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Light

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research

Edited by DAVID GOW

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Here is the first scientific record of a "return to earth" of the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, author and spiritualist. Hundreds of mediums in many parts of the world claim to have spoken to the dead man, but few of these claims would stand investigation. NASH'S MAGAZINE approached the foremost investigator of psychic phenomena, Mr. Harry Price, and this article is the result of his séance.

**Conan
Doyle's
Startling
Messages
from the
Beyond**



Cigaret

The great author and spiritualist talks after his death with HARRY PRICE, the founder and Director of the National Laboratory of Psychical Research.

IN JANUARY

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PRICE FOURPENCE.

To all our readers everywhere we offer our heartiest good wishes for Christmas and the New Year. This is our forty-ninth Christmas, for Light commenced its career on the 8th January, 1881, and our Season's Greetings on this occasion derive additional warmth and cordiality from that fact.

NOTES BY THE WAY

AS we write, our memory returns to the season of Christmas 1915, and the stories of the "Angels of Mons." Many were the tales told of the interposition of saints and the spirits of the warriors of old in the great battles then being fought. English and French soldiers told of visions of their ancient heroes and patron saints, who, at special crises, appeared and turned the tide of war against their enemies. We observed then that it was curious—and we still think it remarkable—that these stories were not readily believed amongst spiritualists, large numbers of whom refused to accept the accounts, whereas thousands of non-spiritualists contended stoutly for their reality. There is a moral in that. Yet to this day, although we examined some of the cases and discussed them with soldiers who claimed to have seen some of the manifestations, we are still undecided as to how much or how little in the stories was truth of fact. To-day we are tempted to class them with those "old, far-off forgotten things and battles long ago," on which the poet wrote. But they are amongst our Christmas memories and so we set them down here.

* * *

THE legend of the Glastonbury Thorn has a special bearing on these days of Yule. It is only a tradition, but it is a beautiful one. The story is that Joseph of Arimathea was cast adrift with Lazarus and his two sisters in an open boat. After a long and perilous voyage the boat went ashore on the coast of Gaul. From there, carrying the Holy Grail in his bosom, Joseph set off with twelve companions on a Gospel mission to England. On Christmas Day the pilgrims landed at what was then the island of Glastonbury, and sat down to rest, almost worn out with their labours and sufferings. Joseph's

disciples began to complain bitterly against their leader for bringing them into such a plight, much as the sailors of Columbus grumbled at their captain centuries later. To revive their faith in him Joseph performed a miracle. He planted his staff in the ground, prayed fervently and lo, the staff, which was old and dry, began to put forth leaves and buds and finally was covered with the white may-blossom! Since then, as all true believers are assured, the Glastonbury Thorn has flowered every Christmas Day.

* * *

AUTHORITIES on religious origins tell us that even in ancient Rome religion was a medley of all the beliefs and rituals of the known world. Our remote ancestors were guided more by their sub-conscious than by their conscious minds; the subconscious mind instinctively dramatises ideas and so we got much of personification and symbolism, arising out of the impressions made on the ancients by the phenomena of the natural world. Each new religious revelation had to be made to fit into the existing framework of myth and legend. Modern science made havoc of all this, but we have never observed that it destroyed anything that was true. It only cleared out the errors and abuses; the essential truths remained. The spiritual view of life remains untouched. The truth of human survival becomes continually clearer. Even the Christmas festival remains to us as something deeply-rooted in the soul, part of the poetry of life. The old Puritans, filled with pious rancour, did their utmost to destroy it but failed miserably, and it is not likely to suffer much at the hands of modern Science, for the real scientist is intent only on truth and has no particular bias for or against any form of religious faith. We shall be allowed to "keep our merry Christmas still," even if it is not a scientific Christmas!

IN BRIGHTER WORLDS

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away — no strife to heal —
The past unsighed for, and the future sure . . .
Of all that is most beautiful — imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpleal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey,
Yet there the soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue . . .

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH ("Laodamia")

THE MONTROSE GHOST

I FIRST heard of the "Montrose Ghost" last summer from a Squadron Leader in the R.A.F. On discussing the matter with Service friends I found that several of them had heard of this case, and various vague and garbled accounts appeared to be current. After several enquiries, which included correspondence with the Air Ministry, I have now been put in possession of what appears to be the real story. I am indebted for the account to Mr. C. G. Grey, the well-known authority on flying, who personally investigated the affair and through whose courtesy I am able to give the details to the readers of LIGHT.

In a letter to me Mr. Grey says: "The story is really about the most authentic ghost story I have ever come across and is extraordinarily rational . . . I investigated the whole affair thoroughly and a friend of mine in the medical service at the Air Ministry gave me the whole dossier, which was made up of signed statements by the numerous officers who saw or felt the presence of the ghost, all quite independently of one another. Each man kept it to himself for fear of being laughed at until somebody's nerve broke and he told a pal, and then all the others broke loose.

"When I came to investigate the evidence I found that the ghost only appeared between two set dates." It will be seen later that these dates were material to the case, as suggesting a clue to the identity of the phantom.

For reasons of space I have had to condense the story considerably, but I believe I am giving a true and faithful account of the salient features that were elicited by Mr. Grey, who says that the story came to him "with evidence that would have satisfied any Court of Law."

Here is the case in brief. The scene of the hauntings was the aerodrome at Montrose. This was one of the oldest aerodromes in Great Britain, being established in 1912 or 1913. During the war it was used as a training centre for airmen. The personnel were housed in two main buildings, the New Mess, which sheltered the pupils, and the Old Mess, which was the home of the O.C. and the instructional staff.

One evening in the autumn of 1916 an officer of the instructional staff who had been working late at the aerodrome walked up the path to the Old Mess when he saw in front of him an officer in flying-kit also walking towards the Mess.

It was too dark to recognise the stranger. The officer walking behind observed that the man in front went up to the door of the Old Mess but did not open it. Then, when he himself reached the door, he discovered to his surprise that the stranger had disappeared; although it was dark there was enough light to see a man's figure some yards away and the officer was quite certain that the uniformed stranger in front had not stepped off the path on either side.

The officer of the instructional staff was naturally surprised at this experience. He was inclined to put the affair down to eye-strain or imagination. Still, he felt sure in his inner consciousness that he *had* seen somebody.

He tried to dismiss the matter from his mind but some evenings later he again saw the mysterious figure and again on reaching the spot where he had seen it halt the figure vanished.

(Mr. Grey in his notes says he believes that the officer concerned saw the figure four or five times, but is not absolutely certain on this point).

