

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.

SPIRITUALISM AND WAR.

As is well known, Mr. Dennis Bradley holds the strongest views against war, and his manful stand against the wholesale murder that went on between 1914 and 1919 will be long remembered. His views upon the question, as recently expressed, may be thus stated. He considers that the various churches are losing their hold upon the people, and that if they wish to regain their ascendancy they will have, all of them—Roman Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Mohammedans and Buddhists—to pronounce a new commandment that "war is murder." If they do not soon make their attitude clear upon this question, Mr. Bradley thinks that they will lose their spiritual force and their influence on humanity. During the last five years Mr. Bradley says he has been struck by the fact that in his psychic investigations all the spirits to whom he has spoken on the question have been insistent upon this one important point: that the animalism of war is the destruction of man's spirit and that civilisation will perish unless this vestige of barbarism is speedily cast off.

THE REALITY OF PROPHECY.

Mr. R. Betts writes:

May I say that the fact of persons proclaiming that there is no such thing as prophecy is a proof of its existence? Its accuracy depends on the organism through which it passes.

Christ was the greatest prophet, but when Moses is taken into consideration he no doubt predicted further ahead than Jesus; he, of course, predicted the coming of Jesus.

Our correspondent raises questions upon which a great deal could be said, most of it of a controversial nature. We may in passing allude to the fashion of confusing "prophet" and "seer," but the use of the word "prophet" as meaning the same thing as "seer" has become so general nowadays that this point need not be considered. Reference to the Old Testament, however, will show that the difference between the prophet and the seer was in those days understood. The accuracy of a prediction must turn to some extent upon the clearness with which the

future is seen, but however clearly the coming event may be perceived it quite often, when it arrives, turns out to be something not *exactly* as foretold, so many intermediary and unforeseen factors may come into operation. With regard to the Old Testament prophecies of the coming of Jesus, these have been long the subject of dispute even amongst theologians, and in this region it is not safe for the layman to tread with any confidence. We do not forget that Virgil in some noble lines predicted the coming of the Golden Age; so that he also was "among the prophets," for the same vision has been received by some later poets. But we fear that none of us will live long enough to see even the beginnings of this happy time, although we may feel assured it is reserved for the humanity of the future.

HANNEN SWAFFER.

Hannen Swaffer has become at least as well-known in Spiritualism as in journalism and the dramatic world. He is not only remarkable for his strong personality, but for his originality and executive force. He has lately become associated with the weekly journal *London Calling* which, in its issue of the 12th inst., gives a portrait of him and a page of anecdotes illustrating his pungent wit, and some of his other qualities. Amongst these is the tale of Lord Northcliffe introducing Swaffer to Bonar Law at a banquet. Northcliffe's name for Swaffer was "The Poet." Calling Swaffer over to the great statesman, Northcliffe said, "Law, do you know Swaffer? Poet, do you know Law?" Swaffer was equal to the occasion. "Poets know no Law," he retorted. There are several such anecdotes, some of them even better, as in the little dialogue between Swaffer and Tree, the famous actor. There is also a column of "Swafferisms." There are some likewise in *Northcliffe's Return*, as readers of that book will have noticed. While on the subject of our meteoric friend, whose championship of Spiritualism made such a sensation in Fleet Street, we may mention, as an instance of his popularity abroad, that he was chosen as one of the contributors to the Symposium on Ibsen (on the occasion of the Ibsen centenary) in *Politiken* and other Scandinavian journals. Only three other British writers were asked to contribute. These were George Bernard Shaw, Somerset Maugham and John Galsworthy.

SOUL UNION.

Although the clasp of hands be dear,
The touch of forms be sweet,
Is not more precious and more near
The touch of souls that meet?

Why, then, should we so much regret
The sundering veils that hide,
Since souls may be united yet
Across the "Great Divide"?

—MARCHESA ALLI MACCARANI.

THE REALITY OF SPIRIT RETURN.

A MEDICAL MAN'S REMARKABLE TESTIMONY.

In the course of his interesting address at the London Spiritualist Alliance on Thursday evening, May 3rd, DR. MONTAGUE RUST, of Newport, Fife, told some arresting stories of personal experiences in psychic investigation, including one which afforded exceptionally strong proof of spirit identity. DR. HECTOR MUNRO presided, and the following is a short summary of the lecture.

DR. RUST commenced by expressing his acknowledgments to the London Spiritualist Alliance who, through their secretary, Miss Mercy Phillimore, had done him the honour of inviting him to address them. It was an undertaking which he had entered upon with a certain degree of hesitation, for it was his first public address.

Giving some biographical particulars, he mentioned that he had been brought up in the Church of England, had been, as a boy, a member of the choir of Allahabad Cathedral, and on leaving India had, after a preliminary education in the South of England, gone to study medicine at Edinburgh University in 1892. Shortly afterwards he had gained his first introduction to Spiritualism. It happened in this way. Another medical student with whom he shared "diggings" told him a ghost story; it was a very uncanny tale, and to his horror he found that his fellow-student actually believed it. It seemed to him that his friend was suffering from a form of delusive insanity, and he accordingly warned him that if he believed such things he would soon be a candidate for a lunatic asylum. His friend, however, was unabashed, and proceeded next to initiate Dr. Rust into the mysteries of table-tilting and automatic writing. It had seemed incredible to him that such things should be; he simply could not believe them. "Once dead, always dead," was his conception of the state of the departed.

His next experience was when he came to London and enquired into spirit-photography. He then met Mr. Boursnell, the psychic photographer, of Shepherd's Bush. On calling on Boursnell he asked to be photographed and received a portrait in the ordinary way, but he complained that there was no spirit on it, whereupon Boursnell said, "Oh, you want a spirit photograph," and took his picture again. This time the spirit-form of a very charming girl appeared. Dr. Rust immediately recognised her as "Daisy," a young lady of whom he was very fond. The puzzle was how "Daisy," who was living, should make her appearance on the plate. He did not then know of the possibility of photographing thought-forms. Through Boursnell he was brought into touch with Williams, the famous materialising-medium, and at a seance with the medium he witnessed some surprising phenomena. In one instance two men materialised; the room being sufficiently lighted he was able to identify them. One of them he had known in India and recognised at once; he spoke to Dr. Rust in Hindustani and then melted away. On another occasion, when a man of great size materialised beside Dr. Rust, a child with fair hair and blue eyes also appeared. In one instance the materialised figure of a man of great stature seized Dr. Rust by the hand, lifting his hand upwards so that he had to get on his feet, and even then was stretched up towards the ceiling. It was an amazing experience to him, and on his return to Edinburgh he began to make a serious study of Spiritualistic literature. He

also subscribed to the now long extinct *Medium and Daybreak*, edited by Mr. James Burns; later he became a subscriber to *LIGHT*, which he had read every week during the many intervening years.

