

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.

OFFICIAL SCIENCE AND PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

It has been said that an expert swordsman may find himself at a loss when pitted against an opponent who is ignorant of the rules of swordsmanship. It is certainly a fact that it is difficult to conduct an argument with an opponent who knows little or nothing of the subject in debate. Dr. P. Chalmers Mitchell has in *The Outline* given an answer to Sir Oliver Lodge's paper on Psychic Science, which had previously appeared in the same journal. Dr. Mitchell offers objections and makes statements which could hardly have been offered by a writer familiar with the question. We could reply to several of his points here, but we must confine ourselves to one. That point, briefly stated, is that orthodox science when carrying out an experiment always obtains definite and consistent results. True, when it has learned all the conditions necessary to render the experiment a success, and to reach that stage science often has to work long and painfully. Well, now, is it not fair to claim that psychic science is in exactly the same position? It is experimenting, but it has not yet discovered all the conditions essential so that its results are at present rather haphazard and capricious, just as may have been the case with orthodox science when first experimenting in its own field. Dr. Mitchell says that psychic science is far older than orthodox science, and yet has not reached a single definite conclusion. That is a very queer statement, the fact being that the field of psychic phenomena has only within recent years come under the serious attention of scientists. We should make a clear distinction between psychic phenomena and psychic science. One is as old as the world, the other is very young indeed.

PSYCHIC PHENOMENA IN APOSTOLIC TIMES.

Discoursing in a recent address on the identity of the psychic phenomena of to-day, and those of New Testament days, Mr. H. Ernest Hunt drew an appropriate illustration from the twelfth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Peter had been put into prison and bound with chains. But at night a light shone in the prison, an angel came, and the chains fell from Peter's hands. At the bidding of the angel, Peter left the prison, the outer gate opening of its own accord to let him pass. He then went to the house of Mary,

the mother of John, and knocked at the door. A maid, Rhoda, heard the knock, and hearing also Peter's voice, was so full of gladness that she forgot to let him in, but, instead, ran back to tell the inmates of the house that Peter stood at the gate. This was so incredible that the girl was told she must be mad; but when she persisted that it was Peter, they said, "It is his angel" (spirit). So Peter had to continue his knocking, and as we know, he was eventually admitted by his astonished friends. Mr. Hunt aptly selected this story as full of suggestion. There was the escape from prison with the assistance of a ministering spirit, who released the prisoner from his chains. There was the maid's statement to the people of the house who, disbelieving that Peter could have escaped in the flesh, suggested that it was his spirit that was knocking at the door. Evidently they had some acquaintance with "spirit-rapping" even in those days, and their reluctance to answer the knocking of a spirit has, as Mr. Hunt slyly suggested, some modern illustrations!

PSYCHIC FACULTY AND SPIRIT EXISTENCE.

In the *Two Worlds* recently an editorial statement put a certain aspect of Spiritualism very truly and forcibly, as thus:—

It is true, and we make no apology for saying so, that the major portion of psychic effects do not necessarily imply the existence of any discarnate spirit.

This is one of those things that are still insufficiently known or recognised. If it were better understood, a whole host of misunderstandings and illusions would be cleared out of the seance-room. It is not at all new. Some of the old Spiritualists, occasionally unlettered folks but not so credulous as they are reputed to have been, found this out and said so. They found that the psychic powers of the sitters came into play at times—even in physical phenomena—and discounted any suggestion of independent spirit-action. Yet of the reality of spirit-communication there is, and has always been, abundant evidence, evidence that will bear every test. The existence of other classes of phenomena may seem to complicate the question. It really clears it, and strengthens the evidence by showing that we are ourselves spirits. If we were not, the mere fact of passing through death would not miraculously convert us into spirit-beings. The exploration of the psychical region of human life is the business of Psychical Research. The business of the Spiritualist is to proclaim the existence of the spirit after death, and to apply the knowledge to everyday life. The psychical researcher may, or may not, accept the doctrine of survival. Whether he does so or not is his own affair. But in any case, he may achieve valuable results if only in studying the latent powers of mankind in the flesh.

THE SCATCHERD MEMORIAL FUND.

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A STORY OF SECOND SIGHT

[Many years ago the Reverend William Stainton Moses, better known as "M.A. (Oxon.)," at that time Editor of *LIGHT*, compiled a collection of authentic ghost stories, from which we have selected as of especial interest the narrative which follows.]

Towards the close of a dark, cold evening, the 23rd October, if I remember rightly, I found, much to my annoyance, that I had quitted the high road leading to Portree, and was wandering about in the most helpless manner possible, amidst innumerable bogs and morasses. What was to be done? To retrace my steps was simply impossible. There was nothing to indicate the proper route. The moon had not yet risen. Darkness enveloped me like a curtain, and I was alone. Once I paused and whistled, but no human voice made answer. The sole response was the beat of the wild sea surf on the distant shore. Stumbling and falling till I was footsore and weary, I came at length within sight of the sea. I could distinguish its billows, foam-crested and angry, as they cleft the darkness; and O, joyful sight! I also perceived twinkling lights at some little distance off along the shore. I was then in the neighbourhood of cottages, in one of which I might pass the night. The threshold of the nearest gained, I knocked at its door. After some little delay this was opened by a middle-aged and rather gaunt-looking female. My request for shelter was listened to in silence. After a moment's reflection, she went back a few paces, threw a hurried glance over her shoulder into the interior, and then beckoned me to enter. I did so. The room or kitchen into which she ushered me was miserable in the extreme. The plenishing consisted of a wooden table, two straw pallets in one corner, and three chairs, on one of which, covering over the embers that glowed on the hearth, sat an aged white-haired man. Raising his faded eyes for a moment on my entrance, he again lowered them to the hearth, moaning and muttering the while in the strangest fashion. The woman looked on him with an unmistakable expression of awe and fear on her face, then placed for me a chair on the opposite side of the hearth, while she herself took one some little distance off. Her knowledge of English was much too limited for us to indulge in anything like conversation; still, she could both understand me when I asked questions and make herself understood when she replied, which was about as much as I expected.

Her father, she said, pointing to the old man, could talk English well, for he had been gamekeeper in his youth to a south-country gentleman, and the little she knew she had learned from him.

A few sentences exchanged, we lapsed into silence, which I was on the point of breaking with some trivial remark when the door opened, and there entered a tall, handsome girl, enveloped in a chequered plaid. Darting a hasty glance at me, she addressed the woman hurriedly in Gaelic, a language with which I was but slightly acquainted. What she did say, however, seemed in some way to have reference to the old man, for my hostess, while making answer, looked at him and shook her head.