Now the officer who had experienced this manifestation said nothing, not wanting to be invalidated for "nerves," so, wisely or unwisely, he kept his mouth shut, although the matter worried him.

About this time another officer of the staff, while asleep in bed, after a hard day's work, awoke suddenly

with a feeling that there was somebody in the room, so, raising himself slightly, he looked at the foot of the bed. There, by the light of a dying fire, he distinctly saw the figure of a man in uniform sitting in a chair at the foot of the bed. He asked the visitor who he was and what he wanted. Getting no reply the officer then leaned forward to get a closer view of his visitor—and there was nothing there.

He was quite sure there had been somebody in the room, but, like the first officer, decided to keep silent.

A little later two officers sleeping in the same room in the Old Mess were awakened one night by a feeling of oppression and of knowledge that a third person was present. One of them woke up with this feeling, spoke to his companion and found that he also was awake and had experienced the same impression. A light was struck but nothing out of the ordinary was revealed. These two also decided to say nothing of their experience.

Then one or two other officers of the Old Mess were disturbed by the mysterious visitor whose presence they felt but whom they could not see nor touch.

Although nothing was said of these experiences, nevertheless a general air of mystery and uneasiness began to impress members of the instructional staff. Who first broached the subject openly is not recorded, but it seems that at last one of the officers spoke of his uncanny experience, whereupon tongues were loosened and the matter was ventilated. But naturally the story could hardly be kept within the narrow limits of the instructional staff, and very soon it was noised abroad. In most quarters it was regarded as a hoax, but some took the affair seriously.

The only explanation given of the appearance of the phantom was that sometime earlier a pupil had been sent up for his first solo flight and before going up had remarked that he did not feel like flying. Orders being orders, however, he had taken the flight, crashed, and been killed. There seems to have been an assumption that it was this unfortunate youth who was haunting the instructional staff, whom he blamed for his death.

Mr. Grey, my informant, on hearing this explanation regarded the theory as ridiculous and sought carefully for some other explanation.

Now in 1916 public attacks were made on the administration of the Royal Flying Corps, as a result of which a Government enquiry was held into the affairs of that body. The chief feature of this enquiry was the investigation of so-called "murder charges" which were made by a certain well-known M.P. The allegation was that a number of flying-officers had been killed needlessly through the carelessness, or incompetence, or ignorance of their senior officers, or of the technical side of the Royal Naval Air Service and Royal Flying Corps. One of the charges concerned a flying accident in which an officer named Desmond Arthur was involved. Mr. Grey adduces the theory that the phantom that haunted Montrose aerodrome was none other than Desmond Arthur.

Lieut. Desmond Arthur was killed on May 28th, 1913, in an aeroplane crash at Montrose. He was a fine pilot and highly competent. He took up an aeroplane to 4,000 feet and in the course of some evolutions the machine was seen to check suddenly and the pilot fell, or was thrown, out of the plane, which was seen to flutter to the ground alone. The disaster was at once investigated by the Accidents Committee of the Royal Aero Club which found that one wing-tip had been broken; a spar had been damaged and badly glued together, and the imperfect repair had been patched over. The suggestion clearly is that this faulty repair caused the pilot's death, for the evidence showed that the badly-glued joint had come away in the air without hitting the ground.

This disaster was one of the cases forming the basis of the "murder charges" in 1916 and as a consequence of pressure, a public enquiry, as I have already said, was opened.

The commission of enquiry re-opened the Desmond Arthur case and dealt with this in the course of an Interim Report. In this Interim Report a very different complexion was placed on the cause of the Desmond Arthur disaster of 1913. It pooh-poohed the suggestion of bad repairs, thus making it appear that the fatal accident was *not* due to any fault of repair or design but must, inferentially, have been due to the pilot's carelessness or lack of skill.

Now there is nothing unreasonable in the notion of a flying-officer, killed through a defective aeroplane, manifesting himself after death to his brother-officers at a time when the minds of *all* flying-officers were focussed on the general question of defective planes and their fatal consequences. Such an hypothesis contains nothing that runs counter to our knowledge of psychic matters. On the contrary, one might assume that the mental "link" had been formed which would presumably facilitate the return of the airman. But Mr. Grey adduces an even more personal reason, namely that Desmond Arthur considered the Interim Report (by which he was made to appear an incompetent or careless pilot) an attack on his honour, and that this was the reason for his visiting the Montrose Aerodrome. In short, Desmond Arthur wished to rehabilitate himself, to protest against the slur on his reputation.

Mr. Grey speaks of his friend Desmond Arthur as a "little black-haired, grey-eyed Celt from County Clare. A thorough sportsman who, like all his type, was given to extremes of elation and depression, and in the latter state he often gave the impression of being what is called 'fey.' Also, like all his type, he had a keen sense of his personal honour. Altogether he was a singularly lovable person, though distinctly weird, and, in the current phrase of to-day, 'psychic.'"

The phantom at Montrose appeared about the time that the Interim Report was published containing a statement which, by inference, was a slight on Lieut. Desmond Arthur. There is, therefore, some kind of connection between the two events.

Later, the Government Commission issued their *Final Report* (November, 1916) in the course of which two members, Mr. Bright and Mr. Butcher, expressed opinions concerning the Desmond Arthur case that were quite contrary to those expressed in the Interim Report. They stated that since the issue of the Interim Report their attention had been drawn to the first report of the Royal Aero Club Accident Committee; they expressed regret that this had not been brought to their notice previously. They said it appeared probable that the machine (Desmond Arthur's) had been damaged accidentally, and that the man or men responsible for that damage had repaired it as best they could to evade detection and punishment.

In other words the *Final Report* wiped out the reflection on Desmond Arthur's honour caused by the Interim Report.

Now, after this *Final Report* (which cleared the honour of Lieut. Desmond Arthur), the Montrose Ghost was seen or heard no more, although there is a suggestion that he paid one final visit in January, 1917, but this point is not quite established.

Mr. Grey says in his letter to me: "The Interim Report grossly libelled a friend of mine who was killed in Montrose in 1913. The *Final Report* cleared him. The ghost only appeared between these two dates and there was every reason why my young friend should haunt his Old Mess to try and communicate with the people there and impress on them the fact that the Commission's Interim Report had been telling lies about him."

D.N.G.

