

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research

"Light! More Light!"—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

MAGIC, SORCERY, AND WITCHCRAFT.

Stories of witchcraft, black magic, and the weird and horrible side of things do not seem to have the vogue they once enjoyed. Perhaps they have palled on the jaded palate of the reader; and perhaps, as a literary friend, who formerly wrote much of this type of stories, suggests, sorcery and magic have been found out. For although very wise in the lore of magic, our friend maintains that it is all, or nearly all, delusion and imposture. Our own conviction on the subject we have expressed before. All so-called magic, whether good or bad, is simply a question of the influence of mind on mind. That is what it all comes down to, when one strips off the hocus-pocus of rituals, magical robes, incantations, spells, cabalistic signs, and all the rest of it. It is then seen to be natural and intelligible; only while it was shrouded in a spurious supernaturalism could it affright the timorous or awaken the derision of such sceptics as the author to whom we have alluded. It has been well said that although there is no pure truth in life, neither is there any pure fiction. There is usually some little element of fact in the wildest stories. We have been told that the tales and legends which have gathered about some ancient figures of the past, popularly regarded as wizards or magicians, were simply fables, the outcome of popular superstition. But those of us who have proved the reality of psychic faculty know that this is not true. The stories and legends were doubtless considerably embroidered and exaggerated, but there must have been a basis of truth in at least some of them.

THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS UNSEEN.

A reader of LIGHT put an odd question to us recently. In effect it was this: Supposing any person denied the existence of the ether; would it be possible to prove it to him? A good deal depends on the person. We know of some people to whom it would be impossible to prove any fact against the existence of which they nourish some prejudice. We all know the story of the man who denied the existence of the giraffe even when he saw it. A sceptic of that type would have good ground for questioning the existence of the ether, for no one would ever be able to show it to him. The ether is, of course, a scientific hypothesis, but it is also an intellectual

necessity, like the statement that every effect requires the existence of a cause even though we cannot discover that cause. So far as that line of argument goes, the existence of the ether is overwhelmingly proved. But here is a strange and significant paradox. The ether is said by Science to be the most solid, stable, and real thing of which it is possible to conceive. But it is unseen and unknown—it is invisible and intangible. The things the ordinary man regards as real and solid—forms of matter, like his house or his table—are, as Science has shown, merely appearances made on the senses. Thus strangely is Science proving one of the fundamentals of religion—the reality of the Unseen, the unreality and impermanence of visible things. None the less, as human consciousness evolves, it is not impossible that the ether may yet become evident to the sense of sight. When Adams and Leverrier, the astronomers, first discovered the existence of Neptune, it was not by the telescope. It was by mathematics, by observing the influence exerted by a planet whose existence until then was unknown. Much in the same way we may base our faith on the existence of the ether, yes, and on the soul too! The eye of reason detects them even though to the eyes of the senses they are invisible.

"TELEPATHY" AND CREDULITY.

We are sometimes told of the credulity of Spiritualists. Doubtless there are over-credulous people amongst us—it is only natural—but credulity is very far from being limited to Spiritualism. Indeed, we find some sceptics very easy of belief. In a Manchester paper we are told of a correspondent who, although a disbeliever in psychic phenomena, is nevertheless much impressed by what he thinks may be an example of telepathy in his own home. He "listens-in"—like most of us—to the wireless stations, and he tells of his surprise when listening (with ear-phones) to a piece of music to find that his wife, who is not using ear-phones, will occasionally hum the tune to which he is listening. But this is not at all an uncommon occurrence in wireless, as we have found by personal experience, and there is no real need to call in the idea of telepathy to explain it. It has been found by experiment that some people with fine hearing can pick up sounds below the usual level of audibility—so faint, indeed, that one is not actually conscious of hearing them. Two persons so gifted can converse across a room, their conversation being audible to none but themselves. In short, there are wide ranges of hearing, just as there are of sight and smell; and the sense impressions made may sometimes be so faint that they appear to be supernormal, but they are physical, and not at all psychic.

All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

—POPE.

BEYOND THE GATES OF DEATH

Messages from Miss Felicia Scatcherd

We have seen several communications received in various quarters from Miss Scatcherd, also some highly evidential photographs, and as we had a conviction that further and even better evidences would be received from that ardent and spirited little lady, we deferred the question of making reference to the matter in LIGHT.

Lately we were favoured with a very long message which bears every sign of Miss Scatcherd's personality, and close examination into the matter has satisfied us of its reality. We are not allowed to give the names of the people concerned, but can merely state briefly that the two ladies who received the message are not publicly associated with the Spiritualist movement, and that the medium is a lady through whom highly remarkable and evidential messages have been given in other directions.

A great deal of the message is of a highly personal nature and contains many proofs of the identity of the sender. These perhaps were the more cogent because matters were alluded to of which no one present had any knowledge, and these matters were afterwards verified by enquiry.

After a reference by the medium to a woman who had only passed over lately and was eager to speak, one of the sitters asked: "Can she give a name?"

ANSWER: "Wait—I will try. Rudolph—"

QUESTION: "Can you give another name?"

ANSWER: "Felicity."

QUESTION: "Can Felicity Rudolph speak?"

ANSWER: "She is rather confused, but will try."

That was the first clue to the identity, because Miss Scatcherd, as many people know, wrote many articles under the *nom-de-plume* "Felix Rudolph," and to some of her more intimate friends she was known as Felicity.

Then followed a long message, from which we take the passages that follow:—

My dear, I am so glad. I wanted to get to you quickly. I prayed I might—this is wonderful. I want to tell you so much, my dear—I want you to know just that death is all nonsense. I did believe it was, but my body somehow didn't. Now I know. It was so easy and so right. I got very tired and so drowsy, I slipped off in the morning into a light sleep, I think—then I saw strange lights, curious, glowing threads, and I felt myself floating and my brain seemed so clear—and I said to myself, "I am quite well; I knew I should recover." I soon began to realise what that recovery meant! I felt so free mentally, I longed to write things and to meet people, and to talk to them and tell them I felt as if I were twenty again, and as if I was going out, not only to free Greece, but the whole world. It was an astonishing feeling. . . .

I got rather sleepy again—the threads still held me and made me sleepy, and as I rested several people came to me—they were dear friends—one was my dearest—there was my mother, but changed and so young; then I saw others. . . . I want to tell you that yours is the lonely part—living; it is not life really. I found myself in a kind of buoyant mist, a kind of pearl colour, and those who came to me said they must slowly help me out of my body—breaking those threads. So I did as I was told—I kept very quiet and then gradually there came a change; the threads disappeared. I was in a kind of cloud that took

shape gradually, and I found it was my own shape, just the invisible body, but I learnt from the others I could mould it and make it from my mind—isn't it splendid! You, my dear, will understand what it means, because you have the creative feeling—all that is so intensified here. I wonder how all my dear friends are—I do get glimpses of them, but I can't get into the threads of their lives. . . .

I saw my poor old body and it did look stupid, and I was so delighted it wasn't mine any more. Oh, the relief of it! Then I thought of dear people who were alive, and I prayed I might at least get a glimpse of you and A. . . . I saw you asleep, looking very tired but peaceful and I tried to make your spirit know, but I wasn't quite ready to pierce through this mist so I shall come to you again; and I want to ask you before you sleep to think hard of me, just image me in your mind, because I want you to step out of your dreams to me; that is what we call meeting in sleep; you will see me, I know me, but you will call it a dream afterwards. Remember, it is real. . . .