Much to my surprise, although he must have known he was the subject of their conversation, he never once looked up nor took the slightest notice of his visitor. His dim eyes still remained riveted on the fire, and he moaned and sighed and shivered as if with cold. I could see I also was being made the subject of remark, for once more the maiden's fine dark eyes turned in my direction, as mine hostess

replied to some questions of hers. Her curiosity in respect to my presence apparently satisfied, the girl, having previously refused with a smile the chair I offered her, seated herself on the floor beside the woman, and conversed with her in low, anxious tones, while her eyes frequently reverted to the clock with looks of anxiety.

I was beginning to feel perplexed and curious as to the existing state of matters in this solitary household. Was the old man ill or out of his mind? Was the handsome stranger any relation of the couple, or was she merely a sympathising friend? Why did she look so repeatedly at the clock? Had she any—here an end was put to my mental soliloquy by the girl giving a sudden start, and seizing hold of her companion's wrist, while she raised her forefinger as if enforcing silence. An ashen hue overspread the woman's harsh features as her visitor did this, and she remained rigid and motionless as a statue in the attitude of listening. I, too, listened. Mingling with the dull roar of the billows, I distinctly heard a crashing sound as though some wooden substances were being crushed together; to this succeeded a noise like the dragging of chains. The women also hearing it, a look of terror swept over their faces, and my hostess uttered, half aloud, the pious ejaculation—"Lord, have mercy on them!" Then both rose to their feet. The younger one, eager and trembling, undid the bar that fastened the casement, opened it, and they gazed out in silence. My curiosity now intensely excited, I also rose, and, noiselessly treading the floor, took my station immediately behind them. The wild scene I then saw I shall never forget. The moon, struggling through a dense mass of storm cloud, threw broad streams of light on the heaving billows as they broke in rude shocks on the shore. Lying at anchor, out of reach of the waves, were several fishing-boats; and, strange to say, although there was a profound calm, these were being dashed against each other in the most unaccountable manner, while the chains by which they were fastened creaked and rattled as though they were being dragged about by powerful hands. Then a moaning sound seemed to pervade the air.

"There—there it's again! O! isn't it dreadful?" whispered the girl.

"Did you tell them about this?" said her companion.

"Yes; but they only laughed at me."

"Then, they'll go."

"Sure and certain."

"Poor things! Then I doubt they'll never come back. O, look there!" Again the boats were dashed to and fro; the chains emitted the same harsh grating sound, but this time I could see several little blue twinkling lights moving along the shore.

"The dead lights!" groaned the elder woman. The young one, shivering, buried her face in her hands.

"Aye, the dead lights!" was shouted in frenzied tones behind us. I looked round in amaze; so did the women. The old man was standing bolt upright; his hair upon end; his eyes glaring wildly into space; his hands outstretched and quivering.

"Aye, the dead lights! and they're not there for nought. Death! Death! nothing but death! I see it all! There they are! The boats! dancing merrily over the sea—there—there! Three in all! Away—away! No fear of danger. Stout hearts and strong arms. The bread winners for the wives and children.

The wind rises—but what of that? There is no danger! The boats are stout—and the fishers brave, and stalwart, and young! Ha! ha! A sudden squall—Good God! Down goes the foremost—and another—and another—gone, all gone. Neil, Duncan—and—Farquhar—!

As the old man uttered this name, the girl, with a loud cry, sank senseless on the floor, at the same time that the speaker relapsed into his moaning, shivering posture by the hearth.

When we had succeeded in restoring her to consciousness, I inquired of the woman the meaning of all this.

"O, sir, he has had the 'second sight.'" she said. "He was telling us, as he has done for the last three nights, that our fisher lads will be drowned, and poor Mary's (pointing to the now weeping girl) lover, Farquhar Macdougall, is among them—so he said to-night."

"Surely they will not go when they hear of this," I said.

"They must, sir, or we should all starve," was her sad answer; "that is, they will go, though we have done our best to prevent their going this week, for should they be drowned, we'll starve all the same."

Painfully impressed with what I had seen, and unwilling any longer to intrude my company upon them in their distress, I placed some silver in the woman's resisting hand, and told her the moon being now up, if she would kindly direct me how to get to Portree, I should wish to continue my journey.

She did so, at the same time saying how sorry she was that her father should have been taken in my presence.

With a few words expressive of hope that he would turn out to be a false prophet, I bade her good evening, and, bestowing a farewell glance on the sorrowing maiden, I went my way pondering on what I had seen and heard.

Not many days afterwards I read in the *Inverness Courier* of the melancholy loss of three boats with their fishers while fishing off Skye.

Amongst the names of the drowned were those mentioned by the aged seer.

AN EVIDENTIAL SEANCE.

Mr. J. N. H. writes giving an account of a public seance which he recently attended. The clairvoyant gave a detailed description of a spirit giving the name "Elizabeth." "She wants," said the clairvoyant, "to thank you for something you have done for her recently."

I knew no one of this description (says our correspondent), nor did I know the name. The lady, however, apparently wished to thank me for a kindness which I had recently done. I recalled that a fortnight previously a law student occupying an adjoining office to mine had lost his father; as the student was desirous of attending a seance, I had put him in touch with a medium, and arranged a sitting.

Thinking that here might possibly be a clue, I approached my neighbour and asked him the name of his mother. He replied, "Elizabeth." I then repeated to him the description of the lady which had been given to me, which he recognised instantly.

The next morning he gave me a photograph of his mother, which was afterwards submitted to the clairvoyant, who stated that this was an exact counterpart of the spirit seen standing by me at the public seance.

The name and address of our correspondent are withheld from publication, but will be communicated to *bonâ fide* enquirers.

ANOTHER THINKING DOG.—Following "Bim," the recently discussed "Thinking Dog," we now hear of that canine prodigy—"Zou." This animal belongs to Madame Borderieux, director of the journal *Psychica*, who states that "Zou" works out simple sums, and also expresses his thoughts and desires by means of taps. Madame Borderieux favours the theory of a psychic relationship between the brains of master and animal. Mme. Borderieux gives full details in her new book, *Les Nouveaux Animaux Pensants*, which is obtainable of the author at 23 Rue Lacroix Paris, xviii.

LOOKING FORWARD.

"THE FUTURE OF THE RACE IS IN THE HANDS OF THE RACE."

By W. H. EVANS.

We shall soon be wishing each other "A Happy New Year," a wish tinged with hope and anticipation that it will also be a prosperous one. After the mellowing influences of Christmas we face the future with renewed spirits, hoping that the gods have many pleasant surprises in store for us. Yet, how oftentimes our hopes are dashed to the ground! The rainbow fades, its bright colours quenched by the grey clouds of disappointment. Let us at least hope that every cloud will show a silver lining.

