

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research

"Light! More Light!"—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

DREAM EXPERIENCES.

We have more than once seen it stated that dreamers never have a vision of seeing or conversing with the dead in their dreams. We thought it a strange statement because we knew so many instances to the contrary. Mr. A. St. John Adcock, editor of the "Bookman," in a letter to the "Daily Express" the other day gave an account of a "recurring dream" in which he found himself in a room familiar to him although he could not identify it. In this dream he was sitting talking with a friend whom he knew to be dead. Another friend who is still living came in and sat down with them and there was conversation, although on waking the dreamer could not recall what the subject of the talk had been. Those who are familiar with mediumship know that many times spirit communicators tell us that we visit their side of life during sleep and have many adventures and experiences which on waking we do not recall or only remember in a vague and confused way. The case related by Mr. Adcock, in company with a multitude of similar cases, seems to bear out this statement. It is probable that a study of dreams will assist in throwing a great deal of light on the nature of the soul. It is a rich and attractive field of research and it is not surprising, therefore, that it is receiving a great deal of attention to-day, especially as it opens up a line of research where the evidences obtained are of a spontaneous character. That research may well include some investigation of the phenomenon of sleep in itself and it may yet be discovered that some sleepers pass during their slumbers in and out of trance states and that it is in these states that premonitions, verified visions and the like are obtained.

* * * *

PROPHECY AND WORLD CHANGES.

It is stated that Professor Bendandi, the Italian seismologist, has predicted that 1927 would be marked by earthquakes, which would have very destructive effects, and he also forecasts great volcanic eruptions. As a scientist his predictions carry a certain amount of weight, but we shall have to take note of the old adage that "it is not wise to speak of the day until the sun be set," that is to say, we must wait and see what happens in the year as a whole, although it is to be observed that the Professor fixed two periods of "maximum intensity," one the present month and the

other July. If his predictions are verified by the events it will certainly lend some little confirmation to those innumerable prophecies to a similar effect which have come from psychic sources. We have already referred to the book, "Coming World Changes," by H. A. Curtiss and F. H. Curtiss, the authors of which describe great calamities as impending in connection with the "rising of the sixth sub-race of the Fifth Great Race." As we have frequently said, these foreshadowings from occult sources need to be taken with reserve, for although they may have a certain validity on the mental or spiritual side of things, the final test must be their effect in the physical order.

"ANGEL" AND "DEVIL."

It is always a little painful to have such words as "devil," "demon," and "fiend" tossed about, whether in connection with spirits in or out of the flesh. The thought world, it is true, holds many strange and monstrous shapes (as well as many beautiful ones), but these have no essential reality; they are only the shapes through which the eternal realities express themselves. There are timorous, sensitive folk to whom the everyday world presents the appearance of a host of harsh and ill-disposed persons. Their fears create for them a multitude of quite imaginary enemies; they shrink even from those who mean them nothing but good, and interpret the advances of bluff geniality as a desire to tyrannise and brow-beat. Even when they meet those who, like themselves, are shy of companionship, they regard the air of aloofness as a sign of coldness and indifference. It is a hard world for these sensitive souls, and it may take them a lifetime to penetrate to the fact that under forbidding externals humanity conceals more of good than of its opposite—that the word "devil," like the word "angel," is frightfully abused by a loose and indiscriminate application.

LANGUAGE AND TELEPATHY.

To the quickened understanding, even the languages or gestures and looks can be more eloquent than many printed pages, and the sound of a voice convey more than its words. Thought has other and more instant means than human speech, spoken or written, which indeed may be used rather to conceal thought than to express it. Telepathy may well become to us a vital thing with the partial eclipse of more mechanical devices. The mighty torrent of words, written often with travail and tedium, which the Printing Press has poured through our minds during the last few decades has perhaps worn a channel for higher and more subtle methods of expression. In this way, as in others, we advance from the fettered state to the free one, from material complications to spiritual simplicities, learning as we go many secrets of life for which we study printed pages in vain. The famine of the body will have meant a feast of the soul.—G.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS FUND.—We acknowledge with many thanks ten shillings from Miss Ruth T. Ridley.

MALIGNANT SPIRITS.

A REASONABLE VIEW.

Some little time before the death of Mr. George Gissing, author of "New Grub Street," "The Nether World," and other famous novels dealing with the sorrowful side of life, a literary friend of ours made his acquaintance. The reading world at that time was keenly interested in what was termed "the Novel of Misery," of which George Gissing was a prominent representative. Curious to learn something of the novelist's outlook on life which his novels depicted in such gloomy colours, we inquired of our friend on the subject. His reply pleasantly surprised us. He reported that Gissing had greatly changed his views. Later experience and reflection had convinced him that even poverty and squalor had compensations. There was something golden at the heart of the drabest of humankind—"a soul of goodness in things evil." Life, he saw, adjusted and adapted itself to the darkest conditions. Always there was something that gave an equipoise to existence.

Having long held the conviction that a Great Beneficence presides over the destinies of mankind, we gratefully accepted the novelist's verdict as yet another testimony to the reality of the optimist's faith in the essential goodness of life.

Holding that faith to-day even more strongly than of old, we are less disposed than ever to accept without question the statements that occasionally reach us concerning what we may call "other-world evils." We hear (we are glad to say less frequently now than formerly) of spiritual vampires, incubi, demons, and what not, preying upon people in this world and working terrible havoc in human life. We hear of places thronged with malicious and obsessing spirits who drive their fellows in the flesh into vice and crime. Listening to some of these melodramatic accounts, one might suppose that the lower reaches of the invisible world were given over to the rule of pandemonium. Frankly, we refuse to admit anything of the sort. This world is imperfect enough, as we know, but even here law and order prevail more or less. Society, for its own sake, imposes limits on the more lawless of its members. Are we to suppose that in the next world these checks and limitations are less and not more effective?

It may well be that some of these reports concerning chaotic and disorderly spiritual conditions have their origin entirely in the disorderly mental conditions of those by whom such reports are made. It is our faith and experience that "other-world order" is absolute; that misdirected souls, checked and repressed even in this world, are in the next held firmly under the control of the great and wise-intelligences who administer the law and justice of that world. We cannot easily reconcile with this conviction the spectacle of hordes of spiritual hooligans running riot amongst human kind; insidious and invisible tempters working ruin on sensitive victims in the flesh, or spirit "adversaries" banded together to subvert the Divine order.

Let us suppose the case of a man who has always dwelt apart from human-kind. He is visited by another man whose career has been passed in crowded cities—a man of sensitive mind and undisciplined imagination—who reports to the hermit his experiences of the world. What stories of bloodsuckers and sweaters! What tales of oppressed and over-worked toilers, of myriads of famished and sickly people, of strikes,

riots, epidemics, heat waves, cyclones, murders and catastrophes of all kinds! The hermit listens, and rather wonders that the people find such a world worth living in at all. But, in course of time, he resolves to see the world for himself, and makes the surprising discovery that the people he meets seem in the main to be fairly happy and contented, having their codes of law and conduct, and being generally peaceable and well disposed. Certainly he does not recognise it as the world described by his visitor. And yet his visitor told him no more than the truth. It was merely a matter of proportion and perception and the point of view.

We are no Pangloss; we have no desire to gloze over the follies, the sufferings, and the inequalities of life. But in this matter of demonism and unrestrained lawlessness and mischief, whether in this world or the next, we have very deep and abiding convictions. In the old legend we are told that when Adam and Eve were expelled from Paradise "a flaming sword which turned every way" was placed "to keep the way of the tree of life." And we believe—we know—that the "flaming sword" of Divine law is for ever turned against disorder and misrule, and that the "adversaries" before whom the timid pilgrims tremble are terrible only in imagination. At the worst they are but as savage dogs that can go no further than the length of their chain. In any case, they are human creatures—God's children. Indeed, when we hear or read some lurid account of "evil spirits," we think of the kindly old Scottish saying sometimes used to rebuke those who are too censorious of their fellow-creatures, "We are all Jock Thomson's bairns!"

Another aspect of the question which has occasionally obtruded itself on our mind is the extent to which "wicked spirits" may fill the rôle formerly enacted by the Enemy of Souls. He was long a convenient "stalking-horse" to many of those who shrank from assuming the responsibility of their own frailties. It seems a not unreasonable assumption that, with the passing of "Satan" "malignant spirits" were made to do duty in his stead. But putting the case on its lowest level, assuming the existence of "principalities and powers" of Evil—beings of the nether world who by some mysterious dispensation are permitted to harry the souls of men—there is always, as we have said, the "flaming sword," even the crudest old-time theology held to that view as a religious necessity. With the progress of spiritual science, however, demonism will infallibly recede into the background. A wider and deeper study of the psychology of the human mind will reveal the true origin of many an unreal "shadow pantomime" thrown on the screen that separates one world from another. Many old-time Spiritualists found all this out for themselves. But a new generation is knocking at the door, and we must see to it that whatever we may have discarded, the old truths remain.

IMMEDIATE causes are never wholly adequate to explain anything. If any question is only pushed far enough back it becomes metaphysical, and ultimately transcendental.—W. KINGSLAND.

"SIN arises when a being consciously recognises two courses—a higher and a lower—as possible, and deliberately chooses the lower."—G. K. HIBBERT.

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THE INNER AND THE OUTER SELF.

SLEEP AND THE WAKING VISION.

The time is coming when the richest human asset will be found on the spiritual plane; and even mighty kings will find out—but, in truth, do we not see how terribly they are finding it out?—that being "wide awake" and relying upon detectives, spies and hangmen, is not the direct route either to security or happiness, but very much the reverse. The poorest Spiritualist, in the shabby little hall, could teach these watchful monarchs a better way both to safety and joy in life. The world resents force and the "wide awake" spy; but it will respond readily enough to a little simple love.

