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Edited by **DAVID GOW**

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Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research

"Light! More Light!"—Goethe.

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

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of escape from their day-time miseries, and sometimes wake in the morning with a feeling of fear and reluctance—another day to be faced and endured! This may be considered as denoting an unhealthy mental condition, although it is probably not more unhealthy than the state of a man who, facing the day's adventures with composure, shrinks from the terrors of the night, dreading his dreams, like Charles Lamb, who said that in his youth he kept a whole "stud" of night-mares! Nowadays, as we know, Science is investigating dreams. Perhaps it will find that our life in sleep is not more unreal than that waking existence which, by its discoveries concerning the unreality of the material world, Science has now reduced to something equally dream-like and phantasmal.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE WAY OF PROGRESS.

In an article in the *Evening News*, "Ought we to Scrap the Creeds?" the Rev. J. C. Hardwick compares Science and Theology and pictures what would happen if students of Science had to struggle against a dead weight of orthodoxy—i.e., the scientific beliefs of the past. None of the ablest men would take up scientific research, since it would give no scope for their abilities, and the rest—the inferior men—would work half-heartedly, fearing that their discoveries might not square with a scientific orthodoxy which they were forbidden to criticise. Science would consequently grow stagnant and any "unorthodox" science which came into existence would partake of the "crankiness" which characterises every group which is "cut off from the main stream of cultural progress". Mr. Hardwick's metaphorical argument is well illustrated in the career of Theology. But it is well to remember that if there is any "crankiness" in Spiritualism it may be accounted for by Mr. Hardwick's explanation. It is very "unorthodox" and has suffered on that account not only from Theology but from Science. But of late years it has been gradually connected up with the main stream of the world's thought. Hence the great change in its position to-day. And we have no fear of any orthodoxy growing up. Spiritualism is too fluid in its character for that.

DREAM FANCIES.

A man woke up one morning pale and perspiring with terror. He had dreamed that he was being chased round and round the room by a piece of paper! It sounds nonsensical enough until we remember that in waking life a man may have just the same sensations when pursued by a scrap of paper—in the form of a writ or a police-warrant! That seems to indicate one of the main differences commonly drawn between dreams and realities. The dream-trouble is abolished when the sleeper wakes up; the real trouble is not so easily disposed of. Nevertheless, there are people who find their dream-life as real and natural as their daily existence, and far happier. They find in sleep a means

INSPIRED WRITINGS.

That inspiration is more than a poetic fancy or a figure of speech is well-proven to-day, so many are the testimonies given by authors and artists past and present to the fact that some of their best work has been accomplished without their conscious effort. To the list of these may now be added the name of the late Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, the famous novelist, for a letter in the *Spectator* recently, to which Miss Estelle Stead drew our attention, tells how Sir Donald Stewart had remarked of Mrs. Steel's novel *On the Face of the Waters*, that it was the most perfect and accurate account of the siege of Delhi that had ever been written. Having been through the siege, Sir Donald could speak with authority. Asked how it was possible that she, who was never in India until 1865, eight years after the siege, could have described it so vividly, Mrs. Steel is said to have replied, "No one told me about it; nor did I write it; it was written through me." A very significant statement this, but matched, as we know, by testimonies from other writers. Amongst these the case of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe may be mentioned. She claimed that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was produced under a kind of divine impulsion. It seemed to her to have been written by some spiritual agency. "God wrote it," was her simple testimony on one occasion. It seems to be the mark of these inspired works that they lay hold on the imagination of readers, and the reason is clearly apparent. The fact that such work is usually marked by high artistry marks it off from that rather mixed literature which is known as "inspirational writing".

NEW TESTAMENT PHENOMENA.—"To-day there are true dreams like those of Joseph, clairvoyance and clairaudience like that of the Virgin and Zacharias; subjective clairvoyance like that of Elizabeth; trance control like Simeon's; prophecy or foretelling future events as did Anna; spirit lights like those seen by the Magi; and the direct voice and probable materialisations as experienced by the shepherds. These things happen now, so why should we doubt that they also occurred nearly two thousand years ago?"

—*Critics of the Christ—Answered by Spiritualism,*
by I. TOYE WARNER-STAPLES, F.R.A.S.

MORE EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOMETRY.

BY MARY E. MONTEITH.

There are two theories concerning the faculty of Psychometry. Some believe that it is a matter of spirit-communication, that an unseen intelligence tells the description and the history of the object held by the psychometrist. Others maintain that the object itself, through its vibrations, conveys to a sensitive all the information in a language somewhat similar to ordinary thought-transference; and like thought-transference, these vibrations mostly take the form of clairvoyant vision.

Of course, both theories may be true. And, probably, both are combined in all experimental work, although some psychometrists may not be able to distinguish the presence of a communicator. But I am inclined to believe from actual experiences that, quite apart from any hypothesis of communication from spiritual beings, sticks and stones can tell their own story to certain individuals who are adapted to understand the language.

A stone, after revealing to the sensitive its recent environment, the circumstances under which it was found, and other bits of history which can be verified either at the time or later, seems to have the power of making itself almost intelligible. There are occasions when an ancient figure will appear (resembling perhaps one's idea of a Druid) who will describe curious rites and symbols, all of which could be connected with the fragment of a dolmen. Another piece brings in its train a noble form clad in richly hued Israelitish garments, who, speaking at length and with authority, is interesting to a degree. There is a tense feeling in the atmosphere, and the indescribable influence of personality is felt as when listening to a speaker. Sometimes whole sentences will pour forth with great rapidity; at others, words come slowly, one by one, conveying little or no sense to my mind until, later, when the notes taken down at the time are sent to me for perusal. None of us finds it easy to credit the appearance of beings who lived so long ago. Even when the information coincides with tradition located, subsequently, in old books or manuscripts, it is found, though highly suggestive, to be not exactly proof of personality in view of the increasing discoveries of the power and permanent nature of thought. If, however, we accept the relativity of time, the actual appearance of the ancients seems not impossible.

There is a difference between an impersonal and a personal reading, and some of the notes read in conjunction with my own impressions during the reading may illustrate this difference.

It should be remembered that when the objects to be psychometrised are not good-sized stones; they are always placed in a box or wrapped up in such a way as to disguise their form and obviate any guess-work. No remarks are made by the investigators except where stated.

Here let me give some excerpts from notes of experiments in which I was concerned as delineator:

"I feel inclined to make obeisance to this. [Here Miss Monteith put her head down and clasped her hands in an attitude of prayer.] Something to be worshipped or prayed to!"

[This refers to an experiment in which I found myself watching the vision of a native woman dressed in white, standing in a reverent position, as if invoking the help of a god. The surroundings gave the impression of a temple. She turned slowly and came towards me, nearer and nearer, until I saw her beautiful dark

eyes, dark hair parted in the centre, and a rapt expression upon her face.]