With some friends Dr. Rust formed a circle in Edinburgh and invited Alexander Duguid, the then famous trance-medium, to assist. Mr. Duguid in turn introduced Dr. Rust to Mr. Lock, a medical student who had just developed trance-mediumship of a remarkable character. As well as being a medical student, Lock was also a chemist, and his first introduction to Spiritualism was most dramatic. One day he was making up a prescription for a patient when he was astonished to hear a voice exclaiming, "Stop! stop!" He looked round in surprise and, seeing no one, continued to make up the medicine, when, to his horror, he discovered that he was handling a bottle of strychnine which he had picked up in mistake for a harmless drug intended as an ingredient in the medicine. This voice saved him from a terrible tragedy.

Mr. Lock in his trances was controlled by two guides representing themselves to be Dr. Mesmer and Dr. Greigson who took the greatest care of his mediumship. "I have seen him," said the lecturer, "controlled by people of all nationalities who spoke in their own languages which included French, German, Italian, Russian, Hindustani, Arabic, and Greek." Some of the sitters who could speak French and German conversed with the spirits who used those languages through the medium. On one occasion a spirit took control, and as they could not understand his language they handed the medium paper and pencil, and he wrote a long communication in Greek, which, as none of them was able to read it, they took to a friend who knew the language, and obtained a translation.

Dr. Rust then told the astonishing story of the return of Jock Miller, an artisan, to a seance at which Lock was the medium. It was a surprising story, which the lecturer graphically illustrated by giving in broad Scots dialect some of Jock Miller's remarks. He described a visit to the neighbourhood where Jock had lived and where as a result of their enquiries they found that everything the spirit had told of himself was perfectly true. They found his workshop: he had been a joiner; the tavern he frequented, and met some of his family and friends. Following are some extracts from the story as related by the lecturer:

I have often been asked what is the greatest experience of my life, and without the slightest hesitation I can say that this seance was my greatest experience. It was a revelation.

Dr. Mesmer controlled the medium in his usual way by making passes downwards from head to waist, and when he got complete control he looked at us all and said, "Now, gentlemen, told you before that this medium was not to be used for promiscuous circles, but you have disobeyed my instructions, and now you must take the consequences. First of all have you anything to ask me?"

Of course, we had not; we just wanted to see what was going to happen, and something did happen, but I feel that I must utterly fail to convey to you in words the reality of our experience. Some things cannot be told: they must be experienced. At any rate, my last vestiges of doubt were dispelled at that seance.

"Well, gentlemen," Dr. Mesmer continued, "there is present here the spirit of a very desperate and darkened soul. He is in a towering

rage, and looks as if he would attack you. See that anything that he can use as a weapon is removed from the room. You will have to be very patient and diplomatic with him, and try to pacify him when he takes my place in the body."

He held the medium under his influence while we removed the poker and tongs and other likely weapons, and when we had put them outside the door we locked it. This took some little time, for the room seemed to be full of things that might be used to brain us all, but I felt no fear, for I knew that physically I was the most powerful man there, and however strong the madman might be, I felt sure that the four of us could have overcome him.

Dr. Mesmer looked around and was apparently satisfied, for he said, "Now, gentlemen, I am going and I won't return to-day, but remember what I have said."

When he left the body of the medium, it went quietly limp as usual; then suddenly it gave a great spasm, struggled, and rose up with his face changed to that of the most vicious and repulsive looking man I ever saw.

He opened his eyes, and as I happened to be sitting opposite him, he looked straight at me, clenched his fists, and advanced in the attitude of one about to make an attack upon me.

I suppose if I had shown any sign of fear or defiance, he would have gone for me without hesitation, but I remembered Dr. Mesmer's advice, and with as sweet a smile as I could command, I held out the right hand of friendship to him.

He stopped, surprised, and gazed at me. Then there poured from his lips such a volume of oaths that I could only stand amazed, although I had heard a good many in my day!

However, we eventually got him quietened down, and to talk with us, and answer our questions. He had no idea he was dead, and thought he would probably get something out of us in the way of money or drink.

He told us his name in full, the address where he worked as a joiner, the illness he had lately come through, and the name of the public-house which he frequented. I took a note of it all at the time in order to get confirmation if possible.

"But, my dear friend," I said, "don't you know that you are dead? And that the illness you have just told us of carried you off?"

"Dead!" he jeered with a great oath; "have I got among a lot of madmen? Aren't I speaking to you, and answering your questions? How can I be dead, you——" with a volley of vituperative language.

"Yes, my dear fellow," I said, "you are really dead. Look at yourself more minutely, your hands, your clothes, your form, and see if you recognise yourself, for you are really a spirit from the spirit-world using another body in order to be able to speak with us on earth. Just look and see for yourself."

He did not believe a word I said; but he looked. He examined his hands, his clothes, his boots, etc., and appeared to consider the situation, but he did not understand. He thought we were having a joke and trying to bamboozle him, and he gave us a further piece of his mind in rather emphatic language.

We had been working for the best part of an hour with him without success, and despairing of being able to give him conviction at this seance, we invited him to come back and see us another evening, settling the date, and we would help him in any way we possibly could.

This he understood, and readily agreed to do, and, bidding us good-bye, he left the medium's body so abruptly that it dropped to the ground as if it had been shot. We did not meet

him again, but I understand that spirits like him, on being allowed to control mediums, really receive help, for they perceive the difference after they leave the body, and I have no doubt he found reason to think over our words then, and realise his spirit state; at least I hope so.

As soon as we had time, in a day or two, we visited the address he had given, and on enquiring at No. 21, found the joiner's shop at No. 23 next door. We found the name he had given was quite correct and that he had died of influenza six weeks before as he had practically told us. There were four of us at that seance, and none of us had any knowledge of the man before.

In the course of his concluding remarks the lecturer said:—

I have learned that there is no such thing as death of the person we each feel ourselves to be. The body drops off and we are free, comparatively speaking, and we enter laws, conditions, and states beyond those of the physical, and the degree of liberty and realisation we have depends upon the degree of spirituality we have developed while in the body.

Survival of the actual ego is established beyond all doubt. Many thousands of people in all parts of the world have proved it, and the evidence of all of them points to the one great fact of Survival.

Every person crossing over has a different experience, though within the general environment of his sphere, and the revelations which come through, each has much to say on the subject of his experience, the conditions in which he lives, and the work in which he is interested, and the accounts given show a reasonable intelligence running through all, which is sadly wanting in the idea of the churches. The man who cannot appreciate the great truth of Spiritualism walks through life with a closed mind, and lives to regret it on the spirit-side when he gets there.

At the conclusion of the address DR. ABRAHAM WALLACE, who warmly commended the lecture, gave some of his own reminiscences of mediums mentioned by Dr. Rust, dealing especially with the case of Bournsell, the photographic medium. He referred to the presence among them that evening of Mr. Blackwell, one of the oldest and ablest exponents of psychic photography.