What is or might be true of monarchs, is manifestly true in all spheres where men rule, in places high or low. A clever master or overlooker knows how wasteful it is to be always on the alert only as a detective; and he does not understand his business if he does not understand the value of the ready and unforced service of goodwill. And no one can doubt that the waking heart is the secret of any truly happy home. So wide and high and deep goes the profound law of love.

In the lofty sphere of Religion, how grandly true this is! "The secret of the Lord is with them that revere Him," said the ancient Hebrew poet, "and He will show them His covenant." "Blessed are the pure in heart," said the greatest teacher, "for they shall see God." In both these sayings we find a perfect illustration of the old saying, "I sleep, but my heart waketh"; for, in the one, it is reverence; and, in the other, it is purity, that wins the secret, the covenant, and the vision of God—not "wide awake" knowledge and scholarship and criticism.

The truth is—and this is an elementary and yet profound teaching of Spiritualism—that the human being is dual, with an outer (animal) and an inner (spiritual) self; and that these have their own spheres and faculties: and, by many routes, we are now arriving at the conclusion that the inner self has powers which can, at times, far transcend the outer self, and even master it, as the merest instrument. The outer self may, at times, be utterly beaten and useless, but the inner self may console, and wing its glorious way and sing. Again, the outer self may not be able to offer anything, but the heart may bring its enriching gift of goodwill, sympathy, guidance, hope and love—often worth all the "charity" in the world; for it is the waking heart that is most wanted by misery, sorrow, or despair.

But, even in relation to the inner self, the contrast stands. Paul was right: "These three abide, Faith Hope, and Love; but the greatest of these is Love"—the greatest because it lasts and listens when Faith and Hope sleep or fail—a delightful suggestion as to "the way of salvation" everywhere, from saving one's credit to saving one's soul. For, indeed, there is no saving grace like love; and, if all were love, and all hate were dead, there could be no hell, neither in London nor in Hades. One of the most wonderful things in the Bible is that master-saying of Christ's: "Her sins which are many are forgiven, for she loved much." He did not hide nor make light of the sins: they were many; but love could lift the sinner above them all.

To the well-instructed Spiritualist, though, the world does not look like a heart-waking world. It is a world asleep; and the best evidence of that is its complete reliance upon being "wide awake": for the most active, eager and aggressive life may be the life that is most asleep. The stress and worry and toil of life that seem to leave no time for sleep are often the most tragic of all proofs that the whole being is sunk in the deepest kind of sleep, from which death may be the only awakening. But still, behind all, there are, at times, longings and monitions, vague desires and blessed dissatisfactions.

We are all more to be pitied than condemned. We have arrived here, under compulsion, and find ourselves flung into a veritable Babel of external needs and claims and temptations, into a world whose every demand appeals, not to the highest, but to the lowest in us; where appetite is always temptation, bordering on sin, and where urgent needs never cease to encourage the higher self to sleep. If there is an angel in the heart that wakes, it seems to have nearly everything against it; and, if that angel speaks to us, it speaks too often to one who lives as in a far-off and different world. Like some restless somnambulist, the poor earthly wayfarer goes about his daily work, propping up the body, yielding to the incessant demands of the hungry hours, sometimes painfully awake in one sense, but, in the deep and truest sense, asleep.

But the true self holds on, and only waits its opportunity. Presently this earth-dream will be over; we shall wake from this disturbed sleep; we shall see things as they really are; the dust and ashes will cease to urge or charm; we shall understand, indeed, that the dust and ashes belonged only to the days of illusion; and the true love will awake and sing. Then, in one last glorious sense, it will be true—that the tired earthly wayfarer will sleep, the last deep final sleep; but the heart, the heart will wake to love and joy—to the true, abiding and blessed life.

J. P. H.

THE RETURN OF LESLIE CURNOW.

BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

On his death bed I made a compact with Leslie Curnow that he should come back to me through Mrs. Barkel. On Wednesday, the 5th inst., I was able to get a sitting with that medium at the Psychic College. Two-thirds of the sitting was taken up with other communications. Then the following came through. I omit long portions which are private.

"He wants to say [the control was talking] that it was the happiest time of his life, his passing over, because it showed him how many true friends he had. When he was told before that he had much work to do he thought it was with you, but it was really over here.

"He says that he hopes, if possible, his library will not be scattered. It was his life's work. Keep it in the movement. The books, if separated, would fetch very little, so it is of no use to anyone save Spiritualists.

"He says what a beautiful thing death is. The last thing that he can remember is seeing Mrs. Stobart and then dropping off to sleep, and waking to find his dear father, mother and brother waiting for him.

"Since he has been over here he had made himself known to several on your side.

"I wouldn't come back, Sir Arthur, much as I love the movement. I can see further now and do more."

(These words were uttered in a very close approximation to his ordinary voice. It was most convincing.)

"I [the control] met him because I promised I would.

"Will you look into the notes which he made for a little book on mental phenomena and put them in order?"

(A. C. D.: "I will do my best, but you know I am hard pressed.")

"He is laughing now. He is thinking of your shop. He says that he did you over a book. He says he bought one book at your shop for two shillings and he would not part with it for fifty pounds."

"What was it about?"

"It was an old book, out of print. It was about mediumship. Very old and discoloured.

"He says, 'Make sure of your old books before you sell them so cheap.' He is still laughing.

"Now he talks of Australia. He wishes to send his love to his sister.

"He says that no words he has heard or read can describe or come near the wonders of the spirit world. If he had his life once again he says that he would fight tooth and nail for it. It is the greatest and most glorious truth ever known and men, through their own ignorance, have forfeited their birthright, which was conscious union with the spirit world and angelic guidance.

"He says that he has met many of the old timers here. It seems that there is a great stir to work in unity in order to bring about a greater knowledge of the laws of communication.

"It will become the universal religion despite what any may say to the contrary.

"When the times of trouble are over Curnow says that the spirit voices will be audible in the land and man will again walk hand in hand with his angelic guides.

"He came to his own funeral and heard something of a little bird which pleased and amused him."

Those were the chief points in his communication. One has to admit that the medium was familiar with Curnow's affairs and may have retained, even in trance, a sub-conscious memory of them. It is also to be noted that I asked for him before he came through, so that it did not appear to be spontaneous. On the other hand it is quite possible that he was waiting his turn and would have come even if I had not asked. The evidential points are the reference to Mrs. Stobart, which I know to be true, though the medium, so far as I know, did not. His views about his library are characteristic but not strictly evidential. The use of his own voice for a single sentence was extremely impressive. He had a peculiar nasal rising intonation when he used to say the words "Sir Arthur" which was exactly reproduced. The point about the unfinished book is true, but may have been within the knowledge of the medium, and the same applies to the allusion to a bird at the funeral. The reference to the valuable book bought for two shillings, and his amusement at the transaction is very characteristic. He bought several books at the shop, and I shall have some difficulty in tracing this particular one, but if I can do so it would certainly be an excellent test. The total result of the interview, making every allowance for the particles from the medium's mind which are always swept forward in the psychic current, was extremely convincing. The passage about what man has lost by his ignorance was beautiful and impassioned as delivered, and it took a Curnow brain to frame it.

A PORTRAIT of Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny appears in "T.P.'s and Cassell's Weekly," of 22nd inst., in connection with the review of her new book, "The Missing Piece" (Cassell) which the reviewer describes as an exciting story, and one which will test the wits of readers.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

By NEIL GOW.

ARRIVAL STATION INCIDENTS.

The Arrival Station to which the Young Spirit had been posted was ruled by a plump motherly woman who occupied the distinguished position of Chief Receiving Officer. At the door of her private sanctum the elegant Young Man who functioned as Sub-Receiving Officer knocked deferentially; then in response to a welcoming invitation he entered, motioning the Young Spirit to follow. It was a small, cool room, almost bare except for a glass-topped desk, two or three luxurious arm-chairs and a couple of thick Turkey rugs. The floor was of coloured mosaic, while the walls and ceiling presented a rich, smooth, dignified surface, being cased in marble of two colours, a creamy white interpolated with green striped panels.

The Chief Receiving Officer was writing, her back to the new-comers, who stood in respectful silence before their superior. "Well, and who's your gentleman friend?" said the lady colloquially, without turning round. Her voice was mellow—and distinctly motherly. The Young Spirit was introduced and bidden to be seated. A long pause followed, broken by the scratchy noise of the C. R. O.'s quill pen; the Young Spirit surveyed the pleasant chamber with appreciative eyes. The green streaks imposed upon the white marble background gave an air of refined luxury to the apartment.

The Chief put down her pen, swung round and surveyed the Young Spirit with an air of whimsical benevolence. "You're admiring my room?" she said. "White and green! Two good colours. My assistant here," indicating the still standing Sub-Receiving Officer, "refers to it impertinently as the Gorgonzola Room!" She gurgled merrily for a moment, her plump pink face suffused with radiant joy. "He's an earthy young man, my 'Sub.' Alright! Alright!" she added, hastily, waving aside a protesting gesture from her elegant male subordinate. "I know all about you. You're very respectful to my face; but behind my back I'm referred to as 'Auntie.' I know!" ("A jolly woman, this!" reflected the Young Spirit.)

The Sub-Receiving Officer raised a delicate white hand in mock horror. "Madame, I protest—" he began with languid courtesy.