"India. A lady wearing big ear-rings. She seems to be thinking in a foreign language." [I felt myself change, momentarily, into a different personality, one who has faith in her god and believes that an answer to her prayer will surely come.] "I feel that if I listen, I shall get the inspiration I have come for. . . . There are flowers, many flowers. . . ." [I see a native woman scattering flowers as she walks along. A tray of flowers is suspended from her shoulders. She holds it with one hand, scattering flowers with the other. Now I see signs recognised by F.C.T. (one of the investigators) as Eastern writing.]

"A serpent that rears itself up, and opens a large mouth. . . . Danger! It arches its neck. There is colour, a very bright grass green . . . then a black effect. Am I in India? If so, would an Indian gentleman wear a turban, and a white suit, and black ankle-boots? I see that figure, and the turban goes up in a peak in front. Then, an emblem, rather like a double shepherd's crook. Am I in India? [F.C.T.: "Yes.]" "There is brass work, very big and handsome. People playing chess. A hideous god carried in procession—a hideous face carried upon a long pole. I'm watching a procession—the heads of wild beasts, dragons, huge things. . . . Now, I am in an Englishman's office in India. There is a large desk with a lot of drawers. A man, not in uniform, who has his back to me. He wears a dark coat, very short hair, dark hair, and has broad shoulders. He is a big man; and his coat is of navy-blue serge, a well-cut coat. He keeps turning round as if he has finished something, and his hand goes out as he puts it on one side—finished! The hand is the hand of a gentleman. I do not know him." [This was said in reply as to whether it was F.C.T. whose influence might have been upon the covering as he handed it to me.]

"Is this a stone?" [F.C.T.: "Yes.]" "There is a feeling of water. A broad river runs not far away—I get six 'somethings' in a row—what they are I cannot tell. Again, a lot of brass work. There is an old, old book, but not written in English characters. Now I feel a pain down my left leg, and I get the impression of a man sitting upon his left leg on the ground. His left leg is crossed under him, and that leg is getting stiff. It must be a native. The leg is cramped, and the position must be retained for a long time. The hands are clasped—the position is rigid. There is some well-known quotation in their Scriptures about a pearl. I see, now, a cobra near this sitting man. This must be a statue of a man sitting in contemplation. Now another man with an osprey and a jewelled brooch in front of his turban. If this I am holding is a figure, this man comes to it for enlightenment."

In response to a request made by F.C.T. for an exact description of the position of the left leg, I sat on the ground with my left leg under me. He and the others present were satisfied it was that of a Buddha. There were a few more scenes typical of India, and at last, still feeling stiffness and pain in my left leg, I was allowed to open the package. It contained a beautiful old stone image of a seated Buddha, found, many years ago, by a lady at Benares on the banks of the Ganges.

With regard to this stone image, we found that in early days this figure must have been an object of reverence in a temple or temples. The head, unlike the comparatively modern specimens, is unmistakably Greek, a design probably brought to Southern India

with Alexander's armies long ago, and combined with the figure of the Buddha. After being found by its present owner when a child living at Benares, it was kept in India, in an Englishman's dwelling (which accounts for the "Englishman's office".) The broad river corresponds to the Ganges, and the brass work is significant of Benares.

In this experiment, which I should describe as an impersonal reading, the vibrations appeared to emanate from the object, and were strictly confined to descriptive matter and to scenes which had, from time to time, happened in its surroundings.

The following experiment is quite another matter, and, although investigation so far does not justify a rule, it is significant that, in this case, there is no divination of the form of the object in question, nor of its history, nor of the circumstances under which it was acquired. It is a dissertation upon the religion with which the object is connected, and a personality appears to give matter for reflection.

Again I quote from notes made at the time.

"The article to be psychometrised being wrapped in paper, Miss Monteith had no idea of what she held in her hand until after the reading was over.

Various fragments of stone and other objects of entirely different interest and history had been submitted by the same investigator, one being a flint implement from Sidbury Castle, Devon; another an old silver vessel from the Argentine. Others equally dissimilar.

*"A feeling of devotion! . . . I am sitting now in an atmosphere of devotion . . . sublimation of the faculties." [The note is made that I sat immediately with my two hands placed palm to palm, pointing forwards as I sat in a chair. The impression was of a quiet effort of concentration.] "An effort to get into the subliminal self, and, slowly rising. . . ." [Here the conditions became confused. My impression was that of rising to a higher plane, but retaining or attaining full consciousness. Somebody seemed to be speaking and describing this experience in words I did not understand. . . .] The notes continue: "Plane called supraliminal. Here Miss Monteith states she is being prompted." [Mentally, I questioned the meaning of this word, one unfamiliar to me. The answer came: *Supraliminal. . . . I use the word advisedly.*] "I am trying to tell you something, and I am trying to tell you in words which are not my own, something which will convey to you the idea of what is in my hand. The two words that I used—'subliminal' is a word that I know but I have never used, 'supraliminal' a word I know by sight but do not know its meaning." [Here I seem to be directed by some intelligence.] "I am sitting in an attitude of quiet. Gradually I quieten every faculty which can be reached by objective realities. Having become immune to all sense of feeling, I attain the perception of the subliminal faculties. And become in touch with the surrounding ['surrounding' was underlined by express directions, F.C.T.] vibrations which, under ordinary circumstances, have no effect upon the physical body. Once they are perceived, assimilated by the mind, they can then influence that which makes up the natural body. My object is, in a sense, to gain the mastery of Mind over Matter. This can only be achieved by withdrawing the conscious self into itself, and so becoming free of the grosser material. At a greater degree, the conscious self can rise (again I speak advisedly) higher still, which leaves the body in a motionless state, impervious to feeling of any description though apparently living. Further still, a trance-like effect is seen simulating death. In a degree it is death, but the 'silver cord' is not broken. The spirit has voluntarily removed itself from the vicinity of flesh and blood. This, and this alone, is the explanation of phenomena which are discredited by materialists."*

The object contained in the parcel was a small brass figure of the Hindu god Ganesh with the elephant

head, such as can be purchased in an Indian bazaar. Ganesa, or Ganesh, is a Brahmanic god. The description of the man sitting in an attitude of devotion seems to be one of the Yogis, or followers of Yoga, a system of Hindu philosophy. The fact that Yogis are able to pass into trances resembling death is well known. There is more than one case on record of this phenomenon being observed by Europeans. One case is that of the Yogi, who, when faced with disbelief on the part of European officials, said that he would "die", and be buried for a certain period—I think it was ten days—and then come back to life without assistance. This was tested. He went into a trance which was, apparently, "death"; he was walled up in a tomb; British sentries were placed over it; and at the end of the appointed time, the tomb was opened and the Yogi came to life.

We failed to find the word "supraliminal" in the dictionary at hand, but, as we expected, it is in Frederic Myers's *Human Personality*. In the opening chapter, allusion is made to the "conscious self, the supraliminal self, as I should prefer to say". Further on—"the supraliminal current of consciousness with which we habitually identify ourselves."

To summarise the opening sentences, it appears that my communicator meant that the sublimination of the faculties was practised to permit of an awakened consciousness to the surroundings in another world—a supraliminal state in a dimension not normally accessible.