Now I want to explain; of one thing I am certain—here no wanderers from the world ever come in by quite the same gate; we all have different experiences and we see things differently, so what I will tell you won't be quite the same as that of others. . . .

I want to tell you that they took me away and have been explaining how they have built up their beautiful world out of this pearly mist, out of fine vibrations. They have set a mental picture upon it and have gradually created their surroundings. Now, I did not know, of course, how to use my new perceptions in this mind-world of theirs, so they took me into that wonderful land. Later I shall learn how to make my own world, as it were. . . .

We make our etheric body according to the nature of our thoughts and past life, so you would see a much younger Felicia, and I hope a more attractive one, but I should be just the same to you, dear. . . .

As regards our world, we make it together—each takes a small part in its creation; we divide the task, having agreed on the surroundings. A great many do not work at its creation; that is left just to those who have the natural bent for it. But it is a land complete in itself, yet it is not the only one, for I am told there are many young and undeveloped souls who can't directly appreciate anything that is not rather earthly.

It is so tremendously exciting, you know—the feeling of creating, building up; one gets it with an intensity I can't explain, except with the metaphor—it is like a whole Spring World throbbing with life and marvellous colours, and all are, as I know, the creation of these minds—you will come to it, because you will care with that keen mind of yours, and that sense of colour and sound. Both are so akin here. I have been told of other spheres, higher still, and I long for the time, which is still far away, when I can get to them; the work there may sound impossible, but it is true what I tell you. There the spirits have to generate the sparks of life—the flow of life, I should say, that goes into the vegetable world of yours; it means great

spiritual development, but one can attain to it, I am told.

I have solved one of your psychic conundrums, perhaps, by being on this side. I wondered why names used to stick with mediums. The memory of the medium, as a rule, is used for words. It is like a musical instrument—a note which one can touch; but most proper names are not notes in the instrument, and so one has to—as it were—improvise to continue sounds to aim at what one wants to get. Sometimes one gets right through, but rarely, so I am told. I mean the spirit controls the very hand, but usually we use the note in this instrument. It is simpler; the other way is much slower—you are quite clear to me.

I was not actually asleep; it was just as if I was comfortably drowsy, and old, happy memories came before me—times with you and with others, and it was all so peaceful, no jar, no fret, no ugliness which one meets with in earthly dreams.

I have no clock here. I only remember that twelve struck for me—that was the last—not the hour, the day, I think, was twelve; I was one of the fortunate souls; all the threads broke easily, and naturally I got quite away from my body and was not half-caught, as some are.

Death seems quite a beautiful word to me now. I have been brought through it, to such love, such wonderful changes in outlook and vision—I see such boundless possibilities before me. I can't speak of them. At present I am rather like a psychic vegetable—that sounds absurd. I mean I am just growing and busy, as it were, enjoying after all the strife this very blessed Peace—how I wish you were here with me and could know it!—no pain and the sense of complete youth without youth's immaturity.

I see now that it is as well, while still on earth, to go through a certain psychic readjustment, for if not on earth it must happen here, and it is better on earth, as it makes the first stage of this life easier. I went through that while on earth. I now see what it meant. Often I tried to let people realise how intensely I longed to be allowed more time to finish up some of my work. I felt rather bitter when it was denied me. That was worse than pain. Now I am perfectly happy. I know it was for the best. The people who don't go through it on your side are in darkness here for some time. I mean those who don't come up against that time of stress, that facing up of things, and who come here into this life before they have ever struggled or fought—they are still shut up in the chrysalis of self, which is a shroud, and have to remain for a time in dimness, because they could not bear the light.

Even those spiritually developed, if their lives have been very soft and pleasant, if they have had no suffering in passing, have to rest in dimness. We have to pay our price, every one of us. I mean we have to go through a certain amount of trouble if we are to be properly balanced for this life—prepared for it. [Matured, do you mean?] Yes; the physical must become like a fading flower, gradually dropping away.

The above is perhaps a little fragmentary, but we have unfortunately had to leave out much that brought in personal allusions to friends which have to be received in confidence. Still, we may mention that Miss Scatcherd stated that she was going to the Crewe circle and would show her face on a photograph, which has happened. She alluded to a poem she had written giving a description of the central idea of it. This was unknown to anyone present, but the poem was found later in an article published after her decease. Still, enough has been given to enable her many friends to see very clear tokens of her identity.

THE GREATER GLORY.

BY CAPTAIN Q. C. A. CRAUFURD, R.N., F.R.S.A.,
A.M.I.E.E.

Many of us are much interested in the possibility of beholding a particular aspect of the sun under eclipse conditions.

It seems to me that we may find a very strong analogy in the amazing phenomena that are dependent upon the total disappearance of all that we have been accustomed to call the sun. When the sun has been totally blotted out (and not until then) the corona becomes manifested to us. Ordinarily the vast proportions of the real sun remain hidden from our ordinary vision while we are absorbed in contemplating the more obvious core, and it is only when this more material central core has been completely blotted out by an intervening moon, that we become endowed, as it were, with second sight, and perceive the vast glory of the sun's greater self.

In ancient times a total eclipse of the sun appeared to be his total destruction, one might say his death. It is only at the moment of complete "death" that we can become aware of this greater glory.

A faint glow, an aura, becomes evident to those who are watching intently. This aura means that the sun is still "alive," and occupies certain regions of space inconceivably more vast than was ever dreamed about. Then the whole revelation fades away in the light of ordinary day. That momentary sight of the unknown, his etheric body as we might say, revealed to us in the period of his temporary disappearance from our physical sense, passes away as we regain our accustomed view of him.

And now comes the true lesson. That aura, or corona, is always there; it intervenes between us and what we see of the sun; we see him through it, and all the etheric vibrations which we call light are, and must be, modified by its presence.

What the central sun would be like, shorn of this outer envelope, it is impossible to say, but apparently it is this shroud which is responsible for the continual wireless messages we get which form those dark lines in the solar spectrum, known as Fraunhofer lines, and reveal so much to scientists through the aid of the spectroscope. They tell us that the material body of the sun is composed of much the same things that we recognise as portions of our material earth; they tell us what sort of a thing the sun would be if he was just crystallised out into ordinary material. He would not be very interesting. Cold, uninspired, unilluminating, he would become good, solid material—reminding one of the Hardened Materialist. Unable to give any but borrowed or reflected light, he would march through the universe, majestically obscuring or eclipsing anything that he could cover temporarily with his bulk. He would have lost his power to create, but, like the moon during a solar eclipse, he might, inadvertently, reveal the cloud of glory about those things that he had attempted to blot out. He would make a very fine Deity for those who only care to worship the material form. We may be thankful, however, that he is at present the embodiment of all life, energy and creation, and this is due to his extension beyond the bounds of material, into the ether of space.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTT'S BOX.

Mr. H. Ernest Hunt will lecture on "The Life and Work of Joanna Southcott," at the Hoare Memorial Hall, Church House, Westminster, on Monday evening, July 11th, when Mr. Harry Price will also deliver an address dealing with certain phases of Joanna's activities. The lecture will be illustrated with lantern slides, and during the evening the Box, now in possession of the National Laboratory of Psychical Research, will be opened. Members of the National Laboratory admitted free; cost of admission to general public, 3s. 6d.; time of commencement, 8 p.m.