"Don't" interrupted the jolly woman. She turned to the Young Spirit. "I hope you don't object to petticoat government? Alright! alright!" she added, cutting short her visitor's charmingly-worded effort to deny the accusation. She turned to her desk again. "This is our headquarters. Here (indicating a crystal ball enclosed in a filigree framework) is my Thought Transmitter. We can send a message to any department at a moment's notice. Very practical! This (pointing to a small jade goblet in which burned a tiny green flame) is my 'S.O.S.' signal; any difficult case requiring my urgent attention can be notified at once—the flame turns red and shoots up like a miniature Vesuvius. (Usually happens when I'm having a siesta!) Now this," indicating a small square mirror supported on a Corinthian column of alexandrite, "is our Observation Screen; it enables me to see what is happening in any part of the Station; for instance, if I wish to inspect the chief ward"—she pressed a button, and upon the surface of the mirror there appeared the picture of an expanse of translucent water edged with red marble. "Oh! sorry! that's the swimming pool. Anyhow the principle's the same. And," she added, in reference to a politely ironical cough on the part of the Sub-Receiving Officer, "don't take any notice of 'Earthy Egbert' here. We all make mistakes at times."

"'Earthy Egbert!' Madame I protest. A disgusting appellation!" began the "Sub" in mock protest.

"Alright, my lad!" answered the jolly lady. "Now run away, and take your young friend with you. I'm going to be busy soon. I can feel a rush of work coming along."

The two young men rose; the Young Spirit paused for a moment at the door. He liked the plump pink-faced woman immensely; he wanted to tell her so. He coughed nervously. "I should—I mean to say I would—" he began.

"Alright! alright!" began the Chief understandingly. "You needn't tell me. I'm a born mother, although I never had any children myself. Hard luck! But it wasn't in my Destiny. We Mother-souls are a very understanding lot, you know! I sometimes used to wish"—she paused, and a wistful look came into her face; there were traces of tears in her grey eyes as she thought of what might have been.

The two young men stood in embarrassed silence. The Chief Officer pulled herself together with a jerk. "I'm a fool, aren't I? Crying doesn't suit the likes of me. Makes me look a fright." She fumbled in her hand-bag. "Where's my powder-puff?" she murmured.

"Now then, you two," added the jolly woman with a swift return to her old manner. "Don't stare at me like a

couple of stuffed owls. Hop it!" The two young men obediently withdrew.

After their dismissal by the Chief Receiving Officer, they foregathered on the lawn fronting on to the main portals of the Arrival Station. Seated together on a low seat made of carved porphyry the young official proceeded to induct his still younger companion into the duties of an Arrival Expert.

Tact, sympathy, patience, all these qualities were of course a *sine qua non*. But something else too; a highly-pointed out the Sub-Receiving Officer; also some acquaintance with Colour Magnetism, Ethereal Dynamics, and Personal Polarities; some slight grasp of the Spiritual and Atomic Theory was an advantage, he added, though not an essential.

"And you know all these things?" asked the Young Spirit, with an admiring note in his voice.

"More or less—more or less," responded the Sub-Receiving Officer airily. Then in a burst of frankness he added: "Quite candidly, I know next to nothing about 'em! I managed to scrape through my exams., though; and having got the job I've rather slacked off on Theory." He grinned mischievously. "Just like the jolly old Earth, isn't it?" he said. "You know! Government department!—get the job by the skin of your teeth!—then hang on to it like a leech!"

The Young Spirit looked slightly aghast at this touch of apparent cynicism. "But you don't mean to say you're merely a—what shall I say?—an inefficient Jack-in-office?"

"A perfect description, my dear friend," answered the other whimsically. "Everybody loathes official departments whether on Earth or in the Spirit World. All officials regard themselves as Important Persons—even here. I'm an exception. Frankness is my besetting sin. I like my job, and intend to stick to it as long as possible; but I acknowledge freely and frankly that I'm profoundly inefficient and gloriously incompetent." He stretched out his legs, clasped his hands behind his head, leaned back with elegant detachment and surveyed the blue sky with an air of bland satisfaction.

It was possibly a quarter of an hour later, reckoned by Earth measurement, when the attention of the Young Spirit was arrested by a strange spectacle. Coming towards them was a short, stout, pyjama-clad man with ginger hair and small scrubby moustache of the same colour. His eye was sleepy and he walked barefoot in a dazed hesitating manner, muttering to himself.

"Leave him to me," said the Sub-Receiving Officer quietly, rising to his feet. "It's one of my 'Arrivals'—a Low-Vibration case. We allow 'em to wander around for a bit when the mood takes them."

The strange figure approached; he gazed with dull curiosity at the Young Spirit for a few moments, then put out a hand and touched him on the chest.

"Solid!" he muttered. The Young Spirit made no move, but gazed curiously and sympathetically at this recently-enfranchised Earth inhabitant, who had not yet awakened to his new surroundings.

"All a dream!" murmured the new arrival softly. He wandered away and sat down on the sun-bathed grass. The two young officials stood beside him, looking down at the dazed figure who continued to mutter to himself.

"I've got my own pyjamas on!" he said suddenly. Evidently this fact struck him as significant. Apparently it seemed to lend a touch of actuality to his befuddled mind, and to represent something tangible and familiar in a dimly-appreciated whirl of new impressions.

"Quite so! And a perfectly horrid pattern!" said the Sub-Receiving Officer in a cheerful voice from which all trace of his former cynical detachment had vanished. "Green with pink stripes. Perfectly awful!"

The ginger-haired man grinned. "My wife chose them," he said. A look of anxiety came into his eyes. "My wife! Where—" He looked round restlessly. "It is a dream isn't it?" he added appealingly.

"No—" began the Young Spirit.

"Yes. Of course it is," said the Sub-Receiving Officer hastily, giving his companion a quick look. ("He's not ready to be told yet," he added in a rapid whisper.) "Now go to sleep, my friend, and you'll wake up later—really wake up." He took the hand of his patient and held it for a brief space. "Listen!" he said with the quiet deliberation of a sympathetic teacher instructing a nervous child. "Listen to me. Lie down. Lie in the sunshine and—sleep!" Slowly the ginger head dropped; then the stout pyjama-clad figure sank back on the green grass, with arms and legs sprawling in the sunshine; in a few moments he was snoring peacefully.

"It seems to me," said the Young Spirit to his companion, "that you're not quite so incompetent as you claim to be. You strike me as being quite a clever person. And yet, for some incomprehensible reason, you pretend to be merely an ignorant inefficient duffer."

The Sub-Receiving Officer stroked his moustache with an air of mock self-satisfaction. "All really clever people do that," he said complacently.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS OF THE DIRECT VOICE.

SIR,—May I through the medium of your paper express my regrets that so few of those who called to hear the "Records of Spirit Voices" were able to do so satisfactorily. After being many times reproduced, the voices grew so faint as to be almost inaudible. However, I am now the possessor of six clear records obtained last Saturday during a wonderful sitting with Mrs. Roberts Johnson. On one record the medium herself is heard confirming the fact that the records were obtained through her mediumship, and were made by her guide, Joe Watkins, and other spirit people.—Yours, etc.,

M. I. ELLIS.

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Old Bond-street, W.

DEFINITIONS.

SIR,—I think that Spiritualists are sometimes hardly explicit enough in the words they use. Take "sensitive" and "psychic," both used instead of the word "medium" and surely not so directly explanatory of what is meant. And are we not too prone to use the words "entity" and "form," when "spirit person" would convey our meaning better? Is not the word "séance," although cribbed from the French, far plainer in its meanings than "circle" or "sitting"? A "circle" may not have a developed medium in it; on the other hand "séance" does suggest a meeting with a developed medium present. "Sitting" seems more applicable to a meeting between a medium and one sitter. Yet these words are often used synonymously, and in that way are likely to confuse the newcomer.

Many other words may suggest themselves to your readers as being inexact, and I write this letter in the hope that other correspondents may express their views, for, with the continued and growing interest which is being taken by the general public in Spiritualism, is it not important that we should be careful not to confuse the inquirer?—Yours, etc.,

A. C. J.

PALMISTRY AND FATE.

SIR,—On the subject of Palmistry and reading the future, recently discussed in your columns, it may be worth noticing the statements made in "The Survival of the Soul," by Cornillier (1921), which record the conclusions of Vettillini, the high spirit communicator, whose work and messages are the chief theme of the book; notably on pp. 179, 187, 202, 244, and 300 does he deal with this subject. On page 244, it is stated:—

A part of the activity of the high spirits is spent in efforts to penetrate this mystery of Fate. They know that, implacably, it imposes itself on the life of each being. Certain events, happy as well as unhappy, are inevitable: "The Hand," the mysterious hand has pre-arranged them.

Vettillini estimates that about one-half of the various circumstances in any given life are determined by the law of Fate; of the remainder, one half is under the control of the individual, and the other is subject to the modification of the high spirits. This division of the influences which govern the life of each being is clear, formal and . . . transmitted with marked authority. One half of the life is dominated by Fate; one quarter belongs to the free will of the individual; one quarter is subject to the influence of the great spirits.

Again on p. 179:—

There is a fatal element in destiny over which spirits have absolutely no control: but upon that part which results from the interplay of human character, and upon those events which are provoked by human decisions, the high spirits have a possible influence.

The book is conspicuous for its treatment of this and other ultra-mundane subjects—and the answers to well defined questions are instructive and of great interest.—Yours, etc.,

J. W. MACDONALD.

15, Camden-street,
North Shields.

"DO ANIMALS SURVIVE?"

