we are still suffering from the effects of this debauch.

If we are to recover, it is time that we learned to estimate our tastes, opinions, and desires at their true value—that is to say, nothing at all, and to study the facts. Personally, I should have preferred to look upon death as a state of endless and dreamless sleep. I have none of that desperate clinging to life at all costs, ignorantly attributed by certain critics to all human beings. But, as the result of my investigations, I find that the great weight of probability is against this view—so much so that it cannot be taken as a working hypothesis. And I do not think of setting my own private inclinations in opposition to the facts as I have found them to be.

Briefly, humanity may be divided into two types; the one that prefers a hard truth to a soothing lie; the other that is guided by what it "wants to believe." And most of our difficulties and dangers are due to the predominance of this latter type; the people who think themselves able.

"To decree a new earth at a birth without labour or sorrow—
To declare: "We prepare it to-day and inherit to-morrow."

Let us have done with foolish fancies, and look for the facts, no matter how unpleasant these may be. I am irresistibly reminded of a friend of my own, who, confronted with a person pleading that his "opinion" was so-and-so, replied:—

"My good sir, has it ever occurred to you that your opinion isn't worth a brass farthing? The facts are of that matter."—Yours, etc.,

GWENHWYFAR.

SPIRITUALIST COMMUNITY SERVICES.

The Rev. G. Vale Owen's address on Sunday morning last at the Grotian Hall dealt with the Direct Voice from the time of Moses until the present day. The greatest manifestation of psychic power was at Sinai, when the Israelites assembled under the leadership of the Egyptian Initiate Moses to hear the direct voice of Jehovah. During the passing of the years the Israelites became thoroughly materialistic and such manifestations as the Direct Voice and the Shekinah Light left them, with the exception of the calling of little Samuel by the Lord. The next manifestation came in the time of John the Baptist, when at the baptism of Jesus some of those around heard the direct voice and saw the Shekinah Light. Two thousand years had passed and another great epoch is approaching. The Direct Voice and the Shekinah Light were again in evidence.

In the evening the subject of Mr. Vale Owen's address was "God is Light." He said we were always feeling after God; this had been going on for thousands of years, but we had not yet found Him. The highest sphere was the Christ sphere which we read of in the last chapter of Revelation. The spirit world was linked up with the material; we were the effect, the cause lay over the border. We were creatures of dual environment—matter and spirit. Here we had three dimensions, height, breadth and depth. Over the border there was a fourth dimension, interpenetration. We were parts of God and were sent here for a purpose, that was to progress and get nearer to Him Who was the personification of Love. C.

POPPY DAY: EARL HAIG'S BRITISH LEGION APPEAL.—From a letter sent out by Captain W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary of the British Legion, 145, Piccadilly, London, W.1, we take the following: "An urgent need is the enrolment of ladies who are willing to act as sellers of the Flanders Poppies on Remembrance Day; those who will undertake this service are requested to communicate at once with their local Poppy Day Committee, and if in doubt as to the local address this will gladly be given from here. As the City and the West End of London are organised from these headquarters, sellers for these areas are invited to write direct to me."

LIGHT,

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

TEL.: Museum 5106.

TELEGRAMS: "Survival, Westcent, London."

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TWO MINUTES.

On the first anniversary of Armistice Day a letter appeared in a London morning newspaper—it was the "Daily Mail." The letter was brief but pointed. It ran:—

The Great Silence will also be a great sance—the greatest and noblest ever held. Forty-six—or more—million people will be engaged in sending a gigantic thought wave to the other side. Will it burst the barrier between the two worlds and shall we get a reply?

It is only a few years since the Armistice. But the memory and emotion then so fresh seem to be dulled. A hardening process has set in, and of late we have heard much of coming war. The old insane competition of armaments has been resumed, and we are told that the scientists of several nations have been devoting much ingenuity to the manufacture of poison gases and other war weapons of the deadliest kind. It is a pitiable aftermath to all the horrible carnage and the bitter sufferings of the Great War. It forebodes the possible coming of a time when Science will have provided the "civilised" races with machinery for wiping themselves out of mortal existence, thereby providing the victims in the grimmest form "scientific demonstration of a future life"!

But in the years intervening since the Armistice something else has been happening. The facts attesting the reality of a life after death have spread in every direction. There has been a "wave of popular interest in Spiritualism." Man has been discovering his soul, and vast numbers of people have been concerning themselves not only with psychic evidences but, what is more important, with spiritual things. Part of the eternal paradox of life, it has been found that a decrease in church-going may coincide with a "revival of the religious sense in mankind." Doubtless this was the method of Providence to forestall and counteract the combination of devilry and imbecility which was driving the nations to wholesale destruction. It may well be that even the annual Two Minutes' Silence has played its part in making a breach in the barrier between the two worlds—as suggested by the "Daily Mail's" correspondent.

Again we approach the day when for two minutes the daily clamour will be stilled and millions will stand offering their silent tribute to the Great Dead. There will be a great outpouring of prayer, thought and emotion. We suggest that with it be blended a united effort of will devoted to the averting of future warfare and to the suppression of those evil passions

which can end only in a great tragedy if they are not timely checked. We are to remember that the destiny of mankind is to a certain degree in its own hands. Prayer will aid the helmsman, but it will not steer the ship for him.

It is a wonderful and inspiring thought that the great work for Peace is being carried on by humanity on both sides of the veil. Amongst the workers in the Unseen are multitudes of those who passed out in the great conflict. Amongst them were poets, seers, thinkers, men of good will, who, cut off untimely in physical life, continue their "congenial labours" in a better country—their works follow them.

Two minutes! It may be too short to accomplish any material work of importance. But it may well be the equivalent of centuries in another time order, where what is here the infinitely little may be equally the infinitely great.

Let us salute the Departed, then, with a resolution that it shall be a better world for those who are to come after us, so that we may be worthy of *their* salute when in the years to come we, too, shall be amongst the Departed, the great advance-guard of the Army of Deliverance.

THE FACTS BEHIND PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

ADDRESS BY MISS F. R. SCATCERD.

At the Brighton Psychic Centre, on Thursday, 29th ulto., Miss SCATCERD addressed a large audience on the above subject.

