

# 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.

### FORESEEING THE FUTURE.

In the *Sunday Express* of 10th inst. Mr. H. G. Wells discourses on the question of dreams and premonitions. He cites the case of Mr. Townley Searle, the London bookseller, who the other day told the story of his dreaming one night that among the stalls in the Caledonian Market he found and bought a first edition of Thomas Hardy's "Desperate Remedies," which is worth £100, and how on the following morning he visited the market, recognised the stall of his dream, and found and bought the three volumes for a shilling. Mr. Wells also tells how he himself had a premonitory dream of a bicycle accident, which later came to pass. Discussing this and other instances, Mr. Wells develops a curious theory of prevision. It is that the period we call *now* is largely conditioned by our consciousness. It may be of much larger extent than we imagine. It may take in what for the ordinary mind are future events. It may enable some persons to tap mental states a little ahead of them. Referring to Professor Gilbert Murray's well-known telepathic experiments with his daughter, he suggests that the professor should "try to get scenes to his daughter which would not be revealed to her later." That would test the theory that what is previsioned is always something that the seer will have made known to him later. It is a very ingenious theory, and although we cannot easily accept it, it would be interesting to have it tested.

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### AMERICAN INDIAN SPIRIT CONTROLS.

Oskenonton, Chief of the Bear Tribe of the Mohawk Indians, who is well known in the concert world as a vocalist, is personally known to us, and we give elsewhere "J. A.'s" account of how he took Oskenonton to a sitting with Mr. Foster with a view to identifying "White Wing," who purports to be the Indian control of the medium. In the course of a letter to us, Oskenonton writes that he has seen and met many so-called mediums supposed to be controlled by Red-Indian spirits and he was always rather doubtful as to most of them; but in the case of "White Wing" he is quite convinced of the reality of that control whose knowledge of native ceremonials and signs, etc., was correct. Further, Oskenonton writes: "I recognise 'White Wing' as an Indian brother." Now, this is very interesting as a proof of identity, coming as it does just at a time when the subject of Indian control is in the air. It is only fair to say, however, that there have been several tests of this

kind made in the past in which mediums controlled by Indians have been confronted by people knowing the particular dialect and finding it correct as spoken by the medium. Probably it is not the first time (although we have no knowledge of any particular case) that a medium under the influence of a Redskin has been confronted by a Redskin in the flesh and tested. Oskenonton's remarks that he found many so-called mediums and controls "rather doubtful" is significant. It is another illustration to us of the fact that a great amount of scepticism is caused by exhibitions of imperfect or confused mediumship. These are always most in evidence in our subject, and do a great amount of mischief in repelling those who are making scientific investigations into psychic facts.

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### THE NEXT SPHERE.

It has often been said by spirit communicators that we shall never get any clear idea of the conditions of their life until, passing over, we are ourselves living amid those conditions. Even then, probably, we shall not, in many cases, have a very clear idea. But of the reality of the spirit world itself there can be no reasonable doubt. Here is a rather striking quotation from Andrew Jackson Davis, that great seer, which touches the point.

Age (says Davis) is not represented in the physical person in the other life, but wholly by the expression of the eye and the temper of the mind. "Age," as we call it, is not seen or known there. Those philanthropists [previously described] receive souls from the battlefields. For ages these celestial Samaritans have gathered the soldiers as they came, in large parties at a time, direct from the cannon's mouth or the bayonet's point. The newcomers are slowly introduced to a new and a different life; and this is done with such gentleness, with such beautiful and graceful methods! The spirit world is thus brought into actual experience, and the very life of it is seen and realised. Many of these visions of things would require most delicate descriptions to make them acceptable to the common sense of the world. But I tell you that the existence of the Summerland is not more mysterious than the formation and existence of a man's body, out of the invisible life of his nerves. I fully believe that the existence and actualities of the next sphere will become a part of science, and that its philosophy will be as plain as the existence of such planets as Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn.

THE original seven principles of Spiritualism are universal in their application, and can be accepted by the adherents of every religion, without impugning their loyalty to whatever prophet they may have been taught to regard as above all other prophets. And surely the fact that the teachings received through Spiritualism are in agreement, more or less, with the teachings of several great prophets does not make it necessary to bring their names into a purely Spiritualistic Credo.—

B. M. GODSAL.

# MOUNTAIN MAGIC

## THE MYSTERY AND GLAMOUR OF THE HILLS

By F. E. Leaning

The great cardinal points of the calendar have each a strong and distinct psychic atmosphere attached to them, and the one we are now enjoying has that quality about it which has been called "midsummer madness." Probably it is caused in part by the large number of people who are gone or going for holidays, and whose excitement spreads sympathetically as they feel the call to seek the lake-isle of Innisfree, or the farmhouse on the Yorkshire leas, or the sunny sands where they may "hear the mighty ocean rolling evermore." Many are already on the open road, greeting the fresh wind, following it into the blue distance, and for some of us that road must always lead northwards, and to some height from which we can "behold the land that is very far off." Those who know this spell best know the strange thrill that comes with the least reminder of mountain tarns and lonely rugged summits; the home of the spirit lies there. Every poet has risen to his grandest under the inspiration flowing from the mountain sanctuaries, and we go thither in very good company.

But this dear land of ours is furnished with more kinds of influence than one. St. Michael may, indeed, rule the western sea in the south from his noble "guarded mount," and St. Columba may spread the fragrance of an ancient sanctity from the holy island in the North, but there are coastland and inland heights where something very different prevails. Writing on the very eve of St. John, whence can be seen the bale-fires flaming on the hills of that Scottish

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,"

a thousand echoes crowd the mind, of wild old legends and dark tales of bygone years, until our modern civilisation seems a mere flimsy tent pitched precariously in a wilderness of much sterner import. The homely, too familiar, spirits of the seance room fade into trifles before this vaster, older world, and cultured scepticism may there meet with things that shall make it catch its breath, and flee back with all speed to the kindly shelter of its laboratories and decent lecture-halls. Mountaineers are credited with being "superstitious." There is ground for it. My friend the occultist tells me that there are other races than the human. Some are small and pretty—the pixies of Cornwall, and the *sidhe* and fairy-folk of Ireland, and comfortable brownies, small elves, and such like. But these little Pucks and Ariels do not haunt, or harm, or strike with nameless fear, the ignorant and bold adventurer on a mountain side, who sets out thinking that a steady head and a sufficiency of sandwiches will bring him through any expedition he cares to plan. We heard a year or two ago of a gigantic figure looming through the mists as a belated tourist wandered on the slopes of a Scottish mountain. The late Mr. Brodie Innes, whose boyhood, like that of William Sharp, was passed in close and sympathetic touch with Celtic faith and feeling, has spoken of strangely haunted spots, such as that near Craigellachie on the Spey, and one near the shore of Loch Freesa. There are known danger-spots in the Alpes and Andes, and also in Great Britain, where lives are lost, not by those normal accidents which the climber knows as parts of the ordinary risk, and guards against, but in a way that suggests other forces altogether as being at work. A certain author has put forward the theory that when Christians go exploring into regions not taken over by Holy Church, they are fair prey for the powers of

the air; a view which we may accept with the modification that if the said Christian is a sensitive, and goes where the conditions are psychically unhealthy, he is as liable to "be caught" as a fly that unsuspectingly buzzes into a spider's web.

