

# Light:

A Journal of *Psychical, Occult,* and *Mystical Research.*

Edited by **DAVID GOW**

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*A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research*

"Light! More Light!"—Goethe.

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

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## NOTES BY THE WAY.

### MEDIUMS AND THEIR FEES.

A question has been raised regarding the attitude taken by spirit-guides towards the question of the fees charged by their mediums. We can only generally reply to the question by summarising some of the statements made. Thus it is pointed out by some of the guides that they dwell in a state in which money has no meaning or value, and further that they are very much out of touch with the commercial methods which obtain on earth. They themselves receive nothing for their work but the joy of labour in a good cause and the fulfilment of the duties assigned to them by their spiritual superiors. As all compulsion is forbidden, they cannot compel their mediums to adopt any particular course in the matter, but where they notice a disposition to avarice they may take the extreme measure of withdrawing their services. On the other hand there are many cases where the mediums, full of generous zeal, give their services freely to their own detriment and so become financially embarrassed. That is the other extreme, which has also to be avoided in a world where the people who grab are far more numerous than the givers. Unless they are people of independent means, mediums have to rely upon their gifts for a living, and it is difficult to draw any hard-and-fast line in the matter. Moreover, as one of the guides remarked, a great deal of nonsense is talked about the sale of spiritual gifts which ought to be given freely. The fault is not that of the medium, but of the economic system of human society.

### FAMILIAR BODY—UNFAMILIAR SPIRIT.

Those friends of our youth, Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld, in their instructive writings for young people, discoursed on at least one occasion of "the power of habit over the body", giving some curious examples. And indeed we have been assured that "Habit is second nature". In the current *Quest*, the editor, Mr. G. R. S. Mead, takes up the question in an article: "Fetters of Fateful Familiarity". He finds that although the advance of education has carried us beyond some of the old-time errors, concerning the world in which we live, most of us are still so bound by a feeling of intimacy with our bodies—purely a matter of sense-impression—that

to-day even "the modern average man of sense deems his body even to be himself, thinks it essential to him". The great teachers and philosophers never yielded to this tyranny of the senses; they reasoned, or saw intuitively, that the being of man was something larger than a physical organism, and their findings are now beginning to receive scientific recognition. Man, in short, is finding his soul, a discovery in which Modern Spiritualism will, in the end, receive its justification, even if we regard the Spiritualist movement as merely a "reaction against materialism", to quote the remark to us some years ago of a certain Bishop. He seemed to find in the reflection some consolation regarding a subject which he clearly considered as heretical, and as threatening those "fetters of fateful familiarity", which he and his like had, from long association, grown to love—another illustration of "the power of habit over the body", in this case the body ecclesiastic.

### SPIRITUALISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

When lately reading an old-time report of the answers given to questions addressed to the inspirers of the late Mr. J. J. Morse, the trance-medium, we found one that deals with the above subject, and which, as it still applies, we may give in brief summary here. The controls who dealt with the inquiry (which was whether Christianity was in conflict with Spiritualism) naturally pointed out that much depended on what the questioner meant by Christianity—whether the Christianity of the Church, of the Dissenting bodies, or of the Salvation Army. If he meant the Christianity of Theologians, it had little or no relation to the highest good of the race. But it was asserted that the teachings of Jesus Christ were fit for the highest development of humanity, and that there was no conflict between them and Spiritualism. But when the two were considered in what might be regarded as their lowest expression, then there was much of conflict between them, and if any choice had to be made the sympathies of the spirit-guides, would, they said, be thrown into the scale with Spiritualism. It is clear that the quarrel belongs entirely to these lower grades—indeed it is only in the lower levels of life that strife prevails, having, as always, a purpose to serve in the way of cleansing and developing the passions for higher uses.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.—All our reading should be looked upon as food for thought, and not of that value to us individually, that our own thoughts are when properly directed and utilised. What we read is, at its best, only a kind of second-hand information, indeed it may not be even so much as second-hand, as the writer himself may have borrowed what he records as his own. What we have to aim at is that while using the thoughts of others, as stimulants to our own personal development, we try to be independent thinkers, every man in his particular walk of life, devising, planning, improving the tools with which he works, or the surroundings and circumstances of his friends and neighbours.—MATTHEWS FIDLER.

## FROM OVER THE BORDER.

A LAWYER'S REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

We have received the following remarkable story from a solicitor of standing whose name and address we are compelled to reserve for the present. Our correspondent, who humorously styles himself "A Dry Old Lawyer", writes:—

For nearly thirty years I have been a solicitor, and am now the head of a firm two centuries old, with an extensive practice. I am also the holder of several fairly important Government appointments.

These facts are mentioned merely because it is not unreasonable to deduce from them that I have to some extent, learned the art of weighing evidence.

In June, 1903, I spent the first part of my honeymoon at Tintagel. On the afternoon of June 28th, my wife and I were sitting out on the farther headland of the Castle, when she suddenly turned to me and said, "Let's make a vow to return here ten years to-day."

I at once gave my promise, though greatly surprised, for she was a most practical woman, not at all sentimental.

She never once during all the years I knew her (we had known each other from childhood) spoke to me on psychic subjects, and I then had no reason to suppose that she was interested in them.

It is only during the last two or three years that I myself have taken any interest in psychology.

Before the ten years had gone, i.e., in 1908, she passed over quite suddenly. When the day arrived for me to keep my promise, I broke my word. I had not sufficient courage to face the ordeal, and now firmly believe that I lost much through my cowardice.

Between the day of her passing over and last June, I only had one definite message from her (about four years after her passing over), but that was a striking one, which I will not go into here. All I will say is that it contained a request, which was to have startling consequences if I carried it out. I did carry it out, and to my amazement those consequences followed.

Last June I determined to revisit Tintagel. It would have been—nay, it was—our Silver Wedding. It was not that time had dimmed my love—far from it—but I felt my nerves steadier than they were at the end of the ten years. I arrived at the hotel on the evening of June 27th, asked for, and obtained, our old room. The manageress showed me up, and as we walked into the room I knew my wife was there. I did not see her, but she came across from the dressing-table in the window to meet me. It required a great effort to talk coherently to the manageress.

When I went down to dinner, the waiter came forward to meet me, and said, "Sir, I have reserved this table for you and the lady." I told him that I was alone, but he replied, "Oh no sir, I have special orders that there is a lady with you." Even then he was not convinced.

I went up to bed rather late, and was again met by her at the door. She made me sit down in an easy chair and I could distinctly feel her sitting at my feet, and resting her arm on my knees. We talked far into the night, of many things. I asked her one especial question, namely, how long it would be before I could go to her. I felt her give a little gasp, before she replied: "Not to-night, I will tell you to-morrow night, at least, I will help you to work it out yourself."

