

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research

"Light! More Light!"—Goethe.

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

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CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way 109	The Return of the Fairies ... 114
The "Morning Post" Enquiry ... 110	From the Lighthouse Window 115
The Passing of Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C. 111	Leaves from a Notable Life ... 116
Behind the Scenes... .. 112	Spiritualism an Aid to Christian Faith 117
Seven "Dont's" for Enquirers... 112	Rays and Reflections 117
Letters to the Editor 113	Ectoplasm and Clairvoyance ... 118
	Why the Power Failed 118

NOTES BY THE WAY.

SCIENCE, THEOLOGY AND SUPERSTITION.

We have been reading with feelings not untinged by amusement, a protest by a Rationalist against the superstitions which abound to-day, and which hold in thrall even men of great intellect. It seems that Religion is one of these superstitions, and the Church receives some shrewd blows. Writers of this stamp always appeal to Science, conveniently forgetting that if the Church has made blunders, the blunders of Science are notorious. Perhaps we should amend that sentence and write simply of *Churchmen* and *Scientists*, for the human factor in these questions is continually overlooked. Our Rationalist offers a strong and telling argument so far as it goes, but it is the argument of the partisan; in short, it does not go far enough. Those who are abreast of the times see plainly enough that the days of scientific or religious exclusiveness are passing away. The foremost scientists to-day are realising the higher values of life and enforcing in their own way, those truths concerning the spiritual consciousness of man, which the theologians maintained without being able to prove them or reason them out. Things are moving at a great pace to-day, and if the theologians are not alert they will find the scientists have moved in advance of them by providing reason as well as faith for some of those things which the average theologian is no longer at all certain about.

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THE VISIONS OF VERSAILLES.

According to a Sunday newspaper, a farmer named Larue, who has a character for honesty and sobriety, claims to have seen at Versailles, a vision of Queen Marie Antoinette and some members of her court. This recalls the extraordinary story told in their book, "An Adventure," by the two ladies, Miss Morison and Miss Lamont, concerning their strange experiences at Versailles some years ago, when on visiting the Petit Trianon they beheld the place as it was in the days of the French Revolution, and witnessed what appeared to be a fête given by the ill-starred Queen. The account was so well authenticated that it made considerable stir in the Press, and is doubtless still fresh in the minds of many readers. Later there were accounts from other persons who had found that on a certain day in the year Versailles was the scene of very uncanny "manifestations" similar to those described by the two ladies. Many theories were broached. One suggested the idea set out in the well-known play, "Berkeley Square," concerning the possibility that

one may "get back" into a past period and live in it. This is altogether too remote and transcendental. We would rather hazard the conjecture that the Versailles visions—if they have any reality—are a kind of dramatic projection from the Unseen World, deliberately "staged" from the "other side," as a method of presenting evidence of the existence of a spiritual world. We believe that this design lies at the back of many "uncanny" happenings which attract the attention of the public and make it think.

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MEDIUMSHIP AND HEALTH.

It has often been remarked by those persons who have developed their mediumistic powers, that their general health has been improved thereby, and experience confirms this statement. But much, of course, depends upon the way in which such faculties are cultivated. There is in these as in other matters a right and a wrong way of proceeding. In the case of physical development the right course is never to set aside the duties of physical life in favour of what may at the moment appear to be the superior claims of the psychic nature. If a proper balance is observed between the claims of the physical and of the psychic side of life, orderly development takes place, and good results will naturally follow. As regards the question of improved health, as a consequence of exercising psychic or mediumistic faculties, this has been explained on the ground that these faculties are in many cases suppressed, consciously or unconsciously, and the beneficial results on the health are due to the liberation of the psychic energy designed by Nature to be exerted in those particular directions.

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SPIRIT GARMENTS.

Our remarks in the Leader, "How Are They Clothed?" (LIGHT, p. 15) dealing with the mental processes involved in this question of spirit garments received an apt illustration in an article in a recent issue of the "Two Worlds." The writer (doubtless the editor, Mr. Oaten) relates that some years ago he tried a number of experiments with a view to appearing by an effort of will to a person who was clairvoyant. As there was an arrangement between him and the clairvoyant as to the time of his appearance, it was found necessary to introduce some element unknown to the percipient, who was many miles away, so that the appearance could not be attributed to her imagination. In order to produce this evidential element, Mr. Oaten willed himself first to appear as a policeman, complete with helmet and truncheon, at another time as a postman with peaked cap and letter-bag, and on a third occasion, in the costume of a navy. In every case it was discovered that he was seen actually clothed in the very garments that he had decided upon. This was a valuable experiment, as it confirmed many statements from spirit communicators as to the nature of the clothing which they adopt, that is to say, a mental creation—"thought material." None the less we have still a great deal to learn on this point.

THE "MORNING POST" ENQUIRY.

BY STANLEY DE BRATH.

II.—THE RELIGION OF THE SPIRIT.

(Continued from page 99.)

Supernormal Faculties. These faculties, which may (provisionally) be called Intuitional, pervade all Nature. The most obvious aspects of them are the migrations of birds and fish, the "homing" faculty by which bees (for instance) take a straight line to the hive. Nearly the whole life-history of insects, and many biological facts are habitually covered (and obscured) by the question-begging epithet "instinct." In fact, the lower we go in the procession of life the more we find dominant faculties independent of such mentation as we ourselves are conscious of.

The eels on attaining maturity, find their way at all hazards down to the sea. They go straight out to the 1,000-fathom line, where, under enormous pressure, they spawn and die. The little glass-fishes rise to the surface, and in due time become elvers and migrate back to the rivers to go through the same cycle. The young cuckoos do not accompany the parent birds, but find their way to warmer climates unaided. The Kentish glory moth is a rare species seldom seen, but if a female be taken in a closed box to the haunts of the moths, expectant suitors will soon hover round.

Nature is so full of intuitional faculties, independent of sight, scent, hearing and reasoning powers, that we might consider the lower grades of being as governed almost entirely by intuitive means for finding protection, food, and mates. There is only one great difference between these faculties in the animal and in man; in the latter they have specially psychic purposes; in the former they have immense and irreplaceable survival-value to each species. Even in the higher vertebrates, they still subserve their organic lives.

Supernormal Faculties in Man. These intuitive and subconscious promptings are by no means normally absent; indeed they govern many of our actions. In many matters we act from subconscious impulses, and call in Reason, not to determine our actions, but to justify them. In normal men the subconscious impulses have no very prominent survival-value, though not destitute of such value when restrained by conscious knowledge, memory, and conscience. It is only in exceptional instances that faculties independent of the normal senses and normal consciousness come to the surface: when they do, they are (for the present, till they are recognised by official psychology) called "supernormal."

When by hypnotic or other means the subconsciousness is dissociated from the control of the conscious Will, a whole realm of new mental action is revealed which does not subserve material life, but does very markedly subserve the moral evolution which is the truly human development, for it is not till impulses become spiritualised, that real Character—rectitude—is born. We will return to this later: for the present it is sufficient to note that these faculties, though they relatively rarely come to the surface are none the less in the order of Nature.