According to the prophets this is to be a fateful year, a year freighted with doom. They tell us that the dogs of war will again be unleashed, that hideous disasters are to overtake us, and the time of terror is to last for eight years! Happily few people seem to take them very seriously, and I am disposed to think the prophets have weighted the scales too heavily on the side of catastrophe. There has never been a disaster so great but that the human race has come through it, chastened maybe, but still undaunted, and ready to build again upon the ashes of past achievement. The volcanic mountain may discharge streams of burning lava and devastate the land, but pigmy man returns again and plants his vineyards afresh, serenely indifferent to volcanic rumblings. In a modern phrase, "he chances his hand" against fate, and very often he wins. There is something truly magnificent in the way men face difficulties, and so often overcome them. And we can be sure that whatever the future holds, the race will endure and conquer in the end.

Of all people the most hopeful should be the Spiritualist. Has he not the vast region of spiritual life to compensate him for the ills of material existence? "The things that are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." That is a golden message for these dark days, when there is so much of suffering in the land; a fine message with which to face the future. For whatever changes are in store we know that man abides. Even if the prophets are vindicated by events we know that out of it will come some good. That is the wonder of it. The mighty forces of Nature by a mysterious alchemy extract wondrous compensations from the calamities of life. There is always "some soul of goodness in things evil." Let us hope, then, for despair is the parent of failure.

There is one other thought. The future of the race is in the hands of the race. No evil comes to it which the race itself has not brought into being by its own ignorant and evil thinking. I speak now of social evils, such as wars, strikes, lock-outs and poverty. And if the race has the power to create these things, then it has the power to create their opposites. But we cannot divide life into water-tight compartments; most of our existence here is a mixture of evil and good. None are completely evil, none completely good. The average man's life is made up of both, and it is the average man who counts in the long run. In his hands lies the destiny of the race. If you and I, as average people, decide that the future shall be brighter, we shall do much towards creating that brightness. And the more there are who think constructively, the less likelihood is there of disaster. Every evil, like every good, comes from the mental realm. "There's nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so," said "the Bard," who knew that what we think eventually becomes clothed upon in material form. It is for us to decide that the year shall be happy, bright and prosperous, and in accordance with our power and our faith, so will it be. Let us then unite intelligence with our wish, so that when we say "A Happy New Year," we charge it with the creative power of our souls.

AUTOMATIC AND IMPRESSIONAL WRITING.

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

(Author of "The Psychology and Development of Mediumship," etc.)

Automatic writing is a very rare gift. What should be called "impressional writing" is often termed Automatic. The difference between them is considerable.

When writing automatically the hand moves without conscious effort on the part of the sensitive, who does not know what is about to be written.

His consciousness may be so entirely dissociated from the writing that his attention can be concentrated on something quite different. While his hand has been producing a philosophical treatise, or particulars relating to a perfect stranger, an automatist has been known to solve a mathematical problem or to discourse lucidly on an abstruse subject. It is obvious, therefore, that, whatever part of the sensitive's mind is employed automatically, it is subconscious.

Impressional writing, on the other hand, involves the consciousness of the writer who, if not responsible for all the effort, is certainly responsible for some of it. When the principal cause is a spirit, the medium is a subsidiary cause. The operation is co-operative, and a good deal of the medium's knowledge becomes mixed with that of the spirit.

For this reason impressional writing is not usually very evidential of survival. Proof of identity may be received, but the communications are generally of a religious and philosophical nature. The style is usually discursive, and the matter seldom reaches a high standard of learning or insight.

The assistance of a second person may help the automatist by supplying "power." If an individual places his hand lightly on the arm of the sensitive, a change in the style and substance of the communication may take place, sometimes more or less relative to the contactor. In automatic writing this change may be very evidential.

Care should be taken not to press hard on the writer's arm, as a form of "Cumberlandism" (that is, thought-reading by muscular pressure) may be introduced and the second person unconsciously direct the writing. The principle thus at work is that which enables a blindfolded person to locate an object thought of by the person whose hands rest on his shoulders.

Automatic and impressional writing are closely connected with communications received through planchette and ouija board. The same kind of processes are doubtless at work in all these methods.

When several people are working planchette together, a sort of separate personality, composed of the unification of conscious thoughts and actions of the company, may be created. This "personality" acts very subtly and is often gravely misleading. Its communications bear the impress of originality, although they are merely the dramatisation of a number of independent facts derived from the minds of the company. It is quite excusable to mistake it for an invisible personality. Care should be taken to sift all such information before acting on it, or the experimenter may be fooled.

This warning applies to supernormal writing generally. Dramatisation arises to an extraordinary extent in cases where the experimenter is alone, and constitutes one of the most troublesome problems in psychi-

cal investigations. The tendency is almost invariably of a tragic character, often taking the form of a statement that some friend is ill or dead, or begging the writer to convey a message of apparent pressing importance to someone, all of which is pure imagination. The dream consciousness seems to become mixed up with the automatist's waking mind, and mainly controls affairs.

Prolific impressional writing is generally of little value, and may sweep the psychic off his logical legs, worrying and distressing him.

It is also expensive of psychic and physical force, and may injure the nervous system if over-indulged, although this seldom occurs where a good percentage of the communications is of a spiritual origin.

Disembodied personalities, when responsible for the writing, appear to understand how to conserve the writer's power. Genuine automatic and impressional writing are probably no more depleting than other forms of mental mediumship.

In practice, however, care should be taken not to sit too long or too often. Twice or three times a week for an hour each time should suffice. If, after a fair trial, nothing useful comes through, the effort should be dropped in favour of another form of mediumship. Automatic writing, however, ought to be sedulously encouraged. Like trance mediumship, it may be limited in output, but the results are almost sure to be good.

Automatic and impressional drawing and painting are closely allied to writing, and may, if not fatiguing, be more freely indulged. Unlike erroneous messages, they cannot lead to unpleasant consequences. The psychic origin of these pictures is easily discernible. Seldom is there any attempt to reproduce pictures familiar to the medium. They are mostly composed of sweeping lines with curious spiral effects and beautiful colours. They appear to arise from an effort to convey non-planetary scenes and geometrical forms, and perhaps more than three dimensions. Their utility is doubtful. Apart from the mode of their production and curious appearance, they seem to have little importance.

Some psychic artists profess to understand the symbolical meaning of their productions. These interpretations are seldom evidential, and may easily arise from the sensitive reading his own opinions into the pictures, as card readers, some palmists, and teacup scribers read forms and fancies into their particular objects. The value of these interpretations must ultimately depend on their recognised correctness.

The incorrectness of a vast amount of psychic script has done much to support the idea of the existence of evil and lying spirits. When false statements repeatedly occur the sensitive may be excused for believing that his hand is obsessed: that there is a wicked spirit following him, waiting for any opportunity to write some false or undesirable statement through his hand.

This obsession theory is very much overdone. It is doubtful whether anyone except the sensitive is to blame for the messages. In every adult person's mind is a veritable dustheap of repressed emotions and thoughts which may seize any opportunity to express themselves. In automatic and impressional writing the will is largely suspended while the hand writes. This affords an excellent chance for repressions to assert themselves.