It struck me as a remarkable answer, and I pressed her to explain, but she refused. Then she said: "Now you must go to bed, for you are dog-tired."

For years I have been a bad sleeper, and rarely

get to sleep under an hour, very often two. That night I did a thing I have not done since I was a child: the moment my head touched the pillow I was asleep.

As I awoke in the morning, fresher than I have felt for years, I distinctly felt a woman's kiss on my lips. Then next night when I came up to bed I was made to sit in the same chair, while she was at my feet. Again I asked her how long I had, and her reply came: "Now I will tell you, or rather I will help you to work it out yourself." And she did, in an astounding way.

It would take too long to describe here but the time was five years. Then she said in a very insistent way: "We cannot be certain of time here. That is the longest you have, it may be less. Oh, I do beg you not to leave things to the last, or you may not have time. Put everything in order. I know you have always wanted me to give you three warnings. I am to be allowed to do it. This is the first warning."

In the early hours of the morning again came the order to go to bed. Again the instant sleep, and in the morning a woman's kiss, and that wonderful feeling of freshness.

That morning I left Tintagel early. The whole time I was there I never saw her with my physical eyes. That came later. My wife was perfectly right. Like so many lawyers, I had put other people's houses in order, but not my own. I determined to do so, however, but felt I could take my time. There could be no immediate hurry.

All that happened last June.

In October I was up in town for a few days with my family. The evening we arrived we were entertaining friends at a restaurant, before going to a theatre. I had felt seedy all day, but put it down to the rush and overwork. In the middle of dinner I realised that I was fainting and clearly remember being helped out of the room by my eldest son and a friend, and dumped on a chair in the cloak-room. When I came to myself I was in a small room. I concluded that I was dead, but there was something about the room which arrested my attention at once: the extraordinary air of peace about it. I remember saying to myself: "This must be a rest-house."

I am not in any sense artistic, although I love beautiful things, especially Nature. I supposed that the sense of rest and peace came from the colour scheme of the room; there were no pictures on the walls, no furniture in the room. Suddenly I realised that I had looked all round the room, but not straight ahead of me. Then I did so, and there standing straight in front of me was—my wife, looking just as she had done in her earth life, but far more beautiful; I can only describe her as radiant. In this life she had wonderful hair, well below the waist, and I noticed that she had it flowing over her shoulders. She stood there with her eyes shining, and her arms outstretched. My arms shot out and I sprang into hers. My friend told me afterwards that my arms did shoot out actually, and I seized him by his collar.

We stood talking for a long time and once she took her hair and swept it over my face, and said: "You always love that, don't you?" Of all we said I can remember nothing, except that and one thing more. At last she said: "You must be going now, but I am coming with you."

Then I found myself back on this earth, lying flat on my back on the floor of the cloak-room, in great pain. I could feel my son over one shoulder.

and hear my friend's voice over the other. I looked down to my feet, and saw the attendant in his white jacket stooping over me, for I was perfectly conscious by that time. Very slowly, for the slightest movement hurt, I turned my head to the right, and there—kneeling beside me, just as I had seen her in the rest-house, was my wife. She took her hair and swept it over my face, with the same words she had used before, and I clearly got the scent of her hair. Then she took me in her arms and said: "Now I must go. Remember, this is the second warning."

Then she was gone.

I had burst a blood-vessel and all that night the doctor was not sure what was going to happen; but I recovered.

I put my house in order without further delay!

---

## SPIRITUALISM AND SCIENCE.

BY TUDOR A. MORGAN.

The old order changeth. Yesterday Science ruled with iron hand; to-day its edicts are only accepted provisionally; to-morrow scientific facts alone will be required of science. This branch of learning has shown that while it is expert in discovering the facts and processes of the physical universe, it fails signally to rear any philosophic edifice which will stand the test of the progress of lay thought.

A philosophy which refuses to entertain ideas of God and Spirit is as barren of religion as an unbalanced theology is of science. Science and theology have erred in the past by formulating their doctrines irrespective of the claims of each other, and philosophy, which should have united them, has failed. Hence they have dropped into antagonisms which can be bridged only by spiritual science and philosophy.

An instance of the unifying value of Spiritualism is afforded by a consideration of the phenomenon of light. Biblically and theologically, light is often used as a symbol of truth, of understanding, of knowledge and wisdom. Scientifically light is conceived as a form of motion conveyed to us from the sun by undulations in the ether. The ether itself is unaffected by the motion—a potent reason why ether cannot be the substance of the spirit body—and is consequently supposed to be in darkness. It is not until the undulations impinge upon the material atmosphere that light becomes apparent, and when making contact with matter, light is made visible in the colours of its spectrum. Each colour has its own wave-length, and of the immense range our eyes are able to register only those representing the colours from red to violet.

### A LARGER VIEW.

Suppose that the receptive capabilities of our eyes could suddenly be increased to include the whole range of wave-lengths. What world should we see? Let us stretch the imagination a little further by supposing that our eyes are opened to the wave-lengths beyond the measurements of science. Our feet would still be in the same place, but what world should we see? And what world *would* we see? Would not the first extension lead us into the world of ectoplasm, the region of thoughts and ideas, and the second extension into the realm of Spirit, the kingdom of Love? We firmly believe the spirit-world to be all about us, but a little imaginative exercise like this makes us appreciate its closeness.

The physical universe is but a grosser state of the spiritual, and thus the gap between them is not one of distance, but of state. Although Mr. William Danmar, in his *Ghostology*, produces a table of the times taken by different spirits to answer his call, and concludes that some are longer distances than others to travel, I am convinced that a more accurate answer would be that the longer times represented a

greater effort of some spirits to change from a higher to a lower state.

This principle is illustrated, although conversely, by observation in a variety hall or cinema. When a joke is made the laughter is not always instantaneous, nor yet in unison. Particularly if the joke is subtle, the laughs break out in successive trickles; one has almost subsided before others have begun. The joke is heard by all simultaneously, and although some of the responses are more tardy than others, distance has as little to do with it as with the times of the spirits in the experiment in *Ghostology*.

### THE SPIRITUAL SUN.

This digression has been necessary to illustrate that the difference between the suns of the physical and spiritual worlds is one of state, and not of distance or locality. The spiritual sun, according to Swedenborg, is the appearance of the Love of God; the point of concentration and store-house of the energy and power of the Divine Love. The light rays given forth are the appearances of the Wisdom, and the heat is representative of the Love. We often lose sight of the meaning of wisdom and confuse it with smartness of intellect. Wisdom is "the use of the best means to accomplish the best ends". Thus it will be seen how closely related are wisdom and love, truth and deed, light and heat.