AS A SPIRIT SEES IT

[BY courtesy of a reader of LIGHT, Captain E. P. D., we are able to quote from the notes of a seance recently held with Miss Naomi Bacon, the trance Medium. Captain D. is a retired officer of the Regular Army and until recently had no experience of psychic matters. His attention was drawn to a copy of LIGHT (a journal unknown to him at the time) and, finding in its pages certain matters of interest, he decided to attend a seance (his first) by way of experiment. He entered the seance room in an attitude of mild scepticism. Messages were given which Captain D. soon recognised as coming from his brother, an airman who was killed in action in aerial combat in 1916. A further seance was arranged, and on this occasion the brother gave further communications of which the following are extracts. We are not concerned here with the numerous items of evidence that convinced Captain D. They were mostly private and personal; they completely satisfied the sitter, who, incidentally, is the reverse of credulous.]

"You want to know. Can't explain, any more than *you* can explain birth. Never met anyone yet who can explain the secret of Life. Not much use you puzzling your brains about existence, I feel more like a bird now—in a democratic existence. Happy! I was lucky to get out of the fog quickly."

PLACES OF REST

[The communicator spoke of a "place" to which, apparently, he occasionally retires.] "I only go to that place for quiet—all to myself—as we don't sleep. If you are wise you create a place suitable for reflection, and a gathering of scattered senses to get cohesion."

WAR CONDEMNED

"War is wrong. Life should be lived to the full. I see another catastrophe—muddled people coming over here in an ignorant, stupid way. Sudden death is unnatural."

THE HIGHER SPIRITS

"There are super-beings. I've seen them. They get it by understanding laws. Some can be brilliant."

OTHER-WORLD LAWS

"Everything is cause and effect. That is the secret. No need for mental suffering. Crave for understanding, serenity of mind over all circumstances. Be careful; you are psychic and open. Be careful; don't develop. Death is funny. . . . Here, what you are [counts?] Evolve, and you will have a fund to draw on. Sins are not sins as on earth—except cruelty and suicide. [They are] only ignorance and folly. One should be clever enough to know better. . . . Life here is a fight; you may stay on the level, [but] you must use your mentality, work and evolve if you want to rise, otherwise you remain lower. The unalterable law is:—What you do yourself determines everything. . . . I have become larger—feel larger. Some people feel pigmy. . . . Please don't think we need to keep near earth, but we keep in the wheel of sacrifice to help others."

NIGHT MESSAGES

[Captain D. asked: *Can I communicate with you by thinking?*] "Yes. Go to bed thinking, or asking. Better then. I will help or answer. Rely on morning idea most for what you want to know from me."

"TAKE IT IN SMALL DOSES!"

"Please don't go into this subject rashly. Take it in small doses. You have to live the world-life first, and you are awfully psychic. . . . Very careful. I will try to protect. Small doses! Don't go here, there, and everywhere on this subject."

MISS FRANCES CAMPBELL informs us of her change of address to 56, Grampian Gardens, Hendon Way, Golders Green, N.W. (Telephone: Hendon 7461.)

AT CHRISTMASTIDE

By W. H. EVANS

WHEN Scrooge had received the visits of Christmas Past and Christmas Present, he was given a peep into the future and shown what would be the result of his mode of living. The prospect was so bleak that he was greatly relieved to find it was not actual, but only what might be. It wrought in him a change of heart, a veritable conversion, so that from being a miserable, miserly curmudgeon he blossomed forth into a genial, benevolent soul, discovering that the secret of winning happiness for oneself is to make others happy. The essential soul charity had always been in Scrooge, but had been overlaid with the spirit of greed; once that was exorcised the real Scrooge came forth from the tomb of selfishness and manifested anew the power of the Spirit to transform the heart and relight the fires of kindness and compassion.

There is that in the general warmth of the Christmas spirit which melts our dull hardness—unfortunately too often necessary in our daily life. For a while we banish care and all its bitter brood, and allow our hearts to glow with the sunshine of the soul, our trials and difficulties which erstwhile seemed so overwhelming shrink away. Bills, rates, taxes, quarter-days, seem far off. We even forget them, remembering instead the kinder things of life and find it possible to do kindnesses which at other times we should have deemed impossible. What a blessed gift the Christ-child gives to each of us—the gift of the renewal of love, charity and compassion with all human suffering!

There is a divine sweetness in this picture of our being taken by the hand of the Child and allowing ourselves to be led away from the hard realities of life, thus gaining a glimpse of the heavenly realities. And these we discover are the homely things, simple and sweet and good.

"A little child shall lead them," and behold the lion and the lamb in our natures nestle together in loving companionship. Just a wave of the magic wand in the hand of the Christ-child, and good fellowship becomes the easiest attainment in the world. The Child leads us away from our dull monotonous cares and makes us rejoice with it.

For the Child came that "we might have life, and have it more abundantly." So we go forth with the Child, are one with it in its joyous abandon and its spirit of eager creativeness in the realm of imagination. Fairy, gnome and pixie become real for us. We rejoice in the life of the child, and realise a little of what Jesus meant when he likened the Kingdom of Heaven to a child.

Here is the expression of that gladness which Paul so strangely reversed. In effect Jesus says, "Be happy and you will be good." Paul says, "Be good and you will be happy"; and how many have found the latter path one that if it led to happiness at last was through a dreary round of miseries.

This is a time of reunion; a time when, if our eyes are dimmed as we look round and see some vacant chair, we yet see through the mist of our tears the smiling faces of our beloved, who from the "land o' the leal" look on our rejoicing with quiet approval and a joyful heart. We are not alone in these times when laughter bursts from the lips of the young and buoyant, and the tones of age join in the song which goes round. The spirit of Christmas fuses us into harmonic oneness, a jocund company gaily looking forward to the future. We can at least realise, as Scrooge did, that the future is in our hands; that it is this power to choose our path which makes character. We can, if we will, carry the Christmas Spirit in our hearts throughout the year.

Like a mantle spread over the earth is the Spirit of Goodwill; of fellowship and love. Wherever the Christmas message has gone there too has followed something of its power in helping men to see life more sanely. In our movement there is—or should be—a real consciousness of this spirit, for it is akin to our ideals. "There shall be no more sea," and we know that this symbol of separateness no longer obtains. We can rejoice in larger measure, with deeper appreciation of the significance of our Christmas reunions. It has for us become more than faith, the realisation of the futility of death to keep us from those we love. A great gift this; perhaps the best of all Christmas gifts; one that destroys fear and brings with it a deep peace which encourages the spirit of goodwill, and shows us the ties of love, still bright and shining so that we trace its threads through the valley of the shadow, "a delicately-shining splendour" which lights up the gloom so that we see the rainbow of hope shining gloriously bright with promise. And we know as children do when they lie down on Christmas Eve that in the morning there will be "the gifts," that the rainbow promise will be redeemed; that the gift of reunion will be ours and the sea of separateness no more. It all comes to us as we sit by our firesides in the gloaming, when the little tongues are silent and the little feet have ceased to patter about the floor. We muse over the day, and over other days that are past; thinking of loved ones gone, yet knowing they have been with us, rejoicing in our joy.