Is Nature cruel? Several of the answers to the *Morning Post* enquiry show that the writers find in the horrors of war (which are likely to be greater in the future than in the past) a sufficient contradiction of the thesis that "God is Love." "If there is a God, why does He not stop the war?" was a question often asked in 1915, by those who should have had more sense. St. James's answer would seem to be sufficient:—

Whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your pleasures that war in your members? Ye lust and have not: ye

kill and covet, and cannot obtain: ye fight and war; ye have not because ye ask not. Ye ask and receive not because ye ask amiss, that ye may spend in your pleasures. (James iv. 1 R.V.)

Some years ago I saw an article under the caption, "If I were God." It would seem that the modest writer thought that in such case (fortunately impossible) all results of human misdoing would be remedied or averted. He would find it necessary, not only to over-rule kings and communists, but also the people who leave scrubbing-brushes on dark stairs, inspectors who pass defective engineering materials, to nullify disease and make good the losses in bubble companies! Of course, to state the case is to demonstrate its absurdity. There would be no bubble companies if men were honest. Men already have all the faculties (however latent and unused) which would prevent all these and many other ills. The ingenious gentleman who would teach God, must first begin by abolishing the power of choice and reducing Man to the animal level.

Others find the supposed "cruelty of Nature" irreconcilable with a God of Love. It is therefore necessary to look into the question, for every religion must take the world as it is.

The whole system of life-development is that of the lower providing food for the higher in ever-expanding circles of organic existence. Darwin accepts this, and says in the last chapter of his *Origin of Species*:—

When we reflect on this struggle we may console ourselves with the full belief, that the war of nature is not incessant, that no fear is felt, that death is generally prompt, and that the vigorous, the healthy, and the happy increase and multiply. . . . Thus from the war in Nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals directly follows.

But is that process as horrible as it seems to those who impute human sentiments to the brute world?

In the first place, the fertility of elementary organisms is enormous. In a lecture at the Royal Institution on *The Physical Basis of Life*, by Mr. W. B. Hardy, F.R.S., an instance of this was given in the case of the Paramecium, a minute organism about 1/100th of an inch long, and a bulk of about 1/10,000 of a cubic inch. It multiplies by fission once in about 36 hours. The lecturer showed that if this rate continued unchecked for two years, the descendants of a single paramecium would occupy more cubic miles than the whole mass of the earth. This can easily be verified by anyone who knows a little algebra and can use a table of logarithms. It is the last term of a geometrical progression of 240 terms. If these infusoria were not kept down by serving as food, they would extinguish all other life in an incredibly short time. Devoid of any nervous organisation they can feel no pain.

Proceeding upwards in the animal scale, physiologists admit that "all animals which breed very rapidly which exist in vast numbers, and are necessarily kept down to their average population by the agency of those that feed upon them have little sensitiveness, perhaps only a slight discomfort even under severe injuries." In this class of painless, or almost painless animals, we may place almost all aquatic animals up to fishes, all the vast hordes of insects, probably all mollusca and worms. It is impossible to ascribe pain to a wasp, which goes on drinking syrup when cut in half, or to a fish captured with its own eye as bait, as actually happened to a fisherman who accidentally struck out the eye of a perch and left the eye on the hook.

The rapine of Nature is only terrible to beings that are self-conscious: to others the pain is exceedingly brief. The chickens feed on as quietly as before when the gliding hawk has passed onwards with his prey; the cattle who flee from the tiger begin quietly to graze as soon as the brindled marauder has struck down his victim, while lower forms of life are extinguished before they are aware of being threatened.

One of the subsidiary results of evolutionary development is that no organ, no sensation, no faculty arises before it is needed, or in a greater degree than it is needed. Hence we may be sure that all the earlier forms of life possessed the minimum of sensation required for the purposes of their short existence. Even the higher animals suffer much less than we imagine. I have seen a leopard kill a goat; its neck was broken by a blow of the paws. I have seen a horse accidentally transfixed by a spear, begin to graze. I once had the misfortune by a clumsy snap shot at a tiger leaping over bushes, to smash the animal's hind legs just above the paws. The bones protruded from the skin, yet it charged almost as quickly as if uninjured; I had only just time to slip in another cartridge. I have seen a man die of snake-bite—he was insensible in five minutes. Dr. Livingstone, seized by a lion, said he felt no pain, only stunned. I had a shikari who had been bitten by a tiger so that his arm shrivelled—he told me the same. Animal evolution acts by *death*, not by pain. It is the psychic evolution that is the field of pain, because in the mind of man the spiritual law is consciously reflected and pain is the manifestation of infractions of that law. Without pain man would learn nothing. Even now he learns very slowly.

SUMMARY.

We may therefore legitimately conclude:—

(1) That there is an all-pervading Creative Power, immanent in Nature, which is its material manifestation—the Garment of God.

(2) That there is nothing in Nature which really contravenes St. John's statement that "God is Love."

(3) That the Omnipresent Spirit necessarily involves a moral law pervading Nature: a moral law to which Man alone can consciously respond.

(4) That the revelation of God in and by Christ is in perfect agreement with the evolutionary principle.

(5) That pain is the necessary stimulus to those who refuse to learn by Love and Wisdom.

These are the foundations of a Religion of the Spirit which regards God as the One Life of the Universe and the Source of the moral intuitions in Man. The Creative Power adapts some form of life to every natural environment. At the summit of the animal series, Man alone has self-consciousness and the power of choice. In virtue of the latter, he makes his own environment; by the former he has the privilege of making that environment conformable to the moral leading of the Spirit. If he provides a morbid environment he gets diseases, and this also is a moral agency. I confess that all this flabby sentimentality about the war in Nature makes me tired. We have only to look in order to see that Nature is full of beauty and joy. Does the robin, in winter, strike you as a dismal creature? Look at the swallow—wintering in Egypt, returning to England for the summer, with the option of continuing last year's arrangements, or finding a new mate without divorce complications, a new house and a new family, no responsibilities and perfect health! Why, some humans would gladly change with him or her.

When I was Division Officer, R.E., I had to convert an hotel into a hospital. There was a wood-pile to be removed, and under it the fatigue-party found a huge mother-rat covering her naked brood with her body rather than abandon them. One of the men extinguished the whole family with a billet of wood. Much as I dislike rats I could not have done it, and came near to ordering them to be spared! A friend told me that after a successful shoot in India, they found a tiger-cub, took it to camp, tethered it to a

(Continued at foot of next column).

THE PASSING OF SIR EDWARD MARSHALL HALL, K.C.

The news of the death from influenza and pneumonia of this brilliant advocate, which occurred on the 23rd ultimo, after six weeks' illness, has occasioned widespread regret.

Sir Edward Marshall Hall was born at Brighton in 1858. He was educated at Rugby, from whence he went to St. John's College, Cambridge. His later business career included a short period in the tea trade, but eventually he cultivated the law, for which doubtless his great talents best fitted him. He was called to the Bar in 1883, and took silk in 1898. His fame as a great forensic orator will be too familiar to our readers to make it necessary to dilate upon it here. He was engaged as counsel in some of the most famous criminal cases of recent times.