Our spiritual bodies receive and are energised by the rays from the spiritual sun. Truth and love are selective, hence some of the rays are stopped and others absorbed and reflected, according to the disposition of our affections. Certain vibrations, representing a fixed degree of love and appearing as a definite colour, find nothing within us with which to enter into combination. Others find responsive rates of vibration, and the colours are reflected as if they were of our own generation. True clairvoyants see some of these colours and interpret them as traits of character, as degrees of love.

Experiments by Kilner and Reichenbach have determined that there are also auric and psychical emanations of colour. It is not too much to infer from this that all grades of substance receive energy—love wisely directed—from the degree of the sun to which they are attuned. The curative rays of the ultra-violet and infra-red portions of the spectrum are invisible. Can we be sure that they emanate from the sun as science conceives it? We do not consider thought as physical, nor yet the emanations of the magnetic healer. It would be interesting and probably startling to attempt a tabulation of the differences and resemblances between the healing powers of the Divine working through the sun and through the hands of Christ.

Until science applies the truths of Spiritualism to its facts we shall not know these things. We accept the facts of science and those hypotheses which bear spiritual scrutiny. Upon these the truths of Spiritualism alone may raise a comprehensive philosophy which will not only correctly interpret revealed religion but will secure further revelation.

The philosophy of Spiritualism is destined to dominate world thought.

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JESUS AND MATERIAL WEALTH.—There is one aspect of Christ's teaching which seems strangely out of place in these modern days, but on which He laid repeated emphasis. *It was His utter contempt for outward possessions.* The idea of wealth, in the ordinary acceptation of that term, never seems to have crossed His mental horizon. This is a fact that wealthy evangelicals might well ponder. The materialistic greed of our Western world staggers the Eastern mind. It is really the teaching of the East that Jesus has given to our Western world, and which the Western world has never been able to assimilate.—From *The Man, Christ Jesus* by the Rev. Dr. LAMOND.

## SIR OLIVER LODGE ON DEMONSTRATED SURVIVAL.

In the course of a long article in the *Sunday Chronicle*, of June 30th—"Messages Sent Back From the Unknown" is the title—Sir Oliver Lodge remarks as follows: "We realise that the evidence for human survival seems often of an insignificant and trivial kind. That is what frequently happens in the early stages of a subject. The facts adduced seem hardly worthy of attention, and yet if they are accepted and followed up they lead to immense developments unimaginable beforehand." By way of analogy he refers to the apparently unimportant results obtained by the early pioneers of electrical science, such as the twitching of muscles, the lifting of light objects, and the production of small sparks, all of which seeming trifles heralded the coming of gigantic developments in electrical engineering which, to-day, has become of immense service to mankind; from the same source we have obtained "the astonishing revelation of the electrical structure of matter as the basis of all material existence". Continuing, Sir Oliver says:

We have found, or are finding, that the properties of matter are secondary to the properties of empty space, that matter is only the index or sign of what is occurring elsewhere, and that the behaviour of material bodies is due to something which acts upon them from the insensible regions of space, and forms a link or means of communication between otherwise isolated particles.

Discussing the existence of energy apart from matter, he remarks: "To a physicist it seems no strange thing to think of a guiding and directing principle, like life, as something which exists in space . . . and which may interact with and utilise matter for a time."

Turning then to a consideration of the survival of personality after death, Sir Oliver says:

A personal mind, if it still persists, may be able to make some conscious demonstration. By utilising some of the forms of matter with which it was familiar—the brain nerve muscle system of another human being, for instance—it may be able to affect our senses, and so inform us that that same personality still survives, though normally in a condition beyond our ordinary ken.

Needless to say, there is a vast amount of evidence that that kind of demonstration has already been given; and many of those who have studied the subject are now ready to testify that it is a reality. . . .

Well, the evidence must be scrutinised, and must be able to stand criticism before it can be raised to the dignity of proof. But suppose it attained proof, what then?

Some think it has risen to the level of proof already, and that where an individual character has been formed it is able, under certain conditions and occasionally, to testify to its perennial character and continued existence.

I call this not survival, but demonstrated survival. I admit that the demonstration is not yet accepted by the majority of scientific men; indeed I see many reasons why it should be difficult for a biologist to admit the possibility of any such proof—the idea being, to one who has concentrated a life interest on the material basis of life, meaningless, if not repellent. I sympathise with the difficulty; I am often conscious of it myself.

But we must not shut our eyes to facts because they do not fit in with our present theories. If survival is a reality, and if, by actual demonstration the continued existence of higher or mental attributes is proved to be true, then we

may expect that life itself, even of a low grade, never really goes out of existence—though it need not have an individual or personal existence except in its higher grades—and the whole province of biology becomes revolutionised.

I say then that the demonstration of survival, when at length it is satisfactory and has perforce to be accepted, will have a mighty influence on science.

Sir Oliver is continuing the discussion in a series of articles in the *Sunday Chronicle*.

## AN OUTSTANDING AMERICAN MEDIUM.

JOHN SLATER.

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

I met some remarkably fine mediums in America, including the inimitable John Slater. Slater is more than a psychic; he is an institution. Few big Spiritualist functions are complete without him, and to obtain his services is accounted almost an achievement.

There is a touch of genius about John. His platform manner marks him out as a natural publicist. From the moment he walks on to the rostrum the air is charged with electricity which seems to exude from his buoyant personality. The huge audience—Slater's audiences are always huge—are all agog for the demonstrations of this remarkable man. One feels that he is master of the situation. He commences to speak in rapid staccato tones, gesticulating jerkily, as if his arms were surcharged with energy. It is extraordinary, for this man is nearly seventy years old. He is a living example of the truth that a man is as old as he feels.

In common with most outstanding public characters, Slater is an egoist. He has something to say about himself, and it is always acceptable; the audience likes it. It hangs upon his words, laughs when he wants it to laugh, is silent and serious at his command. He is a natural critic, and strikes hard at the enemies of the cause he espouses. His egotism comes out markedly at such moments—to slander Spiritualism is to slander John Slater. He says in effect: "This man has not insulted Spiritualism, he has insulted *me*. I *am* Spiritualism. I will not stand for this traducer," and he downs his man with fierce and caustic phrases. The people love it; they love John. They listen and they watch. Soon, they know, he will commence those wonderful psychic demonstrations which show that he is qualified to speak with authority.

I first heard John Slater demonstrate his clairaudience and clairvoyance in Buffalo. The great hall of the Statler Hotel was packed, and I sat among the audience. I had been led to expect something unusual, but not so remarkable as what I witnessed. He had not proceeded far with his psychic readings before I was compelled to admit that I had never conceived that public demonstrations of mediumship could attain such efficiency.