MR. HENRY COLLETT moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer which was seconded by Dr. Wallace and carried by acclamation. It was generally felt that seldom had the L.S.A. listened to a more impressive and realistic story of psychic experiences, experiences that bore witness to the reality of psychic phenomena and to human survival.

It may be that the rising generation, when the storm and dust of controversy has died down, will see more clearly than we do the salient features which stand out in the landscape, obscured as they seem to be to-day; which are perhaps, that although church-going is at a low ebb, and churches, generally speaking, are emptier than they were fifty years ago, some of them are full to overflowing—that the Hyde Park atheist is said to have almost given up business from lack of audiences—and LIGHT, the organ of the Spiritualists, to have a larger circulation than all the Church newspapers put together. Those who look back, twenty-five years hence, will realise that once more the Spirit of God was moving on the face of the waters.—From "Paganism in the Churches" by C. E. Lart in *The Hibbert Journal* (April).

MORE FROM "MARSHALL."

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

Miss D. had come in to witness the "fairy writing" of Planchette. The "fairies" were not very good that evening; they complained of a "djinn" who was with them and hindered them! Eventually some other communicator appeared to be trying to take charge, and gave the name "Lota," but he did not seem to be able to do anything sensible. I then asked if any of our former friends could communicate. "Is Marshall there?" Reply, "No." "Could anyone call Marshall?" The reply to this was, "Marshall not here, but not far off."

I then said, "Marshall, can you hear? Will you come and talk?"

"Do you want me? Marshall," came in reply. (He must have seen we were delighted.)

"Marshall, do come and write for us after tea."

"No."

I thought he did not understand. "Marshall, will you come and talk after we have had tea?"

"No, tea is a stimulant, I told you before." It was quite true; he had told us before.

"Look here, Marshall, do you want to go further into the matter of the electric field that we were discussing the other night when J.D. was here?"

"Yes, if power enough," Marshall wrote, and by the manner of the writing there seemed to be considerable power; the board works for me sometimes, slowly, but never vigorously like this.

"Well, look here, Marshall, you see that copy of LIGHT; have you read my report of our last sitting? Don't you think it is a good thing to have our work published like this? I suppose you approve, do you not?"

"I do not think the writers in LIGHT always write sense." (I must apologise for my friend, but I am reporting just what he said, even though it may sound uncomplimentary to some of LIGHT's contributors.)

"One moment, Marshall; you are writing so strongly; do you not think we could use the pencil?" (We were then using the Planchette as Ouija.)

"If her brother was here." (The reference was to Miss D.'s brother J.D.)

"Well now, look here, Marshall; my point is this: we want to get a book written up, do we not? If we write it we may as well try and get it published. Do you not agree? If LIGHT will publish our stuff now, it might help; we shall get useful criticism as we go along."

"Yes, but go slowly."

"Do you mean go slowly with the book or ease up with my talking?"

"Book. You and Deane together will acquire knowledge; but you have a long way to go yet."

"Quite so, Marshall; but you know it is very seldom that Deane and I can ever get together, and the opportunities of discussing matters with you in this manner are very rare indeed. Could you not work with me and my wife?"

"Yes, but in your mind and in his is the material; the women are not scientific."

Miss D. now asked, "Is it necessary to have a scientific instrument?"

"Of course it is, but we have to use the instruments that come to hand, and that is why our communications are sometimes . . . shall we say contradictory?"

"Good for you, Marshall! I thought you were going to write 'rubbish.' When I am alone and writing, I feel as if something were coming in from the outside; for instance, suppose I write an article about this sort of thing, could we work together? Could you help me, I mean?"

"Yes, if you were not already obsessed by a preconceived theory."

"Thanks, Marshall, I understand you. We will

try this, but it occurs to me that it may be difficult to identify your presence. I suppose I should have to ask by Planchette afterwards?"

"Well, you could; but, in working,—go slow—I have difficulty in saying what I want to—let, in working, have your own ideas, yet keep your mind open to other influences."

"I quite understand you, Marshall; but how I wonder how I am to call on you. I have in mind to write out a message to you in the laboratory, leaving it for you to read, whenever I propose to do some work with you. Would you be able to read my message?"

"Yes, sometimes; especially when you are making actual experiments."

"One thing more, Marshall. Suppose I were to suspend something very delicately—I will think this out carefully—I mean, could you affect physical matter at all, do you think?"

"Those of us who are more advanced can; I will do what I am able."

"Do you want to rest, Marshall? Power seems a bit weak."

"No. I will do what I can, but I have not yet thought of a way to get absolutely in touch with you."

"Perhaps we could get someone else to help on your side? Anyhow, my idea is that you might be able to alter the dielectric state of the air between two plates oscillating to a high frequency current. Does this experiment appeal to you? Do you see what I mean? I can produce a scarcely audible whistle so that the slightest alteration in the tune will produce howling in my telephones. Do you think we might try this?"

"Yes, but I am tired, power failing. Good night."

"Good night, Marshall, and ever so many thanks; this has been somewhat of a revelation to me. Good night!"

Miss D. and I now discussed the extraordinary power exhibited; our communicator wrote rather jerkily, with decision certainly in a style quite foreign to anything I had experienced, and I had tried with Miss D. several times before. Until this script came, the board had written slowly and uncertainly, with broken sentences and little sense, even nonsense. Another curious thing was that neither of us felt in the least degree tired, which is quite unusual. Neither of us is supposed to be a medium.

IMAGES AND SYMBOLISM.

In his address to the London Spiritualist Alliance some time ago, Dr. Hector Munro dealt with the question of mental images—mind pictures—and the important part they play in our lives. In the first of his series of *Psychic Science Primers, Symbols and Their Interpretation*, Mr. F. Brittain (of the Psychosensic Institute, 28, St. Stephen's Road, Bayswater, W.2.) deals lucidly with the question, and explains why clairvoyance is the most natural avenue for psychic communication, for while the organs of sight can readily take in a pictorial representation, the ear (as in clairaudience) is dependent on words. The majority of people, as Mr. Brittain says, "think in vision rather than in sound." Many clairvoyant visions are of a symbolical character, and the author gives much useful information on the subject, including the question of interpretation. He quotes some interesting examples of symbolical clairvoyance in the case of his wife, Mrs. Annie Brittain, the well-known clairvoyante. The manual, which has a special appeal as a practical guide to its subject, is published at 1s. 6d.

The periodical, *Light of the New Era*, has transferred its offices to Calle Arenal Grande, No. 1777, Montevideo, Uruguay.

THE BALANCE OF EAST AND WEST.