SIR,—The subject of animal survival is frequently discussed, but the headline, "Are animals immortal?" might often more properly be: "Are certain affectionate and rather specially intelligent pets immortal?" In view of what we are told about this, viz., that dogs and cats really are in the spirit world, and that the former of these have made themselves known by answering barks to questions, it is not easy to disbelieve, but still it is a difficult matter. It depends on whether we are practical or merely logical. The practical man sees it as quite right that affectionate and faithful creatures should share his existence in the next world, and that the more bloodthirsty carnivora should not; the logical man says either all animals survive or none do, and that in any case only the All-Wise could draw the line which admits this animal and debars that one. And, if all survive, do the creatures of the past still live—is the Ichthyosaurus in heaven, does the Gangetic crocodile lurk by the reedy margins of the heavenly streams, or the puff adder and the deadly cobra lift there their dreadful heads?

The great cats seem to have reached the summit of evolution along their particular line—for ferocity, agility, and terrible strength they are masterpieces organised for deadly attack.

The same may be said of much smaller but no less blood-thirsty carnivora like the stoat, the weasel, and the polecat.

The complete life-apparatus of all these and of many other animals is designed for one thing only, and evolution to anything we speak of as better would not be to a further development of their present organs, but along the line of a slow transformation and suppression of them, with much wasted time going up a ladder and down again. In that case, or if that time arrives, they will not be what we now call them at all, and it won't matter if they are in heaven. The lion will also then be a pet, whereas now we should shin up a tree out of his way unless we had fire-arms. The foregoing are the reflections of one entirely unable to form a correct opinion, and are in no sense didactic.—Yours, etc.,

E. HARVEY.

CASES OF PREVISION.

SIR,—I am sending what I consider a remarkable case of prevision by a spirit. This occurred in our home circle, and can be vouched for by the six sitters present. On November 28th, at the first part of the sitting, we obtained no results, and had concluded it was to be a blank evening when, towards the close, rapping on the table indicated communication required. When asked who it was (alphabet given), the raps spelt "ART," this being the name of our son in spiritland. He spelled out, "Many Happy Returns" (this to his mother). As it was late in the evening she jokingly asked if someone had not prompted him.

"No; I could not manifest before," he said. He also wished a message sent to his sister. The table during this time was in front of my wife—who sat the opposite side of the circle to myself—and it then slid swiftly across to me, pushing hard against my knees, and rapped:—

"Mum will get better, Dad."

As my wife was apparently well, I was surprised, and said nothing; but she asked, "Is it like that, dear?" "Yes."

"Will it be soon?" "Yes! yes!"

"You will be with me whatever it is?" "Yes, yes."

"You will not go away." "No, no."

He then rapped: "Good night," and the sitting closed. Nothing further was said about the message by my wife, who is of a particularly cheerful temperament, and who was at this time busy with a small visitor bent on seeing London. On December 7th, after a visit to the headquarters of the H.A.C. with the child, she seemed particularly well, and proceeded to get ready for the usual week-day sitting.

During conversation with one of the sitters, she was taken suddenly ill with hemorrhage, and for some time her life hung in the balance.

During the time, in answer to a question put to her, she replied that: "It is quite alright, Art is with me."

I may say that throughout his short earth life my son was—to a most remarkable extent—*en rapport* with his mother.

This is by no means an isolated case. In March of last year, I booked my holidays at Ventnor, I. of W., for June (26th), as usual, and one evening at the sitting I asked my son if he would visit me there, to which he replied:—

"You are not going in June, Dad."

"Oh yes, I am, I've booked."

"You will not go to Ventnor this year. You will be going away in October."

Sufficient to say, for the first time in my experience I did not get a holiday, owing to unforeseen circumstances (I had to cancel my booking owing to the strike), and I did go in October as a convalescent, but not to the I. of W.—Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR PERRYMAN.

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THE FOREGLIMPSE.

"When I am dead"—but I shall never die,
Since when my earthly burden I resign,
For the last sleep on earth, I shall put by
This "muddy vesture" for a robe divine,
Etherial, fair alike to touch and sight,
The garb of spirits "clothed upon with light."

Yet—the first transports past—may come perhaps
A bleak repenting for the sins of earth,
Duties neglected, every careless lapse
From laws which in the inner soul had birth—
Those "punishments" that, by divine decree,
Are self-inflicted, so full just must be.

Remorse, regret, these are the cleansing fires
Of heavenly purgation, to make pure
At last the spirit from all low desires,
Still to unfold and radiantly endure,
With every shining virtue to equip
And make it fit for godlike fellowship.

Then may I be a worker in those bands
Of angel ministers who, drawing near
These lower realms, stretch out compassionate hands,
To lighten loads and make the pathway clear,
Of those who, weary, trudge the dusty road,
Fearing the grave may be the last abode.

Long schooled by life with lessons stern and hard,
Blest intuition had not quenched its light;
It gave me faith in those who watch and guard
On land and sea the Pilgrims of the Night,
But now I see my faith to knowledge grow
For I have heard their voices and I know.

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FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE WINDOW.

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"Ruskin once confessed in conversation that he valued a certain picture because it carried emphatic teaching of the immortality of the soul. Said Mr. Holman Hunt, 'You must remember that when last we met you had given up all belief in immortality.' Ruskin replied, 'I remember well. What has mainly caused the change in my views is the unanswerable evidence of Spiritualism.'"

"The Harbinger of Light" for the current month is strong on the subject of Psychometry. Mr. Geo. Smith begins a series of articles on it: "What it is—what it does—what it is likely to do in the future." The author tells of his association with Professor Denton, the author of "The Soul of Things," of whom a portrait is given. This book has long been out of print, but a copy of it is in the Library of the L.S.A. Of Mr. Smith's references to the personality of Professor Denton, the following excerpt touches him as a lecturer:—

The Professor, by his eloquence and the fascinating interest of his subjects, held crowded audiences enthralled for about sixteen consecutive nights, Sundays included, on geological, astronomical, rational and psychical subjects. The pleasure of hearing him has never been forgotten by those privileged to be present, many of whom, together with the writer, still have a very vivid recollection of the enthusiasm he had for unravelling or wrestling from the old world its secrets as written in the rocks and fossils of this earth.

From an editorial of the "Harbinger" we take a passage concerning a famous scientist's judgment of the data of psychometry:—

Sir David Brewster, who investigated the subject, wrote that all bodies threw off emanations in greater or less degree and velocity, and these emanations affected sensitive persons in such a way as to create images and chemical changes. He said: "You cannot enter a room by day or night but you leave your portrait behind you. The pane of glass in the window, the brick in the wall, the paving-stone in the street, catch the pictures of all passers-by, and faithfully preserve them, not a leaf waves, not an insect crawls, not a ripple moves, but each motion is recorded by a thousand faithful scribes."

An appalling statement for cold consideration!—but not the conclusion of an "irresponsible psychic." Its bearing on some varieties of "hauntings" and apparitions is most suggestive.

The "Sunday News" articles by a physician on dreams and their interpretation are continued. The dream given last week for solution relates to an officer in the Royal Air Force who was accustomed to fly seaplanes, and who in the course of duty had for a time to fly land-planes, which he secretly feared, but "unwilling to show the white feather, bottled down his fears." The "News" continues:—

Night after night he dreamed that he saw another officer crashing down in flames.

He related this dream to a doctor, and after a thorough inquiry he was taken off flying that type of machine, when his fears disappeared, and so did his terrifying dreams.

A few weeks later the other officer "crashed" and was killed.

Writing in "The Morning Post" upon "The Place of Spiritualism," a correspondent says:—

No informed person any longer doubts that psychical phenomena are real, and your correspondent need not labour to prove them in principle. The question is not whether communion with unseen intelligences is real, but whether it is useful.

God has ordained but one way to commune with the unseen world, and while giving us the high privilege of communicating directly and effectively with Himself as the Creator of the universe, has forbidden communion with lesser spirits in the unseen. The latter, therefore, are unsponsored and unauthorised.

How is that for dogmatic extremism, not to speak of extreme ignorance as regards the ways of God towards men?

The "Daily Express" gives favourable publicity to a book for which it says "astounding claims" are made. The book has already been reviewed in *LIGHT*. The author, a young R.A.F. officer, known to the "Express" in obedience to an irresistible impulse, started to write on subjects that were to him utterly foreign. To the "Express" representative he said:—

I always scoffed at such things as Spiritualism. But my wife, who has for years been interested in psychical research, urged me to submit myself to the dictates which were coming from beyond, which I did, though apart from her advice, I could not resist the influence. The voice sounded as though coming through earphones.

The first writings were educational, and instructed me in the task I had to perform. Later, essays were dictated to me by the voice on such subjects as "Thought," "The Senses," "Ectoplasm," and other abstract subjects, until at length the writings of the "Book of Truth" began. An amazing feature of the phenomena is that the early writings were dictated in Arabic, of which language I had and still have no knowledge.

Regarding the subject of the preceding item, Dr. Peter Miles, who watched the R.A.F. officer producing his automatic writings and drawings, is quoted by the "Express" as saying:—

Having regard to the complete ignorance of the writer, at the time of writing the following pages, of Egyptian history and Egyptology generally, it does not appear to me that the writings and the book as a whole can adequately be accounted for as the product of what is commonly termed the sub-conscious mind, as understood by psychologists.

There are numerous Press notices of the "well-dressed ghost" said to be that of a beautiful nurse, described in the "Evening News" as "about 7 ft. in height and wearing patent shoes, white stockings, a white apron, and a big blue coat with hat to match," appearing in the garden of the Old Manor House at Stourbridge. The "News" reports that several people saw this ghost. One man said:—

I saw it on Monday night. I have denounced spirits and Spiritualism many times, but what I saw that night puts all doubt out of the question. It was the form of a nurse. She was a most beautiful and attractive woman, and I wanted to speak to her. There were three of us present, and after the figure had moved across the lawn towards us, one of my companions made a slight noise, and the figure at once went straight down into the ground.