Later I acted as speaker on several occasions while Slater "read his ballots", and he never once failed to astound me. It seemed impossible that he could get all these facts from the few brief words in sealed envelopes that were sent up in hundreds by his audience. Several times I looked over his shoulder, as he opened the "ballots" (after having purported to read their contents) to see whether his claim could be substantiated; each time he was quite correct.

John Slater is of English parentage, although of American birth. Many years ago he visited England in his capacity of a Medium, and is likely to revisit, although this time on other business. He can be sure of a hearty welcome from all Spiritualist and kindred bodies.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

PROPOSED JEWISH SOCIETY  
FOR PSYCHIC RESEARCH.

Sir,—Permit us to notify those of your readers who may be interested, that a meeting for the enrolment of members and a declaration of policy, will be held on Wednesday July 17th, at Caxton Hall Westminster.

The chair will be taken by Miss Regina Miriam Bloch at 8 p.m., and opportunity will be afforded intending members to give expression to their views.

The communications that have reached the founders, justify a most optimistic view of the interest manifested by members of our faith, and we shall be pleased to welcome all supporters. Yours etc.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH,  
DORA E. BLUMENTHAL  
ANNE VICTOR  
LEONARD BOSMAN  
ALEXANDER VICTOR  
(Hon. Sec., *pro tem.*)

21, Palmer Street, S.W.1

“TIME AND SPACE.”

Sir,—The only point in Mr. Harvey's letter with which I could not agree was the statement that Time is imaginary. The quaint signpost at Worms and the points Mr. Harvey makes are interesting and true, but does it not bring home to us the fact that we are aware of two different degrees of Time, one planetary and the other durational? And is it not a fact that we are aware of durational Time only because we are not solely physical beings?

Space and Time are dependent upon motion—without motion neither exists—and the slower the motion becomes, relatively to that of the substance of the organs through which consciousness is expressed, the more apparent are Space and Time. Thus the Space that is apparent to the physical senses is the concomitant of physical time, consonant with the rate of motion of matter and with planetary movement.

The time of our thoughts is upon a higher plane, mediate between matter and spirit. Time and Space in this region are again consonant with the rate of motion of the composing substance.

The freedom experienced in the spiritual world is due, not to a fourth dimension—if one exists, other than speed of motion—but to a relationship of consciousness, force and substance. In physical life the consciousness is concentrated into and through the corporeal vehicle, and the will—a spiritual force—cannot act directly upon matter, a substance of different grade, but impinges upon the consciousness and produces the movement of matter by mechanical action.

When the consciousness is expressed solely on the spiritual level, the Will—spiritual force—is acting upon its own substance and produces movement without the intervention of mechanical action, simply acting in a manner similar to physical forces and matter.

So far as past, present and future are concerned, these must remain in the same relationship to each other as they bear here. As long as love, thought and action, effort, force and motion, and cause and effect are the order of the Universe, the effect is always in a relationship of futurity to the end and cause; the effort must always precede the motion, the affection cause the future action.—Yours, etc.,

TUDOR A. MORGAN.

Fountain Chambers, Pontypridd.

“PUBLICITY.”

Sir,—With reference to the letter of Mr. Robin Sanders-Clark under the above title in LIGHT of June 29th, I should like to remind your correspondent that the public who are *made* to sit up and take notice are not fitted to investigate the “higher Spiritualism”.

This great truth is based upon and governed by natural law and must therefore be approached naturally through the inward urge to understand more about things of a psychic nature.

Our movement is not one for blatant publicity; the position to-day is such that all those who have that inward urge to investigate can quickly get into touch with our literature, which, of course, is the first step.

I can quite understand our friend's enthusiasm, but we must protect our cause from “mistrust”, “ridicule” and “ignorance”, by holding out our hand only to those seeking *Spiritual* revelation.—Yours, etc.,

FRED HAFFRON.

2, Arthur Street, Doncaster.

Sir,—May I endorse all Mr. Robin Sanders-Clark says regarding this question in LIGHT of June 29th? The trouble is that so many newspapers in the Provinces will not insert articles dealing with the serious side of psychic science. In 1920 I had a series in a local paper but it roused a storm from the Church, and so afterwards that paper never published any others which I sent in! May I suggest that some of the celebrated people interested in Spiritualism should each contribute an article to LIGHT on “My personal evidence” or “Why I believe in Spiritualism”. A copy could then be sent to various newspapers with permission to quote in their columns.

We all like to read *personal evidence* from each confirmed believer in our subject, and it would form a valuable contribution to our journal each week.

When the “famous” have finished, then we lesser lights might continue the series with a case each.—Yours, etc.,

I. TOYE WARNER-STAPLES, F.R.A.S.

Shortgrove, Worrall Road, Clifton.

[It should not be forgotten that during the forty-eight years of its existence LIGHT has published many such testimonies—some of them from famous people. Still we are always glad to receive or publish personal statements of evidential experience.—ED.]

THE PASSING OF EDWARD CARPENTER.—The decease of Edward Carpenter, the author of so many philosophical books, recalls the fact that he took some interest in Psychical Research, as shewn especially in his *Drama of Love and Death*. Many years ago he delivered an address to the London Spiritualist Alliance, but psychical matters were very far from being his main interest and his departure into a byway of exploration relating to the esoteric side of sex, occasioned in many quarters feelings of disquiet and dissatisfaction; but he was none the less a man of singular ability, of undoubted sincerity and a true poet. A correspondent in Norway, Dr. I. C. Gröndahl, writes: “Having known Edward Carpenter for many years I have a strong impression of his intuitive hold on spiritual reality and of his conviction of the persistence of personality. During the last twelve months he had been rapidly declining, his body becoming an ever more hampering husk to him, and there could be no grief at his regaining ‘Freedom at Last’ (the opening note of his undying *Towards Democracy*).”

## LIGHT.

Editorial Offices, 16, QUEENSBERRY PLACE,  
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## WHAT IS THE GREAT SECRET?

In his *Professor At The Breakfast Table* Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has written of a Great Secret—a secret of which we get hints now and then. "These hints come sometimes in dreams, sometimes in sudden startling flashes—sudden wakings, as it were—a waking out of a waking state, which last is very apt to be a half-sleep." So wrote the "Professor", who remarks that he cannot tell what kind of secret this may be, but he thinks of it as "a disclosure of certain relations of our personal being to the procession of events and of their First Great Cause". Further he is disposed to consider our beliefs about such a possible disclosure rather as a kind of premonition of the enlargement of our faculties in some future state than as an expectation to be fulfilled for us in this life. No doubt the "Professor" was alluding to some of those "hints and gleams" of which Wordsworth spoke in his "Intimations of Immortality".