The same learned author has described a sudden and awful panic that descended on him when he was making a precipitous ascent in the island of Madeira. Below him there stretched a cloud-filled gulf of over two thousand feet deep, and when the guide dislodged a rock, and the thunder of its fall rose out of that abyss, as from another world, to the hearer on his dizzy ledge, it was enough to try even practised nerves. He discusses the question of the superstition of mountaineers, and finds the defence in the fact that they dwell near to Nature and the Unseen, in a deep solitude which tends to induce reverential thoughts, and where "the traveller naturally turns his thoughts to those unseen companions whom he believes to be journeying with him." He is referring to the saints, and, for a book written before 1850, this is quite good. He does not see any inconsistency later on in speaking of the tendency, which all are liable to feel in some degree on a height, to cast themselves down; in some cases people act as though an "unseen companion" were compelling them to do so. We cannot account for this "phobia," as we can for the correlated ones of fear of closed places and of open ones, since both of those are life-preserving. It is possible that there is something analogous about certain spots to the psychometric effect of objects which cause a person to "take on" the conditions associated with its owner, and which are displayed when a house affects its residents in a particular way. Where one man has yielded to the nameless impulse, others may more readily do so, through the "psychic traces" left; and the experienced guide holds the tourist back, whether he needs it or not!

Whatever the theory, mountains certainly play strange tricks with the nerves. There are two stories, both connected with the Lake District, that come to my mind. One may be legend; it has quite the right shudder about it! It is related by Harriet Martineau, of a spot on the western shore of Windermere, near the Ferry Nab, and concerns an old quarry in the wood which no man will go near at midnight. She calls her story "The Crier of the Claife," and says, "We know all how and about it, except just what it really was."

It was about the time of the Reformation, when a party of travellers were making merry at the Ferry House—then a humble tavern—that a call for a boat was heard from the Nab. A quiet, sober boatman obeyed the call, though the night was dark and fearful. When he ought to be returning, the tavern guests stepped out upon the shore, to see whom he would bring. He returned alone, ghastly and dumb with horror. Next morning he was in a high fever, and in a few days he died, without explaining. For weeks after there were shouts, yells, and howlings at the Nab on every stormy night, and no boatman would attend to any call after dark.

The Monk of Furness was applied to for a ceremony of exorcism, which he carried out on Christmas Day, and confined the evil thing to the Quarry. Foxhounds stop short of it, and a schoolmaster from Colthouse "who left home to pass the Crier was never seen

more." This story conforms to the favourite old-fashioned type which thrills and gives no explanation, and is quite free of dates or names or shackles to the imagination.

Not so my second, which is as well-authenticated as it can be, and founded on a written first-hand account, not only by a lady whose whole life history is given, but reported by no less an author than de Quincey, in his "Reminiscences of the Lake District." It is very long, and space, therefore, requires me to condense it somewhat. The young lady concerned, Miss Elizabeth Smith, had gone out alone on a sketching expedition up the sides of the waterfall, which is known as Airey Force, and which flows through Gobarrow Park down its glen into Ulleswater. She had been climbing for something over half an hour, finding her way among the boulders as well as circumstances permitted, when "all at once she found herself in a little stony chamber, from which there was no advance egress possible. There was a frightful silence in the air. She felt a sudden palpitation at her heart, and a panic from she knew not what. . . . On looking round, she found herself standing at the brink of the chasm, frightful to look down. . . . It seemed to her that at no price could she effect an exit, since the rocks stood round her, in a semi-circle, all lofty, all perpendicular, all glazed with trickling water or smooth as polished porphyry. Yet how, then, had she reached the point? The same track, if she could hit that track, would surely secure her escape." Round and round she walked, gazing with despairing eyes, her breath becoming faster and faster, consciousness almost failing her, till, by a strong effort of self-control (for she was a woman of unusual strength of character), she stilled herself, remembering that the Divine protection is never withdrawn from the faithful soul. Quieted by these thoughts, she looked upward; the tall birches growing on the highest summits and the clouds sailing slowly overhead were all she could see. But "suddenly, she saw clearly, about 200 yards away, a lady, in a white muslin morning robe," such as was worn then (1800), who beckoned in a manner that instantly gave her courage to advance, and in some way that she never understood, she found the outlet which previously had seemed non-existent. The figure continued to guide her by gestures, and she believed she recognised in it her own sister, but as soon as she had reached a spot which permitted the rest of the way to be clear and safe, it was no longer to be seen. Two hours later she reached home, to discover that her sister had never left the house, but had been earnestly occupied with her own studies the whole time.

THE LATE FRANCIS GRIERSON.

From a letter addressed by Mr. Waldemar Tonner to Mr. W. Buist Picken regarding the transition of Mr. Francis Grierson, we are permitted to take the following passages:—

My beloved friend passed away without a moment's warning as he was playing one of his impromptu compositions. The piano was a poor one and very hard to play; the effort was too great, and it struck his heart. He just sat there perfectly still; the piece was long and seemed to be finished. I thought he was resting for a moment, as he often did after a great effort. It lasted too long, and I went to him—he was gone.

Mr. Tonner adds that the circumstances of his death were grossly exaggerated in the Press, and continues:—

There was no starvation. Francis Grierson was quite happy and ate heartily, if anything, too heartily, and you know he suffered from chronic indigestion, and the heart stopped suddenly. He would have been 79 next September. He looked and acted like a healthy man of 50. His voice and conversation was that of a young man. His body was cremated by the advice of his friends, and his ashes rest in a beautiful mausoleum in a wonderful part near here [Los Angeles] called Forest Lawn.

THE PERFECT MEDIUM.

A writer in a recent number of LIGHT compares the medium to a muddy pipe, and the spirit message to water running through it. The figure is roughly accurate, and very illustrative, but hardly fair to the medium.

If you attempt to write with your left hand, not being accustomed to doing so, or if you try to speak a language of which you know only a smattering, you will vaguely realise the difficulty a "control" has in "getting through." Remember that when you are writing with your left hand, you yourself are the control, and you are using a medium you have adapted to your ordinary requirements.

Look at your fingers, and ask yourself what the markings on them suggest. You may not be familiar with the phenomena, but for each finger they significantly resemble the "map" of a magnetic field. Our finger markings, we know, are peculiar to our personality. And never in human experience have the finger markings of any two persons been found to be exactly alike. Equally less, or much less, is it likely that two human brains, cell for cell, will be alike.

This resemblance of our finger-prints to lines of electro-magnetic force seems to me to support the hypothesis that the physical being is informed by an etheric one. The etheric being is almost beyond our powers of visualisation. I suspect, myself, that it is not three-dimensional, and that our finger patterns are but the projections of a portion of it on a material plane.

Whatever be the nature of the psychic being, the physical brain it slowly shapes to its needs is an implement of exquisitely complicated design. We know that the slightest derangement of it tends to shut the user off from the material world, which fact helps us to understand why a great mind using the brain of an average one has to talk nonsense, and why even an average mind using the brain proper to another average mind always seems at a disadvantage.

There cannot, then, be a perfect medium. But whilst the fact that no two etheric beings are exactly alike seems to obtain for those simultaneously inhabiting the flesh, among the myriads of such beings in existence there must be some that are more or less replicas of others. A medium *en rapport* with an etheric being closely corresponding with his own, would give nearly perfect results for that particular control. And the more familiar the control became with the implement, the more satisfactory the results would tend to become. We know that most mediums are intimate with some favourite control, and that the messages improve in clarity with time.

The perfect medium—that is, the medium who can be used equally well by a great mind and a small one—is clearly and essentially impossible.

It remains to be seen whether the scientist can devise some less haphazard method of communication.  
MAC.

PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO MISS F. R. SCATCHERD.

Mr. James Coates writes: "The proposal of 'G. M. R.' that this memorial should take the form of annual lectures is good, but it might be supplemented by three portraits of Miss Scatcherd, in oil, to be presented, one to Dr. and Mrs. Drakoules, one to Miss Stead for the Stead Bureau, and one to be hung in the Library of the London Spiritualist Alliance.