The little brass figure I have referred to was bought in an Indian bazaar by the present owner several years ago. As far as is known, it has no other history.

F.C.T. remarks: "the above was not ordinary psychometry", meaning by that the circumstances of buying the brass figure were not described, neither was there any description given of the present owner, which is usual except when the reading takes the form of a dissertation.

IRRESPONSIBLE PROPHETS.

BY R. H. SAUNDERS.

Shortly before the day appointed for the "extinction of England" prophesied by a Prussian gentleman, I was sitting with a direct-voice medium holding a conversation with my eldest daughter, who passed over many years ago. I said to her, "Next time I speak to you I expect we shall both be in the spheres, according to the prediction of a certain German."

"Indeed! What reason leads you to suppose that?" asked my daughter.

"According to this gentleman, England disappears altogether on May 25th, 1929, and much of France, but Germany, he says, will not be affected."

"That is very considerate of him," said my daughter, "at all events so far as his own country is concerned; but it is all nonsense."

"Then I can make arrangements for the coming week with confidence?" I hazarded.

"Ah! and for many weeks and years to come. Why will people give credence to these wild statements? There is nothing that in any way suggests such a calamity for England or France. It is true we can see further than mortal vision, and we can sense cataclysmic disturbances far in advance of their actual occurrence, and could warn you of coming trouble, as we have done with you in minor cases; but rest assured that his predictions are what you term 'moonshine', and need not disturb you."

MADAME NORDICA left for New Zealand on Friday, June 7th, with her husband, who has now recovered his health and is resuming his healing work. They have both entered into a two-years' engagement with the Spiritualist Church, Christchurch, N.Z.

SEVEN MINUTES IN ETERNITY.*

BY WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY.

[We have already drawn attention (in LIGHT of April 27th) to the remarkable testimony of Mr. William Dudley Pelley, who told, in *The American Magazine* for March, the story of the strange psychic experience that "made him over"—changed him into "a new Bill Pelley". In April, 1928, he was living alone in a bungalow in the Sierra Madre Mountains, near Pasadena, California, engaged in producing a novel. One night while lying in bed he experienced a curious spiritual adventure, which we give, by permission, in Mr. Pelley's own words.—ED.]

I do not recall having any specific dreams the first half of the night, no physical distress, certainly no insomnia. . . .

But between three and four in the morning—the time later verified—a ghastly shriek seemed to tear through my somnolent consciousness. In despairing horror I wailed to myself:

"I'm dying! I'm dying!"

What told me, I don't know. Some uncanny instinct had been unleashed in slumber to awaken and apprise me. Certainly something was happening to me—something that had never happened down all my days—a physical sensation which I can best describe as a combination of heart attack and apoplexy.

Mind you, I say *physical* sensation. This was not a dream. I was fully awake, and yet I was not. I knew that something had happened either to my heart or head—or both—and that my conscious identity was at the play of forces over which it had no control. I was awake, mind you, and whereas I had been on a bed in the moonless dark of a California bungalow when the phenomenon started, the next moment I was plunging down a mystic depth of cool, blue space, with a sinking sensation like that which attends the taking of ether as an anæsthetic. Queer noises were singing in my ears. Over and over in a curiously tumbled brain the thought was pre-eminent:

"So this is death?"

I aver that in the interval between my seizure and the end of my plunge, I was sufficiently possessed of my physical senses to think: "My dead body may lie in this lonely house for days before anyone discovers it—unless Laska [the author's dog] breaks out and brings aid."

Why I should think that, I don't know—or what difference it would have made to *me*, being the lifeless "remains"—but I remember thinking the thought as distinctly as any thought I ever originated consciously and put on paper in the practice of my vocation.

Next, I was whirling madly. Once in 1920 over San Francisco an aeroplane in which I was passenger went into a tail spin and we almost fell into the Golden Gate. *That feeling!* Someone reached out, caught me, stopped me. A calm, clear, friendly voice said, close to my ear:

"Take it easy, old man. Don't be alarmed. You're all right. We're here to help you."

Someone had hold of me, I said—two persons in fact—one with a hand under the back of my neck, supporting my weight, the other with arm run under my knees. I was physically flaccid from my "tumble" and unable to open my eyes as yet because of the sting of queer, opal light that diffused the place into which I had come.

When I finally managed it, I became conscious that I had been borne to a beautiful marble-slab pallet and laid nude upon it by two strong-bodied, kindly-faced young men in white uniforms not unlike those worn by internes in hospitals, who were secretly amused at my confusion and chagrin.

"Feeling better?" the taller of the two asked con-

siderately, as physical strength to sit up unaided came to me and I took note of my surroundings.

"Yes," I stammered. "Where am I?"

They exchanged good-humoured glances.

They never answered my question.

They did not need to answer my question. It was superfluous. I knew what had happened. I had left my earthly body on a bungalow bed in the California mountains. *I had gone through all the sensations of dying*, and whether this was the Hereafter or an intermediate station, most emphatically I had reached a place and state which had never been duplicated in all my experience.

I say this because of the inexpressible ecstasy of my new state, both mental and physical.

For I had carried some sort of body into that new environment with me. I knew that it was nude. It had been capable of feeling the cool, steadying pressure of my friends' hands before my eyes opened. And now that I had reawakened without the slightest distress or harm, I was conscious of a beauty and loveliness of environment that surpasses chronicling on printed paper. . . .

I cannot make anyone understand how natural it all seemed that I should be there. After that first presentiment of dying—which experience had ended in the most kindly ministrations—all terror and strangeness left me and I had never felt more alive. It never occurred to me that I was in "heaven", or, if it did, it occasioned me no more astonishment that I should be there than when, at some period of my mundane consciousness, it had occurred to me that I was on "earth". . . . After all, do we know much more about the one than the other?

I had simply ended a queer voyage through a bluish void and found myself in a charming place among jolly, worthwhile people who saw in me something that amused them to the point of quiet laughter. Yet not a laughter that I could resent. I had no mad obsession to get off at once in search of Deity or look up Abraham Lincoln or Julius Cæsar. I was quite content to stroll timidly in the vicinity of the portico by which I had entered this harmonious place and be greeted with pleasant nods by persons whose individualities were uncannily familiar.

They were conventionally garbed, these persons, both men and women. I recall quite plainly that the latter wore hats. I can see with perfect clarity in my mind's eye the outline of the millinery worn by a dignified elderly lady *at whose deathbed I had been present in Sioux City, Iowa, in 1923.*

[We are obliged to leave Mr. Pelley's personal account at this point, but—to continue the story in brief—he asserts that he talked with a number of these people, recognising among them persons he had known to be no longer alive—as the world understands that term; during his adventure he went "somewhere", to a distant place, from which he returned, by a "long swift swirling journey", to find himself once more in his sleeping-apartment. "That wasn't a dream!" he said aloud on regaining earth-consciousness. This psychic experience made a poignant impression on Mr. Pelley, giving him a new scale of values, an entire change of outlook. Seemingly this inner change was reflected in his personal appearance, for on returning to *The American Magazine* he was greeted by the editor with the words: "Man, what's happened to you? You look incredibly better than you did the last time I saw you."

