

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.

CHRISTMAS GHOSTS.

It is said that interest in Charles Dickens is being revived. It may well be so, for there are signs of a renewal of that broad humanity which seemed to be disappearing under the growth of post-war cynicism. To us Dickens is always in fashion, and most of all at Christmas time. His *Christmas Books* and *Christmas Stories* contain the very essence of the spirit of the season. He was the only great imaginative writer who ever handled the subject of ghosts in a way warm-hearted and natural. Witness Marley's ghost in *The Christmas Carol*. The story is a parable—it does not answer to any requirement of scientific psychical research—and yet what spiritual discernment it shews: Marley carries a chain made of cash-boxes, padlocks, ledgers, deeds and steel purses—symbolic of the fetters he wove for himself by a miserly life on earth. Whether it is the ghost of Marley, the spirits of Christmas Past, Present and to Come, or the awesome spectre that attended the solitude of "The Haunted Man," all the ghosts come on a mission of mercy and goodwill to turn the thoughts of men not from the earth, but only from its baser things. Dickens discerned the spirit of Christmas, and although he distrusted the Spiritualism of his own day he certainly penetrated to the deeper meanings which underlay it—meanings which to-day the intelligent Spiritualist is bringing to the front, that we may no longer have it described as the materialisation of the spiritual, but rather as the spiritualisation of the material. Let everyone this Christmas turn again to Dickens and his Christmas tales.

DOUBTS AND DOUBTERS.

Everyone who has read *The Pilgrim's Progress* will remember Christian's sufferings in Doubting Castle. John Bunyan knew the human heart. Even the stoutest believer may have his periods of doubt, and the malady is not unknown even amongst those who feel they have gained complete assurance of survival, having added to their faith knowledge. There is a temporary loss of confidence—a very human failing—making its appearance in other directions and sometimes taking the form of a morbid self-distrust. That, of course, has to be

fought and conquered. But generally we should say that doubt serves a very useful purpose. For one thing, it is a valuable check on "cocksureness". It shows that faith can never be discarded in the adventure of life, and it is a wholesome reminder of the need for overhauling our stock of ideas from time to time. It would be a very stagnant world if anything in it could be placed beyond question. Doubts have a salutary effect. They brace and strengthen the mind, until a point is reached beyond which comes serenity and confidence; then the soul has passed all its tests. The mind is as sure of its survival after death as it is possible to be sure of anything in this world. It rests on the teachings of reason and reflection, on the evidences of survival which, coming in the shape of phenomenal happenings, confirm those teachings, and it rests also upon faith—faith in the Universe, as intelligently directed to beneficent ends. It has no doubts, even though it cannot be absolutely certain. But that is natural enough. We cannot be absolutely certain that the sun will rise to-morrow. Yet we have no doubt that it will.

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A personal letter from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, dated November 23rd, intimated that he had safely arrived at Cape Town and that all was well with him and his party. His first lecture there was a great success; the Town Hall could have been filled twice over. At the time of his writing he was on the eve of giving an address at the University at Stellenbosch. He states that he has had a splendid Press and feels assured of the success of the tour.

The first batch of newspaper cuttings sent to us by a correspondent in Cape Town sufficiently indicates the intense interest taken in Sir Arthur's visit. This is not only shewn by newspaper reports and comments, but by a sheaf of correspondence on the subject. We feel that Sir Arthur will be justified of his work, but in the meantime his many friends, conscious of his single-minded devotion and self-sacrifice to the truth which he has espoused, will support him with their thoughts and wishes.

As we know from personal knowledge, there are many sincere Spiritualists in South Africa who have waited long for a visit from Sir Arthur, knowing that the visit would make a tremendous impression upon the South African public, as indeed is the case.

FELICIA SCATCHERD MEMORIAL FUND.

We acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of the following donations:—

	£	s.	d.
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Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged in LIGHT.

THE MYSTERY OF A PORTRAIT.

A PSYCHIC STORY OF DICKENS' DAY.

BY C. J. PALMER.

Household Words, first published from week to week in 1850, and *All the Year Round* in the 'fifties and 'sixties, were both conducted by the great Charles Dickens. They contained many gibes at the Spiritualism of their day and yet showed the same strange inconsistency as is often seen at the present time in certain sections of the Press—printing a slashing criticism of phenomena in one issue, and vouching for a remarkable and convincing psychic story in another.

Below is an interesting instance of the latter kind.

In the number of *All the Year Round* for September 14th, 1861, four psychic stories were given "from credible sources", the writer adding that the first, about a certain Mr. H., "was well known to individuals living". In the number for December 5th, 1861, an editorial stated, in regard to the story, that on its publication Mr. H. addressed himself to the conductor of that journal (Charles Dickens) and forwarded to him his own narrative. Quoting the editorial:—

As Mr. H. wrote without any concealment in his own name and from his own studio in London, and as there was no possible doubt of his being a real existing person and a responsible gentleman, it became a duty to read his communication attentively; and, great injustice having been done to it in the first account, it follows here exactly as received. It only remains to add that no one has for a moment stood between Mr. H. and us in the matter. The whole communication is at first hand.

Then follows the story which I give in a rather condensed form from Mr. H.'s own words as contained in the narrative.

THE day having arrived for my visit to A— (to paint a portrait in the country), directly after breakfast I took my place in the morning train from York to London. . . . The carriage in which I was seated had no other occupant, but at Doncaster a lady got in. She was young, certainly not more than two or three-and-twenty; being moderately tall, rather robust in build, and decided in expression. She may have been two or three years younger. She was decidedly and agreeably conversational. When she had settled herself to her satisfaction, she asked to be allowed to look at my Bradshaw, and not being a proficient in that difficult work, she requested my aid in ascertaining at what time the train passed through Retford again on its way back from London to York. After this she, somewhat to my surprise, led the conversation into such particular subjects as I might be supposed to be more especially familiar with. At Retford I alighted to change carriages. As we shook hands she said: "I dare say we shall meet again", to which I replied: "I hope we shall meet again."

On arrival at my destination, after dressing, I descended to the drawing-room to wait for dinner, which was to take place later. The lights were not lit, but there was a good fire burning. Standing by the fire was a lady dressed in deep black whom, after a second or two, with profound astonishment, I recognised as my companion of the railway carriage. She betrayed no surprise, but remarked: "I said we should meet again." I was bewildered to know how, after deserting the proper train connection, she could have arrived as quickly as myself, and said that I wished I had come by the same conveyance as herself. She

rejoined: "That would have been rather difficult." The lamps were then brought in, and, taking up a portrait of Lady A., which was on the table, she asked me to look at it well and say if I thought it was like her. Just then my host entered and asked me to take his wife in to dinner. We fell into our respective places without difficulty, the mistress and master of the house at the top and bottom, the lady in black and myself on each side. I, having to play the guest, directed my conversation principally, if not exclusively, to my host and hostess, and I cannot call to mind that I, or anyone else, addressed the lady opposite. In fact, I came to the conclusion that she was the governess. . . . In the drawing-room after dinner was a large party, including the governess, thus enabling me to correct my mistake. Later, I found myself engaged in conversation with the lady of the railway carriage. The topic of the evening had referred chiefly to portrait-painting, and she continued the subject. "Do you think you could paint my portrait?" the lady inquired.