MENTAL HEALING : A POSSIBLE EXPLANATION.

BY HORACE LEAF, F.R.G.S.

There are some things in Psychic Science which cannot be proved along rigid scientific lines, although a high degree of certainty concerning them can be arrived at along other channels.

Among them are the nature and condition of the next world and the method by which spirit communications reach us.

For information on such matters, we have to rely mainly on the testimony of the spirit-people. When that testimony is consistently in agreement, the weight of the evidence is in favour of its reliability; but evidence is not necessarily proof.

The following account of what is said to happen on "the spirit side," in connection with the efforts to heal by thought, conducted by myself and friends, must therefore be judged at its face value.

I am able neither to affirm nor deny its accuracy. One thing is certain: a number of extraordinary cures and partial cures have resulted to the sick persons upon whom we have concentrated, and these benefits have coincided with our efforts.

The power of suggestion can scarcely apply to everyone of these cases, as in some instances, where results have been extraordinarily good, the patients have been quite unaware of our efforts on their behalf.

The concentration has generally been done in classes devoted primarily to mediumistic development, not more than five minutes usually being given up to the healing effort.

From the commencement spirits purported to be interested in the work, and for a while encouraged us; but, after a time, unexpected complications seem to have arisen.

Spirits interested in healing but not in psychic development are said to have been attracted to the class and taken "power" for the purpose of healing the sick upon whom we concentrated. This is said to have interfered with the work of other spirits, whose principal interest lay in the unfoldment of mediumistic faculty.

An effort at compromise seems to have taken place between the two orders of spirits, and the hope was expressed by those superintending the mediumship development, that some of the healing spirits would assist them in their task as a compensation for the "power" they were taking away for curative purposes.

The upshot was the class was instructed either to devote a special evening entirely to the healing work, or else to lessen the time devoted to healing during the development classes.

This seems to indicate that the act of thought on living objects generates a special power or energy, which is able to affect them if only it can reach them. It has been said that this power can reach the patient by the unaided will of the thinker, but becomes much more effective when treated by spirit agents.

This force, however, is declared to constitute one factor only in the operation, thought itself having a direct influence on the sick person. Here the explanation becomes much more metaphysical, although not difficult to follow.

All minds (say our informants) are in some way connected, and only appear separate because of a process of specialisation undergone to make individuality. That individuality appears to be very complete on earth, largely because Mind is confused with Body, and is regarded as possessing dimensions similar to the body. Mind really possesses no physical qualities, i.e., no form, colour, dimension, nor weight, but actually functions in a timeless, spaceless universe. Because of this, all mind is one mind. This explanation may not be original nor true. It is certainly interesting.

"THE PROBLEM OF SURVIVAL."

The *Church of England Newspaper* is publishing, week by week, instalments of Sir Oliver Lodge's address to London clergy, delivered orally by Sir Oliver and stenographically reported, with corrections for the *C.E.N.*, by the author. In the course of his address, he remarks that there are many cases where science and philosophy seem to clash, just as science and religion have done, "always because they are looking at different aspects of the same thing." The difficulties about this subject, observes Sir Oliver, are due to a tendency to associate life and mind so closely with matter that we are unable to conceive their existence apart from matter:—"I have gradually come to the view . . . that, so far as we act on matter at all, we really act on it in a secondary way." . . .

The marvel is that we are associated with matter at all. That is the peculiar thing. I used to say that death was an adventure to which we might look forward. So it is; but I believe that really and truly it is earth-life that is the adventure. It is this earth-life that has been the strange and exceptional thing. The wonder is that we ever succeeded in entering a material body at all. . . . The attempt to explain life in terms of matter has failed. Mechanism has been used, but the material body is a temporary instrument. . . . Our material bodies are troublesome: troublesome to put on; troublesome to shake off; troublesome to deal with in many ways. They are not really ourselves: they are an instrument to be used for a time—a short time.

But it may be said of that view, If that is so, it seems to require a kind of pre-existence, an admission that we existed in the invisible world, in the ether or in space, and then condensed on to matter and moved about here for a time, and then went back whence we came? Well, in a sense, that is my view; but we must discriminate between mere life, on the one hand, and individual life, personality, on the other. I do not say that the *individual* has pre-existed. . . .

My view thus is that this individual self did not pre-exist, but has formed its character while in association with matter during this present epoch, this particular episode, of earth-life; and that then it rejoins its larger self, its pristine permanent reality, taking with it its developed character, but having shaken off the dust of the earth.

How MIND INFLUENCES BODY.—A striking experiment is recorded in "The Lancet." In the presence of two other medical men, the experimenter told a hypnotised subject that he was about to be touched by a red-hot iron; one of the other doctors, as previously arranged, then put his finger gently on the subject's arm. He cried out as if touched by a hot iron; the arm was bandaged and the bandage sealed. Next day the bandage was removed, and on the spot touched was found a small blister of the same size and nature as one subsequently produced on the same subject by an actual touch of hot iron. It would seem that during the night the subconscious mind of the patient, convinced that an actual burn had been inflicted, had set in motion the complicated train of operations in blood-vessels and tissues which would have been the natural reaction of the organism to an actual physical burn. Persons as susceptible to suggestion as this one are extremely rare; but I have quoted the case in order to put side by side with it the still more remarkable, but well-attested, story of St. Francis of Assisi, who, after a long period of meditation on the Passion of Our Lord, culminating in a vision of a crucified cherub, was found to have imprinted on his hands and feet dark blister-like protrusions corresponding to the wounds of Christ.

—From "Reality: A New Correlation of Science and Religion."

BY CANON STREETER.

JULY 2, 1927

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

A SPIRITUALIST HOSPITAL SUNDAY.

Sir,—Hospital Sunday has passed, and the people no doubt have given generously. Hospitals are one of the brightest features of Christendom. But what about psychic, mental or spirit treatment? Where can this be obtained under the same efficient conditions as orthodox therapy can be had? Certainly not at the hospitals, because our healing is still taboo, and more particularly so are the healers. Is it not time that some substantial funds should be available to assist this higher method of healing? It has fully justified itself in each of its various schools, Spiritualist, New Thought, Christian Science. Is it not time that there was a Spiritualist Hospital or a Psycho-Therapeutic Hospital run on lines broad enough to include any school of mental and psychic healing? Healing is being accomplished at many Spiritualist Societies up and down the country—but many sick do not know of this form of healing, or, knowing, are at a loss where to go for it, or cannot afford regular treatment.

If the Spiritualist Churches can be induced to take up a collection on Hospital Sunday for creating a public fund to assist this form of healing—would the Spiritualist National Union and the London Spiritualist Alliance act as Trustees for and administrators of such funds?

I should be glad if you would kindly give publicity to this suggestion (which, of course, needs elaboration if accepted).

Yours, etc.,

RICHARD A. BUSH,
President of the Psycho-Therapeutic
Society (Ltd.).

134, Hartfield Road,
Wimbledon, S.W.19.

A FURTHER CURE BY SPIRITUAL HEALING.