Having defined the various terms used, and giving examples in illustration, Miss Scatcerd explained the nature of the facts behind such physical phenomena. An isolated fact, however portentous, was not technically a scientific fact, i.e., it was not one of the series constituting any given science. But she hoped to prove that the facts subtending physical phenomena were of the scientific order. She took appropriate instances from the phenomena which occurred some years ago at a haunted house in Brighton, and of which she was a witness. The disappearance and re-appearance of various articles in the house might be explicable on the fraud hypothesis, but her discovery in the coal-cellar of the vessel in which vegetables for the kitchen dinner were cooking when it suddenly vanished from the fire, was a case which did not lend itself to that explanation. "I was appealed to by the maid to come down to the kitchen," said the speaker, "for the maid was too frightened to remain there alone. The girl declared that no sooner had she set the table and turned her back, when the knives, forks and plates vanished, and she found them distributed all over the place. 'But,' was her plaintive cry, 'now the big saucepan and steamer have gone, too, I can't give anyone their dinner, and I'm scared to death!' Everything might have been explained, in a way by theories of hysteria and fraud, but not in this particular instance. The lost vegetables were steaming away on the cold heap of coal in the cellar, as if they had remained in their place on the kitchen fire. It was a phenomenon of the psychical research order."

Miss Scatcerd, in summing up her address, showed that the facts behind these poltergeist and other physical phenomena were of the scientific order, for they furnished material proving the existence of forces unrecognised as yet by official science and, further, indicated the agency of intelligent forces, not those of the persons taking part in the investigation. The true importance of psychical science lay in the establishment of these two facts—unknown forces controlled by unseen intelligence. Once this was recognised, progress would become possible, for the energies now wasted in a futile attempt to prove that these things do not happen would be directed to ascertaining the how and why of their occurrence.

THE MEN OF VISION.

HAPPY the men who made the first essay,
And to celestial regions found the way!
No earthly vices clogg'd their purer souls,
That they could soar so high as touch the poles!
Sublime their thoughts and from pollution clear,
Bacchus and Venus held no revels there.
From vain ambition free; no love of war
Possess'd their minds, nor wranglings at the bar;
No glaring grandeur captivates their eyes,
For such see greater glory in the skies:
Thus these to heaven attain.

—OVID.

A STOREHOUSE OF EVIDENCE AND TESTIMONY.

BY THE EDITOR.

"THE FACTS OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY."

By A. Campbell Holms. (Kegan Paul, 25s. net.)

Mr. Campbell Holms is the author of a book on "Practical Shipbuilding," and this present work on Psychic Science shows gratifying evidence of constructive skill applied in a literary direction to a subject still very much in need of it. For, indeed, our new Science may well be likened to an argosy in which we are to explore uncharted seas, so that the aid of a practical ship-builder is both welcome and appropriate.

As its price indicates, it is a big book. But that is not an objection; it is an advantage. This is no laboured treatise, but a great storehouse of evidence and testimony, covering the whole area of the subject, in a comprehensive way. It would be impossible to include the whole matter between the covers of any book, but Mr. Holms surprised me by his painstaking thoroughness. Several times when, on first opening the book, some particular example of phenomena or some old-time case sprang into my mind, I turned the pages to see if it had been included. The omission would sometimes have been pardonable; but in no instance had it been overlooked.

Divided up usefully into sections and enriched with much of apt comment and annotation, the book cannot fail to be of value as a work of reference. Moreover, it is a great advantage to the student to have so much material brought together into a single volume, to be gone over before proceeding to the study of any special branch of the subject.

It occasioned a pleasant thrill of memory to read the records of some of the old-time phenomena and the names of the mediums and investigators of earlier days, nearly all of whom have now passed away. There are a few of us who remember these "ancient days," who knew many of the people concerned, and who are able therefore to check the accounts given from our first-hand knowledge. I saw little to find fault with in this direction. Mr. Holms has selected his material with care; his authorities are usually well chosen; and the book is very much up to date. It includes some quite recent cases. Mr. Dennis Bradley and the Valiantine scances, the physical phenomena of Evan Powell, Mr. Harry Price's experiments with Stella C—, these and many other "modern instances" find a place in the record.

I confess to feeling a little doubtful over the inclusion as physical phenomena of any performances given on the public stage, and I see Mr. Holms quotes at least one instance, not of course on his own authority. To recognise anything done by conjurers as involving any psychical power is a tactical mistake. Skilled conjurers can do many things which appear inexplicable to those who do not "know the tricks." And even if the particular marvel performed were actually achieved by psychical power, one has no means of proving it, being entirely at the conjurer's mercy. He alone knows the secret, and to proclaim his feats as due to psychic power is simply to invite ridicule, and I would almost add, to deserve it! The accredited phenomena of Spiritualism are amply sufficient to prove its case without dredging these muddy pools for evidences which are at least dubious.

Mr. Holms is to be complimented on a work involving much painstaking research, and if the cases he brings together are not in every instance impeccable, there is a sufficiency of sound testimony and trustworthy evidence to prove the case many times over. The book is well indexed both as to subject matter and names. The Name Index contains some hundreds of names covering in point of time the whole history of Spiritualism from its beginnings to the present year.

D. G.

A NOTE ON "PSYCHE."

The contents of this learned quarterly are unusually interesting this time, perhaps because they are unusually varied, since they run from the smile of a chimpanzee, via the Evil Eye (Col. H. C. Evans) up to "Search for Supreme Self" by the lecturer in Anthropology, Calcutta University. The latter deals, naturally, with the Eastern methods and how the mental concentration practised brings about a vision of light within. Paragraph thirty-six (p. 119) runs thus:—

Concentrate your mind by shutting your eyes, and you will have wonderful visions one after another as you dive deeper and deeper into the fathomless depths of consciousness. All created things come one after another in an inverse order of creation, i.e., grosser things would come first and finer objects afterwards. Solid, liquid, gaseous, and so on, occur gradually in due order. In highly advanced stages you may have visions of such fine states of substances as you have never seen or heard of. This has been called by the Yogis of old realisation of Prithivitatva. You are said to transcend your solid coating.

This is an original expression in more senses than one. Our Western psychologists would perhaps find quite a different meaning in the visions so induced; the most Western of all, Mr. John B. Watson, whose just-published work, "Behaviorism," is noticed on p. 127 of "Psyche," would surely see nothing but a man taking a nap. One hardly knows how he would receive such an explanation as that the apparent sleeper was busy transcending his solid coating and searching for the supreme self! In the noisy modern world this is almost a counsel of perfection, and we note that "Psyche" comes to the rescue with a recent French invention, a "synthetic substance adjustable to the ear, infinitely superior to all known obstructive devices." It is clean, cool, harmless, and is named Quies. The drawback to such a mechanical device is, of course, that it must operate to prevent all sound alike; it cannot discriminate. When Mr. Blatchford was first on the Press, he tells us in "More Things in Heaven and Earth," he had to work in what was practically a passage, subject to every kind of interruption, and he therefore trained himself to shut all sounds out of his consciousness and wrote as though he were alone in a quiet place. But of course he could hear anything which he wished to. It was a feat, however, which is not by any means within everyone's reach.

F. E. L.

MEDIUMSHIP AND THE VAGRANCY ACT.