It could not have been a fake. It did not go through the wall or over it or round it. It just went into the earth.

A FASCIST VIEW OF SPIRITUALISM.

Whatever criticisms may be levelled against the British Fascists, none can deny their patriotism or their sincere efforts to put their country upon a more healthy and virile basis than it now appears to rest on. One of the first duties of a Fascist Government—according to the "Fascist Gazette" for January 1st—would be to repeal obsolete and irritating laws which interfere unnecessarily with the liberty of the citizen. Among those laws which "even amount to a form of persecution" is the Vagrancy Act, says the "Gazette," which continues thus:—

We hold no brief for Spiritualism, or any other particular sect or form of belief, yet we must remember that Fascism stands for absolute freedom of thought in all religious and scientific matters, and is opposed to all intolerance or persecution, to all fanaticism or reactionary attempts to stifle progress or investigation. All New Thought movements are invariably ridiculed by newspapers which pander to the ignorance or vulgarity of the unthinking majority, for the sake of a "stunt," even as Galileo was persecuted by the Church for his scientific discoveries; but after a few years these scoffers invariably change their tone and accept the new ideas as a matter of course.

OBITUARY.—MRS. MATHIESON.—We have just heard with regret of the decease of Mrs. Mathieson, although we are without particulars of her transition. She was a familiar figure some years ago at the gatherings of the London Spiritualist Alliance, where she did much valuable work as a voluntary helper. A tall lady, of gracious presence and much charm of manner, she made an excellent impression and won many friends. Of late years, however, we saw nothing of her, and she had apparently retired from any active work in the movement.

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LUCAS.

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"The Harbinger of Light" for the current month is strong on the subject of Psychometry. Mr. Geo. Smith begins a series of articles on it: "What it is—what it does—what it is likely to do in the future." The author tells of his association with Professor Denton, the author of "The Soul of Things," of whom a portrait is given. This book has long been out of print, but a copy of it is in the Library of the L.S.A. Of Mr. Smith's references to the personality of Professor Denton, the following excerpt touches him as a lecturer:—

The Professor, by his eloquence and the fascinating interest of his subjects, held crowded audiences enthralled for about sixteen consecutive nights, Sundays included, on geological, astronomical, rational and psychical subjects. The pleasure of hearing him has never been forgotten by those privileged to be present, many of whom, together with the writer, still have a very vivid recollection of the enthusiasm he had for unravelling or wrestling from the old world its secrets as written in the rocks and fossils of this earth.

From an editorial of the "Harbinger" we take a passage concerning a famous scientist's judgment of the data of psychometry:—

Sir David Brewster, who investigated the subject, wrote that all bodies threw off emanations in greater or less degree and velocity, and these emanations affected sensitive persons in such a way as to create images and chemical changes. He said: "You cannot enter a room by day or night but you leave your portrait behind you. The pane of glass in the window, the brick in the wall, the paving-stone in the street, catch the pictures of all passers-by, and faithfully preserve them, not a leaf waves, not an insect crawls, not a ripple moves, but each motion is recorded by a thousand faithful scribes.

An appalling statement for cold consideration!—but not the conclusion of an "irresponsible psychic." Its bearing on some varieties of "hauntings" and apparitions is most suggestive.

The "Sunday News" articles by a physician on dreams and their interpretation are continued. The dream given last week for solution relates to an officer in the Royal Air Force who was accustomed to fly seaplanes, and who in the course of duty had for a time to fly land-planes, which he secretly feared, but "unwilling to show the white feather, bottled down his fears." The "News" continues:—

Night after night he dreamed that he saw another officer crashing down in flames.

He related this dream to a doctor, and after a thorough inquiry he was taken off flying that type of machine, when his fears disappeared, and so did his terrifying dreams.

A few weeks later the other officer "crashed" and was killed.

Writing in "The Morning Post" upon "The Place of Spiritualism," a correspondent says:—

No informed person any longer doubts that psychical phenomena are real, and your correspondent need not labour to prove them in principle. The question is not whether communion with unseen intelligences is real, but whether it is useful.

God has ordained but one way to commune with the unseen world, and while giving us the high privilege of communicating directly and effectively with Himself as the Creator of the universe, has forbidden communion with lesser spirits in the unseen. The latter, therefore, are unsponsored and unauthorised.

How is that for dogmatic extremism, not to speak of extreme ignorance as regards the ways of God towards men?

The "Daily Express" gives favourable publicity to a book for which it says "astounding claims" are made. The book has already been reviewed in *Light*. The author, a young R.A.F. officer, known to the "Express" in obedience to an irresistible impulse, started to write on subjects that were to him utterly foreign. To the "Express" representative he said:—

I always scoffed at such things as Spiritualism. But my wife, who has for years been interested in psychical research, urged me to submit myself to the dictates which were coming from beyond, which I did, though apart from her advice, I could not resist the influence. The voice sounded as though coming through earphones.

The first writings were educational, and instructed me in the task I had to perform. Later, essays were dictated to me by the voice on such subjects as "Thought," "The Senses," "Ectoplasm," and other abstract subjects, until at length the writings of the "Book of Truth" began. An amazing feature of the phenomena is that the early writings were dictated in Arabic, of which language I had and still have no knowledge.

Regarding the subject of the preceding item, Dr. Peter Miles, who watched the R.A.F. officer producing his automatic writings and drawings, is quoted by the "Express" as saying:—

Having regard to the complete ignorance of the writer, at the time of writing the following pages, of Egyptian history and Egyptology generally, it does not appear to me that the writings and the book as a whole can adequately be accounted for as the product of what is commonly termed the sub-conscious mind, as understood by psychologists.

There are numerous Press notices of the "well-dressed ghost" said to be that of a beautiful nurse, described in the "Evening News" as "about 7 ft. in height and wearing patent shoes, white stockings, a white apron, and a big blue coat with hat to match," appearing in the garden of the Old Manor House at Stourbridge. The "News" reports that several people saw this ghost. One man said:—

I saw it on Monday night. I have denounced spirits and Spiritualism many times, but what I saw that night puts all doubt out of the question. It was the form of a nurse. She was a most beautiful and attractive woman, and I wanted to speak to her. There were three of us present, and after the figure had moved across the lawn towards us, one of my companions made a slight noise, and the figure at once went straight down into the ground.

It could not have been a fake. It did not go through the wall or over it or round it. It just went into the earth.

A FASCIST VIEW OF SPIRITUALISM.

Whatever criticisms may be levelled against the British Fascists, none can deny their patriotism or their sincere efforts to put their country upon a more healthy and virile basis than it now appears to rest on. One of the first duties of a Fascist Government—according to the "Fascist Gazette" for January 1st—would be to repeal obsolete and irritating laws which interfere unnecessarily with the liberty of the citizen. Among those laws which "even amount to a form of persecution" is the Vagrancy Act, says the "Gazette," which continues thus:—

We hold no brief for Spiritualism, or any other particular sect or form of belief, yet we must remember that Fascism stands for *absolute freedom of thought* in all religious and scientific matters, and is opposed to all intolerance or persecution, to all fanaticism or reactionary attempts to stifle progress or investigation. All New Thought movements are invariably ridiculed by newspapers which pander to the ignorance or vulgarity of the unthinking majority, for the sake of a "stunt," even as Galileo was persecuted by the Church for his scientific discoveries; but after a few years these scoffers invariably change their tone and accept the new ideas as a matter of course.

OBITUARY.—MRS. MATHIESON.—We have just heard with regret of the decease of Mrs. Mathieson, although we are without particulars of her transition. She was a familiar figure some years ago at the gatherings of the London Spiritualist Alliance, where she did much valuable work as a voluntary helper. A tall lady, of gracious presence and much charm of manner, she made an excellent impression and won many friends. Of late years, however, we saw nothing of her, and she had apparently retired from any active work in the movement.

THE AYAH'S GHOST.

[The following story is taken from a collection of authentic ghost stories published in 1882 and edited by "M.A.(Oxon.)," who in the introduction, states that they are all records of actual fact. He regrets the necessity for withholding the real names of the persons concerned. He obtained sufficient evidence to prove the authenticity of the stories but unhappily permission could not be obtained to publish names.]

One day while General Davenport (real name suppressed, of course) and his lady were out driving in the — district, the latter's attention was attracted by an Ayah whom she saw before her on the road. Although dressed in female attire, in appearance and walk this figure bore a much greater resemblance to a man. Her movements, too, excited not only surprise, but alarm lest she should get run over. She walked along with rapid strides, occasionally darting into the middle of the road; then crossing and re-crossing, each time keeping so close to the carriage, that Mrs. Davenport begged of her husband to be careful, otherwise he would run over her.

"Run over who?"

"The Ayah."

"The Ayah!—where is she?"

"There; before us."

"I don't see any one."

"Why, bless me! she is just in front of the horses' heads—now, she's on the path—now crossing the road—oh! do be careful, Charles—the fool! She must be mad! Good Heavens! She is under the horses' feet!"

General Davenport at once pulled up, threw the reins to his wife, and jumped down to extricate the Ayah from her perilous position, but no Ayah was there. He looked before him, behind him, and on all sides, but no such person was to be seen. He told his wife so; adding, that she must have imagined it.

"Charles, Charles, don't be so foolish," said Mrs. Davenport; "I saw the woman as distinctly as I see you—I declare that I did."