Mr. Pelley has no doubts as to the real meaning of this "ecstatic interlude": he had spoken with the dead; he had been brought into touch with some higher region of life. Other transcendental experiences followed which he describes but briefly—they were not easy to reduce into the common medium of words. And the final result was a changed Bill Pelley, a man rejuvenated, revived, raised to a higher level of physical, mental, and spiritual expression.]

DR. STENSON HOOKER, late of Harley Street and Spanish Place, W., has removed his consulting rooms to 11, Cavendish Place, W. 1.

* Courtesy of "The American Magazine"—Copyrighted by The Crowell Publishing Company, 1929.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

THE REV. G. VALE OWEN.

Sir,—I was glad to read the letter from Mr. J. Engledow in *LIGHT* of 25th ulto., and I am sure there are many of us who would count it a great joy to find our beloved friend Mr. Vale Owen established in a real London centre where we could be taught and trained for service. Our great movement needs us all not only as followers, but as active and efficient workers.—Yours, etc.,

MAY CATLOW.

181, Chatsworth Road, N.W.2.

TIME—IN THEORY AND IN PRACTICE.

Sir,—Under this heading Mr. E. Harvey states that Time is imaginary, but that space is very real. He says that a goal-keeper would laugh if you said that no space existed between his goal-posts. I might also add that he would laugh when informed that time is imaginary and that if he had only realised that there is no such thing, he might have saved that last goal which he missed by a fraction of a second.

Mr. Harvey's instance of the finger-post which reads: "To Worms, 2 hours" suggests that time is a reality. This recalls the story of the man who would not tell how long it would take to reach a certain village until he saw at what pace Æsop walked.

Space and time are inseparable from motion. "To Worms, 2 hours" probably represents walking-pace, but what of equestrian and motoring speeds? Rapidity of speed decreases the value of space as measured by time. The distance is unalterable, and even though speed plays havoc with the time factor, time there is.

Let us suppose that life is one perpetual day of summer—no seasons, no night—and that under such conditions we are going to walk from the finger-post to Worms. If our mental state is bright, energetic, we cover the distance rapidly. If the tax-collector awaits us at Worms, we move less rapidly, but whatever our mental attitude and consequent physical motion, what can we call the interval taken up in traversing the distance?

In the Vale Owen Script is a story of a one-time cobbler who was taken from one place to another in a higher sphere. The conducting angel deliberately covered the distance slowly so that the cobbler could more gradually change his condition from that of his present environment to the new state in which he would live in the higher sphere. The angel, alone, could have crossed the intervening space in a flash. But even the flash would be a flash of time.

Therefore, even after death we are not without space and time, but in spiritual life they are appearances and states, variable according to the conditions of our emotions. Only in infinity can time and space be absent; in fact, motion and its inseparable partners, space and time, are the conditions which separate the finite from the infinite. The infinite is the potential; the finite is the kinetic; motion, space and time, the conditions which make us finite, objective.—Yours, etc.,

TUDOR A. MORGAN.

Fountain Chambers, Pontypridd.

[The ordinary use of the terms space and time relates to *extensional* space-time: the converse, and indescribable, space-time is *in-tensional*—inward ether-tension.—ED.]

HEALING POWER CONVEYED IN "MADE-UP" PREPARATIONS.

Sir,—A short time ago a relative of mine was extolling the benefit she had received from a certain "made-up" preparation, when, suddenly, I saw, clairvoyantly, three North American Indians standing by her side. The tallest of these three turned and pointed a finger at me, at the same time unmistakably impressing me with the idea that I should find benefit by using the same firm's preparation for a weakness of the skin from which I suffered. I was much surprised at this unexpected "message", for I didn't know that such a preparation was sold by the firm in question. However, I wrote immediately to inquire, with the result that I obtained a preparation which proved to be most satisfactory, and from that day to this I always keep some of this "specific" by me.

But here is the important point which prompts me to write this letter narrating this apparently trivial incident: I found out the constituents of this particular preparation, and I made some myself, but although proportions and mixing were—as far as I could ascertain—correct, my "make-up" did not answer!

I mentioned this to a well-known Spiritualist; he at once said: "I think I can explain: Mr. — of the firm you mention is a well-known life-time healer, and he always makes up those preparations himself."

The reader will see the implication! I am not given to fancying things, and after years of inconvenience due to skin weakness, I am not likely to *imagine* my trouble is overcome! The benefit I have derived is also apparent to my friends.

Surely, that healer has learnt *and practises* the art of *conveying* his healing power to the preparations he makes up!—Yours, etc.,

"HUNTLEA."

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

Now that the General Election is over and the smoke of conflict has been largely cleared away, it may be permissible to refer to the political action taken by that large section of Spiritualism represented by the Spiritualists' National Union. It is, we know, a sore topic with some of our readers who are strongly against bringing Spiritualism into the political arena; but whether that was a wise step or not it seems to have had some beneficial results. Mr. Oaten, editor of *The Two Worlds*, who, with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, was at the head of the particular work, gave in that journal lately some conclusions as to the results. He considers that the political campaign has been excellent propaganda for the movement, and that all the parties have had to recognize that the disabilities under which Spiritualists labour are at variance with the principle of religious freedom. Several personal interviews were held with leaders of political parties, and in the result not only the election candidates but many members of the general public were brought into contact with the question for the first time. As Mr. Oaten remarks: "It is probably true that our questions at meetings have been of ten times more value than the votes we were able to cast. They have opened the eyes of thousands of people to our existence." It had certainly the effect that whichever party had won in the contest the position of Spiritualism would have been brought to the knowledge of each, so that there would have been no longer any excuse for the persecution from which Spiritualism has suffered for many years chiefly through ignorance of the facts, and only to a minor degree from those so-called "religious" prejudices which take the form of attacks of one religious body upon another.

MR. FLORIZEL VON REUTER is giving a violin recital at Grotrian Hall, London, W., on Tuesday, June 18th, at 8.30 p.m. Early application for tickets is advisable.

LIGHT.

Editorial Offices, 16, QUEENSBERRY PLACE,
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ADVERTISEMENTS.—For rates, apply The Advertisement Manager, LIGHT, 34, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4. (Phone: Central 1462.)

THINGS IN GENERAL.

Time was when we had little difficulty in keeping abreast of events in this movement. A great deal—in fact, the major part—of the work was done under the surface. The public side was carried on amid difficulties of every kind. The social atmosphere was that of a nipping frost. To-day things have changed indeed. What F. W. H. Myers called "the psychological climate" has developed into something comparatively vernal and temperate, and many things have budded and blossomed, although the summer has yet to come.