It may, however, work another way. Thoughts and emotions of a good character also exist below the surface, unable, owing to the pressure of necessity, to enter the waking consciousness or otherwise express themselves. These often press through the scribe's hand and give beautiful uplifting teaching. In addition, there is the possibility of spirit-operation. This usually works for good.

A VIEW OF PHENOMENA.

By H. ERNEST HUNT.

"The weak spot in our movement (the phenomena) instead of a blessing seems well nigh a curse. Almost it seems to undermine the intelligence of half the people whom one sees, year in year out, at Spiritualist meetings. They never dream of trying to rise above 'messages,' and of attempting to live their own lives without continual useless advice from those who, in their turn, have to try to order a new life in a new sphere. That is the end-all and be-all of Spiritualism for 80 per cent. of people in——at any rate. But it is heartrending to see the same people (I've known lots of them for ten years) sticking at the same old level, worshipping at the shrine of 'controls' and 'messages'—and I refuse to be a party to it any longer."

The above is an extract from a letter which I have received from a correspondent who—as internal evidence shows—has been officially connected with the movement over a long period. It raises issues of paramount importance, upon which I venture to comment.

The phenomena of Spiritualism have their uses, as in New Testament days, in attracting attention to, fostering faith in, and carrying conviction of the eternal verities. They are also a legitimate object for scientific investigation, which is profoundly necessary. But it is only too true that to some people they represent the whole of Spiritualism, and in many a society there are folk who revolve around the phenomena as a squirrel in his wheel, making about the same amount of progress. When the individual has received his proof or his demonstration, he stultifies himself if he keeps continually seeking for the same thing over and over again. Instead of his intelligence being stimulated it is being sapped.

Even supposing that he is from time to time in receipt of messages, the more he relies upon them the more he retards his own natural growth. The more he looks for an intelligence to control him, the less he is likely to control his own intelligence. He may seek "development" in circles in the dark, but the only true development for the normal individual is that obtained in the open daylight, in the rough-and-tumble of daily life. Here, indeed, is a discipline, infinitely harder than sitting in the dark, but most admirably adapted by the Creator for enabling the average mortal to grow in spiritual wisdom and stature.

When a man develops his own self-control and his own sensitiveness, and dedicates his technical powers in service to God and man, he becomes a channel for the influence of Spirit to work in and through him; and I would rather have the inspiration of the genuine artist, the poet, the orator, the music-maker, than all the "control" work in creation. Inspired work of this order is co-operation with the unseen, which promotes growth and thought while leaving intact the citadel of self. "Control" has had, and still has its uses in specially qualified individuals; but we have a great responsibility to the general public in broadcasting advice, and the only counsel one dares to give in wholesale fashion is that of development in self-control.

The miracles of the Christ were never to be confounded with His message, nor are the phenomena with the message of Spirit to-day. There is only the one "tidings of great joy": that a man should release himself from the grave of a material outlook, and rise to seek his God. If his Spiritualism does not lead him to that task, then it is doing him definite harm in helping him to dally the longer in the vales of delusion. We continually hear Spiritualists asking of one another "What did you get?" we shall be happier when they ask "What did you Give?"

We have powers of transcendent scope within each of us, but we cannot reach them by "sitting" for

them, nor even by praying. There is, however, the royal road of hard work open to each of us, and when we have developed our normal mental powers to the full, then we may well look to have something further added to us. We unfold in due season, first the leaf then the blossom, and that is the way of safety. It is possible to force the growth, but the result is little likely to prove satisfactory.

Spiritualism, it cannot be too often repeated, is the way of spiritual development, and is not simply concerned with survival. Its message for life, here and now, is greater far than for death. But that message is activity, energy, self-discipline, insight, love and service. Emotions are stirred, not for self-gratification, but for action, vitality, and progress. The spiritual life is dynamic, not static. It is in the light, not the dark. It is the seeking and the finding of the Kingdom within, and upon the discovery of this all other things are added unto us.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

THE BAYLIS CASE.

In justice to Mrs. Baylis we, the undersigned, speaking for ourselves and for many more whose signatures it would take too long to collect, desire to state that we have had personal experience of this medium's powers, which, in the case of some of us, have taken the form of an extended series of sittings. We have absolute assurance in the reality of these powers, which exhibit themselves in ways which are independent of the question of control. At the same time we agree that it is desirable that steps should be taken to make that control more stringent, if only for the protection of the medium herself.

ESTELLE STEAD.

LIONEL CORBETT

JOHN LAMOND

F. BLAKE

DENIS G. GRINLING

ROSE CH. DE CRESPIGNY

"PSYCHIC GLOVES, NORMAL AND SUPER-NORMAL."

Sir,—Mr. Stanley De Brath appears to have misinterpreted my remarks concerning psychic gloves, as I distinctly stated that these wax moulds could not be produced by the tourniquet method if the medium were properly controlled.

Although our experimental gloves were, *as I emphasised*, much thicker than the Kluski gloves, they were much thinner than those obtained through "Margery"—and of much better shape. The second (perfect) glove is not at all deformed, as Mr. De Brath suggests. The wrist aperture was distorted in removing the glove from the hand, but was easily restored to its proper shape in warm water. The second mould was perfect, because Mrs. Relph gave us every assistance in removing the glove from the hand.

The "interlocked" hands, *à la Kluski*, have been perfectly reproduced normally in Paris, and Dr. Osty showed me a specimen twelve months ago at the Institut Métapsychique; it was also on view at the recent Psychic Congress.

In conclusion, the experiments had nothing whatever to do with the Kluski gloves (photographs of which I projected merely for comparison), but were made to illustrate Dr. Tillyard's paper on the normal production of "psychic gloves." The experiments were perfectly successful. Mr. De Brath says: "Mr. Price showed some photographs of Dr. Tillyard's gloves." Not one photograph of Dr. Tillyard's gloves was shown that evening.

Yours, etc.,

HARRY PRICE.

LIGHT.

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THE PASSING YEAR.

It has been said a good many times by people of the highly critical type that all this fuss about the end of the old year and birth of the new one is absurd. They point out that there is no essential difference between one day and another, and that the boundaries are simply imaginary. They are right enough from the standpoint of logic and cold fact. But logic and fact are not everything. There are some other things without which life would be a cold, bleak and barren business. So we pay no heed to these Philistines.

We much prefer the mind which with a sense of the poetry of existence, can enjoy a pleasant melancholy in the idea of the Old Year, with its burden of troubles and regrets, dying in the night like a weary old man, and draw hope and comfort from the spectacle of the New Year coming as a kind of angel-child tender and full of promise.