"Yes, I think I could, if I had the opportunity."

"Now, look at my face well; do you think you could recollect my features?"

"Yes, I am sure I should never forget your features."

"Of course, I might have expected you to say that; but do you think you could paint me from recollection?"

"Well, if necessary I will try; but could you not give me any sittings?"

"No, quite impossible; it could not be. It is said the print I showed you before dinner is like me; do you think so?"

"Not much," I replied. "It has not your expression. If you can give me only one sitting it would be better than none."

"I don't see how it could be." Shaking me heartily by the hand, she wished me good night, leaving me in a very confused state of mind. This was increased when, in the morning, she was no longer there, and no one would admit she had ever been there.

Some weeks passed. It was close upon Christmas. The light of a short winter day was drawing to a close when, without hearing or seeing anything, I became aware that a person had come through the folding doors, and was standing beside me. I turned and beheld the lady of the railway carriage, who said: "Pardon me for disturbing you: you did not hear me come in." Her manner, though more quiet and subdued than before, was hardly to be termed grave, still less sorrowful. She asked me whether I had made any attempt at a likeness of her. I was obliged to confess that I had not. She regretted it much, as she wished one for her father. She had brought with her a portrait of Lady M. A. which she thought would assist me. Then (putting her hand impressively on my arm) she added that she would really be most grateful if I would do it; and if I recollect rightly she added that much depended on it.

Seeing she was so much in earnest I took up my sketch-book and by the dim light that was remaining began to make a rapid pencil sketch of her. Instead, however, of giving me what assistance she was able she turned away under pretence of looking at the pictures around the room, occasionally passing from one to another, which enabled me to catch a momentary glimpse of her features. In this manner I made two hurried but rather expressive sketches, these being all that the declining light would allow me to do; I shut my book and she prepared to leave. This time

instead of the usual salutation she wished me an expressively pronounced "good-bye", firmly holding rather than shaking my hand while she said it. I accompanied her to the door, outside of which she seemed rather to fade into the darkness than to pass through it. But I refer this impression to my own fancy. I immediately enquired of the servant why the visitor to me had not been announced and was answered that she was not aware there had been one.

[The account continued by saying that Mr. H. was in the town of L—, and, remembering that he had an old friend living there, he sent a note by the hotel boy addressed, as he thought, to his friend; but his friend's name was Clyte and he addressed his letter to Mr. Lute, Cathedral Close, where his friend had lived. Mr. Lute came to him and explanations followed. The story is continued in Mr. H.'s own words.]

"There is no need of apology," said Mr. Lute. "It happens that you are the very person I most wished to see. You are a painter, and I want you to paint a portrait of my daughter. Can you come to my house immediately for the purpose?" I at first declined, but under pressure of his anxiety I consented. In the walk to his house he scarcely spoke. On our arrival he introduced me to his daughter Maria and then left the room. She had evidently not been informed of the purpose of my coming, and only knew I was to stay there for the night. Later she joined me by the fire and, in reply to her question, I told her that her father wished me to paint either her portrait, or that of a sister of hers if she had one.

She remained silent and thoughtful for a moment, and then seemed to comprehend at once. She told me that her only sister, to whom her father was devotedly attached, had died nearly four months previously, and that her father had never yet recovered from the shock of her death. He had often expressed his earnest wish for a portrait of her. Indeed it was his one thought, and she hoped, that if something of the kind could be done, it would improve his health. Here she hesitated, stammered and burst into tears. After a while she continued: "It is no good hiding from you what you must very soon be aware of, Papa is insane. He has been so ever since dear Caroline was buried. He says he is always seeing her, and he is subject to fearful delusions. The doctor says he cannot tell how much worse he may be, and that all things dangerous, like knives or razors, are to be kept out of his reach. It was necessary you should not see him again this evening, as he was unable to converse properly." I asked whether they had any materials for making a likeness—a photograph, a sketch or anything else for me to go from. I was told they had nothing. Could she describe her clearly? She thought she could, and there was a print that was very much like her, but she had mislaid it. Directly after breakfast the next morning I set to work aided by such description as the sister could give me. I tried again and again but without success or indeed the least prospect of it. The different studies I made were taken up to the invalid, but the same answer was always returned—no resemblance. The daughter saw how fatigued I was by my exertions, and was very grateful to me. She said it was so provoking because she had a portrait of a lady resembling her sister, but she had missed it from her book for three weeks. I asked if she could tell me whom the print represented as I might be able to get one in town. She answered "Lady M. A." Immediately the name was uttered the whole scene of the railway carriage and subsequent ones presented themselves to me. I had my sketch-book in my portmanteau and, by a fortunate chance, fixed in it was the print in question with the two pencil sketches. I instantly brought them down and showed them to Maria Lute. She looked at them for a moment, turned her eyes full upon me, and said, slowly and with something like fear in her manner, "Where did you get these?" Then more quickly and without waiting for an answer: "Let me take them instantly to Papa." She was away ten minutes or more and when she returned her father came with her. He did not wait for salutations but said, in a tone and manner I had not

observed in him before, "I was right all the time; it was you that I saw with her, and these sketches are from her and from no one else. I value them more than all my possessions, except this dear child." The daughter also assured me that the print I had brought to the house must be the one taken from the book about three weeks before, in proof of which she pointed out to me the gum marks at the back, which exactly corresponded with those on the blank leaf. From the moment the father saw these sketches his mental health returned. I was not allowed to touch either of the pencil drawings in the sketch-book, but he sat by my side while I commenced making an oil-painting from them. During a walk on the Sunday following the father approached the subject of the sketches and said: "Your writing to me by name was one of those inexplicable circumstances that I suppose it is impossible to clear up. I knew you, however, directly I saw you. When those about me considered that my intellect was disordered and that I spoke incoherently it was only because I saw things that they did not. Since her death I know with a certainty which nothing will disturb, that, at different times, I have been in the actual and visible presence of my daughter who has gone—oftener, indeed, just after her death than latterly. I distinctly remember once seeing her in a railway carriage speaking to a person seated opposite. Who that person was I could not ascertain as I seemed to be immediately behind him. I next saw her at a dinner table with others, and amongst them was undoubtedly yourself. I afterwards learnt that at that time I was considered to be in one of my longest and most violent paroxysms, as I continued to see her speaking to you, in the midst of a large assembly for some hours. I saw her twice more, but finally I saw yourself in the Inn parlour."