His interest in psychical investigation is widely known. The first public disclosure of this came when, a few years ago, the book "Guidance From Beyond" made its appearance. This was a series of spirit communications through the mediumship of Miss K. Wingfield, and contained a Preface by Helen Countess of Radnor and an Introduction by Sir E. Marshall Hall. In this Introduction Sir Edward related a piece of personal evidence which came to him by automatic writing through Miss Wingfield, many years ago, Miss Wingfield being a personal friend of himself and his sister. The story attracted great attention in the Press and was recounted in full in many of the newspapers. Last year, in an article specially written for "Tit-bits," Sir Edward told the story again. As a lawyer he regarded the case as very strong evidence of the reality of spirit communication.

Sir Edward, however, was far too busy a man to devote much time to psychical pursuits, although he occasionally made a public appearance as chairman, notably at the Queen's Hall meeting, when he presided at the debate between Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. Joseph McCabe, and later when he took the chair at Mr. Hannen Swaffer's meeting at the same hall. A few months ago he was present and spoke at a meeting of the National Laboratory of Psychical Research, at Queensberry Place, South Kensington, and on the occasion of a symposium of messages from leading Spiritualists in LIGHT, he contributed a brief sentiment indicating his faith in a guiding Power.

From our personal contact with him we can testify to his fine personality, his great lucidity of mind, his tact and his masterly skill as an orator. He has passed from us into a higher and larger sphere of existence, after winning not only a garland of earthly honours, but the deep respect and admiration of his fellows. We bid him a farewell without vain grief, for if he did not pass in the fullness of years he had at least arrived at the stage of a "fulfilled renown." He has outsoared the shadow of our night, and his congenial occupations follow him.

(Continued from previous column.)

peg, and were amusing themselves with its kittenish gambols, when the cry of an enraged tigress was heard. The cub instantly responded and the angry mother bounded into the circle of men without a glance at any, snatched her baby and made off. Love runs like a golden thread through the web of life, and to the seeing eye,

"Earth's crammed with Heaven
And every common bush afire with God."

BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY NEIL GOW.

INTRODUCING "QUEENIE."

"Time you grew up, young lady!" remarked the Sub-Receiving Officer in a tone of humorous disapproval, looking half-severely at the brown-haired girl who sat swinging her legs on the balustrade which encloses the roof-garden of the Receiving Station.

"Me?" said the young person impudently, as she buried her white teeth in a peach, and gazed at the green rolling hills in the distance. "Lovely view you get up here!" she remarked inconsequently.

"Yes—you!" retorted the Sub-Receiving Officer, refusing to be side-tracked into considerations of scenery. "It's disgraceful, the way some of you junior operators behave. You lack dignity and mental equipoise," he went on in a tone of bored raillery, "and the frivolous levity of your remarks is not consonant with the seriousness of mind that one would look for in members of a Communicating Group."

The brown-haired girl giggled, and flicked the peach-stone over the balustrade with a defiant gesture.

"Don't tease little Queenie!" said the Young Spirit, who had listened to the conversation with silent delight.

"Tease her!" yawned the Sub-Receiving Officer, lounging back in his chair, and regarding his well-polished nails with nonchalant satisfaction. "I'd box her ears if I weren't too lazy to get up."

"You talk a lot, don't you?" said the brown-haired girl, giving an amused wriggle and gazing happily at the lovely sun-soaked vista which stretched out on all sides. In the distance across the gently sloping green hills could be seen the red roofs of towns and villages, in and out of which moved a leisurely multitude of spirit people going about their lawful occasions. Here and there, glinting whitely in the sunlight, arose the towers of marble edifices; the warm breeze carried with it a salt invigorating tang of the sea, which the brown-haired maid inhaled with gusto. She ate another peach with rapturous eagerness and kicked her heels contentedly against the balustrade.

"Anyway, I'm not a stuck-up egotist like some of you Arrival people," she remarked pointedly. The Young Spirit grinned. The Sub-Receiving Officer raised his eyebrows with dignified surprise, and maintained an Olympian silence.

"I know more about seance work than you do—either of you! Yes, and some of the Earth-people," she added with child-like superiority, "would rather have little Queenie manifest than get highly erudite messages from some of you self-satisfied psychic experts—even if my speech is infantile, and my 'methods of expression charmingly puerile.'" (This was a thrust at the Sub-Receiving Officer whose good-humoured critical banter had been directed at certain undignified antics indulged in by the little lady.)

"Possibly your Earth friends appreciate your childish prattle, Queenie," said the Sub-Receiving Officer loftily. "Perhaps it amuses them to have their pictures turned to the wall, and their clocks tampered with. Frankly, such kindergarten pranks would annoy me, if I were an Earth-dweller." The Sub-Receiving Officer polished his nails with a silk handkerchief, and assumed an expression of bored severity.

"I haven't heard about that," broke in the Young Spirit eagerly. "Tell me about it, Queenie."

Queenie flipped a peach-stone in her tormentor's direction and turned towards the Young Spirit with a squirm of delight.

"He's got no sense of fun, that stodgy friend of yours! Oh, about the clock. Well—sometimes I play tricks on my Earth friends. Nothing serious, of course. I sometimes stroll round the home of my medium (nice woman—English!) and occasionally when the power's working, I leave behind something she'll recognise as my handiwork."

"Such as—?" grinned the Young Spirit.

"Oh, anything—strew flowers over her mantelpiece, or put lumps of sugar in her writing-desk. The other day, when she was out, I wandered over her house until I came to the dining room where her dog was lying asleep in front of the fire. (He's not allowed there, of course, but I was glad to have him—he supplied a lot of animal magnetism!) So I moved the clock from the mantelpiece to the dining table, and turned two of the pictures round facing the wall. Then the dog woke up and that disturbed the power; otherwise—"

"Otherwise," broke in the Sub-Receiving Officer, "you would have played havoc with your medium's household gods. As I said before, Queenie," he added with assumed reproof, "it's time you grew up."

Queenie sniggered gleefully.

"What did your medium say?" said the Young Spirit gravely.

"She laughed," answered the girl joyously. "She said, 'My little friend has been here!' I gave three taps on the window to let her know I heard." She turned to the Young Spirit a trifle anxiously. "There's nothing wrong in that?" she said.

"Nothing whatever," replied the Young Spirit, loyally. "And as for being grown-up, you're quite grown-up enough."

"That's what Astol says (he's my Guide). He said, 'My child,' (you know how *fr-r-rightfully* dignified Astol is!) 'you will remain at your present stage of development until your immediate cycle of work is accomplished.'"

The Sub-Receiving Officer said nothing. His sense of discipline forbade any critical utterance respecting his superiors.

"No doubt Astol had his reasons," he remarked with a dry cough. "But—!" A slight shrug of the shoulders expressed a polite doubt as to the entire wisdom of that dignitary's decision.

"Take no notice of him, Queenie," grinned the Young Spirit. "It's merely departmental jealousy. The Communicating Groups and the Arrival people always regard each other with good-natured contempt. Just like the War Office and the Admiralty did in London, when I was on Earth."

Queenie looked at her two companions thoughtfully for a moment.