When these lines appear the year 1927 will have nearly run its course, and we can look back over its record with feelings of gladness as well as melancholy. Many great things were achieved in its 365 days. Progress being cumulative, we can fairly claim that in the year that is about to end the Spiritual movement took a great stride forward, and made an advance that must have been much greater than that of any year which preceded it. For we were proceeding with greater knowledge, greater experience and greater facility—the result of all the work and all the sacrifices of the past. We had been gaining momentum year after year, and progression was thereby made swifter and easier than ever before. In these matters it is not well to take local and limited views. If some of the pioneer Spiritualists of seventy or eighty years ago could reappear on the scene and compare our day **with their own**, their mood would be one of gratitude and amazement. We have travelled fast and travelled far. The last hundred years in many ways have carried the world forward to a degree that could not be matched by any five hundred years or even a thousand years that went before it.

“The year is dying; let it die.” But let us mingle gratitude with our relief, and bid it a kindly farewell. It gave us many troubles, but it also yielded many honours and triumphs, the full record of which has yet to be written. It has been well said that we cannot fully understand and appreciate the present in the present. When it becomes the past, and we look back upon it, only then can we see it in its true proportions and its right relationships. We are confident that the historian of the future will see 1927

standing out very conspicuously amongst the early years of this century. We have nothing especially to regret, and many things for which to be especially thankful. Our great idea shines clearer than ever before, if only by contrast with the dark background of politics and economics, and “human care and crime.” We proclaim that man is an imperishable soul, living (although he does not yet realise it) in a spiritual universe, proof against all calamity, invulnerable to all that may threaten his material abode, whether his body or the earth on which he dwells for so short a space. In the year that is passing that message was delivered with an intensity and an effect it has never gained before. The years die, but we live on, and all that each year has yielded of knowledge and experience, in growth of character and expansion of soul, lives on with us. To 1927 we give Hail and Farewell! We are ready for the best or the worst that 1928 may bring us.

FAITH HEALING.

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

In view of the frequent and increasingly numerous attempts to achieve “faith-healing” at the present day, it is interesting to read of the extraordinary practice of “touching for the King’s evil” in the past. *Sidelights on the Stuarts*, a delightful book by F. A. Inderwick, K.C., published in 1888, gives the following particulars. The custom was apparently confined to the countries of England and France, and had its origin in the sacred touch of Edward the Confessor and Louis IX, both canonised saints. Louis is related to have, after touching a great number of diseased persons, washed his hands in vinegar and water, then in pure water, and finally in rose-water—a wise precaution. Louis XVI is said to have touched 2,400 sick at Rheims after his coronation, saying to each, “May God heal thee. The king touches thee.” There was no “touching” during the rule of Cromwell, but crowds of scrofulous people invaded Whitehall after the Restoration. A regular office for the occasion was found in the Prayer-book until after the death of Queen Anne. Charles II seems to have laid his hands upon the kneeling applicants much as a Bishop does in confirmation, a second part of the ceremony being the hanging of a small gold piece attached to a ribbon round the patient’s neck. Between the years 1660 and 1682 from three to eight thousand were “touched” each year for scrofula, and Macaulay estimates the total number of the reign at a hundred thousand persons. The “faith” of how many was satisfied by the touch of a king, or the gift of a gold piece one does not know. A Royal Proclamation, of 1662, appointed the times when the religious ceremony should take place, and stated that a certificate would be required in each case from the vicar and churchwarden of the parish of the applicant that he had not been “touched” before. Mr. Inderwick says that one of the last people to undergo the process was Dr. Johnson in 1712, when his parents took him at the age of 2½ years to be touched by Queen Anne. Many without doubt were healed, since others continued to come forward—but, with the exception of Edward I and Henry VI, one cannot, alas, attribute it to the holiness of the monarch!

THERE needeth not the hell that bigots frame
To punish those who err: earth in itself
Contains at once the evil and the cure;
And all-sufficing Nature can chastise
Those who transgress her law—she only knows
How justly to proportion to the fault.
The punishment it merits.

—SHELLEY.

FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE WINDOW.

In Nature (December 10th), Sir Oliver Lodge replies to a reviewer of "The Bridge," whose review Sir Oliver considers fair, and whose pertinent questions deserve an answer. After supplying, in the interests of truth, "additional information virtually asked for," and thus greatly strengthening the evidential power of the book, Sir Oliver adds:—

The reviewer duly appreciates and directs attention to the difficulty involved in selection of incidents. I have had an opportunity of seeing the whole, and am able to assert strongly that no omission has been made in order to strengthen the case. Selection was necessary solely because of comparatively irrelevant or only distantly related matter, referring to "the group" and other people. It was difficult to determine how much to include and what to cut out. Advice of experts was taken, and the book thus kept within reasonable limits; but never was a weak point intentionally omitted.

* * * *

The Spectator publishes an article of considerable length on "Reincarnation in the West," by Eva Martin, who thus begins:—

The subject of Reincarnation is very much "in the air" at present; but it is a curious fact that many people still look on it as an exclusively Eastern belief, forgetting that it was taught in our own islands in the time of the Druids, and was celebrated in song by many early British bards. The majority of scholars hold that the belief arose in the West quite spontaneously, and that there is no trace of any Oriental influence in the poems and legends that have been handed down to us.

* * * *

Noticing the private lecture delivered by Dr. Crandon before members of the Psychical Research Society in London, on the subjects of finger-prints, the Daily Herald remarks:—

According to Mr. Malcolm Bird, finger-print experts in various countries, including Great Britain, have, on examination of the thumbprints [in "Margery" seances], declared them to be prints of anatomical originals.

"But," he adds, "when they have learned that the prints originated in the seance room, they have immediately got cold feet."

Some of the "Margery" seances have been conducted with only police officers present.

* * * *

The Edinburgh Evening Dispatch gives an account of a recent address by Mr. David Smith, of Glasgow Psychic College, to the Edinburgh Psychic Study Circle. Mr. Smith illustrated his address by describing the case of a youth whose powers had been tested by the Glasgow Society, and who, when scientifically blindfolded, could describe objects held in front of him, apparently seeing without using his eyes. The Dispatch says:—

The test that was made to exclude telepathy was the bringing of a letter by members of the Society, who were not aware of its contents.

This was held before the young man, and he not only read what was in the paper, but even imitated the writing. Blindfolded he could shoot with an air-gun at targets indicated by those in the room, and very seldom missed.

* * * *

The Manchester City News, which takes more than the usual newspaper notice of matters psychical, tells us of a lecture by Monsieur Parent de Curzon, Vice-Consul at Liverpool, to the Cercle Française, at which Monsieur André was present. The lecturer, says the News,

began by stating that the English had more imagination in matters concerning the spirit-world than the French; then he went on to point out that our knowledge of these matters was really very limited, and that primitive man probably knew a great deal more than we.

* * * *

In The Nation and Athenæum, under the title "Moriturus," W. L. Courtney writes sympathetically and faithfully of the varied signs and experiences of advancing age: "But of all the unhappy aspects that old age can show to men and women looking with a certain dread towards an uncertain future, the worst, I think, is boredom. Boredom in one shape or another is inevitable." . . .