CONDITIONS IN PUBLIC CIRCLES.—"C. P." sends us a protest against the lack of consideration for mediums shown at public circles, and quite truly remarks that the genuine medium is a very highly sensitive instrument, sometimes very much at the mercy of the mixed impressions and feelings of the audience. It is a matter to which LIGHT has several times given attention, and we hope those who have the welfare of mediums at heart will enforce the lesson.

MR. DAVID GOW, Editor of LIGHT, is away on holiday and personal letters addressed to him will be dealt with on his return.

## TWO VERIFIED VISIONS.

A South African correspondent, Mrs. Nancie Allan, of Capetown, sends us an account of some of her psychic experiences, from which we quote the following:—

Late one evening, in October, 1915, I arrived at a house in Newcastle, where I had arranged for board residence.

Of the family I knew nothing beyond the following facts: There was a widowed mother, Mrs. N., and a daughter living in the house. The only son was at sea. The mother had been a widow for about two months.

The moment I met Mrs. N. I felt attracted to her, and anticipated being happy under her roof.

My bedroom was on the first floor. As I entered it there was a distinct sense of—as it were—another presence. I confess to being somewhat nervous, even though the "presence" seemed friendly. I turned off the light, got into bed, and slept. I did not dream in the ordinary sense of the word, but I became aware of seeing somebody whom I knew to be the late Mr. N. The figure gave more sense of reality than does our own flesh and blood. There was life there, more vivid than I had known it. Words fail to express the brightness of his countenance. It was luminous, but did not seem to require darkness in order to make this apparent. He seemed to be showing me parts of unfinished furniture, including an old-fashioned "poster" bed; of one corner of this he seemed to be particularly proud. I gathered that he had made, or had been engaged in making, furniture.

This incident haunted my mind during the following day. I wished, and yet feared, to speak of it. However, during the evening I found courage to tell my landlady of my vision.

Mother and daughter were amazed. They told me that, as a hobby, the father had, during his lifetime, made some of the household furniture. He had built an old-fashioned "poster" bed, and of one particular corner he was especially proud, having constructed this portion without the proper kind of tool required for that purpose. I was told that my description of his appearance was accurate. "Have you a photograph of Mr. N.?" I asked. "That is father," was the reply, referring to a picture on the wall. "I should not have recognised him," I replied, adding, "The man I saw was more round of face." This remark caused more surprise. The family had always agreed that the photograph was too "long-faced" to be a good likeness.

Later I was shown a "snapshot" of the late Mr. N. that I recognised, and which had always been held to be a better likeness. I was now distinctly nervous, being convinced that I had seen Mr. N. in spirit form. Nevertheless, I refused to display cowardice, and at bedtime entered my room alone. Perhaps it was fancy, but I seemed to receive a welcome. Walking firmly to the centre of the room, I entreated firmly: "Please, God, do not make me clairvoyant." A distinct sense of disappointment was borne to me. It was as vivid as though someone had said: "I am so sorry. I did think I might speak to you." Then there was a great stillness in the room, suggesting that some vibration had ceased. In my soul only was there a great sorrow such as I might feel in withholding a joy that lay in my power to give. . . .

I have already mentioned the fact of Tommy N., the son of the house, being at sea in October, 1915.

One night, not many weeks after that date, when I was on the verge of sleep, I caught a glimpse of the boy. The vision was gone in a flash. It was as though he or I were being whirled through space at a terrific rate. I wished I could see more of him. I caught the blue of his eyes and his mop of curly hair. I saw also whiskers of some sort, but my reason denied that that could possibly be.

Next day I described the incident to Mrs. N. and her daughter. They seemed uncertain as to the colour

of his eyes. Discretion suggested that I should not speak of "whiskers," but I did assert doubtfully: "He has whiskers." Such could not be, they said, as he was only a boy.

A week or two passed, then one evening, as I entered our dining-room, a young man looked up from the table. I was not surprised to recognise the young man of my waking dream, who was introduced as Tommy N. During the evening he told how homesick he had grown. "We were so long at sea that I did not trouble to shave," he said. Then, with boyish pride, he added, "I grew quite a fair crop of whiskers."

## AN INTERESTING CROSS TEST.

"WHITE HAWK" AND "GEORGE."

BY ELLISON HAWKS, F.R.A.S., etc.

A short account of an interesting cross test that took place last week may interest readers of LIGHT.

At a sitting at Beckenham with Mrs. Barkel, there were present my wife and myself. Through the good offices of "White Hawk" (Mrs. Barkel's control), my sister Winifred (who passed over some 25 years ago) told my wife that she would try that night to move her engagement ring and place it on one of my fingers. It occurred to me that this test was evidently intended to take place at a sitting previously arranged for the same evening with Mrs. Baylis. This assumption was subsequently confirmed by "White Hawk," whom we invited to the Baylis sitting also. He promised to try to come through to us, and said he would make "George" (Mrs. Baylis's control) let him come through on this occasion. "George," he said, was a particular friend of his, and he jokingly told us that "If George does not let me come through to-night, I will never speak to him again!"

In the same evening at a sitting with Mrs. Baylis at Maid Vale, there were six sitters present, including my wife and myself. My sister was one of the first to come through to my wife, who sat immediately on my right. As soon as Winifred had been identified, my wife placed the ring in a particular position, as instructed at the afternoon sitting by "White Hawk." It left her hand and "arrived" on the third finger of my left hand, which was resting on my knee. Immediately after this I felt a heavy ring on the fourth finger of my left hand being removed, and a few seconds later my wife called out that my ring had been placed upon the corresponding finger of her left hand. (I was under the impression that this ring had not been moved by my sister, but by my father-in-law, who passed over two years ago, and on asking if this was so the reply came in the affirmative.)

Apart altogether from this cross test between "White Hawk" and "George," the sitting was extremely interesting—as sittings with Mrs. Baylis always are for us. Three spirit friends wrote their names and messages for me, and a dog "Jack" (that had been in my wife's family for some twelve years, and passed over seven years ago) materialised. After running round the circle, and scratching the legs of the sitters, Jack jumped on to my wife's lap, and for a minute or two exhibited great affection and excitement. It was then called off by its master's whistle, but before leaving us gave half a dozen joyful barks as distinct and nearly as loud as that of a material dog. So excitedly did Jack claw my wife that she fully expected to find her stockings in shreds!

Some interesting and evidential detail also came through, particulars of which may be given at some future date, and three friends materialised to us.

As good as his word, friend "White Hawk" was early on the scene, evidently having prevailed upon "George" to let him come through, under his dire threat of eternal silence should he refuse! He first announced his presence by his characteristic "Ha, Ha!", and was joyfully acclaimed by the sitters. In addition to his voice, his presence was evident by the touches of his very large hand, the identity of which no one could possibly mistake.

I am glad to have this opportunity of giving publicity to the services in the cause of truth of "White Hawk" and "George"—to say nothing of Mrs. Barkel (whom "White Hawk" calls his "coat"! ) and of Mrs. Baylis, whom he has very appropriately dubbed "The Plasticine Lady"!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

INDIAN CONTROLS: A PROOF OF IDENTITY.