"LES MORTS"

A SCENE IN BRITTANY

By L. MARGERY BAZETT

IN the following narrative I describe something of what I have seen during the last few days (November, 1930) in a district where Spiritualism is unknown. The gloomy outlook upon Death here shown is only, in intensified form, what every spiritualist has met, and is endeavouring to relieve. In the face of such unenlightened sorrow, can anyone question the need for the teaching of the truths of Spiritualism?

* * *

It was the cold grey hour that follows upon an autumn sunset.

A mist drove across the dark moors and headlands of the Breton coast, over the wide expanse of sand and water, till it was lost in the far distance, where the sea-line merged into grey cloud. The scene breathed only of melancholy and desolation.

The distant Angelus bell struck a note strangely attuned to Nature in that mood, and summoned the general thought to centre around the Dead, whose festival should open with the next dawn.

Earlier in the day, in preparation for "les Tous-Saints," an old woman, laden with the weight of her years, could be seen gathering shells along the shore, for the decoration of some grave; whilst away in the cemetery was great activity, every kind of adornment being applied to the graves, in paint, in beads, in fragments of coloured glass.

In response to the question "Do you think that the dead are still near us?" a young widow stooping over a grave sobbed out "No, no; but we may pray for them."

In the ancient Church, of immense length, was gathered a vast congregation of country people from the distant farms. From the back, one looked over the massed black figures to the black-draped altar and chancel, and the pall-covered coffin in the nave.

The darkness was intensified by a gathering storm, and the dimness of the Church was relieved only by the candles above the altar.

During the service, the great door repeatedly swung to with a clang, and *sabots* clacked on the stone floor, as one or another of the old Breton women entered, dipped a finger in the "bénitier," and hobbled towards a vacant chair.

As the priest's voice intoned the "Vêpres des Morts," the old heads in their large curtained flat hats bowed forward, and the gnarled hands fingered their beads.

For whom did they pray? The appeal of the priest was for the Souls in Purgatory. . . . "Pray for them. . . . Give your money for them. . . . Buy them out of Purgatory into Paradise." . . .

Is this the explanation of the crowd of beings, clairvoyantly visible, who jostled with the throng of worshippers, until the intoning of the service awed them into some semblance of quietness?

The effect at first was not unlike a company of angry, pleading mendicants, striving one against another to gain attention from the living. The appeal of their misery cried aloud, and there sprang from the heart a prayer, "Shed enlightenment upon this pitiful darkness."

Other spirit-presences were there; old, ignorant faces grinned from various corners, partaking with an almost ghoulish glee in the funeral scene.

One flash of brightness shone out momentarily, as two radiant angel-forms were seen to bend over the darkened coffin in the upper nave, before the mourning candles were extinguished and the stirring of the crowd announced the close of the service.

In procession, following the priest and incense-bearers, the congregation paced slowly to the cemetery. The priest intoned prayers before the great crucifix; the crowd dispersed in little groups, kneeling around their family graves. A deluge of rain swept over the whole scene. Heavy at heart, one turned and left them, with their tears and their dead.

THE SILVERED SHOES

By DAFYDD THOMAS (Barrister-at-Law)

THE following incidents connected with a recent seance (the Medium being Miss Naomi Bacon) do not, perhaps, constitute evidence, in the strictest sense. I regard them as being significant, however. They belong to that homely order of experience with which so many are familiar—those little friendly, personal interchanges across the barrier that separates us from our dear ones who have gained freedom from the flesh.

At a sitting with Miss Bacon a message came from my late wife. There were many personal touches here, and I had no doubt as to the identity of my communicator. She referred to some article in the top left-hand drawer of the wardrobe at home. This thing was described as "silver in appearance" (there was some difficulty in giving a complete description). I felt sure this information was completely wrong, as to my knowledge the drawer only held socks and handkerchiefs.

On reaching home I examined this drawer, and found a tissue-paper parcel, enclosing a pair of silvered shoes worn by my wife at the Gray's Inn Jubilee Ball. (They had been painted silver to match her dress.) My sister-in-law, knowing these would be precious keepsakes, had caused them to be placed in that drawer, unknown to me.

I may add that I raised the matter at a subsequent sitting with Miss Bacon, and a message came from my wife asking me to give these shoes to K., "as she goes in for dancing, and they will fit her." I gave them away to K. (a niece) and was pleased, and a little surprised, to find that they fitted perfectly.

"HOW SPIRITS COMMUNICATE," BY THE REV. G. VALE OWEN.—As Mr. Owen has been receiving enquiries regarding this little booklet, at present out of print, he asks us to inform our readers that a new edition (the third) is now in the press. This will be issued shortly at the original price, 1/6.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE MAINTENANCE OF "LIGHT"

Sir,—I believe that LIGHT is about to reach its Jubilee. This achievement might be suitably celebrated by the inauguration of a Sustentation Fund to enable the paper to complete those improvements which have been so well begun since its recent return to the ownership of the London Spiritualist Alliance. As a constant reader during the past twelve years, it would be a pleasure to mark my appreciation of the value of LIGHT by a gift of £10 towards the celebration of its fiftieth birthday.

C. DRAYTON THOMAS.

Bromley, Kent.

* * *

A QUESTION

Sir,—“The highest form of religion is to worship our Creator by striving to serve all that He has created.”

It would be interesting to know how many ministers and laymen agree with the above quotation which cuts right across orthodox Christian theological doctrines and completely nullifies them; it is taken from Hutchinson's *Past and Future Developments of Electricity and its Bearing on World Peace*.

Is there any justification for this statement? If there is, are we on the eve of a new vision or interpretation of religion, and can we continue to keep our Christmas Festival with its orgy of bloodshed to furnish our banquet in commemoration of the birth of the "Lord of Love and Compassion" and the "Prince of Peace"?

CHURCHMAN.