"I've got a secret to tell you," she said mysteriously.

"Pray, don't inflict it upon us," said the Sub-Receiving Officer.

"I'm dropping Communication work for a bit," she said impressively.

The Sub-Receiving Officer slowly sat up in his chair and stared with well-simulated horror at the brown-haired girl. "Don't tell me you're coming to us!" he groaned.

Queenie swung her legs vigorously and nodded.

"I'm taking up Arrival work; they've sent me here to take over the Creche."

"Splendid!" said the Young Spirit sincerely.

"All the little Baby Arrivals!" said Queenie ecstatically. "I shall love them!" She hugged herself at the thought.

The Sub-Receiving Officer rose with dignity. "I am as tolerant and forbearing as most Spirits in my sphere," he said in a long-suffering tone, "but if this impertinent little brat is to be foisted upon me by the Authorities, I shall apply for a transfer." He moved away with a despairing gesture.

"Have a peach before you go," said Queenie impudently holding out a temptingly ripe specimen.

The Sub-Receiving Officer waved the offer aside with a white and disdainful hand.

"An impertinent attempt to curry favour, Queenie!" he said. Then he paused, looked appraisingly at the fruit, and resumed his seat with lazy elegance. "Yes, I think I will," he said, as he accepted the proffered gift.

SEVEN "DON'TS" FOR ENQUIRERS.

BY A MEDIUM.

DON'T rush for phenomena. Read some books on the subject first.

* * * *

DON'T expect a medium to tell you all about what you want to know; remember the source he draws upon is human and therefore limited.

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DON'T accept anything—whether given orally or in writing—on the subject simply because it is received abnormally. Let your own reason and judgment have full play.

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DON'T think that a sympathetic attitude need be an uncritical one.

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DON'T suspect the medium or others at a seance without good cause; a carping, suspicious person is the worst sitter imaginable.

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DON'T get discouraged even after repeated failure to obtain the results you desire. In psychic investigations, as in other things, failures are often stepping-stones to success; they are so instructive.

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DON'T fidget at seances. A calm, cheerful aspect of mind, and comfort of body, are two of the most important conditions necessary to be observed by sitters as well as by mediums.

L. H.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

(The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents.)

"THE TESTING TIME OF SPIRITUALISM."

SIR,—May I be permitted a few lines on the subject of Mr. C. V. W. Tarr's article in your issue of the 12th ult.? He is disappointed at the slow advance of our cause.

An effervescent enthusiasm is by its very nature temporary and not dependable. The law of the pendulum must operate; re-actions are inevitable. Spiritualists not infrequently refer humorously to the phase in their progress when they were possessed by a kind of button-holing mania, and nobody was safe within arm's length of them. As Mr. Lloyd George said recently in the House of Commons, "Revolutionaries are always propagandists," and one must wait for ordinary business dealings until the fever has subsided.

If, as is asserted, there was a period in modern Spiritualist history when the advocacy was more vigorous, pertinacious and promising than in our present time, one has no call to mourn. The moderating process is quite in the natural order. It cannot be denied that we still have energetic apostles of our cause. To talk of a regrettable slowing-down now, is as if early Christians had mourned the lethargy of their exponents—with St. Paul yet alive and sweeping the field.

All the indications are of growth, progress, and an ever surer footing and acceptance in the public mind.

We are told that the religions have failed and that Spiritualism ought to have succeeded. Surely both statements are premature, to say the least. It is true that the religions have not provided us in the twentieth century with a sweet and good-willed world. Nominally, the majority (counting heads) accept them, but that is very little. Yet to speak of failure is really to say too much. Did the handful of Galilean fishermen fail? Did the two Wesleys fail? Froude says that their work saved us from revolution.

Coming to our own day, has General Booth failed? I seem to hear ten thousand sweetened men and women in many lands answering "No!" (By the way, where are modern Spiritualism's ten thousands?) Observe, all this excellent work is done in spite of (perhaps with) the help of doctrines which trained minds to-day repudiate. Half-truths serve until men are ready for more light.

Mr. Tarr's faith in tested and tabulated psychic phenomena as the basis for a world-regenerating type of religion superseding all others, is misplaced. This foundation I greatly fear is not rock, but sand. His scientific basis will not do. There is a scientific basis, but of another kind. St. Paul based true religion better when he said, "And now abide Faith, Hope, Love, these three; but the greatest of these is Love." This is the direction on which to look for true Theology when the creeds and constitutions go utterly astray. "Once accept the spirits" and all ought to have been well, says Mr. Tarr. But here is shaky ground for science building. "Departed spirits adhere to the religious opinions they held on earth. The Jew is a Jew, the Buddhist is a Buddhist, the Mussulman a Mussulman, the Christian a Christian, the Agnostic an Agnostic, there as here. How can it be otherwise? Can man look at absolute truth and live? Man ever learns by degrees whether in this world or the next." (*A Psychic Vigil*.)

If all Mr. Tarr means is that we may thus be assured that we go on living after death, I will defy him to find in any coterie of Spiritualists anywhere on this planet a richer, more exultant and victorious faith in Immortality than that exhibited in early Methodism. If he wants from these many-opinioned spirits scientific guarantee of the safety of going right and the peril of ill-living, that too belongs to the religions. Moreover, it is a case where "science" is superfluous; every man knows in his heart all about it. The confirmation afforded by psychic phenomena is to be gratefully accepted. But that is another thing from classing the religions as failures and starting a new one with psychic phenomena and spirit communication as a foundation. Many of us have long felt the hopelessness of this course. One thing is clear; religious progress may not hasten evolution, but must keep pace with it; cannot go beyond it. The real power in religion is not tabulated facts, but the heart spiritually aflame, as all mystics tell. Christianity's great asset is not the Sermon on the Mount, precious legacy though it be, but the Living Christ loved as Leader, obeyed and followed to the death. As the vision of Him fades, churches weaken and fail.

Yours, etc.,
(Rev.) W. BICKLE HAYNES.

Grimsby Hill,
Louth, Lincs.

MRS. CANNOCK asks us to announce that she has changed her address, which on and after 1st inst. will be 9, Woodstock Road, Bedford Park, W. (Telephone number: Chiswick 1184).

OWNERSHIP OF APPORT ARTICLES.

SIR,—On reading the article in LIGHT, issue dated February 12th, of the address given by Prince Nicholas Galitzine on Materialisation, my attention was arrested by the following paragraph, in reference to apports: "He had never known any apport to be traced back to an owner." It may be of interest to some of your readers to know that in the Sutton-in-Ashfield Spritualist Church, Notts, there reposes, in a small glass case, a nest egg (such as is usually placed in a hen's nest), along with a letter, stating that the egg was missed from the hen-roost, belonging to a lady at Coventry. The guide of the circle, which sits weekly at Sutton, gave the name, street, etc., including the nest-box he had taken the egg from.

Yours, etc.,
G. PHILIP SHARPLIN.

13, St. James's Square,
Holland Park, W.11.

AN APPRECIATION OF "DR. LASCELLES."