MRS. MCKENZIE AT THE LYCEUM CLUB.

On Tuesday, the 27th ulto., a debate was held at the Lyceum Club on the thesis, "That the law which confuses mediums with vagabonds should be repealed." Mrs. Gun, President of the Circle, was in the chair.

MRS. HEWITT MCKENZIE, of the British College of Psychic Science, opened with an able speech, showing the iniquity of submitting the highly sensitive organism of the medium to the indignities and hardships imposed upon the lowest type of criminals. She spoke eloquently of the damage likely to ensue to their peculiar and delicate powers, and protested against the foregone conclusions of men entirely ignorant of the subject masquerading as British justice. She was ably supported by Mr. Hewitt, K.C., whose intimate knowledge of law and law courts proved convincing and unanswerable, and the motion was carried by forty-three votes to nine. The opposer, a barrister himself, admitted that he knew nothing at all of mediums or Spiritualism. One had imagined that these doughty combatants who throw themselves into the lists so lightheartedly, against a cause they have never studied, were almost extinct, but the result of their ignorance is to strengthen the arguments of the opposite side rather than to confound them.

R. C. de C.

LANTERN LECTURE BY MRS. MAY MCCONNELL.—A lecture, illustrated with lantern views of psychic photographs, was given by Mrs. May McConnell at the Village Hall, Tadworth, on October 28th. The title was "David's Return," and his mother put this complicated evidential case before an audience nearly all new to Spiritualism, with much ability. The pictures were very well varied and selected, though one bewildered individual asked at the end whether we were to suppose that not only people but animals (referring to the dog in one picture), and not only animals but objects, such as opera glasses and a sea-shell, "passed over." As it happened, these things played an important part in giving links of association, and so helping to build up the identification, on the plate.—F. E. L.

WE are asked to announce that on November 23rd, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Kelway Bamber is to deliver an address at the Wesleyan Central Hall (Committee Room A.), Westminster, S.W., entitled "The Utility of Psychic Research." The lecture is one of a series held under the auspices of the Dorian Society. Further particulars may be obtained from the General Secretary, 7, Queen Street Place, E.C.4.

THE SOUL'S GROWING PAINS.

BY NELLIE TOM-GALLON.

In any subject that cannot be laid out by geometrical rule—and certainly Spiritualism cannot, it is no good attempting it—any newly accepted fact is likely to be thought over and talked about in a circle. Not a "vicious" circle, but an eminently wasteful one.

It is to me a growing fear that telepathy is being treated in this fashion at the present time; and the common-sense need of the moment is the sorting out of our knowledge and beliefs on this subject, the hanging of them out in a strong wind, so to speak.

To begin with, the term is too loosely used. Constantly, when telepathy is mentioned, the uninformed will rush in with the declaration that they know all about it, as they constantly find that they are on the point of saying something that their husband or wife or other close relative, *near them at the time*, is also moved to say! I refuse to accept this as a telepathic happening any more than two people between whom a coin has dropped, stooping to pick it up. There has been some subject of discussion or thought—(the coin)—lying between them, and they have both, naturally, been ready to handle it.

But telepathy is a most glorious fact, going deep to the heart of Spiritualism and Psychic Research.

There are numberless wonderful cases of mind communicating with mind at wide distances, and I have become so tired of critics who say it is "Impossible" and "Absurd" that I have found a new gratitude for wireless. Because my regular answer to that kind of thing is to point to Wireless Telegraphy and to ask if thirty years ago they would not have said the same thing of the idea of sending and collecting sound through space, as now we do thought?

The basis of the glorious fact that Telepathy is by now not only accepted but widely proved is embedded in the quaint certainty that we never, on this earth, see each other.

THE TRAINING OF THE MACHINE.

We see an outside envelope of flesh, often a very disguising envelope. The real "I" is hidden deep, the spirit, the soul of us that is our real selves, is covered from the bodily eye.

The spirit communicates with the spirit of those we love. When I am face to face with my friend, I use the machinery of the body; he sees my lips move, hears sound produced by the mechanism of the vocal cords. My spirit has trained that bodily mechanism to do its bidding; unquestionably it can train that other organ, the brain, to project its effect to a distance.

And here we come to the splendid pointer along the path we must travel. This matter of telepathy cannot be rightly exploited and gloried in without the *training* of the machine that must be used.

Open your mind to those you love and who love you, as you would open your arms to them. Give your thoughts to them when they are at a distance—a little patience, and the moment will come when you will find that one or other has apparently conveyed a message to you. Be careful to prove that this has really been achieved—don't let there be any outside circumstance that could lead you *both* to the thinking of the same thing. . . .

Then, when you are certain of the one case—don't be satisfied—don't lay down your tools—before you have finished carving your statue! Go on with it, get a grip on your mind, train it to your willing of the projection of thought. Then you will have achieved true telepathetic communication, and not before!

CASTING OUT FEAR.

Sometimes, when I have urged this in a happening put before me that *might* be telepathic, I have been met by a declaration that the lucky person is "scared." It is frightening, the idea that some other human being can *put* an idea into your mind. Doesn't it mean getting too great a hold on your mentality?

That to me is a terrible argument for it means "Fear"; and the greatest curse of life as we live it on this earth is that same emotion of Fear.

We are not afraid, when we meet anyone, to listen to the thought they give us by means of their lips—why should we be dreading what they will give us without using that mechanism?

For myself I have grown to be afraid of only one thing in life, and that is admitting fear into my mentality. Sometimes I meet, as everyone must, ugly things in books and music and painting. I used to run away from them, now I have taught myself to accept them, look at them, and see them clearly for the vile things they are—and so cast them out of my mind, conquer the harm they would do me if I was afraid of them, run away from them.

I have grown so ready now to accept telepathic messages that I never get the urge in me to go and see a certain person, or go to a certain place, but I do it, if it is humanly possible. Sometimes friends would say, at first, how surprised they were to see me unexpectedly, but that they had been thinking of me very strongly, wishing they *could* see me.

Now many of them take it as a matter of course that if

they think of me in that way I shall undoubtedly come across their path.

THE WAY OF THE SPIRIT.

And, of course, if we accept telepathy as a fact on this basis that all communication between you and me is by means of our spirit, we are grasping the essential fact of Spiritualism. Only that communication between two beings walking this earth should certainly be simpler than communication between a spirit still in its earthly envelope and one free from it.

Really the purest form of Spirit communication is this same telepathy; in the passing of the years as we grow wiser I see mediums coming to what will be their highest development. They will be our teachers to show us how to communicate with spirits for ourselves. When we get a direct message, provable, from discarnate spirits to ourselves—that is Telepathy. There can be no other word for it.