* * *

MATERIALISATIONS IN DAYLIGHT

Sir,—Is your correspondent Miss E. M. Horsey justified in her assertion (in LIGHT of Dec. 6th) that "even the most perfect recorded materialisations of ordinary spirits have never taken place in the open air and in broad daylight"? There are authentic instances of such manifestations with W. Eglinton, Geo. Spriggs, and others recorded by competent observers. In course of a morning's interview with Henry Slade, following on his previous day's alleged exposure, I had under close observation in strong sunlight the partial materialisation of a perfectly-formed woman's hand as far as the wrist, where it became nebulous. Attention was drawn by the hand reaching and pulling my watch chain, while slate writing was proceeding, Slade being requested by me to note the hand which he recognised as that of his wife. This manifestation appealed to both sense of feeling and sight unmistakably; the table at which we were sitting in close association was uncovered, with both of Slade's arms and hands in full view. Many other equally clear and satisfactory materialisation experiences with various Mediums of good repute have convinced me of their objective reality; a few were imperfectly formed, while the majority were entirely perfect and natural. The process is probably one of condensation of the ectoplasmic substance drawn from the mortal body, directed and controlled by the will power of the operating intelligence.

THOMAS BLYTON.

Battle, Sussex.

THE "MARGERY" THUMB-PRINTS.—We learn that the full story concerning the thumb-prints of the late Judge C. Stanton Hill, received in the Crandon Circle last October, which was to have appeared in the December issue of *Psychic Research*, has been held over for the January issue of that journal. The Editor of *Psychic Research* intimates that this step has been made necessary as further developments of an interesting nature have taken place.

Light

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THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

IN its earlier years LIGHT took but small account of the Yule season. Not that it ever frowned upon the festival or regarded it with any aloofness. It was not that its conductors were austere souls, or especially Puritanical. They were very human, and observed the revels as heartily as their fellow-Christians. But somehow, so far as their psychic interests were concerned, Christmas did not seem to be quite "in the picture." It was a bleak prospect and a stern fight which confronted them in those days. The face of the world was set hard against them. Spiritualists were almost a kind of social outlaws.

But as the years went on the embargo grew milder; the interdict was relaxed. And with the mellowing of the social atmosphere we began to write in our pages about Christmas quite freely, for by that time we had established certain links between the "family circle" in the social sense and the "family circle" in the psychical and spiritual one.

We told of the "Christmas Ghosts," not as the haunting spectres of innumerable magazine tales, but as the unseen presences of our departed friends, come to join our family reunions. And we emphasised the fact that this was no poetic fancy, no mere piece of symbolism, but the actual truth.

It had been so all the time, but until then the stifling hand of fear had been laid upon any who could tell of glad meetings at the Yuletide feast with those who having "gone before" had returned again to join their families round the Christmas fireside. The truth had no longer to be "in fairy fiction drest," and amongst those who related such stories of Christmas reunions was Sir Oliver Lodge himself. He told us of the visit of his son Raymond to the family circle.

Indeed, we might have many more such tales, if the people only knew, if they did not keep their eyes averted, thinking only of the "vacant chairs." The "unbidden guests" are there, but they are not recognised, far less welcomed.

But, as we have said, the ban is relaxing—the old barriers are breaking down. When the musty traditions that connected the spirit visitors with churchyards and decayed cadavers are finally banished, when the "shining presences" are known for what they really are—our own kith and kin—Christmas will take on a new radiance and the "annual reunion" a fuller meaning. It will be a happy Christmas for them and a happier one for us. The phrase "Spirit of Christmas" will then have a significance that it never before possessed.

THE UNSEEN GUEST AT CHRISTMASTIDE

WE take the following extract from an address by the late Dr. Ellis T. Powell, delivered some thirteen years ago, but well worth reproduction in view of the Yule feast. It should be mentioned that Sir Oliver Lodge's son Raymond had promised his mother, through Mrs. Leonard, that he would join the family circle at Christmas, making it a bargain, however, that "there must be no sadness"; he did not "want to be a ghost at the feast!"—

On December 17th, 1915, Sir Oliver was talking to Mrs. Kennedy, when her hand began to write. There was a greeting, which cannot be read without emotion, between father and son, and then Sir Oliver said: "Raymond, you know it is getting near Christmas now?"

"I know," was the reply. "I shall be there. Keep jolly, or it hurts me horribly. Truly I know it is difficult, but you *must* know by now that I am so splendid. I shall never be one instant out of the house on Christmas Day . . . Father, tell mother she has her son with her all day on Christmas Day. There will be thousands and thousands of us back in the homes on that day, but the horrid part is that so many of the fellows don't get welcomed. Please keep a place for me. I must go now."

The promise was actually fulfilled. On Christmas Day of 1915 the family had a long table-sitting. It was a friendly and jovial meeting with plenty of old songs interspersed, which Raymond seemed thoroughly to enjoy, and, as it were, "conduct."

I know nothing in the range of our existent psychic literature which is so intellectually revolutionary, when you analyse it, as this story of the Christmas presence of a departed son. For when you remember that this story comes from one of the recognised leaders of Science, the head of a great University, a man whose word with regard to the occurrence of any ordinary incident would be accepted without a moment's hesitation—when you find this man calmly writing how his son, one of the so-called "dead," pledged himself to join the Christmas festivities; when you hear that a chair is put for him; when you are told that he was there, and conducted some of the old songs they used to sing while he was still in the flesh; and, best of all, when you know, as so many of you do, that these things are so—then I think we may say that our patient psychic science has put a

new triumphant meaning into the Apostle's challenge, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?" I hope that, thanks to this noble work, the chairs will be placed in thousands of stricken homes this coming Christmas-tide, and that, instead of finding in our restricted Christmas cheer something inopportune, misplaced and ghastly, many a bereaved heart will take courage from this assurance of a deathless presence, and face the darkened future with a new and glowing certainty of reunion.

A HAPPY DREAM COMES TRUE

By C. J. PALMER

IT was many years ago, and a party of six or seven were sitting idly one fine August afternoon on that stretch of shingle and sandhills which was then a feature of the South end of Felixstowe-on-Sea. The conversation had drifted round to dreams, when Mrs. Curten gave a shock to us all by saying "I had once a strange dream which came true." We were startled because, although always bright and charming, she was notably matter-of-fact. The effect was just as if Sir Arthur Keith were, in a similar situation, to make a similar announcement to-day.

We settled down to hear the account with mixed anticipations, many of us rather expecting some merry hoax. Here is the story:—

"When my sister and I were girls we were left orphans at an early age and, during our school days and after, were in charge of a guardian who, we found out afterwards, spent upon himself a good portion of the yearly income of which we were supposed to enjoy the benefit. Thus at 17 (we were twins) at the time of my dream, we were living with our guardian at his house in the country, with no luxuries, a very limited table, a limited supply of dresses and practically no parties or entertainments.