SIR,—Desiring to draw attention to the wonderful work carried on by Mr. C. A. Simpson, at 26, St. George's Square, I relate my experience. For years I suffered from chronic catarrh, inflamed and ulcerated throat, and inflamed vocal chords. I never knew what it was to be free of colds, winter or summer. One specialist treated me with sprays and painting, another with inhalations, without result. I lost my voice if I talked for any time. At last I noticed a letter in LIGHT from a lady who was cured by "Dr. Lascelles'" treatment at the St. George's Healing Centre; I went there. In a week I felt a little relief; all discomfort soon disappeared and it is now five months since I had the slightest trouble. I am out in all weathers, instead of having to stay indoors for weeks at a time, and feel a different creature.

Yours, etc.,
A GRATEFUL PATIENT.

South Kensington.

[This correspondent, though desiring to remain anonymous to the general public, is a lady whose identity is known to us.—ED.]

BROADCAST MUSIC AT SEANCES.

SIR,—With reference to your comments in "Rays and Reflections," in LIGHT of February 5th, touching upon the possibility of producing the necessary vibrations for seance work other than by vocal or instrumental music, here is a suggestion.

We have a small home circle which is only in a very immature state of development; we find it rather an effort constantly to sing without getting a flat, monotonous result, during the sittings—in which, so far, the phenomena consist only of faint moving lights and shadows, and sensations of cold breezes, unbroken by any more visible or tangible demonstrations.

At our last sitting, we switched on the Wireless (a two-valve set), placed the four pairs of head-phones on a table, and tuned in until we could faintly hear the orchestral music. This left us free to talk or concentrate as we felt inclined. It was not loud enough to be disturbing, but though we could hear little, the volume of sound coming out on the air seemed to produce the necessary vibrations. A Loud Speaker tuned very low would give a similar result, or even a crystal set with one or two pairs of head-phones might project the vibrations, helpful to the spirit people though inaudible to the human ear, across the room.

Of course, it is impossible to come to any conclusions after one sitting, especially with an undeveloped circle. Perhaps some of your readers may have experimented along this line already with interesting results?

Yours, etc.,
M. MARRIAN.

East Dean, Shakespeare Road,
Mill Hill, N.W.7.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE is shortly publishing a book entitled "Pheneas Speaks," containing a number of the remarkable messages obtained through Lady Doyle's mediumship, to which he has sometimes alluded in his public addresses. At present he has confined his selection to those which deal particularly with that domestic comfort and religious help which spirit communion gives. The book will be published as from the Psychic Press (an adjunct of the Psychic Bookshop) at the price of 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. It will have the peculiarity of being a work in which no copyright will be reserved, so that opportunity will be provided for the book to be reproduced freely, Sir Arthur's desire being that it shall have as large a circulation as possible.

LIGHT.

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THE RETURN OF THE FAIRIES.

Except that there are sights and sounds of Spring-time in the air about us, there is nothing in the outer world to make the subject of fairies specially appropriate. But the fairies belong to Nature and the green world; the mere thought of them brings a breath of life and freshness into a civilisation that is becoming more and more a matter of machinery and factory methods.

We have been hearing a great deal about the elves of late, both privately and as a matter of discussion in the Press, where—in some quarters at least—it is treated in a semi-serious way. In a letter we lately received from Mr. Arthur Machen, the novelist, some of whose books treat of the weird side of things, he points out the difference between the fairies of ancient folk-lore and those which may be said to belong to the literary and pictorial tradition. According to the ancient tradition, "fairies are beings of malignant horror: they are to be avoided at all costs: the house has to be defended against their entrance." They are dwarfish or undersized people in more than one account of them. On the other hand, the popular and literary tradition appears to date from Shakespeare and Herrick, and, again to quote Mr. Machen: "to these great poets the fairies are minute beings, mischievous perhaps, sometimes, but never malignant, never terrible." When they are mischievous it is only in an amiable way.

They may give Bottom an ass's head for a while, but that was only a practical joke. Later, the fairies become definitely benevolent—beautiful little winged creatures, like the "photographic fairies" or the troop of elves which serves as an advertisement for a brand of Nightlights.

Thus Mr. Machen, who, had he been writing especially for publication, could, like Mr. Arthur E. Waite, have greatly illuminated the subject from the literary and academic side.

But, while it is interesting to trace the growth of an idea in the popular mind, we are not at the moment so much concerned with this aspect as with certain present-day testimony. We have met and are still meeting people sound in mind and body, who claim that they see fairies. Some of the witnesses are in no way given to fancies—occasionally they are of the hard-headed type. They cannot explain the matter in any scientific way. In one case, as we recall, two men, one an engineer the other an optician, deposed that on a sunny summer's day in a glen in Sussex, both saw elves at work amongst the wild flowers, and

on comparing notes found that their descriptions tallied. This is but one instance out of many which we have either heard at first hand or read, the narrators being people of good repute like, for example, the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, who is also amongst the witnesses.

What are we to say, we who have not seen fairies and so have not had the matter brought home to us in any direct fashion? Of course we may speculate and theorise "till all's blue," as the poet says, but this avails little, and as the scientific materialists are learning nowadays, it is not only unwise to deny the reality of things outside the general experience—it is very unsafe. There are still amongst us a few ancient wiseacres, who think ruefully of the days when they publicly scouted the telephone, the electric light, the phonograph, aviation and other discoveries, when these things were only "ideas in the air." Fairies are admittedly in a different category, having nothing to do with mechanism and the laboratory; for which by the way we are devoutly thankful. Yet on the other hand they are not, it is to be noted, put forward as abstractions or mental concepts. They are claimed to be facts—evidences—coming to a few, of the activities of Nature along a line of evolution outside of the purely physical order. Clearly, then, the only philosophical course to pursue is to preserve an open mind. This is an attitude which the fairy-seers themselves are disposed to adopt, their position in general being, "We have seen these things, but we cannot explain them." After all, there is not much in this life of ours which we *can* explain; and, as Professor de Morgan, the great mathematician, pointed out in a brilliant essay, it is the duty of a witness to mind his truth, and not to be swayed by the consideration that it may appear incredible. The Professor was dealing in this case with the question of testifying to the existence of spirits before an unbelieving generation, given to the worship of Science and Industrialism. But the dictum may apply in some measure at least to this question of fairies.

We offer no theories then, but simply put on record some trifles of testimony out of much abundance, which like all the testimony we have heard—in Law Courts and elsewhere—is sometimes at variance, but remains consistent on one point. The witnesses all depose that they have seen little beings more or less human in appearance, and answering to the world-old traditions of elves, sprites, brownies, gnomes, pixies, and the like. It is a strange story; but not stranger perhaps than the fact that even the idea of fairies should revive amongst us in these days of taxi-cabs and jazz bands, telephones and typewriters. It is wonderful that the horns of Elfland faintly blowing should be audible in such a din!

WE HAVE COMMUNION.

Better be dead than silent; once being dead
To those still body-bound they have access
In ways more intimate, to soothe and bless.
Their presences are somehow felt and read;
We have communion and are comforted.
There is on earth a far more deep distress;
To know them here; crave their denied caress;
Sick for the friendly word that is not said;

Sit out the expectant hours when evening falls,
Hearing no footstep at the garden gate;
Know there are those who do not have to wait,
But somewhere now, within some other walls,
The voice we miss—and others—how it galls!—
The day's adventures cheerfully relate.