Sir,—Some little time ago, when Mr. W. E. Foster, the well-known Healing Medium, was having tea with me in our London flat, he treated me to an apparently quite unpremeditated exhibition of the powers of his Red Indian Control, White Wing. I am usually rather hyper-critical, and moreover, it is difficult for an European to assess the Red Man's language, atmosphere, tone of voice, ceremonial, and the hundred little manners of race. Nevertheless, I was sufficiently impressed to suggest to Mr. Foster that a meeting between White Wing and a genuine Red Man might be an excellent test of White Wing's authenticity. Mr. Foster readily agreed, and therefore arranged a meeting at our flat with a view to introducing him to our friend Oskenonton, the well-known singer, who is hereditary Chief of the Bear Tribe of Mohawk Indians. As the result disclosed points of evidential value, it may interest such of your readers as are endeavouring to distinguish between the phenomena of sub-conscious impersonation, including the extension of the human faculties and those of genuine control by a discarnate spirit. I am aware that your space is too limited for a detailed account of an interview which lasted an hour, but to put it briefly: after a general conversation lasting for ten minutes I persuaded Oskenonton to sing an Indian song.

Mr. Foster's countenance suddenly underwent a subtle change. His "atmosphere" become un-English; he spoke in a deep voice, and rising from his chair, he declaimed volubly in some language composed mainly of vowels and gutturals, at the same time making a variety of signs and gestures eloquent of a warm appreciation of his brother Red Man. Oskenonton responded with a bright look of understanding. A long and dramatic series of movements followed, and this, Oskenonton reports, was an accurate production of the Indian "Ceremonial of the four Winds."

White Wing, sometimes in broken English, sometimes in his own language, described other ceremonials, referring to camp-fires; the smoke rising straight and blending the spiritual above with the Earth forces below. He described the women as sitting on one side, the men on the other, rocking in unison to a chant which he sang, and all this was quite familiar to Oskenonton, who said it was correct.

White Wing dramatised incidents peculiar to the life of the Red Man, and then suddenly asked Oskenonton if he remembered an incident in the Canadian forests years ago—a clearing, scrub, and water running over a large, flat stone, reminding him that as he stood there, everything seemed to go sideways—at an angle, revealing realities beyond. At first Oskenonton looked puzzled, and shook his head, and White Wing was proceeding to elaborate his description, and then Oskenonton started, exclaiming "I remember it all now—I know what you mean."

White Wing then described Oskenonton's father, the old Chief, with a company surrounding his son "like a palisade," and, said White Wing, he appealed to his son to keep his eyes on the stars, to avoid too much concentration on earthly success if he wished to remain conscious of his presence.

I gather from Oskenonton that he is absolutely convinced of the genuineness of the control. He tells me that the language is Archaic, appertaining to Old Mexico or Arizona rather than to North America; that there are sixty Indian dialects, and that different tribes recognise and understand each other by signs, and that the signs made by White Wing are quite typical. The language itself appears to be genuine, although Oskenonton could only gather the meaning of a few words. He was able, nevertheless, to translate one sentence, which was more than once addressed to Mrs. Foster (who was trying to help), and which meant, he said, "Don't bother me."

Mr. Foster assures me that he has never been in America; knows nothing of Red Indians and their ways; that he has not studied written accounts of Indians, and that, until now, he has never met one of the race. If then, White Wing has convinced a Red Man that he is a real entity, it seems to me that we must either be prepared to accept White Wing as a once incarnate spirit, or else allow an almost incredible omniscience to the extended human consciousness.

I have asked Oskenonton whether it would be possible for a white man to acquire so intimate an inside knowledge of Indian ceremonial, manners, etc., even after a residence in their midst of many years, and he said "It might be possible, but it is very improbable."

Yours, etc,  
J. A.

[We have received a separate letter from Oskenonton confirming the account given above, and expressing his complete conviction of the reality of "White Wing" as an Indian control.]

SPIRITUALISM AND CATHOLICISM.

Sir,—In your issue of May 28th last, it is clearly advocated that Catholicism and Spiritualism, both dealing with the same order of phenomena, a compromise ought to be arrived at. But what the writer does not mention is that it is from diametrically opposed points of view that Catholicism and Spiritualism look at the said phenomena, viz., authority and experience; and between authority and experience there can be no possibility of compromise. That would be utterly unscientific. By all means let us show unconquerable goodwill to the adherents of such antiquated systems of authority, even as D. D. Home did, but as individuals, not as systems.

But all that is merely negative; what of the positive side? Well, the positive side of that vital question is neatly put in the same issue of LIGHT curiously enough, but not in first page, not in large print, but in small print, in a corner of p. 259. It is when Sir Arthur Conan Doyle announces the coming of the Universal Religion in every home—as I, for one, had already announced more than twenty-five years ago in the great Parisian paper *Le Journal Des Debats*—as it can be read at the end of Acts II. And that is the spiritual change of polar axis that Pheneas announces as imminent in his Oriental imagery. That is the incarnation of the Cosmic Christ within every individual, thus harmonising at the source all individual spontaneities—instead of repressing and paralysing them from without as does every conceivable authority.

That is the point we had better concentrate upon, each and all, however humble, because all are wanted personally.

Yours, etc.,  
H. de la P.

Irene,  
Transvaal.

PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPHS OF MISS SCATCHERD.

Miss Estelle Stead writes:—

Soon after Miss Scatcherd's passing I had a sitting with Mrs. Deane hoping that she would succeed in getting on the plate with me. She was not successful, and I was rather disappointed. A little later she sent a message to say she would succeed in time, and that she felt she owed it to Billie Hope to come on one of his plates first.

A day or two later I called to see Mrs. Drakoules, and she showed me some writing and an excellent "extra" of Miss Scatcherd obtained with the Crewe Circle. I guessed then that it would not be long before she would succeed with Mrs. Deane, and on the 15th of June her face appeared with another "extra" on a plate used for a sitter who was a stranger to her. Miss Scatcherd's face is tiny, but very distinct and shows through the ectoplasm surrounding the other "extra" which is much larger.

On Wednesday, the 29th of June, I fell asleep for a few minutes after lunch and woke with the words ringing in my ears, "have a sitting now, and I shall succeed." I knew instinctively the message was from Miss Scatcherd, and that she wished me to give her the opportunity of getting her face on a plate with me. Mrs. Deane was fortunately disengaged, and I had a sitting at once. Two plates were exposed. On one there is a very good "extra" of Miss Scatcherd.

Copies of both photographs can be seen at the W. T. Stead Borderland Library, 5, Smith Square, Westminster, S.W.1.

EARLY EDUCATION IN SCOTLAND.

Mr. MacKenzie MacBride writes:—

In answer to the note on 'Education and the Psychic Faculty,' I think my claim that the early and strenuous efforts at mental culture had increased the spiritual as well as the practical qualities of the Scots will stand any amount of criticism.

Your note-writer says: "If the education referred to means mere 'book-learning,' then it is correct to say that education can be ruled out of the argument."

Does he seriously believe that book-learning of any kind can be acquired without mental expansion and the birth of thoughts, and of what he calls a broad knowledge of life?

Books are not the only way, but they are a very important way to knowledge. Hutton, I think it was, who described them as "The precious life blood of master spirits."

However, it is quite clear that Gaelic literature, prose and poetry, was handed on not by books but by word of mouth, by a body of trained reciters, until ultimately, it was set down in books by the monks. They were great transcribers; Columba himself is said to have written five hundred copies of the New Testament.

A great German scholar, Professor Kuno Meyer, said it had come to this: that no thorough research in mediaeval folklore, and the source of literature was possible without a knowledge of Irish literature. Dr. Johnson put it excellently—Iona offered to the Heathen tribes the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion.

## LIGHT,

Editorial Offices, 16, QUEENSBERRY PLACE,  
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## SPIRITUALISM AND THEOLOGY.