Sir,—I feel that I must add my testimony to that of your correspondent, Mr. Parsons, in *LIGHT*, of June 18th, as to the wonderful work being carried on at 26, St. George's Square, by the spirit of Dr. Lascelles and the mediumship of Mr. Simpson.

I arrived in London, in March this year, from Australia, suffering from acute valvular disease of the heart, having had two heart failures last year, diagnosis given by Melbourne specialist as follows: Two valvular lesions, heart failing, albumen nearly 100 per cent.; liver greatly enlarged and pulsating; blood pressure 220 (which he reduced to 165 later). He told me that I was absolutely incurable, and that I must consider myself an invalid for the rest of my life.

About this time my wife began to receive messages from the "other side" in the form of Automatic Writing, telling her not to worry about my condition, as all would be well later, and to go away from Melbourne; the name of the boat we were to travel on was even given to us, namely the *Maloja*; the reason for this we discovered afterwards, as we had a wonderful trip, and the coolest passage through the Red Sea that the crew ever remembered, otherwise I might not have been able to have stood the trip.

Now up to this time we had not any idea as to what or where we were being led, but, with faith in the guidance of the loved ones who were helping us, we kept on and arrived here in London, where we were met by my wife's mother, who told us about a famous spirit doctor and his wonderful cures, she herself having been cured by him. I went along, had treatment for three months (once a week), and yesterday was discharged cured. A week or so ago I walked to the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, up 560 odd steps, and never "turned a hair."

I feel that I must tell this to the world, as nothing short of a miracle could have cured me.

Yours, etc.,

J. H. CUNNINGHAM.

2B, Dawson Place, W.2.

MADAME DE STEIGER'S LIFE AND REMINISCENCES.—A DISCLAIMER.—Referring to our notice of the book, *Memorabilia*, by Madame Isabelle de Steiger, in our issue of the 11th, Mr. W. L. Wilmshurst writes pointing out that he was incorrectly included amongst several friends of Madame de Steiger who, it was stated, had passed from mortal life. Mr. Wilmshurst adds: "I was never one of the suggested 'circle' and, in fact, no such 'circle' ever existed between them, and only one of them was personally known to me. My friendship with Madame de Steiger was a private one, disconnected with any of the individuals named or the movements with which they were associated, and of which I have never been more than a detached observer."

LEAGUE OF NATIONS FESTIVAL.

Sir,—Hundreds of people inspected our bookstall and read the advertisements on our boardings explaining Spiritualism on Saturday, June 18th. Many interesting enquiries were answered, but not many could be tempted to pay sixpence to purchase our catalogue and view Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's wonderful collection of spirit photos. None the less, Messrs. Sissons, Sergeant and myself with Miss Mary Mills were kept busy all day piloting visitors around and explaining Spiritualism to all and sundry.

The bookstall, under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Clements and Mrs. Petz, could easily have become a battleground at any moment of the day, but the ease with which the Spiritualists turned criticism aside speedily proved to all listeners that we have a strong case worthy of investigation.

At the evening Mass Meeting we were allocated fifty seats in the orchestra, and although all the vast audience were not in sight of our mottoes, some thousands were surprised to learn on the first motto displayed that "Spiritualism Promotes Peace," and next that we thought "War is Hell," followed by another indicating that "Heaven is Peace."

Hundreds of free copies of *LIGHT* and *Two Worlds* were distributed at the exits. My personal thanks are tendered to all who in any way assisted.

Yours, etc.,

H. BODDINGTON.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM MISS SCATCHERD.

Sir,—I think it may interest some of your readers to hear that I have lately received three separate communications from the late Miss Felicia Scatcherd, who, as most of us know, played such an important part in the Spiritualistic movement during the last twenty years. She told me she greatly regretted having been taken away before she had accomplished her work here on earth, and she informed me that she intended to take up her work again here very soon.

Last week she delivered her message in her natural voice, and among other things she assured me that a great upheaval was shortly going to take place in Europe, which would be felt over the entire world. She thought it would be next year, but as they had no means of computing time on the other side, she could not definitely fix any time for the event. At one of the direct voice sittings, a flower dropped on to my knee, and fell on the floor. This greatly surprised me as the medium was the only one in the room besides myself, and she was certainly much too far away to have brought the flower to me. I could only conclude that Miss Scatcherd must have done it, since there was no other way of accounting for its presence. Such things do not seem extraordinary when one reads or is told about them, but they seem very weird and uncanny when they actually happen before one's very eyes. She also told me that she had just completed her rest cure on the other side, just as Mr. Stead related in his delightful book, "The Blue Island," which his daughter Estelle had published a few years ago, and which can still be obtained. Anyhow, if what Miss Scatcherd told me comes true, we shall enjoy her presence here for a considerable time to come.

Yours, etc.,

GEO. LINDSAY JOHNSON, M.D.

44, Cornwall Gardens,
South Kensington, S.W.

A MESSAGE.

"The stings of base enemies cannot wound or really assail and assail the spirit. A pure life can stand alone and undismayed. Let the slanderers go by—justification comes of God. The tongues of slander, serpent-venomed, will be powerless, confronted by upright purity of purpose. Unflinching truthfulness silences these, and draws down the benediction of celestial spirits whose wide-reaching influence, God-sent, brings healing and support to the sore-hearted."

—From "A True Record of Psychic Adventures."

By HYLDA RHODES.

LIGHT.

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THE NEW SCIENTIST.

The popular conception of the scientist, as visualised in the public mind up to within recent years, is rapidly undergoing a change. He was formerly regarded, and with some justification, as a lofty-browed, superhumanly erudite, dry-as-dust individual, painfully absent-minded, and unpractical on all mundane matters, and a person whose mental processes were conducted at such an altitude, that he completely lost touch with humanity and the affairs of common men.

This mental picture is fading, and in its place appears another. The erudition is there, deeper than before; the high range of thought reaches to still higher peaks; but in all other respects the change is startling. The scientist of to-day is in closer touch with human problems than many of those whose vocation would seemingly better fit them for the task; bishops, for instance. He is, moreover, acutely aware of practical issues, and is usually a person well-fitted to lead the minds of his fellows, instead of merely immersing himself in abstractions too far away from the common grasp to influence the ordinary plain citizen. The scientist of to-day tends more and more to become a man among men, instead of a lone and lofty peak in a vast, flat desert. The change is slow in coming, but it is none the less certain, and in the forefront is a small, but numerically increasing group of great scientists, who are at the same time great men.

It may be argued by the petulant critic, that this appraisal is extravagant and due to a prejudice in favour of those scientists who have supported the essential principles of Spiritualism by speech and pen. But our argument is quite impartial, and we can supplement it from many sources, but for the present we need only take one—an address delivered by Sir Oliver Lodge some time ago on "Problems of Existence," a lecture in which no mention whatever was made of Spiritualism itself. In that address the speaker discoursed upon life with a keenness of insight into interpretations of life, as well as an appreciation of the perplexities about it felt by the man in the street, which revealed a mind of outstanding quality. The tone was one of vital and pulsating optimism, not the unreasoning optimism of the man

in good spirits and robust health who radiates *joie-de-vivre*, but the calm, considered optimism of one who has examined the cosmos and found it good. "I have sometimes thought," said Sir Oliver, "that we carry the secrets of joy inside us. . . . The joy, the reality of life, is within you; but don't let it stay there, let it shine out." That is a cheering message. If this is the resultant conclusion of many laborious years of scientific study, it throws a pleasanter and more human light upon science than it has hitherto enjoyed.