Observing that she was becoming quite hysterical, the General forbore further comment on what appeared to him to be a complete delusion; but, remounting the box, he took the reins, and drove on towards their destination.

Dating from that day Mrs. Davenport was haunted by the Ayah. Were she going upstairs, the Ayah was coming down; were she descending, the latter was ascending. Did she go into the drawing-room, the Ayah was coming out of it. On entering her bedroom the tall Indian came forth from behind the curtains, and glided past her. If she went into the verandah, the same white swathed figure rose from the seat she was about to occupy. So frequent became these dreadful visitations that the poor lady's health gave way under them; and her husband at length resolved to bring her and her daughter, then a girl of sixteen, home to England. Obtaining leave of absence, he brought them away from — in the autumn of 18—. Once on board ship, the Ayah seemed to have ceased her visits until one day when in the Red Sea, she swept past Mrs. Davenport as she was walking on the deck with her husband. With a faint scream, Mrs. Davenport grasped hold of the General's arm.

"What is it you see?" he said, alarmed by her pale face and excited eyes.

"The Ayah!" she gasped, "there! there!" but neither her husband nor her daughter saw anything in the direction in which she pointed. Again, the dreaded visitor renewed her persecutions. In her cabin, on the steps, on deck, wherever she was, Mrs. Davenport was hourly confronted by the tall ungainly Ayah in her sweeping robes.

"Am I always to be haunted thus?" moaned the unhappy lady.

One evening, however, to her great joy, the Ayah rustled past her, and, leaping over the side of the ship, was engulfed in the waves, and she saw her no more throughout the voyage.

When landed in England General Davenport consulted the most eminent of the London medical men about his wife's now shattered health, giving full particulars of her hallucinations, as he supposed them to be.

From the altitude of their sublime elevation the most distinguished of these smiled down in lofty contempt upon poor Mrs. Davenport and her so-styled delusions.

"Is Mrs. Davenport a Spiritualist?" asked Dr. C—.

"No."

"Ha! You surprise me! Then does she take any prominent part in this forward movement amongst women, and thereby over-excite her brain?"

"What do you mean?"

"Does she go in for woman's rights or this most lamentable anti-vivisection crusade?"

"Mrs. Davenport hates cruelty in every shape, as I do myself," said the General, stiffly.

The doctor threw up his eyes with a deprecating gesture; and having found (so he said) the key to Mrs. Davenport's indisposition, he advised avoidance of all exciting topics.

The poor General, after having gone the round of the

more famous medico-physiologists, returned home with the following prescriptions:—

No. 1: "Stimulants in moderation: chloral at nights if restless."

No. 2: "Avoid everything in the shape of stimulants and narcotics."

No. 3: "Gentle exercise on horseback. Must not fatigue yourself."

No. 4: "Walk six miles a day, and drink a glass of cold water before each meal."

No. 5: "Eat sparingly of vegetables, and take frequent shower-baths."

No. 6: "Generous diet; meat twice a day, and a tumbler of champagne after each meal; these hallucinations generally caused by a depressed nervous system."

No. 7: "Avoid butcher-meat, and drink four glasses daily of some effervescent mixture advertised as being highly recommended by the medical faculty."

"What am I to do?" said General Davenport to a sympathising friend. "I am told that these are the only men on whose judgment one can with safety rely—in fact, the heads of the profession—and see, each of them gives different advice. What faith can one have in such people?"

"Doctors differ and patients die," laughed his friend, "but consult Dr. —, he is a sensible man, and thinks less of the advancement of science than of his patient's welfare. I am sure he will be able to do your poor lady good."

The General at once sent for Dr. —.

Dr. — did not laugh when Mrs. Davenport explained her case; on the contrary he looked very grave.

"You must instantly set out for the German baths," he said; "take them frequently; and should the figure appear to you again, speak to it, otherwise it may do you an injury. I have had several patients from the same part of India as that in which you resided, who complained of similar persecutions. They followed my advice and were cured; so remember that you speak to it."

Immediately on her arrival in Germany, Mrs. Davenport was again haunted by the Ayah; and so restless and miserable were her nights in consequence that the General took refuge in his daughter's room, while she went to sleep with her mother.

One night, the girl told me she was awakened from sleep by a loud shriek. She turned towards her mother to see what the matter was, and to her horror she saw an Ayah with a most diabolical looking face bending over her. The creature had its hands under her and was raising her up. At this Miss Davenport also screamed loudly.

"In God's name, let me go!" cried Mrs. Davenport. At these words, the Ayah, with a hideous grin, threw her on the floor and disappeared.

Hearing their cries, General Davenport rushed in and raised his wife, who was then in a swoon.

"What has happened?" he said to his daughter. She described what had taken place.

"And oh, Charles, I shall never—never forget what I suffered," said Mrs. Davenport, on recovering from her faint, "when I looked up and saw that awful dark face, with its terrible eyes glaring down upon me, and felt those bony fingers pressing my back! Dr. —'s advice saved me. Had I not spoken to it the creature would have killed me."

From that day she never saw it again.

Not long afterwards the General was told by a friend who had been formerly a resident at —, that that district was inhabited by devil worshippers.

A LANTERN LECTURE of special interest was given on Wednesday, the 12th inst. by a well-known Spiritualist, traveller and artist, Mrs. Murray Chapman, F.R.G.S., at the London Spiritualist Alliance. Mrs. Chapman gave a thrilling account of her adventures in Kashmir, Lesser Tibet, and the North West Frontier of India, illustrated by slides made from photos and paintings, many of which were of surpassing beauty. She disclosed some interesting particulars concerning an ancient Lama of Tibet reputed to be over one hundred and eighty years old, who had not only prophesied the breaking out of the Great War, the discovery of Tutankhamen's tomb and the death of the discoverer, but also foreshadowed world upheavals during 1927 and 1928—a prophecy which has of course been repeated from other quarters. He had further predicted his own demise on February 22nd next.

THE PSYCHO-THERAPEUTIC SOCIETY, LTD., of 134, Harcourt-road, Wimbledon, S.W.19, has organised a public conference on the important subject of "Science of Sex and its Relation to Health." The meetings are being held at the address given on Thursdays at 8 p.m. precisely. The first meeting was held on the 13th inst., when Dr. Cockkinis gave an address on "The Physiology of Sex in Man." The next meeting is on the 27th, when Mr. Richard Bush will speak on "Psychological Influence in Sex Emotion." Succeeding meetings will be held on February 10th, 24th, March 10th, 31st and April 14th, the respective speakers being Mrs. Monteith Erskine, Dr. B. Allinson, Rev. W. C. Roberts and Mr. Richard Bush.

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"PSYCHIC PICTURES."

In an article by the Rev. G. Vale Owen which appeared in the "Referee" of the 9th inst. under the above heading, interesting reference is made to Mr. E. Wake Cook's writings on art. Mr. Cook, who died last May, aged 83, was a distinguished Spiritualist, and will be remembered by many readers of LIGHT as a contributor and also as a member of the London Spiritualist Alliance.

Mr. Vale Owen quotes several striking passages from Mr. Wake Cook's last book, "Retrogression in Art," amongst them one dealing with a series of spirit messages published in a Sunday paper a few years ago in which Mr. Wake Cook says:—

They represent a wider range of imagination than any other work I know; more new ideas and pictures of novel and beautiful things and events. These things are not bizarre and unnatural, but are all in accord with the wonders already discovered by the psychical researchers and are the result of the great New Spiritual Science which is growing up to correct the shortcomings and the now diminishing materialistic tendencies of physical science.

Later on in the article Mr. Vale Owen refers to that beautiful picture of the Prince of Peace which occupies the place of honour in a private chapel in Stockholm. This picture, which was done under guidance from Beyond by Miss Bertha Valerius—herself untrained in art—

has been reproduced in various sizes and styles. One is postcard size. During the war thousands of these were sent to the lads on the various battle fronts. They used to keep them in their haversacks. They carried them about from trench to trench. The picture seemed to have a strange fascination for them. I can only liken it to the veneration which the Russians pay to their icons.

The article concludes with a graphic description of the picture, "Apparition Mediunimique." The two figures represented therein had materialised through the mediumship of Mr. Eglinton; one was that of "Ernest," a guide of Mr. Eglinton's, and the other was the lady who had been betrothed to M. Tissot. A copy of this picture hangs on the wall of the Reading Room at 16, Queensberry Place, South Kensington—the headquarters of the London Spiritualist Alliance.

L. H.

WILLIAM STANTON MOSES ("M.A. OXON").

Another illumined soul was William Stanton Moses, whose life was described by Myers as one of the most extraordinary lives of the nineteenth century. A Church of England clergyman, he had done considerable work among the poor, showing special zeal and courage during outbreaks of smallpox, helping in one recorded case to nurse and afterwards bury a man whose malady was so violent that no one would go near him.

The physical phenomena associated with his mediumship began in 1872, and continued for about eight years. Some phenomena of a striking character were produced involuntarily in the presence of Serjeant Cox, during which a dining-table of mahogany, very heavy, old fashioned, six feet wide, and nine feet long, was levitated. At a subsequent trial, two strong men standing could only move it an inch! Stanton Moses received an "automatic" script and a quantity of inspirational writing purporting to come from Beethoven and other great souls who had long since passed away. He often wrote under the alleged influence of "Imperator" (believed to be Malachias—a character of the Bible) and colleagues "Rector" and "Doctor." Imperator alleged on several occasions that he had influenced the medium during the whole of his life. Throughout his writings one finds the gradual widening of Stanton Moses' theological views, and "Spirit Teachings" has stamped the name of religion upon this type of phenomena. They appear to be a development of the simple teachings of Jesus, and this the sole aim of the organised band of forty-nine spirits said to be in charge of the medium, exhibiting physical phenomena at the séances to convince the members of the circle of the truth of their teaching.