No one who can see or think clearly goes very far on the journey of life without discovering that most of the divisions of opinion amongst mankind are based on half-truths, which, although they appear to be conflicting and irreconcilable, must be unified before world-harmony can be attained. But he also becomes aware that these divisions are, in the present state of human knowledge, not only inevitable, but even useful and desirable. It is actually necessary that many of us should fight for the half-truth as though it were a whole truth in itself. So we must still have our Socialists and Individualists, Rationalists and Religionists, Conservatives and Radicals, and all the other divisions, each fighting for one particular phase of a truth, which, in its fulness, comprehends all of them.

This dispute regarding Spiritualism and Christianity is, in its way, a typical instance of the divisions that spring up and bring a confused state of opinion into even greater confusion. Our own ideal, conceived long ago, was that Spiritualism should be kept apart from all subjects on which Spiritualists hold conflicting opinions. In short, we held that, as Spiritualists were all united on a central principle, human survival, that their religious and political differences should be left out of the question. But this was a counsel of perfection; it demanded an amount of clear thinking and restraint which could not be expected of people in general. We remember that, many years ago, some vegetarian enthusiasts who joined the Spiritualist movement were anxious to lay down the rule that no person could be regarded as a good Spiritualist who was not also a vegetarian! That was an extreme instance of the tendency we have noticed to import into our subject questions which, although unexceptionable in themselves, are irrelevant, tending only to stir up strife.

There was, and probably still is, a school of thought amongst us which holds that Spiritualism in itself provides us with more than sufficient material for study and investigation, without complicating it with other subjects, even those more or less closely related to it. It is now clear enough that, as we are human beings first and Christians or Spiritualists afterwards, we can never have such a state of things. But it is also apparent that the central and uniting principle of Spiritualism is likely to be lost sight of, and even washed away altogether in some cases, by the conflicts

which come of the invasion of the subject by the theological or political prepossessions of some of its followers.

Inquirers who come into Spiritualism frequently make some such preliminary inquiry as, "What religion do Spiritualists follow?" The appropriate reply to that would be a counter-question: "What religion do *astronomers* follow?" That reduces the question to its natural absurdity. Astronomers, of course, are of all faiths and all shades of political thought. And the same applies equally to Spiritualists.

Although one may lament the tendency to bring into the consideration of Spiritualism all manner of special doctrines and beliefs which have no direct application to it, it is consoling to reflect that Spiritualism is too large a matter ever to be enclosed in any creed, or governed and limited by any controlling body, however wise and powerful. Naturally Spiritualists tend to form themselves into groups and societies more or less individualised, but Spiritualism, as a movement, overflows all artificial boundaries; and the only point we care to make here in regard to that fact is that no one Spiritualist organisation can speak for Spiritualism at large, but only for itself. It may say that it is Christian, or Unitarian, or non-sectarian, but it cannot lay down the law for Spiritualism as a whole.

Some of those who have observed the progress of the movement for many years lament the frictions and antagonisms that have grown up. Let them comfort themselves with the reflection that these conflicts have maintained life and animation in the only way that they can be maintained in this imperfect world. But let us all try and move on to a position in which the main work of Spiritualism as a movement shall be seen to be *affirmative* and *constructive*, neither denying nor attacking the religious opinions of others, whether in or out of the movement. There is no better way of denying that which is false than by simply affirming that which is true.

To us who, in our relatively small department of a great subject, are made directly aware that we are writing for people of other faiths—Jews, Buddhists, Parsees, Mohammedans, to say nothing of Unitarians and Secularists—it became clear long ago that undue insistence on any particular creed tended to division and exclusion. We have no use for intellectual or other forms of coercion. It is for the Spiritualists of all faiths to draw from the subject all that they deem necessary and appropriate for their particular needs. We cheerfully subscribe to the dictum that Spiritualism should be religious—but the particular form of religion must be in every case a question for the judgment of each individual concerned.

Our allusion to astronomers, by the way, reminds us that some years ago we met a distinguished astronomer. He was a Spiritualist; he was also a Jew. And we found in that fact an eloquent object-lesson in toleration and breadth of mind.

## SPIRITUAL POWER.

As the ample moon,  
In the deep stillness of a summer even  
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,  
Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light,  
In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides  
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil  
Into a substance glorious as her own,  
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power  
Capacious and serene. Like power abides  
In man's celestial spirit, virtue thus  
Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds  
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire.

—WORDSWORTH.

# FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE WINDOW.

The *Spectator*, in its notice of the magazines, calls attention to an excellent article in the *Nineteenth Century*, by Mr. F. C. S. Schiller, on "The Truth about Psychical Research" :—

All those who are interested in psychic matters should read Mr. F. C. S. Schiller's paper on "The Truth about Psychical Research." He pleads earnestly that no money nor trouble should be spared in the scientific investigation of alleged phenomena. Obviously, he is of opinion that there is at least a possibility of substantiating discoveries of a kind that might change our destinies.

\* \* \* \*

Turning to the article in the *Nineteenth Century*, we take from it the following excerpt touching the "Margery" discussion :—

The alleged motives that were whispered into one's ears at Boston last summer by the active anti-Margery party, though often libellous, all seemed psychologically improbable and insufficient. And as one reads Dr. Crandon's account they grow fantastic and incredible. . . . It is well proportioned and lucidly written, sound in reasoning, and moderate in statement, even where its assertions are most difficult to believe. It gives an excellent analysis of the anti-psychical bias.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Schiller continues :—

It contrives also to hit back effectively at the critics of the medium, suggesting that the Harvard investigators would have lost their jobs if they had reported in favour of Margery, and hinting that the majority of the *Scientific American* Committee of 1924 were labouring under personal disabilities. Dr. W. F. Prince was deaf, Professor W. McDougall was dumb (for publication), Houdini was so prejudiced that he would not testify to the inexplicable ringing of a bell-box of his own construction when he alone was holding it.

\* \* \* \*

From a very long communication in the *Harbinger of Light*, alleged to be from Lord Northcliffe, and reported by Mrs. V. May Cottrell (of Napier, New Zealand), the receiver of the communication, we reproduce the following passage :—

Religion, to be real and lasting, must be of the nature of life itself, and not merely something that can be tacked on to, or separated from, the individual personality at will. It must be as wide as the sky, as deep as the ocean, as high as the mountains, and as indestructible as the spirit itself. It must of necessity be something that is latent in us all, else it would be for the few and not for the whole human family, as it most certainly is. This being so, it must be simple, or only the wise and learned could hope to benefit by it; it must be without price, or only the wealthy could procure it; it must be eternal, else it would be lost when physical dissolution takes place.

Here is another quotation from the communication attributed to Lord Northcliffe :—

My sojourn over here has developed in me a great respect for human nature such as I could never have been capable of before my spiritual eyes were opened to perceive new truths concerning it. I had not much time for the common run of people, thinking them lacking in almost every quality which makes for success in life. Since coming here, however, I have looked into lives which would have spelt nothing but failure—ignominious and complete—to me during my earth life, but which now, in the new light which has come to me, stand out in their true beauty and divine significance of purpose. I admire successful people as much as ever I did, remember; it is only my measure of success which is changing and, indeed, has changed so completely since I came over here.

\* \* \* \*

From the close of two consecutive lectures by Dr. McIvor-Tyndall, reported in the *Watertown Daily Standard* (U.S.A.), we extract a representative paragraph :—

Spiritualism offers an improvement on other orthodox creeds, because it has eliminated the hell-and-damnation idea, and also because it has extended the article of the Christian faith which declares a belief in the communion of saints to include all humankind as well as the good people whom the Church has canonised. In short, Spiritualists take that scientific part of the Christian faith literally. Not to be too exclusive, they include sinners, as well as saints, in their communion.