At the beginning of his lecture, Sir Oliver Lodge reminded his hearers of a once-popular ballad, "Cheer, boys, cheer! there's a good time coming," which, in the rough, good-humoured tongue of the populace, seemed to sum up his attitude towards the universe. A very "unscientific" opening for a speech on so vast a subject, but one which made a very direct appeal to his auditors. The "good time" referred to was not, perhaps, near at hand, or, rather, it would not seem so to us who count time in years instead of millenia. Nevertheless, he felt impressed in several ways that the condition of the world is seriously going to improve. To gain experience one must have suffering, and the question was whether we made it worth while; existence itself is a great mystery; in fact, it is remarkable that anything should exist at all; the Universe is a magnanimous and patient thing; and what is it for? What are the worlds for? These great masses of matter in the universe are instruments and machines, all designed as part of a scheme towards the acquirement of some definite end in the mind of God. Life springs into existence wherever it can, matter passes away after being used for the creation of energy, but spirit is eternal.

Matter does not last for ever; it is only we who last for ever. The psychic, the spiritual, the mental, all that goes on, advancing, progressing. . . . We have got to get rid of the body, but do not make too much fuss about that; that is only scrapping the machinery that is worn out.

It is on these lines that a great scientist deals with the problem of existence—a very significant change from the attitude of pessimistic detachment which marked scientific thought even a few years ago.

YOUR GARDEN.

Have you seen me in your garden in the dewy hour of Dawn,
As I wander out of dreamland and its voice is calling me,
Thro' the stilly midnight spaces of my slumber swiftly drawn,
From the cark and care of daytime, and its weariness, set free?

There is fragrance in your garden, there is peace and beauty there,

In the freshness of the morning or the fierceness of the noon,
And my soul is ever turning from the dust and din elsewhere
To the glimpses of its glory, come and gone again too soon.

There is music in your garden when the throstles sing at eve,
And an all-pervading silence when the moonlight reaches me,
Sudden lighting-up of darkness and release from things that grieve,

As I gaze adown its vistas on the lone paths of the sea.

Stolen views of vagrant sweetness, come and gone again too soon,

In your garden's all-completeness, on the rich and flowing air!

And unseen of you (it may be) in the dawn, and dusk, and noon,

Though my body be forespoken, you will find my spirit there.

—ALAN MOORE.

FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE WINDOW.

To the well-known series on "How I Look at Life," in the *Daily Express*, Mr. Hannen Swaffer contributed an article in the issue of that journal for June 21st. In the course of his observations, which are very much in his own manner, full of quaint conceits and original points of view, Mr. Swaffer says:—

For a long time, as I could not see a purpose behind things, I ceased to care at all. Then I came among the fortunate ones. I had it proved to me—not as a matter of faith, but as a thing of knowledge—that I shall go on, after I have left this world, that somewhere else I shall have an opportunity of repairing all my blunders and correcting all my faults, that elsewhere will be compensations for what I have suffered, and lost, here; that in some place or other I shall have to plumb all the depths, and rise to all the heights, and experience all the miseries and all the joys.

I know, too, that I shall suffer for my innumerable sins, either now or hereafter, and, although this makes me rather timorous at times, I try to think that, perhaps, I am not really so bad as I must look sometimes to the morning sun. If I were, dogs would not love me as they do.

* * * *

Under the heading, "The Synthetic Soul," the *Newcastle Evening Chronicle* thus refers to present speculation on synthetic life:—

It may be true that many of the organic compounds found in living organisms have now been made in the laboratory, such as synthetic sugar and starch, but that scientists will thus eventually be able to evolve living protoplasm is a different matter, and does not seriously challenge the dictum that life proceeds only from life. Science, for all its wonders, is never likely to solve the Great Mystery, and the synthetic soul is a prospect that leaves one cold.

It would lighten, and, perhaps, direct the scientific labours alluded to, if in the common consciousness were rooted the simple idea that the Universe as a whole is a living thing.

* * * *

The *Star* and other newspapers report the mystery of a "ghostly hand," at Aosta, in the Turin province. We take the following paragraphs about it from the *Star*:—

Some months ago a brother of Della Villa died (says the British United Press from Rome), and the family hung up a photographic enlargement of him in the room in which he used to sleep.

One night, about 10 o'clock, Della Villa and his wife saw the clearly defined shadow of a hand appearing on the wall close to the photograph. The fingers opened and closed as if trying to grasp something.

The neighbours were called in, and some half-a-dozen people saw the phenomenon repeated. The shadowy hand appeared several times on other occasions, always at night, and the parish priest was called in to pronounce an exorcism, which had no effect.

From an article in the *Sheffield Mail*, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, on "What Spiritualism Can Do," this passage touches upon a truth that calls for frequent reiteration:—

The great point to-day is to combat pure materialism, which is represented even by men of the highest character. In spite of their character, the system is responsible for the Great War, and for many other of the misfortunes, economic and political, which have befallen the human race. Man needs a greater sense of responsibility in his actions.

* * * *

Writing in the *Clarion* on "Endor Up to Date," Robert Blatchford says that, while "in the bygone ages of religious terrorism the art of the fortune-teller and soothsayer was unprofitable and perilous,"

To-day, though nominally illegal, it is quite safe and lucrative, and if no one is the better it would be hard to say that anyone is the worse for it. Such fishing in dark waters is popular. But does it mean anything? Are these clients serious; do they believe in the cult? or is it just a game? I am inclined to think these dabblers in the occult are simply toying with fateful symbols, as children play with dolls or paper boats. The future into which they peer is like a stage, where can be seen an imaginary lover, or hero, or a garden fair to the heart's desire. And surely there is no harm in it, and the magicians get a comfortable living; so why not let the children play?

* * * *

The *Daily Mail* informs us that there is a maid-servant employed at a leading London hospital who has "backed the winner of the world's leading race for the last six or seven years," and remarks:—

She has no system. She does not stick pins into the list of runners. She has no secret stable information. She just gets what Americans call a "hunch."

Now, of what nature is this "hunch"? It must have a psychological interest far beyond its relation to the turf.

* * * *

Regarding the wedding of Senator Marconi and the Countess Marie Christine Bezzi-Scali, at which Signor Mussolini was a guest, the *Sunday Times* says:—

Senator Marconi met his bride in the course of a yachting cruise last summer. Their friendship ripened when they found that each was an ardent Spiritualist.

* * * *

The *Southend Standard* gives an account of personal psychic experiences related to the Southend Rotary Club by the Rev. R. Kennedy, Superintendent Wesleyan Minister of the Southend Circuit. Mr. Kennedy is not a Spiritualist, nor has ever attended a seance, but he is evidently a good clairvoyant. Here is one of four remarkable experiences that all occurred in the month of June. It happened while he was in a Northern town, after a member of his church, who was on the eve of a visit to Morecambe, had said to him, "I shall never return." Mr. Kennedy

was sitting reading when he felt a strange presence in the room, and, looking up, saw his friend standing before him. Neither spoke, and the vision faded away. He noted the time, 3 a.m., and next morning visited his friend's son to learn that news had just arrived of the father's death at that very hour.