The medium, like others, did not desire big names from the other side, and in asking the cause why so many poor fools on this side are deceived by "fools" on the other, received this reply: "There is much insanity among lower spirits. The assumption of great names, when it is not the work of conscious deceivers, is the product of insanity. The spirit imagines itself to be some great one, fancies how he would act and so projects his imaginings on the sphere of the medium's consciousness. Vanity is at the root of that and has caused spiritual disease."

For a time, Stanton Moses waged war against these spirit teachings, admitting their lofty tone, but not accepting them as "Christian" until he came to a realisation of the higher Spiritualism, and its greatest aspect—self-realisation and all it implies.

—From "The Evolution of Spiritualism,"
by HARVEY METCALFE.

RAYS AND REFLECTIONS.

An evening paper, discussing the recent wireless developments in connection with the exchange of conversations and portraits between London and New York, hints at the possibility of "scientific apporpts," that is to say, the exchange of goods. It is perhaps not so whimsical as it sounds. People are naturally shy nowadays of describing anything as impossible. So many "impossible" things have been achieved during the last twenty years.

While it is not easy to conceive how wireless or etheric forces can be made to carry tangible things, there are many instances of the kind in psychic phenomena. And as all psychic phenomena are within the region of natural law, the advance of science may well bring "scientific apporpts" into actual existence before we are many years older.

It has been often said that the only safeguard of Spiritualism is religion. While the creed-mongers are disputing about the particular form of religion, I take the opportunity to remark that religion is not the same as religiosity. The prayers and hymns which preface some public séances that are not above suspicion are simply nauseating. If the sitters possess the spirit of true devotion, formal hymns and prayers should not be necessary. At the best they are too often matters of routine, and when they are the pious prelude to some piece of mediumistic imposture they become insufferable.

I was recently present at an informal discussion between two persons interested in practical considerations of the conditions of life in the next world. One said that he envisaged the next stage of life as the fulfilment of all noble desires, the pursuit of the congenial task, the realisation of worthy ambition. "It will be a place," he said, "where all our petty limitations will be removed, where we shall function in immeasurably greater liberty." The other nodded in agreement: "Quite so," he said, "in other words—fourth dimension!" After all, what's in a name?

I have often listened to the complaints of those who say that this subject of Spiritualism is as deep as the sea, and as complex as a railway time-table. Let us reduce the matter to a few broad, simple propositions uncomplicated with special doctrines or fanciful philosophies. Simple truths can be expounded and illustrated and adorned with theories and expositions until they cease to be simple any longer. They may even become unintelligible. When the clergyman in the story, having written a Commentary on the Gospels, asked a parishioner what he thought of it, the reply was, "Well, sir, I understand the Gospels pretty well, but I don't think I am learned enough to understand your explanation of them."

Some things, it would seem, are much too simple to be easily understood or accepted. The next world is real, natural, as human as this. But it will be a long time before this world understands.

Ridicule of the existence of spirits, expressions of fear concerning ghosts, sometimes recall to my mind the lines of James Russell Lowell concerning the people who walk the streets "hugging their bodies round them," as they go, and proclaiming, "We, only, truly live, but ye are dead!"

A recent writer acutely comments on the very little difference between the believer and the agnostic, for, as he points out, of the hundred revealed religions an agnostic rejects all and a believer all but one!

It is queer that the simplest things are always the last to be seen and the most difficult to be understood. Even to be able to write simply is a faculty only to be gained by years of training unless it comes as a natural gift. Many people who pass to the other side are almost paralysed to find themselves in a world as real and natural as the one they have left. The simplicity of the thing fairly stupefies them, when they remember the countless thousands of learned books—mainly by theologians—and the torrents of erudite lectures, sermons and essays devoted to long-winded and sometimes unintelligible theories on the subject. Only the simple-minded can enter into these things. Those who obscure matters with high-flown jargon, offering complicated and obscure explanations are not simple-minded. They are only simpletons, fishing in deep pools for things which are right under their noses!

D. G.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

"REALITY: A NEW CORRELATION OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION." By Burnett Hillman Streeter. (Macmillan, 8/6 net.)

The author of this book, Canon of Hereford, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, Hon. D.D., of Edinburgh, and Fellow of the British Academy, is a philosopher possessing the admirable gift of clarity of expression. Like Sir Oliver Lodge, he is able to present an abstruse thought in convincing and simple language. Canon Streeter, whose previous work, "The Four Gospels," will be known to many of our readers, speaking of his earlier efforts to strike a balance between emotion and intellect, says that his "old conviction that religion in its mystical, emotional or practical expression was, to me at any rate, of little value if divorced from intellectual integrity." The present book is an attempt to discover truth; one might call it an effort to place Christian beliefs upon a solid basis of scientific deduction.

One's method of seeking ultimate truth must largely depend upon training and temperament. To some the path of Religion is the only road; others find the coldly scientific avenue the only acceptable one. Most of us, however, find that both roads are thorny, and not entirely satisfying. In a dim way we feel that a new roadway is needed; a broad, straight, well-paved avenue driven partly across the stony sections of one and the muddy passages of the other, taking in great lengths and stretches of each. A difficult problem in spiritual engineering this!

Such a work requires unusual breadth of mind, and rare gifts of intellectual vision—qualities which Canon Streeter undoubtedly possesses.

The author casts a searching and analytical eye upon the subjects of Materialism, Religion, God, Life-Force, Creative Strife, and other mighty topics; his commentary and deductions are keenly logical and his handling of the themes at all times reverent and judicial without being coldly detached. Upon the subject of Immortality he says, "In the belief in immortality the rationality of the Universe is at stake. . . . If we believe in God at all, it is not sentiment, nor self-deluded hope, it is the coldest logic that compels us to approach the question of a future life from the standpoint of His greatness, not that of our littleness." His conclusions on this subject may be summed up in the following passage on page 311:—

Unless the whole argument of this book is off the track, life is of the enduring substance of Reality. Matter is, as it were, a precipitate of life. Life is the artist; matter is the clay. But life is essentially that which eludes the method of scientific knowledge; its nature can only be expressed by the methods of art—by metaphor or myth. It is, then, a myth that we lack, a way of conceiving of life in the Beyond; for believing that life endures, we have good grounds.

I should like to quote one or two further extracts from Canon Streeter's admirable book, but space forbids. Perhaps I may be able to do so in a future issue of *LIGHT*.

J. A. N. C.

"REALMS OF THE LIVING DEAD." By Harriette A. Curtiss and F. Homer Curtiss, B.S., M.D. (Curtiss Philosophic Book Co., Washington, D.C. 5th Edition. \$2.50.)

Descriptions of the astral and other worlds must almost inevitably be slightly unsatisfactory. We have at present no language which will convey (except with vague approximation) a correct impression of other-world conditions. One feels also, perhaps, that descriptions of this nature should be given in rather general terms, and without too much attempt at precision. To strive after too much exactness in these matters is like trying to interpret a Chopin "Ballade" into terms of a mathematical formula; the formula might be quite accurate; nevertheless much of the beauty, the *satisfactoriness* of the thing would be lost. Some of us would rather not have our "Ballade" reduced to concrete terms.

My only feeling against Dr. and Mrs. Curtiss's excellently-written volume is that the authors—whose book, "Coming World Changes," has already been reviewed in these pages—have striven after more exactness of detail than appeals to my fastidious taste. This, however, is merely a personal "fussiness" on my part, and is no reflection on the book; also, I must make it clear that they have in no sense attempted a "guide-book" precision.

Descriptions are given of numerous aspects of that vast universe of life which lies beyond our material limitations. One cannot take up a judicial attitude towards these matters; nevertheless from a long course of reading, study, investigation and—dare I say intuition?—these descriptions strike me as, in the main, probably accurate; on the other hand, certain portions of the book I have had to regard with a neutral mind.

The authors are not Spiritualists. Their views on the undesirability of certain methods of communication with other-world beings might not be shared by the average Spiritualist. They prefer the telepathic or inspirational method. Many will agree with them. I forbear to enter into any discussion on such a controversial subject, but I may say that Dr. and Mrs. Curtiss state their point of view

with admirable clarity. Some of their records of communication with next-world people make good reading; particularly interesting is a long conversation with a young aviator, killed in the war, who persistently denied that he was dead—even that his body was "dead." According to his story he had jumped desperately out of a falling aeroplane, but instead of landing on the ground, found himself flying upwards. He had then discovered an entirely new country, not on any map, and had come back eager to "tell the boys" all about it!

DANEGO.

"THE ARK OF REFUGE." By Ion. (John M. Watkins, 1/-.)

"The Power that is being used by the Divine for the healing of the planet and her children is the great electric force now being sent out from and through the sun," says the author of this booklet, who sees in the recent earthquake disasters a deliberate intervention of unseen powers and hints at the probability of further chastening of the world along the same drastic lines. The "way of escape," says Ion, is through the path of purification. N.

SPIRITUALIST COMMUNITY SERVICES.

On Sunday morning last, Mr. H. Hitchcock took for the subject of his address, "Believe not every spirit, but try the Spirits whether they be of God"—or, as the Revised Version has it, "Prove" the spirits. It is quite evident that the writer of these verses was not only a Spiritualist and had received Spirit Communication, but knew that many of his flock were so credulous that not only did they accept anything as true purporting to come from the spirit world, but believed that every communicator must be infallible. St. Paul had great spiritual discernment, and knew how necessary was this grave warning. In those days this sphere was infinitely nearer and more in touch with the sphere adjoining than it is to-day, though we are gradually getting more *en rapport* with the spiritual realms, which had, through religious intolerance and materialism, receded almost beyond our ken. M. J. C.