I have often seen Mr. Lute since that period. His health is perfectly re-established. The portrait now hangs in his bedroom, with her print and the two sketches by the side, and written beneath is "C. L. 13 September, 1858. Aged 22."

"CHRISTIANS, AWAKE."

(A VERSION FOR MODERNISTS.)

By Mr. W. Appleyard (ex-Lord Mayor of Sheffield).

Christians, awake on this eventful morn
Whereon the Christ as Son of man was born!
Join with the choirs of Heaven in grateful songs
In praise of Him to whom due praise belongs,
Rise to adore, your humble tribute pay
And swell the triumph of His peaceful sway.

Christians, awake, behold the new born light
That now dispels the darkness of the night!
Heed well the message which the angels bring,
"Peace and good-will" to all mankind they sing;
Such welcome news should make our hearts rejoice,
For 'tis the echo of our Father's voice.

Christians, awake to greet the Prince of Peace,
Who came to give this sinful world release,
To break his bonds and set the prisoner free
From every doubt and fear, and misery.
All praise to Him! as Brother, Friend, and Guide,
Constrained by love, upon the Cross who died.

Christians, awake to truth of heart and mind,
Put on the spirit of the Christ, and find
The grace that leads the darkened soul to light
And makes him strong in combat for the right.
It is the will of God that man should learn
Unto the source of life he must return.

Christians, awake o'er all the land and sea,
Shake off your torpid sleep and apathy,
Make known to all endowed with mortal breath
That they like Christ are born to conquer death,
To pass triumphant to the home above
Into the arms of everlasting Love.

THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN HINCHLIFFE.

A BRIEF REVIEW OF THE FACTS.

Mrs. Hinchliffe has kindly furnished me with a copy of the address which she delivered at Caxton Hall on Wednesday, November 21st, and of which a summary appeared in *LIGHT* of December 1st. It may be useful to consider briefly some of the strongly evidential points in her experience.

It has been objected that the case as regards Capt. Hinchliffe's account of his flight was not complete since neither the bodies of himself and his passenger, nor the wreckage of the aeroplane have been found. Logically that must be admitted, although it is not to be forgotten that the law has presumed the death of both the voyagers, that being the only possible solution of their disappearance. We have to be guided in these as in other affairs of life by probabilities. We have, legally speaking, circumstantial rather than direct evidence. Some lawyers say that circumstantial evidence is the stronger.

Mrs. Hinchliffe's experiences as touching the return of her husband as a spirit stand in a different category; humanly speaking the proofs are cogent and complete.

The story begins with a letter received by her from Mrs. "Earl"—the name disguises the identity of a non-professional medium—who sends the widow messages purporting to come from her husband. Mrs. Hinchliffe knowing nothing of Spiritualism is bewildered, but the amount of knowledge conveyed in the messages arrests her attention and overcoming her prejudices she consents to follow up the inquiry, as a kind of forlorn hope. She very rightly asserts that she will believe nothing unless her supposed husband can talk to her of things known only to herself and him. She accordingly visits a medium, Mrs. Garrett, carefully disguising her own identity. It has been suggested that the medium may in some way have become aware of her identity. But even if that were admitted it is a very weak argument. For in the result Mrs. Hinchliffe receives the proofs which she demanded and more. For her husband not only talks with her on private matters unknown to outsiders, but tells of things known only to himself. He tells her, for instance, that she has been searching for his studs and tells her where they were concealed although she had previously made what she supposed to be a complete search. She returns home and finds them in the place described. He tells her many things about their business affairs and gives accurately the time when a certain expected (but quite uncertain) settlement will be made. He tells of a blue print relating to land, of the existence of which she had no knowledge. She goes through his papers and finds this blue print. These are some of the concrete facts, but there is a larger field—the human and not the technically scientific one. She has several conversations with the spirit communicator and is utterly convinced of her husband's identity. She is a clear-headed intelligent woman—not at all of the type of the gullible emotional lady who will accept anything. She approaches the matter with doubt and even a little of that natural hostility which is customary to most of us when considering matters we regard as incredible and contrary to our experience. The proofs are coercive with her as they have been with many of us, when, while retaining our judgment and power of choice, we abandon the attitude of unthinking obstinacy.

Mrs. Hinchliffe for certain reasons did not recount all the proofs she had gained, but she said sufficient.

At a later stage of her enquiries she was invited to a materialisation seance, at which her husband "manifested himself in an unmistakable way". She saw his face as she last remembered him, and she is certain of the fact. Interrogated on the point she replies with simple eloquence, "I know my own husband." The face was seen by all the sitters (at least one of whom recognised the likeness from photographs she had seen in the Press). All the sitters signed a paper certifying the fact. And we learn that Mrs. Hinchliffe is not only

satisfied of the continued existence of her husband, but is happy in the knowledge, which introduces the true human note into a subject which is not entirely to be covered by science, although I would be the last to depreciate the value of science in verifying facts and dispersing illusions.

D. G.

A DREAM EXPERIENCE.

BY CLAUDE TREVOR.

During the summer of 1915 I was staying at a Villa some distance from Florence, and one day, as I was discussing with my hostess the subject of dreams, etc., she recounted to me the following very interesting experience of her daughter; who, later on the same day (knowing nothing of what her mother had told, and being led up to the subject on purpose by myself to see if the two accounts coincided), narrated to me without the smallest difference of detail, what I think may be interesting to those whose attention is engaged on such matters. Signora P. (the daughter) after some months of matrimony dreamt of her elder sister, who died at the age of sixteen, when Signora P. was only a few months old. The dream in which her sister figured was repeated three times. The first time, she appeared seated on a stone seat outside the Cemetery at Pistoja, near Florence, where her body was buried; and speaking, she said she was suffering cruelly in her grave and wondered when the time would come for her liberation. The morning following, Signora P. told her dream to her mother, asking her if the cemetery was as she had dreamt it (the dream taking place in Rome, where the family had been living for years, Signora P. having left Pistoja when too young to remember anything about it), and was assured that every detail was correct—the stone seat, etc. The second time her sister appeared was in the same spot, and she again complained bitterly of what she was suffering, but added that she would soon be free. On the third occasion she said her liberty was imminent, and that the Signora P. would be the means of giving her fresh life. The latter, greatly impressed, again spoke to her mother, who gently reproved her, telling her not to take any notice of such trivialities, remarking at the same time how inconsistent it was, seeing that Signora P. had not the least prospect of having a family. *She never dreamt of her sister again*, but in a very short period after the third dream she found she would in due time become a mother—which fact took place, and a son was born to her; and now comes perhaps the most interesting part of the strange circumstances I am writing of. Her little son—whom I saw—had on his left thigh a "mother's mark" identical with one on Signora P.'s sister, who foretold that the former would give her fresh life.