For the worst of the situation is that you have become careless even of those subjects which used to give you such keen delight. It is a sore disappointment to find Plato tasteless and Virgil wearisome—only Koheleth affords a temporary distraction, in that splendid last chapter of Ecclesiastes in which he records his experience that "All is vanity."

What a contrast is that materialistic outlook to the view of the intelligent and informed Spiritualist!

* * * *

A question as to the difference between Inspirational and Control speaking is thus answered in the National Spiritualist:—

Inspiration is a breathing in. Control is governance; in Spiritualism a control is a purported personality which actuates the utterance and prompts the actions of another. Inspiration is illumination, a quickening or lighting of one's mentality through contact with a higher intelligence; or by a blending with certain universal truths, without intervention of another personality. A person controlled by an extraneous personality may be made to express that personality's thought without inspiration; he may even speak stupidly and far beneath his own native talents. Or he, being of mediocre gifts, may be made to speak brilliantly, eloquently.

* * * *

From an editorial of the Two Worlds, we take the following:—

There is pouring forth from the Press month by month masses of so-called automatic script, which purport to be communications from the spirit world, but a close examination of these makes it very doubtful whether any spirit is involved other than the spirit of the writer. We say this without necessarily throwing any doubts upon the bona fides of the individuals who offer these scripts to the world.

YOUR NEWSAGENT CAN SUPPLY "LIGHT" WEEKLY

A VINDICATION OF MR. AND MRS. BATTEN BAYLIS.

BY ADMIRAL WILFRED HENDERSON.

The foundation on which Mr. Bradley builds the charges which he prefers against Mr. and Mrs. Baylis in the report published in the issue of *LIGHT* dated November 26th, 1927, is composed of such unstable matter as the magnification of trivialities and their association with innuendo for the purpose of creating the setting and atmosphere which he desires for the more bitter presentation of his accusations of fraud.

An innuendo is manufactured out of Mr. Baylis's simple statement that "we might not get voices," but he "implied" (how, is not stated), that "we should most probably get materialised hands."

Another innuendo is manufactured out of Mr. Baylis's request that the sitters should keep their hands on their knees and not make any movement during phenomena. Mr. Bradley, who, later on in his report, classes himself as an "experienced researcher," knows that Mr. Baylis's request was not only a very normal one—but a very proper one—necessary for the safety of the genuine medium, so that unknown sitters, of unknown temperamental balance, shall not, in their ignorance, do anything stupid.

In the seance room Mr. Bradley is "surprised" to find the chairs for the sitters already arranged round one corner of the room. This is another piece of window-dressing, calculated to confuse the uninformed reader, who perhaps does not realise that the corner position selected by the medium is just the one position in the room where the opportunities for fraud are reduced to a minimum.

Exception is taken to a covered aperture or window which Mr. Bradley says was not used in any way, but he does not hesitate to create further "atmosphere" by suggesting the possibility of its fraudulent use.

He makes the misleading and quite inaccurate statement that "if ectoplasmic forces are used, they emanate towards the centre of the circle, and not behind it."

The fact of the sitting being held in total darkness is stated and repeated. Mr. Bradley is a transparent humbug for emphasising this fact, because nearly all physical phenomena sittings are so held, and the sittings with Mr. Valiantine held in Mr. Bradley's own house were conducted in total darkness.

Mr. Miller asks to be touched on his left hand, and instead is touched on his left knee because he had moved his left hand six inches away.

Now who was the Irishman at that sitting? Don't let us forget that the room is in pitch darkness, yet Mr. Bradley (whose Christian name surely indicates Irish descent), sees nothing ludicrous in crediting Mrs. Baylis with being able to see where the knee is, but not the hand! Ye gods!

Mr. Bradley when touched on his upturned palm clasped "warm flesh-and-bone fingers," and is thereupon convinced that they were those of Mrs. Baylis. Why?

He produces not one shred of evidence on which to base his conviction that the fingers were those of Mrs. Baylis, except that they were pulled back in her direction. As the medium supplies the ectoplasm with which they are built up, it is no cause for wonder that the ectoplasm, when disturbed and roughly handled, should return to its origin, as it always does. But, having got a grip of what he was convinced were the fingers of Mrs. Baylis, why in the world did he let them go?

Mr. Jaquin then hears the rustle of female garments—of course this *must* be Mrs. Baylis (although there were three other ladies present)—the more so because Mr. Jaquin "detected the slight tensing of the medium's muscles as the body was moving forward without leaving the chair."

Here we have the direct accusation that the medium leaned forward in her chair to touch the sitters, the only evidence being a slight tensing of the muscles of the medium's right knee, which, of course, would result as the perfectly natural accompaniment to the issue of ectoplasmic rods or levers from the medium's body. Had Mrs. Baylis leaned forward the very chair she was sitting on couldn't help creaking under her weight.

Mr. Jaquin's further experience was to move his left hand and feel the "human" wrist of the hand that was touching his right hand. Why "human"?—what evidence does Mr. Jaquin offer to prove that the wrist he felt was a "human" wrist? None whatever!

The sitting broke up at "George's" command—Mr. Bradley says at Mrs. Baylis's command, she posing as "George," but again without any evidence in support of this assertion.

Mr. Baylis says that the language then used by Mr. Bradley was of such a nature as to render the reproduction of it in print altogether undesirable. What a nice thing to do in another man's house, and in the presence of his wife, who, Mr. Bradley maintains, was not in a trance!

Mr. Bradley takes exception to the fee of one guinea each sitter: yet when collecting for his pet medium, the American Valiantine, Mr. Bradley had no scruples in accepting fees of two guineas and upwards!

Mr. Bradley states he ascertained that on a certain occasion there was a departure from usual routine of three sittings a week, and upon the strength of this one departure, he presumes to accuse Mr. and Mrs. Baylis of lack of veracity and considerable over-usage of mediumistic powers.

With regard to the ethics and general equity of Mr. Bradley's report, I am so far in agreement with him as to concur that it is the duty of everyone to expose a fraudulent medium. Before exposure, however, the certainty of fraud should be undisputably established otherwise irreparable injury may be done to a perfectly honest and genuine medium.

For individuals to take upon themselves secretly to sit in judgment on mediums, is therefore strongly to be deprecated. Investigation is carried out more efficiently and more safely under the auspices of one of the well-known and well-established Psychic Societies.

The whole of Mr. Bradley's report can be boiled down to the following, omitting all window-dressing and innuendo:—

1. He accuses the medium of fraud.
2. He bases his accusation on his own conviction that the "warm flesh-and-bone fingers" he clasped were those of the medium, and on Mr. Jaquin's conviction to the same effect with regard to the "human" wrist which he touched.