Mr. Bhushan Lal, B.A., of Srinagar (Kashmir) sends us a long and interesting account of a communication received apparently by supernormal means. In this is recorded the story of Harish, a graduate of Calcutta University, who, led by a dream, was brought into contact with a great Oriental sage with whom he held many conversations and received much instruction. In the course of the teachings given by the sage to his pupil, the part which the East was designed to play in the evolution of mankind is well described, and here we may quote:—

The East was expected to study nature from above downwards, from the One to the Many, and the West was expected to start its researches from the lowest or the Many and rise to the One. Be it said to the credit of the Western scientists that they have played their part well and have been rewarded for it. They have already proved to the world, that behind all this infinite variety of form there is but one element—electricity, and nothing else. It was for the East to prove in full scientific spirit, that this one electricity is the all-pervading life of the Lord of the Three Worlds, and one of His lower manifestations—an instrument in the hands of the Universal Mind. It was further the duty of the East to suggest to the Western scientist the direction in which his researches would be most fruitful. But the East has done nothing practical; it has failed in its duty, and therefore failed all round. In the natural order of things, the East had to guide the Western thought; that which comes from above, viz., the life of consciousness, directs the movements of the vehicle or the form which is supplied from below; and depends on the latter for its joys and sorrows. In the Union of the two in love—the love which exists between the life and the body, the goal of creation had to be evolved. This goal has yet to be achieved.

REV. ARTHUR FORD IN BERLIN.

Mr. Florizel von Reuter sends us an account of the highly successful visit of the Rev. Arthur Ford to Berlin. We learn that within a period of five days Mr. Ford gave six trance sittings; also a public demonstration, before a large audience, which created an immense sensation. The work was conducted under the auspices of the Berlin Society for Scientific Occultism and Mr. Ford's meeting drew one of the largest gatherings which the Society had ever known, although Professor Dr. Hans Driesch had spoken only a few days previously. The announcement that platform clairvoyance (hitherto unknown in Germany) was to follow the lecture proved a special attraction; at least half-a-dozen leading Berlin newspapers were represented. The attitude of the Berlin Press was exemplified by the remark of one of the newspaper representatives who said, "If I were to hand in for publication what I have just written I should lose my place on the paper." But notwithstanding this, several remarkably favourable Press notices appeared, although it had previously been the custom to treat all occult matters as nonsense and mediums as charlatans.

Mr. von Reuter sends us a report of some of the cases of identified clairvoyance for which we regret we are unable to find room. It is gratifying to learn that some 70 per cent of Dr. Ford's descriptions were immediately recognised, 20 per cent required careful consideration and were ultimately verified, so that only 10 per cent remained unidentified. It was an astonishing record, in view of the fact that Mr. Ford knows no German and many of the names were quite unfamiliar to him.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

"THE SCRIPTS OF CLEOPHAS."

Sir,—Referring to the deeply interesting lectures lately given by Miss E. B. Gibbes at the British College, may I say, in reply to those who object that there is very little ethical teaching in the Scripts, that equally there is little of such teaching in the Acts of the Apostles, and the Scripts purport to be simply an amplification of the Acts—an historical document.

An interesting verification of the correctness of the writings came before my notice the other day. Looking up the reference to Iconium in Acts 14th, I examined the corresponding reference in the Scripts and enjoyed the graphic account of the water-divining by Barnabas on the waterless plain around Iconium. Happening to meet an officer who had been a prisoner of the Turks in this very region during the War, I was told by him that this was absolutely accurate, that a dreary, waterless plain surrounds the old city of Iconium.

It is such verification of facts which makes the Scripts so valuable. To Churchmen they offer a veritable mine of information. This was remarked by two Church dignitaries present at the lectures. One of them suggested the urgent importance of getting the Scripts into the hands of the clergy. But who will find the means?

Yours, etc.,
BARBARA MCKENZIE.

"A WORD OF WARNING."

Sir,—The storm raging over Sir Arthur's pamphlet would seem to be caused, essentially, by the rather unfortunate wording of one sentence; therefore the true derivation of "Religion" becomes of some importance.

Usually the Latin *religare*, to bind together (from which we get ligature) is taken to be the root, people of the same form of religion being regarded as bound together by a common creed and ceremonial, adhesion to which is therefore a part of religion—though it is nowadays admitted that we all, from the most benighted Bushman, worship the same Great Creative Spirit.

But scholars tell us the real derivation of "Religion" is from *relegare*, to meditate or ponder deeply. Thus the essence of religion is seen to be spiritual communion between ourselves and our Creator, which should of course lead to our becoming active agents in carrying out His Will, and feeling our brotherhood with all His other children.

The intermediate link of creed and ceremonial is thus seen to be quite unnecessary to the *essence* of religion, and we all know that it is frequently a hindrance instead of a help. Too many people seek only emotional enjoyment in music, incense, and a floating of the soul above all material difficulties. We have probably all met the man who reduces his weary wife to tears because his fish on a "vigil" has been forgotten, or the woman who returns from Early Service feeling so saintly that she attacks all the lie-a-beds and turns her house upside down.

I am travelling without a Bible, but is it not St. James, the Apostle of Works, who says, "Pure religion and undefiled is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world?" This is evidently Sir Arthur's point, and one which, at the present moment, he feels it his duty to shout as loud as possible—like the mate on a ship, who interrupts a Sunday service to direct all to their life-boat stations, as a collision is inevitable.

If instead of writing "Religion has nothing whatever to do with theological beliefs, or forms, or ceremonies," he had said "Religion is essentially quite independent of" them, no one could have found the least fault, and the whole pamphlet shows that this is his meaning. So I submit that, like most theological fights, this is raging over a mere matter of words. We are all parts of the same Unity, and under the surface we know it.

Yours, etc.,
A. HORNGATE.

MRS. ANNIE JOHNSON, the well-known medium, writes that she has suffered bereavement in the loss of the mortal form of her daughter, Elsie, who passed away on Saturday last. We of LIGHT join with her many friends in sympathy with Mrs. Johnson and her family. She desires to thank her friends for their prayers and help during her daughter's long illness.

LIGHT.

Editorial Offices, 16, QUEENSBERRY PLACE,
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E.C.4." (Phone: Central 1462.)

MEMORIES AND ATMOSPHERES.

We have been to see that impressive play *Thunder in the Air* at the Duke of York's Theatre. It might be described as a play which is at once a Fantasy and a Drama. The story is concerned with the return to earth, after a seance, of a scapegrace son who had perished in the war. The play was described, in general outline, in LIGHT of May 5th (p.212) so that it is needless to recapitulate the details. We propose therefore to deal only with some suggestions arising out of it.

The story is a little puzzling by reason of the mixture of psychic ideas concerning the actual return of the dead, with the sentimental theorising of Maeterlinck (as shown, for example, in *The Blue Bird*) and other speculative poets and philosophers who have broached the theory that the dead survive only in our memories. Did the dead soldier really come back, or did the various people who saw and talked with him only imagine it? James Harding, his friend, who is very much a materialist, contends that there is no survival of the departed except in the memory of those who knew them. That idea seems to be borne out by the appearance of the ghost, to each of the little group of family and friends, in the guise most appropriate to their recollection of him in the flesh. Thus, to his sweetheart he appears as a bright young fellow in tennis flannels; to his mother as an innocent child, and to his father—the stern old major—as a soldier in his khaki uniform. Those Spiritualists who insist on realism will naturally retort that thousands of departed people appear to those who have never seen them before—that a spirit is something more than a memory or an idea.