\* \* \* \*

The *Morning Post* reports faith-healing scenes at Brighton, as follows :—

"Faith-healing cures," claimed to have been made during a six weeks' visit to Brighton district by the Rev. George Jeffreys, include a Baptist minister's wife, who testified yesterday that she had recovered from cancer of many years' standing.

Mr. Jeffreys referred to this and other cases before the baptism at Brighton Corporation Baths yesterday of 300 out of the 1,400 "converts" made during his campaign on behalf of what is described as the "Four-Square" Gospel Church of Great Britain.

\* \* \* \*

The *Sunday Chronicle* of the 10th inst. referred to Second Adventists' expectations of the next day, and said :—

Many are making preparations for the day of days. Some have dispossessed themselves of their temporal property, while others have made lavish gifts to hospitals and charities. One wealthy man has made over the whole of his property to a relative.

"There have been unmistakable signs that the coming is at hand," a Second Adventist told the *Sunday Chronicle* yesterday. "The tribulation spoken of in St. Matthew is undoubtedly the wars, pestilences, earthquakes, and unrest through which the world has been passing.

"The last sign was the eclipse . . . now we await the fulfilment."

MR. EVAN POWELL, the celebrated physical medium and speaker, writing from 15, Old Torquay Road, Paignton, South Devon, asks us to say that he would be greatly indebted to those who have had evidential proof of the reality of his mediumship, especially in connection with spirit identity, if they would write to him direct giving examples of their experiences of his mediumship, as he is preparing his reminiscences.

## THE CHANGING WORLD.

By C. V. W. TARR.

I have been reading in the Press that the missionaries' dreams of Christianising China have been shattered, and that the outlook for the future is full of gloom. I read this news with very mixed feelings, and I am going to set down what I regard as some fundamental questions about human progress, which the situation, thus revealed, inevitably leads us to ask. Spiritualists, I suppose, on the whole, have been inclined to regard the missionary efforts of the Christians in foreign lands with an unfavourable eye. On the other hand, for the secular side of missionary work, i.e., the medical and educational services, the Spiritualists, in common with most other liberal minds, have had nothing but unstinted admiration. What must be the feelings of those splendid men and women, true Christians at any rate so far as their lives are concerned, who have gone out inspired by the wonderful life of Him whom they regard as their Redeemer and the Incarnate Son of God, to find that they have undertaken a hopeless task and are overwhelmed by forces they cannot control? My heart goes out to these missionaries. Like most Spiritualists, I have disagreed entirely with the missionary policy so far as it means the spreading of a dogmatic creed which is becoming more and more widely discredited in this country. It has seemed a monstrously wrong thing to send out people to teach what we cannot believe ourselves. The active Christian life, the moral example, the splendid endurance and self-sacrifice of the missionaries in many cases make us feel that here at least is something that will live—something that will be an enduring influence amongst the natives. Yet we are told "The Chinese are biting the hand that has befriended them." Gone are those hard-earned pennies I used to wheedle out of my father for the "little Chinese children," not forgetting the black ones! Thank Heaven, it is good to think that our child's heart could give a penny for something that seemed so strange and remote, out of humanitarian feeling, rather than that we wanted to "save" them in the interests of some creed we did not understand.

So here we have one great fact of the modern world. The Christian religion with the highest ethical code known to mankind, revealed in the Person of the greatest spiritual Teacher of all time, and carried to a distant land by some of the noblest of men and women, will soon have openly to admit its colossal failure to Christianise the Chinese people. Of course, it is what we expected. The students, we are told, who have received their education at the hands of the missionaries, are the very ones to turn round and demand the handing over of the missionaries' property and the control of their own affairs. What they value, obviously, is the secular side of the missionary work, and they have not been slow to take advantage of it. They have little use for the sugar-coating of theology that is put around the pill of secular education. It is the pill inside that does the real work, and the effects of which we are witnessing to-day. There is, of course, a larger fact still, connected with the situation. Western civilisation cannot expect to act on the Oriental peoples who, according to our standards, were stagnant before, without producing sooner or later very strong reactions—and perhaps very unpleasant ones too—unpleasant for us, but quite the reverse in all probability for the easterners. This, then, is the world-situation as I see it. There is taking place what I will call, for want of a better word, the Westernising of the whole world. The basis of this world-process is purely secular and scientific. Except for their survival as customs and traditions the old world religions will in time cease to exert any vital influence on human society. The new religious movements, which are just beginning to sprout forth, will be more scientific and intellectualist in their expression, more fluid in their theological ideas, but as a result less powerful in their ethical influence than the old religions have been. In India, at the present time, religious conflicts, in which blood is shed, take place, which seems to show that religion is still a vital affair with the natives. But we must remember that even there the Westernising process is gradually making itself felt. What will be the ultimate effect of this Westernising process? The answer seems to be the development of a universal social consciousness. But to say this conveys little or no conception of the gigantic and world-shaking changes—economic, political, social and scientific—which will be necessary before its consummation. Can we doubt, for instance, that in time the world's political conditions will have so changed that there will no longer be a British Empire as we know it to-day? There is nothing Bolshevik about this. It is a logical deduction from the

principle of human brotherhood. If our ideal for human social development is really the brotherhood of man, all the old imperialist notions are doomed to extinction. The growth of true humanitarianism will overleap all barriers and bring forth a higher type of human society.

We must carry our logical shield in front of our intuitive eyes. They are too piercing and may burn themselves out with too much fire and light. This Westernisation of the world, what will it mean in the terms of its changes and adjustments? Let us ask ourselves what it has brought us. The peoples to-day, like those Christian missionaries, stand in the midst of shattered dreams. What dreams the Victorians had of the new age! Science would save the world; help to establish the brotherhood of nations; make the world a paradise of production supplying all the wants of humanity. There was Comte dreaming about a Religion of Humanity—Altruism, the creed of mankind, and Science the servant of Peace. Wars would become more and more abnormal. . . .

Well, what about it? We have not got social happiness yet. We are not secure and we know it. Look at this Europe now! It ought to be respectably democratised by now. Dear, dear! Mr. Blatchford showed great intuition when he gave up hope of democratising the labouring classes years ago. Here we are with dictators springing up like mushrooms all over Europe! At any rate, we never dreamt that would happen. So Life shows us unexpected capacities and the wheel seems to turn backwards as well as forwards. Of a certainty there is great trouble brewing for this changing world. The Westernised Orient will want to try out our high explosives and poison gas just to see what they are like. Then in time, when the pain has become unendurable, they will come to their senses and ache for the love of their fellow man.

Will the eye of our faith take us beyond this changing, confused and paradoxical age? Is it true that the soul is perfected through suffering? It is a great mystery, but I believe it is true. A friend of mine, a highly developed medium, often tells me of a spirit-man whose dazzling form she sees in visions from time to time. She calls him the "god-man," a being all golden in his glory and beauty. He radiates a divine influence of power and love.

Once he was a man as lowly as I am; his glory clouded by the flesh and the world.

My faith rests there.

## A NOTE ON "PSYCHE."

"PSYCHE" arrived too late in the quarter to receive an earlier notice here, and this is a pity, as it contains in the place of honour a long and highly interesting article by the assistant editor, Mr. Warren Jay Vinton, entitled "The Famous Schneider Mediumship." This describes a series of ten sittings held in the summer of 1926, in the home of the Schneiders at Braunau. The conclusion is not favourable to their genuineness; at the same time, it is quite the most sympathetic all-round account that has appeared. All was above-board. If Mr. Vinton considered anything unsatisfactory, he said so, and discussed the matter with them. He reproduced some of the phenomena in their presence—the creation of a phantom, for instance, from the muslin of the window curtains. After reading this article, in which, without reserve or uncertainty or animus, the sole object has been to serve the interest of truth, the reader should turn to the earlier accounts, particularly that which appeared in the *Proceedings* of the S.P.R. for January, 1926 (Part 97), and read it very carefully, in the light of this last description. The impression which this comparison leaves on the mind is that we have once more a mixed or confused mediumship to deal with; something genuine, but not always, and under all circumstances, and for everyone, genuine history repeats itself; and it is not reasonable to expect a physical medium to stand proof flawlessly against the tremendous moral pressure which circumstances bring to bear on him. Mr. Vinton's own analysis brings this out more clearly than any laboratory proceedings could ever do.