STILLNESS AND SILENCE.

Mrs. M. E. Trotter, of The Manor House, Barstow, has sent us the typescript of certain messages received by automatic writing. Lack of space prevents our printing these, but we give below an extract which is well worth reproducing:—

You have been wondering to-day if you are wrong to keep in touch with those who have gone on. Why should it be? We know all the arguments used against it. Study them carefully, and see where the wrong lies. Do we teach you error? Do we lead you down in thought or up? Do we seem to you to believe in Christ and His great atoning Life, Death and Resurrection? Put your finger on one error we have taught, on one lie we have told you. We believe most deeply, firmly and very humbly, in the Lord Jesus Christ as God Incarnate, sent to manifest God the Supreme Father of all, and to bring men to a true knowledge of Him as Father, and not as a cruel, arbitrary Judge. Why is it more wrong to listen to Spiritual Teaching in the Silence of your heart than from other men still in their earth bodies? No, the wrong and terrible danger is when men seek from mere curiosity and "fun" to go to spirits, seek to see them, hold seances, and play with the Unseen. We want you to warn all you come across not to do this. It is like a child playing with edged tools, or with electricity. Only when prepared beforehand by humble prayer is it safe. There are untold numbers of undeveloped entities, and earth-bound souls, waiting for opportunities to get in touch once more with human bodies that through those earth-bodies they may once more enjoy what they now miss. These can only work harm to those they come in contact with, but a soul who prays for protection, one who comes in love and humility to be taught, can be sure his prayer is answered, and such a safeguard is put round such a one that only pure, holy, good spirits can approach. Ask yourself *why* you come—*why* you want to come in touch with the Unseen. Is it for curiosity? Then, for God's sake, stop it, and go no further. Is it for comfort? Is it for Teaching? Is it that you may live a more truly Christ-like life and help others? Then on your knees commit yourself to God, and ask Him to lead you into all Truth in His own time, and in His own way, then quietly wait, and you will be clearly shown, either by books or friends, or in the stillness of your own thoughts, that which is Truth *for you*. That at the moment is all that is needful or desirable. Practise being still and listening. God has many Teachers and many ways of teaching. Be you still, and God will do great things for you, but you must prepare the way by prayer and love.

MEDIUMS AND MEDIUMSHIP. — What is "a medium"? One whose constituent elements—mental, dynamic, and material—are capable of being momentarily decentralised. The innate tendency to dissociation in these peculiar constitutions is increased by the practice of mediumship, which tends to render the primarily abnormal state more and more easy and normal. This tendency is innate. In fact, mediumship is hereditary. I found this to be the case with all the powerful mediums that I have studied—both clairvoyants and those capable of ectoplasmic phenomena. Sometimes this heredity is direct, sometimes it appears in ancestors or collaterals; but it is always there, so clearly as to be undeniable.—From *Clairvoyance and Materialisation*, by Dr. GUSTAVE GELEY.

PIONEERS AND THEIR WORK.

Before the rich continent of America could be fully opened up, hardy, fearless men had to go forward with the few rude arms and implements they could carry, and live more or less brief lives within sound of the war-whoop.

Whilst they were slowly pressing back that terrible frontier, worthy folks in their comfortable beds far behind them were wont to shudder at the thought of them. The pioneers, these people reflected, were just wild idiots who would all get killed in the end. And what good were they doing anyway, except scratching a living for themselves in frightfully hazardous and unseemly circumstances? Those of them that paid fleeting visits back to civilisation were found to be unfit company for anyone. They seemed to half-belong to the queer folk with whom they were in contact.

Within a very few years, polite people were sleeping in safe, comfortable beds on the ground the rude pioneer had won. It was lucky he had won it, as otherwise the good folks further East would soon have been feeling very cramped and uncomfortable. The pioneer himself, by the way, had profited little. He was either dead or had been pushed further West. But he had won much treasure for his countrymen.

The spiritual poverty of the world has impelled men of courage and vision to the frontiers of a new faith. Those of us who are afraid to go home in the dark know right well that they are incurring grave risks, and we half expect the adventurers to sneak back one of these days, scared to death. Their methods and their implements are necessarily crude, and it seems impossible that they can make any headway.

A time will come, however, when the dread frontier will have been pushed further back, and thousands of us will be breathing freely and gladly on the ground where the lonely frontiersman once overcame his fears. A seance in those days will seem as ridiculous as a skirmish with red men in the woods, but it will have served its purpose.

MAC.

CLAIRVOYANCE EXTRAORDINARY.

Mrs. D. Smith, of Acton, writes:—

On Friday, May 13th, 1927, I was present at the British College of Psychic Science, Holland Park, when Miss Grace Collyns was giving clairvoyant descriptions. She described in detail a large new brick building. This description was recognised and definitely accepted by a gentleman in the audience, who claimed that it was Lloyd's Insurance Offices in Leadenhall Street, where he was employed. There was no message, however, although the medium obtained an impression of fire and twisted girders.

On the following Monday, May 16th, at Lindsey Hall, Notting Hill, I was present when Mrs. Neville gave clairvoyance. The medium stated that she saw a man, aged fifty-four years, tumbling off a high building, apparently in Canada. She sensed correctly that I had relatives in Canada, although this fact fits nowhere in the tale.

The man was described as falling through an obstruction, and finally breaking his fall half-way down. As this did not apply to me, I ignored the message.

On the following Thursday, May 18th, an evening paper reported the tragedy of a man, aged fifty-four, who fell 85 feet from Lloyd's Building in Leadenhall Street, on the same day that Mrs. Neville had "seen" it happening; according to the report, he broke his descent, as described, on some scaffolding 45 feet down, but, unfortunately, fell another 40 feet.

I might add that I am only an occasional visitor to Spiritualist meetings, and had never heard either of the mediums previously.

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MR. J. J. VANGO.

We print the following tribute to Mr. J. J. Vango, a pioneer medium, and one who has worked for very many years in the Spiritualistic movement. It is from the pen of Mr. J. A. Stevenson, the well-known sculptor.

A few years ago I had a seance in my studio with Mr. J. J. Vango, the clairvoyant. He described in detail the spirit of an elderly gentleman whose two dominant characteristics were that he was a "gentleman," and that he had a long beard, the length being indicated by the medium placing his hand at the second waistcoat button. I could not identify the spirit, but it occurred to me that it might be Lord X., deceased many years ago, for I had heard he was a former owner of the estate on which my studio is situated. So I suggested as much to the medium, who replied that the spirit smiled and nodded in acquiescence. I did not know what Lord X. was like, and Mr. Vango did not know him or that he had been connected with the property.

I determined to verify this description at once, if possible, and in company with the medium visited the local Town Hall on the chance of finding a portrait. None existed there, nor could I obtain a description of one. The public library had neither photograph nor painting. The Librarian in the Reference Room knew of nothing; no other enquiry for the same portrait had ever been made there. He indicated, however, that a recently published catalogue of portraits might contain a reference.

Eventually references were found in old numbers of the *Illustrated London News*: two illustrations, one from a photograph, and one from a wash-drawing. Both tallied exactly with Mr. Vango's description.

This seance is one of thirty or forty private sittings I have had with Mr. Vango—one of the band of pioneers who, during the last seventy years, have borne the brunt of the battle, and have lived to see their efforts triumphantly vindicated.