Mr. Bradley and Mr. Jaquin were the only two sitters who had an opportunity each of establishing definitely whether there was fraud or not—Mr. Bradley clasped warm fingers, and Mr. Jaquin touched "human" wrist. If they were so sure of fraud, why on earth did they not hold on to the fingers and wrists respectively?—the matter would have been settled then and there. But these self-appointed judges each let slip his one and only opportunity, and like most lost opportunities, they did not recur.

The rest of the report consists of nothing but padding, and the unfounded opinions of Mr. Bradley and his co-adjutors.

There remains the moral side of the incident, and I do not envy Mr. Bradley his interview with his own conscience when he realises, if he ever does, that such flimsy charges as his own report prefers, he has presumed to besmirch the honour and integrity of two such simple, humble and upright folk as Mr. and Mrs. Baylis.

I have had many sittings with the Baylises, and have witnessed materialisations and heard direct voices and experienced other phenomena to an extent and under conditions which leave no doubt in the minds of reasonable folk, of their genuineness. But my friends and I, who sit with the Baylises arrived at our conviction after many sittings—we did not, in any access of hot-headedness, impulsively interrupt the first investigation, and jump to a wholly unwarranted conclusion.

LOVE AND WISDOM

BY TUDOR A. MORGAN.

Throughout the ages a mistaken philosophy has repeatedly placed Thought as the ultimate reality of life. Wisdom has thus been thrown into too strong a relief, and when wisdom has been robbed of its proportion of "feeling," then Intellectuality results. Wisdom leads upwards to spirituality: intellectuality sinks to materialism.

Usually the metaphysical and philosophical values of wisdom are concerned in its function of providing ideas and forms for the desires of the affections. But wisdom has a closer association with love, which may best be explained, perhaps, by the illustrations contained in Major Morrison's interesting article, "Wisdom or Love," which appeared in LIGHT of October 29th (p. 524).

Man is symbolical of wisdom, woman of will. They are the complement of each other, and make a balanced whole. Taken separately, man is not devoid of love, nor woman of wisdom. The wisdom of which man is symbolical is that which is concerned with the world of causes. The more interior wisdom, of both man and woman, is concerned with the perception of affections and desires. The Genesis account of the Creation deliberately states that man (wisdom) had priority over woman (will), and this viewpoint seems to set wisdom before love.

If symbols are applied to two words they should, to obtain the full meaning, be applied to the whole chapter. Treated symbolically by the science of correspondences, the 1st chapter of Genesis deals with regeneration, and the verses telling of the creation of man and woman imply that man reaches a stage where he does what is good because he knows it should be done. After further development he does good for sheer love of it. In this interpretation wisdom is in its proper sequence as regards both individual and racial regeneration.

If the two words Man and Woman are to be used symbolically, and the remainder read literally, the subject of the chapter must be taken into consideration. Wisdom has been defined as "love's self-representative function." Thus from this definition, man is here viewed from his function of creating, and woman is represented as the sustaining power of love. Man Creates: woman sustains his creations. Was it not Jack London who called women "the conservers of life?"

Love and Wisdom are so necessary to each other, so closely interwoven, as to be inseparable. As Swedenborg puts it, "love does not exist except in wisdom, nor wisdom except from love. These two are such a one that they may indeed be distinguished in thought, but not in act; and because they may be distinguished in thought and not in act, therefore they are said to be distinctly one." (*Divine Love and Wisdom*, No. 14).

Love may become conscious of its states only by the perceptive powers of wisdom; the states, thus become externalized, may exist only through the creative power of wisdom. The unconscious striving of love for satisfaction gives rise to the perceptive powers, supplies the force necessary to wisdom for the exercise of its creative faculty, instils the energy into the forms which makes them fit receptacles for the life that maintains them.

RAYS AND REFLECTIONS.

"Now let us get down to a higher level," said a humorous philosopher once, when he desired to change the subject of a conversation on greyhound-racing to a consideration of modern poetry, which as he doubtless realised, some of the company regarded as beneath their attention.

* * * *

Hearing the statement recently that mischievous earth-bound spirits are really the "spirits in prison" of the Scriptures, a sensible Spiritualist remarked that in that case it was curious that such spirits were regarded as being apparently "all over the place." Certainly a great deal of nonsense is talked on this subject of evil spirits. There is law and order in the next world, even more than here. The malicious spirit can go no further than the end of his chain.

* * * *

I have begun to think of economics, as of statistics, as a very barren science. There is much moaning about our national poverty, compared, for example, with the prosperity of the United States. Poverty is an evil thing, certainly; but there are worse misfortunes. It depends on the kind of poverty. A feast of the body, it is said, may mean a famine of the soul. Material prosperity does not promote that Spartan and sinewy virtue which makes a nation great and keeps it from degenerating. This may be an unfashionable doctrine just now, in some quarters at least. But it is a true one, however unpalatable.

* * * *

We lead a buffeted and flurried existence, some of us, and consequently are saved from the sadness that many people feel over the brevity of life. "Brief life is here our portion," says the hymn. The essence of the statement resides in the word "here." There is so much difference between "here" and "there." "Oh, to be over yonder!" is the pious aspiration of another hymn-writer. But all in good time. We should not wish to be "over yonder" until we have quite "filled the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run."

* * * *

"The night brings counsel," says a French proverb, the truth of which we are beginning to find out nowadays by the discovery of how much of intuition and inspiration we may gather in sleep, to say nothing of visions of the future, afterwards verified. Now and again the newspapers record some true premonition or fulfilled dream. But I doubt whether a millionth part of these experiences ever finds its way into print. The most important things never get into the newspapers.

* * * *

We are gradually approaching the eventful year 1928. Many people, I understand, regard 1928 with boding terrors and apprehensions. It seems that (to give a new turn to an old saying) the Unknown is not only regarded as "magnificent"—it is also sometimes shunned as something terrible. But those who have thoroughly understood their spiritual destiny know that they can ride unharmed through whatever of "earthquakes and eclipse" may be ahead of us. There are ravens abroad, but there are also sky-larks. Let us greet the unknown with a cheer!

D. G.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

"**Spiritual Exercises and their Results.**" By Aelfrida Tillyard. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 7s. 6d.)

There exist in all religions, men and women who demand first-hand contact with the Unseen, says the author, who adds that certain persons have found this communion by methods of spiritual discipline. Miss Tillyard deals comprehensively with the systems of meditation adopted by Hindu, Buddhist, Mohammedan, and Christian. She throws considerable light upon the various methods adopted by each type of would-be mystic, and her volume is the more valuable by being written with restraint and without any hint at propaganda.

"**The Golden Key.**" By Ethel Welsford. (Stockwell. 5s.)