But this is a play, and as such calls for artistic reticences, and the embellishing of stark facts with idealism and romance. Moreover, there is a good deal of truth in the memory theory as propounded by Maeterlinck. It is a fact that (in some instances at least) our departed friends cannot approach us or make their presence known, because they are not in our minds—we have forgotten them. We have known some examples of this, although it is not to be laid down as an invariable rule. A spirit mother once sent a message to her son on earth, through a stranger—a woman medium—lamenting that she could not approach him, for he never thought of her; she had passed out of his mind. He acknowledged the truth of the description and the message. Another spirit communicator, a well-known literary woman when on earth, said that she could most easily approach those

who preserved a memory-picture of her in their minds. So that this memory theory is more than a poetic figment.

In the play the father, detesting the vile life of his son on earth—a swindler, a liar, a libertine—removes the son's portrait from the wall and substitutes for it the hideous figure of a demon—an idol brought from the East by the son. This idol is supposed to cast a bad influence on the house. That also is no mere superstition. Houses have an atmosphere of their own, and the furniture likewise. Some object with evil associations may exhale an influence morally unhealthy. There is no mere mysticism or poetic fancy about the idea. It is a quite natural phenomenon—as real and natural as the reek of a dunghill, or, where the circumstances are reversed, the scent of a garden of roses. Only it affects the mind rather than the body. That used to be called "psychometry" and regarded as a kind of fanciful notion, belonging to "the clouds" rather than the dull earth. But it is rapidly becoming Science. The study of the ether and of the electron is revolutionising the old conceptions of substantial reality, and has shown that the world has gone astray in taking Matter as its touchstone and test of what is actual and what is not.

It puzzles some of us to observe with what unbelief and perplexity statements concerning the spiritual world, made by those who live in it, are received. Because so many of these things are illustrated in everyday life—in social attractions and repulsions, in the influence of mind upon mind, in a hundred ways, in short. People see these things all the time, but when they are told the corresponding spiritual facts, things perfectly analagous to their everyday experiences, they express puzzlement or unbelief. Why is this? Perhaps the answer is contained in the remark of the old Major in the play (in a rather ungallant reference to women) "They don't think—they don't know how!"

PROOF OF IDENTITY?

Last summer I received a letter from a friend in Sussex telling me that a certain historical character whom I shall call Lady A, in whom I was interested, had sent me a message. As Lady A lived about 400 years ago, I wished to test her identity and suggested to my friend that if Lady A came again she should ask her about her step-mother, whose existence is a disputed point in history. Lady A came again and replied that she would give the required information to a lady in London, known to me, but unknown to my friend.

I thought so little about it that I did not even write to the lady in London, nor of course did my friend in Sussex. But Lady A fulfilled her promise and on October 27, came to the London lady and gave her a long account of her step-mother.

Not knowing of my request and not being interested in Lady A's step-mother, she put the notes away, fortunately not into the waste-paper basket, but into a drawer.

Seven months passed and then she heard accidentally that I had asked about the step-mother and she said to herself, "Surely I had a message about her." So she hunted up among her old papers and there it was, and it was sent on to me.

It is a long account of Lady A's step-mother, but I am afraid it would be impossible now after so many years to verify the facts given, but it seems to me a very fair proof of the reality and existence of Lady A.

Q.P.

MAY 19, 1928
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MAY 19, 1928

LIGHT

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FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE WINDOW.

Sir Arthur Keith, President of the British Association, is reported to have said medical men could find no ground for believing that the brain is a dual organ—a compound of substance and of spirit. "Every fact known to them compels the inference that mind, spirit, soul are the manifestations of a living brain just as a flame is the manifest spirit of a burning candle." Sir John Bland-Sutton, the famous surgeon, is quoted as saying, "Death is the end of all—an endless sleep."

Sir Oliver Lodge has replied to these statements in interviews with several newspapers, and incidentally referred to his coming book, *Why I Believe in a Personal Immortality*. Dr. Barnes, Bishop of Birmingham, expressed the opinion that "belief in a continued existence of the human spirit after death of the body cannot be overthrown by any such analogy [as that of a burning candle]."

The discussion has received such wide notice in the newspapers that it is not necessary at the moment to refer to it in greater detail here, but we might make a passing comment on Sir John Bland-Sutton's statement that death is an endless sleep, by asking how any dead corpse can with any show of reason be said to be asleep. Sleep is the manifestation of life not of death.

In his *Psychic Notes* for the *Sunday Express* Sir Arthur Conan Doyle reminds us that Florizel von Reuter, one of the most famous virtuosos of Europe, took London by storm as a boy prodigy with the violin some twenty-odd years ago. Sir Arthur remarks:—

There is a most curious connection between him and that greatest of violinists—Nicolo Paganini. If von Reuter consults a medium, it is instantly Paganini who responds.

Every musical trick of Paganini—and they were many—is reproduced by Florizel von Reuter.

Von Reuter plays them all by instinct and without a score.

The *Morning Post* continues to report from Berlin the case of Frau Elsa Günther-Geffers, referred to in the previous issue of *LIGHT*. The psychic evidence has been remarkably effective. The *Post* correspondent says that her statements had been almost without exception true, and thus winds up his second report:—

Photographs were taken of the medium during the sitting, and it remains for the experts to consult upon their conclusions and advise the court accordingly.

Other remarkable evidence of the feat of second sight performed by the alleged clairvoyante was heard from highly credible witnesses, amid the breathless astonishment of the court.

After a vivid description, during which the medium had described the complicated wanderings of a watch lost on the parade ground by a Reichswehr Colonel, the President of the Court shook his head and exclaimed, "Simply dumb-founding."

The *Daily Chronicle* and other newspapers notice Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's purchase of a picture painted in "a fury of inspiration" under psychic guidance, by Captain Will Longstaff, the painter of *The Menin Gate at Midnight*. The painting acquired by Sir Arthur measures 9ft. by 4ft. 6in., was begun at seven o'clock one evening and finished by six o'clock next morning. Of it Sir Arthur says:—

I think it is one of the most remarkable pictures I have ever seen in my life, and I felt that although I was being extravagant I had to buy it.

I shall probably put the picture in my psychic museum . . . because not only is the picture psychic in its lesson, but in its origin.

The *Daily Chronicle* adds that Captain Longstaff's attitude is simple, and quotes him as saying: "I felt an uncanny urge to paint this picture which formed itself with lightning rapidity in my mind." He also states that he attended his first seance only a few weeks ago in Sir Arthur's flat, and on that occasion a departed friend, through the medium, thanked him for a good turn he (Captain Longstaff) had done the communicator. "This," said the narrator, "was known to no one but myself, for which he had never been able to thank me in life."

The Press of this country has to some extent caught on to the present little boom of prophecy and calamity. *Prophecy and Piffle from the Pyramids* is the title of a lengthy contribution to the *Empire News* by Sir John Foster Fraser, who writes:—

Conviction comes easily to those who are eager to believe.