I first met him during the War—at a time when for many weeks he lived in fear that any visitor to his seance room might be a police-spy seeking a pretext upon which to prosecute. This was a veritable time of terror to "sensitives." In spite of this fear he received me without introduction, and gave me particulars of the death of a soldier friend reported "missing" in France. This was confirmed a fortnight later by the War Office.

Mr. Vango's recent departure from London to live in Nottingham impels me to pen a few words of tribute. For over forty years in London he has placed his remarkable gifts at the service of all-comers; to some quite freely; to others in his public seances at a nominal fee; and amongst them have been many famous people. Through him great numbers of sitters have been led to a belief in survival, and, not least, many spirit friends have been comforted in being able to return, and say "I am alive!"

Mr. Vango is a man's man, neither faddist nor crank, and the longer one knows him the more one is impressed by his transparent honesty and sincerity.

AN EDITOR'S PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

The editor of the *Manchester City News* repeats the story of a personal experience which he had already told in a pamphlet. He relates it again, because it is to him utterly baffling, except on one assumption, and hopes that "some hard, common-sense, and knowing person" will kindly afford him the explanation on matter-of-fact lines. Here is his example of the truth that is stranger than fiction:—

A seance was being held at the late Mrs. Leo Grindon's. Suddenly came the apparently nonsensical words, "Fal lal la!" Asked the meaning, the communicant said his name was Frank Hollins, that he had been a vocalist, that he was very fond of old-fashioned songs with choruses, that he had taken a part in the Christmas entertainments of the Manchester Literary Club, and that he had once given the members a Gilbert and Sullivan night. As I had never heard of this man, I asked him the date of his membership, and he gave it, adding—"Long before your time." He proceeded to say that his ambition in life had been to join an Opera Company and to appear on the stage; but "that was impossible," he said, "for I was lame."

All this seemed circumstantial, but I could obtain no verification of the facts. Six months went by. One summer's day I was at a picnic some thirty miles away.

RAYS AND REFLECTIONS.

"Cannot we get rid of 'isms and 'anities?" asks a strenuously progressive reader. No, I fear we cannot. We are not great enough yet. Our religion and our thinking must come within certain well-defined limits. All we can do at present is to make our "ism" or "anity" as broad and comprehensive as possible, and to keep enlarging it.

* * * *

Matthew Arnold, who was a very great writer and critic, shewed that this was the case even with Christianity. He said, "Two things about the Christian religion must surely be clear to anyone with eyes in his head. One is that men cannot do without it; the other, that they cannot do with it as it is." This was said many years ago, but we have only to look at the condition of the world to-day to see how amply it is proved. We see that men cannot do without the Christian ideal, and equally that they cannot do with it as it is.

* * * *

Turning the pages of a book, "Spiritualism Amongst Civilised and Savage Races," by Edward Lawrence, recently I came upon the following:—

Modern Spiritualism is a reversion of a dangerous nature, and consequently deserves no more place in modern thought than does any other crudity promulgated by well-meaning, but ignorant, men.

I am embalming this valuable dictum (like a fly in amber) so that it may be kept in memory in years to come when it may take rank with the statement of the authority who in the early part of the last century said that he would eat the first steamship that crossed the Atlantic, coals and all! It may also bear comparison with the recorded opinion of some brilliant journalists not a great many years ago, who stigmatised aerial flight as an impossible dream, a ridiculous Yankee stunt!

* * * *

I once heard a man who had investigated Spiritualism tell a group of curious friends that there were things in Spiritualism too marvellous to be told, for they would be generally received with incredulity; they were so contrary to the average man's idea of life and life-experience. I was reminded of the episode by what an old Spiritualist was telling me the other day regarding Proctor, an old-time medium, who belonged to Barrow-in-Furness. Those who knew him described him as a veritable genius. "It did not matter whether you wanted legal advice, medical advice, scientific explanations or philosophical discourse, whatever it was, Proctor had a guide who could hold his own with the finest minds with whom he ever came into contact." I am quoting from the statement of one who knew him.

* * * *

My informant says that Proctor could talk architecture to architects, science to scientists, music to musicians, and in every case could use technical terms quite outside the ordinary man's knowledge. My friend adds very pertinently, in view of the recent discussion on Shakespeare, that such a case as that of Proctor may form the key to the type of inspiration of which the Bard of Avon was the subject.

* * * *

It is not until the curious inquirer has made close acquaintance with Spiritualists that he realises how delusive is the idea that they are a race apart from the rest of the world. Indeed, I think there is more variety in view of outlook and character amongst them than amongst any other body of persons united about some article of faith, doctrine or practice.

D. G.

(Continued from previous column.)

A lady sang an old Lancashire song. When she had finished, someone remarked, "Frank Hollins used to sing that, with a Fal lal la!" I pricked up my ears. "Did you know Frank Hollins?" I asked. "Who was he?"

"Frank Hollins," said the gentleman, "was a fine old singer. He liked the old English ballads. He used to take part in our Christmas entertainments. Once he gave us a Gilbert and Sullivan night. Poor fellow, he wanted to go on the stage, and he applied to the Carl Rosa Opera Company, but they wouldn't have him because he was lame."

It sounded exactly like an echo of the message I had received. I never knew Frank Hollins, and had never previously heard of him; I was not even in Manchester during his lifetime. How am I to account for the message, which was true in every particular?

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

"The Sixth Sense." By Joseph Sinel. With a Preface by Macleod Yearsley, F.R.C.S., F.Z.S. (T. Werner Laurie, Ltd. 6s. net.)

This is a book of more than usual interest. It purports to be "a physical explanation of clairvoyance, telepathy, hypnotism, dreams and other phenomena usually considered occult." The author (a scientist) has discovered by his own investigations and experiences the reality of clairvoyance, telepathy and other powers usually denominated psychic, and refers with strong disapproval to the observations of those sceptical writers who have denied these things without having properly studied them. But in Spiritualism Mr. Sinel has no belief. He considers that all psychic phenomena can be explained by physical causes, and will have nothing to do with the "spirit idea." In this direction he discloses a rather amusing ingenuousness, as for instance where he says (p. 165) "The only explanation I can suggest with regard to the prevalence of Spiritualism, is, that its devotees do not seem to me to have troubled to thresh the matter out, so as to endeavour to find if there are not physical causes which can account for the phenomena they consider supernatural."

Now this is very droll, for after going through his book I find little or nothing with which any intellectually competent investigator of Spiritualism or psychic research is not quite familiar. Indeed, as regards the question of "threshing out," it would seem that our author has but a very small acquaintance with a number of scientific and philosophic works, such, for example, as the books of Mr. F. W. H. Myers, Dr. Geley, Professor Richet, Camille Flammarion, Dr. Hyslop and Mr. Stanley De Brath, which go very thoroughly and minutely into the subject.

It is significant to find the author writing of the pineal gland, and the part it plays in the production of psychic manifestations. But, of course, the Theosophists and others have dealt very fully with this theory, and those authorities who maintain that the pineal gland is the seat of supernormal faculty may welcome the confirmation of that idea which Mr. Sinel's book affords.