One evening in 1918 Mrs. Welsford, at that time ignorant of, and not interested in Spiritualism, attended a meeting at which a clairvoyant message was given her from her eldest son, who was killed in the Great War, eighteen months earlier. The clairvoyant was Mr. Vout Peters. This experience determined Mrs. Welsford to seek further, and she has compiled here a collection of letters from her two sons, both in the next stage of life, received by Mrs. Cooke through automatic writing; they tell her of the life they lead in the spirit world; it is, they say, a "natural world, and a counterpart of everything living." One of the boys says definitely that contact with the earth by way of communication is no detriment to the spirit in his own sphere of life; in his own case, it "has been and will be of great value in the life before me." These letters make interesting reading.

A reproduction is included showing a psychic "extra" of one of the sons, obtained at a Crewe seance, and the face resembles closely a photo of him taken in life, which appears in the earlier part of the book.

R. A.

"**The House of Wonder.**" By E. M. S. (Rider & Co. 3s. 6d.)

Some years ago a lady, Mrs. Fair, got into touch with an intelligence on the other side of life, who claimed to have been a medical man when on earth. He appeared to have awakened shortly before from a long sleep in the spirit world, and he expressed a desire to continue his healing work. He gave the name of "Dr. Beale," and worked through the mediumship of Miss Rose, with such excellent results that Mrs. Fair sent an account to *LIGHT*, which was published, with the consequence that considerable attention was aroused. This, baldly, was the beginning of the much-discussed centre of psychic healing known as Hulham House, Exmouth. The whole story is told in this small volume, and makes unusually interesting reading. Some of the cures claimed for "Dr. Beale" are quite remarkable, and the personal testimonies from grateful patients carry immediate conviction. Mr. E. H. Worth, M.R.C.S. (Eng.), in a brief and appreciative preface, speaking of a conversation which he had with "Dr. Beale," in which a cure for early cancer was discussed says: "He [Beale] said . . . he was only a little more advanced than we earth-doctors, and was not all powerful." The significance of this remark is worth noting.

N.

"**The Riddle of the Ether.**" By C. G. Saunders, F.R.P.S., D.Sc. (Rider & Co. 4s. 6d.)

The author defines Ether as "infinite, eternal triune spirit, in which the properties of electricity, magnetism and consciousness are inherent in a balanced, static and undifferentiated state." On this basis he presents a thought-provoking, if not a perfectly scientific statement. He claims that in the Ether lies the key to the riddle of the Universe. "The Ether which holds all the secrets of the Universe appears to be the focussing-point on which not only all the sciences are likely to converge, but even religion will find the solution of many mysteries when the Ether is understood."

LUCIUS.

"**The Red Octopus.**" By Johanna Brandt. (Hermes Press, Emerald Street, London, W.C.1. 2s.)

Mrs. Brandt is the wife of a clergyman in South Africa, and though (to quote from the foreword) in no way connected with Spiritualism, she "recognises every branch of spiritual work." She is authoress of several books, including *The Petticoat Commando*, and works of an allegorical and prophetic nature, as well as being founder of the Harmony School of Natural Healing in South Africa.

The present volume is an allegory in novel form, the keynote of which is a warning against the powers of evil, symbolised as the red octopus, and in the course of some seventy pages various ethical problems of the present day are dealt with.

H. G. A.

"**Hartmann's Who's Who.**" Second edition. (The Occult Press, Jamaica, N.Y., U.S.A. \$5.)

This is by far the most comprehensive book of reference for Occultism, New Thought, Psychism and Spiritualism yet available. Mr. William C. Hartmann has covered an immense field, but he modestly refrains from claiming that his work is exhaustive, and requests that fresh information may be sent him from those interested. Lack of space prevents my referring to every section of his work, but it should be noted that it embraces biographical sketches of all notable persons connected with the psychic movement, addresses of Spiritualist and psychic research societies, periodicals, bibliographies, astrological societies, schools of palmistry, lecturers, prominent mediums and spiritual healers, to name a few of the sub-divisions; and further, that in his organised search for information Mr. Hartmann has combed the whole world.

H. A.

"**The Power of Thought.**" Henry Thomas Hamblin. (Science of Thought Press, Chichester.)

As the imprint on this volume informs us that it is the Fifth edition, and 50th thousand, it requires little in the way of further recommendation. Written in a popular style, it contains much sound sense, and the good which to the reviewer's personal knowledge, it has already accomplished, will no doubt go on from strength to strength.

H. E. H.

"**Rustlings.**" By Irving Bell. (St. Catherine Press. 2s. 6d.)

The Viscountess Curzon, in a Foreword, says "Poetry should . . . serve to hearten those who read it, and give them a lightening of the spirit towards everyday life." Mrs. Irving Bell's collected poems certainly fulfil this condition, being of a pleasing and helpful quality. A simple poem, entitled "From the Summerland," will no doubt appeal to those interested in the subject for which *LIGHT* stands.

H. G. A.

"**More Ghosts and Marvels.**" Humphrey Milford. (Oxford University Press. 2s., or in cloth, 3s. 6d.)

Twenty first-class ghost stories are here compiled. Some of the best thrillers are included, and the quality of the tales may be gauged by the names of a few of the authors: H. G. Wells, Arthur Machen, Edgar Allan Poe, Charles Dickens, Algernon Blackwood, May Sinclair and Michael Arlen, to quote at random. Not a bedside book, except for strong-nerved readers.

J. A. N. C.

MUSIC.—Carlyon de Lyle, the well-known composer, has again put out some charming music through the firm of Swan and Co. *Over the Purple Moor*, and *Sunrise on Derry*, two pieces for pianoforte, are marked by strong individuality, combined with a fresh naturalness that should ensure popularity. Carlyon de Lyle has the gift of obtaining rich and haunting harmonies by simple methods, and the originality of this composer's work sets it in a definite class, alone. Her husband, John Alleyne (otherwise Captain Bartlett, of Glastonbury Script fame) has contributed two appropriate and pleasing coloured frontispieces. The price of each piece is 2s.

APPRECIATIONS OF "LIGHT."

Please accept my congratulations on the high standard maintained by *LIGHT*.—A. E. D. (Swindon).

I want to thank you for all the help *LIGHT* has given me. I look forward eagerly every week to its appearance.—A. J. COSTER (Potters Bar).

I find *LIGHT*, of which I have been a reader for twenty years, a most interesting and scientific paper.—A. T. V. (Bristol).

"May I say how I appreciate *LIGHT* and your editorials and other contributions, sound sense and a fund of quiet humour!"—A. E. B. (St. Leonards-on-Sea).

"I think the paper *LIGHT* does some wonderful work, and I wish you every success that is possible."—P. M. T. (Sheffield).

THE VOICE OF CONFUCIUS.—Dr. Whyman's lecture in which he described his experiences of direct-voice phenomena, and long conversations in the Chinese language with an entity purporting to be Confucius, was listened to with the greatest interest by the members and friends of the National Laboratory of Psychic Science on Tuesday, the 20th inst. We hope to publish a full report of these remarkable disclosures next week.

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