"RETREAT."

In military camp awhile
Our comrades of the rank and file,
Released from marches, guards or drill,
Make revelry, with rough good-will.
Massed trumpets peal from distant lines;
The still night air the theme refines;
Clear and compelling as the strains
By shepherds heard on Judah's plains.
The soldiers listen and obey,
Then carry on in happier way.
So should we quell the lower din,
And welcome heavenly music in,
That we may hear and understand
The orders from the High Command.

South Africa.

J. McA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

MR. F. BLIGH BOND.

Sir,—We have been given to understand that certain specific statements have been freely circulated both in England and America affecting our Client Mr. Bligh Bond in his work and its association and as these statements are entirely without foundation and calculated to do him injury we would be glad if you would give permission for the following facts to be published in your columns in order that there may be no ground for any further misunderstanding.

1. We are informed that a statement has been repeatedly made to the effect that the medium employed by our Client for the "Glastonbury" script never received the share of royalties due to him by agreement. Certain proceedings were instituted on behalf of this Medium and the whole of the accounts since the publication of the *Gate of Remembrance* and *The Hill of Vision* up to the time of the proceedings in 1926 were submitted by us on behalf of Mr. Bligh Bond. The Royalties on these two works were actually collected by the Author's Society between 1920 and 1926 of which both the medium and our client were then members.

2. Our Client informs us that he was invited to collaborate in the production of a script of "Cleophas" obtained in 1925 through a lady medium and was present at the writing of the first two books and that he prepared all the original transcripts of this work and also by request undertook the editing of them and found a publisher. For the space of nine months from May, 1925, onwards practically all his time was bestowed on this work and for this he has never received any money. The copyright action was not brought by him.

3. We understand that in a letter from a well-known authority in Psychic Research for August, 1927, it is stated that the action regarding the Cleophas copyright was twice tried, once by the Author's Society and again by Mr. Justice Eve and that both decisions were unfavourable to our Client. This is entirely erroneous. It must be obvious that the Author's Society could have no jurisdiction in such matters.

We feel sure that in justice to Mr. Bligh Bond you will be glad to give publicity to this notice.—Yours, etc.,

SCOTT & SON (Solicitors).

7, Staple Inn, Holborn, London, W.C.1.

SPIRITUALISTS AND THE BIBLE.

The General Secretary of the Spiritualists' National Union writes drawing our attention to letters in the December issue of *The National Spiritualist*; in reference to an alleged statement that a certain Mrs. Taylor claimed that "she had been offered £2 per week to travel the country and down the Bible"! Mr. Berry expresses his great surprise at the statement and desires to put it on record that "the Spiritualists' National Union has never at any time engaged any speakers (either for a fee or at their own expense) to attack the Bible, or try in any way to turn men and women from it." The Spiritualists' National Union, he points out, would be willing to consider taking legal action to combat such an aspersion and draws attention to the fact that "In most of our Churches the Bible is read as a lesson every Sunday in the year."

A RIGHT AND WRONG WAY WITH MEDIUMSHIP.

(From Notes left by the late Miss Felicia R. Scatterd)

Somebody said to Professor Richet: "I don't believe in Spiritualism. It is a mere recrudescence of exploded myths and superstitions." Richet responded: "Very well. Leave it alone. Work with your whole soul for something in which you do believe. That is the best way of following the command: Do the Will and you shall know of the doctrine."

When my valued friend and illustrious pioneer, the late Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell (influenced no doubt by her more gifted sister, Anne Blackwell, translator of Allan Kardec's works) proposed to the late Professor Huxley that he should join herself and a few fellow-scientists in making a thorough study of the claims of Spiritualism, the great man replied to this effect:—"My dear friend, I have no desire to pursue the subject, as all so-called communications that I have seen are so utterly wearisome and trivial. If by occult means I could become aware of the gossip of old women and curates in a Cathedral town, I should refuse to avail myself of the privilege."

I venture to submit that the learned professor "missed the point" altogether.

The question was not *what came*, but this: did anything at all come from the inner and unseen realm which it was proposed to explore?

On this question I can only assert that my own experience differs in this respect from that of those who say they have never received any communications worth recording. I have received information of the highest and deepest import not as regards myself, but to those for whom I was asked to convey this information. Scientific hints of extreme value to the recipient have been transmitted in the strangest way. An inventor, now on the better side of life, when he was in difficulties would often come a distance of twenty miles to see me. After tea he would fall into trance, when I would be asked to take down information (which conveyed little to me) at the dictation of a control claiming to be Tyndall. The information thus conveyed cleared up problems that the sensitive could not solve in his normal condition. Sometimes the control was only partial. On one such occasion he exclaimed, "Thank you, Miss Scatterd! I'm off, now I have all that I need. It was selenium I should have used." He would explain that he had tried everything before he ventured to trespass upon my time and his own; and that when he sat quietly having tea with us then he would see Tyndall or some other control and would be told what to do. I found he had never seen Professor Tyndall. But I have a Russian friend who knew the late Professor very well and I took the inventor with me to see her. Tyndall speedily controlled and spoke to his old friend Madame N. in so convincing a manner that she begged the inventor to come again.

THE CRITICS.—I believe all these critics performed a useful part in thus attacking the very foundations of Christianity—Truth must prevail in the end, and the more thorough the criticism, the more triumphant the victory. All they really succeeded in doing was that they destroyed the theological wrappings in which the facts of Christianity had been smothered. They tore down many accretions and pruned away much dead wood, and thereby thought they had dealt a death-blow to Christianity itself. They have in fact made our task of reconstruction more swift and easy (p. 64).—*Critics of the Christ—Answered by Spiritualism*, by I. Toy Warner-Staples, F.R.A.S.

LIGHT,
Editorial Offices, 16, QUEENSBERRY PLACE,
SOUTH KENSINGTON, S.W.7.

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THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS.

It is a time for the fireside, the family gathering, and the renewing of broken links of friendship. A time of story-telling, reminiscence, gaiety—and charity.

In these modern days we must inevitably do without much that contributed to the charm of the traditional Christmas festival. The sweet-scented Yule Log has given place to the electric radiator; the merry tooting horn of the stage coach, bearing its jolly burden of home-returning wanderers, is replaced by the equally cheery hoot of the Klaxon that announces the arrival of welcome guests in the six-cylinder auto; the family dance, with master and man shaking a nimble foot side by side in the true rustic revelry of a "Sir Roger de Coverley," gives place to the more select *souper dansant*, with expositions of the Yale Blues and the Varsity Drag, danced to the rhythm of a syncopated orchestra. The roystering jollity of the snowball fight, and the metallic hum of steel-bladed skates whizzing over the surface of the frozen lake, seldom come within our present-day experience, owing to a lack of imagination on the part of our modern Clerk of the Weather.