This carries the matter a stage beyond the ordinarily accepted meaning of the phrase The Great Secret, for there it is applied to the mystery of death itself, that is to say, whether there is any hereafter. "Now for the Great Secret", said the condemned man in the story when he stood upon the scaffold, just on the point of being "launched into eternity". That rather threadbare phrase gives us, by the way, light upon the common attitude towards death. It is not realized that if we are not in eternity already we are never likely to be.

Nevertheless there is still a mystery, something which our neighbours, who have passed to the other side, no matter how advanced in mind, cannot reveal to us. Doubtless the Secret, as Oliver Wendell Holmes suggests, concerns the nature of our personal being, in its relation to the surrounding life and to the "First Great Cause". Even in this world, as every thoughtful person is aware, there is still a great secret, but it is the secret of life, not death. The intuitive mind is aware that the soul does not exist in any isolated way; no matter how intense may be the sense of individual being there is an awareness that it is a part of the life about it, that there is no possibility of complete detachment. We know that beyond death identity and memory, and all that

makes up self-consciousness, continue. The man himself goes on—the line is unbroken by what is relatively a very slight episode in the career of the soul, however grim and ghastly and catastrophic death may appear to the ignorant mind.

Of late years some of the mystery concerning the nature of the life beyond has been dispelled for us by the information which comes in ever-increasing volumes from those who have studied the subject here, and who, on passing over, have returned to set themselves deliberately to assist us in solving some of the problems of their new state. We have lately seen many messages, which go very thoroughly and clearly into the question, illuminating much about which we were formerly in the dark. They have told us a great deal of the nature of the life they now enjoy, and the methods of communication. But each and all of them testify that it is impossible to transmit to us the information in such a way that we can thoroughly understand it. There is always the obstacle of the physical brain which, as someone has said, seems designed to shut us off from the light rather than to admit it. A little of it percolates through, but not sufficient to distract our attention entirely from the affairs of the world in which we live, for that is a stage essential to the development of our individual consciousness.

So there is still a Great Secret, never completely to be grasped by those of us who are still in the body pent. Our special instructors can give us the cloudy outlines of it but the full understanding is beyond us. So we must be content with the knowledge that we survive, that our lives in the beyond are fuller and richer than they can ever be while here; that we retain everything that is meant by self-consciousness, and with this revelation we must for the present be content. And surely we are content, for the knowledge we have received, however partial, is dazzling enough; we would not be blinded by "excess of light". As we go on our way we shall learn more and more what exactly this Secret is; as veil after veil is removed we shall see and feel all that we have ever dreamed of (and more), of joy and peace, beauty and harmony. The vision of reality must needs surpass our highest imaginings for, as it has been well said, there is nothing too good or beautiful to be true.

### A TRANQUIL PHILOSOPHER.

Some people have to struggle and live the strenuous life. It is the law of their temperament. Others seem to achieve without effort. They are examples of the philosophy of "non-striving", and it may be, illustrations of the adage that "everything comes to him who waits". John Burroughs, the poet, was of this type, and many years ago his poem "My Own Shall Come to Me" made such a pleasant impression that it may be of interest to give some stanzas from it here:—

Serene I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for winds or tide or sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager haste?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

The flower nodding in the wind  
Is ready plighted to the bee,  
And maiden, why that look unkind?  
For lo! thy lover seeketh thee.

The stars come nightly to the sky;  
The tidal waves unto the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high  
Can keep my own away from me.

SIDELIGHTS.

A Shropshire ghost story is reported in the *Birmingham Daily Mail* of June 26th, which tells of a "ghostly visitor in a slouch hat", who appeared in an old water-mill cottage at Weston Rhyn. Mr. Edward Price, junior, the occupant, saw nothing of the phantom, but we are told that Mrs. Price was so upset that she refuses to remain in the house, while the family dog, a rough-haired terrier "was so frightened that it was helpless, and had to be carried downstairs". The journal adds that Mrs. Price is now under medical care, while "the dog is too frightened to eat".

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. T. B. Franklin, Principal of Stancliffe High School, related the following personal experience at a recent Rotary Club Luncheon at Matlock. He was motoring one foggy night, when he suddenly saw the form of his mother in front of the car. At once he stopped, and began to investigate. He found that he was within one foot of a precipice. On returning home Mr. Franklin spoke of this strange adventure to his mother, who said that she had dreamed he was in some horrible danger, from which, in her dream, she was just in time to rescue him. This is a *Morning Post* item of June 25th.

\* \* \* \* \*

Writing to the *Literary Guide*, from Innsbruck, Austria, Mr. F. A. Iles says: "In 1913-14 I rented a house in the south of England. I had occasionally to go to the top of the building, where in a cupboard, outside the maids' bedroom, I kept an overflow of books. When at the cupboard I often felt an uncomfortable feeling with regard to the maids' room, the door of which was generally open, so that it was easy for me to see that, as far as human beings were concerned, the room was empty. The unpleasant feeling was sufficiently strong for me to prefer always to face or half-face the open door, and not to turn my back to it."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Iles continues: "I said nothing of this experience at the time. Early in 1915, when the house was standing empty, I had occasion to visit it with the woman who was responsible for airing it and who kept the keys. She was a young married woman, a Hallelujah lass, who had once been temporarily in our service. As we were going round she said to me quite simply: 'Of course you know that the house is haunted.' I said: 'Well, if you mean the top bedroom, I have certainly felt something wrong myself.' She said: 'I do mean the top bedroom.' I said: 'But you have slept there; how did you manage it?' She said: 'I used to feel when I was in bed as if some one was leaning over me and breathing heavily, and I used to say my prayers over and over again until I went to sleep.' May I hasten to add that I believe neither in Spiritualism nor in the survival of death by the human personality? I believe, however, that houses can be haunted, and that by means of what, for want of a better explanation, I must call a Thought-form, something called into being by intense feeling. . . . As regards the entirely successful method of exorcism adopted by the Hallelujah lass, may I add, for the comfort of my fellow Rationalists, that no prayer could be more effective than my own method, used under similar circumstances, of thinking—with all love and tenderness—'Poor thing, I wish you no harm'? This feeling wipes out the other feeling of discomfort instantaneously."

"There are persons with a prophetic gift and clairvoyant ability, and it is as absurd for a sceptic to deny their existence as it would be for a non-musical or tone-deaf person to declare that all music is meaningless noise," remarks Dr. Bernard Hollander, the famous brain and nerve specialist, in an authoritative article on sleep and dreams, in *Pearson's Magazine*.