The Great Pyramid is one of the wonders of the world, mathematical in construction, but it is no tower of prophecy.

Do believers in its cubic and inch prognostications want it to be right in 1928, or do they hope it will be wrong and this year end with peace in the world—which would indicate the triumph of Christ?

They cannot have it both ways, the fulfilment of the promise of the Pyramid and the acceptance of Christ, brotherhood, throughout the earth. And if, as all sane men in all countries desire, there is not the prophesied Upheaval this year, what are the Pyramiders going to say about it?

On the above theme the *Sunday Express* has an article with the heading, "What will Happen on May 29th—at 3.53 p.m.?" After reference to the Rev. Walter Wynn's *Pyramidal Prophecies*, the *Express* representative adds:—

The Rev. J. W. Potter, who once suggested holding a seance in the Great Pyramid, said to a *Sunday Express* representative that he had received a number of spirit messages regarding the period of world tribulation.

"One message," he said, "told me that Weymouth would be destroyed, and another said that the whole of Southern England would be submerged."

From the *Birmingham Gazette and Express* here are some particulars of the progress of Spiritualism in the Potteries, supplied by a correspondent:—

There are probably 5,000 persons in the Potteries who profess to be Spiritualists, and the belief in Spiritualism is steadily growing. . . .

Young people, I am told, are being more and more impressed by the cult, and now constitute a fair proportion of the congregations at the weekly meetings.

There are perhaps a dozen or more Spiritualist churches and places of meeting in the Potteries, where lectures and demonstrations are given. . . .

Several persons who have gone to these gatherings out of sheer curiosity have been so impressed by the proceedings that any scepticism they may have professed has been entirely overcome and they have become close adherents to the cult.

YOUR NEWSAGENT CAN SUPPLY "LIGHT" WEEKLY

RESCUE WORK IN THE SPHERES.

FROM THE RECORDS OF A LITERARY WOMAN.

BY MRS. J. J. CADWALADR.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—So much interest is shown at the present time in the subject of what is known as "Rescue Work" in connection with the bewildered and ignorant spirits who visit seances for help, that we are induced to print the following Records, which we have received from a lady connected with the Press. One of the members of the circle which she carried on was a medical man of some distinction as a psychologist, so that the matter was clearly in the hands of persons of some competence of judgment. The reader will hardly fail to observe that all the messages from the various communicators are marked by a similar phraseology, a peculiarity which any author would instinctively avoid in the delineation of different characters. But that does not negative the idea of different persons using the medium's own vocabulary to express their ideas. And there is also the fact of one of the communicators speaking and singing in Welsh which none of the sitters understood. The account, as it stands, has a human rather than a scientific appeal and as such we print it, being satisfied of the *bona fides* of the persons concerned. Moreover, we are assured that the personalities of the communicators at the circle were presented in a manner far more vivid, realistic, and evidential than the messages printed could possibly convey.]

The greatest of all truths is that no soul is ever beyond the rescuing power of Christ's love. More potent than the fact that He died to save is the fact that He *lives* to save. This glorious truth is emphasised at our meetings when the medium is used by our spirit guides as the "earth link" in rescuing souls from the dark and grey spheres of the after-life. They tell us, in most cases, that they have been wandering for a long time and are weary and old.

Each one has a story, and we often have a brief sketch of their life and the circumstances of their death, though some of them seem unaware that they are "dead" when they first speak. Usually it is difficult to convince them that they are on the way to safety and home, but the name of Jesus and an assurance of His forgiving love eventually brings them solace and help. Often they say that they haven't prayed for years—if only their mother would come to their help! The mother is nearly always asked for, and often comes, a white-clad angel, from the realms of light to lead the erring one to the rest-rooms of glory.

A poor drunkard came through one night, who had struck his little daughter, during a fit of intoxication, a fatal blow. It was an experience never to be forgotten. The poor father pleaded to be pardoned and humbly beseeched to be allowed to kiss the spot on his child's forehead that he had struck. Eventually she came. We could not see her, but he apparently could, and we learned that she took him by the hand and guided him home.

Another friend was an Irishman, who told us he was always known as "Pat," and that he was a lost wanderer in the darkness. Said he: "I was always drunk, drunk, drunk. I would not listen to my poor old mother, and when little Molly died—she loved her big brother Pat—I kissed her cold face as she lay in her coffin. I never saw either of them again. That was long ago in old Ireland."

We told him of Jesus and His power to save. "Jesus—Jesus?" (and Pat crossed himself), "He was the Babe in the crib." We told him the story of Calvary, and that Jesus lives to redeem. And then Pat prayed and prayed until his mother and little Molly came and took him home! As he passed away from us he was saying, "Oh, let me tell other lost ones. Ah, there is Taffy. Taffy, there's forgiveness and a light for you, too."

They all plead for a light.

Then came Taffy, and he talked in Welsh, which we do not understand, and then in broken English.

"I want to go back," he said. "I want to finish my job."

"What was your job?"

He began to dig, the action was unmistakeable.

"Were you a gardener, dear friend?"

"No, no. Down deep—deep."

"A miner?"

"Yes, yes, and I was blown up—blown up. Oh, such a noise! . . . I want to finish my job."

Then he threw himself on his side and began working, apparently with hammer and chisel, and under great difficulties. "I want to finish my job," he repeated as he rose and faced us.

We talked to Taffy of the love of Jesus, and told him that his earth work was of no account now, until at last Taffy fell on his knees singing in Welsh.

"Ah," he cried, "there is a light coming for me. It is my lamp," and he held it affectionately in his hands. "Yes, there is oil in it, enough for a long time. I will go home swinging my lamp that others may see it—other wanderers in the darkness!"

He did. He swung his lamp long and wide, until he reached what they call the "gate," which opens into the garden of the "many mansions."

Another that took direct control had a refined voice and cultured diction. He told us that he had been lost for long, long years in a dark pathless forest, trying one direction and then another, but to no avail. "And no one can help me. All the poor wanderers are lost like myself." He complained of being foot-sore and weary and hopeless. [The reality of their condition is intense.] He asked who we were, and said, "Your white robes attracted me and drew me."

We spoke to him of Jesus. "Jesus," he echoed, "I have nothing to do with Jesus. I turned my back on Him long ago in the lower world."

"Yes, that may be," we said, "but the time has come when you need Him. Will you not pray to Him for help? Come, kneel with us."

"Pray! I have never prayed since I was a child."

"Who taught you to pray, dear friend?"

"Ah," he answered, wringing his hands, "my mother, my mother."

"Come, kneel with us," we begged.

"I cannot. I do not know a prayer."

"You know 'Gentle Jesus'?"

He turned sharply. "That is a child's prayer. I am a man."

"Except ye become as a little child ye cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven," we quoted. "You must become as a child in heart, dear friend, then you will be led home by the mother who taught you the only prayer you ever knew."