F. E. L.

AN EXCELLENT PORTRAIT of Miss Nellie Tom Gallon appears in the current issue of *The Bookman* in connection with her latest book, *Dawn of Desire*.

WE are informed that Miss Alta Piper has written a full and complete biography of her mother, Mrs. Leonora Piper, the celebrated medium, and that Sir Oliver Lodge has contributed an Introduction to it.

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"THE MODERN SCEPTIC."

[At the request of an esteemed contributor we print the sub-joined skit which is taken from "The Spiritual Magazine," of October, 1877. Although written so long ago it still has a close application to certain types of scientific sceptic, and its exuberant fun will at least create a laugh.—Ed.]

A medium subjected to the following "test conditions":—  
A plaster made of gutta-percha and beeswax was placed over her mouth; a bandage of six handkerchiefs was put over her eyes, tied at the back and sealed, and her ears were filled with cotton wool soaked in mucilage. Both hands were filled with flour. One of them was fastened to the top of her head with fine cambric thread; the other was firmly bound to her side with tarred rope. Her feet were secured to a block of oak-wood twelve inches long, eight wide and three thick, with a strongly-riveted, hardened steel chain. She was then completely enveloped with forty-two yards of cotton drilling, which was sewed at every crevice with a patent noiseless, double-back action sewing machine. After that she was put in a strong coffee-bag, which was tied at its mouth with three hundred yards of shoe-thread. The bag was then put in a chest, and the chest lid fastened with six padlocks, every key different, and rendered doubly secure by strips of leather glued upon the outside lengthways, breadthways and sideways. It was then suspended by wires in a copper-fastened cabinet lined with corrugated sheet iron, and the cabinet deposited on a high shelf in a recess of the stone wall of a room that had been unoccupied for twenty years. In front of this recess was drawn a gauze screen, which was glued, tacked, sealed with red wax and marked with a No. 1 Faber lead pencil belonging to the sceptic, which he knew to be free from fraud, and which he brought with him so that he might be protected at all points from deception. A number of the sceptic's friends were posted in various places to prevent collusion between the medium and confederates. One was at the back area, concealed behind an ash barrel, one stood at each window, one sat on the top of the chimney, and one held his hand over the keyhole of the front door. Thus all things were ready, and the careful investigator took a position where the least indication of imposition could be instantly detected. He held one hand ready to grasp the medium should she walk out and assume the guise of an angel, and with the other he held a note-book in which to record in detail the last "great exposure of Spiritualism." Suddenly a strong unseen hand clenched as a vice his outstretched digit. The note-book took to itself wings and flew away. Voices were heard, half-a-dozen forms as natural as life walked around him, and one whom he afterwards admitted to be "a pretty good imitation of his mother" came and laid a hand on his head. These vanished. Then up he rose to the ceiling, till, with his nose he could write his name on the plaster, then down to the floor with double the speed he went up. A broad hand which he could not see dealt him a smart blow on one side of his face, then on the other. Some power then stood him on his feet and marched him around the room . . . and the perspiration poured from every pore until he was as wet as a No. 1 mackerel in the home of its childhood. But all this did not convince him! He went home declaring that the medium did it all, that he would prosecute her for assault and battery (with intent to kill), and that she ought to be indicted for "obtaining money under false pretences." His wife wrote to a friend the day following relating the circumstances, and added, "I don't think my dear, kind husband would believe even if one rose from the dead."

GENIUS AND NEUROSIS.

The fact that in the history of Religion, genius and neurosis are sometimes found together, is neither more nor less significant than is the same thing when it occurs in persons of artistic or scientific gifts. But in the case of Religion there have been, I suggest, other influences at work. First, the picture of Hell-fire vividly presented to an imaginative and hypersensitive child would in itself suffice to produce a psychological trauma. And so long as European thought was dominated by this conception, the religion of maturity would intensify the injury. Secondly, much of the evidence comes from the cloister; but the life of the cloister, especially in the Middle Ages, was in some of its features admirably adapted to enhance neurotic tendencies already existing in the individual, and therefore to elicit in an exaggerated form the symptoms which are their normal expression. But this consideration is double-edged. The austerities of the saints were enough to kill any ordinary person in six months. Somehow and somewhere these people must have secured some special enhancement of vitality; and this at least suggests the possibility that in Religion itself there is a health-creating power which may go some way to counteract a psycho-neurosis which has originated from some other cause.

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

RAYS AND REFLECTIONS.

Dean Inge, writing in the *Evening Standard*, expresses his wonder at the general excitement and curiosity provoked by the eclipse of the sun. "We are not all astronomers," he writes, "and we are well accustomed, in this country, to see the sun not shining." He notes that the eclipse seems to have been specially attractive to clergymen, and adds sarcastically, "Perhaps they have a natural sympathy with obscurantism in all its forms!" The Dean has a playful wit; and it is to be hoped its victims will take it in a good-humoured spirit. But I am afraid they will not.

The storms, floods, and earthquakes with which the world has been visited lately appear to support the many prophecies and forebodings regarding times of great change on the earth. Miss E. P. Prentice sends me a cutting from a Surrey paper containing some verses on the "Woe Water" at Croydon. Whenever this water springs up it is supposed to be an omen of some great national calamity. The newspapers announced some time ago that the Woe Water in Croydon Bourne had made its appearance again; and it is also stated that it rose just before the Great War. Whether this has any real significance or not is a matter obviously beyond proof or disproof. But in any case the sensible observer will view all such things with a level mind, neither over-credulous nor over-sceptical. It is never to be forgotten that an infinite number of prophecies of doom have been completely falsified, as every student of history knows.

Talking of prophecy, I was struck recently by a statement of a very sensible writer, who remarks that when the astronomers foretell an eclipse of the sun we can always take their word for it, because experience shows that the prophecies of astronomers always come true—they are all of one mind on such questions. But the prophets who prophesy the end of the world are of a different kind—no two of them agree with one another, and they are always, or usually, all wrong!

I was somewhat amused recently when examining some newspaper clippings to come upon one dealing with a case of alleged haunting. The item was headed "A First Class Ghost." The idea of a first-class spirit is distinctly funny. If it were applied to the inquirers into our subject, it might be more to the point. I have frequently come across some first-class inquirers. As to the second and third class type, it was observable that these sometimes got first-class evidence which was denied to the first-class inquirer.

I lately spent an evening with that veteran Parliamentarian and reformer, Dr. Gavin Clark, who has arrived at the age of eighty. His mind is an astonishing storehouse of memories. He has known most of the great figures in public life during the last sixty years. He can talk of conversations with Gladstone, Chamberlain and many other notable figures in Parliament, past and present. He can also tell of old days in Spiritualism, for he was a friend of the venerable Dr. Peebles; he knew David Duguid, D. D. Home, and other pioneers of the subject in ancient days. Some years ago we published an interview with him, in which he gave us his recollections of the Edinburgh Psychological Society, of which Robert Louis Stevenson was secretary. Despite his advanced years, Dr. Clark still takes a keen interest in the questions of the day, and is deeply interested in Spiritualism, although, I fancy, rather as a friendly observer than an adherent. Dr. Clark was formerly Consul-General for the South African Republic, and was M.P. for Caithness-shire from 1885 to 1900.