A SPIRIT MESSAGE ON BOARD SHIP.

BY MRS. CATHERINE LUCKING.

I was returning from a month's cruise in the Mediterranean on a liner, and a friend was sharing a cabin with me. As we approached the English shore we ran into a fog; when my friend and I retired to our cabin that night the fog was still about us and many of our fellow-passengers were a little apprehensive for the safety of the ship. Early next morning, while I was lying awake, my friend suddenly said to me: "What are you out of bed for?"

I replied: "I am not out of bed."

She persisted: "But I can see you standing by your bed."

This, of course, I denied.

Then we heard a bell and my friend in alarm said: "That is the alarm bell."

I tried to reassure her, saying that it was merely the fog-bell.

She remained quiet for a little time and the bell went on ringing. After a while she said: "I know now who that was by your bed—Primrose. [This was the name of a spirit friend.] Primrose tells me that when we get out of this fog we shall run into another and worse one, and that we shall arrive in London twenty-four hours late." And my friend added: "I don't believe her."

But the prediction proved absolutely true. As our vessel drove on we left the fog behind and then encountered another, and thicker, fog-bank. And on reaching London, I found, on looking at the clock, that Primrose was right; we were exactly twenty-four hours late.

BRITISH COLLEGE OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

A very enjoyable reception was held by the College on the 26th ulto. to welcome Miss Helen MacGregor and Miss Margaret Underhill (authoress of *Your Infinite Possibilities*), who have just returned from a nine months' visit to the United States.

During the evening both Miss Underhill and Miss MacGregor gave interesting accounts of the various people they had met during their American visit, and told of their experiences with professional mediums. Both Miss Underhill and Miss MacGregor had lectured, held classes, diagnosed and demonstrated in many American cities and had received a cordial invitation to return to the United States and continue the work.

Mrs. de Crespigny, who presided, congratulated the two guests on their successful tour.

MME. MANYA RICKARD informs us that by arrangement with Mr. Harold Speer she is taking over the direction of the Golders Green Temple of Light as president. A scheme of re-organisation is in progress, and Mme. Rickard requests that all who are interested should get in touch with her at 44, Pembridge Road, Notting Hill, W.11. Telephone: Park 2867.

YOUR NEWSAGENT CAN SUPPLY "LIGHT" WEEKLY

## THE DIFFICULTIES OF SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

### A DEPARTED AUTHOR'S MESSAGE.

BY E. B. GIBBES.

In examining psychic messages, and the criticism which they provoke, it is evident that too little attention is paid to the fact that the communicating entity is using the word-memory and phraseology which he or she finds in the Medium's brain. He must, of necessity, express himself through another person. This fact should be a considerable help in building up a constructive explanation of phenomena which might otherwise be condemned.

To any keen observer it must be apparent that words and expressions which appear alien to the style of the person purporting to communicate, are merely used because they represent the nearest symbol lying in the Medium's brain or memory. The exact expression or picture may not be found; therefore the nearest approach to it is substituted.

This applies, I think, to all mental mediumship, but more especially to automatic writing. In studying this branch of psychic phenomena, I have come upon many instances when accurate details, unknown to anyone present, have been given and subsequently verified, and when the personality of a departed friend or relative has been amazingly reproduced by the Sensitive who did not know the communicator. Yet here and there, a phrase or a stray word would slip in which would be foreign to the type of language used by the communicator when on earth. In the circumstances this might be considered perfectly natural. The Medium appears to be an *interpreter*, the language being mental, *i.e.*, *thought*. It is difficult or impossible to translate one language into another literally word for word. Evidence is also on record which seems to denote that occasionally a wrong "thought" is caught by the "interpreter", but the communicator is unable to prevent it appearing on paper. For this error the Automatist is apt to be blamed, and the information condemned as inaccurate.

Probably the difficulty of conveying the actual interpretation of what is meant will never be understood by us while we are on earth. Recently, there has been communicated through Miss Cummins a long story purporting to come from a departed author. This person, if we believe in his continued existence, states that he never collaborated with anyone when he was "alive". The fact that he now has to avail himself of the brain and memory of another troubles him considerably. He perpetually refers to this.

Having been a writer, this difficulty is very evident to him and he makes the situation clear in statements from which I take the following extracts :

Please remember that this is a collaboration. So much depends on my amanuensis. I draw from the words in her brain and from her memories of earth. All the material used is, in one sense, supplied by her, but the design of the structure, every twist and turn in it, is mine. . . .

Her brain, with its many phrases, suggests also the manner of expression. This is, in truth, a collaboration. . . .

I have embarked herewith, on a story that differs somewhat from my previous writings, in that I am compelled to serve myself of the memory of another. . . .

I wonder what your intentions are concerning me and concerning this curious work that is mine and is not mine. I have written this

story but it has been forged out of the materials in the memory of the woman whose hand serves me. I want you to realise this fact. For the question now arises, is this work by — or is it by a woman whose very name I do not know, whose memory-content, even, is foreign to my mind, though it holds pale etchings of landscapes gleaned from a few of my works? Yet it is not, in any sense, barren earth. Other and strange vegetation grows upon it, much of which does not serve me. You will understand, therefore, that I meet with serious limitations when I strive to set down my ideas upon paper once more. But I am, nevertheless, very interested in this odd experiment, and will endeavour to bring it to a fitting conclusion. I feel indeed, that the bones of this tale are mine, its structure and shape are due to me, but much of the flesh that clothes it belongs to this anonymous lady. . . .

A collaboration! One man's imagination, another's memory intertwined, mingling in order to produce a work that should express life and reality. How can these two things fuse? My imagination, her memory.

It appears that investigators often begin at the wrong end and, seeking only to destroy, pull down and forget to rebuild. The fact remains that whether communications are ascribed to subconscious knowledge, telepathy, cryptesthesia, etc., or any other theory, accurate information—not obtained through their physical senses—has been and is being given through genuine Mediums in all parts of the world to-day. Even if students do not admit survival, practical experiments in psychical research throw much light on that mysterious element we call Mind. This, in itself, is of immense importance.

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### TWO VIEWS OF LIFE.