He dropped upon his knees: "Lord, give me the heart of a little child, I beseech Thee. . . . Ah, there is my mother, holding out her hand. She is giving me a light!" And he hurried away rejoicing.

We did not know his name or his rank. All that mattered was that in the kingdom of His grace a little child had found a place.

Then "Bent Bob" came.

"They calls me 'Beht Bob,'" he announced, and indeed he was bent, and his knees were trembling and step halting. "I'm so tired. I've been walking and wandering for years, and I can't walk no more. I'm old, old, old! I can scarcely see. We lose our sight in this terrible gloomy place. But I saw your white robes—" He put out a feeble finger—"Shall I touch you?"

"Yes, dear friend, and look, there is an angel standing beside you." [We knew that our Angel Doorkeeper was there.]

"Ah, yes. Shall I touch you, too, Angel, and will you give me a light? I am old and tired and I can't walk any more."

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "the Angel said 'Yes.'"

"Will you pray, dear, dear old man? Kneel and pray with us."

"I can't. My poor old knees won't bend." But at last with great difficulty he knelt. "Now I don't know what to say, Angel."

Then he heard a voice from the Angel: "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

The old wanderer echoed the prayer, and prayed long and fervently. Rising from his knees suddenly, he cried, "Look, look! Bent Bob is straight now, and the blessed Angel has given him a light!"

And that was how Bent Bob found rest.

Another weary one came. He was very depressed, and the medium took on his condition to an emphatic degree. She had seen him "coming down a mountain." He could no longer wander or climb, so he hoped to rest in a valley, but he had caught sight of the Rescuing Angel, who had brought him to us.

Said he: "I am lost, lost. I cannot walk any more, I have sought in vain. There is no way out of this misery for me."

We told him that none sought in penitence without finding; that Jesus was the way, the truth and the life, and that we were there to help him.

He said: "I had a great father and a beautiful mother, but I was sinful and wayward. My father at last forbade me the home, and my mother grieved over me. I broke her heart. She died, and when they lowered the box into the grave I wept bitter tears over it. Then I went away and sinned, and sinned, and sinned. After a long time I went back, hoping to find someone I knew, but strange people were in the old house, and strange people in the village. I made my way to my mother's grave, but all was silence there. I sought my old haunts to no avail. All had changed. No one knew me. I returned to the world and my evil companions, and sinned and sinned again. There is no hope for me, but I saw the light and came to you."

We told him we would pray for him and with him; pray that Jesus would permit his beautiful mother—still more beautiful now—to come to him and lead him home. With difficulty he knelt, and oh, how he prayed—prayed until he saw a glorious angel coming carrying him a light—his mother.

"They that seek shall find," he cried. "Mother, mother, lead me home."

Another remarkable direct control was a sailor. He had been drowned at sea, and he enacted the vivid moments when the ship was sinking with startling reality.

"Throw me the life-line," he cried. "Throw me the life-line before I'm washed overboard! Look at the upturned faces in the water! . . . They are singing as they sink. . . . Oh, God, help me. Who is pulling me back? . . . Let me go! . . . Throw me the life-line!"

Waving his arms wildly he sank to the floor gasping. "I am drowning. . . . I am drowned." And there he lay still.

Then we knelt at his side and begged the Saviour of the world to save this poor derelict. With broken words and in a broken voice he joined in the prayer, and one more soul saw the beacon-light of God's love, and cast anchor on the stormless strand.

The power of the name of Jesus at these rescue meetings is beyond description. If to some it is of small account in the lower world, in the planes of darkness it is of momentous strength.

"At the Name of Jesus every knee shall bow."

(To be continued.)

INSPIRATIONAL FLOWER PAINTINGS.—Following the small exhibition of her work lately held at Wilton Place, Mrs. Edith L. Patterson, the artist, will hold an exhibition at her own Studio, 3, Stratford Avenue, Stratford Road, W.8., on the first Monday and Tuesday in each month from 10 to 5. These flower paintings are in water-colour and deal symbolically with the evolution of the Soul through Nature.

HUNTINGDON CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY.—The new headquarters of this Society, which were opened recently, comprise on the ground floor a reading-room and library, a chapel, meeting-room and office, and meetings are held every Thursday evening with a Service on Sunday. The premises are under the direction of Mrs. Aylmer Lloyd, the founder, whose enterprise and spirit of service we and her other friends highly appreciate.

RAYS AND REFLECTIONS.

I have recently heard two definitions of a pessimist. He is one who "of two evils chooses both," also he is "a man who wears both belt and braces." But I like best the description of both optimist and pessimist, namely, that the optimist is a man who does not care what happens so long as it does not happen to him, and the pessimist is a man who has to live with an optimist!

Life is full of curious contradictions and in no direction, perhaps, more so than in the timidities of people. I recall such instances as that of a stout soldier who would go through a bombardment without quaking but was terribly scared about letting off fireworks on Guy Fawkes day. Then there was the man who would face with composure a large audience as a public entertainer but was extremely timid in the company of strangers. Another example in point was X, a sensitive friend who was rather afraid of his fellow-creatures. He shunned social gatherings but had no fear whatever of ghosts—he rather cultivated their company. A haunted house had no terrors for him.

These nervous peculiarities are known to medical men as "phobias." Probably very few people are free from them. Most of us have some pet aversion. Probably everybody hates black-beetles. There may be something of a "psychic" nature in this repulsion. The beetle probably represents something very low in the spiritual scale. So also may the rat. Yet I have met people who like rats, although I never heard of anyone who felt a partiality for cockroaches!

We have been promised from various quarters some tremendous catastrophes during the present month. As it is dangerous to prophesy unless you know, I will not be rash enough to say that none of these things will happen. But if the time goes by without any fulfilment of the predictions I hope that the people concerned will be made to acknowledge that they were wrong, and that they have caused many thousands of people needless alarm. They should also not attempt any manoeuvres in the way of postponing the calamities—a very stale device.

"Is it not time," writes a correspondent, "that we got rid of the simile of the boomerang, which I hear so often when Spiritualism is attacked? The boomerang does not return to hit the thrower, but in order to be thrown again." Yes; but suppose the weapon is thrown by an unwary person? May it not on its return flight deal him a sharp rap on the skull? I commend the point to Australian readers.

In Mrs. Helen Lambert's *General Survey of Psychical Phenomena*, the latest book from America, I am glad to see a group photograph of Sir William Barrett, Miss Felicia Scatcherd and Mr. Stanley de Brath, with the spirit face of Letty Hyde, recognised by her father, mother, three brothers and sisters, all non-Spiritualists. Sir William Barrett certified the portrait as "indubitable evidence." The medium was William Hope. I will not add any strictures on the critics of that honest fellow, remembering that, exasperated by their suspicions and contemptuous of their opinion, I am told, he more than once pretended to cheat by making suspicious movements, enjoying the joke afterwards. For this he was rebuked by Miss Scatcherd, who naturally took a serious view of the responsibilities incurred. But if we excuse his detractors, we must also excuse Hope. He had a great deal to endure, and if he had been like some sturdy, pugilistic Spiritualists I have known he would certainly have punched the heads of some of his critics!