"One morning I startled my sister by saying, on waking, 'Millie, we are going to a party; I have had a very wonderful dream and have seen and heard all about it.' I told her, from my dream, the name of the people to whom we were going, and exactly what would happen. I told her we should go in a carriage, and when we got there, we should not go in at the front door but into a big room, and that we should step straight out of the carriage into the room, which would be all lighted up and with lots of people; near the door we should see Percy T. (the pet young man of the district) sitting at a little table, playing some game with another man."

"My sister said it was nonsense, but I was quite sure.

"At breakfast our guardian said:—'Girls, I have a surprise for you.' At this point I pinched Millie, and whispered 'That's our party'—and so it was.

"Our guardian said he had an invitation for us to go to a party at the house I had dreamed. We made difficulties about dresses and getting there, but for once, he seemed anxious we should have a little pleasure, and everything was made easy.

"We went in a hired vehicle and when we got to the front gates there was a servant with a lantern to warn the coachman to go by the side drive and stop at the new big room where he would see a light. The coachman drew up close to the door where the light was, and we stepped straight into a big kind of recreation hall just built, and the first person we saw was Percy T. sitting at a little table with another man playing chess. We enjoyed ourselves greatly and my sister often asked me to have another dream, but it never came, and we spent some more rather dreary years with our guardian, escaping only to better times when my sister came permanently to live with me on my marriage."

This was not a dream concerning the fate of States and Empires, but I can fully vouch for its veracity.

SIDELIGHTS

Mr. W. H. Evans remarks in *Beyond*, "Self-control is real spirit control. It arises from an intuition that the centre of power is within and not in external surroundings."

* * *

Writing in the current number of *Immortality and Survival*, Mr. Hannen Swaffer says: "Spiritualism has brought me into touch with all sorts of people all over the world—people who come to see me from Australia or California, coloured people from the Gold Coast or from India, for we are finding that Spiritualism is the clue to the problem of religious differences that has puzzled conventional thinkers for years. It is the thing that binds all religions."

* * *

The *Yorkshire Telegraph & Star* of Nov. 27th, in a leading article dealing with the Bill for abolishing the present restrictions on genuine mediumship and psychic enquiry under obsolete statutes, says: "It is not likely that the Bill will reach the Statute Book, but it embodies the modern conception of individual liberty, and from that point of view some change in the law would be welcomed by large numbers of people who do not accept Spiritualism, but believe that other people should be free to practise their own ideas in matters of religious faith."

* * *

A curious case is reported from Tours, France. It turns on the question whether certain signatures on cheques and documents are genuine, or forgeries. If genuine, the inference is that the signatory wrote them after his death. Thus records *The People* of Nov. 30th. Here is the story. M. Armand Levilliers promised that he would, if possible, supply evidence of his continued existence after his demise. Some days after his death cheques were presented at the bank, bearing a date subsequent to the demise of the drawer, but signed in his handwriting. Documents relating to the disposal of the estate were also produced; these were similarly dated and signed. The police thereupon arrested a nephew of the deceased, M. Gérald Lafone, who stoutly denied the authorship of the signatures which, he averred, were signed by his late uncle during a seance at which several witnesses were present. The trustees to the estate argue, however, that the nephew must have forged the signatures during the seance. On the other hand, experts in handwriting have come forward to declare that the signatures were genuinely those of the dead man.

OBITUARY: MR. THERON PIERCE

As we go to press we learn of the passing of Mr. Theron Finlay Pierce, a trustee of the American Society for Psychical Research, on the 14th ulto. Mr. Theron Pierce was connected with the oil industry, and was the son of the late Mr. Henry Clay Pierce. After a close study of psychic matters in St. Louis he held a number of experiments with the Medium, Naomi Bacon, which resulted in his complete conviction of the survival of personality after death. We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Pierce during his short visit to London last year and although our acquaintance was brief he impressed us as a man of strong sterling character, grave courtesy and unimpeachable integrity. We take leave of him with regret.

THE REFLECTOGRAPH

By CAPTAIN Q. C. A. CRAUFURD, R.N.

FRANKLY, I was not anxious to inspect the Reflectograph, having too many observations to work upon, without going into first-hand explorations of the subject of materialisation phenomena.

However, when Miss Stead invited me to see the Reflectograph at work and give an opinion on it, I felt I could hardly refuse. I went expecting nothing out of the ordinary; to see as I supposed, a novel form of Planchette.

The Reflectograph, Mr. Kirkby modestly claims to be the invention of his friend George Jobson who after he passed over instructed Mr. Kirkby as to the details of what he wanted built. From a mundane point of view however Mr. Kirkby is the inventor who actually constructed the instrument, which certainly was a very laborious undertaking. It may be loosely described as a kind of typewriter which displays on a screen letters in illuminated red characters instead of being typed on paper.

From the Medium, Mrs. Singleton, there is produced a materialised hand which works the keys of the Reflectograph. The hand is said to be that of a young girl, "Ethel," who temporarily borrows material from the Medium while the latter is in trance.

We entered the seance room, which was lit with a good red light, quite sufficient to see all that was necessary; I could have read large print, and I am sure there was sufficient light to fog a "rapid" dry plate.

Mrs. Singleton entered the dark cabinet and went into trance. Mr. Kirkby was secured by a rope lashing which may or may not be considered efficient control. This part of the proceedings did not interest me much, because these phenomena are produced often under the strictest control and yet the investigators are not able to make up their minds whether they have witnessed mere conjuring or not.

What I saw at first was a shaft of faintly luminous light proceeding from the interior of the dark cabinet and creeping toward the Reflectograph. The tip of this shaft of light gradually became flexible and formed into a shape resembling the head of a snake. This gradually transformed itself into a small hand about the size of a baby's hand; presently it began to work the Reflectograph, or a variation of the instrument called the Communigraph.

To work this instrument the hand had to operate round a dial and there were times when the hand became plainly visible to me; I observed that it was using the seaman's trick of concentrating a little to one side of the object.

So far my description has not gone beyond the region of conjuring. I was perfectly satisfied for many reasons, however, that I was witnessing no conjuring trick. I am perfectly well acquainted with what can be done in the way of trickery and can, when it is a matter of entertainment, baffle a drawing-room audience with various imitations of spiritualistic phenomena; it struck me at once that no advantage was being taken of important trifles that would serve the art of conjuring in a number of little ways.