Still, these are but externals; the vesture changes but the spirit remains the same. We shall have our holly and mistletoe, our Old English Fare, with the national Christmas Pudding; we may, with luck, catch a fleeting glimpse of a stray robin redbreast; and, of course, there will be the Christmas box—to remind us all of our charitable duties.

Goodwill towards men! That is the message of Christmas, a kindly message that touches all hearts in all lands. Now is the time to brush away from our eyes the veils of prejudice, rancour and resentment, and see our fellow men through the mellow light of sympathy and understanding.

There will be a saddened note for some who recall the loved faces of dear ones, no longer in the family circle, but in many thousands of homes the Unseen Guests will be made welcome, for the message of Spiritualism is spreading apace: There are no dead.

That old-time custom—the telling of ghost stories—will have a newer significance for many of us. It may have lost its power of producing "creepiness," but it has gained in other directions, at least for those of us who study the Unseen side of life. We shall remember, and welcome, those real ghosts—human and natural like ourselves—who come among us with the great message of Christmas, the old message of the heavenly host, which heralded the coming of the Prince of Peace: "On earth peace, goodwill toward men."

A STRANGELY VERIFIED DREAM.

We have received for review a book *Doctor Neuron and Other Sketches** by "Aurelia." They are reprinted from the *Medical Press and Circular* and the author is a medical woman personally known to us. One of the sketches in the book deals briefly with psychic science, and in her closing chapter Aurelia gives an account of a remarkable dream which came to her at a time when she was going up for the Inter-M.B. examination. She says that the dream was so vivid that she can still recall every detail as though it had happened yesterday.

The lists of the candidates who had passed were to be posted at 2 p.m. in the hall of the University, and in her dream she walked up the steps with a friend who had entered for the same examination, and who is called "Jane Smith." The story proceeds:

The clock struck two as we entered the building, and a clerk emerged from a room. "Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "I regret to inform you that the lists will not be available until 2.30." Racked with anxiety we left the building and regaled ourselves with coffee at a restaurant near by. At last the long half-hour passed, and once more we mounted the University steps. The same clerk appeared and pinned the lists to a green notice board. Pushing my way through the eager throng of students, with beating heart I sought my own name. It was there at the foot of the list of names, which were in alphabetical order: "Vortex, Aurelia." I raised my eyes to the letter S, but Jane Smith's name was missing. I awoke to realise that I had been dreaming, and that several weeks must elapse before the results were known. When at last the fateful day arrived, I had forgotten the dream until Miss Smith and I arrived at the University and the clock struck two as we passed through the door. To my amazement every detail was enacted exactly as I had foreseen it. I recognised the clerk who emerged from the identical door, and announced that the posting of the lists must be postponed for half an hour. Miss Smith proposed coffee while we waited, and I dared not tell her what I had dreamed, knowing that if it all came true she had undoubtedly failed. When we returned to the University, I made my way to the notice board, and there was my own name at the bottom of the list: "Vortex, Aurelia." No W's or Y's. And Jane Smith's name was not there.

* Bailliere, Tindall & Cox. (3s. net.)

DR. CRANDON AND THE "MARGERY" MEDIUMSHIP.

Under the auspices of the London Spiritualist Alliance and the British College of Psychic Science a remarkably interesting address (illustrated with lantern slides) was given to a large audience at the Grosvenor Hall, on Wednesday evening, 12th inst., by Dr. L. R. G. Crandon, of Boston, U.S.A., his subject being "A Year's Progress in the 'Margery' Mediumship." Mrs. Hewat McKenzie occupied the chair and in her introductory remarks referred in appreciative terms to the late Miss Felicia Scatcherd, this being the second Felicia Scatcherd Memorial lecture. We hope to present a full report in a later issue.

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WHEN YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TIME.

BY FREDERICK H. HAINES, F.C.I.B.

Apart from the important service of entering into communication with the non-physical, of demonstrating the survival of Life after Death, I find the unfolding of my own psychic faculties of practical service in everyday affairs, and hope that many readers may be tempted by my short account to experiment on similar lines.

The experiment is a simple one, which anyone may make, namely, to tell the time at any hour of the day or night without looking at a watch or clock. Of course, during the day, if one is regular in habits, meals, etc., the possibility of a good guess is simplified by the underlying consciousness of physical need for food, or in the reserve of nerve energy gathered to meet anticipated exertion. Such explanations will not cover all the facts. You may guess approximately the right time. You may do this at intervals and be only some few minutes out. But if you commence to secure, as I have done, repeatedly, the exact time to the minute in a series of tests made even in the middle of the night, again hours later after sleep and before day-break afforded any evidence, and still again some time before rising, you will begin to wonder how it is done.

It is comparatively easy for me to get the time according to my watch during the night hours. I have done so at home, where the hall clock chimes out the hours, and when, unknown to me, the striking was wrong.

During the day, if I am alone or very tranquil, the faculty is slightly less reliable than at night; I may get two experiments in sequence correct and then find the third test thirty minutes out. Sometimes I am hopelessly wrong, which fact negatives the hypothesis that physical necessity for food or condition of fatigue has anything to do with the experience. Again, I have found myself picking up the time of somebody else's watch when it had just been consulted; this seems to be pure telepathy. Generally, after repeated experiment with my watch some minutes slow, I find that it is my watch on which I depend.

There are innumerable incidents arising in connection with the practice of this faculty that afford food for reflection. For instance, I got mentally one morning in the dark "twelve minutes past seven", but before I could look at my watch to verify this I received a mental correction, vivid as a voice: "No! twelve minutes past six". My watch corroborated this last, to the minute. On another occasion my impression of the time was persistently out till I discovered that my watch was eight minutes fast.

A feature which puzzles me is that the quarter to the hour will not infrequently appear as a quarter past it. The minute hand becomes transposed on the dial, but not the hour hand. If the hour hand were similarly transposed the logical deduction would be that I looked at the watch mentally from the back instead of from the dial face. Assuming that to be possible, then one would get the same effect as if the watch were read in a mirror. Everything would be reversed: twenty-past four would appear as twenty-to-eight. The fact that I get the one hand right upsets this explanation; yet experiment seems to verify the assumption; for when the reversal took place I have noted that the watch hanging in my pocket on the bed-rail was turned from me.

The proportion of correct knowledge of time by my watch is beyond all guessing. Morning after morning I have made three experiments in the early hours and been uniformly exact to the minute. During the day I would on some days repeatedly be right to

the minute time after time, while on other days I would be intermittently right or with a three minute variation which was sufficiently near to be startling; yet other days were a complete failure. Those days of failure negative the argument for guessing. There is a real faculty at work that varies from day to day and is beyond my control; but I can never undertake successfully to demonstrate this faculty. I hope some other mediumistic reader will record his or her experiences with this simple but extremely useful phenomenon.