D. G.

A SUCCESSFUL SEANCE.

BY H. A. DALLAS.

For some months I had been in correspondence with some bereaved parents; and my sympathy having been strongly aroused I thought I might, perhaps, get into touch with their child through a medium, and so bring them some comfort. I had never seen them or the child and I knew, of course, that the attempt was not unlikely to fail.

However, I made an appointment with Mrs. Mason, at the rooms of the London Spiritualist Alliance. She went into trance and told me much about the child. Almost everything was correct; some points I could recognise at once, and several other points were confirmed as correct by the child's father. These were quite unknown to me. A message sent to the mother was particularly appropriate and referred to a matter of which I had no knowledge. I had asked a friend whose child had previously manifested to her through Mrs. Mason's mediumship, to ask her boy to help this little girl to come at this sitting. When Mrs. Mason's control told me I could ask a question I inquired, therefore, if there was any other child who could communicate. Immediately I was told that there was a group of children, and my friend's child gave his name with several details by which I was able at once to identify him, and he sent a message to the parents of the little girl.

From an evidential point of view I wished to know whether Mrs. Mason could have normally associated me with my friend. If she had mentioned my name in her presence it would be possible to suppose that association of ideas *might* have accounted for the circumstance of this child's name being given to me. It was not very likely but I always like to make the evidential position as strong as possible. I made sure, therefore, by careful inquiry that there was *no* reason of a normal kind why this should have occurred.

None of my own relations seems to have manifested. I was unable to recognise any description as obviously applying to them.

If telepathy from a sitter is to be called into play why did I not get any description which my friend could have supplied except this one, which was so appropriate and seems to show so evidently that my friend's son had heard and understood his mother's request and mine?

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

"The Sphinx Unveiled." By the Rev. Walter Wynn. (Williams & Norgate, Ltd. 5s. net.)

The author's contention is that the Great Pyramid of Cheops (Khufu) was never a tomb in spite of the attitude of Sir Flinders Petrie and other eminent authorities. It is claimed that the Pyramid is really a scientific and astronomical structure, designed indirectly (as was the Temple in Jerusalem) by the Divine Architect Himself. Cheops is buried at some distance from the Pyramid. The structure was never completed, through errors on the part of the builders. The apex stone was never fixed, and in connection with this, references are made to the "Rejected of the Builders," the "Head Corner Stone," etc.

It is a parable to illustrate the fact that the Pyramid of the world's governmental life will only be complete when Christ, the rejected "Corner Stone," takes His proper place as the Governor and Head of it.

Many prophecies are attributed to a study of the Pyramid, such as the dates of the birth and death of Christ, the entry of Great Britain into the late war, and the recommencement of the "Tribulation," which is to begin on May 29th, 1928, and last until September 15-16th, 1936—unless the nations repent!

A.A.C.

"WHAT CAN'T THE SPIRITS DO?"

This query was addressed to me recently by a local inquirer, after he had attended a highly successful physical seance. I answered, "Given suitable conditions their power seems almost unlimited, but, like ourselves, they have their limitations, and are governed by even sterner laws than we in the flesh, laws which act in a more direct manner than ours. So there's no occasion for alarm."

It was easy to understand what was passing in my questioner's mind: something like this, I think: "If the spirits can move a table, dematerialise a vase, support articles of considerable weight, etc., what damage might not be done? And if the power utilised got beyond control, how dangerous to all and everything concerned—and, possibly, no blame could be apportioned to anyone for such chaotic results!"

In my own experience of physical mediumship, I have always observed that the "power" generated at a seance is very much weakened, if not altogether dissipated, by any undue contact with external physical surroundings. I well remember opening the door of a seance-room while a musical box was careering over the heads of the sitters; it crashed to the ground, and a spirit voice called out, "You've done it, L—!" A rebuke given me at a subsequent seance I also have never forgotten, and I repeated the gist of it to my friend when he asked, "What can't the spirits do?" The following formed the concluding portion of the rebuke:—

You must remember that we, on our side of life, act within certain prescribed laws, and have to obey our leader. See to it that you keep faith with us, and faithful to the rules governing communication, which you need to observe on your side, as well as we have to do on ours."

A rebuke, a caution, and an experience providing much food for thought—all in one!

That rebuke was given me in 1898, and I am still thinking and acting on the advice then given, and would commend it to all and sundry who are pursuing their inquiries into a subject which, to me, at least, is ever opening up "fresh woods and pastures new."

L.H.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

- "LISTER." By Abraham Wallace, M.D. ("Two Worlds" Publishing Co., Ltd. 1s.)
- "PSYCHIC SCIENCE PRIMERS." By F. Brittain. (The Psychosensic Institute. 1s. 6d.)
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Camberwell.—The Central Hall, High Street.—May 20th, 11, public service; 6.30, Mrs. H. Butterworth. Wednesday, 7.30, public meeting at 55, Station Road.

Peckham.—Lausanne Road.—May 20th, 7, Mrs. A. E. Canock. Thursday, 8.15, Miss L. George.

Richmond Spiritualist Church, Ormond Road.—May 20th, 7.30, Miss F. Morse, address and clairvoyance. May 23rd, 7.30, Miss Morse, address and clairvoyance.

Croydon.—The New Gallery, Katharine Street.—May 20th, 8, Lyceum; 6.30, Miss Eva Clark. Special meetings will be held on May 21st, 22nd and 25th at 7.45, in the hall adjoining Ruskin House, Wellesley Road, Croydon, when the Rev. George Cole, of Gateshead, will deliver addresses mainly devoted to Spirit Healing with Demonstration.

Fulham.—12, Lettice Street (Nr. Parsons Green Station).—May 20th, 11.30, circle; 3, Lyceum; 7, Miss M. Mills. Thursday, 8, Miss A. Stockwell.

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NOTICES.

LECTURE

THURSDAY, MAY 31st, 1928

AT 8 P.M.,
REV. ARTHUR FORD, M.A., on
"Conditions of Spiritualism in America."
Chair: MR. R. H. SAUNDERS.

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CARD GUESSING EXPERIMENT: A further appeal: Many thanks are due to all those who most kindly took part in the card-guessing experiment for which an appeal was made in *LIGHT*. As the experiment continues to yield interesting and suggestive results, this further appeal is made to readers of *LIGHT* who have not yet tried the experiment to ask if they would help both by doing the experiment themselves and by persuading friends to try also.

A scoring sheet for recording guesses and a stamped addressed envelope will be sent on application to Miss Jephson, c/o the Secretary, The London Spiritualist Alliance, 16, Queensberry Place, S.W.7.

A considerable number of data has already been collected, but more are essential before any definite conclusions can safely be drawn.

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