Mr. Kirkby is not a conjurer and makes no use of any of the defences that an illusionist would naturally use; that being so he lays himself open to popular criticism. The general public will swallow anything by which it can be persuaded that knowledge can be obtained for the price of a box of matches, and if I were writing for money I could easily give an account of how "the trick" was done. I am writing in the cause of accurate observation, and in order to give the bewildered enquirer something to go upon.

This hand that I saw was undoubtedly what it purported to be. It was composed of material that did not reflect light in the ordinary way but became luminous when light of any kind fell upon it. The light available was red and such as could be reflected from the walls of the room, for no direct light fell upon the hand in the cabinet.

I never expected to be allowed to touch that phantom hand but whether or not the guides knew what was in my thoughts they presently directed that I should come out of the circle and touch the hand. I did so, and found that it was icy cold; not like frozen air or anything of that kind but like the hand of a drowned man; perhaps I had better say stone-cold. Yet, unlike a hand from which all life had departed, this hand was full of life, responding to my touch with intelligence beyond the normal. It seemed to know what I wanted and gave me the silent pressure back in return for experimental pressure from my side; it was apparently realised that I wished to see if I could find those little ridges which exist on the Medium's hand; it stroked mine laterally so that I could have felt those ridges if they were there. This, then is the hand of "Ethel." It is a small hand, particularly firm and smooth at the finger tips, quite unlike that of the Medium and rather like my own. It appears to vary in size according to the state of materialisation but it is wonderfully small; it wears a pearl ring which, if the hand materialises out of unfamiliar space, apparently materialises with it.

You can see the Reflectograph working with this visible hand for less than most men expend upon a single game of golf, but the expenditure of money will create no magic. The wonder only begins when you receive an intelligent message spelt out from the "other side," on the Reflectograph. Whether or no you will obtain an evidential message probably lies with yourself. I was going to say that you must deserve what you get but that would not be strictly true, for the evidence which I received was far beyond anything that I had deserved because, as I said at the beginning of this account, I went to the experiment somewhat against my will.

A NOTE ON PASSIVITY

MANY a time has the critical observer of mediumship and psychic states discoursed on the danger of cultivating the receptive attitude necessary for the exercise of impressional or inspirational mediumship, and especially so for trance-control. We were once told that the surrender of one's personality to another intelligence is "the great psychological crime" of the century. In almost every variety of intonation alarmists proclaimed that such passivity was pernicious. One said of it that it "weakens the will, undermines character, destroys individuality, opens the door to obsession by impersonating demons, results in madness, and terminates in suicide, etc.," wherefore it was urged the whole subject should be tabooed.

In the light of the science of Suggestion, the writers and speakers who thus seek to terrify their neighbours by playing on their fears and suggesting these evil consequences, actually contribute to bring about the very conditions which they avowedly seek to abolish. Exaggeration cannot serve any good purpose, and ignorance is no protection against malign influences. If it be true that evilly-disposed spirits abound and are ever seeking to injure human beings, that fact needs to be calmly recognised and methods of self-protection adopted without panic or dread.

What is most needed to-day, in dealing with psychical affairs, is poise and confidence—serenity of spirit and an invincible faith in the supremacy of good.

One of the most successful of the many bodies of "believers" has been the Friends, or Quakers, who, amid all the rush and flurry, the stress and turmoil of our modern life, calmly and quietly wait for "the Spirit" to move them—to act upon and through them. They

are not afraid to receive or to respond to impressions or monitions from unseen intelligences. By quiet meditation and aspiration they lay themselves open psychically to influx from the spiritual realms, and just as sleep secures bodily passivity and renewal, so the calm confidence of the passive mind and expectant spirit opens the way for the inflowing, recuperating spiritual power which strengthens and imparts vigour. Their fearless attitude, high aims and sincerely devout spirit lift them generally above the "plane of evil," and render them impervious to attack, whilst leaving them open to enlightening and helpful influences.

Real spiritual communion can only be experienced when the mind is free from anxious thoughts and disturbing emotions. Tennyson knew that, and expressed it in lines too well known to call for repetition here. Those who have lived deeply and thought much have learned that the spiritual life is *positive* life, and that our attitude towards it should be one not of weak negation but of a wise passivity.

MARY'S CHILD

A LEGEND OF YULE
(Reprinted)

"Mary, Mother, bake me a cake—
Let me free ere the world's awake ;

"I must go alone, and far
Where the silent places are,

"Save where Nature's music thrills,
Sough of trees, and tune of rills,

"Save where sing the bees and birds—
These all speak my Father's words ;

"I would hear my Father's speech,
I would know what I must teach,

"I would learn what I must know—
Mary, Mother, let me go."

All day long till Sun was set
Little Jesus tarried yet,

Gathered round him where he stood,
Birds and beasts to share his food,

Serpents, insects, unafraid.
Shared the cake that Mary made.

Creatures fed and well content,
Onward little Jesus went ;

Learning everywhere his part,
Storing wisdom in his heart ;

And when day was nearly o'er,
Slowly came to Mary's door ;

Homing children dancing came,
Calling, "Jesus, join the game !"

Jesus joined the game with joy,
Little Jesus—just a boy !

Tired at last, he fain would rest,
Snuggled close to Mary's breast ;

Mary held him close, and smiled—
Jesus now was Mary's child.

E.K.G.

RAYS AND REFLECTIONS

Amongst the floral emblems of the present season are the holly and the Christmas rose. Of the two I would select the holly, not because it is the more usual, but because it is closer to the reality of things as we know them here. It stands for fortitude as well as festivity—it is vigour with vivacity. It blends the martial with the saturnine. And its red and green are the fairy colours. In the old Pagan days it had a meaning connected with Nature spirits—the gnomes and pixies and other fay folk. With the coming of Christianity it became the *Holy* tree. I am told that the holly was a sacred tree to the Druids. But this I have not been able to verify. The Druidical devotion to the misletoe is common knowledge.

* * *

"Of all the various forms of psychic faculty past and present, the only really new development seems to be psychic photography," said a reader of LIGHT recently. This is, of course due to the fact that photography itself is only of comparatively recent discovery. Yet we do not appear to have much increased our knowledge of the *modus operandi* of psychic photography, while other mediumistic gifts are certainly becoming better understood. Our friend suggests that some reader of LIGHT who is a trained photographer will link up with a skilled photographer on the spirit side and so help us to gain more knowledge on what is a peculiarly valuable line of psychic evidence.