So far I have not decided that it is I who "give the time". I do not visualise a watch. I do not wait for any active computation or perception, but usually have a simple pause after the question, and in that pause I get the answer. It comes to me, not in the ear but on the mental plane with an amazing clearness and, as I have recorded, startling correctness. I rather lean to an acceptance of the theory that we have a sixth sense which herein finds action.

MAJOR COLLEY'S PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

Major C. C. Colley, Chestnut Bank, Bank Lane, Kingston, son of the late Archdeacon Colley, writes to inform us that he is ready to undertake the giving of lectures on his psychical experiences in the Great War and kindred themes dealing with his own experiences, and requesting that enquiries from those who desire his services shall be sent to him at the address given.

He also sends us in a letter for publication an account of a supernormal happening in the nature of an impression which probably prevented a serious accident, as follows:—

This windy weather reminds me of an incident which happened last year. We (my wife and family) were on our way home by car, from the sea-side, and on arrival my wife decided to stop the car at a local shop to purchase supplies prior to going home. The children and I waited for what seemed an interminable time and at last my patience was exhausted, so I entered the shop to ascertain the cause of the delay as we were all anxious to get home. My wife told me that she could not get out of the shop "as father won't let me" (referring to my father, the late Archdeacon Colley, who sometimes impresses her as he does me). However, I was in no mood to argue, and ultimately I persuaded her to get into the car. For some unaccountable reason, instead of going the most direct route home, I drove the longest way round, which brought from her the remark "Why come this tremendous way round?" I objected to the exaggeration of the word "tremendous" as it was only a matter of three minutes longer, and there the argument ended. When we did get home she found that she still had forgotten an important item in her purchases, so, after unloading the car I proceeded to go back to the shop and of course, took the shorter route when to my surprise I found the road blocked by a tree which I ascertained from the police had fallen ten minutes previously, luckily hurting no one.

The time I got out of the car to protest to my wife about her delay was, in consequence, exactly noted; the difference in time it would have taken had I returned home by the usual road would have brought us to the exact spot where the tree fell.

REINCARNATION: FIGMENTS & FICTIONS.

BY A. HORNGATE.

When the Ptolemaic system held sway, man's only possible idea of the Universe was a small flat earth, circled round by twinkling lights put there for his convenience. Where was he then to put the spirits of his departed ancestors?

The innate feeling that they "carried on" could not be suppressed; and at the recent Congress we were told that in India they still hold that man's spirit, on leaving his body, must seize, almost at once, on that of an animal, if nothing better comes handy. In other parts of the earth, they considerably allow the spirits a period of rest and contemplation after this time of woe; but enforced idleness becomes irksome; a further period of active earthly experience—even though circumstanced in pain and misery—might seem attractive after a year or two of passive contemplation from the realms of empty space. So Re-incarnation was duly established as an article of faith.

But need we cling to these old ideas in the twentieth century, when they have become not only unnecessary and illogical, but slightly funny? How can it be explained that there are at present several hundred "Cleopatras" living in Kensington alone? How was it that the Tutankhamen discoveries wakened up the memories of many hundred editions of his first wife—always the first wife, and never a subordinate member of the harem? Many ladies have recognised the golden chair found in the tomb, as one they used to sit in many centuries ago (after studying its picture in the newspapers, of course), and have recalled vivid details of the dear old days, though they had never been heard to speak of Egypt before.

I myself once talked with a voluble Royal Personage (then still living on earth!) who exacted deference from all around her; but unfortunately she was in a lunatic asylum, and the keepers told me they had several other representatives of the same Royal Personage under their care; when these ladies met there was always friction and court etiquette was scattered to the winds.

Since her passing, I have, however, conversed affably with a certain Royal Lady through an American trance medium; but what the spirit herself said faded into insignificance beside the medium's confidences retailed to me while in her normal state.

The story she told me was fully detailed, and amazingly dramatic. She obviously had reason to believe it. The story concerned the birth of twins to the wife of a European monarch (a boy and a girl), and one of the twins was a friend of hers. For state reasons—the rule being that there cannot be two heirs to a throne—the birth of one of the children had to be suppressed; so the boy, the heir to a great kingdom, was smuggled away and, after a miserable life, died. This story struck me, for various reasons, as being highly improbable. To begin with, since one of the twins was a boy, why was he banished and the girl retained, there being a popular prejudice in favour of male children and masculine rule? And is it not usual for twins to be distinguished as "elder" and "younger", according to their order of arrival in this world—granted the difference may be only a matter of minutes? If so, why was not the "elder twin" made heir to the throne? The rule prohibiting "two heirs to a throne" hardly seemed to apply.

I timidly voiced my objection but was put down with a firm hand by my informant, who made it clear that my ignorance of royal customs debarred me from criticism of them. So, being duly crushed, I humbly accepted the story, and the experience has taught me to listen with respectful humility to highly-coloured accounts of "past lives" that my previously unchastened mind would have rejected.

HOW I SEE THE AURA.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

"He seemed to me to curl up mentally," said a friend of mine after listening to a conversation between myself and a certain individual whose arrogance of manner and speech had suddenly subsided, after a sharp rebuke had been administered.

That phrase "curled up" was a happy one, for it exactly described the condition of the rebuked person's aura as it appeared to me clairvoyantly on that occasion—it curled up to such an extent that the emanations were almost lost to my sight; they seemed to sink into the man's body.

That was one of many occasions that the aura not only varied according to the state of health, but also changed with the emotions.

I have found the aura a useful guide when diagnosing health conditions, but I find it desirable to consider it in relation to the environment of a person, his general characteristics, impulses, and emotional make-up. Some people are more influenced by outward conditions than others, and the affairs of the immediate moment affect them to a marked extent. All of which has an effect (perhaps only temporary) upon such persons' aura.

I was much interested in observing the aura of a lady friend who had just come from a shopping expedition in the Metropolis. She was pleasantly excited after a successful bargaining adventure, and the aura around her was of a decided pink colour, fluctuating with rapid motion evidencing her excitement. Upon mentioning this to the lady she said, "Why, that's the very shade of silk of which I have purchased a quantity to-day."

On the other hand another lady who had just returned from making a number of purchases appeared to me to be quite undisturbed; there was no unusual motion in the aura; outward conditions had not affected her to any appreciable extent.

The colour of the aura is interpreted differently by different clairvoyants. What will signify one thing to one psychic has a different signification to another.

For instance, I have a personal dislike to most shades of brown, while indigo is positively distasteful to me. Yet under some conditions even these colours help in producing a feeling of harmony in my mind; to another psychic their signification may be very different. There appear to be no hard-and-fast rules in this matter of colour.

I purposely stress this point.