To-day we find ourselves in the midst of a network of activities and events so numerous and so widely-spreading that a journal several times the size of LIGHT could not adequately chronicle them, to say nothing of supplying the necessary commentary, for every newspaper has to provide views as well as news.

As regards the phenomenal evidence of to-day—and we refer more especially to physical phenomena—we regard the "Margery" circle in Boston as being the most important, as it is also the most outstanding of the efforts to bring home to the public mind the truth of survival. Its appeal, of course, is mainly directed to the scientific inquirer, for it is clear that until psychic phenomena receive general acceptance in the scientific world its progress among the intellectual classes will be slow.

The religious side of Spiritualism is in a different category, although closely linked with the scientific one. This is growing and spreading apace in every part of the world, providing not so much a new form of religion as a new impulse, a fresh inspiration, to religion at large, more especially because it appeals to many persons as corroborating some of the main tenets of their various religious beliefs.

Attempts have been made by some of the religious leaders, anxious to stem the tide of the Spiritualist cause, to show that they are in no need of any demonstration, scientific or otherwise, to support their faith in survival. That may well be the case in some few instances, but it seems clear enough that the decline of the power of the Church has arisen largely from the fact that these Churches have failed to keep pace with the growth of intelligence on the part of their people, who are now refusing to take on trust the old teachings. They demand something more positive, something that can be proved.

Looking around us we are struck by the many examples of people who are being fired with the missionary spirit and devoting themselves to the work of spreading the light, especially along the religious line. To some the call has come as a kind of inward urge; others have been guided in strange ways to take up a work they had never supposed would fall

to their charge. Dream and vision, as well as direct messages from the unseen, have brought about some of these conversions. The missionaries, as we may call them, led by the "guiding hand invisible", are brought into touch with one another in mysterious ways, and find themselves members of a great confraternity of men and women of many races and many religions united by a belief which transcends all common links and sympathies. To those who can read the signs of the times and see a little way beneath the surface, this is very significant and very full of promise for the future.

PSYCHIC FREEDOM IN AMERICA.

NEW YORK STATE AMENDS OBSOLETE LAW.

Spiritualism in New York State has won an important victory, says the editor of *Immortality* in the May issue of that journal, in reference to the new State Law which is intended to safeguard genuine mediums against unfair police prosecutions.

Says our contemporary, referring to the previous legislative action of 1914 by which Spiritualism in New York became recognised as a religion:—

However, in spite of the fact that Spiritualists were recognised by law, its workers were constantly hampered in their efforts of demonstrating their powers of mediumship, due to the antiquated law which was handed down from olden times, of witchcraft persecutions, having been brought over from England during early days of American history and later misused to persecute mediums.

Year after year, through the efforts of Spiritualists, bills were introduced in the legislature in an endeavour to protect mediums in their constitutional rights to practice their religion, but without success.

Continuing, the editor of *Immortality* says that on two occasions when bills were passed to safeguard genuine mediums from prosecution the Governor's veto was applied preventing these becoming law. The arrest of mediums continued, many being fined under the old law for pretending to tell fortunes, and "police powers under this law were often misused by over-zealous but misguided individuals".

It is admitted, however, that many of those arrested were not blameless, for there had crept into the movement those who prey upon the public for personal gain. Says our contemporary:—"These individuals have always been obstacles in the progress of the movement and a menace to the well-being of worthy mediums, because those not acquainted with the work of organised Spiritualists were apt to misjudge mediums by the practices of pretenders."

The new amendment granting a larger measure of psychic freedom in New York State reads as follows:—"Section I. Subdivision three of section eight hundred and ninety-nine of the code of criminal procedure is hereby amended to read as follows:

"Persons pretending to tell fortunes, or where lost or stolen goods may be found; but this subdivision shall not be construed to interfere with the belief, practices or usages of an incorporated ecclesiastical governing body or the duly licensed teachers or ministers thereof acting in good faith and without personal fee."

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES was convinced that Katie was not an ordinary incarnate human being, and he has frequently said that he has seen no reason to change his opinion. And he has the best right to pronounce, for he was there and we were not.—J. ARTHUR HILL, in "Spiritualism: Its History, Phenomena, and Doctrine".

SIDELIGHTS.

"NATURE'S WIRELESS."

By DAVID GOW.

Alice Bright was fined £20, with the option of one month's imprisonment, for professing to tell fortunes at Shoreditch, says the *Evening Standard* of June 5th. A policewoman, giving evidence, said that Bright told her she "would marry shortly and would make a long journey". The Chairman of the bench, addressing the accused, said: "You were obtaining money from young girls whose nerves you probably have wrecked. But for your age you would go straight to gaol."

* * * * *

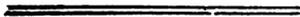
"I will not say that the creeds should be scrapped; but I think they might well be relegated, for a time at least, to the background," said the Rev. J. C. Hardwick in the course of a long and provocative article in the *Evening News* of May 29th. He points out that Science progresses because its followers are ready to scrap old theories as soon as they become untenable; he considers that religious progress is hampered by the lack of a similar "fluidity" of belief. He remarks: "Just as scientific progress was prevented or perverted in the Middle Ages, so religious progress is prevented or perverted to-day."

* * * * *

Mr. George T. Bell, formerly a prominent official of the old Grand Trunk Railway (now the Canadian National Railway), contributes to the *Montreal Gazette* of May 21st a long letter dealing with the efforts of British Spiritualists to secure an amendment of the Witchcraft and Vagrancy Acts. In his letter, which covers over a column, Mr. Bell sets out the case for psychic freedom, with quotations from the recently-issued manifesto put out by the N.S.U., and from the writings of the late Dr. Ellis T. Powell, who, the writer points out, was one of the outstanding delegates to the Imperial Press Conference in Canada during 1920. Says Mr. Bell, in conclusion: "Physical science has extended our knowledge of the universe to an almost unimaginable extent. Psychical research is the scientific method for exploring the spiritual world, and its revelations and phenomena transcend the wonderful progress of material science. Spiritualism is the religious product of psychical research."

* * * * *

Sir Ambrose Fleming, the well-known physicist, read a remarkable paper at the Victoria Institute, on "Nature and the Supernatural", on Monday, June 4th (reported in *The Morning Post* of the following day). He rejected the materialistic idea that—to quote from the *Post*—"only that is true which can bear the scrutiny of purely physical research". Scientists, said the lecturer, were far less confident than formerly that a mechanical explanation of physical phenomena always holds good. With regard to the Biblical miracles, Sir Ambrose considered that any attempt to eliminate or explain away the supernatural elements must deprive the Incarnate Word of God of all life-giving power or potency to cure the death-producing ailments of human nature. "Anyone who would deal fairly with the history of the present and the past could hardly fail to admit that, apart from supernatural gifts and grace, the future held no assuring promise of a final conquest over the spiritual and material ills to which our flesh was heir."



LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.—On Thursday evening, 6th inst., Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny delivered an address on Psychical Research of which we hope to publish a summary in our next issue.