To explain what I mean:

I once wrote a successful story that centred round a certain statue in London. The idea came in so sudden a flash as I passed one day, looking up at the figure, that I was quite sure that the suggestion had come, as it often does to me, from the other side, from someone closely interested in my efforts.

In writing about this statue, for the purpose of my story I added a certain detail of a subsidiary figure, and felt as if I ought to write to the sculptor and apologise for taking such a liberty. The artist who illustrated my story added the subsidiary figure to his drawing—and I felt more than ever apologetic.

But, passing my statue again one day, I had time and light to make a closer study of it than I had ever done before. Judge of my astonishment when I found that the thing I had added as necessary for the carrying out of my idea was in actual fact there to be seen, if one hunted for it. Though I believe that ninety-nine people out of a hundred who pass that statue have not the smallest idea of that detail that I believed I had invented.

It is to me certain that those on the Other Side had sent me that detail, as they would have told me of it if they had been on this earth!

That is the ultimate glorious end of telepathy. It can be, with patience and care, trained to a good point for communication between friend and friend, and it will function with greater and greater force, not lessening when the paths of life part for a little, but going on and over the barrier between this life and the next. But above all. . . .

Never let Fear of *any* development of mind touch you. I think to admit Fear into our soul is deadly sin; because we are stopping our own growth, stopping our climb towards the glorious mountain top where we may see the Face of God.

AN ITALIAN PRIEST AND HIS DOWSING ROD.

An interesting case is reported in the "Giornale d'Italia," of Rome, telling of the wonderful powers of a priest for finding water by aid of a rod held in his hand. The most recent demonstration comes from Lucca, at which place on two important farms scarcity of water was acutely felt—so much so that having heard of Padre Marco Sacchetti's gifts, the inhabitants made a request to the headquarters of the Franciscan Order of Priests in Rome that he should be permitted to go to Lucca and endeavour to assist agriculture there out of its difficulties. The request was kindly granted. The priest is a man of about forty-two, and besides divining where water is to be found, is able to indicate its depth below the earth surface, the precise point where it is, and its volume. In one of the two farms mentioned above, water was found at the depth of three metres, while at the other it was seventeen metres below the surface. In private grounds during his stay at Lucca, unknown (till then) water was discovered. Padre Marco says he feels himself in the vicinity of the water by considerable pains in his joints, which appear to give a shock to his nerves from time to time, causing the rod to vibrate.

CLAUDE TREVOR.

ANIMAL LAUGHTER.—We have heard the expression "making a cat laugh," but if anyone wants to see how to make a chimpanzee laugh, a really ingratiating picture can be found in the current number of "Psyche," accompanying a note on "Do Animals Laugh?" But what makes the angels smile nowadays is not questions like this, but the number of serious books written by serious people in the most serious way, on the glorious topic of laughter and humour. This is what psychology is bringing us to. But we need not fear that the generality of men will grow so wise that they cannot be merry.—F. E. L.

BROMLEY CIRCLE OF PSYCHIC STUDY.—At the Public Library, High Street, Bromley, on Tuesday, November 10th, 1925, at 8 p.m., an address will be given by Mr. F. Bligh Bond, F.R.I.B.A., on "The Discoveries of Glastonbury." Chairman: C. W. Harwood, Esq. Any further information as to the scope of this Study Circle can be obtained from Mrs. Stanton, Summerland, Hayes Lane, Bromley.

FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE WINDOW.

From an article in the first number of the "Spiritualist Community Leaflet," by the Rev. G. Vale Owen, on the question why people whose lives are good should suffer, we take these excerpts:—

It is tacitly postulated that suffering is punishment for sinning, and should only be the lot of those who have sinned.

The first thing to get into the mind is that suffering is not punishment at all. It is consequence. That God is ultimately responsible for the existence both of sin and suffering is true. For He is the author of all that is, including these two perplexing things. I imagine He accepts that ultimate responsibility. He also must accept the responsibility of their ultimate consequence. But not of consequences intermediate between their genesis and their ultimate consummation.

For this reason. The greatest thing He has given to man is everlasting life. The second greatest is freewill. . . All the ills, bodily and spiritual, which enter into our earth-life are consequent on the misuse of freewill.

When, for instance, it is asked, why does God permit war, or why does He permit children or innocent persons to suffer? that is but an imperfect way to put the case. It was the misuse of His great gift by ourselves which brought about the last great war. It is the misuse of the same gift, in past and present ages, which is the cause of suffering and sin in the present time.

"The National Spiritualist" (Chicago) for October reports an interview with Mr. J. Malcolm Bird. Asked how much of the Margery phenomena he regarded as genuine, Mr. Bird said:—

I am asked how much of the Margery phenomena I regard as genuine. I always appear to be dodging. I say a certain per cent. occur under conditions where we can say they are genuine, and the rest are under conditions where we are not certain. Those we say are genuine were under adequate conditions. We concentrate on those, of which we are certain, and let it go at that.

The "Middlesex Chronicle" gives a full report of an address by the Rev. G. Vale Owen at the Hounslow Spiritualist Church. Before explaining to his hearers what is going to happen to them after death, Mr. Owen first described to them the duality of existence now:—

While, by means of their material body, they were corresponding with their material environment, they were, at the same time, by means of their spiritual body—sometimes called the soul—corresponding with their spiritual environment. . . None of them knew the moment they went to sleep at night, for the very reason that they were "not there." They fell asleep—passed from one state of existence to another, from what they called the waking state to the sleeping state. So far as this world was concerned they were dead; except for the automatic action of the heart and lungs.

After touching upon inward experiences during sleep, some of them more or less remembered,

The speaker said that he had told the company nothing new: in fact he had nothing new to tell them. All that he had told had been known for thousands of years. In the present age they were just beginning to recover the wisdom of those great seers of old times after passing through three centuries of ever-deepening materialism in science. Those thinkers of old times knew all about these things. St. Paul was a great psychic, a great Spiritualist.

The "Palmer's Green Gazette" reports an intensely interesting address by Mr. Hannen Swaffer at Bourne Hall, Wood Green, to an overcrowded house. Mr. Swaffer spoke mainly of his own remarkable experiences, which are familiar to the readers of LIGHT. In his general observations he said:—

Thousands of homes to-day are communicating with their dead through home circles; anyone who approached the matter reverently and patiently could acquire proof that the spirit world is in close communion with this.

Amongst those who had been privileged to get into communication with their dead friends and relatives were Lord Ypres, Lord Dewar, Constance Collier, Mabel Russell, Ion Novello, Clara Butt, Mrs. Albert Chevalier, Robert Blatchford, Sir Robert MacAlpine, Fay Compton, Donald Calthrop, Sir Edward Marshall Hall.