The final test of the value of "seeing of auras" depends almost entirely upon the general accuracy of the interpretation of the colour, and not upon the colour itself. Correctness of interpretation comes only after long experience and careful, cautious observation, combined with some knowledge at least of the person whose aura is being read. Psychometric power is of great assistance in this direction—the ability to sense the general conditions of a person.

But there is another aura seldom fully seen by the clairvoyant. I venture to call it the aura of the soul; that aura seems to permeate the spiritual body and, at rare intervals, the physical body also; as well as to emanate from it. The late Mr. W. J. Colville and other writers have written at some length on this "soul aura". The reader is recommended to the library of the London Spiritualist Alliance and other similar libraries for information on this engrossing aspect of the subject. In this necessarily short article I have only dealt in a very brief way with what may be termed auric emanations from the physical body.

A SPIRITUALIST IN UTAH.

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

The term Mormon means in England little more than a peculiar Christian sect. Here in Utah it is different. It stands for a highly organised body of people, whose religious beliefs are not more irrational than most others.

The influence and power of Mormonism is far-reaching. I recently made a three thousand miles' automobile trip through Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, Oregon and Washington. Mormonism is dominant throughout nearly all these States. The general condition of these States speaks well for the influence of the "Latter Day Saints", who as pioneers are unsurpassed. Arid land had been turned into green pastures, and even the province of the sage-brush, sure indication of the presence of alkali, had been invaded.

Mormonism is more than a mere faith; it is a political and commercial enterprise. "We believe in giving our members work to do," said one of the most influential Mormons in Salt Lake City to me. Perhaps the idea is that if people work hard they will have less time to think and to criticise their religious beliefs.

But Mormons *do* think—even on religion. A more agreeable, tolerant and intelligent body than the intelligentsia of Mormonism would be difficult to find. I have now met in private conversation the leaders of education in Utah, and Utah is noted throughout the United States as progressive in this respect. Brigham Young University and Utah University spare no means by which knowledge may be spread, up-to-date knowledge, although they eschew modern religious ideas. Mormonism inspires and rules them both, notwithstanding that students are admitted to them irrespective of religious beliefs.

Psychic science seems long to have been a favourite study of the various Professors and they openly espouse it. At my lecture on "The Phenomena of Materialisation," practically every professor in the two Universities was present. They invited me to meet them at dinner the following evening that we might further discuss the subject and asked me to go to Provo, the home-town of Brigham Young University, to deliver the same lecture, as they wanted their friends to know more about the subject.

Among the company were the leading psychiatrist in Utah and two famous local physicians. The psychiatrist was particularly interested in psychic science from a therapeutic point of view. He believes in obsession. "I am confident," he said, "that many of the people in our asylums are suffering from some kind of spirit-possession." He based his belief, I gather, partly on the Bible. This book, he argues, cannot be entirely discarded. It is a mistake to think that the ancients knew nothing about insanity. There have been mad people in all ages, and if little was known about the causes of their disorders two thousand years ago, not much more is known to-day.

"If we could get some mediums to treat these unfortunates," said he, "I fancy we might get nearer the root of their maladies."

One of the doctors wanted to know whether it was possible for dying people to become clairvoyant and see the dead. He had had an experience which pointed, he thought, to the possibility of this. His little son, seven years old, had died. The doctor, a few weeks later, attended an old gentleman who had known this child and of whom the boy was very fond. As the old man drew his last few breaths he talked quite rationally to the spirit of the child, whom, of course, none but he could see.

The Mormons believe in the gift of tongues. At one time this phenomenon was common among them, but is now much rarer. I gather that the "languages" spoken were gibberish, as none but the specially inspired could understand them. It was the inspired

person's task to interpret them to the company. But all these strange inspirations were not mere noise. A Professor of languages present assured me that his mother, a prominent Mormon, used during these inspirations to speak a Red Indian dialect so fluently that the Indians used to gather to converse with her. She knew (normally) not one word of that tongue! Did I think that it could have been caused by the spirit of a deceased Red Indian influencing the Professor's mother? I agreed that that theory was the most reasonable and in keeping with certain mediumistic experiences. It agreed with the lady's own explanation.

Another of the company had tried some personal experiments in the development of mediumship. He used to see what he thought might be clairvoyant visions of spirits, but relinquished his efforts when one day he awoke from a sleep during his experiments and discovered he was "catalepted". "As I awoke," he explained, "I saw the figure of a fine man ascend slowly up to the ceiling and disappear." He was sure it was not a dream. "When I found I could not move hand nor foot I thought I might be developing epilepsy and was afraid to go on." This is a pity, as there can be no doubt that he was unfolding mediumistic powers of a physical order, the reason for his catalepsy being to keep him in a state of physical quiescence while ectoplasm was being withdrawn from his body and used for the experiment. This shows the need of proper advice and supervision during psychic development.

Another Professor had been an excellent telekinetic medium during his youth, one of the company assuring us that this Professor had sat with him many times, and seen a small table "walk up the wall and along the mantelpiece, gingerly stepping among the ornaments without breaking them, then safely returning to the floor." On one occasion, he said, he had leaned against a large dining-room table with the Professor at the other end, but not touching, and it jumped up so violently that it lifted him (the narrator) with it. He was at the time leaning on the table. No phenomena were expected at the moment.

It was ever thus. Get together a group of intelligent people averaging more than middle-age, and the chances are in favour of most of them having had some striking psychic experiences which are explainable only on the Spiritualistic hypothesis.

 NUMBERING THE PEOPLE.

We were lately asked to state for Press purposes the numerical strength of Spiritualism in adherents; but the number is impossible to compute accurately. Thousands of people who accept the ideas of Spiritualism do not belong to any church or society which would carry their names on its roll of membership as adherents of the subject. The *Two Worlds*, in some cognate remarks, observes that there are some 450 Spiritualist churches in the country definitely affiliated to the Spiritualist National Union. But their rolls of membership do not include those persons whose subscriptions have remained unpaid; this means that they are at a disadvantage when their numbers are compared with those of some other religious denominations whose lists include a large percentage of people whose membership has lapsed. But numerical strength, however interesting to statisticians and to those who attach supreme importance to "big battalions", is not of the essence of the question. Whether there are half-a-million, a million, or two million Spiritualists in the country, the strength of Spiritualism is most definitely shewn by its impact on the thought of the time. And it is this, far more than the question of the actual number of Spiritualists, that excites the attention of the world to-day, and leads to the frequent discussion of the subject in the newspapers.

RAY'S AND REFLECTIONS.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Someone who has been writing of the quaint Christmas customs of our ancestors remarks that amongst those that have disappeared are antics played by the "Lords of Misrule." Evidently he is not a student of modern politics.