Amongst the many curious stories of "occult" experiences to which I listened during the War was one related by a major of Sappers. This story did not relate to the warfare which was then raging, but to an episode long before, when the officer was in East Africa at the time of the accession of King Edward VII, whose coronation, it will be remembered, was postponed on account of illness. The major and his friends out in the wilds knew nothing of this postponement, and celebrated the expected coronation by a banquet. But somehow the natives in the neighbourhood knew, and were derisive of the white men's ignorance. "The King—he no crowned" was their comment on the feast, and when the news came through by cable on the following day the white men were astonished. How did the natives get the news ahead of the ordinary means of communication? When questioned on the point they would say nothing and were strangely evasive. "But," said my informant, "I probed into the matter sufficiently to discover that they derived it from their wizard or 'medicine man'." But how did he gain the news?

I have often read explanations of such feats based on the fact that some savage tribes have methods of signalling to each other over long distances—smoke signals, drum signals, and so on. My friend knew of these things, but they did not explain, he said, for the natives had their information in advance of the cablegram.

Assuming the facts to be as stated, we have here an instance of telepathy quite outside the region of scientific psychical research. "Nature's Wireless" we may call it—the subconscious mind. We can gain innumerable examples of its working amongst the lower animals in their own province. We call it instinct, but it frequently enables animals—birds in particular—to "sense" things that are happening at immense distances. The migratory birds, for example, will sometimes delay their flights to other lands, becoming conscious of the fact that in those lands storms or cold weather are prevailing.

Mr. C. Bingham Newland, the naturalist, claims that it is the subconscious mind which accounts for all the apparent clairvoyance, clairaudience, and prevision shown in animal life. The lower animals are one with Nature and informed with her knowledge. When they go astray in these respects it is only because of some interference from human-kind limited by the "self-conscious reasoning mind". "Nature's Wireless" may then become disordered.

But let me not be supposed on this account to depreciate the reasoning mind. Indeed, the reasoning mind is rapidly arriving at the conclusions drawn by the naturalist, and by many modern philosophers, who see that human evils and discords arise because man has departed from the ways of Nature and that reason and intuition do not act in harmony, that intellect is at strife with instinct.

The time will yet come when men will be largely independent of the "many inventions" which, by mechanical means, attempt to reproduce the miracles of Nature. Already we have many significant hints in psychic faculties of the innate powers of man.

The late Dr. Ellis Powell, one of the ablest minds associated with Spiritualism, confidently predicted the coming of a time when speech and other physical methods of communication would be largely superseded by direct intercourse between mind and mind, thus reproducing on a higher scale that community of life and consciousness which exists amongst the lower animals. But that will mean not merely a greater mental but also a greater moral development, for the batteries that serve "Nature's Wireless" are represented by Love and Sympathy. There will be a great process of "tuning in".

YOUR NEWSAGENT CAN SUPPLY "LIGHT" WEEKLY

A PEACEFUL PASSING.

BY DOC SAN.

In the description of "The House of Healing" in issue of LIGHT, April 20th, one reads that ". . . in other cases a patient comes too late . . . but Dr. Lascelles takes away all pain, and arranges for a peaceful end".

The phrase, "takes away all pain" brings to remembrance a very sad case which occurred in my wife's family some years ago.

A young boy, her nephew, aged 10 or 11 years, while on holiday in the neighbourhood of Wick, where the sea scenery is very wild and rugged, had the misfortune to fall through a wooden railing into the Atlantic Ocean far below. The poor lad fell badly, the height from cliffs to water being about 100 feet or more, and he simply "spread-eagled" into the sea. Some fishermen at hand managed to get him safely ashore, where, to all intents and purposes, he was dead; on being taken home, however, he recovered in wonderful fashion and for some time enjoyed fair health.

The boy's mother was warned by a skilful doctor that the child would require very careful attention if he were ever to reach manhood, as there had been a definite injury to the brain and spinal cord resulting from his terrific fall.

On attaining the age of fifteen the boy became a total invalid, actually reaching manhood in his bed, and from an amiable laddie he unfortunately developed into a soured, ill-tempered piece of stricken humanity.

The best possible medical advice was sought, but all to no purpose, and on reaching manhood he became steadily worse, suffering agonies of pain. To add to the sorrow of his parents the invalid began to sneer at religion, a very serious matter indeed in a "douce" Scottish household. He refused the ministrations of parsons *in toto*, till one day a minister who had heard of the sad case begged to be allowed to visit the patient.

Grudgingly, this permission was granted, and the parson called. After his first visit it was noticed that the sick man looked much brighter and happier; instead of a grunt and frown, a smile appeared on his face, this giving great pleasure to his parents and friends.

To say that his character changed *entirely* would not be strictly true, for when in the agonies of a spasm of pain it was difficult for him to believe entirely in the God of Love. One morning his mother, as usual, entered the sick room, when, to her amazement, she was informed that the invalid was "feeling ever so much better". She was also told "not to bother about food or anything to-day, as his time had come and he had only a few hours to live".

After much persuasion the distraught mother managed to get an explanation from her son, who told her the following story:

"You know, mother," the lad said, "night after night I have lain awake trying hard to get sleep, but all to no purpose, for, as a rule, when the pains started in my head and spine it was with difficulty I refrained from crying out aloud at times. Last night, after you left my room, a very bright light appeared just at the door, which slowly, very slowly opened wide. Someone dressed in brilliant white entered and quietly came over to my bedside holding up his hand as if warning me not to be afraid.

"At first I thought I was dreaming, but after pinching my arm several times I knew that I actually saw what I am telling you of.

"Curiously enough, I could not bear to look at the intruder's face. I wasn't afraid, but just simply couldn't, somehow. My visitor passed his hands all

over my body, over my head and spine in particular, when to my surprise *every particle of pain disappeared* completely, and has kept away since. He told me in a quiet, beautiful voice that I would have no further agonies to go through, but that at midday to-day I would be happy and free from all bodily ills and worries."

The mother thought that her boy had "gone off his head" and was raving, but fortunately she called in the minister previously mentioned, and he came almost at once.

It was now 11 a.m., and on nearing noon the parson, quietly leaving the sick room, asked mother and father to come with him to bid "Adieu" to their son, and this they did.

The sick lad bade them not to weep or grieve for him; he told them that he knew he was going to another sphere, where suffering is unknown, but that if possible he would let them know that all was well with him; then he asked them to kiss him farewell.

The lad died exactly at the time told him by his nocturnal visitor, viz., at 12 noon; it is interesting to know also that he has returned to his parents, who now have a totally different outlook on Life and Death.

From being hard, rigid covenanting religionists who believed that spirit return is the work of the Devil and his angels, the parents are now convinced that the God who made us all in His infinite mercy has shown them that Death is nothing of which to be afraid.

It may also be stated that the lad, just before he passed over, declared that his visitor was no one else than the *Christus* Himself, but . . .

Anyhow, there we have a case in which most awful suffering was present for years, yet the last few hours on earth were made painless, aye, almost happy.