A representative of the "Leeds Mercury" referring to a recent conversation with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in connection with the law according to which clairvoyants may be prosecuted, reports him as saying:—

The present laws were framed to control an unruly race of gipsies, and were never intended to apply to the respectable people who are now being prosecuted, or rather persecuted. It is a sort of religious persecution in a new guise. Quakers, 250 years ago, who were brave enough to declare they had a gift of the spirit, were put in the stocks by bigoted magistrates. The situation to-day is analogous, for when a medium is brought before a bigoted magistrate he or she is fined or imprisoned.

Speculating on the cause of phenomena commonly described as Poltergeist, the "North Middlesex Chronicle" has a column article particularly on the haunted house of Hornsey, "one of the classics of psychic phenomena."

Applying the hypnotic explanation of the famous Indian rope trick to the Poltergeist manifestations, the Middlesex "Chronicle" thinks it has satisfactorily finished the business of exposure or explanation. We are afraid the end of the matter is not yet.

In the course of an address at one of the monthly meetings organised by the Manchester Spiritualists' Central Propaganda Committee, Mr. Hannen Swaffer, speaking of Lord Northcliffe's Return, explained how the inquiry into survival of the latter began. Miss Louise Owen, former secretary to Northcliffe, being involved in a troublesome correspondence over a lawsuit, and having read that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had spoken to Northcliffe since he passed over, she decided to consult her former chief on the matter, and told Sir Arthur the whole story. Although he objects to Spiritualism being used for material ends, an exception was made in this case, because of the large sums of money that might go to charity. So Miss Owen was sent to Mrs. Annie Brittain. Now, Mr. Swaffer well argues, as Miss Owen was full of the thought of speaking to Lord Northcliffe, why was it (if the sub-conscious theory applied) that when she went to Mrs Brittain "it was not Northcliffe, but her mother who came through?" Miss Owen's mother died when she was only a few months old, and it was her mother who for nearly two hours described the circumstances of her life and death.

Determined to speak to Lord Northcliffe, Miss Owen had a sitting with Mrs. Osborne Leonard, when Northcliffe at once communicated, explaining how he had allowed Miss Owen's mother to speak first, but would not any longer be kept back.

From "Brotherhood" we take the following:—

A new order is absolutely necessary if in future there is to be a decent subsistence for the masses of mankind. The task before the present generation is to make the new order as good as possible and to usher it in by universal consent and co-operation. Thus will there be for the whole race an ascent to a higher level, in preparation for further evolution.

As another pointer to the progress of the public mind on the subject of Spiritualism we take the following from a communication to the "Yorkshire Telegraph," on "The Press and Psychic Matters":—

It is rare in these days to pick up a newspaper without finding some reference to psychic affairs, and of a much more intelligent type than was the case not a great many years ago.

It is a real marvel that those who control our ubiquitous Press, which now covers life on so many and totally different sides, are not more frequently at fault in their judgments than they are.

This attraction to psychic subjects by modern journalists has frequently started in their desire to give matter of public interest. But it has so often happened that the explorer into the psychic field for this purpose, if he has given really serious and systematic study to it, has discovered he had got hold of something quite vital, and has, in many cases, become an enthusiastic exponent.

It is becoming quite the usual thing to find some reference or other to Spiritualism in almost every leading newspaper of the day. The subjoined notice in last Sunday's "Referee" is a special reminder of this:—

ARMISTICE SUNDAY.

The Rev. G. Vale Owen will contribute an arresting article in next Sunday's "Referee" on "A New Temple in Heaven."

W. B. P.

MEDIUMSHIP AND ITS MISSION.

A STUDY OF "PSYCHIC DRUDGES."

By LUCY SMITH (Kimberley).

The question as to whether a psychic should use her inner senses to delineate character, foretell the future and advise a sitter upon matters of a purely physical, everyday nature, has called forth a great deal of discussion both from those who understand the sensitive and her faculties and from those who have the most casual knowledge of what is meant by psychical gifts.

The epithet "fortune-teller" is a term of reproach often hurled loosely and indiscriminately at all psychics who use their power to help others, no matter what form that help may take, and the woman who accepts a fee for giving a little sound advice upon bread and butter matters is looked upon as one who is prostituting her gifts and degrading the cause to which she is allied.

I have read and watched with the keenest interest the mental attitudes which people adopt toward this part of the work undertaken by the ordinary psychic drudge, and I'm not at all satisfied that the highly condemnatory attitude is the correct one.

My work has been spread over many years during which time the lives of men and women in very diverse stations of life have come under my notice. I have been consulted upon matters most grave as well as upon matters trifling and superficial.

It is indeed a pleasant and profitable thing to discuss with interested friends the philosophical and ethical side of the work and to help to elucidate some difficult point in conduct, motive or thought by the use of the inner vision that one possesses. But they are few and far between that come to a medium to seek such discussion and guidance. That medium is indeed fortunate and blessed who has friends that delight in the interior and origin of things; under such influences she will grow in mind and spiritual attainment, and her sensitiveness will approach an order that far exceeds anything on the mundane plane.

But we are living amongst men and women who are filled with misery, care, strife and want. Ninety-nine out of every hundred are struggling against desperate odds. Body is the thing that is calling for attention, its wants are many, and often not one-tenth of those wants can be met. We all know that this is true. Many of us have had to pass that way. Hunger loneliness, isolation, ostracism, are factors which have helped to make up our lives and if they have brought us to a point where we can say "All is in order," then we are thankful. But what of those who still require help in the whirl-pool of existence? Is that help to be withheld by the psychic because it has no reference to the "Fifth sphere" or to the building of the "inner mansion"?

"No, emphatically no," you reply. "You must help all." Very well, I essay to help all. Now listen to a few of the all who come to ask for help.

"Can you see any brightness ahead for me? I am a widow. I have seven children to keep, all under fifteen. I do not know how to turn to obtain funds." Then, after a tiny silence, "I have thought of getting married again; a man wants me. What do you advise?"

I look at the tired face with its lines of care, there are still some traces of the prettiness that attracted the father of the seven children to the girl of years ago. I see that the striving, the lack of the man's companionship is making an inroad upon the heart of the woman, and that she is weakening in the struggle. But, she is asking me, a psychic, whether she may get married. Alas; O, dreadful crime, she is asking me about money. What shall I do? Shall I "degrade my gifts" to look into the future for this woman? What am I to do?

The answer comes borne on the inner wind of the spirit, and I see in vision a hand stretched out, a hand that is fair and strong and beautiful, and in it is a cup and the cup contains water. I know that the answer has come from within, and I accept it, and a woman goes away more thoughtful than before and with a tiny light of a smile on her face, and I know that the lift of the veil has brought comfort.