Notwithstanding these strictures, I found the book an exceedingly interesting one, for the author has devoted many years of study to clairvoyance, telepathy and similar powers, and gives some striking illustrations of the proofs he has received of their reality, howbeit he disputes their "supernatural" origin. But in this connection it is to be observed that no intelligent person attributes these things to anything "supernatural"; they are quite natural, and open a line of investigation of unlimited extent. It is a book to which LIGHT must return again for further attention, for in its way it is of distinct value as marking a kind of half-way line between the barren negations of the materialists and that rather uncritical attitude of mind which attributes everything of a psychic or supernormal nature to spirit-agency. What the author has clearly discovered is what most of us recognise, that there are in man certain inherent psychic faculties usually latent but occasionally coming into spontaneous manifestation. These powers are sometimes limited to the individual and have no special relationship to extra-mundane intelligences. That particular relationship depends on an extension and special application of these faculties. But that is a department of the subject with which the author has apparently yet to make closer acquaintance. In the meantime he is to be commended for a useful and instructive piece of work.

G.

"Spiritualism and Theosophy." By Arthur W. Osborn, M.C. (Ruskin Press, Melbourne. 2s. net.)

I enjoyed this book for many reasons. First, Mr. Osborn does not brush Spiritualism contemptuously aside, and again he is tolerant beyond the average Theosophist. Few will quarrel with the author in his appeal to all seekers after truth, that they should aspire to the Highest. Most Spiritualists will like this book.

"Occultism, Christian Science and Healing." By Arthur W. Osborn, M.C. (Melbourne: Solar Publications, Ruskin Press, Melbourne. 3s. 6d.)

Here again Mr. Osborn, although writing from the standpoint of Occultism, shows his tolerance and kindness. He criticises Christian Science, but is willing to admit that it possesses certain good points: It is, however, as a treatise on Healing that I cordially recommend this book. As such it is excellent.

A. HAROLD WALTERS.

"The Psychic Messages of Jesus." By Louise Gould Randall. (Richard G. Badger: Gorham Press, Boston. \$2.00 net.)

A foreword states that these writings were received by direct illumination of the conscious mind; a Superior Presence was felt; distinct utterance was heard, although without sound. The Jesus here revealed is indeed a stranger, and the present writer questions the wisdom of publishing these MSS. as messages from Jesus. The book, which is handsomely got up, may be obtained from The Psychic Bookshop, Abbey House, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

"Stories and Poems." By "Marjory." (The Miles Press, Bristol. Price not stated.)

An autobiography, a story and various short poems make up this 45 pp. booklet. The author tells of her own cure of tuberculosis by spirit agency. Simple unpretentious writings.

A. HAROLD WALTERS.

SPIRITUALIST COMMUNITY SERVICES.

In the course of his address last Sunday, at Grotrian Hall, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle said that he considered there was an ample sufficiency of evidence to prove to the world the absolute fact of continuity of life after death, the trouble being however that the world is so reluctant to accept it. Critics say that ninety-five per cent. of this evidence is doubtful, but surely, said Sir Arthur, if one single case is proved to be true beyond a shadow of a doubt, that were sufficient to solve the problem for good and all.

What is now needed is a more comprehensive knowledge of the life and interests in the life beyond. Much has been given to the world by spirits whose word can unquestioningly be relied on, though it is difficult to realise the enormous difficulties which confront the spirit who tries to communicate. "'Pheneas' says that it is like speaking on a long-distance telephone, with constant interruptions by cross-currents."

It is certain that the more that is known of the after-life the less there is of shadow, and the more there is of sunlight.

Beginners frequently ask how far can we be sure of the accuracy of our information, but the concensus of witnesses is most striking. All agree that there are lower spheres, where the inhabitants have the power, as soon as real contrition is shown, to progress, but the "earth-bound" ones are moored as it were to their old harbour, and are often held by bonds of strong possessions, love of country, earthly occupations, family ties, etc., added to which they frequently do not realise that they are dead. They frequently gravitate to those who are sensitives, and to such, a service where spiritual teachings are given, is of inestimable value.

Spiritualism has made Heaven infinitely more attractive; it is a culmination of this life unhampered by the limitations of the body and free from worries of health, increasing age, and finance. Everyone is busy with congenial tasks. If only the world had used reason and common-sense there would have been no need for this so-called "New revelation." We know we shall have what the heart desires whatever it may be, so long as it is good, for it is the desire of all awakened souls to advance spiritually.

M. J. C.

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.

In introducing his subject, "The Finding of the Path," Mr. H. Ernest Hunt, speaking last Sunday at Aeolian Hall, said there was an old classical proverb, "All Roads lead to Rome," but that, nowadays, can be taken as meaning that all roads led upward and onward to God. Whatever came to man, were it good, or seemed it evil, led him assuredly to God his Father, because life was so constructed that man had an inevitable urge to learn, which meant progress. But nature did provide an option. When the voluntary effort failed, a compulsory method was introduced. The vast majority of people who came into Spiritualism did so through the compulsory method, that is, not willingly, but through Trouble. There was healing in the wings of the Angel of Death! And yet there was "a more excellent way." The way of religion, not dogma and creed, but a living, vital, pulsating thing that worked in a man and through a man; charity and love were man's sole means of growth. But all paths led eventually to God, and all things worked together for good to them who loved God.

The clairvoyante was Mrs. Annie Brittain, whose descriptions and messages were highly evidential.

V. L. K.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

"POSSESSED." By Rosalie and Edward Synton. (Hutchinson & Co. 7s. 6d.)

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Wednesday Services at 7.30 p.m.

Worthing Spiritualist Mission Church, Grafton Road.

Sunday, July 3rd, 11 and 6.30, Miss Eva Clark. Thursday, July 7th, Mrs. Williams, 3 p.m., Members only. 6.30 p.m., for Public.

SUNDAY'S SOCIETY MEETINGS.

Lewisham.—Limes Hall, Limes Grove.—July 3rd, 11.15, open circle; 2.45, Lyceum; 6.30, Mrs. G. F. Knott. July 6th, 8, Mrs. A. Roberts.
Camberwell.—The Central Hall, High Street.—July 3rd, 8, Mr. A. Vout Peters; 6.30, S.N.U. Delegates. Wednesday, 7.30, at 55, Station Road, public circle.
Shepherd's Bush.—73, Becklow Road.—July 3rd, 11, public circle; 6.30, Mr. H. H. Hitchcock. July 7th, 8, Mr. F. Crooks.
Peckham.—Lausanne Road.—July 3rd, 7, Miss Elliott (President, B.S.L.U.). Thursday, 8.15, Miss L. George.
Richmond Spiritualist Church, Ormond Road.—July 3rd, 7.30.
Croydon National Spiritualist Church, New Gallery, Katharine Street.—July 3rd, 6.30, Mrs. A. Boddington.
Fulham.—12, Lettice Street (nr. Parsons Green Station).—July 3rd, 11.30, circle; 2.30, Lyceum; 7, Miss L. George. Thursday, 8, Mrs. Brownjohn.

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Sessions for Trance and Direct Control.
Tuesday, 5th, at 8 ... MRS. A. ROBERTS
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Note: During the Summer months the FREE PUBLIC LECTURES are discontinued. They will recommence at the beginning of October and form part of the Autumn work, full particulars concerning which will later on appear in the syllabus of the Autumn Session.

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