"All that a man has will he give for his life." Yes, it is generally true, but there are some curious exceptions. Some people find life not worth living and take "the nearest way out". Some are indifferent, and either for a whim or a prize will put their lives at risk, frequently with fatal results. Of late years it has become a popular sentiment that it calls for more heroism to face life (as it is) than to encounter death. Certainly life from some aspects seems very cheap—battles, tempests, floods, epidemics, to say nothing of motor traffic, sweep away people in myriads every week. The preachers base their homilies on the fact, and the newspapers print scare articles about it, having discovered that their readers, being mostly of infantile intelligence, love everything that is frightful and sensational. It is all a little puzzling to the quiet observer, unless he has discovered what life really means. Actually it is a great reality enveloping us all, holding all the *personal* lives in its embrace; and, as it is never to be killed, it keeps on its way utterly undisturbed by all the little tragedies that "fill the world with woe". It may be because a hint of this enters the minds of some of us that death loses its terrors. But to "take the nearest way out"—in short, suicide? That is lamentable, because, although it does not mean extinction, it means a kind of "short circuiting", and the consequences are not nice. But Life being mathematically exact in its adjustments the results are always precisely proportioned to the offence. Physical laws, of course, make no distinction—whether it is a saint who takes poison by accident or a sinner who takes it to escape from the world, the result is the same: physical death. But there are moral laws, and these solve the more difficult part of the problem, which is to mingle mercy with justice and reward every man according to his works.—LUCIUS.

THE PERSONAL SIDE.

MR. H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

The audacity which characterises Mr. Bradley is not of the impudent variety but arises from strong and deep convictions coupled with a lively intolerance of humbug. Perhaps his Irish parentage may be responsible for this. With the pointed shaft of his satire he pokes a hole through the outer crust of the hypocrisy which covers much of our daily life, applies his eye to the aperture, and then sets down in forthright phrases the picture he sees beneath. The truth at all costs!—that seems to be his motto.

As a business man, playwright, novelist, public speaker and essayist, he has stamped his personality upon the public mind. Fame followed the publication of his books *Adam and Eve* and *The Eternal Masquerade*, while *Not for Fools* consolidated his reputation as a daring and critical observer of human affairs. He is astoundingly versatile; in the early part of his short life he has been an actor, journalist, accountant and play producer—he was responsible for the production of Rabindranath Tagore's Indian plays in London as well as a Welsh drama "Taffy", written by Mr. Caradoc Evans. He has contributed to such widely divergent publications as *Comic Cuts* and the *English Review*.

It is not surprising that Mr. Bradley's acute mind should have led him to perceive the truth of spirit-return; cutting aside the barriers of misrepresentation and futility that hover on the outskirts of all new or newish subjects, he went straight to the core of the matter. The result was the publication of two books, *Towards the Stars* and *The Wisdom of the Gods*, both of which achieved wide sales, thus introducing the subject of Spiritualism to a vast circle of readers who until then had scant knowledge of the matter. Both have been translated into many languages; as a consequence the name of H. Dennis Bradley is widely known and respected among psychic enquirers on the Continent.

A public meeting which he promoted at Queen's Hall in March, 1928, for the purpose of presenting evidence of spirit-return, was attended by a large and distinguished audience, a fact which testified to the speaker's personal popularity as well as to the growth of public interest in our subject.

In his own home he has conducted innumerable experiments, obtaining direct voice phenomena which have reached a high state of development. At many of these seances Mr. George Valiantine was the Medium, but in the majority of them no professional Medium was present.

Mr. Bradley is a fierce enemy of fraudulent Mediums and detests all false sentimentality in connection with Spiritualistic matters. Practical scientific experimentation is the line he prefers, and pietistic ritual in the seance room is abhorrent to him. He has a host of friends in every class of society—also a number of enemies, which is only to be expected, for it is a human weakness to resent criticism, particularly if this happens to be true. For, as a shrewd Gallic writer has said: "It is only the Truth that wounds." The occasional outbursts of resentment that reach him leave Mr. Bradley unmoved. He continues his daily battle for "the truth at all costs", particularly for a recognition of the reality of the spirit world.

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"THE QUEST."—Amongst the contents of that scholarly magazine the *Quest*, for July, are "A Modern View of Omar Khayyam", by Colonel Mantell; "Concerning the Cleophas Scripts", by Geraldine Cummins (who sets out with admirable clearness her own part in the production of these now famous documents) and "The Personality of Plato", by Marie V. Williams, M.A.

RAYS AND REFLECTIONS.

It has been contemptuously said that some people can always believe what they want to believe. But surely there is a reverse side to the proposition. Are there not equally people who can always disbelieve anything which they desire to disbelieve?

\* \* \* \* \*

A correspondent asks whether a tax on mediums would not be a good thing. The matter was discussed in LIGHT some years ago, when it was suggested that such a tax would mean the recognition of mediumship by the State. Most mediums are poor folks, and the tax might very well be provided by the sitters as a kind of "entertainment tax". Perhaps our new Chancellor of the Exchequer will consider it.

\* \* \* \* \*

A great deal has appeared in the Press of late on the subject of witches, and the two extremes are well represented, that is to say, people who hold that witchcraft is pure delusion, and others who maintain that there are actual witches with diabolical powers. Neither party has yet arrived at the state of seeing that black magic represents simply a perversion, or inversion of genuine psychic powers, and on the one hand these are neither impossible, nor supernatural on the other.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is noticeable that the attitude of defenders of the Church against attacks on its rites and mysteries is that Science cannot be a competent judge of these things, which rest upon faith and an interior sense. I should take the same view but for a different reason. Science cannot judge because it does not yet know, but it may know and *will* know as the years go on that in the last analysis every mystery rests upon facts in Nature, and as a consequence the appeal must always in the end be to Reason as a final warrant of faith.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have all seen pictures of a seance, as imagined by newspaper artists, with grotesque sitters round a table and hobgoblins floating about in the room. On one occasion I was asked to procure for a newspaper an actual photograph of a seance. The newspaper got its picture, but of course it was tame and unimpressive, as the camera did not record any phenomena. Now that we have the "talkies" we may one day see the film of a direct voice seance and hear the voices as taken by gramophone. Then that large public which is ignorant of these things need no longer be misled by any newspaper buffoonery. It will see and hear precisely what such a seance is like and how very human and natural it all is. In such a film play we might have Valiantine instead of Valentino!

\* \* \* \* \*

There is a story of a pious mother who reproached her daughter for wanting to go to dances and other "worldly amusements". She admitted that in her youth she had herself done these things. "But now," said she, "I see the folly of it." "Well," retorted the saucy girl, "I want to see the folly of it, too!" That is the spirit of modern youth, and it may well account in some degree for the growing interest in mediums and mediumship. Some pious people painted these matters in such diabolical colours that adventurous young people instead of being frightened (as was hoped) eagerly took up the investigation. Some of the more flippant found it tame (although not exactly "spiritless"), but the more serious have carried on, and we shall hear more of them as time goes on.

D. G.

## AN INDIAN'S PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

BY P. D. MAHALUXMIVALA, J.P., BOMBAY.