* * * * *

Is the holly or the Christmas rose the more appropriate emblem of the season? I should say that both have their fitness. But the holly is not only the more popular and traditional but has a peculiar fitness for the dark winter season, since it gives the idea of fortitude as well as festivity; it is vivid and vigorous, mingling the martial with the saturnine. It represents realism—the fragile Christmas rose rather belongs to the ideal realm, and ideals should be treated with delicacy.

* * * * *

It is usually the younger people who love the thrill of awe and mystery that is produced by the old-time ghost story with its flavour of "goblins, graves and sepulchres". They like the "delicious, creepy sensation". Let them enjoy it. It would be rather morbid of the older people to look for more "creeps" than can be obtained by thoughts of the income tax and other monetary claims which accumulate at Yule-tide. But those who know the true inwardness of Spiritualism may face even these exactions armed with the knowledge that in due time they will be citizens of a country where rent, rates, and taxes exist no longer—not even the ghosts of them!

* * * * *

There is a story of a distressed railway porter leading a dog which had just been delivered to him from the guard's van of a train. The porter was at a loss what to do with the dog, for the wretched animal, he said, had eaten its label! Labels are very necessary in our passage through this world. The label "Spiritualist" is one that some of us would be glad to get rid of. It leads to so much misunderstanding. But as it might lead to more confusion if we were without it, we are content to retain it.

* * * * *

The theory put forward by some enthusiastic animal-lovers to the effect that animals possess human intelligence but have not the organs necessary to communicate with mankind, is rather a difficult one to take seriously. It reminds me of the story of an American farmer who hearing strange sounds in his hen-house at night went to ascertain the cause. "Who's in there?" he growled. "Only us chickuns," said a muffled voice from within. The sequel showed that the farmer did not believe in conversational chickens.

* * * * *

One of Shakespeare's characters sagely observed that "the world is still deceived with ornament"—that is to say, appearances. But it is also greatly deceived by catch-words. If you require instances you have only to look around. But I should class "sub-conscious", "vibration", "telepathy" and "magnetism" amongst them, so vilely are the terms misused. Humpty Dumpty in *Alice in Wonderland* said he paid extra to words to make them mean what he wanted them to mean. The tactics of Humpty Dumpty still survive.

* * * * *

A QUESTION OF TERMS.

He who once lived, and not in vain,
In touch with earth's prosaic facts,
Now "functions on the astral plane,"
And what he touched he now "contacts."
He lifted things in mortal state
But now can only "levitate."

D. G.

"Alloquia: Experiences and Some Reflections of a Medical Practitioner." By D. Marinus. (C. W. Daniel Co. 6s. net.)

Written in a crisp and graphic style, with much of anecdote and shrewd observation, these reminiscences of a medical man make attractive reading. There is a Preface by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who, in commending the book, remarks on the curious fact that Dr. Marinus should have been associated with him in early life, for as the author points out, in his earlier days he studied medicine in Edinburgh where he was out-patient clerk to Drs. Joseph Bell and Conan Doyle. It was from Dr. Bell that Sir Arthur got his first conception of Sherlock Holmes, as is now generally known. Having given us an engaging story of his life and adventures, the author in his concluding chapter deals with some of his religious views and the extent to which they were expanded by listening to a lecture on Spiritualism by Sir Arthur. He afterwards made a study of the subject, with the result that today he accepts the truth of Spiritualism. This chapter contains some clear thinking on religious problems, the outcome of long and intimate knowledge of life. Even for the reader who is not philosophically inclined the book will have a strong appeal. Reminiscences of a doctor's life are always full of human interest.

G.

"Weird Stories." (Published by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd. 2s. 6d.)

Some sixty psychic experiences are here given, many of them vouched for by the writers, and most of them having a genuine ring about them. They are gathered from the pages of the *Tatler*, and the editor of that popular weekly states in the foreword that they "were submitted by responsible people in good faith." I will briefly quote one of the many good stories contained in this excellent little book. The writer signing himself W.G.E. in an account headed *A Thought Transference Experience* tells of some experiments in mental transmission. A volume of *Paolo and Francesca* by Stephen Phillips was selected for the first experiment. "We thought of page 4, line 4. Vaguely I thought of blank verse, but none of us present of course knew the actual words. He [the medium] entered the room, went into the self-induced trance, and wrote down the following: 'All rights reserved.' Then he came to; we opened the book and found on page 4 these four lines only:

" 'This Play is
the Property of George Alexander,
St. James's Theatre;
All rights reserved.'

"Where he got it from honestly I do not know, but he was right."

W.G.E. tells, too, of an occasion when he promised to think of a sentence at ten o'clock at night, which the medium, then six miles away, was to try and "get". But the promise faded from his mind, and the experimental sentence was not sent. The medium, in trance state, was found to have written three words in three different tongues:

NEIN DIMENTICARE TOUS

Nein: no (German); Dimenticare: forget (Italian); tous: everything (French). There is an authentic ring about this.

N.

THE PSYCHIC BOOKSHOP of Abbey House, Victoria Street, S.W., desires us to acknowledge with thanks a gift of books from an anonymous donor. These have been distributed as instructed by the giver.

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NOTE.—The College has occasional accommodation for Students or interested visitors from the Country or Abroad.

VOL. VII, No. 3

October, 1928.

"PSYCHIC SCIENCE"

Editor—Stanley de Brath, M.I.C.E.

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Sunday, December 23rd, 6.30 p.m. REV. P. F. D. MILLS
Mrs. Betts giving Spirit-descriptions and messages.
Christmas Day, 11 a.m., Holy Communion. MR. R. A. BUSH
An invitation is given to all who love the Lord Jesus.
Wednesday, December 26th. NO MEETINGS

Free Healing: Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Wednesdays, 3 p.m. to 5.30 p.m.

Worthing Spiritualist Mission Church, Grafton Road.

Sunday, December 23rd, 11 a.m., Mrs. A. Boddington. Thursday, December 27th, Mrs. Ethel Thompson, 3 p.m., Members only; 6.30 for Public.

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Camberwell.—The Central Hall, High Street.—December 23rd, 11, open circle; 6.30, Mrs. Podmore. Wednesday, 55, Station Road, no meeting until January 9th.

Peckham.—Lausanne Road.—December 23rd, 7, Mr. M. Crowder. Thursday, 8.15, Public Service.

Richmond Spiritualist Church, Ormond Road.—December 23rd, 7.30, Mrs. Hitchcock, Address. December 26th, no meeting.

Croydon.—The New Gallery, Katharine Street.—December 23rd, 3, Lyceum; 6.30, Rev. George Nash, address and clairvoyance.

Fulham.—12 Lettice Street (Nr. Parsons Green Station).—December 23rd, 11.30, circle; 3, Lyceum; 7, Mrs. Edey. Thursday, 8, Mrs. Redfern.

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Clairvoyante: Mrs. Johnson.

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