—From "Sonnets of North and South,"

by FREDERICK EDWARDS.

FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE WINDOW.

Whatever may be the outcome of the great B.B.C. "Telepathy" experiment, already we know that it has revealed an extensive and keen interest in the subject. This may well be touched upon before the practical results of it are known. On the evening of the 17th inst. the Society for Psychical Research had received 20,000 letters, and there were still many sacks of letters then unopened, while the country post had not arrived. Amongst the experimenters locked up in one of the S.P.R.'s rooms was a representative of the *Daily News*, who tells how dramatically Dr. Woolley introduced the cleverly devised objects of the test, with which the public is now familiar. At that early period of the experiment a considerable number of the letters had been opened. Their contents were remarkable, but there were no answers to two of the objects shown. The *News* representative, Mr. H. de Winton Wigley, says:—

One, however, is really extraordinary, for it gives the fifth answer correctly, namely, a man wearing a mask and a bowler hat.

* * * *

Commenting editorially on the experiment the same newspaper, of the 17th inst., observed:—

Certainly if any considerable number of those who listened in to the silent thought waves of the propellant group have been able to gather definite impressions of a black card with two clubs on a green background, of the picture of a bird looking into the grinning mouth of a skull, and of a comic mask with a red nose and false moustache, it will be impossible to explain it away by a fantastic theory of co-incidence or indeed to resist the conclusion that telepathic phenomena constitute a great latent force in Nature.

Probably nobody expects any such clear-cut demonstration. Great scientific truths are not usually established in this instant and spectacular manner.

* * * *

The *Daily Express*, referring to the letters and their "Thinking-in" surprises of the date preceding, quotes Sir Oliver Lodge, who had spent the day examining some of the replies:—

These are results which I did not for a moment expect. I was inclined to think that telepathy under these conditions was impossible.

* * * *

Also from the *Express*, here is an expression of his own view by Dr. Woolley:—

Speaking for myself, I shall be surprised if there is evidence of any telepathy under such conditions, and a negative result to this experiment must not be taken as an argument against the occurrence of telepathy when the conditions are more favourable. We are not attempting the absurd task of proving a negative.

* * * *

"Candidus," in the *Daily Sketch*, writes:—

Telepathy or the communication between friends at a distance without visible means, is no more a superstition than wireless, and is capable of scientific explanation on similar principles.

* * * *

An article in the *Morning Post* (18th inst.) concludes with the following suggestion:—

A most striking feature in this experiment is that scores of people who met in London offices yesterday morning to compare notes found that they had come to identical conclusions.

Obviously a person who came to a wrong conclusion, and yet concentrated upon it sufficiently, automatically set up a transmitting station of his own, so that he could easily transmit his own thoughts to other people who were listening in. Had he been able to concentrate more intensively than Dr. Woolley, obviously he would, in a way, have "jammed the official station."

This fact will certainly have to be considered by the Psychical Research Society when examining the results of the experiment.

From an article on "Thoughts by Wireless," by Robert Lynd in the *Daily News*, we take a characteristic passage:—

I am not sure that the practice of telepathy should be encouraged. It seems to me that man was born telepathic, and that he had to get rid of telepathy in order to make life endurable.

* * * *

Commenting on the alleged "exposure" of Eleonore Zugun, Mr. Harry Price (Honorary Director of the National Laboratory of Psychical Research) writes in the *Daily News*:—

It does not surprise me to learn that Eleonore cheated under the conditions obtaining at the Munich seance. Eleonore has been caught "helping out" on other occasions—once when she was in London at the National Laboratory. In the official report of the girl's visit to the laboratory, just published, we emphasise the fact that "the whole question of the possibility of fraud rests on conditions—i.e., control."

We also state that we were "genuinely surprised that Eleonore did not more often pit her wits against ours"—a likely action on the part of a girl of 13 of peasant stock, abnormal, with a "young" mentality in many ways. . . . The evidence upon which we based our favourable opinion concerning the genuineness of the phenomena was obtained under scientifically perfect conditions by a number of independent investigators.

According to your report of the Munich seance, the Countess Wassilko was an accomplice in the alleged tricks. But at all our test experiments the Countess was not present.

* * * *

We take the following excerpt from the *Morning Post* obituary article on Sir Edward Marshall Hall:—

In October, 1923, his friends were somewhat startled to read that in a speech at Bournemouth he had proclaimed himself a Spiritualist—not in the ordinary sense of the word, but as the result of a personal experience. He said that if he were convinced that his spirit would survive after his body had been burned, as he hoped it would be, and would exist under conditions which to him seemed most desirable, then he was justified in telling people so.

* * * *

So many readers of *LIGHT* are interested in the occult side of numbers—numerology—that it is interesting to learn that the late Sir Edward Marshall Hall had some belief in the subject. On this point the *Daily Mail* of 24th ult., in its obituary notice of the great advocate, remarks:—

In mundane affairs there was, in his own words, just that vein of superstition in his character which is common to most human beings. He had faith in eleven as his lucky number, and for the occasion, at any rate, his luck went when a pin set with eleven stones was stolen. While he was still hesitating about his first try for Parliament he tells how his mind was decided by seeing an engine bearing the name Southport (the constituency which he was invited to contest) passing the window of the railway carriage in which he happened to be seated.

* * * *

We have received a copy of a letter addressed to the *New York Times* by Dr. Mark W. Richardson, of Boston (Mass.), one of the champions of Dr. and Mrs. Crandon in connection with the mediumship of "Margery." We take the following extract from Dr. Richardson's letter:—

The "Margery" mediumship is genuine. In the presence of this lady there occur an unbelievable variety of phenomena contravening all our ordinary ideas of physics, chemistry, anatomy, and physiology. Only three or four mediumships in history approach this one in strength and brilliancy. Like all other mediumships, however, it has had to run the gauntlet of unintelligent conservatism and bitter intolerance. That the friends of "Margery" do get discouraged at times is true, but Walter, "Margery's" control, says, "Cheerio! Remember, no one takes the trouble to kick a dead horse."

"Margery" is far from dead, as her critics know to their grief. Her mediumship progresses steadily in variety and importance, and the present year promises remarkable advance in technique and results. These results will be published in scientific journals in due course.

LEAVES FROM A NOTABLE LIFE.

SOME STRANGE ADVENTURES.

In her new book*, Miss Roma Lister, who has lived in circles where interesting things happen, records her observations with a graphic pen. She covers an immense field; strange stories of strange people are told; sidelights on illustrious personages are given, principally by way of friendly gossip concerning Italian nobles and notables. Much of the book deals with occult experiences, some of which are quite out of the ordinary run. The authoress departs somewhat from the accepted form that one looks for in books of reminiscences to the extent of commenting upon, discussing and analysing a number of questions which arise out of other-world manifestations.