As a student of Spiritualism I have taken the opportunity of having several sittings with different types of Mediums, of which the following accounts are specially noteworthy.

At one of the sittings on 29th July, 1925, with Mrs. Hester Dowden, a cutting from a silk garment worn by a deceased granddaughter of a friend of mine was given to her, with a request to get a message from the spirit to whom the piece had belonged. The deceased lady was not known to me in life even by name.

Mrs. Dowden got in touch with her through her control, Johannes, and received, *inter alia*, a long and very interesting message in answer to my question: "Have you any special message for your grandparents?" She automatically wrote:

They will always remember me when I was a little child; they used to play with me. They will remember how my grandmother gave me a silver ring on the day on which I was six years old.

The message was duly forward to my friends in Bombay. The letter received in reply from her grandmother contained the following:

My dear Mr. Mahaluxmivala,

We are in receipt of your kind letter and do not know how to thank you sufficiently for all the trouble that you have taken to get a message from our daughter P—. All of us have read it with great interest and are simply amazed. Every particular is correct, including that of the *silver ring*.

On the 29th July, 1925, at one of the sittings with Mrs Dowden, the spirit of my mother, who had passed away on the 12th December, 1924, came through, and Mrs. Dowden automatically wrote:

Avabai [my mother's maiden name]. I am trying to send my message through Dhanji [my son who had passed away on the 20th July, 1924]. He can take the words from my lips as I speak. I am glad that you have kept our family together by your knowledge. It helps us here to be able to speak to the souls of the living. My grandmother is very much moved by being allowed to speak to her son. She is standing with her hand on his head. Do remember the dead who are alive here, and to help their souls by prayer.

She asks my father to be very careful when he is going back to his own country for he is threatened with an accident. She asks me to say that if he is careful he will avoid it. He must not go at the time he first decides on. She says she can see a little into the future and she is anxious to take care of her children.

Now I had already booked my return passage to Bombay, and as I did not like to change it, notwithstanding the warning, I took shelter under the remark of my mother that if I were careful I would be able to avoid the accident.

I had subsequently occasion to go to Hulham House, where I had been once before. I then mentioned to "Dr. Beale" that I would not be able to see him again as I had arranged to leave for Bombay. He thereupon told me, in the presence of a Parsi gentleman who had accompanied me, that owing to a telegram from Bombay my departure would be postponed to October.

Again, at a private sitting with Mrs. Barkel, a Trance Medium, whose seances I used to attend

almost every week, her control "White Hawk" also told me the same thing.

Curiously, on the 31st August I received a cablegram from a very particular friend that he was leaving Bombay for London on the 5th September, with his wife for an operation on her. I had perforce to postpone my departure, and to transfer my passage to P. and O. s.s. *Kaiser-I-Hind* sailing from Marseilles on the 23rd October.

Then, as regards the accident about which I was warned. On the night of the 26th September, at about 11.30 p.m., I was returning to my Hotel in a 'bus after seeing a play. On my signalling, the 'bus stopped so close to a motor-car standing near the kerb of the footpath that there was hardly a space of two feet between the 'bus and the car. Just as I was stepping out, my foot slipped and I fell full length on my left side between the 'bus and the car. The conductor was on the upper-deck, and the driver, not knowing that I had fallen, drove away. Had I fallen about three inches nearer the 'bus, I would have been crushed to death, and if towards the motor-car my head would have been crushed. But fortunately, I escaped with comparatively slight injuries. My left knee was badly cut, my left thumb badly bruised, my forehead was cut and my umbrella broken to pieces!

At a sitting with Mrs. Dowden, I asked my son about the accident, and he wrote:

There was a special protection round him the day he fell . . . I was there and also your mother, and we succeeded, but were not quite strong enough to keep the evil away.

He also wrote at a sitting on the 14th October:

The accident was here in your stars; it might have been much more dangerous. We knew, and we were there specially to help you.

### THE DIFFICULTY OF NAMES.

Seated in a garden, I was talking to a friend about cricket and cricketers—so it is easy for the reader to understand how far our conversation was from psychic matters—when, suddenly, I saw a spirit girl standing near to us. I described her to my friend, who said: "That is very like a sister of mine, but cannot she give her name?" I could not get the name, so I asked the girl to come again when she could tell us. Later in the day I saw the same spirit, to my surprise apparently standing in the midst of a rose-bush. I said: "Oh, there is that spirit I told you of this afternoon, standing amongst the roses, but again I do not hear any name." "That doesn't matter," said my friend, "her name is Rose!"

This little incident suggests what, in my opinion, is a most important consideration in this question of names. It is clear that many spirits are unable to convey their names by means of those vibrations which come as *sound* to the clairaudient, and so, unless any particular name can be given in symbolic form, the spirit will fail to convey it. This rule has some exceptions, for common names, such as Tom and John, Mary and Jane, are frequently obtainable. But the fact that such names are so universal suggests that, belonging to what may be termed "familiar vibrations", they are more easily conveyed than in the case of less popular names.

I apologize to my scientific friends for so loosely using the word vibration, but I can think of no term that better conveys the idea.

L. H.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X.Y.Z. (Luton, Beds).—The question you raise has been dealt with in *LIGHT* and is quite familiar to us. If, next time you write, you will furnish your name and address it would be more satisfactory, for ordinarily we do not notice anonymous communications.

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Tuesday, July 16th, at 7.30 ... Clairvoyance ... MR. HORACE LEAF
Thursday, July 18th, at 7.30 ... Clairvoyance ... MR. P. SCHOLEY

GROUP SEANCES. Monday, July 15th, at 7 ... MRS. ANNIE JOHNSON
Wednesday, July 17th, at 3 ... MRS. KINGSTONE

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SOCIETY MEETINGS.

Lewisham.—Limes Hall, Limes Grove.—July 14th, 11.15, open circle; 6.30, Mrs. Cooke. July 17th, 8, Mrs. Graddon Kent.

Camberwell.—The Central Hall, High Street.—July 14th, 11, Service; 6.30, Mr. A. Nickels. Wednesday, 7.30, Public Meeting at 55 Station Road.

Richmond Spiritualist Church, Ormond Road.—July 14th, 7, Mr. Glover Botham, address and clairvoyance. July 17th, 7.30, Mrs. Florence Lane address and clairvoyance.

Croydon.—The New Gallery, Katharine Street.—July 14th, 3, Lyceum; 6.30, Mrs. Carrie Young, address and clairvoyance.

Cricklewood.—Ashford Hall, 41, Ashford Road.—July 14th, 6, Mr. and Mrs. Billette. July 17th, 3 and 8, Mrs. Baxter, Circle; 8, Service.