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION.

ADDRESS BY MRS. PHILIP CH. DE CRESPIGNY.

"The Worlds Around Us" formed the subject of the original and instructive address given at the Æolian Hall on Sunday evening last. Mrs. de Crespiigny touched upon the oft-expressed wonder as to the position of the psychic plane. "Where is it? What is it? Is it a world of dreams, and seeming?" The speaker declared it to be a "change of condition, no journey being necessary to go to that state from this." In order to realise the many worlds about him, man must learn and must develop until he realises the true state of his surroundings. A man, untutored in the arts, could not fathom the grandeur to be found in music or in painting; only the trained eye or ear could truly know the sublime heights to which colour or sound could lead him. And how much more interesting did the life become of the man versed in science; did not botany and astronomy transport him indeed into another world? And had he not, through opening the windows of his mind, attained a higher level, though still on this earth?

Mrs. Annie Johnson gave numerous names and messages of test value. V. L. K.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

"REALMS OF THE LIVING DEAD."—By Harriette Augusta Curtiss and F. Homer Curtiss, B.S., M.D. The Curtiss Philosophic Book Co., Washington, D.C. (2 dollars 50.)

"THE ARK OF REFUGE."—By Ion. John M. Watkins. (1s.)

"MEDITATION."—By Lawrence G. Beak. A. H. Stockwell, Ltd. (2s.)

"Mary's Son." By Ada Barnett. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. (7/6.)

"Basil Netherby." A Study in the Supernatural. By A. C. Benson. Hutchinson. (6/-.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"LIGHT'S WELLWISHER."—Our contributor, "Danego," might have replied personally to your letter had you divulged your name. We cannot, however, deal with anonymous letters, and suggest you write us again in your own name, although we have a clue to your identity.

LITTLE ILFORD CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST CHURCH. P.O. CHILDREN'S TREAT.—Mrs. Alice Jamrach desires to acknowledge, with many thanks, the following donations: Mr. Bailey, 5s., and case of toys; Mrs. Gwinn, 5s.; Mr. W. Ashworth, 2s. 6d.; A Few Friends, 7s. 6d. Previously acknowledged, £6 1s. 0d. Total, £7 1s. 0d.

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Course of Lectures by MR. H. ERNEST HUNT.
(1) "The Duality of Self." Tuesday, Jan. 25th, at 8.15.
Lecture, "Automatic Writing" ... MISS E. B. GIBBES.
(3) Examples of Cross-Correspondence. Jan. 27th, 3.30 p.m.
Group Psychic Demonstration. (Bookings.) ... MRS. ANNIE JOHNSON.
Tues., Jan. 25th, 4 p.m.

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Clairvoyance and Trance Mediumship. Private Appts. } MRS. VICKERS.
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Healing Groups, Mon., 3.30, Thurs., 8 p.m. Non-members 1s.

Public Clairvoyance.

Friday, 21st, at 8 p.m. ... MRS. ANNIE JOHNSON.
Friday, 28th, at 8 p.m. ... MR. SISSONS.

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" 6.30 p.m. ... MR. GEORGE PRIOR.
Wednesday, January 26th, 7.30 ... MRS. ALICE JAMRACH.
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At 11 a.m. ... MR. R. DIMSDALE STOCKER.
At 6.30 p.m. ... MR. A. VOUT PETERS.
Wednesday, January 26th, at 7.30 ... MRS. CANNOCK.
(Psychometry.)
Wednesday Services at 7.30 p.m.

Worthing Spiritualist Mission Church, Grafton Road.
Sunday, Jan. 23rd, 11 and 6.30, Mrs. Croxford; Jan. 27th, Mrs. Maunder.

SUNDAY'S SOCIETY MEETINGS.

Lewisham.—Limes Hall, Limes Grove.—January 23rd,
11.15, open circle; 2.45, Lyceum; 6.30, Mrs. Edith
Clements. January 26th, 7, Mrs. A. Boddington.

Camberwell.—The Central Hall, High-street.—January
23rd, 11, Mr. A. Vout Peters; 6.30, Mrs. de Beaurepaire.
Wednesday, 7.30, at 55, Station-road, public circle.

Croydon.—Harewood Hall, High-street.—January 23rd,
11, Mr. Percy Scholey; 6.30, Mr. Ernest Hunt.

Shepherd's Bush.—73, Becklow-road.—January 23rd,
11, public circle; 6.30, Mr. Clark. January 27th, 8, clair-
voyance.

Peckham.—Lausanne-road.—January 23rd, 7, Mrs.
Vidal Diehl. Thursday, 8.15, Mr. C. Glover Botham.

Bowes Park.—Shaftesbury Hall, adjoining Bowes Park
Station (down side).—January 23rd, 11, Rev. J. M.
Mathias; 7, Nurse Giles. January 26th, 8, Mrs. Beatrice
Stock.

Richmond Free Church, Ormond-road.—January 23rd,
7.30, Mrs. Nutlands, address and clairvoyance. (Doors
close 7.40.) January 26th, 7.30, Mrs. E. Marriott, address
and clairvoyance.

L.D.C.—Debating Section.—144, High Holborn, W.C.1.
—January 24th, 7.30, Mrs. Maunder, "Rescue Work."

Bournemouth Spiritualist Mission, Charminster-road
(opposite Richmond Wood-road), Bournemouth.—Sundays,
at 11 and 6.30, address and clairvoyance. Local clair-
voyant, Mrs. W. G. Hayter.

Croydon Spiritualist Church, New Gallery, Katharine-
street.—January 23rd, 6.30, Mrs. K. E. Jarman.

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Public Meetings for Psychometry and Clairvoyance.

Monday, Jan. 24th, at 3, Psychometry ... MRS. FRANCES TYLER.
Tuesday, January 25th, at 7.30, Clairvoyance ... MR. COLMAN.
Thursday, Jan. 27th, at 7.30, Clairvoyance, ... MRS. FLORENCE KINGSTONE.

Séances for Normal and Trance Clairvoyance.

Monday, Jan. 24th, at 7.30 ... MISS GRACE COLLYNS.
Wednesday, Jan. 26th, at 3 ... MRS. JOHNSON.

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11 a.m.—Speaker, Mr. E. Hunt.

6.30 p.m.—Speaker, Miss Lind-af-Hageby.

January 30th, 11 a.m., Rev. Vale Owen; 6.30 p.m., Mr. Harold Carpenter.

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Wednesday, 3 p.m., Circle for Clairvoyance, January 26th, MISS MORSE.
Thursdays, 3 p.m., Class for Development ... MISS AIMEE EARLE.
Thursdays, 6 p.m., Devotional Group ... MISS STEAD.
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ENQUIRIES. The Secretary, Miss Mercy Phillimore, attends every day, except Saturdays, from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., and until the conclusion of Meetings, and is at all times willing to meet inquirers and to render such help as is possible. It is, however, desirable that appointments be made, when convenient, after 11.30 a.m.

LECTURE. Wednesday, Jan. 26th, MISS MARY E. MONTEITH (Author of "The Fringe of Immortality"), on "Telepathy in Dreams." Chair: MISS PEGGY WEBLING. (Members free.)

CLASSES.

TRAINING OF THE PSYCHIC FACULTY. Leader: MRS. LENNOX KAY. (For Members, Free).

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DISCUSSION CLASSES. Wednesdays, 5—6 p.m. Jan. 26th, CAPT. J. FROST, "The Indian Fakir and the Western Psychic."

AT HOME. Wednesdays, 3.30—5.0 p.m. for introductions among Spiritualists and Inquirers. **HOSTESSES:** Ladies of the House Committee.

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BOOKS FOR SALE.

The History of Atlantis.—By Lewis Spence. Post free, 11/.

Psychic Philosophy as the Foundation of a Religion of Natural Law.—By Stanley de Brath, M.Inst.C.E. Post free, 5/10.

Revelations of a Society Clairvoyante.—By Miss St. John Montague. Denoting many marvelous predictions, all fulfilled. Post free, 11/.

Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death.—By F. W. H. Myers. Post free, 8/.

The Law of Psychic Phenomena.—By Thomas Jay Hudson. A working Hypothesis for the Systematic Study of Hypnotism, Spiritism, Mental Therapeutics, etc. Post free, 7/10.

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The Life Elysian, being more leaves from the Autobiography of a Soul in Paradise.—Recorded for the author by R. J. Lees. Post free, 4/10.

Death and the Life Beyond. In the Light of Modern Religious Thought and Experience.—By Frederick C. Spurr. Post free, 5/4.

Love and Death. A Narrative of Fact with a Foreword by Sir Oliver Lodge. Post free, 3/9.

From Four who are Dead. Messages to A. Dawson Scott. Post free, 5/4.

Ether and Reality. The many Functions of the Ether of Space.—By Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S. Post free, 3/9.

An Artist in the Great Beyond.—By Violet Burton. These messages are the outcome of the intercourse between a mediumistic daughter and her Artist Father. Post free, 4/9.

Speaking Across the Border Line.—By F. Heslop. Being Letters from a Husband in Spirit Life to his Wife on Earth. Post free, 2/3.

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How to Develop Mediumship.—By E. W. and M. H. Wallis. Post free, 2/3.

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Raymond Revised.—By Sir Oliver Lodge. In order to make this book more accessible the author has greatly abbreviated it, and has in many places simplified the mode of presentation. To compensate for Omissions an additional chapter of more recent evidence has been included. Post free, 6/6.

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