The following is worth quoting:—

Another case in which the Unseen came forward to prevent a possible tragedy happened to a friend of mine in Scotland—of course before the war. The two, father and son, were asked by a neighbour to inspect some new machinery that had been put in an important manufactory. In the night before the visit the son had a vivid dream. He dreamt that they started for the manufactory and were received by the director. Going from room to room admiring the new process, they stopped for some time watching a great wheel worked by a wide belt. The father, deeply interested, went closer to the machinery, while the workman explained the way it was operating. Suddenly, in his dream, the son saw a great confusion; the belt had broken, the workman lay dead, and a mist shrouded the figures of his father and the director. With this he woke. Under the impression of this dream, the son decided that nothing would induce him to go himself, or to allow his father to go to the manufactory.

The decision was a fortunate one. That same morning, while the director was inspecting the machinery, the belt broke and a workman was killed in the very place seen in the dream. It is probable that if the visit had taken place, both father and son would have been killed.

I quote also the following curious story concerning an impoverished Italian woman who was given material help by an alleged spirit:—

The son was a baker by profession, and as at that date the nightshift was still in force the man was kept late at his work. Their kitchen door, as is customary in these houses, opened on the street, and as she waited for her son's return, the woman sat near the charcoal fireplace and warmed herself over the embers. One night—it was not late—there was a knock at the door. Reassured by the quiet voice that answered her question, "Who is there?" the woman opened the door, and was surprised to see before her an elderly priest, who came in and sat down opposite her by the fire.

"I have heard of you, Sora Maria, and what lonely nights you spend waiting for your son; and I thought you would not be averse to a little neighbourly company. So I have come to pass an hour with you."

The woman felt greatly relieved. Until the priest spoke of it, she had not realised how much these lonely nights had tried her courage. She wished to offer her kind guest some hospitality, but he waved her offers aside. He had come to speak with her; and, as beseeched his cloth, he talked on religious matters. He spoke so wonderfully and with such soul-searching sentences that Sora Maria was surprised to find it was near the time when her son came home. As if the priest could read her thought, he got up and said good-bye, and left her, first, however, solemnly blessing the woman and her house.

This friendly visit was repeated several times. Then the son fell ill from the effects of the bitter north wind, the *tramontana*. The sick man needed good nourishing food, but the unhappy mother had no money. The priest came again. "I have little to give you," he said, "but I have brought you these antique coins," so saying he laid down five or six gold coins of ancient date. Sora Maria took these to Professor H—, who was able to obtain for her some fifteen hundred lire. The baker recovered from his illness, and went back to work, but in spite of the windfall,

the resources of the little family became painfully strained. Again Sora Maria was visited by the hospitable priest, who said:—

"My daughter, you are bitterly tried. I know how hard it is for you to live your quiet life, and how small is the margin between decency and utter penury. My own help is too small and too precarious. I care for you, and I would willingly know you were out of trouble; but first I must unveil the truth. You think I am a human being like yourself. I am not, I am a spirit. You see a vision. Now the coins I gave you are part of a treasure; they are no man's property, and I may give them to whom I will. As it is I can only give you a few, very few, coins of this gold. If you have courage, you shall have all the treasure. But you must have courage."

The woman said afterwards that nothing has so much impressed her as the quiet, calm way in which the priest gave this startling information. His voice was so full of kindness that she forgot to be afraid. He left her soon after, promising to return in three days and hear her answer. So again did Sora Maria go for advice to Professor H—. He listened with patience to the wild story, and told the woman that everything depended on herself. It was evident some good soul had taken charge of her and was willing to help her. It all depended on her courage and her power of self-control. The Professor's advice was to listen attentively, and to do all things told her. She thought it over, and decided to obey the spirit, and so she left Professor H—.

"On Sunday night," said the priest, "you will go into your cellar, and you will follow the right-hand passage as far as it leads until you come to an open space; and then you will wait for me. Do not be frightened by anything you see me do. Only hold out your apron, and when I throw the treasure into it gather your apron together and return quickly to your kitchen. Above all do not be afraid or everything will be lost. If you wish you may bring your son with you, but, remember, neither he nor you may say a word. So I will wait for you half an hour before midnight." Sora Maria's next move was to tell her son all that had happened. The third day after she had seen the priest she and her son went into the cellars, which, like all the old houses of the street, communicated with ancient Roman passages belonging to the ruins of the Forum.

This is what happened, and what she afterwards told Professor H—.

At half-past eleven she and her son met the priest at the place appointed. Sora Maria was wearing a stout linen apron. The priest looked exactly as she had always seen him. Signing to them to follow him, he went down a corridor of the ruins, and stopped before a small open space. Then he lifted his hand, and it seemed as if the earth were transparent, and both she and her son saw earthenware jars filled with treasure—gold pieces and precious stones.

The spirit-form seemed to elongate itself until it was a man no longer, but a supernatural figure; its arm stretched so far, it had lost all human form. As she had been told, Sora Maria held out her apron and waited stolidly. Her son lost his head; his fear was too much for him. Clutching the little lamp he had brought, he shrieked and fled, and his panic infected Sora Maria. She remembered nothing more till she found herself in her kitchen. Of all the treasure they had seen, one gold piece was left in a corner of her apron.

The priest never came again.

SURVIVAL LECTURE AS GALA FEATURE.—At a gala performance at the Palais du Trocadéro, Paris, on March 3rd, organised in aid of "Les Gueules Cassées" (an association of French warriors suffering from face wounds), at which Georges Carpentier, the boxer; Cecile Sorel, the famous actress; Paul Poiret, the costumier, and other notables contributed their services, an unusual feature was introduced by M. Henri Regnault, the French psychical researcher, who gave an address, under the title "Tu Revivras," dealing with the proofs of a future life based upon experimental evidence "which permits the affirmation that Death is not the end of all, and that survival exists" (a quote from the report before us).

* "Further Reminiscences: Occult and Social." By Roma Lister. (Hutchinson & Co. 21s. net.) Illustrated.

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LIGHT

117

SPIRITUALISM AN AID TO CHRISTIAN FAITH.

THE REV. H. BYERLEY THOMSON AT L.S.A.

"Spiritualism, interpreting the word as a belief in the survival of the dead and the possibility of communion, is a thing which should commend itself to all Christians," said the Rev. H. Byerley Thomson, addressing members and friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance on Wednesday, the 23rd ult. It was sometimes complained that spiritual vision was restricted by the narrowing theological interpretations of the clergy, he continued; it might surprise his hearers, however, to know that immense numbers of men in holy orders are sympathetically interested in Spiritualism, but "the laity hold them down."

He himself was one of about forty clergymen who met together to discuss the subject; he could also claim the possession of psychic gifts.

In a brief survey of his early life, Mr. Thomson mentioned that he was originally destined for the engineering profession, and to that end had received a sound training in mathematics and in the development of a practical and logical outlook. "So that," continued the speaker amid laughter, "although a parson I am not entirely a credulous or superstitious person."

Turning to some of his personal experiences of the occult, Mr. Thomson mentioned an incident of his boyhood; at the age of fifteen, while lying in bed in his parents' house during school holidays, there had come a violent bang on the room door. He could find no material explanation for this. Later, on returning to school, he learned that upon the night of the manifestation one of the schoolmasters, a man for whom he had a great admiration and affection, had died.