MRS. DE CRESPIGNY'S DREAM.

A more convincing experience is that of Mrs. Champion de Crespigny, whose dream is, characteristically, attested and verified.

An intimate friend had for a year and a half been suffering from cancer. At the time of the dream, her death was not expected. There had been an operation which, it was hoped, would prolong her life. This lady appeared to Mrs. de Crespigny, seemingly quite well and in good spirits, but with a large and disfiguring lump on the side of her face. Mrs. de Crespigny, remembering that the operation had been performed upon this lady's arm, asked what was the matter with her face. The answer was, "Nothing." "She was quite well and she was dead." Being struck with the facial disfigurement, a full description of the dream was written down and put carefully away.

In three days, a letter arrived saying that the lady in question had died early on the night of the dream. No details were given. Several months later, Mrs. de Crespigny came across a mutual friend and, during the course of conversation, said, had she known of the critical nature of their friend's illness she would have made a point of seeing her before she died. She had forgotten all about the dream, and was only reminded of it by the words of the lady, who said, emphatically, it was a good thing that such a meeting had been prevented. Towards the end, the nerves and the muscles had gathered into a lump at the side of the invalid's face, which was so painfully disfiguring that she herself would have been much happier had she never seen it—better to think of her as she used to be, and to know nothing of the distressingly changed appearances. The written account of the dream was found as soon as Mrs. de Crespigny got home, and compared with this statement. It still exists as confirmation of an experience in which she is fully convinced that this friend came to acquaint her of the fact that she was dead.

—From *A Book of True Dreams* by Mary E. Monteith.

THE PERSONAL SIDE.

MR. FLORIZEL VON REUTER.

About twenty years ago a boy prodigy aged eleven appeared at the Queen's Hall. He conducted a symphony of his own composition and showed amazing talent as an instrumentalist by his rendering of two violin Concertos. During the same year he performed in over 100 concerts in London and the provinces, appearing on three occasions before Queen Alexandra. It was Florizel von Reuter, who has retained his celebrity as a musician and brought his early talent to maturity after giving some 3,000 concerts in almost every country, and composed three operas as well as many orchestral works. His various articles in LIGHT and his book, *Psychic Experiences of a Musician*, sufficiently show that he has taken a keen and understanding interest in Spiritualism, an interest not the less welcome to us because it is reasoned and critical. His advocacy is especially valuable because he can lecture in many different countries on Psychic Science, using the language of the particular country concerned, for he is a remarkable linguist. Much of his leisure is spent in an ancient castle in Germany, part of which dates from the eleventh century, and which is surrounded by a great forest. In this sylvan region inspiration of many kinds comes to him; sometimes while travelling he is impelled to seize manuscript paper and compose for hours at a time. As an automatist he receives instructive communications and aphorisms in many languages. He was born in the United States, and his mother is a Scotswoman; mother and son are the only survivors of their immediate family. On the Continent Florizel von Reuter is known as *Paganini redivivus*, which, as those who have read his psychic experiences will know, is more literally true than the general public are aware.

“WHAT AM I?”

A schoolmaster ordered his class to produce an essay entitled “What am I?” A slow-minded pupil having written the title at the head of his paper found himself at a loss, and in his temporary absence his school-fellows filled in the paper with some rude remarks indicating their opinions as to what he really was! It would be a useful exercise if some of those who are so dogmatic as to the impossibility of any survival of personality after death could be set to write an essay as to what they really know of themselves. They might be astonished to discover how little they know, and that their present condition is hardly less mysterious and improbable than any possible future existence which they reject because it is mysterious and improbable. “We know what we are, but we know not what we may be,” said the poet, but he was only partly correct. In the ages to come we shall look back with amusement to think of the vast literature and the torrents of oratory devoted to speculations on the nature of life and death, a problem only to be solved by soul-experience. Life is only properly to be known by living it, and the man who lives his life to the full finds little difficulty in understanding something of its powers and possibilities whether now or hereafter. And to that extent he may leave the purely intellectual minds—masters of logic and language, but with no mastery of life—far in the rear. He will have gained that self-knowledge which is the key to all knowledge, and which alone can unlock one by one all those mysteries which the intellect alone naturally finds insoluble.

RAYS AND REFLECTIONS.

Punch has a merry comment on an Indian paper in which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is described as a novelist and *oculist*. Well, he has certainly done a good deal to improve the vision of the people on the subject of life after death.

* * * * *

“Tattling and tale-bearing” are responsible for much of our social discords. But in this matter the listener may be almost as much to blame as the tale-bearer. A good deal of scandal-mongering would cease if we refused to hear it. And it is always useful to remember that the backbiter who brings you a bit of scandal about some other person is equally ready to go to that person with some unsavoury morsel about *you*.

* * * * *

The following story is not new. I read it many years ago, and I repeat it here not only for its humour but because there is a flavour of the reincarnation idea about it. An angry gentleman called at a newspaper office to contradict an announcement of his death which the paper had published. The advertisement manager said that the paper had a rule against retracting anything which it had once published. However, to put the matter right, he offered to give the aggrieved person a free announcement in the “Births” column, which would bring him to life again!

* * * * *

A letter I have received from Professor Platon Drakoules, who is now in Athens, tells me that he is introducing into his psychical writing the word “metabiosis”. He thinks it a good word to indicate the doctrine of survival. The term means change, or “otherness”, of living, and the Professor writes: “In Greece people already say: ‘So it is not apobiosis (death) but metabiosis.’” Whether the expression will be taken into general favour remains yet to be seen. Of course, we have already adopted the Greek word “symbiosis” as indicating those conditions in Nature in which things live together, and it is a curious fact that in some old Gaelic inscriptions on tombs and monuments to the dead the word for death is given in the Gaelic by a term meaning a changed life. Thus, of some of those Highland warriors who fell in the battles of “the ’45” it is recorded that they “changed their life” on such and such a day.

* * * * *

John Bright once said that the adulteration of food is “a form of competition”. So it is; but a base and poisonous one. War also is “a form of competition”, and even more base and poisonous. That was a fine utterance of Dennis Bradley, in his lecture at the Queen's Hall meeting last year, when he said that if the Churches wish to survive, “they will have to agree all of them—Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Mohammedans, and Buddhists—to pronounce the new commandment that *War is Murder*”. And he was probably right when he added that until the Churches do this they will have no spiritual force or influence on humanity. It has been said that War will in the end cure itself; but that can only be in the sense that a great fire will extinguish itself by consuming everything inflammable until there is no more fuel to consume; and in the wars of the future—if there are any—the fuel will consist mainly of human beings, combatants and non-combatants alike.

D. G.

A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. Julie C. Young, of London N., writes :—

It was stated in a recent article in *LIGHT* that if those who had psychic experiences would have the courage to sign their names to the evidence which they contribute for publication, much good would be done. I agree, although I am not a Spiritualist (if by that is understood one who attends seances, though I am one if the word "Spiritualist" is interpreted as a seeker of the truth).