D. G.

## THE EVIDENCE FOR FAIRIES.

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

There has been a superstition from very early days that the "Good People" bring luck.

In a previous issue of LIGHT I made an appeal for any evidence which would give support to the belief in "Fairies." I had had certain communications that purported to come from them. The response to my appeal has been simply enormous. Many readers of LIGHT appear to have shown my article to their friends, with the result that I have received correspondence from most unexpected sources.

The sceptic would say, "Oh, yes, he will receive rubbish from all sorts of ignorant folk." That would be, in itself, a very ignorant assertion. The fact is that ignorant and uninteresting people do not take the trouble to write an answer to articles of this description, and the real result has been most surprisingly fruitful.

Nearly every letter I have received up to date has well repaid the trouble of carefully classifying and comparing it, and I would ask those writers who may feel that their particular experience has been neglected to remember that one must deal with things in a regular sort of rotation.

I think I have been able to acknowledge all the letters as they came, but one letter leads to another, and the subject-matter has to take its chance on the file as regards time.

The subject-matter and the field covered is enormous. It appears that one might just as well start with an easy assurance to write about Human Beings as to write about Fairies. What is a fairy? If you are going to answer that it is a little invisible being, you might just as well say that a human is a visible being, and therewith cover the entire population of the visible world. The point is that there is evidence, and apparently a great mass of evidence, that the whole world is teeming with invisible and intelligent life of some sort.

And now please imagine for a moment that you are living back in a period when men had no such means of transport into unexplored regions as we have at the present day. You would be unaware of the black or yellow races who share with you the habitable portions of this visible globe. There would be tales brought in by travellers, vague and hardly credible; in fact, if you take up an old history, you will find it crammed full of such things, all lumped together under the title of some such name as "barbarians."

Along with this you will find a vast belief, or, rather, affirmation, of the existence of a race of people actually partaking in the life of the community, but living apart in a region of normal invisibility. I have this from correspondents who have attained considerable honours in their particular branch of study. The fairy in some form is, for instance, absolutely essential to the close student of Celtic. So, also, is it for the man who has lived in touch with the North American Indians. As to the Chinese, I can speak from first-hand experience. From Mesopotamia I have other evidence; evidence also reaches me from hard-headed veterans, retired from the Indian Police Service, and so on.

Is it likely that such people who have earned honour and respect in their long occupation or profession are going to submit themselves to ridicule from a few glib-tongued sceptics who have never gone below the superficies of anything? These latter seem to be the people who catch the multitude, because the true scholar has you out of your depth in an instant; the one will flatter while the other grows incomprehensible. That is my experience, and I prefer to be shown my ignorance.

For the present, then, I must leave the matter here. The "Little People" have brought good luck such as I never dreamed of; they have brought friends

innumerable from all classes of the community, and they have brought knowledge.

Of their existence, I do not think there can be any reasonable doubt; the evidence, from photographs to concerted and disinterested testimony, is overwhelming, and it now remains to classify it.

I am now collecting fairy photographs, and if there are any kind friends who will lend me a photograph for sufficient time to allow me to take a copy of it with my enlarging camera, I will return the original as promptly as possible. I would, at the same time, ask permission to be allowed to publish it.

[Letters addressed to Captain Q. C. A. Craufurd, R.N., Care of the Editor of LIGHT, 16, Queensberry Place, South Kensington, S.W., will be forwarded.]

### MARYLEBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.

On Sunday last at Aeolian Hall the Rev. Dr. Lamond, speaking of "Modern Spiritualism" as a comparatively new movement, reminded us that it commenced its existence in 1848. It had, however, met with grave opposition during many years, and it was such men as D. D. Home, Sir William Crookes, the eminent scientist, and David Duguid, the working cabinet-maker, who had helped to stir the flame and spread the new teaching. As a Scotsman, the speaker was proud to think that in perhaps no city of the United Kingdom, outside of London, was Spiritualism so strong to-day as in Glasgow. The world wanted to know if their "dead" friends were still alive, and whether they were still the same living personalities that they were on earth. Dr. Lamond's own daughter had come back eleven days after her passing, and had assured him that his Spiritualistic beliefs were well founded, that the continuity of life was a fact. The proofs of our contention were streaming in upon us. The enquiries and investigations were increasing in number and in earnestness, and neither science nor theology would be able to suppress them. Three sciences that would challenge the attention of the world in the near future were biology, sociology, and psychology, and Spiritualism bore very closely on each of them.

Spiritualism illumined science, as it certainly illumined the Christian religion. The Church began in the super-normal, and would end in the super-normal, for Christ's words would be verified: "Greater works than these shall ye do."

The clairvoyant of the evening was Mrs. Florence Kingstone, who gave many descriptions and messages of some value.

V. L. K.

### SPIRITUALIST COMMUNITY SERVICES.

"The Place of Jesus Christ in Spiritualism" was the subject of an illuminating address, delivered by Miss Estelle Stead at Grotrian Hall, on Sunday morning last.

Referring to Jesus as the personification of Love, the speaker said that the secret of everything beautiful was love, and that love had never been so revealed to man as in him. The difference between him and his fellow-men was so apparent that they sometimes mistook him for God Himself, though he continually said he was not God, but was sent by Him to be an example to men and to teach them to understand themselves and one another, and their relationship to God.

Modern Spiritualism was Christ's teaching brought up to date to suit the present generation. He came to prove to man his own psychic powers by which it was made possible for him and others to return.

Miss Stead believed Jesus, the Christ, to be the central force behind Spiritualism to-day, but she wished not to be dogmatic; harmony was essential, and so long as all were working for the upliftment and betterment of mankind, it was not for any one to say that his brother's road was a wrong one. All was good that came from God.

V. L. K.

Mr. T. Dimsdale Stocker gave an admirably-reasoned address in the evening. He pointed out the error which regarded the spiritual world as entirely separate from the material one. The distinction between matter and spirit was usually illusory. Spiritual gifts were not something existing outside, and above the physical order, they blended with and were expressed in and through material things. But Science, accustomed to deal only with concrete things, could not touch this inner world of intuition, vision and feeling because it was only equipped to deal with things which were capable of quantitative analysis. But even Science had now to contemplate a region of forces beyond what was usually regarded as the material world. Art forms were amongst the vehicles by which the spiritual order was carried into the physical one. Our perceptions led us to recognise the reality of a spiritual world of unseen presences aiding and inspiring us. All the visible world about us depended on the energies and influences of a world invisible, but infinitely more real than the world of senses.

The address was followed later by some effective clairvoyance from Mr. Leigh Hunt. Nearly all his descriptions were identified, and in some instances the proofs were made the more cogent by the addition of names and allusions understood by those to whom the descriptions were given.

G.

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Camberwell.—The Central Hall, High Street.—July 24th, 11 and 6.30, Mr. A. Nickels. Wednesday, 7.30, public circle, at 55, Station Road.

Peckham.—Lausanne Road.—July 24th, 7, Mr. W. Turner. Thursday, 8.15, Miss B. Hogg.

Richmond Spiritualist Church, Ormond Road.—July 24th, 7.30, Brother John, address. July 27th, 7.30, Service.

Croydon National Spiritualist Church, New Gallery, Katharine Street.—July 24th, 6.30, Mrs. B. Lane.

Fulham.—12, Lettice Street (nr. Parsons Green Station).—July 24th, 11.30, circle; 2.30, Lyceum; 7, Mr. J. Buchan Ford. Thursday, 8, Mrs. L. D. Kent.

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