A girl whose life has been wrecked by the insane desire of a man, asks, "What is to become of me? Everyone is against me! For God's sake tell me!" Again, what am I to do? She does not want a sermon, or a description of an inner friend; she is too torn with her mental suffering and degradation. Her faith in men and women is at stake. I know I must help to prevent further disaster, yet is it right to fix my inner sight upon these things. My thoughts leave the woman for a moment, and I see a man seated with others. Weariness and pain are written upon a face which is suffused with unutterable tenderness. There is a woman at his feet and she bathes them with her tears and her precious ointment, and the strands of her wonderful hair form a cloth of silk, with which she dusts away the hot sand of an eastern city.

I have learned that Martha and Magdalen and Mary are integral parts of the great Angel.

The girl leaves with a wistful look in her eyes, for there is the promise of a kind strong arm in the future

to hold her close and protect her from the gibes of the world.

A man comes. He looks brown and strong. There is a savour of the open country with him and I think as I look at him, "Nothing much wrong here."

"How can I help you?" I ask. He laughs and settles down into his chair and looks at me. "My luck is out for the present; can you see a turn for the better?"

Oh, dear! Spiritualism and Psychical Research seem to be so many mile away, learned discussions and delightful arguments are dreams. But the man is waiting. Shall I read him a lecture? I am quite capable of doing so. Shall I waste my time on him? He only wants money. Heavens! What have I come to that I entertain such a visitor?

Suddenly, without any warning, the veil is lifted and I see a woman beside the man. "I brought him; be patient," she says.

Then an unknown book is opened to me and I am permitted to read a chapter of it, and at the end of the sitting, as the man turns to go, he says, "I know now what brought me here in the first place, and I thank God my luck made me ask what I did." He chooseth the foolish things to confound the wise.

One other instance: A well-dressed woman, easy and pleasant in manner, filled with thoughts of dress and the pleasures of an easy life. Surely no outward need here, everything indicates the reverse. I ask rather quietly, "What do you want of me?" My visitor looks at me a little perturbed, and replies, "Oh, you know, I should just like to know if there is anything special before me. I am feeling a bit weary of things at the present time." I reply, "But you have all the personal things that you require; at least your appearance indicates that it is so." "Oh, yes," returns my visitor, "I have all I want in that way, but that is not all. I really cannot tell you what I do want; I thought I would just come to you to find out if you could see anything for me." Again comes the thought. What shall I do? She has far more than I have of those outer things that are so much to many women. I cannot talk upon heavy matters with her, she would not understand them. Why waste time? Others are hungry and wretched.

My visitor is taking in my surroundings, her practised eye is noting the quality of what is close at hand.

I am drawn from her to a picture that I see forming upon the study wall. It is a long road and the dust is heavy on it. The country side is arid and the winds seem to be moaning, and along the road I see a woman walking. She seems content with the scenery and does not appear to notice how dry and uninteresting the look of everything around her is. Walking along the road also I notice a man, he is hidden from the woman; again and again he comes close to her and offers her flowers of a wonderful colour and form. I marvel that she cannot see them. The look on the face of the man is one of great patience and with it is blended a pity that is Christ-like in expression. My heart goes out to the inner friend and I feel that I want to go up to the woman and shake her and say, "Fool, cannot you see the one who walks with you waiting for your recognition?" The vision has lasted only a few minutes, my visitor looks at me wondering at my abstraction. I decide to put into language the vision I have seen and when the words are finished, I see the tears roll down the face of my enquirer, and I know, without asking questions, that she has understood.

When a prophecy, given by or through a psychic, upon any matter whatever, is fulfilled, it will inevitably bear some spiritual fruit in the life of the recipient.

"How?" you ask. It will have drawn the recipient into touch with the power that has caused the prophecy to be uttered, and that power will gain a more conscious foothold. For, whenever the prophecy with its fulfillment is thought of, and spoken upon, the power within is actively drawing the man into closer association with the source of the spoken word. These things are the sign-posts that lead us to the Eternal City.

Let us, therefore, go on with our work, dropping the "mite" into the treasury, content that the unseen Master sees and knows and understands.

FATHER KNOX AND THE AFTER LIFE.

In the Rev. Father Ronald Knox's contribution to the "Weekly Dispatch's" discussion on the "After Life" he writes: "I can no more imagine myself as a disembodied spirit than I can imagine myself as a piece of soap." Spiritualists are equally in the position, knowing nothing of "disembodied" spirits, but only of incarnate ones. However, "Intellect" and "Revelation" tell Father Knox (but they have never told us) that his spirit "goes on in a disembodied state." The article is made up generally of the good priest's views, as taught by his Church, with some things he has heard concerning Spiritualists and Spiritualism, and his opinions on these. Father Knox is an excellent soul, but he does not combine with his religious sense any power of independent thinking or any real knowledge of the subject upon which he discourses. But that was hardly to be expected, nor did we expect it. Meantime in an age when so many tend to make a god of Science, we can listen with indulgence to the unscientific religious views of a good priest.

"THE MYSTICS OF THE CHURCH."

REVIEWED BY THE REV. GEORGE VALE OWEN.

Of late years there has been much said and written about Mystics. On my own mind the effect has been to make mysticism more mysterious. However, we are now getting at the heart of the matter. And, like most really important things, it is very simple when simply dealt with. Miss Evelyn Underhill in "The Mystics of the Church" (James Clarke and Co., 6/- net) treats the matter in the only satisfactory way. She brings to her investigation spiritual insight blended with common-sense. This is her definition of mysticism:—

Not only the act of contemplation, the vision or state of consciousness in which the soul of the great mystic realises God, but many humbler and dimmer experiences of prayer, in which the little human spirit truly feels the presence of the Divine Spirit and Love, must be included in it. We cannot say that there is a separate "mystical sense," which some men have and some have not, but rather that every human soul has a certain latent capacity for God, and that in some this capacity is realised with an astonishing richness.

Thus, in words printed on the wrapper, "she dispels the popular delusion that they were remote and unpractical individualists, by showing how human and lovable many of them were, what an amazing capacity they had for practical affairs."

Moreover, people have been in the habit of hero-worshipping their own particular mystic pet to the extent of endowing him—or her—with the attribute of perfection. Not so, says Miss Underhill, "we must not be afraid to admit that some of the experiences, actions, and conceptions which we find among the mystics were excessive and distorted; that they were sometimes affected by mistaken views, both of divine and human nature, or attributed spiritual value to emotion of a lower kind."

The adoption of such an attitude enables her to include in her list not only Saints Paul, Augustine, and Teresa; but also Fox and the early Quakers. This is as it should be, and lends encouragement to the humblest soul among us. If we sit tight to goodness and sit loose to worldly things, we, too, may be given a humble place in the list when the tale is made complete.