All my life I have had psychic experiences, not comforting but rather terrifying. I shall confine myself here to one; it happened in this house where we now live, which we took over from a lady whose husband had recently died. She was then an absolute stranger, and I never dreamed of asking anything about her husband, or his ways. I never saw his photograph, and had not the faintest idea what he looked like; all I knew was that he passed over rather suddenly in a large front-bedroom on the second floor.

Shortly after we came here, my nursemaid left me to get married, and until I got another I always slept with the children in the nursery (which had been the drawing-room in the late owner's time).

The children were generally in bed by 7 p.m. I went to bed about 9.30.

I always kept a little lamp in the nursery, sufficiently bright to see the whole room well.

One night I came up as usual, and as I stepped into the room I distinctly saw a man sitting in the corner of the room by the window, perfectly at his ease, legs crossed. I rushed downstairs (trying to persuade myself it was a burglar) and brought help almost immediately, but we found nothing, and I allowed myself to be persuaded that it was nerves or imagination.

Soon after that I got a new nursemaid; naturally, I did not frighten her by saying anything about my strange experience. Almost before I had trained her properly I was called away to Ireland to visit my only sister, who was ill; I was away only a short time and was amazed to learn that my nursemaid had seen exactly what I had seen and was deadly frightened—in fact, she did not stay long, as she said the room was "haunted".

In later years I got to know the lady who occupied the house previously, and I ventured to ask her if she believed the supposed dead could be seen or felt. She said yes, she believed they could. Then I told her my experience. She informed me that my description of her husband was quite accurate, and that he always sat exactly where I said, and in the posture I described. She said that she knew if he had power to come back he would: he loved his home so.

Since that time I have learned that what I have always felt and seen are *actual* experiences, not imagination, and I have studied as deeply as possible all occult subjects, striving to extract every grain of truth from the fruit of many minds.

OBITUARY—LADY BERKELEY.—We record with regret the transition of Lady Berkeley, wife of Sir E. J. L. Berkeley, at Rimiez, Alpes-Maritimes, France, on May 26th, an event which will cause much sorrow in the British Colony of the Côte d'Azur of which she was one of the most distinguished members. She was well endowed with natural psychic power and loved flowers, music and Nature, while her sympathies went out to all sufferers. Her great love of animals was in a measure inherited from her father, the late Sir James Harris (some time English Consul at Tunis), who was one of the founders of the Société Protectrice des Animaux in Nice. A regular reader of *LIGHT*, Lady Berkeley was especially interested in clairvoyant phenomena and dream manifestations. As recently as May 4th last, *LIGHT* published a letter from Lady Berkeley describing some of her dream experiences.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

"COLD FEET." By Terence Mahon. (Chapman & Hall; 7s. 6d. net.)

This is another story in which the psychic element is introduced as a component of the narrative. ("Story" may not be the correct word, for it is more than suggested that this is a genuine human document.) It purports to be the diary of a British officer, written—with convincing realism—while in prison under sentence of death by court-martial on a charge of cowardice. In his cell appears a brother officer—killed in action some time previously. Says the visitor:

"Did you hear how I was killed?"

"No," I stammered, after reflection; "I just saw your name on the casualty list."

"I thought not. Well, watch me, then, and ask the Padre—your friend—about it to-night. He knows; he was there; he is coming presently. Now attend closely."

Fixing his eyes intently on me—raised his right hand and placed it on his breast. There was a wound in it. "I was getting my whistle out," he said; "I was shot through the hand and through the heart. Same shot through both. Now look here." He opened his tunic—it was blood-stained, by the way—and his shirt beneath. There was a little wound, round which the flesh was purple and discoloured, bleeding slightly. He buttoned his coat again.

"Don't forget what you have seen," he said.

The spirit soldier then gave the condemned officer some counsel. The effect was electrical. Says the prisoner, describing the result of this occult experience: "I was half-insane twenty-four hours ago. I am sane now; I was never so sane before. I was in black despair yesterday. I am serene and even happy, in a way, to-day. . . . I looked forward to Death before. Now I await it without impatience, but with a certain quiet expectation of it, as being a change for the better. . . . I realise that there is no place 'over there' for Despair, rather much room for Hope. . . ." Then he adds:

I see now that my old idea of Oblivion and Extinction was even more silly. That is a good big step in one day for an agnostic with an intellectual preference for Materialism.

J. A. N. C.

"CONSUMMATED." By Winifred Graham (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.)

Here is still another novel having a psychic theme. (I have read three during the past ten days.) An American medium, Sanvito, plays a central part in the story, and the description of a fake seance in which real phenomena occur is convincing and dramatic. Tom Vulcan, a professional illusionist, has undertaken to produce seance-room manifestations under the same conditions as the genuine medium had done. Lights are extinguished, loud rappings are heard in the darkness, the sitters' chairs are pulled by unseen hands, and other trick phenomena are produced. But in the midst of these activities, Vulcan hears something that makes him pause:

He could have sworn he heard his wife's voice close to his ear, as she spoke sometimes in the night when she was not sure he was awake. The voice said softly, but reproachfully: "Tom!"

Her words of the morning flashed back: "Suffered things in a dream!"

"What are you doing, Sanvito, with your ventriloquising?" he flashed out.

"Nothing; I did not speak."

"You swear?"

"I swear."

"Odd; very odd."

"What is odd?" asked Faith.

"I thought I heard my wife's voice speaking in this room—quite close to me, here at my side."

Then "something that was not human" entered the room. It seemed wishful to reveal something. What it was he could not grasp. Then a sudden thought intrudes into Vulcan's mind: the shadowy something is Viva, his wife, whom he had left in the adjoining room.

Viva is found in the next room, apparently lifeless, but Sanvito recognises that she is merely in a deep mediumistic trance. Viva, in fact is, a psychic medium, unknown to her sceptical husband.

It is an ingenious story, and the authoress clearly has more than a superficial knowledge of psychic matters.

H. G. A.

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Lewisham.—Limes Hall, Limes Grove.—June 16th, 11.15, open circle; 6.30, Miss Violet Croxford. June 19th, 8, Mrs. A. Nutland.

Camberwell.—The Central Hall, High Street.—June 16th, 11, Service 6.30, Mrs. A. Boddington. Wednesday, 7.30, Public Meeting at 55 Station Road.

Richmond Spiritualist Church, Ormond Road.—June 16th, 7, Mrs. de Beaurepaire, Trance address. June 19th, 7.30, Mr. Wilde, Psychic and Spirit Messages.

Croydon.—The New Gallery, Katharine Street.—June 16th, 3, Lyceum; 6.30 Mrs. Hewat McKenzie, Address

Cricklewood.—Ashford Hall, 41 Ashford Road.—June 16th, 6.30, Mrs. W. Edwards. June 19th, 3, Circle; 8, Miss J. Proud.

Brixton.—17, Ashmere Grove, Acre Lane.—June 16th, 11.15, Discussion. Tuesday, development (few vacancies). Friday, 8, clairvoyance.

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