* * *

Time was when it was regarded as a matter of course that Mediums should be people of little or no education. This, I suppose, arose out of the fact that most of them were of that type. But we have seen great changes of late years, in the rise of a superior class of Mediums who "fill the bill" in the matter alike of intelligence and mental culture. That such qualities were incompatible with mediumship was of course a pure superstition, like the other silly notion that Mediums were persons of feeble health who always died prematurely. I should never expect to-day to have anything like a repetition of the droll experience I had many years ago when a woman Medium, of undoubted gifts but little education, spoke bitterly of her treatment by scientific psychic researchers : "They said," she continued, "that my mediumship was all due to *hypotsum*, and I know it isn't !" I found that the good woman meant "hypnotism," a favourite explanation of mediumship in those days.

* * *

The "wonder child"—the infant prodigy—is a phenomenon known to all ages. Take, for example, Lord Macaulay who, as a child, talked with the language and wisdom of a venerable sage. Pascal, the French mathematician was another instance of infantile genius. He wrote a marvellous treatise on conic sections before he was sixteen. The examples are many. Lately I was shewn a book of verses produced by a girl of ten, which would have done credit to an accomplished writer of mature years. They were full of wit and point, and in perfect form. It was uncanny. Some of these cases indeed seem intellectually impossible. Amongst the theories advanced to explain them are (1) reincarnation, (2) mediumship. Whatever the explanation may be the fact remains. In a minor degree the apt sayings of children are an interesting study. A correspondent sends me a story of an eight-year-old child to whom an adult friend said, "I will give you an orange if you can tell me where God is." "I'll give you two if you can tell me where He is not," was the child's reply. Perhaps the story is apocryphal ; but there are doubtless child-prodigies who would have been equal to such a test.

D.G.

A PAGAN PRAYER

A SCOTTISH correspondent sends us what he calls a "Pagan Prayer" from classic sources. It is attributed to Eusebius, a late Ionic Platonist of whom almost nothing is known. It is a beautiful prayer and we give a portion of it here:—

May I be no man's enemy, and may I be the friend of that which is eternal and abides. May I never quarrel with those nearest to me; and if I do, may I be reconciled quickly. May I never devise evil against any man; if any devise evil against me, may I escape uninjured and without the need of hurting him. May I love, seek, and attain only that which is good. May I wish for all men's happiness, and envy none. May I never rejoice in the ill-fortune of one who has wronged me . . . When I have done or said what is wrong, may I never wait for the rebuke of others, but always rebuke myself until I make amends. . . . May I win no victory that harms either me or my opponent. . . . May I reconcile friends who are wroth with one another. May I, to the extent of my power, give all needful help to my friend and to all who are in want. May I never fail a friend in danger. When visiting those in grief may I be able by gentle and healing words to soften their pain. . . . May I respect myself. . . . May I always keep tame that which rages within me. . . . May I accustom myself to be gentle, and never be angry with people because of circumstances. May I never discuss who is wicked and what wicked things he has done, but know good men and follow in their footsteps.

THE LATE SIR KENNETH MACKENZIE, BART.

We made a brief reference last week to the transition of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, after a brief illness, at Edenbridge, Kent, on the 5th inst. We are now able to add the following short particulars. He was educated at Rugby and Pembroke College, Cambridge, and studied engineering at the works of Sir W. G. Armstrong & Co., Newcastle-on-Tyne, becoming later a member of the Institute of Electrical Engineers. He was a man of noble character and high intellectual endowments. Many years ago he took up the study of Psychical Research and Spiritualism, thereafter becoming a member of the London Spiritualist Alliance and a contributor to *LIGHT*. A member of an old Highland family, he was much interested in Gaelic legends and traditions and their bearing on his psychic studies. He was a contributor to the *Referee* of articles of mystical and religious interest, under the pen-name of "Servitor"; these attracted great attention and made a reputation for him. He also contributed to other newspapers and magazines. His later years were a long battle with adverse conditions in which he shewed heroic courage. Our regrets are tempered by the knowledge that he is now in a better world; he has fought the good fight and kept the faith.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED

- "PSYCHIC SELF-DEFENCE." By Dion Fortune. (Riders, 7s. 6d.)
- "THE BOOK OF BRAMIL YAH." (C. W. Daniel Co.; 3s. 6d.)
- "THE POISON TRAIL." By Nell St. John Montague. (John Long; 7s. 6d.)
- "THE BOWL OF HEAVEN." By Evangeline Adams. (Blue Ribbon Books, New York. 3 dollars. To be obtained from Evangeline Adams Studios, 1003, Carnegie Hall, New York City.)

BOOK NOTES & REVIEWS

"ASTROLOGY AND THE CARDS." By E. H. Bailey, D.A., F.A.A. (W. Foulsham & Co., Ltd. 2s. 6d.)

A book which may appeal to those who already have some knowledge of astrology. It deals with astrology in relation to playing-cards and the author gives very clear instructions as to the reading of the cards. The book also contains a number of diagrams showing the various methods of placing the cards, together with their meaning.

M.M.

"PHANTASY AND OTHER POEMS." By Ethel Archer. (Steyning: The Vine Press; London: P. J. & A. E. Dobell. 3s. 6d. net.)

Ethel Archer is one of the younger school of writers on psychical, occult and mystical subjects, and is in addition a lady of poetic gifts. In *Phantasy* she presents a collection of her verse in which she shows no small metrical skill. She has a strong feeling for Nature and its mystical hints and gleams. In reading her poems one is occasionally struck by some felicitous phrasing, for example: "the thousand images of Eld. . . . Troop they unnumbered from the listening dells of snake-infested silence," and, "the sapphire sea pearled with its foam of stars!" We might also refer to:—

Say, What is this that stirs Earth to her confines, blun sense in one rapture?

Hasten to comfort me, lest Death, in ecstasy, my Love should capture.

Eyes of my heart have seen, ears heard, (the sense between), things beyond naming.

Beauty, the whole of her, proves God the soul of her, God, the Light flaming.

The book is number two of "The Hermes Books," and is issued in a limited edition. LUCIUS.

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CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

The Alliance (and Library) will close on Tuesday Evening, 23rd December; re-opening Monday, 29th December.

Syllabus for the Spring Session will be ready after Christmas DAILY EXPERIMENTAL WORK.

Arrangements can be made for private sittings with all Mediums approved by the Council, either in the rooms of the Alliance or at the home of the Medium or member, as may be mutually convenient

The following Mediums work regularly in connection with the Alliance

MR. T. E. AUSTIN	Trance & Normal
MISS NAOMI BACON	Trance
MRS. MASON	Trance
MRS. LOTTE PLAAT	Normal

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