A SIXTH SENSE, OR A "FAMILIAR SPIRIT?"

BY THE REV. G. NASH.

In a recent book the writer accounts for the analytical powers of one of his characters by saying: "I am more than ever convinced that he was either gifted with a sixth sense, or was in league with a familiar spirit who did it for him."

During a recent tour in the West of England I had occasion to say to a lady, one of a circle composed of strangers: "Madam, let me take you a long journey, hundreds of miles in the train. We travel throughout a day and a night. Now we have reached the coast far away in the North of Scotland. We come to a few low, white-washed houses overlooking the sea. Near us is a signalling flagstaff. Let us enter the second house. In a room on the left-hand side lying on a bed, nearly finished with life, is a young woman. She looks at you, madam, and says:—

"Take care of Jamie," and passes away.

"Now the picture changes. I hear the sounds of warfare; the music of bagpipes; the flashing of lights; the thunder of guns. Look! A soldier falls; he is clad in the uniform of the Highlanders. He has passed on. Can you understand these pictures, madam?"

And the lady answered: "Yes; they are quite plain to me. I used to live years ago at that Coastguard station in the North of Scotland. The dying woman was my daughter, Jamie was her husband." Then going from the room she returned, bringing a framed photograph of a Scottish Highlander, and in the frame were three medals. "That is Jamie," she said. "He was killed in France during the war. How did you know? How do you do it? It must be nearly 600 miles from here, and many years ago?"

The novelist answers: "More than ever I am convinced that he was either gifted with a sixth sense, or was in league with 'a familiar spirit' who did it for him."

Is there a better answer?

THE DEAD.

THE only beautiful, who change no more;
The only blest; the dwellers on the shore
Of Spring fulfilled. The dead!—whom call we so?
They that breathe purer air, that feel, that know
Things wrapt from us.

—MRS. HEMANS.

RAYS AND REFLECTIONS

Mrs. Travers Smith (Hester Dowden) had many interesting things to say in her recent address at the L.S.A. on the subject of the Oscar Wilde play. I was especially struck with her plea that psychic evidences must consist of more than the transmission of facts unknown to the medium and sitters, that is, if we are looking for proofs of identity. These can only be given by a full representation of the whole personality, character, habits, points of view, personal idiosyncrasies.

That is a point I made when the Oscar Wilde messages were first given, and, on the assumption that the manifestation had a meaning and a purpose in some large scheme of evidence for world-uses, it seemed clear enough why the unhappy poet and dramatist was selected for the part. With all his moral defects his was a vivid and colourful personality. Those who have read the story of his return will know how strongly the evidence for identity was presented in this case.

Another point of interest in the address was Mrs. Travers-Smith's statement (in reply to a question) that the communicators who transmitted their messages through her mediumship did not in any way colour or influence her own personality. They left no traces in her mind after they departed. This seems to point to the fact that she was merely the subject of some delicate manipulation affecting only the brain surfaces. There was no interfusion of one consciousness with another.

I have met other cases of the same kind amongst mediums of highly cultivated minds and great mental independence. They are not easily suggestible, and retain their personal consciousness throughout all their psychic experiences. Their minds are never submerged by the process of "control." But these, I think, are rare cases. More common is the type that having once been made the instrument for some entirely genuine message, is liable afterwards to simulate it unconsciously on the demand of insistent sitters, who are very gullible indeed if they cannot in the long run discriminate between the real thing and the imitation.

After all, it is only a continuation of what we have to encounter in daily life where the true things and the deceptive things jostle one another, and it is our business to distinguish one from the other. Tennyson well insisted on clearness of head as well as soundness of heart in "communication with the dead." And the "dead," being very living and very human, may also have something to say in the matter. I still laugh when I remember a circle of rather dull and uninstructed persons—I was one of them—when a masterful spirit came through and delivered a withering blast of reproof and condemnation which included even the medium, who, being unconscious, was mercifully unaware of the low estimation in which he was held by an intelligent but not over-patient spirit guide.

I noted lately a very owlish utterance in a contemporary on the subject of spirit communication. The writer remarks in a style of would-be profundity that it is a question of human consciousness. Of course it is. What else *could* it be? When in one of Mr. W. W. Jacobs' merry tales two old shell-backs said they had been doing a bit of brain work, a third man with bitter sarcasm asked "Wot with?" We need not be so severe as this with the gentleman who writes on spirit communication. But if he has anything else besides his human consciousness by which to judge the phenomena of life it would be interesting to hear what it is.

The statement made by one of the speakers at the last meeting of the British Association that every man is a genius, that is to say, a latent genius, reminds me of a pet theory of Mr. Labouchere to the effect that every human being has in him the special gift of being able to do some particular thing better than anyone else.

If I remember rightly he once developed his theory in "Truth," and gave an illustration of it. It concerned the career of a young man who appeared to be "no good for anything." One position after another was found for him in different occupations, but he failed miserably in each. He had not even the mediocre ability which enables most men to make shift to do work for which they have no real vocation. Finally in despair he went to sea on a whaler where at first he seemed to be as complete a "misfit" as anywhere else. But on arriving at the fishing grounds he was permitted, at his urgent desire, to go in the whale-boat, when whales were sighted. Later by some rare chance he was permitted to use a harpoon. And then his latent gift was revealed. It was found that he was a born harpooner, and could tackle a whale better than the old hands.

D. G.

THE CONDUCT OF CIRCLES.

By "M.A. (Oxon)."

ADVICE TO INQUIRERS.

If you wish to see whether Spiritualism is really only jugglery and imposture, try it by personal experiment. If you can get an introduction to some experienced Spiritualist on whose good faith you can rely, ask him for advice; and if he is holding private circles, seek permission to attend one to see how to conduct séances, and what to expect. There is, however, difficulty in obtaining access to private circles and, in any case, you must rely chiefly on experiences in your own family circle, or amongst your own friends, all strangers being excluded.

Form a circle of from four to eight persons, half, or at least two, of negative, passive temperament and preferably of the female sex, the rest of a more positive type. Sit, positive and negative alternately, secure against disturbance, in subdued light, round an uncovered table of convenient size. Place the palms of the hands flat upon its upper surface. The hands of each sitter need not touch those of his neighbour, though the practice is frequently adopted.

Do not concentrate attention too fixedly on the expected manifestation. Engage in cheerful but not frivolous conversation. Avoid dispute or argument. Scepticism has no deterrent effect, but a bitter spirit of opposition in a person of determined will may totally stop or decidedly impede manifestations. If conversation flags, music is a great help, if it be agreeable to all, and not of a kind to irritate the sensitive ear. Patience is essential, and it may be necessary to meet ten or twelve times at short intervals, before anything occurs. If after such a trial you still fail, form a fresh circle. An hour should be the limit of an unsuccessful séance.