In later life, in the course of his investigations into psychic phenomena, he had received many evidential communications. In one case a communicator, in giving certain particulars of his earth life, mentioned that he had passed over in France during the War.

In order to confirm this information Mr. Thomson wrote to a friend of the dead man enquiring, among other matters, if this person had been killed in action in the War.

There was a certain evasiveness in the letter received in answer to this enquiry, said the lecturer. The dead man was stated to be known to the writer, who added, however, that the person referred to had *not* been killed in action.

Desiring to obtain the fullest confirmation, Mr. Thomson wrote a second time, courteously requesting information as to the manner in which the dead man had passed out. "I regret I can give you no information," was the written reply. Later, however, the lecturer learned the manner in which his unseen communicator had died—he had been shot under dishonourable circumstances, a fact quite unknown to Mr. Thomson when the message was first received.

"Psychical Research," said the lecturer, "has demonstrated that matter is not the one certain reality," and it has shed a great light upon our path of knowledge. The subject is a sacred one, not to be lightly embarked upon.

"I believe," he added, "that a study of Spiritualism, reinforced by personal, psychic experiences, must confirm one's faith in Christianity. . . . It gives a practical meaning to the passage in the Creed: 'I believe in the communion of saints.' . . . Things which I could not believe before, I now can believe."

"I find no difficulty," he said, "in believing in miracles either modern or mediæval."

Mr. Henry Collett ably presided. The meeting concluded with a cordial vote of thanks to the lecturer.

MRS. EDITH MARRIOTT: A TRIBUTE.—We referred last week to the decease of Mrs. Edith Marriott, so well-known in the Spiritualist movement both as medium and speaker. She was a natural clairvoyant who developed a fine quality of trance and test mediumship, and during some sixteen years of work was the means of giving consolation and instruction to a large number of people. She acted for some years as secretary to the Little Ilford Christian Spiritualist Church, and she was also delegate of the S.N.U. and L.D.C. Mr. Lund, Vice-president of the Church, writes of her: "For six years disease had been sapping her vitality but she bore her suffering patiently, always thinking more of others than of herself. She had the support of faithful friends and our grateful thanks are due to Miss Hogg who was her constant companion and nurse."

RAYS AND REFLECTIONS.

A letter from Mr. Robert Blatchford tells me that his book, "More Things in Heaven and Earth," has now been published in Holland as a Dutch translation.

* * * *

A paragraph in a Sunday paper refers to "a seance privately held at the house of a noted Spiritualist at which showers of violets and snowdrops 'materialised' from the air and were handed as nosegays by the spirits to the guests." These things, according to the writer of the paragraph, were regarded as "spirit flowers." They were much more likely to be natural flowers brought as "apports." However, it is interesting to see such things seriously recorded by people who have very little knowledge of them.

* * * *

Such phenomena are familiar enough to experienced Spiritualists—as familiar to them as the peculiarly dreary ass who attributes the manifestation to conjuring, ignoring the fact that, as a rule, no one at the seance knows anything at all of legerdemain. I am told, by the way, that the latest medium for "apports" comes from Press circles, although he does not advertise the fact. More than one journalist has excellent mediumistic powers. Some time ago a newspaper man gave me a good clairvoyant description (but not for publication). Things have changed indeed!

* * * *

I was very much in sympathy with Mr. F. J. Gould when, in his recent address to the L.S.A., he assigned an inferior importance to speech and writing as methods of communicating ideas. Some of the things which appeal to us most eloquently in life are not addressed to the ear. To use an Irishism, there is a form of "oratory" which is neither vocal nor voluble. It leaves words far behind.

* * * *

It may well be that those social changes which have abolished the profuse verbiage of our forefathers, and which in Press circles have led to a wholesale reduction of the reports of Parliamentary and other speeches, are preparing the way for more condensed forms of communication—even possibly for an age of telepathy! The whole genius of the time, in fact, is against verbosity, whether in speech or writing.

* * * *

But while oratory lasts there will have to be a certain multiplicity of words in order to create the necessary impression, which, by the way, is often as much a result of a personality, a magnetic manner, and an appealing voice, as any words the speaker may use. That, of course, goes to support Mr. Gould's argument.

* * * *

It has been said that the great quality of genius is its power of seizing instantly on the essentials of everything which it touches. It really looks as though this were a quality which people in general will be driven to cultivate. The old leisurely lives of our forefathers have gone and there is no time in these days for small details and side-issues in the discussion of any subject. And there is no *space* either, as our modern newspapers amply prove. But our Spiritualistic propaganda can go on convincing, more by its communication of life than by its communication of words.

* * * *

The question of spirits whistling has come up in more than one quarter, but although it may strike the uninitiated newspaper writer as comic, and provoke comparisons with the "whistling oyster," a great many of us can testify that spirits not only converse and sing, but can also whistle on occasions. They are so very human. Observation leads me to the belief that spirits who are able to come into audible voice contact with us find whistling easier than talking, just as the average person in the flesh does. Which reminds me of a letter lately received from a gentleman who once heard a mysterious whistling coming apparently from empty space. The unseen whistler produced a tune which the listener at once recognised as an air beloved by his deceased father who was in the habit of whistling it during his earth-life. The inquirer is greatly puzzled, being apparently unfamiliar with psychic phenomena. Assuming that he actually heard the sound, the explanation seems sufficiently evident.

D. G.

The British College of Psychic Science, Ltd.,

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(Tel. PARK 4709.)

Hon. Principal, J. HEWAT MCKENZIE.

New Syllabus on Application.

Course of Lectures ... REV. C. DRAYTON THOMAS
"An Examination of the Unverifiable Descriptions given in Trance Messages."

(1) "The Sleep of Death and the Awakening to Life."
Tuesday, March 8th, at 8.15 p.m.

Course of Lectures ... MRS. HEWAT MCKENZIE
"Some Early Women Mediums."

(1) Maud Lord Drake ... Thursday, March 10th, at 3.30.

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" " " 6.30 p.m. " " " " Dr. W. J. VANSTONE

Wednesday, March 9th, 7.30 p.m. (Psychometry), " " Mrs. CANNOCK

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Camberwell.—The Central Hall, High Street.—March 6th, 11, service; 6.30, Mrs. Helen Gregg. Wednesday, 7.30, at 55, Station Road, public circle.

Shepherd's Bush.—73, Becklow Road.—March 6th, 11, public circle; 6.30, Rev. J. M. Mathias. March 10th, 8, Mrs. Wirdnam.

Peckham.—Lausanne Road.—March 6th, 11 and 7, Mrs. T. Tims, D.N.U. Thursday, 8.15, Mrs. E. Clements, D.N.U.

Richmond Free Church, Ormond Street.—March 6th, 7.30, Mme. de Beaurepaire, address March 9th, 7.30, Mrs. Fillmore.

L.D.C.—Debating Section.—114, High Holborn, W.C.1.—March 7th, 7.30, Mr. Serjeant, "The Social Saviour."

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