If the table moves, let your pressure be so gentle on its surface that you are sure you are not aiding its motions. After some time you will probably find that the movement will continue if your hands are held *over*, but not in contact with, it. Do not, however, try this until the movement is assured, and be in no hurry to get messages.

When you think that the time has come, let someone take command of the circle and act as spokesman. Explain to the unseen Intelligence that an agreed code of signals is desirable, and ask that a tilt may be given as the alphabet is slowly repeated, at the several letters which form the word that the Intelligence wishes to spell. It is convenient to use a single tilt for No, three for Yes, and two to express doubt or uncertainty.

When a satisfactory communication has been established, ask if you are rightly placed, and if not, what order you should take. After this ask who the Intelligence purports to be, which of the company is the medium, and such relevant questions. If confusion occurs, ascribe it to the difficulty that exists in directing the movements at first with exactitude. Patience will remedy this. If you only satisfy yourself at first that it is possible to speak with an Intelligence separate from that of any person present, you will have gained much.

The signals may take the form of raps. If so, use the same code of signals, and ask as the raps become clear that they may be made on the table, or in a part of the room where they are demonstrably not produced by any natural means, but avoid any vexatious imposition of restrictions on free communication. Let the Intelligence use its own means. It rests greatly with the sitters to make the manifestations elevating or frivolous and even tricky.

Should an attempt be made to entrance the medium, or to manifest by any violent methods, ask that the attempt may be deferred till you can secure the presence of some experienced Spiritualist. If this request is not heeded, discontinue the sitting. The process of developing a trance-medium is one that might disconcert an inexperienced inquirer.

Lastly, try the results you get by the light of Reason. Maintain a level head and a clear judgment. Do not believe everything you are told, for though the great unseen world contains many a wise and discerning spirit, it also has in it the accumulation of human folly, vanity, and error; and this lies nearer to the surface than that which is wise and good. Distrust the free use of great names. Never for a moment abandon the use of your reason. Do not enter into a very solemn investigation in a spirit of idle curiosity or frivolity. Cultivate a reverent desire for what is pure, good, and true. You will be repaid if you gain only a well-grounded conviction that there is a life after death, for which a pure and good life before is the best and wisest preparation.

MARRIAGE.—On Wednesday afternoon, 28th ulto., in the charming hall of the London Spiritual Mission, Mr. George Craze, President of the Marylebone Spiritualist Association, was married to Miss Lily Bishop. The officiating minister, the Rev. Tyssul Davis, assisted by the Rev. G. Vale Owen, conducted a very beautiful service in the presence of many friends. The reception was held at 13, The Crescent, Barnes.—F. W. H.

BRITISH COLLEGE OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

MRS. BLANCHE COOPER'S VOICE MEDIUMSHIP.

Since the beginning of the autumn activities the college has had the services of many able exponents of Psychic Science.

Mr. F. Bligh Bond and the Rev. Drayton Thomas have interested and instructed students by a relation of "Personal Psychic Experiences," in a course arranged under this title. Mr. Bligh Bond's contact with writing automatists has been so wide that his views on this aspect are of the greatest importance.

Mr. Drayton Thomas has concentrated upon work through trance mediums, and on this matter particularly, speaks with authority.

It is such teachers who are making way for Psychic Science in the world to-day.

Mr. W. E. Foster and Mr. W. S. Hendry have given lectures on Healing, and under their able instruction a number of students have learned how to use their psychic powers for the benefit of others.

MRS. BLANCHE COOPER'S VOICE MEDIUMSHIP.

Mr. S. G. Soal, Lecturer in Mathematics at East London College ("Mr. V. of the Oscar Wilde script"), gave a valuable address to college students on October 28th at the monthly meeting for members.

Two years ago Mr. Soal, as a member of the College, undertook a series of experiments with Mrs. Cooper. He kept continuous and careful records of these which were subsequently submitted for examination to the Society for Psychical Research, of which Mr. Soal is a member. In a coming volume of the Society's Proceedings the records of these remarkable sittings will find a place.

Mr. Soal dealt lucidly and eloquently with portions of the evidence received, rather emphasising the points which seemed to provide proof of survival. But he took pains to show how in many cases latent memories of the sitter might be drawn upon to provide evidence and the problems to which this gave rise. He suggested that a great deal of valuable work remained to be done by the united efforts of Spiritualists and Researchers on such problems.

Mr. Hewat McKenzie congratulated Mr. Soal on the earnestness and acumen he had shown in examining and judging his results.

Mr. G. R. S. Mead, who occupied the chair, in moving a hearty vote of thanks to the lecturer took the opportunity to point out how both science and philosophy were feeling the impact of the facts of Psychic Science. He mentioned a new book by Prof. Broad, of Trinity College, one of the ablest of the younger men, on "Mind and its Place in Nature," a work which only the keenest intellects could tackle. In this Prof. Broad gives due place in any future theories regarding mind to the psychic factor in life, and holds that the results of Psychical Research make positive our knowledge regarding this life. This admission from the philosophical side, following a recent one on biological science by Prof. Driesch, of Leipzig, is deeply significant and deserves the notice of all serious students of supernatural facts. B.

M. COUÉ EXPOUNDS HIS SYSTEM.—"It is not necessary to concentrate upon my formula, nor even to believe in it," said Monsieur Emile Coué, at a reception to the Press given at the Hotel Cecil, on the 2nd inst. "Just repeat my formula 'Every day and in every way I am getting better and better,' twenty times morning and night. You won't cure everything—I am not a miracle-worker—but anything that is curable by auto-suggestion will be cured." Women patients came to him saying, "We find it so difficult to believe in the formula." His reply to them was, "Don't believe it, then, but say it?" "If," he said, "I give you a loaded revolver and tell you to press the trigger, whether you believe in the revolver or not is immaterial. Press the trigger and you will fire the charge."—D. N. G.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

"POLARIZATION."—By Paul Tyner. (L. N. Fowler & Co.) 4s.

"MARGERY, THE MEDIUM."—By J. Malcolm Bird. (John Hamilton.) 16s.

ANNUAL REPORT of the Smithsonian Institute (1923). (Washington Government Printing Office, 1925, Washington City, U.S.A.)

"THE VOW OF MICAH JORDAN."—By Una L. Silberrad. (Hutchinson & Co.) 7s. 6d.

"THE DREAM THAT HAPPENED."—By May Edginton. (Hutchinson & Co.) 6s.

"THE AMBER MERCHANT."—By Peggy Webling. (Hutchinson & Co.) 7s. 6d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FLOLEIGH AND OTHERS.—We quite agree. "M. A. Oxon's 'Conduct of Circles'" is published in this issue, and we hope to insert it from time to time as space permits.